CHAPTER III.

ONLY A MEMORY.

happy days, A little maid with fair blue eyes and sweet and we wander'd mid the fragrance of the smiling summer flowers. And we play'd among the shadows of the fire-lit

Years come and went - springs gave place her since you were here ?" to summers and winter snows nipped the last gleam of beauty from autumn foliage, and so time passed on. But Jack Trevor never went back to his fond and faithful didn't want me down here, and my grandlittle playfellow at the Cliffe.

and straightway forgot the young master don't know how it was but we never saw whose heart had been so sorely wrung at | each other again after I left Blankhampton. parting from him. You see Crummles was | What is Ethel like now?" very young and it is only old dogs who have | She is pretty," said Mrs. Jones quietlyanything to boast of in the way of memory, ["decidedly pretty." and although Ethel talked to him often of I wonder why it is that there is no dispar-

satisfied with the change. Jack was to blame-but when his first holi- unjust towards Ethel Mordaunt's looks. days came, that was at Christmas, Ethel Mrs. Jones said no more on the subject and was lying ill with a mild attack of scarlet neither did he, but presently she said carefever, and the long-talked-of visit was of lessly-"By the bye, you know of course was before the time of long Easter holidays | ed?" -Mrs. Mordaunt and Ethel had gone to Jack stared at her in astonishment-"Goparently Mrs. Mordaunt never thought of mean it?" asking him to pay his visit there.

correspondence between the two, which had at first been regular and voluminous, fell -but isn't she very young?" off, not with apparent intention but really to letters on occasion-birthdays, valen- year. tines, Easter eggs, Christmas and New Year's cards, and so on. Then at last there came a day when Ethel cid not send back a They have been quartered here for nearly valentine and Jack did not send Ethel a two years." birthday gift. It was not Ethel's fault in the least; she had bought the card, but her father," Jack broke out. mother had remarked in an acid sort of voice that really it was time now that she should differently-"but he is older, of course. You to anyone, and Ethel cried over the want of such a difference." the birthday gift and confided her grief to Crummles, who was getting a staid dog now and had always been discreet in keeping the | Palace that evening with his earliest and tween the two seemed to die out.

school and had gone to Eton-he was in fact ! He was romantic enough, however, to nearly sixteen. His career at this time was | borrow a mount the following morning and not especially remarkable. He had, owing ride over to the Cliffe, where he found a to his father's foresight and prudence, a for- strange lodge-keeper who did not know him, tune of about twelve hundred a year and but who told him that the family were was therefore as well off as was necessary away and the house in charge of Mrs. Somfor any school-boy. He still lived with his mers. grandmother and was still the very light and life of her old age. Like most parsons' sons, he was remarkable for great proficiency in all manner of sport and was very daring daunt's, nurse Sir," replied the lodge-keep- I am to buy my chargers out of it." and full or courage. He rode well and drove er. well too, he was good at all manner of games and was a handsome lad, well-made and fairfaced, with frank eyes and a pleasant mouth. He had that charm too which is perhaps the very greatest charm in man, a sweet-speak- all her life.

loved him so, for he was far and away the Who should she say? 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 about them, but Jack. strongly resembled their snappish, sharpnosed little mother both in face and disposi-

Mrs. Hugh Drummond had an immense number of sons and daughters, all sandy and freckled like their Scotch father. Her second | stays to keep me company." girl had only one very delicate boy, who the little Marchioness who had given herself his youth-the bull-dog came quietly up to to get married, why, you'll find twelve hunairs to Conty, was childless. Smallwonder | Jack and investigated him suspiciously. then that the old lady liked Jack the best of

From Eton Jack Trevor went to Sandhurst and from Sandhurst he was gazetted to the 15th Dragoons. Then his soul was satisfied, and he set himself to enjoy the two months' burdened with care can enjoy anything.

He spent part of his leave in making a of way against his leg. round of country visits, and among othershed went to stay at the house of the Lord-Lieutenant of Blankshire, some half-dozen miles Sommers - "only when he's most pleased people's business! Although he was Jack's here we are." from Blankhampton and his old home. As with anyone." duced to h m as the son of his predecessor, while. At last he looked up at the old been for his mother's strong representation and naturally enough he was asked to dine lady. at the Palace.

Six years had gone by since he had seen to be married.' the place, but the dreadful familiarity of | "Yes, I believe she is, Master Jack," ment in the unrestricted enjoyment of his everything struck him most painfully-he answered she, shutting her lips very closely full income. sat at the same table, on one of the self-same and smoothing her silk apron down in a chairs on which he had sat as a boy, the severe kind of way. same heraldic device was blazoned on the | "Don't you like the marriage, Nurse?" plates and dishes, graven on the spoons and he asked. ly during ten years and called him "Mr. opinion, Master Jack," she said, in a pas-Jack" just as he had done half-a-dozen years sionless kind of voice. me? I don't suppose if I was at home here; and persons about the vicinity of the Palace still that you would have learnt to call me whom he remembered as a boy. anything else.'

Smithers answered with a gratified smirk.

"Mr. Jack's just the same as he used to ject. be," he remarked to the cook, who had also So I am. I'm an officer of the 15th been one of the late Bishop's servants and Dragoons now. I haven't joined yet, but I only wish especially for two things in your own joke, Dorrington and Jack both joming whom Mr. Smithers had hopes of marrying shall do next month. I say, Nurse," he wife-that she be a good girl and a lady, in as if wit so brilliant had never fallen upon one day-"I don't see a bit of difference at went on, "have you a photograph of Miss You won't forget that your mother was their cars before. all. And 'pon my word, but it's a treat Ethel anywhere ? I should like to see her." both ?" after this stuck-up lot that's afraid of opening their mouths for fear of what they may | there may be one in the drawing-room," she

let out." "Ah! Mr. Jack was always a dear boy," Ethel over at the Cliffe. I remember it as side her. well as if it was yesterday."

moment Jack was saying to his hostess- | left the Palace, Master Jack. Miss Ethel "By the bye, Mrs. Jones, do you see much has altered a good deal since then." of the Mordaunts now?"

do and we don't! Just now they are abroad doesn't know what it is to have her own down to Brighton to join his regiment. It answered. and the house is shut up," she answered. I way. The mistress fancied she had got to is a terrible ordeal for any young man, but I ! "Ah! yes; and how many?"

"Is that so ?" said Jack. "I'm sorry. I used to know them all very well. The Major was always awfully good to me-he taught I remember in the sunshine of my childhood's 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 beautiful woman, turned her face a little aside and looked pensively at a tray of flowers in front of her-"But you have not seen left.

"Never," Jack answered. "We always meant to spend our holidays together, but we never did-perhaps Mrs. Mordaunt mother is not young, and perhaps she did Crummles settled down in his new home not want two of us bothering her at once. I

Jack, it must be confessed he was more than agement so effectual as damning with faint praise. In that short conversation Jack And Jack never went back. Not that Trevor gathered something that was utterly

Switzerland to spend the summer, and ap- ing to be married," he echoed-"you don't again.

So the time went by and gradually the in September," the lady replied. "You surprise me," he exclaimed-"but

"Yes, I suppose she is—about eighteen I Poor little girl!" insensibly; it dwindled from weekly letters think. She has been introduced nearly a

"And who is the man?" "A Major Dennis-of the 24th Lancers.

"But he must be old enough to be her God to call you." "Scarcely that, ' said the Bishop's wife in-

let Jack Trevor alone; Jack missed the see it is a good marriage-Major Dennis is card sorely though he said nothing about it | next to the Frothingham title-that makes "Yes, I suppose it does," Jack agreed. I hardly know how it was, but he left the

confidences made to him-and the links of | tenderest ideal shattered. Although he had the chain once broken, the friendship be- never seen Ethel since they parted just after his father's death, he felt as if he had By this time Jack Trevor had left his first | lost something dear to him.

"Mrs. Sommers," repeated Jack-"that

was old Nurse's name, surely." "Mrs. Sommers did use to be Miss Mor-

"Then I'll go up to the house to see her, said Jack, and rode through the gate and

along the well kept drive to the whitewalled mansion where his first love had lived A neat housemaid came to the door-Yes,

It was no wonder that old lady Gascoigne she told him, Mrs. Sommers was at home-"Mr. Trevor," Jack answered; and in

two minutes Mrs. Sommers came to him. "Dear heart," she cried-"if it isn't Mr. "Yes Nurse," answered he, holding out

both his hands-"it is. And who is thisnot Crummles, surely?" "Yes it is, Sir. The master and mistress and Miss Ethel are abroad and Crummles

The bull-well, I was going to say bull spent most of his time lying on a sofa; and pup, but Crummles was long past the days of lor you are all right, but if you should want

"Now, now, old chap," said Jack easily -"you don't know me, of course, how should you?-but you may take me on trust,

old chap, give you my word for that." Apparently the investigation satisfied Mr. Crummles, for after walking several times his conversation. leave as only those who are young and una around Jack's chair, he sat down beside him and rested himself in a humped up sort

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

a matter of course he met the Bishop and I There was a moment's silence, Jack equally as a matter of course he was intro- smoothing the dog's brindled head the his private affairs and probably, had it not

forks, nay, the very butler was the same, Mrs. Sommers' lips took a yet severer the same who had served his father faithful- curve. "I haven't been asked to give an

before. Once the old man apologized for his | Jack knew by experience that wild horses familiarity and Jack looked round at him | would not drag another word out of the old with his frank eye and ready smile-"Why, ! lady, so he began to stroke Crummles again Smithers," he said-"what would you call and then to ask after various old servants

when they had come to an end of that sub- "except-except-"

"I'm afraid I haven't, Master Jack, but answered. "Will you come and see?"

said Mrs. Mennell-she was a spinster still Either the albums had been put away or ther but I shall not forget that my grandbut enjoyed brevet rank in the household- Ethel had taken them with her, for Mrs. mother is the very ideal of both, I shall "many's the time he's come to me for his Sommers could find nothing but a faded old never bringany wife to, you, Granny, that you cakes, or milk for the pup, or something of picture of Ethel taken years before in the would be ashamed to receive; you have the kind; and he gave that bull-pup to Miss garden with the dog Crummles sitting be- spoilt me for second-rate women.

"I'm afraid that's the only one," she said. Now it happened that just at this very | "And that was taken about the time you

"How altered, Nurse?" The Bishop's wife hesitated. "Well, we | "Well, she's tall and pale, Sir. She his nearest relations, Jack Trevor went | "No, Sir, they come to-morrow," Jack

be hoydenish and she had governesses for must say he got through it as easily as he this and masters for that, till all the life | could have expected or wished. He seemed to be taken out of her,"

"And yet she is marrying early." "The mistress wishes it, Sir. The mistress believes in early marriages if there is windows all decked out with smart flowermoney in the case. And there is money boxes filled with blooming moon-daises and Dorrington with grim humour, and Jack, here, any amount of it."

"I see," said Jack. he saw; and presently he rode away from the Cliffe where he had spent so many happy hours in the days that were gone by, feeling -well, as if he had been to lock at some fondly cherished and carefully hidden you're Mr. Trevor? How d'you do?" treasure and had found that it had been stolen away long before and only a blank

Poor dear little Ethel! He did not like to think somehow of that brave and fearless little soul being cramped and restricted by all the tediousness of a conventional educa- things are to go ?' tion. Ethel who had been as good almost at climbing trees as he was, who would patiently dig for bait, or watch for a rat with all the zeal of a real sport woman-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 tied down to needle-work and piano practice, to minding her mannersparticularly | you the straight tip-don't let the Colonel and taking care of her complexion! True, it hear you say "awfully," it's like a red rag was a lovely complexion-he remembered to a bull and sets him off on the Service gothat-but Jack had never thought it so love- ing to the dogs, how officers used to be ly as when the red roses had bloomed through gentlemen, and all that sort of thing, and the sun's kisses; and now she was pale. It was simply horrid to think of and Jack shud- his tommy-rot will hate you like poison." dered as he rode through the pleasant mornnecessity put off. And at midsummer-it that Ethel Mordaunt is going to be marri- ing air, with a pang at his heart at the time have pined for her old playfellow

> "I suppose it had its influence upon her "Oh! yes I do. She is to be married early at last," he said to himself, as he stroked tables—cot and all that?" Dorrington his horse's ears with his whip, "like pinch- asked. ing has on a Chinese woman's foot. At all "I believe they've come already," Jack reevents, she gave up sending me a valentine.

THE FIGHTING FIFTEENTH.

"The manliest thing in this world is to do your duty in that state of life to which it shall please

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 his 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

"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

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

"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 Gascoigne 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.

Lord Gascoigne had, however, something more to say. "You see, Jack, twelve hundred a year is a very good income for a bachelor, and as long as you remain a bachedred 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," said Lord Gascoigne greatly relieved by the result of

He had been trying for several days to mention the matter to Jack and now felt quite clever and pleased with himself at his success. Lord Gascoigne was a very nervous man who hated interfering in other guardian, he invariably felt that he was extremely impertinent to be interfering with on the subject, he would have quietly let the "Nurse," he said-"I hear Ethel is going | question of money matters slide altogether, and Jack would have joined his new regi-

> I'm not going to lecture you. But you'll and put you up to our ways a little." try and keep out of scrapes, won't you?"

ed at her with his mother's very own eyes of assent to the Colonel's words-Jack made and his father's frank and fearless smile, haste to assure the commanding-officer that and then he stretched out his strong young | this had already been done, or rather had hand to her-"And if I do have such bad already been begun. luck as to get into any, I'll let you know at | "Thank you, Sir-I've already been aw-

"No, Sir, I don't suppose I should," soldier, Master Jack," said Mrs. Summers, "That was all I wanted to say," she said- to me."

old lady's and put his arm around her in a Gascoigne is your guardian." winning way peculiarly his own. "Dear But Jack was doomed to disappointment. Granny," he said-"I never knew my mo-" My dear boy," she cried.

"And if that isn't a pretty speech for a child of twenty to make to his grandmoth-Granny, that's all."

Thus with the approval and confidence of horses down yet?"

had never seen the cramped little room but-er-Mr. Dorrington, you might barracks, but as he drove up to the officers' speak to Mr. Long about it. He must find mess and looked out at the double rows of room for them, of course,"

of him next. While he was waiting there a tall young man came out and accosted him. "I suppose

"How do you do?" said Jack. "My name is Dorrington," said the tall vor. young man, "orderly officer for the day, more's the pity."

"Very glad to meet you," said Jack in his easiest voice. "And can you tell where my

mine," said Dorrington, "your cab had bet- his subject-"and the Colonel says you've ter go round to the back, and I'll tell you got to find room for 'em somewhere or what-put your traps into my quarters and other." you can dress there.'

"Oh! thanks awfully," said Jack. Dorrington looked aside at him. "Let's walk round-look here, my friend, I'll give all the fellows who have to sit and listen to

"Thank you," Jack said gratefully. He had already had a little experience of the ways of commanding officers and knew the value of good advice when he saw that it was good.

"When do your things come-chairs-

"Then the sooner they are started mak ing you comfortable for the night the better; or stay, I've got a second little cot in my room--I put my brother up sometimes when good-naturedly.

to-night? It'll be much more comfortable than your own quarters can possibly be." of using the obnoxious word again.

he comes to see me. Will you sleep there

"Not at all, not at all. Come into the mess-room and have a brandy and soda, and then I'll take you round to the office and introduce you to the Colonel. He's not in the best of tempers to-day he discovered this morning that the big iron roller has been left out in the rain and has got rusty. Says its simply scandalous that there is a proper shed with "Roller Shed" marked on the door as large as you please and the roller is left to spoil in the rain simply because it's government property and belongs to nobody in particular. Nobody dare tell him that the Roller Shed is used to keep his forage in. They'll tell him by-and-bye when he's got over the rust on the roller a little."

Jack Trevor burstout laughing; he foresaw a very good time in the Fighting Fifteenth. I do not know how it is but be the newlyjoined subaltern ever so blessed with a good opinion of himself, he cannot help admiring loyalty. the subaltern of two months' or perhaps two years' standing who happens to be the one to receive him when he makes his first appearance in what is to be his home for the time that he remains in Her Majesty's Service. The subaltern of standing is used to the place, he is used to his uniform and his boots make more noise and his spurs jingle more perhaps than any other boots and spurs to be found in the whole regiment. He swaggers a good bit and yet it is not offensive swagger -he shouts for his man Jinks, or for a mess-waiter, or for "Attention" when he enters a troop-room, in such a voice of command that outsiders cannot help positively respecting him for being able to do it!

Jack Trevor had lived all his life in an atmosphere of command, but he thought Dorrington one of the very finest fellows he had ever come across and his very admiration made the dreadful ordeal of joining

come the easier to him. "I suppose you've got your chargers," said his new friend as they walked across the square towards the office.

"Oh, yes-they're coming down to morrow, my chargers and my own gees." Dorrington began to bite the end of his thumb in a thoughtful kind of way. "I wonder where the devil you'll put them?' he remarked.

" Why ?" "Because there isn't a stall to spare in the whole barracks. What a joke it will be if they have to turn the Colonel's forage out to put a roof over your horses' heads! Now,

He opened the door of the office and Jack found himself in the presence of the Commanding Officer, who was sitting on the table in the corner of the room.

"I've brought Mr. Trevor to see you, Sir -the new subaltern," said Dorrington. "Er-How de do-how de do? Very glad to see you," said the Colonel, getting off the table for a minute and then immedi-

"My dear boy," said old Lady Gascoigne ately sitting down again when he had shaken as they sat together at breakfast the fol- Jack by the hand-"I hope you'll like your lowing morning-"I never lectured my own | work and find your quarters comfortable. son when he went out into the world, and Mr. Dorrington must look after you and-Dorrington put up his hand in a gesture

"Yes, Granny," he answered, and he look- that was half a salute and half an expression

that is uncommonly well looked after," he Lady Gascoigne laid her beautiful old said, in his pleasant easy voice-"Mr. Dor-"You used to say you were going to be a hand plump and white as a baby's in his- rington has been quite the Good Samaritan

"Not because you have fallen among "Yes, Granny," said Jack, "except-" thieves, I hope," said the Colonel quickly, "Except that when you marry, dear, I then went off into a fit of laughter at his

"Let me see," said the Colonel, when they Jack edged his chair a little nearer to the ! had recovered themselves a little-"Lord "And my uncle, Sir," Jack answered.

"Oh, really ! Then your mother was --- " "Lady Constance Gascoigne, Sir." "And your father ?"

"Was Bishop of Blankhampton." "You don't say so. Why, I once dined with him at the Palace-I remember him well. He was ence head-master of-" "Yes, Sir, he was,"

"And a very fine fellow he was too-I am er," Jack cried, " why, beat it if you can, very glad to have his son amongst my officers. By-the-bye, have you got your

"Three, Sir."

"Three-I see. Well, we haven't much

"I'll tell him what you say, Sir," said red geraniums, he thought the place was as remembering his little story about the Roller cheerful and home-like as any place he had | Shed, was seized with a wild desire to go off But, all the same, Jack only thought that ever lived in ; and then he got out of the into a fit of laughing. Happily the Colonel dismissed them then, and they were able to carriage and wondered what would become go out into the open air and laugh as much as they pleased.

"Here's old Long coming," said Dorrington as they walked back across the square. "Long, this is the new subaltern, Mr. Tre-

The Quarter-Master put out his hand. 'Very glad to see you.

"How d'you do ?" said Jack. "Mr. Trevor has brought down three horses, at least they're coming to-morrow, "Well, you are to have the rooms next to Long," said Dorrington, getting straight to "I don't know where," said the Quarter-

Master, with a blank face. "I think the Colonel thinks Brighton Barracks are elastic. I don't know where three extra horses are going, unless I turn my own horses out into "Well, you've got to-night to think about it in, Long," said Dorrington soothingly.

"Any way that was what the Chief told me to tell you." "Well, of course-if the Colonel says so, it'll have to be done; though how would puzzle the Pope himself," the Quarter-

Master declared. "There's always the Roller Shed," suggested Dorrington slyly.

"Ah! yes, there is -and there's the messroom and the office," cried the other with a loud laugh. "Rum old chap, Long," said Dorrington. as they walked on. "He'll manage it

somehow and you'll probably have to pay toll, so to speak." "Oh, I shall get over that," said Jack

Well, after this Jack really got on uncommonly well-he was "drawn" the first night that he slept in his own quarters, which "It's really most—uncommonly good of were small and poky and like the royal "we" you," said Jack, who had been on the point | expressed more than there was to express; and the second night they made hay in his rooms, and the third they tried him by messroom court-martial for one or two trifling blunders he had made during the day. Yet on the whole he got on remarkably well and was soon at home among his brother-officers, sooner than he was in the strange mazes of Brighton Society, whose two hundred and

fifty clearly defined and distinct cliques soon make the unwary one, who goes therefeeling in love and charity with all men, learn to tread like a weary p Igrim on unboiled peas. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The editor of Gil Blas, in his last issue, youches for the truth of this story: Napoleon I. was entertaining the Czar Alexander and the Prussian King at breakfast in Tilsit, when the conversation turned on

Obedience to the Death.

"My soldiers obey me blindly," said the

And mine are anxious to die for me,' added Napoleon.

At the suggestion of the Prussian King a test of devotion was agreed upon. The royal party were breakfasting in the fifth story of a building that faced a paved street. Each member was to call in one of his soldiers and command him to jump from the window. Napoleon made the first test.

"Call the Gardiste Marcau," he commanded, and Marcau appeared.

"Will you obey any order I give you?" isked Napoleon. "Yes, sire."

"Blindly, whatever it is?"

"Blindly, sire."

"Then jump out of the window." "But I have a wife and two children, "I will care for them. Forward!" And

the Gardiste Marcau, with a military salute, walked to the window and leaped out. "Call a private of the body guard," ordered the Czar, whose turn came next. The

soldier came. What's your name?"

"Ivan Ivanovitch." Well, Ivan, just throw yourself out of hat window.' "Yes, father," answered the guardsman,

"Command the bravest of my soldiers to come here," said the Prussian king to his servant. A six-foot uhlan with a row of orders across his breast and a scar on his

forehead, entered. "My friend,"explained the king, "to show their loyalty a French and a Russianguardsman jumped at command from that window Have you the pluck to do same?" "Is it for the Fatherland?"

"Then I refuse to do it."

Gil Blas thinks this anecdote contains a fine lesson for German army officers of the

The Sultan at the Play.

Next to being Louis XIV., who named what should be trumps at whist to suit his own royal hand, I should like to be the sultan of Turkey at the play, says a writer in the London Illustrated News. He "writes himself," it seems, gets the thing put upon the stage the same evening-none of your waiting at the manager's door for him-and is certain of the applause of the spectators. Half of them are "those of his own household"-the very people here who think nothing of our compositions, however great our geniusand know better then not to clap; and the other halfare the ladies of his seraglio, if not enthusiastic, literally "get the sack." That is the sort of audience I should like to write for. No press criticisms; no wretches coming in late and disturbing one's scene, and tears and laughter absolutely on tap. His majesty, wearetold, "suddenly conceives his ideas," and woe be to the actor who is not a quick study. His humor in these admirable compositions is to "take off" some official of the palace, and if the victim does not enjoy it he is taken off the stage of life. His majesty's jokes are practical, and when a lackey is directed to explode a bottle of champagne in somebody's face the whole house explodes. The bard who put his majesty above the pope-

"The sultan better pleases me," etc.-could hardly have been aware of his advantages in this way, or, being a dramatist himself, he would have spoken of his position in even higher terms.