There she stopped, at a loss; Captain Beauregard came to her rescue:

"I understood you perfectly. I simply, with my usual audacity, took advantage of your lack of self-appreciation. Will you forgive me?"

"If there is anything to forgive."

"Miss Herbert, I am trying to feel penitent, and you won't let me; you drive away all my good resolutions."

"Do If But what can I dot I only say "Then good-by to my last struggle for self-rebuke. I shall make my list four,"

One rippled the girl's silvery laugh, hough she colored, too.
"If you like," she said.
"If I like! And one is to be the first

waltz after supper?"
"Very well," "A thousand thanks."

Silence again, Presently Beauregard "I know most of the way," he said, "but suppose you can guide me if I am wrong. Here are two roads"—he pulled up—"which

"This to the right," said Valerie "It is earcely half a mile from here."

'And the other?-doesn't it fetch round to Walford sooner or latery! "Yes, only it is quite two miles out of

Beauregard pansed. "It is not very late," he said, in a low one. "May I not take the longer ronte?" Valerie drow a quick breath; her lips parted; she raised her dark eyes, shining ike stars in the gloom, to her comp face—wistful, mischievous eyes, that said, in that look, "Ought f? It would be so

And Captain Beauregard smiled, and furned his horse's head into the two miles

But even that road came to an end at last, and, with a mental sigh, man and girl saw the church-spire of Welford looming up agains, the night sky; and Valerie pointed out the way to the Limes.

You will come in and see uncle Will, n't you, Captain Beauregard?" she said. won's you, Captain Beauregard?" she said.
"He will be no still. We are not very early

"I should have great pleasure in doing to, but I am afraid to leave this fellow—franst. He would be off like a shoton very to I must ask you to small provocation. So I must ask you to make my excuses. I hope you will allow me to call in a day or two?" He pulled up before the wicket-gate as

ne spoke.

"Oht yes; please call," said Valerie caraestly. And thank you very much for
bringing me home. It was a delightful He had lifted her to the ground, and bared his head now as he took her hand in

you say first for I know I never enjoyed a drive so making and you did me great

honor i allowing me to escort you."

Valeris had so iden of accepting this speech as serious tyata. Captain Beauregard must have enjoyed many drives much more, and we not likely to estern it "an honor" to escor home a g'al who nust appear to him er treet more than an unese phisticated cuild. Sa he mail to a fancole her head, as deprecating the compliments; but was too courteons and too grateful to him to even imply that he was only playing off his society speeches on a country

"What pretty things you say, Captain Heanregard!" she said. "Good-night." "Is not truth always pretty—or more beautiful? I am sure I have only spoken to you unvariation truth. Good-night." He bent and touched his lips to her hand before he released it, and watched her fitting up the garden path-watched till he heard the house door open, and a hearty



Att shoul as he look her hand in back to Donnington at about five times, the pace he had driven on the outward

lourney,
Molly followed her young mistress into
the dining-room, where the latter was a little startled to see, not only her uncle, but

He caught her hands in his, and gamed at her as if she had at that minute been

resented from death. "Valerief" he exclaimed. "Valerief"
"Why, Louisi" she said, laughingly, "I am all right—haven't been struck by lightning or anything," and shedrey her hands away, and turned to her uncle, who em-

"And how did you come home?" he said.
"And how did you come home?" he said.
"Who brought you?"
"Captain Beauregard drove me in his dogeart; he wouldn't come in because he couldn't leave the horse, but he's going to

eve my purpose."

Tes, there they were; Beauregard—first of the name had had conferred upon him the manor of Leigh, —shire, A. D. 1196; and coming down to recent times, Gerald Walter Beauregard married Agnes, third daughter of seventh Rayl of —, and had issue Gerald Walter (present owner of Abbot's Leigh), and Max Eustace, the dates of birth showing eight years between the heatings.

"I remember," said Uncle Will, closing the book, "that Gerald Beauregard mar-ried, about three years ago, Lady Elinor Musgrove; so this brother has no chance of inheriting one of the finest estates in the

"It's just as well; perhaps he'd give up the army, and that would be a shame!" exclaimed Valerie. "And oh, Louis, I am gang to a military ball, after all. They wouldn't take no, uncle Will; and Mra-Fanshawe will send for me."

"Well, we'll hear all about it to-mor-row," said Mr. Herbert. "Now we must go to bed,"

So good-nights were said, and the quar-tette separated, Valerie somewhat perplex-ed by Louis' lack of sympathy.

She had thought he would be so glad to hear she had enjoyed herself—she would be glad if the cases were reversed—but, in-stead, he was quite, sullen, and hardly said a word. That wasn't like Louis.

Prographical it showed how improments the

Poor childl it showed how ignorantly she had pledged her future—that she so little understood the real nature of love as to marvel at and be grieved by Louis' want of "sympathy" in her day's adventures, and prospects of future enjoyment. He would be a rarely-constituted lover who could find it pleasant for his lady-love to be taken out of his own hands, as it were, by a handsome, attractive man like Max Beauregard, driving through the lanes with him, and evidently very happy in his company. But there was no jealousy in Valerie's love, which proved it was no more than sisterly.

Louis wished the "whole lot" at Don-nington would be ordered off somewhere within a week; and was firmly convinced that all the officers, and Captain Beaure-gard in particular, were flirts, and Valerie would get no good by going to their balls, and being fussed over, and made much of. CHAPTER VII. -A CALL-WELCOME AND UN-

Two days later Mrs. Fanshawe called at the Limes, and received Mr. Herbert's thanks for her kindness to Valerie.

"Oh! please don't speak of thanks," she said, "but I hope your niece won't be disappointed of the ball, for there are rumore of war in Egypt, and of our regiment being ordered out. But perhaps it won't be till

It would have been a glad hearing for Louis, had he been present, that the obnoxious garrison were likely to leave Donnington shortly; but he was not at the Limes that day. He came, however, in the afternoon of the following day, asking Valerie if she would go out for a walk. She was standing by the gate, and looked a lit-

"I don't know, Oh, Louis! Mrs. Fan-

shawe called yesterday, and she says the -th may be ordered out to Egypt; there is The young man's eyes manned softly: his arm about the girl, and said softly: should you enrey"

"Why shouldn't I care, Louis-in one

"You mean-you would lose the ball?" "Partly. Hark! What's that?" Approaching hoof-strokes. Valerie drew herself from her lover's arm, and leaned ever the gate, looking along the lane. "Oh!" she said, suddenly, in a tone of

delight, "It is Captain Beauregard!" Charteris drew back a step, and victoraly slashed a rose bash with his stick, scattering several promising buds; but Valerie paid no heed to him; she was watching the approaching horseman. Another moment, and she had opened the gate, stepping forward a little, and Captain Beauregard saw

her, and raised his hat, bowing low, Then the bay horse was refuel up, and Louis Charteris had a full view of the rider tall, slight, every inch a soldier in his gallant bearing; and strikingly handsome in feature; nothing of the "puppy" about this man, but all that blending of soldier and courtier-or, in modern phrase-man of society-which has a charm for all, but a special charm for women. The Captain's keen glance went straight over Valerie's golden head to the young man behind her; and the swift mental question, "Who is that?" was not put with absolute indifference, nor was it altogether an agreeable surprise to find Valerie in another fellow's

But Valerie was glad to see him-herinnocent heart had nothing to hide, and her shining eyes and smiling lips showed frank-

"I could not get away before to-day," said Beauregard, springing to the ground, his,

"for bless us, missy, here you are at last!"

was borne foward him on the summer air, and then be mounted the degeart and drove

sand clasping the girl's outstretched hand in his, "but I heard from Mrs. Fanshawe yesterday that the drenching had done you no harm, and now I see for myself." "I am not made of plaster, Captain Beau-regard," said the girl, roguishly, recalling his speech about the orderly; then turning toward Louis—"Mr. Charteris—Captain

Beauregard held out his hand, and the action and the manner of it won Louis in

spite of himself.

"I am glad," he said, "to have an opportunity of thanking you, Captain Beauregard, for your kindness to Valerie."

"Thanks, Mr. Charteris," returned the other, laughing, "for squaring the circle."

He hitched Prince's bridle over the gate-

post as he spoke, and Valerie went and patted the animal's glossy neck caressingly—Louis came also to admire. Prince was a noble specimen of his race.

ie had ever done before to a stranger; and Valerie saw that the enplain had that rare lower of sympathy which can take an in-erest in what interests others—not merely

But presently the approaching war came on the tapts, and Louis asked if the —th was likely to be ordered for service.

"I think so—I hope so!" said Captain Beauregard. "We expect to be among the first. But I hope also that we shall be able to have the ball—it is the end of next week, so I dare say we shall manage it. I hope you will honor us, Mr. Charteris, if you will forgive an informal invitation."

"I shall be delighted!" replied Louis, his fair face flushing with pleasure; "and as for formalities, they are not much in my line."

"Nor in mine, faith!"
Exit botany, and enter frivolity, and the ball, and the various people invited held the ground for some minutes. Then teacame in, and shortly after Captain Beau-

the ground for some minutes. Then tea-came in, and shortly after Captain Beau-regard took his leave.

Louis Charteris was an old friend, the playmate of Valerie's childhood—so much he knew: brother and sister? Yes, sister Valerie; but Louis' manner to the girl was not that of a brother. Captain Beauregard owned and bit his lip as he rode onward. It ought not to be any concern of his what Hecuba was to Louis, or Louis to Hecuba—but it was. The girl had fairly fascinated him; her very innocence and childlike insouciance had a charm for the man of the world, used to see even girls in their teens fully aware of any advantages they possessed, and quite able to take care of nemselves and their worldly interests. Perhaps when Valerie was launched in-

to that perilous sea of "society," she would, like country-bred Julia, stand the test "as now stands fire," and "play the city lady to the height."
But, be the future what it might, Cap-

tain Max Beauregard was certainly allowing the fairy maiden he had rescued from the storm to occupy a large share of his

antime Louis had been trying to obmises of dances from Valerie. "But I can't pledge you more than two, Louis," she said; "one must not dance so much with an old friend." "Why not? Well, let me have the first

waltz after supper?"
"Oh! I promised that to Captain Bear-Louis attered an impatient exclamation.
"Only that?" he asked.

'No: three others!"

"Four! And you only give me two!" ex-laimed the young man, hotly. Valerie flushed up. She was by no means of a meek temper.
"If you choose to be absurd, Louis," she

said, turning away, "you can be."

Whereat Louis was her bounden slave once more. But he resolved Captain Beauregard should know Valerie was engaged.

CHAPTER VIII. - CAPTAIN BEAUREGARD'S GIFT.

The day of the ball came: and as yet, though war had broken out two days ago in the East, and all the talk in the regiment at Donnington was of war, no orders had arrived from headquarters.

Mrs. Fanshawe's carriage called in good time for Valerie, and when she presented herself to say good-bye to her uncle, even fast undemonstrative person told her she "looked lovely," while Molly went into raptures. Yet probably Valerie's would he the simplest gown in the town hall that night. It was of cream cashmere, made "Faust," with a rich girdle of Indian workmanship, that had belonged to Valerie's mother. Jewels the girl had none, and did not need them. Had she not her glorious youth, her picture-like beauty, and the wealth of her glittering trosses?

Louis had sent her a lovely bouquet, and Valerie drove off in high spirits, with all manner of dazzling visions floating before her young eyes. If she could have looked only a few short months into the future! But for the young there is only the near

When she reached General Fanshawe's house she was conducted straight up to her stess' dressing-room, where the General's ife was under the hands of her maid: arments, jawels, and the various paraphernalia of a lady's wardrobe littered all

"How do you do, my dear?" said Mrs. Fanshawe, Talame Valerie's hands, and kissing her warmly. "Now-off with your mantle, and let's look at you. Stand off. that's right" The mantle was drooped, and Mrs. Fan-

shawe uttered an exclamation under her "Heavens! what beauty!" Then, after a pause of gratified survey: "My dear, you're simply perfect! Was it your own taste to

have the gown made in that style?" "Yes, Mrs. Fanshawe," Then you are an artist! Simply perfeet! Now, sit down and have some teait ison a little table yonder. Oh! you have

"Yes," returned Valerie, smiling, though adittle surprised at the remark. She sat down and drank some tea, but did not touch the cake or biscuits provided

also; she was too excited to eat,
"When you have finished," said Mrs. Fanshawe, while her maid laced the bodice of her rich blue satin gown, "come and open this box on the dressing-table. I st deliver my message, however you de-

Valerie glanced at the box, wondering very much what it might contain; and sently she rose, and advanced a little timidly, to the table.

It was a cardboard box she was told to open, and the girl removed string and paper, with changing color, but no suspicion of what the cover might conceal.

Her young face was a study, as she half-fearfully removed the cover and the tissue-paper below, and her startled eyes beheld, in a bed of cotton-wool, the loveliest bouquet of white flowers and maiden-hair fern that girl's heart could desire.

She clasped her hands, and turned glow-ing, questioning eyes on Mrs. Fanshawe. "Oh, don't thank me!" said the lady, laughing and shaking her head. "I am only a delegate. Take it up and see if you

The girl obeyed slowly, the soft color despening on her cheek as she bent over the exquisite flowers, drinking in with their delicate perfume a yet more subtle essence—for scent of rose and stephanotis does not quicken heart-beats.

"If I like it!" she repeated in a low voice, "Oh, what could be more lovely!"

"Sweets to the sweet," "said Mrs. Fanshawe, smiling. "Captain Beauregard asked me to give you the bouquet—if you will honor him by accepting it."

Valerie's heart gave a sudden throb, as

ACCUPATION OF THE PARTY OF THE



Her startled cycs beheld the loveliest bo quet of white flowers. .

adas, for Louis! If Valerie had been ally in love with him she could hardly itate between his gift and that of

"I should think," said Mrs. Fanshawe, "that an old friend would not mind being set aside in such a case, understanding how you might feel about it. Still, Captain Beauregard would understand why you declined his offering, if you prefer that of your old playmate. You know the latter best, and I can answer for my favorite."

A half-smile flitted over the girl's mouth. She must make the choice, then, herself.

She walked slowly across the room, and laid a half-penitent touch on the holder of Louis bouquet. Would he mind very much? He would surely understand that she would like to accept a courtesy from one who had been so kind to her; Captain Beauregard might be—not vexed, but pained if she did not carry his flowers. Valerie was perfectly honest in employing this argument, and this argument only; she was a self-deceiver—but an unconscious one.

Yes, she would carry Captain Beaure-gard's bouquet, and explain to Louis—he would not be angry. Yet her eyes filled with tears, and her throat swelled; it seem-ed unkind, ungrateful to Louis, but she had made her decision; she must not vacil-

Perhaps Valerie did wrong; but she was too young, and was of too strong and complex a character to always choo as a matter of course when a difficult ques-tion presented itself; and she was, in truth, obeying a power within her, and which, undeveloped though it yet was, and wholly unsuspected of having existence, was far more potent than any pros and cons of

Mrs. Fanshawe smiled to herself as she saw that the struggle had ended in favor of the soldier. It would be strange if handsome, winning Max Beauregard did not gain the day; but she made no remark, and being now ready, led her young protege to ently joined by General Fanshawe, resplendent in full uniform.

"By Jove!" he said, when he had greeted Valerie, "you'll be Queen of Beauty to-night, my dear, won't she, Margaret? and the young fellows will all be at your feet." "Don't talk like that!" said his wife, a

"Tut! the child will find it out to-night." The carriage was announced at this moment, and the trio departed, but there was a little cloud across the sunshine of Va- her anxiously, and while he sought he lerie's mind. Had she not been wrong heard her name: about the bouquets? It was too late, however, to retract what had been done, and she knew she would not have retracted it if she could, but it did seem (the conjunccarriage) that as Louis' promised wife she ought to have carried his flowers at her first ball. What if he should say this to her," said the other. "Didn't she and her? She certainly shrank from her first Beau look well together! It was worth meeting with bian and hoped that he would not be among the very early arrivals. Mrs. Fanshawe was, of course, as hostess, not

CHAPTER IX.—THE BALL AT DONNINGTON. Donnington was proud of its town-hall. and as there was not much else in the town to be proud of (said the military cynics), Donnington did well. The town hall was certainly handsome without, and it was spacious willin. The rooms in which the ball was to be held were long, wide, and lofty; and the officers, having resolved to make the ball a success, had taken care that the decorations were plentiful, and in good taste.

To Valerie's unaccustomed eyes the coup d'wel from the entrance was dazzling. What would it be when filled with a glittering throng of uniforms and various-col-

The girl's heart swelled within her; she forgot all perplexity in the delights of the moment; the lights, the rich perfume of flowers, the harmony and variety of color, the suggestion and promise in all of greater delights yet to come.

"A pretty scene, eh?" said General Fanshawe, watching the girl's speaking face.

"It is like fairyland!" she said.

"I believe you know, for Pll warrant you came from fairyland. It will look still ly. better by and by. A number of the officers have come from —, fifty miles off, and a few from London; so the black-coats will

"I am glad of that. They would spoil

the look of the crowd,"

"You are a true soldier's daughter. How you love splendor! Ah! here are the first arrivals. Who are they? The Mortons." Father, mother, and daughters; a country gentleman and his ample wife; the cirls felly dressed in London made gowns. fris richly dressed in London-made gov They were followed by quite a stream floors and their wives, sisters, and da

"Do you learn complimentary lines of poetry for use on various occasions?" asked the girl, archly.

poetry for use on various occasions?" asked the girl, archly.

"What a cruel implication! I am sure I have not deserved it. Will you not credit me with sometimes speaking as I think?"

They were sauntering slowly through the rooms, and as they went men turned to look at Valerie, and the whisper traveled from mouth to mouth:

"Who is she? What an exquisitely-lovely girl!" "Who is that beautiful girl with Beauregard!" And Mrs. Fanshawe was besieged with requests for an introduction.

ed with requests for an introduction, rie answered her companion: Valerie answered her companion:
"Then I should have to be very vain!"

Was she innocent or coquettish. He anced at her keenly. Could she be igglanced at her keenly. Could she be ignorant of her own supreme right to compliment, eyen before she entered these rooms? And now did she not see and hear? "I will ask you by and-by," he said, lightly, after a pause, "if you still find your corollary good."

"What do you mean, Captain Beaure-gard?—you are talking riddles," said the girl, raising her eyes to his; but the smile, the look she met startled her with more than an inkling of his meaning; it was the admiration which says-"You ask, 'Am I beautiful?' Can you not divinenot know-that you are?" Admiration refined, ennobled by reverence, but un-

The girl's eyes sank, her color rose, her heart throbbed with an emotion wholly new, bewildering; all her pulses thrilled. Was this it—this what Max Beauregard meant? Was she so beautiful-far more beautiful than many of these fair women she saw around her? And he thought her so; it was not in idle compliment he spoke! The hand that rested on his arm trembled; she glanced around her half-nervously, and saw men, and women, too, looking at her; she turned to Max Beauregard in a kind of mute appeal, like a child frightened by some wonderful and unexpected revela-tion, and again he smiled his bright, half-

tender smile, and said, softly: "Forgive me! you would find it out toght, if you have never yet known it. Here comes Mrs. Fanshawe"-he cha T. A. Middleton tone and manner-"to rob me, and tell me I am usurping more than my share of hap-

with the new sensations that filled her. with Max Beauregard's last words ringing in her ears, to have a dozen men presen to her in succession, and to give her hand for the first dance to Colonei Lord Denmore, commandant of the garrison at -

and a man of no small consequence. She was beautiful. She knew the truth; but as yet not its power. Her pleasure was that Max Beauregard thought her so. Oh! "fatal gift of beauty!" When she knew the full measure of all that gift conferred, how would she use it?

TER X.—THE FAIRY QUEEN. When Louis Charteris entered the ballroom the first set was just over, and he paused a moment near the doors, feeling that he, in his civilian attire, must present a very homely appearance. He had never been to a military ball before, and the erowd of brilliant uniforms, the white or bright-colored drosses of the women the lights, decorations, and flowers made a

really gorgeous tout ensemble. But where was Valerie? His eyes sought "Miss Herbert cuts them all out," said a man's voice near, and Louis, turning quick-

ly, saw two young officers of Hussars. "There wasn't a girl in town this season tion of ideas only occurred to her in the to compare with her. She ought to go to town-she'd be the rage." "All the fellows are mad to dance with while to watch them."

"Yes, and wasn't Dolly Chantrell mad

at heing cut out by a debut inte, and mad with Beau for the paring attention to her with Beau for no naving attention to her instead of that divine Herbert! There she is, with Lord Denmore; he's quite smitten!" Yes, there she was, sauntering slowly down the room "observed of all observers," leaning on Lord Denmore's arm. Louis, too, had heard enough. He made his way, with flushed cheek and beating heart, through the crowd to Valerie's side; and suddenly, as he drew near, his eyes fell on the bouquet the girl carried, and he almost caught his breath with the flerce pang of jealousy that shot through him. Not

his flowers-not his! whose then?" So close he was to Valerie, and she did not see him! he touched her lightly, and she turned with a start. "Louis!"

Surprise, some pleasure, but something, too, that was hardly pleasure, and as she met his look her own sank, and the blood rushed to her cheek. She had been wrong, wrong-she felt it clearly now; though she could not comprehend the full measure of the pain she had inflicted; but this was no time or place for explanations and apology.
"Have you only just arrived?" she added, rapidly, for the sake of saying something.

"That is all," he answered, a little cold-"Are you engaged for the next set, "Yes, the next; but I kept the one following for you."
"Thanks," He bowed and passed on.

"Your friend seems ruffled," remarked Lord Denmore, with a slightly cynical smile, as they moved onward. Valerie was too generous and truthful to ermit the implication that Louis was to dame, although she thought he ought not,

"It was my fault that he is so," she rein was my natio that he is so," she re-burned, gently, and Lord Denmore bit his ip, feeling that his remark was hardly, "good form," yet wondering who this was whom his lovely companion called "Louis," and who called her "Valerie."

on so public an occasion, to have shown

Louis, at that moment, was greeted by a roice he was hardly in the mood to hear with pleasure; and yet the mellow intonation, the winning cordiality mollified him.

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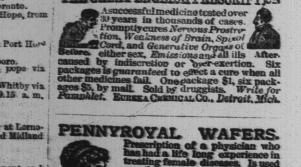
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