

XI.

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THE less said about this sketch the better, particularly as it appears to have happened to our guests dining in Barracks. The hour, however, is somewhat later, and they are now trying to get home. A box sleigh (simply a box filled with straw on runners) has been provided, and a fall of snow having since taken place, the road to the gate has disappeared. No wonder then that the "Jehu" of their party manages to shoot his cargo into the deep snow, as, suddenly discovering that the Barracks' gate is locked, he endeavours to pull up with a jerk the steed he had so lately been urging to his utmost.