

her little visage in a detestable grimace, "and I said, 'Eugene, I hate your old remperor;' then he swept me over the ground."

A slight flush overspread the boy's pale face, but he did not deny the accusation.

"Well, now, Virgie Manning," said the boy's nurse in a severe manner, "that was real mean in you. You're only a little girl, but you ought to be ashamed of yourself to taunt a little boy that sets such store by his emperor. Look at here, officer," and she appealed to the sergeant; "you've often seen us in these Fens. This little boy," and she pointed to Eugene, "is French, and he's got such a love for foreign things that you can't get it out of him. He just worships the emperor. I don't rightly know which one it was" —

"His majesty, the great Napoleon, the greatest emperor the world has ever seen," murmured the boy, lifting his cap with an indescribable mingling of reverence and grace.

"He hasn't any brothers or sisters or father or mother," continued the nurse, "and his grandfather's nearly always away; and ever