## STRANGELY

A Thrilling Story of Romance and Adventure.

CHAPTER V .- NEW QUARTERS.

had long ago become an established favourite chooses me to be." wrath.

Camp. Not a particularly lively spot nor | -only I've had it on my mind to give you a one in which a soldier is ever very well, hint for some time, and now I've done it it's he came in after a few minutes and slipped pleased to find himself. However in a soldier's off my mind and we needn't say any more into his place beside Carlton. "Who is life, place is altogether a question of chance, about it." and on the whole the Fifteenth had not been | It was perhaps the longest speech that

and from Leeds to Norwich-where they ed a little at the lecture and put out a rathwere utterly spoilt and now they were in | er paint-daubed hand to his comrade. "Old | camp at Chertsey for two years, with the chap," he said, "it's awfully good of you to pleasant prospect of a long spell in Ireland tell me if you see anything which makes you meaning of the servere lines about her when they should find themselves on the think I'm going into danger; but I assure you mouth; that Ethel's husband! It was

which must perforce be spent in Chertsey, I not even a little bit in love with her, and if the regiment on the whole settled itself down I were it wouldn't be any good for she simp? and made the best of the present without ly adores Stratton-worships the very ground more ado than a few groans at the mention he walks on." of the future. The mess-hut had been smartened as much as possible and all the windows were gay with bright flowers. The little enclosure in which the long hut stood had And Stratton don't care a brass button for been planted thickly with tall moon-daisies, her, not a brass button." red geraniums and yellow calceolarias, while odd corners were filled up with brave attempts at rockeries in the crevices of which little hardy ferns were flourishing as cheerfully as if they were growing on a wild west his exchange?" country cliff instead of an arid and dusty camp, Well, well, they were conscientiously meant it. Who is it with?" watered twice and even thrice a day. Perhaps the little ferns knew no better; let us hope not. Anyway, certain it is that the enclosure him?" do at antique at largest out around the mess-hut at Chertsey was ablaze with bright-hued flowers to gather which was to incur the severest penalty of the law, something very dreadful, I know not quite never met him. But he said just now T've what, though I fancy it stopped-but fittle heard of him as a very smart soldier,' so I short of death itself.

Nor was the mess-hut the only gay spot in the camp; every hut almost had its patch of and finished off the leg of a chair which he turf, sometimes scarcely more than an apo- then very carefully set aside to dry. "I wonlogy for the genuine thing, yet in most cases der who he belongs to and where he comes fostered by every artificial means within reach from?" of camp-life, every window had its little garden, and within the huts now that the first bustle of removal was over everyone was | busy making the best of the situation.

were most of them very busy-and let me tell you that there is nothing at which a really smart army woman will stop when she is doing up her quarters. There was much puzzling over a certain column in the Queen, wherein a sister in arms for a long time was wont to discourse learnedly out of her own experience on cosy corners, upholstery, painting, papering and the like. Some busy with a hundred and fifty coats of paint on it benails, or paint and brush, and in one of the old chap, can't you drop it now and come daresay Mrs. Dennis will remember you well needle and thread, others with hammer and unmarried officer's huts or I should, to be quite correct, say outside it, our friend Jack go over again yet." Trevor with about a half-dozen pots of enamel was excessively busy converting an exceedingly shabby collection of chairs and tables into what would be described in the trade as "a suite for a boudoir in ivory-white."

Jack himself was very hot and very much bedaubed with paint and he had also got an ingenious way of putting it on which, though | Jack having carefully cleaned his brushes. entirely satisfactory as to the result, inactual process. This consisted of putting brushes away-"Ain't such a bad hand at able to get back till after five, but you can it on hot-and let me tell you that to re- it," he chuckled to himself as he examined look in when you like, you know.' while, is anything but an easy business.

having discovered that his paint was begin- let on what'll get hisself a mint o' work Jack strolled into Carlton's hut. "Mounty," ning to show signs of the brush-"Todd, I | without a blessed penny to show for it-No, say, I must have some more hot water."

"Well, 'pon my soul," said a voice behind him, "I don't know much about painting chairs and tables, but I never knew you did

'em with bot water before." "Ah, is that you, Monty. Come in, old chap," Jack answered. "Come in-I'm

very busy.' "So I see," said the new-comer, pushing the little gate open and strolling leisurely into the tiny enclosure. Are you too busy to come down to the town with me?"

"Monty-Monty-stop-don't sit on that chair-it's wet," Jack yelled-then at the sight of the jump which Monty Carlton gave, he went off into a gay peal of laughter. "Monty-Monty-is there another man in the world but yourself who would go near white paint in his best uniform?"

"Then why the devil," asked Carlton with imperturbable placidity, "do you spread paint about just where a fellow is likely to go? By the by, old chap, are you thinking of getting married ?"

"Married! No-why?" "This bridal-like display," with a gesture

which included the old chairs and tables. "Oh, they're not mine-they're for Mrs. Stratton, poor little thing. She can't man age them herself and Stratton won't try. say, Todd, Todd."

"Yes Sir," said Todd, putting his head out of the door. "More hot water," said Jack-"and

bring Mr. Carlton a chair out-the big one." "Yes, Sir," said Todd disappearing again. "I'll tell you what it is, my friend," re-

marked Carlton when he had got the chair and had comfortably settled himself therein -" you'll have to look out."

"Why?" Jack asked, as he diligently stirred the pot of paint with a bit of stick. "Why? It's clear enough-pretty woman -indifferent husband-no money-friendly

subaltern-old chairs and tables-new coat of paint-I say look out." "What an ass you are, Monty," said Jack

beginning to ply his brush again. "Perhaps. Keep it in mind all the same," answered Monty with absolute good-nature. "What that you're an ass, old chap? Oh ! I needn't trouble to do that -you'll not | years, old chap. I suppose now you'll spend | course." let me forget it," with a gay laugh.

Monty laughed too. "Yes, I know all that. It's a chestnut but no matter. Just break my head if I try that on."

mind what I say, that's all." woman, for she's had hard lines all the time; ried women with whom he was brought into times we used to have in the old days at home. but she's a good little woman and a loyal contact.

little woman too and I should as soon think of cutting my throat right away as of try-

in the Fighting Fifteenth, was keen on Yes, I know," said Carlton, taking his delightful fund of good humour, though, ed several times before that very pretty type of mild and good little down-trodden The Fifteenth were quartered at Chertsey woman. However, it's no business of mine as a girl, a pretty girl.

very hardly used. 9 1 90 man to a star Jack had ever heard from Carlton-who was From Brighton they had gone to Leeds a man of remarkably few words. He laughin this case, there is no danger. I like Mrs. However, after the manner of soldiers, as Stratton immensely-immensely, she's one they had nearly two years in front of them of the best little women I ever knew, but I'm

"Good God!" ejaculated Carlton pious-

"H'm !" murmured-Carlton thoughtfully -then after a moment's silence, he continued in a different tone By the bye, you've Dennis and his old friend and first love, heard of course, that Lawrence has arranged

"The Major? No-I never believed he

"A Major Dennis of the 24th Lancers." "Ah!-Do you know anything about "Not a thing." so and a ti .00

"What does the Colonel say?"

"Very little, for he knows very little; he's suppose it's all right. "Ah!" and Jack went on with his painting

"Something to do with-with-oh! I for-

get," answered Carlton carelessly. He sat watching Jack till he had finished the last article of furniture-"You've done In those of the married officers, the wives now, haven't you?" he asked sitting up with some show of eagerness."

"Only the first coat," answered Jack. "What! Are you going to do 'em all over

"Why, yes, of course, I am," Jack replied "did you ever see a table with one coat of paint that looked decent?"

"How should I know? A table might have fore I should be any wiser; but look here, out with me? They can't be dry enough to

gravity. if you can-and come along. I want you to

see a plate down there." "Oh, all right. Well, you go and get out of your togs and I'll be ready in a jiffy," said

He disappeared into his hut and Todd volved a great deal more trouble in the presently came out and cleared the paint and enamel any article of furniture out in the his master's work-"I expect if he knew I'd open air and keep the pot of enamel hot the been in this 'ere very line he'd start me on painting for the 'ole of the blessed barricks ! "Hi, Todd-Todd," Jack called out, Aye but Joseph Todd ain't such a ass as to him, and when he had finished his cigarette Joseph Todd ain't quite such a assas that.

In less than ten minutes Jack Trevor came out of the hut looking as spic and span in his light summer clothes, as if he had never heard of such things as old chairs and tables in all his life. He went across to Carlton's hut and knocked on the door with the handle of his walking-stick.

"Ready, old chap?" he shouted. Carlton opened the door-"I was just coming over to you," he said-and then the two officers turned and went away together in the direction of the town.

They had got about half way there when Carlton suddenly uttered an exclamation -"It was Frothingham," he said in a tone of

relief. "What was Frothingham?" asked Jack, a little puzzled to know his meaning.

"Well-it was Lord Frothingham that love, Ethel. the new major is connected with," Carlton replied. "I've been trying to think of the name ever since. I fancy he was next to the title at one time, and that old Frothingham married when he was about a hundred and first floor and ushered him in with an anhad several children."

"Hard lines for the Major," said Jack, then walked on in silence trying to piece together certain recollections which were hovering in his brain-"Dennis-Frothingham-next to the title-Why I have it !" he cried aloud ; "he was the man who married Ethel Mor-

"And who was Ethel Mordaunt?" Carlton

"She was the greatest pal I had when I was a boy, her people's place was next to the Palace at Blankhampton, where I was born, you know. By Jove, what a jolly little soul

Carlton looked aside at him. "First love ?" he asked with a comical expression

n eyes and mouth. Jack laughed. "Well, perhaps."

"H'm !" with a disgusted tone. Jack laughed yet more. "Oh, nothing of that kind-I havn't seen her for-for-oh for over twelve years. She was a child in short frocks when I remember her. She's been married for years."

"She's younger than you?"

"Oh, yes, several years." "Then she can't have been married so many all your time there.

"You forget, her husband will perhaps "It's devoutly to be hoped he will," said funny ?" "All right, old chap, I will. All the Carlton, who was never so happy as when same up to the present moment there's been with Jack, and greatly resented his being 10 need of it. I'm sorcy for the little such a favourite as he was with all the mar- is funny all the same. Oh! Jack what lovely

CHAPTER VI.-OLD FRIENDS.

"O, for yesterdays to come." In due time Major Lawrence bade latewell to the Fighting Fifteenth and departed with the usualhon rs, and in due time Major Dennis appeared upon the scene.

The first impression he made was a distinctly unfavorable one; he was big and \*Time is a file that wears and makes no noise." of cutting my throat right away as of tryloud-voiced, with a hard, weather-beaten
ing to presume on my acquaintance or get loud-voiced, with a hard, weather-beaten
the least little bit more familiar than she face, and an unmistakably cruel mouth. should say in the mess-room, the Colonel soldiering, gay as a boy, blessed, with a cigarette out of his mouth-"but I've notic- brought him in just before lunck and inon occasion, he could and sometimes did scandals have arisen out of the mildest and there. Monty Carlton opened his eyes a blaze up in a very pretty show of fiery most platonic intercourse with just that little more than usual, remembering that

Jack was not in the room at the time, but

"New Major," replied Carlton. Jack's eyebrows went up and the corners of his mouth went down-that Ethel Mordaunt's husband, that coarse-mouthed, hardfaced, loud-voiced brute-now he understood the old nurse's reticence, now he knew the

"By Jove," his thoughts ran, "how she must have altered after I left Blankhampton. I suppose she has grown the very, counterpart of her mother by this time. "What d'you think of him?" murmured

Carlton in his ear, at that moment. "I don't think anything at all," answered Jack a shade sharply, "the outside of a man "Yes, I know-but it's true all the same. makes very little difference one way or the other," and then he went on wondering how brought about between such a man as Major Ethel Mordaunt.

Immediately after lunch he went round and asked the Colonel to introduce him to Major Dennis. "I believe, Sir," he said in his pleasant voice, "that I have the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Dennis."

"Indeed," returned the Major without in any way helping him.' "It she was Miss Mordaunt of the Cliffe,

Blankhampton," Jack went on. "Yes, my wife was Miss Mordaunt," said the Major.

"My father was the Bishop of Blank hampton," said Jack-"and the Cliffe is next to the Palace. Miss Mordaunt and I were children together and great friends." "Ah! really-first love I suppose and all that," said the Major with a harsh laugh.

The Colenel looked surprised and not little disgusted; Jack drew his head up rather stifly and answered in scarcely such a pleasant voice as he had spoken in before. "I have not seen her for over twelve years, Sir-I cannot even say if she remembers

As the Colonel maintained a dead silence and Jack had not so much as the ghost of a smile on his face, it must have occurred to Major Dennis that he had said something which would have been better left unsaid At all events, he burst into a somewhat unmirthful laugh and patted Jack lightly on the shoulder. "Ah! well, joking apart, I her. She hated leaving the old regiment "What, as I am?" asked Jack with much though she didn't want to go to India-but she doesn't think much of Chertsey, from "No, not as you are -get yourself cleaned what she has seen so far, and I fancy an old friend's face will be a perfect godsend to

Jack's face cleared instantly. "Thank you very much, Sir. I should like to see Mrs. Dennis again immensely. Will she be at home this afternoon?"

"Oh ! I should think so. I shall not be

"Thank you very much, Sir," said Jack gratefully. It happened to be a clear afternoon for

on Mrs. Dennis. Will you come?" "No," said Carlton promptly, "you'll get on very well without me." "Oh! don't be rusty, old chap, come

along," Jack urged. "Not to-day, my friend."

"But you'll have to go some time or oth-"I daresay I shall."

"Then why not do it now as well as tonorrow or next week." "Oh! I mayn't be alive next week, then I shall get off it altogether." "Monty, what an ass you are."

"I know, I know. But I'm not going to call on anyone to-day.' So Jack, finding his friend inflexible, went and changed what he called his "togs" and went off to the town to call on his old

Yes, she was at home, the waiter said. So Jack was taken upstairs feeling quite nervous at the prospect of seeing her again. The waiter opened the door of a room on the and to do this, that and the other, until I

nouncement-" Mr. Trevor." Mrs. Dennis was sitting in a large lounging chair with her back to the door and was me to ride and drive and play tennis, I reading a book. She rose when the man spoke | might have forgotten all the horrible proand came to meet her visitor -- then, all at cess of my education. But Major Dennis once, she uttered a cry of joyful surprise. hates masculine women and never lets me

She held out both hands in her joy at seeing him and Jack took them and held ing it tenderly. "All this must be so bad them fast. " Ethel-Ethel how little altered for you. you are," he cried. "I should have known you anywhere-anywhere."

should change me? I am just the same Ethel

you knew at home." "Nay, you are grown-up-and married," he said smiling at her. "And what difference does that make?"

she demanded. "I couldn't help it in either "And I hope you didn't want to help either," said he, trying now to show what he

felt about her husband. "Oh! well-well," and she gave a soft little sigh. "I was so very young to be married, Jack, and Major Denais is so much older horse in my life." than I am, you know. You've seen him, of

Mrs. Dennis began to laugh. "How funny overeducating me. I think I had not brains "I knowit," replied the young man. "Harry it is for you to call on nie! Oh! isn't it enough to stand it."

"But why ?" "Why? Well, I cannot explain it, but it Do you remember ?"

hook now ?"

you remember Crummles, Jack ?"

"To be sure I do. What got him?" "Nothing. I have him still," she answer-

"What, is Crummles alive yet?" Jack cried. "Why he must be as old as the hills."

"Scarcely so old as that. Stay, I'll fetch

She went to another door than that by which he entered and called to the dog; and then an exceedingly dignified brindled bulldog came slowly into sight and apparently recognized his mistress's visitor.

"Why, he knows you," Ethel cried. And yet he cannot possibly remember you -not after all these years and he such a haby when you gave him to me." the other

"You forget. I saw him four years ago."

you were married," he replied. "Just before I was married! But how ride again." was it I never saw you?"

and Crummles.

"I wonder why?" said he, with some me, Jack. astonishment in his tones, damb had little

Mrs. Dennis made a vague gesture as if to convey to him that she also wondered why she had never heard of the visit. Yet she knew well enough - well enough. She knew by an instinct which no woman ever mistakes, exactly why Nurse had not told her

word had passed between them on the sub- have you to talk to again, I shouldn't like ject, that her old Nurse had been all along you to do anything to vex him.' perfectly aware that she had had practically no choice in the matter of her marriage. last, I wonder?" said Jack smiling. Major Dennis had proposed to her and at the same time had told her that he had her Palace," answered the Major's wife promptmother's consent. He was rich, and at that ly and laughing quite gaily. time stood next to the Frothingham title, and Ethel, after her conventional education, would no more have dared to refuse him, from Ethel's face. Crummles lifted his lip highest tower of Blankhampton Cathedral.

She knew now that Nurse Sommers had the thoughts of her dear old play-fellow Jack affable tone. might not help to make the burden of her marriage vows harder to bear. Well, well, enough to give me leave to come, I lost no it was all over now, and here was her old time in coming." friend Jack grown out of all remembrance. And what a fine fellow he was. Miss Dennis ing ?" looked up at his goodly height, at his good

"Would you have known me, Jack?" she asked suddenly.

Jack laughed out aloud-"Why, Ethel, of course I should have known you-anywhere You are not a bit altered except that you've grown up, you know,"

"Well, that is enough alteration in most people," she said with a faint smile,

They were sitting then on an old-fashioned wide seated sofa, and Crummles was restinghimself in a very majestic way against his mistress's feet. And for a long time the two went on talking of the old days, a conversation of intense interest to them both but one consisting chiefly of "Do you remember ?" or "Have you forgotten ?"

"Ah-what lovely times they were," she cried with a sigh, as she flung herself back in the corner of the sofa-lovely times. Oh ! Jack, what a pity it is that we ever grew

Jack Trevor looked aside at her and twisted himself round a little as he sat. "Why, Ethel, you don't mean to say that you'd like to go back to the Cliffe and Blankhampton

again," he cried. "Ah! would I not?" she answered. do go home sometimes, you know, but that's not the same at all."

"But you're happy-you have a good time ?" he asked anxiously. "Oh-so-so," she replied. "But you're not un-happy surely?" h

cried in dismay. "You mistook me," returned Mrs. Den nis, pulling herself together with an effort -"I don't want you to understand that am unhappy-and I suppose I get a very good time, if you call going out in Society having a good time. But-but I think was over-educated, and they did not begin as they meant to go on, which was a pity. They begin with my father's idea of educ . tion-outdoor exercise-riding-hunting-[ fishing-climbing trees-a regular farm-yard ] sort of life; and then after you went away from the Palace, they changed all that. me how to be ladylike, I was not allowed to ride much for fear of making me crooked; I was not allowed to walk without a parasol for fear of spoiling my complexion; and I had to take care of my hands, hated my life and wished many a time that I had never been born. Perhaps if I had married a man who would have encouraged "My poor little friend," said Jack, taking the hand nearest to him in his own and hold-

"Yes," hopelessly. "I might have got my nerve back and been quite my old self "And why not, Jack ?" she asked. "What again by this time. But as it is-well, among them they have killed my nerve and -and-I think they have broken my heart

"My poor little friend," repeated Jack

She snatched her hand away. "No, don't pity me," she cried, with a half-hysterical laugh. "I cannot bear that, anything but that. I ought not to have told you. I assure you, Jack, I never tell anybody. We were four years with the old regiment and not one of them knew I had ever been on a

"You don't mean it?" "Oh ! yes-but there, don't let us talk of "Oh! yes, he gave me permission to call." it again-it's not worth it. It all comes of ring I had when I was engaged to Harry."

> You are happy in your marriage?" "Oh !-we get along very well. My mo- half cost. He said you liked it very much and ther thinks it a great pity now that I mar- it fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, eh?" ried so young. You see when we were The young woman's sensations are not demarried, Major Dounis was next to the so-ibed.

"How could I forget?" he asked half Frothingham title-and two years and a half tenderly. "What a plucky little woman you ago old Lady Frothingham died and were then. I wonder if you could bait a lord married again at once-within three months or something like that. It wouldn't "No, I'm sure I couldn't," with a shudder, have mattered so much only they've got but it was great fun all the same. And do twin boys a year old now, so the chances of my husband ever being Lord Frothingham are exceedingly small.

"But you don't care." "Not in the least. I trink I prefer to be as I am-but my mother took the marriage as a great trouble and the twins almost proved her death. Major Dennis was disappointed, you see he had looked upon himself so long and had been looked upon by others as the next Lord Frothingham, and he feels dreadfully aggrieved about it."

"I can understand that." "And Lord Frothingham added insult to injury by asking him to be godfather to the heir 'just to show there was no ill-feeling. And he was so angry, I dared not laugh,'

"And he was angry?" "Oht-horribly awfully angry." "And I don't wonder," laughed Jack. "It "Four years ago. When? Where?" she | seems to me that it can't really make much difference, but I can understand his being "At the Cliffe, of course. Just before angry about it. By the bye, I wonder if we couldn't talk the Major over into letting you

Ethel started up in positive alarm. "Oh! "You were away. I only saw old Nurse no, don't try, don't think of it for an instant. He never would and and he would "Oh !- I see," then after a moment's be sure to resent your asking such a thing pause, "Nurse never told me that you had or even hinting at it. Promise me you won't suggest anything of the kind, promise

Her tone was so agonized, her entreaty so urgent that Jack turned and looked at her closely, "I say, Ethel," he said slowly,

"are you afraid of your husband?" She looked from side to side and tried to

laugh the question off. "It's not exactly that Jack," she said, possibility have come about or even been of the visitor who had found his way to the 'tonly he is a great deal older than us, you Cliffe during the absence of the family from know, and has an immense idea of his rank and all that, And I know he wouldn't like Ethel knew well enough, although not a it and-and it's so awfully jolly for me to

"And when did you say 'awfully jolly' "Never since you went away from the

Just then the dcor opened and the Major entered the room. The laugh died away than she would have dared to jump off the and showed his teeth in a dumb snarl, and Jack Trevor at once got on to his feet.

"Then you found your way down here, held her peace only to be kind, only that Trevor?" said the burly Major in a very "I did, Sir as soon as you were good

"And how do you think my wife's look-

"Mrs. Dennis has grown up since I saw fair face and felt-well, like a shrimp beside her last, but I should have known her anywhere," Jack answered. "That's all right. Well, you must come

down and see her when you like. Come and dine to-morrow night-eight o'clock." "I shall be delighted, Sir," said Jack. But as he walked away along the quiet little street, the question came to him-"Why did he ask me and why was she so

surprised that he did so?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Advice to Young Shooters.

Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, Bart., is writing a series, admirable letters to young shooters in the Field (London). One of the latest is devoted to the fit and choice of a gun. Too much attention cannot be given to the former. As regards the latter, in these days of steel barrels and perfect mechanism, even the cheapest weapons are superior to the more costly kind of a few years since. The writer, in speaking of the bend of a stock to suit the figure of a shooter, says that the straighter the stock, he can use the quicker and more accurate will be his aim. A long-armed or tall man generally requires a gun with a long stock and well bent, and a short man a short and straight stock. A broad-chested man requires a stock with a fair amount of castoff to the right, so as to bring the barrels to the left and in line with his sight, instead of his having to bring his face to the stock as would be the case with a gun without sufficient cast-off to the right. A narrowchested man will require very little cast-off, as his stock will be nearer his face, and the barrels naturally more in line with his eyes. If the sportsman has a favorite gun, one which fits him perfectly, and he desires that an exact duplicate of it be made he needs but to place the weapon on a thin, smooth board, and trace its outline in pencil, ofterward cutting out the model with a fine saw. This is far better than trusting to measurements which may be right and may be wrong. At the time the model is sent to I had two governesses and they taught the gunmaker, measurements of the shooter's height, length of arm, and especially of his chest across the shoulders, must be included, so as to give an idea of the amount of cast-off required in the stock. If when the trigger is quickly pulled the gun points to the right, the stock is cast off too much to the right; if to the left, it has not sufficient cast-off to the right. This is a very important matter, as it is the pointing of the gun too high when the trigger is pulled, or too low. In the first case, it shows that the stock of the gun is too straight, and in the second that it is too much bent. From "Why, Jack," she exclaimed. "Jack! Is get on a horse or have the reins in my hands. this it will be seen how much a matter of chance it must be when a person goes to a gun shop and purchases a weapon haphazard. When such a one does poor shooting he places the blame upon the barrels, when, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, the deficiency lies in an ill-fitting and unsuitable stock. Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey does not look with favor upon 16, 20, and 28-bore guns. He recommends for upland shooting, and indeed for general purposes, a 12-bore gun of 63 pounds, with 20-inch barrels, to fire three drachms of black powder, or 42 grains of a nitro-compound; the charge of shot, 11-16 ounces.

## Economy in Love.

A young woman, on becoming engaged for a second time, was somewhat astonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she had returned to her first love. "Why Charles," she said, "this is the same

is an old friend of mine, and when he heard "And your husband, Ethel, is he -- is he -- of our engagement he came round to congratulate me, and offered to sell me the ring for