

"Yes, I do. I want to know what the deuce you mean by destroying the property of Her Majesty's Master General of the Ordnance by dashing your thick head against your bed bars; I do believe you have obliterated the broad arrow.* There's the second bugle! It's too late now for you to be at extra drill, you young sluggard."

"But, indeed, Landon, though I am much obliged to you for waking me, I am not down for——. What an abominable ruffian! Did you ever see such an unmitigated beast, Trotter?"

The last part of the sentence was spoken by gentleman cadet Whymper, after gentleman cadet Landon had rushed from the room to the parade ground, and in a tone that bore every mark of genuineness and deep feeling. The speaker was a fat and rosy youth, with projecting eyes, which had gained for him the appellation of the Lobster.

"Your sentiments are mine, Lobby, to a T," responded Trotter, whose frame was still quivering with mirth at his companion's discomfiture; "but let us be thankful that our friend is now being tormented by two-drill-sergeants while we are lying at ease."

"But I am not at ease," answered the other, testily; "I have a lump on my head as big as a hen's egg."

"Well, let *me* be thankful, Lobby, and have my sleep out;" and without waiting for the desired permission, off he went at once into the land of dreams.

Gentleman cadet Whymper picked up his bolster, but found it little to his liking; the lump in his head had become one of the finest organs of progenitiveness that ever met the eye of a phrenologist, and, we fear, that it contained some other passions equally natural, perhaps, but much more blameworthy.

"Confound that Landon!" exclaimed he, passionately; "of all the vile, abominable, and hateful wretches—of all the monsters in human form—if you can call his human—I do think——"

"Who is it that you are talking about, sir?" inquired the authoritative voice of senior cadet Darall, whom Landon's onslaught upon the two "neuxes," as the last-joined cadets were called, had awakened, in spite of his solicitude to avoid disturbing him.

"I was thinking of those infamous scoundrels who mauled poor Bright and Jefferson, at Carleton Fair, yesterday," observed the Lobster, in his most defiant tone.

Darall smiled lugubriously. The smile, and, perhaps, the melancholy also, encouraged Mr. Whymper to continue the conversation.

"I suppose, Darall, there is to be no change in the arrangements for two o'clock drill to-day; we are to obey orders?"

* The official mark of the Ordnance Department.