

CHAPTER XIX

'OH! Bessie! Josie! do wake up!' came in tones of alarm from behind mammy's curtain.

'All right, mammy,' called daddy's cheerful voice, 'it will soon be over.' He came in and lit the candle that the lightning might appear less vivid.

Josie and I turned sleepily as a perfect cannonade of thunder broke over our heads, followed by a sound like the heavy discharge of musketry. Of course we had never heard a heavy discharge of musketry, but it was all of one hundred times as much noise, and of the same description as when our Rifle Volunteers discharge their volleys at noon upon the Queen's birthday.

It was rather appalling out there, so near the