

“He Wore a Wreath of——?”

I saw him but a moment, yet
Methinks I see him now—
Dressed out in kilt and sporan,
Glengarry on his brow.

And once again I see him ;
No Highland Cap is there,
His face is mud bespattered
And ruffled is his hair :

Lost is the swinging sporan,
The change is quite complete,
And he is flanked by M. P.'s
Assisting down the street.

I saw him but a moment, but
I think I see him yet —
To judge by his appearance
He must have voted wet.

Pte O'CONNOR.

Here continues the narrative of:

THE OFFICER WHO WAS ORDERLY

At the ninth hour the Officer Who was Orderly waxed merry, and sought about him for a means of easing him of his humour : and lo, he came presently to a place where dwelt one of the captains—and the Officer Who was Orderly did annex the magic crystals that men call electrickbolbes, and did convey them secretly to a far place : and he did bring bolbes which were not magic, from which the virtue had departed, to take their place, so that the chamber was plunged into utter darkness. Yea, verily, into enlittable darkness.

At the eleventh hour came the captain to his chamber, and behold, no light was there, though he did labour much at the switch: therein did he perceive the work of the Officer Who was Orderly, and called unto himself sundry other of the Captains, telling them the thing that was done. Then said one “Herein is mirth” and departed to seek out the Officer Who was Orderly, whom he found devouring much pottage in the serving room. Whereupon he spake in these words : “Thou art the man who hast slain thy brother, for lo! He came to his chamber from which thou hadst taken the light, and climbing upon a stool to find the cause of such darkness did fall therefrom and is grievous hurt.”

Then was the Officer who was Orderly exceedingly afraid ; and smote his breast and cried “Woe is me, for I am undone, yet wait, take thou my belt and staff, for I must away to the House which is called Chatham :” and he finished the pottage and vanished into the night.