

The adjutant rose, glared angrily at the intruder and growled:

"I say, what on earth is the orderly up to? . . . And you, sir, what do you want?"

"Service."

This was said frankly, imperiously.

The two non-coms burst into a silly laugh. The man looked at them with a look of scorn.

"In other words, do you wish to enlist in the Legion?" asked the adjutant.

"Yes, but on one condition."

"Conditions, by Jove! What conditions?"

"That I am not left mouldering here. There is a company leaving for Morocco. I'll join that."

One of the non-coms gave a fresh chuckle and was heard to say:

"The Moors are in for a bad time. The gentleman's enlisting."

"Silence!" cried the man, "I don't stand being laughed at."

His voice sounded harsh and masterful.

The non-com, a brutal-looking giant, retorted:

"Here, recruit, you'd better be careful how you talk to me, or . . ."

"Or what?"

"You'll get something you won't like, that's all!"

The man went up to him, took him round the waist, swung him over the ledge of the window and pitched him into the yard.

Then he said to the other:

"Go away."

The other went away.

The man at once returned to the adjutant and said:

"Lieutenant, pray be so good as to tell the major