

AN OPAL.

A dash of envy's greenest green,  
Submerged in a tear of woe;  
A flash of yellow, all agleam  
From a golden sunset's glow;  
Deep purple, from remembrance wrought,  
Afflame with young love's lurid hue,  
An ecstasy of joy, fresh caught,  
The sheen from a sparkling drop of dew,  
With pallid moonlight glinting through.  
—BERTHA BAKER GREEN.

THE SERGEANT'S DAUGHTER.

A Story of the Fifteenth Infantry at Fort Sheridan.

[BY JULIA M. MOORE AND ALICE SKIDMORE.]

"Well! the ring from my finger was in the pie, if you like," she replied. Anna and Frieda took the cue, and by a series of most apparently innocent remarks set poor Jessie's face on fire, and caused even Huffman's to take on a darker tinge.

Jessie was heartily glad when she could escape and get away by herself. Inwardly she was fuming at her too evident embarrassment and was almost ready to cry for vexation at having let the others see how much it affected her. Going up to the Sergeant, who was lying in a hammock, she said: "Mr. Churchill, will you go for a row on the lake with me? I shall leave all the clearing up to the girls for teasing me so."

"I shall be delighted to do anything I can to help my little wild-rose out of trouble," said the Sergeant, and taking an umbrella, they started toward the lake. Before they had gone far, Jessie turned back and called, "You may come, too, Mr. Huffman, if you wish; the rest are in disgrace and must do without your society."

He rose at once and went down to where Jessie and the Sergeant were waiting. We will leave them for a while and go back to the party at the table.

"I hope she won't be offended at our jests, but it is such fun to see Bert pay any attentions to a lady," said Roydon.

"She isn't offended," answered Frieda; "I know her too well for that."

"Oh," said Anna, "she may feel a little put out just now, but she is too sweet-tempered to be deeply offended at this."

"Well, what shall we do when we get the baskets packed?"

"Will you take a stroll on the beach if it is shady, Miss Churchill?" asked Carroll, "I have a copy of Longfellow with me and will read it to you if you like."

"That will be charming," answered Anna, "and you will show

me how to skip stones, won't you?"

"What will the others do?" put in Roydon.

"We old ladies will take a nap in the hammocks; and I know Mr. Wilson is in need of one after eating so much chicken," answered Mrs. Dodd, another one of the party.

"He is asleep already," said Frieda, "chicken is stupefying; I suppose."

"Don't mention the chicken I ate; just remember the number of olives you ate yourself," came in stones from the hammock.

"Then we are quits, Mr. Wilson," answered Frieda, "and I can take my walk with a clear conscience." So Anna and Mr. Carroll, Frieda and Bob Roydon went to the beach and far out on the smooth water they saw Jessie and her companions.

Going home that night, they were a merry party. There was glorious moonlight, the air was rich with the sweet scents of summer time; in short it was a perfect night, such a night as seems specially made for lovers, and one to cause even the coldest heart to thrill with delight. Song and merry talk enlivened the homeward ride, and made it seem all too short, for Huffman especially, who hardly dared to stop to analyze the new strange sensations that were crowding so fast upon him.

At first reserved, but on further acquaintance, clear souled, true, frank, yet with a veil of maidenly modesty, Jessie impressed Huffman as being a very different sort of a young woman from any he had previously met. He found that she had read and studied, could express her thoughts clearly and interestingly, yet there was no affectation or vain striving after effect.

He had not realized how much he depended on her presence to make his visits at the Churchill house enjoyable, until one Saturday evening when she was absent on account of a headache. The evening was a total blank to him, and sharp eyed Anna noticed it and spoke of it to Frieda after the guests had gone.

Jessie and Mr. Huffman had gone with the Sergeant to call on Mrs. Wilson, and Frieda was upstairs writing letters. Soon Anna came out and after the first conventional greetings, they fell to chatting quietly, with long pauses of eloquent silence.

During a longer pause than usual, Anna sat watching Carroll, whose face was indeed a study. His handsome brow would contract, and then his whole face would light up, as if

a very happy thought had come to him.

Not guessing he was thinking of her, she said: "A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Carroll; I think they must be very pleasant ones. I have watched your face for a long time. If I were a mind reader, I shouldn't have to ask."

"They are pleasant to me, but they may not please you," he said, looking away from her. Before she had time to speak, he came over to her chair and taking her hand, said: "Miss Churchill—Anna—I want to tell you how dearly I love you and I want to win you for my own some time."

His heart sank, for Anna kept her face turned away and her eyes cast down.

"Dear Anna, could you not have seen all summer how my very life depended on you? I know I am not worthy now of this great happiness I ask at your hands, but your love will make me worthy of it. Don't speak if you like; just reach out your hand to me and let me know I am not to go away in darkness and despair."

Just one instant of suspense and dread, for Anna did not stir; then, putting out both hands and turning toward him, she showed her face, dear and lovely to him before, now transfigured and shining with the great revelation of her love.

"Dear heart," she whispered, "could you not see? surely love is blind."

"Anna, dearest, I longed but did not dare to hope for all my heart's desires; but now you have fulfilled all."

Let us drop the curtain here. A stenographer would be out of place in Cupid's court.

Next morning Anna woke with the consciousness of a new, joyous element in her life: something which seemed to have been hers before, and yet was new. It made her very happy, and girl-like, she could not keep it to herself, but told it all to Frieda, who was just waking.

Frieda told her friend how glad she was, and added: "I knew it would be so and we all have been waiting for this happy consummation."

After dinner Carroll called to take Anna out riding, and Jessie went out, saying she would go over to see Mrs. Wilson, who had been sick for several days.

Left thus to herself, Frieda took a book and went out to the hammock. Her book was so uninteresting that presently she dropped asleep.