THE OTHER MAN'S

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER,

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CHAPTER III.

ONLY A MEMORY.

I remember in the sunshine of my childhood's happy days.
A littee maid with fair blue eyes and sweet and simple ways.
We wander'd mid the fragrance of the smiling summer flowers.
And we play'd among the shadows of the fire-lit winter hours.

Years come and went—springs gave place to summers and winter snows nipped the last gleam of beauty from autumn foliage, and so time passed on. But Jack Trever nover went back to his fond and faithful little playfellow at the Cliffe.

and so time passed on. But Juck Trevor nover went back to his fond and faithful little playfellow at the Cliffe.

Crummles settled down in his new home and straightway forgot the young master whose heart had been so sorely wrung at parting from him. Yousee Crummles was very young and it is only old dogs who have anything to boast of in the way of memory and although Ethel talked to him often of Jack, it must be confessed he was more than satisfied with the change.

And Jack never went back. Not that Jack was to blanne—but when his first holidays caine, that was at Christmas, Ethel was lying ill with a mild attack of scarlet fever, and the long talked of visit was of necessity put off. And at midsummer—it was before the time of long Easter holidays—Mrs. Mordaunt and Ethel had gone to Switzerland to spend the summer, and apparently Mrs. Mordaunt never thought of asking him to flay his visit there.

So the time went by and gradually the correspondence between the two, which had at first been regular and voluminous, fell off, not with apparent intention but really insensibly; it dwindled from weekly letters to letters on occasion—birthdays, valentlines, Easter eggs, Christmas and New Year's cards, and so on. Then at last there came a day when Ethel did not send back a valentime and Jack did not send back a valentime, she had bought the card, but her mother had remarked in an acid sort of voice that really it was time now that she should let Jack Trevor alone; Jack missed the card sorely though he said nothing about it to anvone, and Ethel cried over the want of the birthday gift. It was not Ethel's fault in the least; she had bought the card, but her nother had remarked in an acid sort of voice that really it was time now that she should let Jack Trevor alone; Jack missed the card sorely though he said nothing about it to anvone, and Ethel cried over the want of the birthay gift and confidel her grie

ery greatest charm in man, a sw ng voice.

very greatest charm in man, a sweet-speaking voice.

It was no wonder that old lady Gascoigne loved him so, for he was far and away the flower among her grandchildren. Lord Gascoigne, her eldest son, had married late and had two little sons in his nursery who had no trace of the Gascoignes clout them, but strongly resembled their snappish, sharpnosed little mother both in face and disposition.

nosed little mother both in face and disposition.

Mrs. High Drummond had an immense number of one and daughters, all sandy and freekled like their Scotch father. Her second girl had only one very delicate boy, who spent most of his time lying on a sofa, and the little Marchioness who had given herself airs to Conty, was childless. Smallwonder then that the old lady liked Jack the best of all

From Eton Jack Trevor went to Sandhurst

From Eton Jack Trevor went to Sandhurst and from Sandhurst he was gazetted as the 15th Dragoons. Then his seal was satisfied, and he set himself to erjey the two meachs leave as only those who are young and an burdened with care to copy anything.

He spent part of his leave at making a teach to the part of his leave at making a teach to the part of the Loudenstein and the house of the Loudenstein tenant of Blankshure, some half dozen unless from Blankhampton and his old home. As a matter of course he was intro-

duced to him as the son of his pred ressor, and naturally enough he was asked to dine at the Palace.

at the Palace.

Six years had gone by since he had the place, but the dreadful familiarity of overything struck him most painfully he sat at the same table, on one of the self-same chairs on which he had sat as a boy, the same heraldic device was blazoned on the plates and dishes, graven on the spoons and forks, nay, the very butter was the same, the same who had served his father faithfully during ten years and called him "Mr. Jr '1" just as he had done half a dozen years before. Once the old man apologized for his Jr '" just as he had done half a dozen years before. Once the old man apologized for his familiarity and Jack looked round at him with his frank eye and ready smile—"Why, Sinithers," no said—"what would you call mo? I don't suppose if I was at home here still that you would have learnt to call me anything else."

'No, Sir, I don't suppose I should," Smithers answered with a gratified amirk.

''Air. Jack's just the same as he used to be," he remarked to the cook, who had also been one of the late Bishop's servants and whom Mr. Smithers had hopes of marrying one day—"I don't see a bit of difference ut all. And 'pon my word, but it's a treat

whom Mr. Smithers had hopes of marrying one day—"I don't see a bit of difference at all. And 'pon my word, but it's a treat after this stuck-up lot that's afraid of opening their mouths for fear of what they may let out."

"Ah! Mr. Jack was always a dear boy," said Mrs. Mennell—she was a spinster still but enjoyed brevet rank in the household—"many's the time he's come to me for his cakes, or milk for the pup, or something of the kind; and he gave that bull-pup to Miss Ethel over at the Cliffe. I remember it as well as if it was yesterday."

Now it happened, that just at this very moment Jack was saying to his hostess—"By the bye, Mrs. Jones, do you see much of the Mordaunts now?"

The Bishop's wife hesitated. "Well, we

of the Mordaunts now?"

The Bishop's wife hesitated. "Well, we do and we don't! Just now they are abroad and the house is shut up," she answerel,

"Is that so?' said Jack. "I'm sorry. I used to know them all very well. The Mojor was always awfully good to me—he taught me nearly all I know in the out-door line, And Ethel was a great friend of mine—a great friend."

"Ah! yes!"—Mrs. Jones who was a

and Etner was a great friend."

"Ah! yes!"—Mrs. Jones, who was a beautiful woman, turned her face a little aside and looked pensively at a tray of flow ers in front of her—"But you have not seen her since you were here?"

"Never," Jack answered. "We always meant to spend our holidays together, but we never did—perhaps Mrs. Mordaunt didn't want me down here, and my grandmother is not young, and perhaps she did mother is not young, and perhaps at once. I

didn't want me down here, and my grandmother is not young, and perhaps she did
not want two of us bothering her at once. I
don't know how it was but we never say
each other again after I left Blankhampton.
What is Ethel like now?"
She is pretty," said Mrs. Jones quietly—
"decidedly pretty."
I wonder why it is that there is no dispar
agement so effectual as damning with faint
praise. In that short conversation Jack
Trever gathered something that was utterly
unjust towards Ethel Mordaunt's looks.
Mrs. Jones said no more on the subject and Mrs. Jones said no more on the subject and neither did he, but presently she said are lessly—"By the bye, you know of course that Ethel Mordaunt is going to be marri-

Jack stared at her in astonishment - "Go-ing to be married," he echoed—"you don't mean it?"

ing to be marked, inean it?"

"Oh! yes I do. She is to be married early in September," the lady replied.

"You surprise me," he exclaimed—"but—but isn't she very young?"

"Yes, I suppose she is—about eighteen I think. She has been introduced nearly a And who is the man?"

They have been quartered here for nearly

They have over most two years."

But he must be old enough to be her father, "Jack broke out.

"Scarcely that, ' said the Bishop's wife indifferently—"but he is older, of course. Lou see it is a good marriage—Major Dennie is next to the Frethingham title—that makes a difference."

next to the Frothingham title—that makes such a difference."
Yes, I suppose it des," Jack agreed,
I hardly know how it was, but he left tha
l'alace that availing with his earliest and
tendorest ideal shattered. Although a
never seen Ethol since they
never seen Ethol since they
lost something dear to him.
He was remantic reconglisher irons,
borrow a mount the followin

rido over to the Chiffs, where he found a strange industries per wholid nations him, but she told thin that the family were away and the lease in charge of Mrs. Som-

more, Runmare, topeated Jack "that was oil Kure's neare, early."

'the Summers did use to be Miss Mordunt's, paper Sir, replied the folgo keep-

ar, "Then I'll go up to the house to see her." said her, end rode through the gate and ching the well kept dity; to the white-walled mansion where his first love had heed all her life.

an her life A heat powerment couns to the door — Yes, sho told him, wes, sommers was at home— Yho should be key?

"Mr. Treyor," And answered; and in two minutes stra. Sommers eather to ham.
"Dear heart," she eried "if it isn't Mr. Juck;"

"Dear heart," she eried "if it isn't Mr. Jack."
"Yes Mirse," answered he, holding out both his hands -"It is. And who is this—not trummles, surely?"
"Yes it is, Sir, The master and mistress and Miss this! sire alroad and Crummles steys to keep me company."

The half-well, I was going to say bull-pup, but trummles was long past the days of his youth the half day came quietly up to doek and investigated himsistationaly.

"Now, now, old elun," said Jack easily --"you don't know has of course, how should yout hist you may take me on trust, old shap, give you my word for that."

Appearably the investigation satisfied Mr. Grummles, for after walking several times around lack's chair, he sat down beside him and rested himself in a humped up sort o' way against his leg.

"Does he do that often?" Jack asked.
"Not often, Master Jack," answered Mrs.

"Not often, Master Jack," answered Mrs. Sommers = "only where he a most pleased with enyone,"

There was a numerity silence, Jack smoothing the dog's brindled head the while. At last he looked up at the old

There was a numerity kilence, Jack smoothing the dog's brindled head the while. At last the looked up at the old judy, "Rurse," he said—"I hear Ethel is going to be presented."

"Yes, I believe also is, Master Jack," enswered she, shutting her lips very closely and smoothing her silk kiron down in a severe kind of way.

"Hon't you like the marriage, Nurse?" he saked,
Mrs, Sammers' lips took a yet severe curse, "I haven't been asked to give an opinion, Master Jack," she said, in a passionless kind of vices.

Jack knew by experience that wild he rees would not ding marther word out of the old lady, so he hegat to stook Crammles again and then to ask after rations old servants much persons alamt the vicinity of the Palace when he semembered as a key.

"You need to any you were going to be a soldier. Master that the distributions to be a soldier. Master that the

"You need to say you were going to be a soldier, Master dack," said Mrs. Summers, when they had come to an end of that sub-

oct.

"So I am, I'm an officer of the Lith Drugoms new. I haven't joined yet, but I shall do nest menth. I say, Nurse," he went on, "here yen a phidegraph of Miss Ethel anywhere I should like to soo her."

"I'm alread I haven't, Master Jack, but there may be one jut the drawing-room," she amspered. Vell 3 m come and see!"

But Jack was demond to disappointment. Enther the alleans Lad host that new or Ethel had taken them with her, for Mrs. Sommers seem but a taded old puthers of Ethel taken years before in the garden with the dog Crammers sitting beside her.

putture of little taken years before in the graden with the day Crammles sitting beside her.

"I'm alread that the alle and one," she said.

"And that was taken about the time you left the lance, Master Jack Miss Ethel has altered a good deal times then."

"How altered Natter"

"Well, the's tall and pale, Sir She doesn't know what it is to have here way, The mistress factors for the way, The mistress factors for this and masters factors for the same of the said good for the same of the said good for the said with a master factor for the same in the said good for the said with the said good for the said with the said personnel of the said good for the s

climbing trees as he was, who would patiently dig for bait or watch for a rat with all the zeal of a real sportwoman—Ethel who despised dolls and had been used to turn up her sweet little nose at all girl's games! Well, it was unnatural, somehow, to think of her being ited down to needle-tork and plane practice, to minding her manners particularly and taking care of her complexion! True, it was a lovely complexion—he remembered that—but Jack had nover thought! colovely as when the red roses had bloomed through the sun's kisses; and now she was pale. It was simply horned to think of and Jack shaddered as he rode through the pleasant morning air, with a pang at his heart at the thought of how she must many and many a time have pined for her old playfellow again.

"I suppose it had its influence many has again.
"I suppose it had its influence upon her

at last," he said to himself, as he stroked his horse's cars with his whip, "like pinching has on a Chinese woman's foot. At all events, she gave up sending me a valentine. Poor little girl !"

CHAPTER IV.

THE PIGHTING PIPTEENTH.

"The manliest thing in this world is to do your duty in that state of life to which it shallplease God to call you."

After this time, Jack Trever's life under-

After this time, Jack Trevor's life underwent a great change; it seemed to flow into different channels altogether. In fact, he was then thrown entirely upon mis own responsibility, as much so as was possible with a young man not yet of age.

"I think, Jack," Lord Gascoigne said to him the night before he went down to Brighton to join his regiment. "I think you had better have an allowance of say four hundred a year. It's quite enough for a newly joined subaltern, in fact, I never had more till I was five and-twenty. You will have your full income of course when you come of age, but till then it will really be far more to your advantage if you only have a part of it."

it."

"All right," said Jack. He was not extravagant, he had no large ideas, no love of show, and to him four hundred a year seemed quite as much as he was likely to want for the present. "All the same, Uncle Dick," he said, "I don't see quite how I am to buy my chargers out of it."

"No, no, you must be started properly, of course," Lord Gascoigne rephed. "You'll find three horses enough for you, I should think."

"I suppose so," said Jack, "unless I should want a pole-pony."

think."

"I suppose so," said Jack, "unless I should want a polo-pony."

"I don't see how you'll do it on four hundred a year, Lady Cascoigne said thoughtfully. "But of course, Jack, if you really want more, the money is there and you can have it; only I don't want you to get into the way of spending it simply because it is there to spend—do you see!

"Oh! yes, I see," answered Jack easily. "I daresay I shall make four hundred do very well."

Lond Gascoigne had, however, something more to say. "You see, Jack, twelve hundred a year is a very good meome for a backelor, and as long as you remain a backelor, and as long as you remain a backelor you are all right, but if you should want to get married, why, you it find twelve hundred a year just next to nothing at all."

"I'll keep it in mind," said. Jack, carefully peeling a walnut. "I'll keep it in mind all the time."

"Yes, that's just what I want," and Lord Gascoigne greatly relieved by that result of his conversation.

Gascoigno greatly relieved by the result of his conversation. He had been trivial. He had been trivial to the mention that when the quito elever also and the success. Let the line ous man they the people of the line of the

