Short Stories By The World's Greatest Writers.

THE MISSION OF KITTY MALONE

Thanksgiving Day.

voice to make Kitty start as she did. A pale and woedegone face, framed she hesitated in her task of pinning basket. Wethern now, I wondher did stricting and dividing each line were in a black shawl which was held unher rusty shawl around her thin he suspicion anythin'?" She bent rails of the universal dingy shade

entirely. The—the walk 'ud do me go to Thomas—but he hasn't only all strong foreign accent.

Will ye be gone long, alanna?" she paused, the thought of a their straits? it's, she paused, the thought is to be confessed at her Christmas No, it would never do to appeal to sin to be confessed at her mind, duty" flashing across her mind, Delia. If only Rody were at home! goin' to-get!" she concluded.

ty. She was tying her plain bonnet on her sleek old head. "You ly. "Go--" She stopped short as can thrust me for that!" she added a massive form loomed up before her can thrust me for that seemed unnecessary fervor. —as a broad, roseate countenance

"I-I won't! speaking nurriedly, as though the her. Comisky for "a dacint woman." turn slowly in her direction with a "'Tis me," corroborated Mrs. Cosort of questioning surprise, "I-I'm misky. She were a cloth skirt and a

hastened to assert. She was wish- The vigorous hand she extended to hastened to assert. She had not chosen his favorite Mrs. Malone was gorgeously draped grandchild to afflict. "Only a little in a glove of purple kid. "Tis a up a basket near, and edged toward you," she went on: "I heard Dennis up a basket near, and edged to all you, she went on. I neard Dennis the door. There she paused, grip- was took rale bad some weeks back. don't get home for a couple of hours be fit for a Roosian. But where was swallowing hard. Dennis looked you're not walkin' down town?"

up—met full the eager, penetrating intensity of her gaze. He forced a intensity of her gaze. He forced a shopin'!" faltered Kitty Malone.

An what with the cheese, an' carelessly. She was looking over the bit o bacon, to talk of the tay Kitty's head at some object which

Mrs. Malone, skurrying along one I do now!" of the poor streets that lie south of Van Buren and east of Blue Island avenue, almost fell over the tattered

"An' lavin' the church behind ye!"

inconvayniance ye, but it's ye's the "Glory be to God! What hin? I ish. If ye'd but be waitin' around black wan-no, nor a white wan! But kind of disthracted like to see if she never looked at the basket. Sure

ed out from its furze-bush of straight ed interest. "What'll ye give me if I

ravenous expectancy. "Why-Patsy, on me! Five decades maybe-wan for bank—or anywhere else, for the matter of that—would she be tramping of the building wherein is located the waist of her gown. Suddenly she de- poor sowl!"

There was nothing in the weak old soon hasn't got the heart of a her- these lines of depressed, patient peo- how is Larry?" voice to make Kitty start as she did. rin'! An' the way he looked at the ple-men, women and children. her spare little body against the ran-that emphasized the melancholy at-"I was that same," she admitted corous east wind and hastened on. mosphere of the place. heerfully. "Tis a beautifully day "Sure, if I cud make up me mind to "Name?" asked the voice bod," she supplemented hastily.

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There was apprehension in the look that tindther, the crathur! Malachi— rified look around. The applicants to There was apprenension in the white head he'd be free with his money—if he the rear were paying no attention to Mrs. Maione pent on the white sheet-iron had enny. But 'twee never a dime her. The greater number carried yelstooping toward the little was in a he cud hould in his pocket no mat- low cards, more or less crumpled and stove. When she spoke it was in a life cad hould in his pocket no mathematical normal low cards, more or less crumpled and the cover of a picture book. That's manner at once airy and reassuring. manner at once airy and reasonable lia, that's cook on the North Side spoke again.

"Sure, 'tis quite a step to market, lia, that's cook on the North Side spoke again.

"She walked less rapidly. Her "Catherine," she answered huskily Dennis. I think I'll be gold to the havin' head drooped meditatively. Was it -"Catherine Malone." wan. They do raisonable-like. possible she might let Della know of "Ever received aid from the Counwent by.

"duty" hashing across the latter only Rody were at home! "it's-our Thanksgivin' dinner I'm Rody, the gay, loving, hard-working young fellow who would never let "I wouldn't be afther buyin' ex- her or his father suffer. But he had thravagant, Kitty," counseled Dengone off to the Philippines this many thravagant, Kitty, counseled forward a month back. Was he alive or in the pitiful inertia of age and phydead? Sure, 'twas a sad world it in the pithul mercia of ago ther an' was! "Arrah, 'tis nothin' of the sical lassitude. The doctner all was: Arran, tis nothin of the medicines must have took a heap of sort!" she told herself with sudden medicines must have took a host of sile told herself with sudden our savin's. I-wouldn't buy what energy. "Is'nt it ashamed of yerself our savin s. 1—would be called luxuriant, so to ye are to be paradin' along like a hin on a rainy day-now runnin' a "I won't, Dennis!" promised Kit- bit an' then sthoppin' entirely? Go ty. She was tying her plain little on wid ye!" she adjured herself stern-

"It may happen," she declared, "Mrs.—Mrs. Comisky!" she murspeaking hurriedly, as though the mured. She had long known Mrs. possibility had just occarred a—for a They both belonged to the Married rale good bit, Dennis. 'Tis thinkin' Ladies' Sodality. They had been I am of go! over to see Nora, if neighbors upon the Malones lived in I am of got over to see you that a brick house. Their children had The as she felt his eyes gone to the same parochial school.

afther hearin' Mary Ellen ain't as coat of electric seal plush. From a well as she might be, an'—''

"Eh—Mary Ellen!" His tone was heads and tails dangled over her cacibrant with anxiety. "Is Mary El- pacious bosom. On her hat a long-Not to mention," Mrs. Malone of aspiring, if rigid, ostrich feathers. grandening to annet. She picked month o' Sundays since I set eyes on the basket until her knuckles Better, is he? That's good. You're "So-you won't mind if I 'Tis twins-an' the christenin' is to

valiant smile to his bloodless lips. Now Mrs. Comisky, for all her His eyes narrowed into an expression ponderosity and apparent obtuse of quizzical leniency. The unfailing ness, could see through a stone wall of quizzical lements, and in the kind as well as any one. This was not the first time she had known a neighplaze bor to slip timorously toward the ried-employed-live at home?"

it's interested her. "I spent every last good enough for the President, Kit-dollar Tim give me except fifty cents. me I'm goin' to stop into his saloon on shouldthers, an' all an' all, it's live me way home. 'Tis lucky I met with I'll dthrop asleep after I've said my ye, if 'tis only the half dollar I got decade. I won't be lookin' for ye left. This long time I've been sayin' till 'tis past past noon. Now don't to Tim I must pay you for that min.

to Tim I must pay you for that min.

would kill Dennis. It would treak Kitty found her second deception less cooking supper. She tolked a basket just before I got here. I had difficult than her first. She had difficult than her first are could be found that here. But," his piping voice followed her confession the first Thursday of every out of the door, I wouldn't a-a luxuriant dinner, so to pleasantly. "So here 'tis-an' wish-tin' a-a luxuriant dinner, so to pleasantly. "So here 'tis-an' wish-tions-questions! She answered them Mary Ellen was quite recovered. And by the she was postponed until the she was postponed in' it was five dollars I owed you -

"What-what hip?" whispered Kit-

ty Malone. "Och, hear the woman now!" avenue, almost who seemed to have Comisky was appealing to a striped wan, to be sure! The wan you let the wooden paling. A stream of peosprung from the ground at her very barber's pole near by. "The black me have to make broth for Leo when 'Tis you lived in the brick house. like you to be forgettin' it!" She thrust the coin into Kitty's cold little claws of hands. "Take a car do now! You'll find the shops most he cried incredulously. 'Father Flynn illegant. Good afternoon to you, ain't a-hearin' on the river. I'm ma'am!" Then Mrs. Comisky's gown thinkin'!" Patsy was a merciless in- was flopping after her in a way she quisitor. Mrs. Malone withered un-

it! 'Twas the saints sent it-Glory be-" She broke off in sudden horror, the reverential rapture with which she had accepted the miracle worked in her behalf suddenly blotted out. "It were never the saints turned toes inward, his hands thrust an' one to Mrs. Comisky. Oh, wirrasakimbo, awaited her answer with won't Father Flynn be afther layin'

ter of that-would she be tramping of the building wherein is located the hen of elusive memory. these many weary blocks? "Glory County Agent's office before the these many weary blocks? Giory County Agent's olice before the soliders and besides the soliders have been said again.

There really was nothing more to say. Patsy's rapacious expression up the dirty stone-steps into became merged in a bored from dreary, many-angled room, with its slowly. It was with much deliberative special to the street when the street w "Mebbe it's goin' to the the-ayter ye whitewashed walls based by a deep tion that she made some purchases. The she was crossing the street when to per cent. before 1900. In addithese stern warriors; she lives among Jack's big pockets. The shrill Babel of cries assailed her. 90.6 per cent. before 1900. In addithese stern warriors; she lives among Jack's big pockets. The shrill Babel of cries assailed her. 90.6 per cent. before 1900. In addithese stern warriors; she lives among Jack's big pockets. The shrill Babel of cries assailed her. 90.6 per cent. before 1900. In addithese stern warriors; she lives among Jack's big pockets. are. Hope ye won't be late." He band of slate-colored paint, its two Meat was one. She knew that excast a sharp glance at the basket. slate-colored benches, its pillars of cept to the families of the old sol- The delay was fatal. The next intransferred to British colonies young girl than these soldiers are to party." Involuntarily Mrs. Malone jerked it the same dismal hue. Never did neart diers no meat was furnished to the stant the speeding street car had were transferred to British colonies young girl than these soldiers are to party.

So I behind her back, but it was too big cirk sodden in a woman's broast as behind her back, but it was too big sink sodden in a woman's breast as poor by the County. She took with caught the skirt of her gown. She to escape notice. "I won't kape ye sank hers when, in obedience to a her only two ounces of tea and a fell—rolled over—over. A dense and a fell—rolled over—over. A dense than love—they worship her.

So Mrs. Spreadeagle, Bridget and their adopted daughter.

She is their adopted daughter.

She is their pride and they more than love—they worship her.

So Mrs. Spreadeagle, Bridget and their adopted daughter.

She is their pride and they more than love—they worship her. any longer romancin', ma'am:" With motion from the policeman on duty, loaf of bread. She would come for crowd gathered instantly. An angry, 1903 and 32,603 tons in 1900.

street and number, she crept to the a young woman who was coming to- own fault I ho get romancin' when nanksgiving Day.

"Tis goin' out ye are, Kit"Trembling, little Mrs. Malone looked after him. "Musha now, the gosapplicants. Taere were three of "Mary A

been kep' in the house pretty clost with that long pneumony of mine.

Will ve be gone long, alanna?"

Dut she don't know the last cent's trating eyes, a brownish mustache, that's been as strong as any in the half demolished castle of Ferparish. If he had things to play gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard in the half demolished castle of Ferparish. If he had things to play gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard with like rich boys—"The month of her to think of us nadin'— she's ligence. Her name! She can be shown that had the had things to play gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard in the half demolished castle of Ferparish. If he had things to play gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard with like rich boys—"The month of her to think of us nadin'— she's ligence. Her name! She can be a strong as any in the parish. If he had things to play gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard in the half demolished castle of Ferparish. If he had things to play gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard in the half demolished castle of Ferparish. If he had things to play gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard in the half demolished castle of Ferparish. If he had things to play gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard in the half demolished castle of Ferparish. If he had things to play gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard in the half demolished castle of Ferparish. If he had things to play gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard in the half demolished castle of Ferparish. If he had things to play gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard in the half demolished castle of Ferparish. If he had things to play gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard in the half demolished castle of Ferparish. If he had things to play gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard in the half demolished castle of Ferparish. If he had things to play gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard in the half demolished castle of Ferparish. If he had things to play gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard in the half demolished castle of the half demolished castle of the half demolished castle of the half dem

ty before?"

thropic and benevolent societies. "Never. sir." 'Married - widow -single-desert-

"Married this forty-nine year to Dennis Malone, sir."

rest, she said, after dark. It shout went up. Kitty was helped to would not do to have forty cents' her feet. Rice, soap, flour, coffee worth of food in the house when the all that she had striven so hard to man sent to investigate should call. procure lay scattered on the half The ten cents would permit her to frozen ground. But Kitty, bruised, ride on the morrow. She gripped it shocked, quivering with nervous hard as she hastened out of the fright, was not seriously hurt.

A pale and woebegone face, framed

der the chin by a bony hand, looked thrifles like that same! "Bad, Mrs. Malone. He screams address. She permitted herself, how-

burning Kitty Malone's palm.

rent the air-just then that a man him!

"Some empty spools-a tin can

Malone. "You tie that to Larry's and yelling like an Indian. "Got help from—" He rattled off wrist, an' let him fly it. Wisha, wo- a sojer—a sojer—a rale sojer in the names of half a dozen phila- man, don't ye be for bawlin'! What's there!" he screamed. the nickels for, anyways, if the child- A path was made for the tottering

"Don't say anythin' to the man, T WAS the Tuesday before which Parthian shot young Mr. Hef- to whom she had whispered her her arm. She almost brushed against gentlemen!" she pleaded. "Twas me her arm. She almost brushed against gentlemen!" when I'm alone. I plannin' how I'd stuff "Mary Alice Ryan!" she cried, "an" the turkey for Thanksgiving I was when I got in the way. Sure,' some one expressed regret for loss, "what's the vally of a

> She would not give her name, and dreadful with the pain. The doctor ever, to be helped on the car she says the kind of hip-disease he has mentioned. She rode home in penniment took such a conspicuous part in the village of Ferrara, and once more entook such a conspicuous part in the can't be cured. It's hard—for a boy less, coffeeless, beanless state. And took such a conspicuous part in the

"An'—an' ain't he?" The dime was fore her little shanty sent her reeling onward with a cry-faint, inef-- fective, quavering. Dennis! Something had happened

to Dennis! Dennis had learned of her It was just then that a whistle deception, and the truth had killed It was Patsy Heffernan who reas-

"Gimme a red wan!" cried Mrs. sured her-Patsy capering around

ther ain't to get the good of 'em! A old figure. She got to the door. It bit of a b'lloon, indade!" And Kit- was opened. The blackness which



A MAN'S FACE BENT OVER HER-A BRAVE, GOOD FACE, BROWN AND RUGGED.

breakfast. There had been only answering outside the little ramble and Joe." breakfast. There had been only answering outside the little should leave with some others. I wanted to Investigations were begun at enough to leave for Dennis. Involunenough to leave for Dennis. Involun-tarily she put out her hand—clutched hear, and finally gave Kitty a yel-tarily she put out her hand—clutched hear, and finally gave Kitty a yel-tarily she put out her hand—clutched hear, and finally gave Kitty a yel-tarily she put out her hand—clutched hear, and finally gave Kitty a yel-tarily she put out her hand—clutched hear, and finally gave Kitty a yel-tarily she put out her hand—clutched hear, and finally gave Kitty a yel-tarily she put out her hand—clutched hear, and finally gave Kitty a yel-tarily she put out her hand—clutched hear, and finally gave Kitty a yelat the ledge to steady herself. Suppose she were to be taken sick here, for "single rations." be with you and father for Thanksbe with you and father for Thanksto find out who the child giving. I got most of my back pay were, but without result.
Saved. Here, drink this wine Time Night had fallen and

keep her dreadful secret! Still ques- She had not gone to market. Yes, ing dinner. I told her to get the like could identify her. as best she could. Her age, her hus- now sure she must be off if they about it. What—what are you look- next day. band's, their nationality, the cause were to have a bite of Thanksgiving ing for?"

of their distress. another window on the opposite side greed eagerly. "Turkey's that ondi-a window behind which barrels and gestible!" taining necessaries of life, rose in a cud get to likin' them sour cranber- in her hand. "Mother, if—if I hadn't mighty pile straight up to the ceil-ries. A biled potaty an' a bit o' come-

ing. The portly policeman took pity cabbageon her bewilderment. "You'll be around to-morrow," he Wales ask?" demanded Kitty Maassured her cheerfully. "Visitor will lone.

"Glory be!" she cried, "an' me to tears blinded her.

"How many children? Sex- mar- the fire out and Dennis asleep. He She staggered-fell forward. had managed to crawl over to the "Mother!" The word sounded from "ied—employed—live at home?" had managed to crawl over to the deep she said at length. "Give me twenger arms were around she county. Agent's mother!" Strong arms were around emotion. God. Do be steaping and only be after givin the woman! Don't be after givin the come to such a reason with the come to such stren'th is comin' back in me to "aisy" Malones.

Stren'th is comin' back in me to "aisy" Malones.

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> and it was put in the paper. It It is the first step that counts. Comisky sent over. Mrs. Comisky is had been deserted by its frightened gun. would kill Dennis. It would break Kitty found her second deception less cooking supper. She come in with inhabitants. hold up her head again! She must stayed with Nora the previous day. Mary Alice Ryan buy our Thanksgiv- there, but no one could be found that

> > dinner at all, at all!

ple were surging across the room to o' bacon 'ud be rale tasty!" she a-

"Sure, what more cud the Prince o'

der his frank doubt of het vide ty Malone was shaking her head over the money in a dazed attempt to reto the house—do now! I wouldn't call the debt.

The money in a dazed attempt to recall the house—do now! I wouldn't call the debt.

She did not know how she got out to the house house how she got out to the house how she got out to the house house how she got ou on Clinton street. She was buffeting coal check, and the "single rations" most accommodatin' by in the pardon't mind lettin' her have enny her way back, her empty basket which were her due. Could she carry dangling on her arm, and in her them all home? The flour was unheart deep disappointment—a bitter wieldy. She had made a public dekind of distinracted like to see never looked at the meself about himself wants anythin afore I get now, I'll stop stewing meself about despair. She did not know that, had mand—she had asked for and received she stated how immediate was their charity for the first time in all her necessity for relief, she need not have cheerful, uncomplaining, hard-workwaited for help until after the formal ing, heroic old life. And the knowinvestigation. Now her only wild ledge stung her. Her thin cheek was desire was to get bacy before the crimson. Her faded eyes had a visitor arrived-to make sure Dennis strange glitter. She had begged never! What 'ud they have to do would not grasp the import of that she!—And she knew if it were to save Your She stood staring helplessly with a woman who tould all the humiliating visitation. Surely, surely Dennis from suffering she would do at the shabby young Celtic Shylock, black lies I did this day? Three to folks were prosperous this year! it again. What would her children wno, with his overgon boats forward, his feet in the broken boats fingers. "Wan to Patsy Heffernan, Thanksgiving! She could not rememturned toos inward his hands thrust and one to Mrs. Comisky. Oh. wirrasin his pockets, and his ragged arms thrue! What kind of a pinnance dangling turkeys before the doors of was a credit to the family when she ber of their old vessels each year.

clouds before her. She had eaten no tions, all of which Kitty insisted on would give you such a turn, mother!

saved. Here, drink this wine Tim Night had fallen, and the village

Their eyes met. "Tis yourself is ed. At midnight the village was at "Ye won't be exthravagant, Kit- a skeleton, mother," he said. "We've tacked by the Austrians. A frightful from his writing. "A visitor will ty?" he again implored. "We can't call to investigate. That's all now." have over much left in the bank. A many found hesself outside the wooden poling. A street of page 10 min to be exthravagant, killing a school of page 10 min to get you good and hearty a battle took place. Lagardere's troo his face turned from her. She put his face turned from her she wooden poling. A street of page 10 min to get you good and hearty a battle took place. Lagardere's troo his face turned from her. She put his face turned from her castle, as

"Rody, you-you know!" "Oh, mother!" He could get no further. He crushed a bit of cardboard

"'Tis your mother's gettin' in' she'd use all our money on car go to the County for help-Kitty an'

back at him. He was holding in his of yellow paper. "No fear-eh, mo- the firing line.

"No-glory be to God!" cried Kit-ty Malone. "Glory, an'---" Her soldier son bowed his 'Thanksgiving!" he said.

ber ever having dodged so many sessions and tender heart; Delia, who by the British, who sell a large number to the basket. the butcher shops. She had walked came to see them, wearing her best Last year they disposed of a total soldier friends. For them she is still handed it to Molly. the whole way back—she was near clothes; Malachi, who would give if tonnage of 512,701 tons, 428,000 "little Rose," and she would not anthe whole way back—she was near clothes; malach, who would give it tollings of or the matter of her grown Suddenly she debered that tightly clenched in her hand she held the fifty cents Mrs. the family, "the best of the bunch!" went 101,903 tons; to Italy, 78,600 On several occasions Colonel Lagar-waiter, munching the cake.

"Look out!" "Get out of there!" cent. of the tonnage was built before fused, and besides the soldiers have gain."

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT

BY LOUIS DE BRIENNE.

and the place had surrendered, the regiment was ordered to cross the few victorious troops of Massena, with Alps and enter Italy. marched into the doomed town, Coi- rades dangers and joys. onel Lagardere, of the Twelfth In-

as to plant his tent upon the spot which has cost him more blood to

conquer. This castle of Ferrara had been, during the whole day, the main ob-

dearly bought. The Austrians, with that undaunted courage and dogged determination characteristic of their race, had delended the ancient walls of the formidable palace-fortress for seven hours and had only been driven from their ramparts after the most desperate assaults.

At length the brave defenders had peen forced to yield and now, toward sunset, the tricolor of France waved triumphantly over the .para-

courtyard of the castle, was inter-rogating a few prisoners which his troops had made, when several of his cried Mme. de Mollard. men, who had been searching for refugees, emerged from the basement of the castle, bringing in their arms a daughter mingled and their hearts

"Colonel, said an old sergeant, have just captured."

"It is a girl," cried a soldier, "and a beautiful girl, too. Look at her, to leave Rose with her.

The Colonel took the child in his

told eloquently of the terrors she had suffered during the long hours she had remained in that dark, cold basement sected room the hadrant sected room basement, seated near the inanimat-remain with me. I know she will. fugitives and plunder found her she was not inti-

feel joy and fear without knowing cannot offer you." "They have a monitor with-

"Rose," she answered, "and nurse's

Lagardere's troops were dislodged his face turned from her. She put from the castle, and on the morrow The Colonel took the child along

> Two years have passed. The Twelfth Infantry has continued its glorious career, greatly distinggay, uishing itself at Lodi, Dego, Monte-

> > Little Rose has been adopted and with kettles and saucepans.

she marches, camps and lives among "I'll be Bridget, and cook," said "No fear of that," Rody laughed her soldier friends. She only leaves Beth, "and you be Mrs. Spreadeagle, them on the days of battle, when and give a party. fond and faithful grasp the nervous Colonel Lagardere sends her with a "And you must call through hands which held some torn scraps scout to a place of safety far from dumb waiter," went on Beth, "and

She is the idol of those stern war-riors, and all through the army of diately." of the Twelfth.

The regiment has returned to "All right," said Molly. "Oh, Brid-France and little Rose has been, for get," she shouted, "make some two Quite an extensive business in "sec- the last five years, attending school. footed cream."

Tables indicate that about 18 per own family, but she has always remum," he suggested. "Better try

She knows no other parents, no and this time it brought down three

When, after the carnage was over | Rose was fifteen years old whe

She marched with it as vivandiers colors flying and the bands playing, and shared with her beloved com-One day, in the morning, Lagar-

bloodshed. The Mollard family now lived in their palace, and, anti-French as they were, they nevertheless offered their hospitality to Lagardere and

They took their lodgings in the veterans, and its capture had been palace, and, of course, brought Rose

his officers.

Mme. de Mollard, the proud chatelaine, felt from the first moment the deepest interest for the young girl. She questioned her about her life, about her parents, her ambitions and

hopes. Suddenly she uttered a cry. Rose had spoken about her childhood. She told Mme. de Mollard the history, so often repeated to her by the soldiers of the Twelfth, of the assault of Castle Ferrara, and how she had been discovered in the cellar, taken out in the arms of the soldiers and after-

What took place then needs no de-

melted with joy. Next morning Mme. Mollard sum-'here's a very interesting prisoner we moned Colonel Lagardere, explained to him the situation, and asked him

"Madame," replied the veteran, comrades, a typical little Piedmon- "God forgive that I should deprive tesse, with black coal hair and blue you of the love of your daughter. But remember that we, too, love her. To lose her would be arms. She threw her little arms a- very hard for us. Nevertheless, your round his neck, looked at him and request, being a just one. I would suggest that we abide by Rose's own her plump little form shook with fear and her wild, frightened looks told elegently of the fear and the wild frightened looks

ed body of her nurse, who had been The Duchess and the Colonel both killed early in the morning by a spoke to her, and, let it be said in stray bullet which pierced her heart. honor of the latter, although he lov-When the victorious French soldiers ed the girl with all the affection of a out to her the advantages of remain

What can your future be if you sight of all those men armed with follow us?" he said. "On the other swords and bayonets did not frighten hand, by staying with your mother you will find love (the only thing we Victor Hugo has said that children can give you) and fortune, which we

Rose threw herself into the arms of in." the noble soldier and wept.
"What is your name, little girl?" the noble soldier and wept.
"This is a very serious matter,

Next day, her mother, with all the persuasive power of motherly affection, had begged her to remain.

said. Then she added: "If you leave me again, I shall die.' Rose looked at her mother; he heart was won. She was about to reply, "I'll stay," when suddenly the

The enemy was attacking. A bat tle was about to begin The bugles of the Twelfth called the soldiers to the ranks. Colonel Lagardere jumped into his

"Forward!" he cried. Rose ran to the window. She be

"Forgive me, mother!" she cried 'I cannot leave them when they are going to die." And seizing the bullet-riddled flag of the regiment she marched with her soldier friends.

THE PARTY.

Rody!" cried Dennis. "Visitin' yes-terday! Gallavantin' again to-day!" notte and Arcole. Bonaparte has there was a high wall between their commended it on several occasions in fathers' gardens. Molly had her play He cackled joyously. "I was thinkhis famous orders of the day of the house on one side of the wall, and fare. Then, mebbe," laughing again at his own joke, "we might have to and a daughter.

Army of Italy.

The regiment has a flag of honor ly's house was full of pretty pink dishes, and Beth had a little stove,

say 'Bridget, make some tooty-frooty

Italy she is known as the Daughter "I'll be the dumb waiter and pass over your things," said Jack, seating himself on the wall.

his home that she may stay with his ed. "Your cream must have melted,

"Oh, Jack, you are good!" cried