

front, his eye took in at once, the whole affair. With difficulty he maintained a gravity befitting the time and circumstances, but when he came to the "Capting" with the antiquarian dress, he found sudden occasion for his pocket handkerchief, but convulsions are involuntary even when they are facial; smothering as best he could his cachinnatory spasms, he questioned the "Capting" as to why they, his company, were armed in such a manner.

"Bird guns and small shot are not the right things," said the lieutenant, "to bring against an arsenal."

"Oh! as to that," said the "Captain," "it makes but little difference; we shall fight at close quarters, or not at all, and make short work of it."

Turning to Colonel Puffpouch, the lieutenant remarked that their numbers were formidable, but beyond that he could see no cause for apprehension."

"Numbers," said the Colonel, "numbers, why this is merely a sham, a feint, a demonstration, our army is our reserve; we have numbers sufficient to eat you up without cooking."

"I must admit that you have numbers sufficient to do all you say, under certain conditions, but you have no equipment or discipline, besides I suspect you are without ammunition."

This was said by the lieutenant with a somewhat wry face, for just at the moment, he saw the planter in a towering rage with his body guard, he had just discovered that one of the powder flasks was filled with small shot, and as he suspected, the late charges were from that identical flask. His servants protested, objected, while he investigated, contested, detested, stormed and swore, threatend and vowed summary and unmitigated vengeance for such unpardonable stupidity!

"Ammunition" said the Colonel, loftily at the same time surveying the squabbling group with supreme, superlative, supereminent, indifference, "we have loads of ammunition; but what do we want with ammunition? if it must come to the bitter end, we shall, though most unwillingly, resort to extreme measures: we shall use the bayonet sir; and mind! you will have no excuse for such an unnecessary loss of human life!"

The lieutenant was profoundly affected by the solemn and pathetic tone of this peroration.

"Colonel," he said, "I admire your bravery, your considerate benevolence, your horror of needless bloodshed, and moved by these considerations, I cannot resist any longer, I must surrender; but I must have honorable terms it would not redound to your credit to be severe."

"My dear fellow," broke in the overjoyed Colonel "I will do anything you desire; I have no personal object to serve: I will give you the best conditions, see you safely embarked and bid you God speed from the South, which will very soon be too hot to hold any but our own people."

The lieutenant returned to the arsenal to make preparation for his departure. This movement was at once misunderstood, for upon the departure of the lieutenant Colonel Puffpouch fell into profound musings respecting the probable effect upon the public