

boot at him, and [going to sleep again. They had not to get up; whereas Landon was in for "extra drill." His eyes remain open, and in his reluctant ears the martial music continues to blare on.

"Confound the bugle!" exclaims he, passionately; then puts forth a hand to the socks upon the chair beside him, and proceeds to attire himself in his regimentals. Even they are old-world and forgotten now; something between the famous "Windsor uniform" and that of the telegraph boys—light-blue trousers with a red stripe; a dark-blue coat, turned up with red, and with metal buttons; and a really becoming forage-cap with a gold band. If anybody is ever good-looking at 5.45 A.M., and before he has washed himself, Cecil Henry Landon might claim to be so, as he stands equipped for drill. He has a minute or two to spare, and "never waste time" is the family motto engraved upon his gold watch. He takes up the regulation pillow, and, moving towards Darall, poises it above his head; but a troubled look in the sleeper's face arrests his attention, and causes him to change his purpose. "No, Jack, you shall sleep on," he mutters; "this will be an ugly day for you—a monstrous unpleasant case of 'yes' or 'no' you will have to settle—and it shan't trouble you before it's time. But as for these young beggars"—and he turned rather savagely towards the two younger lads—"it is not to be endured that they should be thus enjoying themselves while their senior officer—at least, I was an officer till the governor broke me—encounters all the hardships of his profession."

And at the middle syllable of the word profession, he brought the pillow down with a thwack upon the nose of the nearest sleeper.

"Eh—what the devil——! Oh, it's you, Landon!" exclaimed the suddenly-awakened youth, running the whole gamut of expression from wrath to conciliation in a breath.

"Yes; it's me, Trotter," answered the other, mimicking; "ain't I a second father to you? Here you are, oversleeping yourself, and running the risk of arrest, when the bugle is just going to sound for the second time for extra drill."

"But I'm not down for extra drill," expostulated Trotter.

"Then you're a deuced lucky fellow," observed Landon, coolly. "It must be this lazy Whymper that wants to be woke;" and, with a sharp and adroit movement, which showed practice in the art, he pulled away the pillow, on which the other young gentlemen was sleeping the sleep of innocence—or, at all events, of forgetfulness of his crimes—and brought his head down, with a bang, upon the iron framework of the bed.

"Hallo—oh, dear me—did you please to want anything, Landon?" said Whymper, rubbing his eyes and the back of his head coincidently, yet at the same time contriving to present a respectful air.