

"Mabeyuel!" he cried, "Mabeyuel! They've Drafted me into the Army!"

An Orderly Sergeant now appears and says, "Come, Philander, let's be a marching;" and he tore her from his embrace (P's) and marched the conscript to the Examining Surgeon's office.

Mabel fainted in two places. It was worse than Brothers Fainting at the Door.

CHAPTER III.—THE CONSCRIPT.

Philander Reed hadn't three hundred dollars, being a dead-broken Reed, so he must either become one of the noble Band who are Coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more, or skeddadle across the St. Lawrence River to the Canada Line. As his opinions had recently undergone a radical change, he chose the latter course, and was soon Afloat, Afloat, on the swift-rolling tide. "Row, brothers, row," he cried, "the stream runs fast, the Sergeant is near, and the 'Zamination's past, and I'm a able-bodied man."

Landing, he at once imprinted a conservative kiss on the Canada Line, and feelingly asked himself, "Who will care for Mother now? But I propose to stick it out on this Line, if it takes all Summer."

CHAPTER IV.—THE MEETING.

It was evening, it was. The Star of the Evening, Beautiful Star, shone brilliantly, adorning the sky with those *Neutral* tints which have characterized all British skies ever since this War broke out.

Philander sat on the Canada Line, playing with his Yardstick, and perhaps about to take the measure of an unmade piece of calico; when Mabel, with a wild cry of joy, sprang from a small-boat to his side. The meeting was too much. They divided a good square faint between them this time. At last Philander found his utterance, and said, "Do they think of me at Home, do they ever think of me?"

"No," she replied, "but they do at the recruiting office."

"Ha! 'tis well."

"Nay, dearest," Mabel pleaded, "come home and go to the war like a man! I will take your place in the Dry Goods store. True, a musket is a little heavier than a yardstick, but isn't it a rather more manly weapon?"

"I don't see it," was Philander's reply; "besides this war isn't conducted according to the Constitution and Union. When it is—when it is, Mabeyuel, I will return and enlist as a Convalescent!"

"Then, Sir," she said, with much American disgust in her countenance, "then, sir, farewell!"

"Farewell!" he said, "and When this Cruel War is Over, pray that we may meet again!"

"Nary!" cried Mabel, her eyes flashing warm fire,—*"nary! None but the brave deserve the Sanitary Fair! A man who will desert his country in its hour of trial would drop Faro checks into the Contribution Box on Sunday. I ain't Got time to tarry—I hain't got time to stay!—but here's a gift at parting: a White Feather: wear it into your hat!"* and She was gone from his gaze, like a beautiful dream.

Stung with remorse and mosquitoes, this miserable young man, in a fit of frenzy, unsheathed his glittering dry-goods sciss-sors, cut off four yards (good measure) of the Canada Line, and hanged himself on a Willow Tree. *Requiescat in Tape.* His stick drifted to My Country 'tis of thee! and may be seen, in connexion with many others, on the stage of any New York theatre every night.

The Canadians won't have any line pretty soon. The skeddaddlers will steal it. Then the Canadians won't know whether they're in the United States or not, in which case they may be drafted.

Mabel married a Brigadier-General, and is happy.