

most thrilling to the military scene. It was at a review held in Vienna, on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of the establishment of the military Order of Maria Theresa.

Not far from 30,000 cavalry were in line. A little girl, a child of not more than four years, was standing in the front row of spectators, and either from fright or some other cause, rushed out into the open field just as a squadron of hussars came sweeping around from the main body. They had made the detour for the purpose of saluting the empress, whose carriage was drawn up in that part of the parade ground. Down came the flying squadron, charging at a mad gallop—down directly upon the child. The mother was paralyzed, as were others, for there could be no rescue from the line of spectators. The empress uttered a cry of horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable—and such terrible destruction—the trampling to death by a thousand iron hoofs!

Directly under the feet of the horses was the little one—another instant must seal its doom—when a stalwart hussar, who was in the front line, without slacking his speed or loosening his hold, threw himself over the side of his horse's neck, seized and lifted the child and placed it in safety upon his saddle-bow, and this he did without changing his pace, or breaking the correct alignment of the squadron.

Ten thousand voices hailed with rapturous applause the gallant deed, and other thousands applauded when they knew. Two women there were who could only sob forth their gratitude in broken accents—the mother and the empress.

And a proud and happy moment it was for the hussar when his emperor, taking from his own breast the richly enameled cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, hung it upon the breast of the brave and gallant trooper.

