

for his age, and I fear that will not prevent his going now."

"We must try and prevail upon him not to go," said Mrs. Harrington, anxiously.

A few days later the colonel announced to his wife that he had decided to accept the command tendered him by the governor. She tried to dissuade him, but without success. He had firmly made up his mind in the matter, and said, in reply to her entreaties: "I feel it a duty I owe to my country, and as I have no son to represent me among the nation's defenders, I shall go myself." His martial pride was roused and he was determined to take part in the great struggle.

When Amy was informed of her father's determination she was very much grieved, and begged him most piteously not to go. "You can not stand the fatigues of army life," she said.

"Tut, my child, I feel good for a dozen years in the army, and I dare say I shall stand the service splendidly."

"Why not recommend Mr. Von Brean to the governor in your stead? He says he would gladly accept a command from the governor, why not let him take your place?"

"Mr. Von Brean's father would not give his consent to have him enter the service."

"Is Mr. Von Brean's son any dearer to him than my father is to me? What immunity has he from serving his country that should not be granted to you?"

"None, my child, none whatever. We all owe a sacred duty to our country, which, as Americans, we can not evade, and especially at this time, when our flag is insulted by an internal foe, who is waging war not to redress a wrong, but to divide the country and destroy the national union. No, daughter, this is no time for true Americans to shirk their duty; no one who is able to shoulder a musket or draw a sword should be found in the rear."

When it became known that Colonel Harrington had accepted the command of a regiment, many of his neighbors, who had not yet enlisted, signified their intention of doing so, and importuned the colonel to take them with him; but as the regiment he was to command was already made up and only waited for its commander to march to the field, he could not do so. He could easily have enlisted an entire company, which would gladly have gone into battle with him as their commander. There is seldom seen in any community a man so universally esteemed as was Colonel Harrington. True, he was aristocratic in his notions, but he was just and honorable, and no man could impeach his good name. He had taken a run down to Columbus to see the governor, who was

an old friend, about his commission and the regiment he was to command. On his return he informed his wife and daughter that it would be three or four weeks before the regiment would be ready to move. "But," said he, "I must be in camp next week to assign the companies to their places as they arrive."

"Oh, papa, let mamma and me go to camp with you, and stay until you get your marching orders, won't you?"

"I will see your mamma about it," he replied.

It did not require much persuasion to induce Mrs. Harrington to go, and so it was arranged that on the following Monday she and Amy should accompany the colonel to Camp Chase. Amy could scarcely restrain her childish glee at the prospect of being in camp with the soldiers. She had often expressed a wish to visit them in their city of tents, and now that wish was to be gratified. Meeting their visitor soon after, she said—

"Mr. Von Brean, we are all going into the army with papa, won't we have a jolly time eating hardtack, drinking black coffee and living just as the soldiers do?"

"You seem to enjoy the prospects of camp life exceedingly, Miss Harrington."

"Oh, you are going, too."

"Indeed! To what position, pray, am I to be assigned?"

"You are to stand guard over mamma and myself."

"That will be a very pleasant duty, I assure you, and one which I will try to fill with honor. When do we strike tents?"

"If you mean when are we going, I will tell you to be ready to move at 10:30 o'clock next Monday morning. I intend to persuade papa to take me with him when he leaves Camp Chase."

"And should he get killed or wounded you will become a second Mollie Pitcher, and take his place at the head of the regiment."

"Should that unfortunate event occur, sir, you would find that the daughter of a Western man would not shrink from her duty, even if that duty led her to the cannon's mouth." As Amy said this she left him abruptly.

"By Jove!" said Frank, as he sauntered toward the stable, "what a high spirited girl she is—and I like her all the better for it."

He had become very attentive to Amy of late, never losing an opportunity of being by her side. Amy saw this, and her dislike for him kept pace with his increased attentions, but as he was a guest of her father, she did not show her dislike, save by avoiding him as much as she could with propriety.