

So, for the moment, little Billy had his precious box all to himself. He opened it and found the letter that Miss Mary had pinned to the clothes. It ran thus : —

MR. COCHRAN, — Aunt Sally is very ill now and has been ill for some time. We are afraid that you are the only person in the world that can cure her. She is calling your name and talking about you all the time. It would do her so much good to see you that I hope you can make it convenient to come home very soon, if only for a day. We should all be so glad to see you.

Your true friend,

MARY GOOLSBY.

Holding this letter in his hand, little Billy sank down on a camp-stool and sat there. He forgot all about the box. He sat as still as a statue, and he was sitting thus when Private Chadwick came into the tent a half-hour later. Little Billy neither turned his head nor moved when the drill-master came in, snorting with rage and consigning all awkward recruits to places too warm to be mentioned in polite conversation. But he pulled