

And he seized her, drawing her to his knee and kissing her.

"What a scene this is for married people of middle age to be presenting?" said the blushing wife.

I think so myself, and so I leave them. You asked me who was my friend, three hours ago. He stood at my desk, a tall, handsome man, with a sidewise droop to his head, and a badge on his breast. That was Napoleon Smith. That was my friend's story.

THE END.