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WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER III—(Continued).

BUT, if he could not be termed public-spirited, he had a thought for his friends as well as himself—as indeed may be gathered from the fact of his popularity. Men—especially young ones—make great mistakes in choosing their favourites, but they never select a mere egotist. Landon was gravely concerned upon his friend's account, being well aware of the hostages which, in his case, had been given to fortune; and the delight which his reckless nature would have otherwise felt in the approaching émeute was dashed by this solicitude.

When he saw Darall taking his place with the rest in the dining-hall, he knew that his arguments had failed of their effects, and that his friend's lot was thrown into the common urn. In those ancient days it was the custom of the oldsters at dinner to behave like Jack Sprat and his wife in the nursery ballad: among them they "licked the platter clean," and then sent it down to the unfortunate "neuxes;" or, at least, the heads of each mess cut off for themselves such meat as was tempting, and left the fag-end of the feast for the tails. But to-day, since it was necessary that the whole Cadet Company should be in good condition and full of vigour, there was a more equal distribution of beef and mutton; and at Darall's mess the "snookers" fared exceptionally well, for that gentleman eat next to nothing.

"Darall is off his feed; I think he is in a funk," whispered Whympy to Trotter. An ungrateful remark enough, since he was reaping the advantage of his senior's abstinence in a slice of mutton that was neither skin nor bone.