

November, Private Chadwick could be seen sitting in front of their tent engaged in earnest conversation, little Billy leaning his face on his hands, and Private Chadwick making fantastic figures in the sand with the point of his bayonet. On such occasions little Billy would be talking about his dear old mammy, and about Miss Mary, and, although Private Chadwick was something of a joker, in his way, he never could see anything to laugh at in little Billy's devotion to his mother, or in his innocent regard for Miss Mary Goolsby. Somehow it carried the private back to his own boyhood days, and he listened to the lad with a sympathy that was as quick and as delicate as a woman's.

About the middle of December, little Billy's box came. He carried it to Private Chadwick's tent in great glee, and opened it at once.

He had said to himself as he went along that he was sure there was something nice in the box, and he hoped to find Mr. Chadwick either in the tent or close by; but the drill-master was engaged just then in making a refractory conscript mark time in the guard tent by jabbing a bayonet at his toes.