

CHAPTER IX.
A FIRST FLIGHT.

"You'll have heard what an irritable chap he was," Tommy repeated, tipping his hat to one or two of the less disgruntled of the officers of the Blankshire regiment, who were grinning with expectation.

Whether he had some joke or catch about Macready's peculiarity of temper or not it would be hard to say, but if he had, Urquhart nipped them in the bud after a fashion quite his own. He looked

Oh, no, he was not at all drunk! He blew out his candle and crept off to his room, only lurching once or twice against the wall on the way—that, of course, was because he could not see. Anyway, he rained his room in safety, and sat down upon the first chair he could find to recover his breath. It happened to be an easy chair, and his breath took a long time to recover; and somehow, he dropped

Tommy got off his coat and said, "Good morning, sir," in his most modest tones—and mind you, when Tommy was modest

new, too, that he could not hope by any chance to get even a two days' leave on his side of the 1st of September.

So Beautiful Jim, despite the gay and riddy throng of which he made one, was

"Oh! I do hope so," Nancy exclaimed. She was very fond of the beautiful Aileen. "Meantime," Lady Margaret went on,

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