

A GAME OF MEMORY.

"LET me teach you another game," said Aunt Louie, "and it shall be a game of memory."

"I hope it is not a dreadful game of forfeits," cried Carrie.

"Well, for a lapse of memory you forfeit your seat and descend to a lowly one on the floor."

"Just this amendment I must plead: mothers must be exempted from penalties," said I, "and may remain in their easy-chairs."

"Conceded, for dignity's sake," replied Aunt Louie.

"Please declare the rules of the game and let us brace ourselves to our task!" cried Cecil.

"Well, we give a tea-party, and as each names the guest to be invited, the names of the first-mentioned guests must be repeated in exactly the same order as given."

"If that is the case," said Phyllis, "there

must be no flitting from seat to seat, you restless young people. Choose your seats and keep them as long as you may."

"Are the living only to be invited, or may we summon the illustrious dead?" asked Harry.

"The illustrious dead may be invited," answered Aunt Louie.

"Now then, Aunt Louie, please lead off!" cried all.

"I shall give a tea-party and invite the hero of Kartoum."

"And I," said Eva, "shall ask Lord Kartoum and Major Marchand."

"I'll have Lord Kartoum, Major Marchand and Rider Haggard," said Cecil.

"And I," said Carrie, "am determined to have Lord Kartoum, Major Marchand, Rider Haggard and her Majesty the Queen."

"My invitations," said Phyllis, "shall be sent to Lord Kartoum, Major Marchand,

Rider Haggard, the Queen and General Gordon."

"I'll have Lord Kartoum, Major Marchand, Rider Haggard, the Queen, General Gordon and Barnum," added Jessie.

Harry gave "Dreyfus," and two of the young people added the names of "Nansen" and "Clifford Harrison," while I contributed "Herkomer," thus completing the first round. So far no lapse of memory had occurred, and all remained in their seats.

"Now," said Aunt Louie, "we try another round, and yet another, still repeating the names and keeping each round perfectly distinct."

At the second round two of our party broke down and subsided on the ground. At the third round two more fell out, and at the fourth round only Cecil remained on the field, so to speak, victor of the game.

CLARA THWAITES.

"OUR HERO."

A TALE OF THE FRANCO-ENGLISH WAR NINETY YEARS AGO.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon and Stars," "The Girl at the Dower House," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MOORE'S LAST VICTORY.

IN an instant Sir John Moore half raised himself, gazing still with concentrated earnestness, as if nothing had happened, towards the Highland regiment now hotly engaged. Not a sigh was heard. Not a muscle in his face quivered.

Hardinge had sprung down, and Moore's *right hand* grasped his firmly. When Hardinge, seeing his anxiety as to the 42nd, exclaimed, "They are advancing!" a flash of joy lighted up Moore's features.

Then Colonel Graham hurried to the spot. So placid and unchanged was the General's look that for a moment he hoped it might be no more than an accidental fall from the horse. The next moment he saw—and he rode off at full speed for a surgeon.

It was an awful wound. Almost the whole left shoulder was carried away; the arm was all but separated from the body; the ribs over that intrepid heart were broken; the flesh and muscles were fearfully torn and mangled. Hardinge made an attempt with his sash to check the rush of blood; but with so extensive an injury little could be done.

Sir John was then gently lifted upon a blanket, and all the while he still intently watched the struggle, as if his own state were a matter of very secondary importance.

For a moment his attention was recalled from the front. His sword became entangled, as the soldiers moved him, and the hilt went into the wound. Captain Hardinge began to unbuckle it, but he was at once checked, Moore saying in his usual voice, with calm distinctness—

"It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me."

So extraordinary was his composure that Hardinge began to hope, even against hope, that the wound might after all prove not to be mortal, that the General might even yet be spared to his country. He faltered something of the kind, and Moore turned from gazing at the battle, to inspect gravely his own injuries.

"No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible," he replied. "You need not go with me. Report to General Hope that I am wounded and carried to the rear."

He was slowly borne towards Coruña, a sergeant and ten soldiers of the Guards and the 42nd being told off for this service. Hardinge's sash was arranged so as to give him support.

Two surgeons came hastening to meet him. They had been engaged with the arm of his next in command, Sir David Baird, which was badly shattered, but on hearing what had happened to his Chief, Baird hurried them off, and they left his arm half-dressed. Moore, who was losing blood rapidly, observed—

"You can be of no service to me. Go to the wounded soldiers. You may be of use to them." But this unselfish order could not be obeyed.

Again and again in their sad progress he desired a halt, that he might watch what was going on, and might listen to the fainter sound of the enemy's musketry, as the French were driven back.

Presently they were overtaken by a spring waggon containing a wounded officer, Colonel Wynch, who asked, "Who was in the blanket?" On hearing that it was General Moore, he suggested his removal to the waggon. Moore did not refuse, but he looked at one of the Highlanders and asked his opinion—would the waggon or the

blanket be best? The man advised the latter.

"It will not shake you so much, sir," he said; "and we can keep step, and carry you more easy."

"I think so, too," Sir John quietly said, and they went on their way as before. By this time the hardy Highlanders and Guardsmen who carried him were one and all in tears.

It was nearly dark when they reached his lodgings in Coruña. Colonel Anderson, his devoted friend and comrade during twenty-one years past, met the mournful cavalcade, and was speechless with distress. This was the third time that he had seen Moore carried wounded from a field of battle; and it was the last.

Moore pressed his hand tightly.

"Anderson, don't leave me!" he murmured.

Then, as his faithful French servant, François, appeared, in blank horror, with falling tears, he smiled.

"*Mon ami*, this is nothing," he said.

The surgeons examined the wound, only to find that no hope of recovery existed. By this time the agony had become so overwhelming that Moore could hardly speak, and his face was deathly pale. Yet, after a while, he so far mastered the torture as to utter one sentence and then another at intervals.

"Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die in this way," came first. And, as the officers of his staff appeared, one by one, he put the same question to each—"Are the French beaten?"

Next, with unconscious pathos, read now in the light of after-misrepresentations—

"I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my country will do me justice!"