

of thousands strong. They are now ready to grapple with us, as they have done it in other states, we are informed, and won victories, too. We don't believe in being scared by a shadow or shoulder straps; but then, when Davy Crockett said: "Be sure you are right; then go ahead," and not before, he was no fool.

### THE SERGEANT'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of the Fifteenth Infantry at Fort Sheridan.

[BY JULIA M. MOORE AND ALICE SKIDMORE.]

"Jessie, I hope you will enjoy your ride tonight," remarked Anna innocently. "Why, what made you think I was going to ride? I was going to bed early so as to be fresh tomorrow," answered Jessie.

"Oh, I see I was mistaken," said Anna, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes, as she saw a pink flush spread over Jessie's face.

Nothing more was said about it just then. But next morning, when after receiving the birthday congratulations of her friends, Jessie turned to examine the gifts that lay on the table, it was with some surprise that she noted a little package addressed to herself in an unknown handwriting and a great bunch of white sweet peas lying beside it.

Anna watched her closely while Jessie put the package aside to look at the flowers and other gifts.

"Why don't you open the package, Jess?" inquiring Frieda.

"I will, when I have put these flowers in water; they are so beautiful, I will wear some of them today."

As she was arranging the blossoms her eyes fell on a card in the center of the bunch. "Oh, do tell us who sent them, Jessie, I am dying of curiosity," exclaimed Frieda, who had also seen the card.

"Why, it seems Mr. Huffman did, but there must be some mistake, I don't know him very well, you know."

"That's nothing, there is nothing to hinder a man from sending a bunch of flowers to a young lady, though he has not known her more than two weeks. A great deal of mischief can be done in less time than that," answered Anna teasingly. "He is only showing his good taste," she added, behind the coffee urn.

"Now, open the book, for I know it is one. I want to see how many admirers you have, you sly puss," commanded Frieda.

But when the package was opened, and found to be from Mr. Huff-

man, the girls could not help saying, "Harder hit than we imagined".

Poor Jessie was blushing to the roots of her hair and tried to hide her face in her flowers.

"See here" said the sergeant, "you are not to tease my little wild-rose that way. You girls are only jealous because you could not make an impression on the "Woman-hater". "Well" said Frieda, "that name won't apply any longer, for I'm sure now that he does not hate all women".

"Girls we must not spend any more time just now, or we won't be ready in time", said Anna. "You girls see that the wraps and hammocks and things of that sort are ready, while I get about the lunch. I wonder whether all who are invited will go. We will have a gay time, it is such a perfect day", and Anna went to the kitchen and the girls to their tasks. When all the necessary articles were taken to the porch, Jessie went up to her room, wondering what she should say about the book. It was a beautiful volume of Tennyson, bound in gold and white. She and Mr. Huffman had been talking about Tennyson being their favorite author. It was very kind of him, but she wished he had not sent it. "But then, it is just his kind way," she said to herself, as she went downstairs.

The bus was already at the door, and several ladies and gentlemen were in it. Mr. Huffman was there looking a little as though he would rather stay at home than go to a picnic with a crowd of lively girls. But his face changed instantly as he saw Jessie come down the steps. He came forward to meet her, and after they had wished each other "many happy returns" Jessie thanked him very prettily for the book and flowers.

"I am sure it was a great pleasure, Miss Orrin, I knew you were very fond of Tennyson, and you said yesterday you had forgotten to bring your copy with you". "It was very good of you to remember me. You see I have worn some of the flowers you sent me".

"Come, Jessie," called Anna, "we must be off by half past nine. Punctuality is one of my fads, you know".

So, at last they started, a merry party, and what a pleasant drive it was to the grove, which they reached in about half an hour!

Hammocks were put up everywhere, for enough had been provided for the whole party.

"Now, Mrs. Wilson", cried Anna, addressing the eldest married lady of the party, "you know you are to

chaperon us today, and not let us get into mischief".

"Miss Anna, I am thinking I shall have my hands full with such lively young ladies as yourself and the girls. Ah me, in my day, girls did not need a chaperon. They behaved better than".

"Maybe the young men were better behaved too", retorted Frieda.

"I think Adam as much in the wrong as Eve".

The morning passed merrily, and soon it was lunch time. The young ladies found a smooth, grassy spot, where the eatables were spread forth and very tempting they looked, for the enjoyment of the occasion seemed to have given them all keen appetites.

"Now", called Anna, "if one of the gentlemen will bring us a pail of water from the spring, we shall be ready for lunch".

During the dinner there was much fun and bright talk, especially when Mrs. Wilson's cake was cut, which she declared contained a magic token which should signify that the finder was to be married within the next year. Amid gay raillery and mock pretensions of awe, the cake was cut and handed about.

"Miss Jessie, see my piece is unusually large," said Mr. Huffman to his companion. They were sitting together at the head of the table, where they had been placed, at Lord and Lady of Misrule, as Bob Roydon mischievously put it.

"Will you do me the honor of sharing it with me?" he continued.

"Then, if we are so fortunate as to find this mystic sign in our piece

"Why, that will mean that you are to be married before the year is out, and to each other", interposed Frieda.

"Very well, Miss Jessie, shall we eat it with that understanding?" asked Huffman, with a shade more of earnestness in his voice than seemed necessary for so trivial a subject.

"I feel confident the mystic token is not there, and I do not believe in signs", said Jessie, "so I will eat it with you".

But when they broke it in two by taking hold of it, wish-bone fashion, great was Jessie's dismay, and greater the amusement of the others, when, from between the fragments dropped a ring.

"Ye gods", said Royden, "that ring has the intelligence of an ancient seer." "Mrs. Wilson", turning quickly to that lady, who had a slightly conscious look, "did you have a finger in that pie?"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]