

going a-soldiering ; they need men, and I'm off. Will you think of poor Joe when I'm gone !'

"I don't know how I looked, but I felt as if I could n't bear it. Only I was too proud to show my trouble ; so I laughed, and gave my wheel a twist, and said I was glad of it, since anything was better than hanging round at home.

"That hurt him ; but he was always gentle to saucy Betsey, and taking out his knife, he cut those letters under mine, saying, with a look I never could forget : —

" 'That will remind you of me if you are likely to forget. Good-by ; I'm going right away, and may never come back.'

"He kissed me, and was off before I could say a word, and then I cried till my flax was wet and my thread tangled, and my heart 'most broken. Deary me, how well I remember that heavy day !"

Grandma smiled, but something shone in her old eyes very like a tear, and sentimental Lotty felt deeply interested at this point.

"Where does the fighting come in ?" asked Geoff, who was of a military turn, as became the descendant of a soldier.

"I did n't know or care much about the War of 1812, except as far as the safety of one man was concerned. Joe got on without any harm till the battle of New Orleans, when he was nearly killed behind the cotton-bale breastworks General Jackson built."

"Yes, I know all about it. Jackson fought against twelve thousand, and lost only seven men. That was