

something else upon the glowing mass that was turning black on the outer edges.

That something was a little silver and gold copy of Omar Khayyam.

Julia Truitt Bishop.

FINNEY.

It didn't take the boys long to find out that Finney was ostentatious. The very first day after he enlisted, when he had

Among those who had observed the recruit's antics was the boy of the regiment, a grinning urchin known to his associates as "The Soul"—a sobriquet which owed its origin to a pointed and not particularly complimentary allusion to that young man's soul, made by "Tenderfoot" one day after enduring a long siege of chaffing—and it was "The Soul" who furnished the unhappy Finney with a nickname.



"EXCUSE ME FOR PAPIN' THROUGH THE WINDER, SOR."

discarded his baggy jean trousers, his short backed, rusty coat, and his relic of a silk hat for a spotless blue uniform, such as Uncle Sam's soldiers wear, the jaunty, springy movements of his knees gave him away.

When he first stepped out to drill, several of the men nearest him, having had the good fortune to be humble and observant during a similar ordeal, indulged in smiles at the sobriety and earnestness with which Finney perfected his high stepping; and two there were who flushed at this illustration of a fatal weakness of their own, which at their first drill had earned one the nickname of "Springheels" and the other that of "Tenderfoot."

"Say, fellers, the greenie thinks he's steppin' on eggshells!" he cried. And from that day Finney was Finney no longer, but "Eggshells."

When his comrades first addressed him in this manner he ignored it. Then he uttered a mild protest.

"If yez are spakin' to me, me name's Finney—Patrick Finney," he said with dignity. When this proved unavailing he remained doggedly silent when the hated appellation was applied to him.

It took him three months before he became sufficiently reconciled to his pseudonym to reply to it. Then one morning the soap was missing. "Didn't you have it last, Eggshells?" some one asked.

"Oi did, Buckles," was the hearty response. Finney had at last entered into the spirit of the place.

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One wintry night three officers were lounging around a fire, talking, when a slight crunching of the snow without attracted their attention, and one went to the window and looked out. Close to the glass a face was pressed.

"Is it you, Eggshells? Come around to the door and tell us what in the devil you're after."

The doctor had elevated his feet to the back of a chair near the red hot stove, when Eggshells stood in the doorway.

"Excuse me fur papin' through the winder, sor, but I wanted to make sure where the docthor was afore I disturbed yez."

"Well, don't keep that door open and let in all the cold outdoors!" roared the colonel. "Either come in or get out."

Eggshells made a sign to the doctor and then hurriedly retreated, closing the door.

"The man's insane," the colonel said impatiently; and the three men resumed their interrupted conversation.

After a while the doctor stood up.

"I can't help thinking of that infernal idiot," he said. "He evidently means something. Eggshells' eyes don't always speak such an eloquent dead language. I'm going to hunt him up."

So saying, he buttoned up his coat and went out. Just outside the door Eggshells confronted him.

"What is it, man?" he demanded.

Eggshells, leaning forward, whispered something. Then the two men strode off abruptly.

"When the doctor as

Heaven's name didn't you come to me at once?"

"Oi did, sor," was the reply. And the doctor groaned as he thought of the long delay since Eggshells had beckoned him out.

When they went in, the boy of the regiment, "The Soul," lay tossing uneasily.

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The men were standing in groups, listening to the doctor, who had been authorized to speak.

"He is isolated, and I think there is no possible chance of contagion," he was saying; "but he ought to have a nurse. Have any of you had the small-pox?"

There was none, and for a moment the doctor's appeal brought forth no response. Then one of the men in blue stepped out with jaunty, springy steps, and volunteered his services.

The doctor turned to him.

"You realize what you are doing, having never had the disease?" he said.

Eggshells bowed ostentatiously, but

his usually ruddy face was very pale. Yes, he realized.

Days passed. "The Soul," the imp of mischief, who had endeared himself to all by his very deviltry, was battling with death far out on the prairie, where a flag fluttered in the breeze; and there was not a man in the regiment who did not regard his nurse as a hero. Then one day a gun boomed, and the men knew that "The Soul" had crossed the waters that divide time and eternity; that he had left his mischief, his deviltry, his heartlessness, and gone where the soul takes on ways



THE TWO MEN STRODE OFF SIDE BY SIDE.

dread disease, a dozen men—"without families," they said—volunteered to take care of him; but the doctor had procured a nurse who had had the smallpox, and for whom, in consequence, there was no danger.

One day the doctor stopped to exchange a few words with a group of men who were off duty.

"Very bad," he answered in response to their eager questioning as to Eggshells' condition. "He's delirious. I listened last night. He was saying——"

"What was he saying, sir?" Buckles asked as the doctor hesitated.

"He was saying: 'May the Lord save me! Is it "Eggshells" they'll be afther callin' me, whin Oi thought to be a man and a soldier? Is it "Eggshells" Oi must answer to, an' be known by? May the Lord help me to bear the shame and disgrace of it, an' fergive the blackguard that first called me that!'" And the doctor went on his way, leaving a very silent group behind him.

Everybody knew who had first applied the hated epithet to Finney. It was the boy whose life Eggshells had so generously, though vainly, risked his own to save.

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The quarantine was over, and Eggshells had been driven in under cover of night, at his own request. When the time for drill came he appeared before his commandant trembling.

"Must Oi go, sor?"

"Certainly you must," the captain said. "Why not?"

The man's response was almost sobbed forth:

"Oi am ashamed."

"Ashamed of what?" the captain asked brusquely. "Because your beauty's spoiled? Oh, you—you vain coward!"

Then he wrung the man's hand with a fervor that belied his words, and gently pushed him out.

The men were already drawn up in line when a soldier with blue and livid face,

with eyelids scarred into hideous irregularities, staggered to his place in the ranks. For an instant there was a profound silence, then cheer after cheer rang out, and the men passed in a long line to grasp his hand. He could not but feel



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their earnestness, and he realized suddenly that he had in some way merited their respect. He forgot his scarred face and assumed his old, jaunty, ostentatious manner; for in passing each man had called him *Finney*.

Terres Fox.

FOR NO REASON WHATEVER.

"If ever I marry," said Lucia decidedly, "it will be for the sake of a decent last name. I'm tired of being burdened with a cheap joke like Pinkerton. It has spoiled my whole life."

The man lounging in the hammock sat up straight and stopped swinging.

"I call that abominably unfair," he exclaimed. "Men can't help being named such things as Griggsby, can they?"