

lessly over their heads, and the main business of war going forward in the outer ditches came to them like the echo of the toy artillery that the children prank with on holidays. The monotony was all but unbearable, and the pert and fearless little cadets began to break it by "running the blockade." They had an occasional mishap, but their example was contagious among those who had a spirit of enterprise and were fond of an adventure that had a spice of danger in it. The new and jaunty uniform of the cadets seemed to carry good luck with it, for those who wore it went unchallenged about the town at all hours of the day and night; whereas the ragtag and bobtail, who had no such neat and conspicuous toggery, were frequently put to it to escape arrest and detention.

Captain Mosely, who commanded the conscript contingent, was not surprised, therefore, when, on the occasion of a visit to the city, he saw his drill sergeant, Private Chadwick, sauntering along the street arrayed in the uniform of the cadets. The suit was a misfit. The jacket was too short in the waist, and the trousers were too short in the legs, but Chadwick slouched along in happy un-