

A Stage Soldier

How Feeney's Training Wound Him His Chevrons in an Unexpected Skirmish.

BY GEORGE I. PUTNAM.

December, on a West Texas prairie, under a grey wind-streaked sky... A bachelor jack rabbit, roused from his sleep in the long grass...

fat. Be rights I shud shift yer jaw a pace ter th' lift fur that. I end, ye know... "Oh, yes I know," said Hakkerson, granting amiably.

"Yes, I did. Me knowledge was acquired behind th' footlights. On th' liltic shage, me friends, 't' th' strains av ocheestras an' th' idification av large audiences. I have marched in iv'ry army since that av Tiberlus. I have appeared in sections av iv'ry armor an' uniform liver made for use or show. I wonder now, if ye never saw me playin' me engagements at th' Bowers theatres?"

But Armstrong, lying next on his right, threw out his arm swiftly, and interposed the generous thickness of his hand between the hammer and the finger-pin. And when Feeney's trembling finger jerked the trigger there was no discharge. The Irishman looked up in indignant surprise for an explanation.

After that a few more pointers. And I figured it out with Private Hakkerson that this was a likely spot for me both know it of old.

[A NICE LITTLE TRAP] A great story had reached the ears of the thousands of soldiers who were scattered in getting safely out of the hands of the enemy. It was the story of a man who had escaped to the Argentine...

AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

"Please, do you need a model?" asked a sweet voice, and an instant later Ralph Orton saw the loveliest face framed in by dancing golden curls.

THE END

Nearly all of the soldiers present have disappeared from the camp. There are yet many others scattered about...