

to be.' With that he reaches the drivers of the first wagon, and asks them something. Terrible excited he was, almost running from one to the other ; and very angry he seemed to be when they were unable to tell him. He goes on to the next wagon and does the same performance all over again ; and when I sees the two first ones talking together and looking at him, I says to myself, I says, 'There's something queer, there is,' I says. "'Tis myself that will be finding out what is the matter at all.'

"So up I goes, and I says to him, 'Can I do anything for you, sir?' I says, 'or what is it at all you would be wanting?'

" "'Tis a sergeant you are,' he says. 'The saints be praised, for 'tis no sense at all I can get from them damn fools,' and he points to the drivers. 'Have you seen my men?' he goes on, 'for 'tis somewhere about here they should be.'

" 'What regiment, sir?' I says, for he was from the trenches, and covered with mud, and 'twas hard to see his badges.

" 'The Pimlico Peashooters,' he says, glaring at me. 'Don't stand there gaping at me like a stuck pig, you fool, or 'tis missing