

ing beauty of his features. Seated on a low ottoman, at his side, and half-reclining on his knee, was a lady of striking beauty. The hand on which she rested her head was entirely hidden by masses of black, waving hair, which fell in glossy clusters over her white, rounded arm and symmetrical neck. On a low, portable couch was slumbering a beautiful infant, at whose side was a large, fierce looking wolf-hound, and over its neck was carelessly thrown one of the little sleeper's arms. The gentleman was reading from a volume which he had in his hand. The incident appeared to be one of deep and thrilling interest, for the voice of the reader shook with emotion as he proceeded, and the eyes of the lady were filled with tears. Even the old hound appeared to feel sympathy, for he pointed his ears and winked as though he perfectly comprehended all that was being read.

The reader ceased, and placed the volume by his side; when the lady, smiling through her tears, said in a voice of deep emotion:

"Ah, dear victor! how proud you should be of such a name as is here given to you! Our child, too, will read in the history of his country the name of his father—his heroism—his devotion:"

"I do feel pride and exultation, because"—he folded his arm around the beautiful form of his wife—"the name of Rouelle is the name I have given to you; because I feel more worthy of one so dear to me as you when that name is placed side by side with those a nation honors!"

He imprinted a kiss on the clear, fair brow of Marie, and while yet the love seal was trembling on his lips, the door of the apartment was opened, and an old man stood before them. He was enveloped in an ample cloak and cap, his hair and mustache were as white as snow.

An exclamation of delight burst from the lady's lips, as with a single bound she sprang into her father's arms.

Rouelle, no less delighted embraced the new comer, while the old hound, with wagging tail, and with many a canine expression of recognition and pleasure, seemed to take his share in the general joy.

"The *Bon Dieu* bless you both, my children!" exclaimed De Blonville, as he pressed his son and daughter to his heart.

"I hurried home. Paris has no delight like this; I was alone in a vast throng; my mind yearned to embrace my children. I am here."

Marie disengaged herself from the old Colonel's embrace, and stooped and took in her arms the yet sleeping infant, and before De Blonville was aware of her intentions, placed its smooth cheek against the bronzed face of the veteran.

"Here, father," said she, with a mother's pride, "is another who must receive your blessing."

"He has it," replied the colonel, as he kissed the lips of the little sleeper.

"And his name, Marie, what is to be his name?"

"He must bear but one," said Rouelle, in a quivering voice.

"And that is——"

"Putnam!" they both answered, in a breath.

Reader, my little tale is ended. If its perusal has given to you half the pleasure the inditing of it has afforded me, my object has been attained.

THE END.