ANDY HALL, THE MISSION SCHOLAR IN THE ARMY

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Andy Hall, the mission scholar in the Army by Caroline E. Kelly

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CAROLINE E. KELLY

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ANDY HALL,

THE

Mission Scholar in the Ermy.

BY

CAROLINE E. KELLY,

AUTHOR OF "BLENICE," "GRACE HALE," ETC.

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CHAPTER I.

ATHER'S coming!" There was fear, not joy in the shrill little voice that uttered these words, and Roxy Hall, a deformed and helpless cripple, cast a terrified glance towards the door. "Father's coming!"

How sad, that the sound of his step on the stair should bring a deeper shadow to Roxy's clouded brow, and almost stop the beating of her feeble heart! How sad that in her miserable home, "father's coming" was the event most dreaded, not by the little hunchback alone, but by her rough brother Andrew, and her slipshod, discouraged mother!

Do you ask, why was it, you to whom father's coming crowns the happy day with delight? you who cling around his neck, or sit upon his knee, or stand by his side, and cover him with your kisses and caresses?

I will tell you. It was because Roxy's father, or, as he was familiarly known in the wretched neighborhood, "Tipsy Bill," was a drunkard, and instead of smiles and loving words, brought with him to his home, only curses and blows.

"Father's coming!" and at the words the sickly, misshapen child crept away from the dying embers upon the hearth, and hid herself under the rags that served as a covering for her bed of straw, in the darkest corner of the wretched garret. Meanwhile Mrs. Hall, with her bony fingers, turned over the contents of an old basket, to see if perchance there remained a bit of bread or meat for the

