



A GREY SLEEVE BY STEPHEN CRANE

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PART III.

The corporal looked after his captain with an expression of mingled amazement, grief and philosophy. He seemed to be saying to himself that there unfortunately were times, after all, when one could not rely upon the most reliable of men. When he returned to the group he found the captain bending over the girl and saying: "Why is it that you don't want us to search up-stairs?"

The girl's head was buried in her crossed hands. Locks of her hair had escaped from their fastenings and these fell upon her shoulders. "Oh, Harry!" she continually repeated. "Oh, Harry! Oh, Harry!"

The youth in grey maneuvered to glare into the captain's face first over one shoulder of the girl and then over the other. In a voice that rang like metal, he said: "You are armed and wounded, while I have no weapons and am wounded, too."

The captain had stepped back and sheathed his sabre. The eyes of these two men were gleaming fire, but otherwise the captain's countenance was unperturbable. He said: "You are mistaken. You have no reason to—"

"You lie!" all save the captain and the youth in grey started in an electric movement. These two words cracked in the air like shattered glass. There was a breathless silence.

The youth came forward until he was in a measure, confronted the youth in grey, for he saw those fingers upon the captain's arm and he knew that sometimes very strong men were not able to move hand nor foot under such conditions.

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The youth came on in his quiet, erect fashion until the girl could have touched either of the men with her hand, for the captain still remained with his foot upon the first step. She



"Oh, Harry He Was Good to Me."

The youth turned toward him so fiercely that the corporal threw up a knee and an elbow like a boy who expected to be cut.

"I won't touch him!" said the captain with rather extraordinary earnestness. "Don't you worry about it at all. I won't touch him!"

The corporal contemplated the top of the stairs and remarked without surprise: "There's another of 'em coming!"

An old man was clambering down the stairs with much speed. He waved a cane wildly. "Get out of my house, you thieves! Get out! I won't have you cross my threshold. Get out!"

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The captain took her hand and then he blushed, for he found himself unable to formulate a sentence that applied in any way to the situation.

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"Oh, I know it, but—" Eventually he continued: "Well, some day, you know, when there's no more fighting, we might—" He observed that she had again withdrawn suddenly into the shadow so he said: "Well, good-bye!"

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HOW WE GO TO SLEEP. The Sight is First to Leave and the Sense of Feeling is the Last to Depart—The Sense of Touch in Some Persons is Never Absent.

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A HARD-WORKING WOMAN. sooner or later suffers from backache, nervous, worn-out feelings, or a sense of weight in the abdomen, dragging down sensations and dizziness. It will all come to an end with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.



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