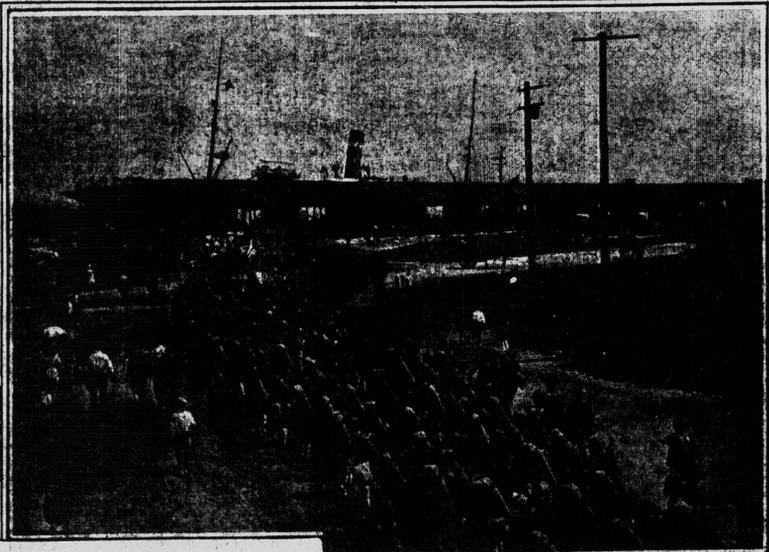


FIRST MOVEMENT OF UNITED STATES REGULARS AGAINST MEXICO—GENERAL FUNSTON'S BRIGADE LEAVING GALVESTON FOR VERA CRUZ



U.S. REGULARS OF FIFTH BRIGADE MARCHING UP GANG-PLANK TO BOARD ARMY TRANSPORT AT GALVESTON



REGULARS OF THE FIFTH BRIGADE SECOND DIVISION MARCHING ON ARMY TRANSPORT AT GALVESTON

Herewith is shown the first movement of the United States regulars against Mexico. The pictures show General Funston's brigade leaving Galveston for Vera Cruz. On the left are shown men of the Fifth brigade embarking on an army transport at Galveston, and on the right are the regulars of the Fifth brigade, second division, marching to the transport.

The Guest That Tarried

The Dreamer Who Heard the Call of Manhood

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER

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A soft rain was falling, but, seated on the stump of a maple which had furnished part of the late winter's firewood, the singer took no notice. His leather jacket, made for him by one whose eyes were not so bright as those of Rosleen of Inniskillen, had resisted many a heavier storm than this, and his face was turned to the south, whence the spring seemed to come.

ed of a woman standing beside him, and nodding toward the singer. "Fifteen years, doctor." "He's no relation?" "None. He's Irish and we're Irish, that's all."

The face of a man, a young, bearded, keen-eyed man, appeared at the window of the house behind him. It was the Young Doctor who had lately come to Askatoon.

"How did he come to plant himself on you?" "Well, you see, doctor, it was pouring wet, that day, fifteen years ago, and I'd just stepped in out of the rain."

"How many years, you say?" he asked.

"I'm thirty-one," she said with a toss of her head; and by that, the Young Doctor knew beyond peradventure that she loved the man outside, for she was forty-one if she was a day.

"How old are you?" the Young Doctor asked curiously, but with his face turned toward the bedroom where a woman's voice was sobbing softly and a man's voice was speaking in gentle wedding tones.

"I'm thirty-one," she said with a toss of her head; and by that, the Young Doctor knew beyond peradventure that she loved the man outside, for she was forty-one if she was a day.

"The teeth are twenty-one," he answered gallantly.

"And the light in your face is that of a girl steppin' home along the road down by Trace—steppin' home from school. Faith, I hope your heart is as young for there's stiff work to your hand! He glanced toward the bedroom door through which came only the man's voice now, pleading and kind.

"There's a dark road ahead, I know," she said. "But 'tis me own that I'll work for."

"Your father may get well, perhaps, but it will be slow, and he can't help himself much"—he nodded toward the other room—"but 'tis a kind man, and—"

"Well, he will make it as easy for you as he can; but she—your mother—can't make it easy, no matter how she tries. She can only move one arm, and even that, may go with the rest—but, there, we'll hope for the best. She has to be lifted often and often, and you can't do it alone. Besides, 'tis a night and day business. Is there no sister, or aunt, or cousin—?"

"There's no one at all, at all, of women folk. We were five—father and mother, the two boys, and meself. Terry, he's gone this fifteen years. Left us one day after a shindy—father'd been drinkin', an' he laid hands on Terry, and Terry flew off like a colt with the bars down. Ah, Lord, Lord, he was 'the pick of the poby, wild as he was. And cruel, too, he was in goin' for him and her"—a hand flung toward the bedroom door—"was never the same after Terry went."

"I know. Shure I know."

"I want to know what you mean to do, Doyle," the young doctor interrupted. Then he hastily drew a picture of the dark days ahead; of the misery and trouble and awful hardship, and the sickening burden which must fall upon the shoulders of Norah Brennan; of the killing expense, and only Shannon's four dollars a day to meet it.

"I'm going to help," said Doyle.

"What are you going to do?" "To nurse them—in there," he answered.

"You—nurse?" "Could I earn as much as two hospital nurses'd want pay for? What can I do—a peat-cutter and a soldier? But I can nurse."

"I do—a peat-cutter and a soldier? But I can nurse."

"I'm going to pay for the last fifteen years' bed and bread," he said.

"Lave it to me. Mrs. Brennan's glad to have me by her. She says it keeps her from frettin' too much about Terry."

"And I suppose Terry was a wastrel?" "Terry? Terry was a man, ivry inch of him. He was as good as you an' two of you. Wid a head—ah, shure he had a head!"

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