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But moccasins! He had worn them often as a boy in scouting expeditions, and was quite accustomed to them. It was but the work of a moment to get into them. Then cautiously, with the stealthy movements of a panther and with all his senses alert, he dragged himself upon his stomach till he reached a field behind the wood.

There he waited for what the first streaks of dawn should reveal. There was no movement now—nothing to give him any idea whether few or many lay hidden in the thick undergrowth. A slight breeze had arisen and the gentle rustle of the dying leaves among the branches was the only sound which broke the ghostly silence. But Wilfred waited patiently till finally the trees, like phantom figures in a fog, gradually began to detach themselves, and then quite suddenly, as it seemed, in the grey light, a tall Uhlman arose and stretched his huge limbs. As he did so, he laid down his rifle, so Wilfred knew he was not a prisoner, but was probably supposed to be on guard.

There might be a whole battalion in hiding here, or only a few men. Wilfred quickly decided that, few or many, they should not escape. But this one must be dealt with first, in case he might discover him and alarm the others before Wilfred could warn his regiment of their presence.

So seizing the moment while the Uhlman was off his guard he advanced noiselessly, but hastily and with bayonet fixed. He appeared to the astonished Uhlman, who suddenly perceived him as a spectre arisen from the earth, and for a moment he seemed paralysed with horror. But quickly recovering himself he stooped as Wilfred approached to seize his rifle.

Somehow, he must have trod upon the trigger, a sharp shot rang through the air, and without a groan the man fell heavily backward.

Wilfred's comrades on patrol duty stopped in their march. As they heard the shot one of them ran forward and peered behind the bushes where Wilfred had lain in ambush. He kicked against something hard. It was Wilfred's boots. His comrades had come up and together they examined them.

"Why, there's old Bill's," said someone. "He had them on last night. I don't like the smell of this. If it's Uhlman, we'll give 'em a taste of hell."

Other shots rang out as he spoke, and as the sun rose above the horizon, a khaki clad figure was seen approaching with the swiftness of a roe. Wilfred's moccasins were standing him in good stead.

Following him, at some distance, were Uhlman who, roused by the shot and finding their outpost dead, had just discovered Wilfred, and were in pursuit.

"Boys! It's Uhlman!" he panted, without pausing, as he passed his comrades—"in the wood there. Hold them while I fetch up our men."

A fortnight later Margaret read the whole story in the paper. No name was mentioned, but the moccasins were, and she knew it was her "warrior chief" who had been the means of capturing a whole battalion of Prussians and thus had "won glory for the Empire."

#### Dorothea and Things

"Now Dorothea," Miss Susan declared, "I want to see every single one of your pretty things. I've come prepared to stay the whole afternoon, and see everything there is to see, and hear everything there is to hear."

Dorothea dimpled, but there was only one dimple, Miss Susan's keen eyes noticed; when Dorothea was perfectly happy there were two. Yet she was undoubtedly glad to see Miss Susan. She petted her in Dorothea's pretty way, and wanted to do a dozen things for her all at once. Miss Susan swept all offers aside.

"You can't put me off, Dorothea. I came to see the house and everything it contains."

So Dorothea began showing her wedding gifts—the glass, china, and silver, and the linen; the beautiful old jewelry from Will's mother and grandmother. Miss Susan admired everything heartily.

"They're prettier than I thought they'd be," she declared. "You certainly

are a lucky girl if pretty things can make you lucky."

"Dorothea hesitated. 'That's just it, Miss Susan,' she said slowly. 'Here's all this lovely china and glass, and I shan't dare use it—not really use it, you know. And you can't trust nice linens to most laundresses, and—you'll think I'm foolish, and I suppose I am—but I get to thinking sometimes about the danger of losing those pearls—'

Miss Susan sat up straight. "Dorothea Campbell," she cried, "when did Sarah Ellen Littlefield come over?"

"Why—Monday, I think it was. What made you think of her, and what has she to do with it?"

"Do with it? Everything!" Miss Susan fairly snorted with indignation. "You're nothing but an echo of her this minute. Had you worried over breaking china or stayed awake for fear of thieves before?"

"Why—no—I don't know—" Dorothea stammered. "I had thought I'd wash the china and glass myself. But you know things do break, Miss Susan, no matter how careful you are, and I'd feel so dreadfully to break wedding things."

"Break? Of course they do. And houses burn down. Suppose yours burned next summer, and you lost everything in it; which would give you the more satisfaction, to remember you'd kept everything safely in cold storage, not a thing broken, or to have a score of memories of good times with your pretty things—memories that no fire could destroy?"

"I never thought of it that way," Dorothea said, brightening.

Miss Susan leaned over and laid an impressive finger upon Dorothea's arm. "Well, if I was you, I'd begin to think about it that way this very minute, and I wouldn't let Sarah Ellen Littlefield or anyone else rob me. Hard things may come—they come to most folks,—but the way to get ready for them is to use your happy things to the full, making other folks happy, not to wrap them in cotton wool for fear the house will burn down. And you needn't look at me in that disrespectful fashion, Dorothea Campbell, for I'll mix my figures if I want to!"

Dorothea was laughing now, and two dimples were in sight.

#### Properly Rebuked

"I met our new minister on my way to Sunday school, mamma," said Willie, "and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday."

"What did you answer?" asked mother.

"I simply said: 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' and walked off and left him." was the triumphant response.

#### Preparedness

A young married couple were attending a fair in Mississippi. Finding themselves jostled about in the center of a vast crowd, the husband remarked:

"I say, dearie, I think you'd better give me the lunch basket. Don't you see, we are apt to lose each other in the crowd."

#### Egg-Testing

"Really, Jane," remonstrated her mistress, "you must learn to be more careful, and test the eggs before you mix them in the pudding. Now, a good way of testing is to take an egg in your hand, swing it round a few times, and then place it to your ear. If it gives out a pleasant, murmuring sound, you may then be quite sure that it is fresh and good."

Like a dutiful cook, Jane promised in future to obey her mistress's instructions, and that same night there was hot baked custard for dinner.

At least, there was to have been hot baked custard. But at the critical moment Jane appeared upon the scene, with nothing to show but a tear-stained face.

"Well, Jane?" anxiously inquired her mistress.

"Please, mum," gasped the saddened servant, "there's a little something gone wrong. I was a-testin' the egg, as you told me, and a-swingin' it round, when it slipped out of my hand, and blessed if it didn't biff my policeman in the eye, as he was watchin' me through the window. An' please, mum," concluded the cook, breaking down utterly, "I think it was a good egg, too, for I listened, and I heard a murmurin'—oh, quite a loud murmurin', mum!"

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