

**I WILL BE A  
SOLDIER; A  
BOOK FOR BOYS**

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I will be a soldier; a book for boys by Mrs. L. C. Tuthill

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**MRS. L. C. TUTHILL**

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A BOOK FOR BOYS.

BY

MRS. L. C. TUTHILL.

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# I WILL BE A SOLDIER.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE ORPHAN COUSIN.

"I SAY she did!"

"I say she did n't!"

"She did!"

"She did n't!"

"Katy did — Katy did n't! What are you disputing about so fiercely? You look as ferocious as two bull-dogs."

Ruth Roland, the last speaker, entered the room just as Thomas Roland and Julius Farley were thus contradicting each other.

Instead of replying to Ruth, Tom Roland, with his eyes starting from his head, and his face as red as a Bristol apple, lifted his arm to strike Julius.

"Coward!" exclaimed Ruth, quick as thought interposing her own fair arm, which received the blow from Tom's big fist.

"There now, Ruth, you deserve that for calling me coward, though I only meant to punish Jule for contradicting me," said Tom.

"Dear Ruth, how sorry I am you took that heavy blow intended for me," said Julius, drawing his hand tenderly over the smooth round arm; "I am afraid it is broken."

"Not quite," replied Ruth; "but tell me now what the dispute was about?"

"Tom insisted —" began Julius.

"Stop! let me tell," interrupted Tom. "I was sure you told me I might invite my friend Martin Hackerty to that poor little fool's birthday party to-morrow, and I said so, and he said you did not."

"Julius was right. I said no such thing. I don't like Martin Hackerty at all. He is not a suitable companion for either of you."

"Why not? You don't know anything about him, Ruth. It's only a silly prejudice of yours. Girls always take up just such foolish notions."

"Brother," replied Ruth, "Martin Hackerty uses profane language, and my dislike of him is no silly notion."

"Well, I've invited him, and I sha'n't take it back," muttered Tom, pouting his thick lips.

"You *must* take it back, if Julius wishes it," continued Ruth. "Shall Tom tell Martin the invitation was given through a mistake on Tom's part?"

"By no means; it would offend him mortally. He is very severe upon me already. Besides, if it will give Tom pleasure, let Martin come. See how red your arm is, Ruth," continued Julius; "it will be black and blue to-morrow."

"Never mind, it was in the cause of truth and the defence of the innocent," said Ruth smiling. That lovely smile! how it added a new charm to her sweet face!

"I suppose Jule will go and tell father that I struck you. It would be just like him," said that great lubberly boy, Tom Roland. A great lubberly boy he was, in very deed, fond of nothing but eating. Like the sailor's wife in Macbeth, he "mounched, and mounched, and mounched," from morning till night, and even went to sleep with candy between his teeth. Ruth was his sister, just sixteen, and Tom was two years younger. They were the children of Mr. Francis Roland, a civil engineer, and had been motherless since early childhood.

Ruth had lately returned from school, and was now the lady of the house. Julius Farley was an