

heroes were the men who starved, dressed in rags, shivered in winter, panted in summer, without pay, and who underwent every possible privation and suffering for their country. Some of them were mere boys, impatient for their fathers' permission to shoulder their muskets and march forth to risk their lives, and who seized such permission the very day and hour it was granted."

That there might be no mistake as to this allusion, Washington, with the firelight falling full upon his benignant countenance, looked directly at Jack and smiled. The words came so unexpectedly that the fellow blushed furiously (a pleasing habit that still clung to him), and fidgeted in his seat. He tried to think of something to say in the way of parrying so direct a compliment, but could not, and his father came to his relief, or rather to his more complete discomfiture.

"Jack deserves all the praise you have given him, General. You have described just what he did, though plenty of others were equally patriotic, and you know he fought under our eyes at Yorktown."

Poor Jack was desperate. He must say something to stop all this, and he did it in the most awkward manner conceivable, by an abrupt question that had nothing whatever to do with the matter under discussion.