stains, he led on his brave followers a few feet, when suddenly he reeled and dropped to the earth again. This time he lay there without an effort to rise. He could not rise, for two bullets had hit him at the same time. Again help came to him, but again he thought not of himself, but victory.

"Go on," he said to the soldiers who bent down to help him. "You are needed there, not here! Take that hill; tell your comrades I say to be the first to reach the top! Take that hill, I say. Forward!"

A wild yell answered the wounded captain's orders, and in a second his men had passed him.

Reclining on the ground, half raised on his elbow, that captain forgot his pain as he watched with pride the unbroken line and the steady tramp of his men as they moved on. A half hour later the captain felt himself lifted into a litter, and then all was a blank to him until he awoke to find himself in a field hospital, with a surgeon and a Red Cross nurse near him.

"There, that will do," said the surgeon, seeing that the captain was about to speak; "be quiet, and we will try to pull you through."

"Pull me through!" said the captain, impetuously and determinedly. "Pull me through? I guess you will. I am all right. Go on to some poor fellow who needs you."

The next day that same captain was jolted over a rough road in an army ambulance to Camp McCalla, miles away. Then he was transferred to a hospital ship by litter and boat. That ship brought him to Key West. There the litter came into play again as he was carried to the hospital train, which began the journey to Atlanta. On the way up the train had a rear-end collision, jolting the captain's bunk.

To-day he props himself on his elbow and exchanges pleasantries with Atlanta women who carry him flowers just to have a word with an American who won't give up.—Army and Navy Journal.

My First Burglar.

OON after our marriage, my husband told me one morning that important business would oblige him to leave me for two days. I was filled at once with deepest consternation, for not only did I hate to give him up so soon in our honeymoon, but to me, who had always lived in the heart of the city, our little suburban house seemed an awfully dangerous place without a masculine presence. You see I am not a "new woman," and I am afraid of all sorts of things they would scorn; for instance, I am mortally afraid of a mouse.

But this morning Harry laughed at me and jollied me so much that I began to think my fears as foolish as he did, and when he finally said he would bring mother out to stay with me while he was gone, I was tolerably content.

Sure enough, that afternoon he drove her out (in a buggy, I mean, not by any other method), and soon after he packed his dresssuit case and kissed me good-by; it was our very first married good-by, and as he had pretended before our wedding day that there were to be absolutely no good-bys in the future, no wonder I felt ill-used.

As long as it was light, mother and I were quite happy and comfortable, but after dinner it was awful! Bridget, my maid (looking back upon Bridget,—I suppose she was my maid,—then I saw her through a halo of domestic inexperience and I secretly acknowledged her my mistress) was brave enough, but she was down in the kitchen, and I didn't quite like to ask her to come upstairs and hold our hands. So mother and I sat there and looked at each other, and imagined every creaking door and soughing wind to be the steps of approaching burglars. You see mother wasn't much help, for she was more nervous than I; indeed, I think that very fact was a little grain of comfort, it is so nice to have someone a little worse off than one's self.