

consciousness of the figure he was cutting. The truth is, no one noticed him except his captain. The people who passed him on the street, and whom he passed, were much too busy to be critical. There was hardly a spectacle so singular as to have the charm of novelty to them.

In point of fact, there was at that moment, not a hundred feet in front of Private Chadwick, a curious creature in the similitude of a man, capering about in the middle of the street, waving its arms and jabbering away with a volubility and an incoherence that struck painfully on the ear. And yet hundreds of people passed the spectacle by without so much as turning their heads. But a few paused to watch the antics of the monstrosity, and among them was Private Chadwick. Captain Mosely also paused a little distance away, and gazed curiously at the cringing and writhing figure in the street. A closer inspection showed that what appeared to be a monstrosity was merely antic exaggeration, the contortions of a remarkably agile hunchback.

Captain Mosely watched the capers of the hunchback with an interest that seemed to