



THE RUSH. *The slaughter is heavy on both sides as the final sacks are torn apart, but no amount of paddle-swinging can drive the bloodhounds from the scent. The drum major and his leather-lunged horn players lead the marshalled classes into the arena. We suspect that right arm of slugging, but then, remember the French motto at Verdun,—“Ils ne passeront pas!”*

*Ninety-three*