



"GET ALONG, BOYS! HIKE HER UP, AND HOLD YOUR FIRE!"

me!" she cried incoherently; then she buried her face in her hands, and leaned against the door.

"Why, Evelyn——"

"Oh, don't you see that I want to be alone? You are so cruel—so unkind."

Rodgers stepped to her side and raised her tear stained eyes so that she must meet his gaze.

"You know it isn't Nora at all," he said.

"How should I know?" she broke down, unable to go on; and Rodgers, unrebuked, drew her to him.

Lue Ellen Teters.

Invalided Home.

He lay outstretched on the couch on the wide porch. The green lawn sloped down to where the pebbled beach rattled in the wash of the waves from the lake; overhead, the sky was flecked with masses

of fleecy clouds; and the breeze was crisp from its rush over the cool water.

"You will soon get well and strong again in this beautiful air, dear," said the girl who sat beside him, an open book face downward in her lap. No book, she thought, could be half so interesting as the story which they two were living now; no hero of fiction could be braver than her hero, fresh from battle fields beyond the blue waters of the Pacific; no knight errant ever received so glad a welcome home after such deeds of daring; and no heroine of all those she knew was more beloved or more joyful in her love and loving than she herself. She drew a deep breath, and looked down at the man beside her.

"You will soon get well," she said. "All the trouble and danger and privation is over; the regiment is ordered home, and you will be strong enough to go to meet it when the transport comes through



"YOU DIDN'T HEAR A WORD I SAID. YOU WEREN'T EVEN THINKING OF ME!"

the Golden Gate. How glad your men will be to see you again! They did not expect you to live through the voyage, did they? Why, it will be like one coming back from the dead to them."

The man beside her smiled, but made no other answer; and the girl picked up the book again. Her voice, soft and sweet, ran on with the story which old Chrestien de Troyes tells of *Soredamor* and the Greek knight; now and again she paused a moment to smile to herself as she read of those lovers of old days.

The man's eyes were half closed, and he looked through his dark lashes out to the lake and far beyond the lake. Again he saw the glaring sunlight on the shimmer-

ing bamboo leaves, and the white clad natives moving about the streets of the quaint little island city where his word had been law for ten thousand people, and his orders had governed a district as large again as his old home county. That was power and experience and responsibility; almost life and death had been beneath his hand. The magistrates obeyed his edicts, and the old men bowed down to him.

The porch and the lawn and the girl faded away. He was sitting before his quarters in the old convent that faced the public square. The sergeant and his squad ought to be back from their expedition by this time. Surely it could not be so difficult a matter to trace up the little band of larders, and rescue the alcalde's daughter, the pretty mestizo girl who smiled at the tall Americans from behind her hand.

From far up the muddy road, across the rice fields, came a sudden noise of Krag and Mauser, and a deadened echo of shouts.

His bay pony stood at the door. To throw himself across the saddle was the work of only an instant; and as he spurred up the long street he

shouted to his men to follow. The lucky half dozen found stray horses. A captured cart bore a shouting handful. The rest ran desperately, to be in whatever might come.

Far up the road, two men half led, half carried, a lagging girl; farther yet, two others knelt in the muddy way, driving desperate shots at unseen pursuers. Now they arose and ran a few yards, only to drop to earth again and renew their fire.

"—'geant's dead!"

The syllables came to the ears of the little squad of horsemen as they tore past the two men and the girl. The man on the bay pony was ahead.

"I tried to bring him off!" Little

Bartley gasped the words as the foremost rider swung up to his side. "There's a hundred of 'em in the brush. We got his rifle and belt."

The rush passed him, and he turned pluckily and followed after, panting as he ran. The leading rider waved his arm, and his few followers scattered in a ragged skirmish line across the muddy field.

"Get along, boys! Hike her up, and hold your fire!"

The half dozen raced across the field, and the bullets from the thicket whined through the air around them. How many were behind the unseen rifles they did not know, or care. One volley they drove at the thicket, and went on. They were dismounted now, all except the rider of the bay horse. The men in the brush refused to run; they despised the smallness of the attacking force; but a shout from behind told of reinforcements, and the half dozen plunged forward. The man on the bay horse shouted as they dashed into the green gloom of the bamboos and found the enemy running towards the hills. Suddenly the big private beside him reached up and pulled him violently to the ground.

"What the devil do you mean?" gasped the bay horse's rider as he caught his breath. Just above his head a bamboo joint, bullet smitten, cracked like a pistol shot, and the big private pointed to where a cotton clad rifleman aimed his piece again. The next moment the rifleman dropped forward with a ball through his forehead.

"I'm sorry if I was rough, cap'n, but I seen that devil draw a bead on you, an' I hadn't no time to ask your pardon."

The man on the couch moved uneasily. That was life! He thought of his men, and of the wild dash across the open. The girl beside him was saying something; he opened his eyes and looked at her.

"You didn't hear a word I said. You weren't even thinking of me! I asked if you were not glad to be home. Are you?"

"Oh, yes," said the man, a little wearily; "I'm glad."

Henry Holcomb Bennett.

The Little God Mammon.

UNDER the glass roof of the great yard the long row of trains stood awaiting their signals. A young man came hastily in, and in the shadow of a pillar stopped to scan the vast passenger room, then passed through and out to the waiting trains.

"Only ten minutes," he muttered. "Ah,

there they are now—confound that fellow, though!"

The "fellow" in question was accompanied by two girls who were visions of exquisite tailor mades, rich furs, and soft plumes. He appeared to be taking a good deal of interest in one of them, too. The gloomy young man standing in the shadow of the cars muttered his unreserved disapprobation.

"Tresslar has been doing some more of his buying," he observed. "Fruit, candy, books, roses. It comes mighty near vulgarity. The fellow is so ostentatious with his money. I wonder if he is engaged to her. By Jove, I'll find out!"

He turned and entered the train. He saw the girl wave a brilliant "good by," and then her smile faded. She tossed the roses from her.

They were not his flowers, so Guilbert took heart of grace and came down the aisle.

"So you are going home," he said, "and it's good by, is it?"

She turned, her delicate face a sudden flood of red. For an instant she was silent. Then she held out her hand.

"Excuse me, you startled me so. I did not know you were going out tonight. Yes, I am going home at last, so I suppose it is 'good by.' How far are you going?"

He told her that business called him to Rockport, and that he thought it most fortunate, which of course was not true, and when she said she thought he had forgotten about her departure, he said with some feeling that he had forgotten nothing that concerned her, which was absolutely true.

She laughed nervously, and Guilbert thought of his salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a month and the luxury to which she was accustomed. He drank in her beauty—the delicious curves of her chin, the soft hair curling over her temples, and the glory of her eyes.

It was when they were alone at one end of the dining car that all his resolutions melted. It seemed to him that there were only two people in the universe. Her hand happened to touch his. He clasped it and kissed it. She gasped with wonder, and looked about her in apprehension. Then she turned a questioning gaze on him.

"Yes," he said, with the calmness of desperation; "I kissed your hand, and if I could kiss your lips I am afraid the earth would not hold me. I did not have to go to Rockport. I did not expect to. I sneaked behind the car to have a chance to say good by to you alone. Then I saw Tresslar, and—well, then I went and got