

manded the troops and who, with his ships, his forts, his guns and his men, had been for two years fighting off the tremendous assaults that were hurled upon the city from the union ironclads and ships far out to sea. It was a point of honor to take, or to hold, Charleston, and the confederates held it till 1865!

Fanny Glen was a privileged character, therefore, and could go anywhere and do anything within the lines.

Under other circumstances there would have been a thorough inquiry by the inhabitants of the proud, strict southern city into her family relationships; but the war was a great leveler, people were taken at their real value when trouble demonstrated it and few questions were asked. Those that were asked about Fanny Glen were not answered. It made little difference then.

Toward the close of 1863, however, there was an eclipse in the general hospital, for Fanny Glen fell ill.

She was not completely recovered, early in 1864, when she had the famous interview with Rhett Sempland, but there was not the slightest evidence of invalidism about her as she confronted him that afternoon in February.

Wounded pride, outraged dignity, burning indignation, supplied health enough for a regiment of convalescents.

The difference between the two culminated in a disturbance which might aptly be called cyclonic, for Sempland on nearly the first occasion that he had been permitted to leave the hospital had repaired to Fanny Glen's house and there had repeated, standing erect and looking down upon her bended head, what he had said so often with his eyes and once at least with his lips, from his bed in the ward: that he loved her and wanted her for his wife.

Pleasant thing it was for her to hear, too.

And Fanny Glen had not rejected him; neither had she accepted him.

She had pleaded for time; she had hesitated, and would have been lost, had Sempland been as wise as he was brave. Perhaps he wasn't quite master of himself on account of his experience in war, and his lack of it in women, for he constantly conceived that her hesitation was due to some other cause than maidenly uncertainty, and that Harry Lacy, of whom he had grown mightily jealous, was at the bottom of it.

He hated and envied Lacy. More, he despised him for his weaknesses and their consequences. The two had been great friends once, but a year or two before the outbreak of the war they had drifted apart.

Sempland did not envy Lacy any talents that he might possess, for he was quite confident that the only thing he himself lacked had been opportunity—fate had not been kind to him, but the war was not yet over. Consequently when he jumped to the conclusion that Fanny Glen preferred Lacy, he fell into further error, and made the frightful mistake of depreciating his rival.

Assuming with masculine inconsistency that the half acceptance she had given him entitled him to decide her future, he actually referred to Lacy's well known habits and bade her have nothing to do with him.

CHAPTER II.

She Hates Them Both.

"You are," he said at last, "a lonely,

unprotected young girl. Where you come from or what you have been doesn't matter to me. I know what you are. And that is why I love you. You have no father or brother to advise you. I must do it and I will, much as it pains me. If you won't take my affection you must my counsel"—he called it counsel, but only an expert could have distinguished it from command—"you do not know this man Lacy. He is a dissolute, abandoned—"

"Stop!" cried the girl. "To me he is always a gentleman—a hero."

"The man is brave enough, I'll admit. And he has done some fine things."

"Yes, while other men have escaped dangers by being made prisoner."

By that unkind remark she lost a large part of her advantage.

"As you say," he returned wincing under her cruel thrust, but persistent, "but we are not discussing me, now, but Lacy."

"Speaking of wickedness, you would better discuss yourself, I think, than him."

"I will not be put off in this way, Miss Fan—"

"Miss Glen, please," she interrupted, but he paid no attention.

"Lacy is well enough as a soldier. There is much to commend in him. He has the manner of a gentleman when he wishes to display it, but nevertheless he is not a fit person to be entrusted with the future of a lovely, pure, innocent young girl like you."

"Shame! Shame!" cried the girl.

"You may cry 'shame' upon me," he went on calmly, "and I realize, of course, that I am censurable in speaking thus of my rival."

"You flatter yourself."

"How is that?"

"You are no rival of Major Lacy's."

"No? Well, then, as a friend."

"Of his?"

"Nor are you a friend of mine."

"Well, then, as an enemy, a fool, anything! I want to tell you that nothing but unhappiness awaits you if you encourage him. I know him, I tell you. I know what sort of a man he is. Unstable as water, fickle, dissipated—"

"I'll hear no more!" cried the girl passionately, turning her head, attempting to leave the room.

"Excuse me," said the man coolly, preventing her by occupying the doorway. "You shall hear me! And hear this first of all. I am not saying anything about Major Lacy which is not a matter of public knowledge and which I have not said to him directly, and which I would not repeat in his presence."

"You tell me that—"

"You do not believe me?"

"No."

"I beg to assure you, Miss Glen, upon my word of honor—and it has not been doubted heretofore—that I told him these very things not longer than half an hour ago. And I informed him that I was going to tell you."

"What did he say?" she asked, her curiosity getting the better of her.

"He laughed. Said that the south had need for such as I," he replied with sturdy honesty, "but that he would take great pleasure in killing me when the war was over if we were both spared."

"Well, sir, was not that a fine reply?"

"It was. It was a gentleman's answer. I admired him for it and told him so. At the same time I told him that he must cease his attentions to you."

"By what right did you dare—" cried the girl, almost choking with sudden and indignant protest.

"No right. Unless my love for you, with a desire to serve you, greater than everything save my devotion to that flag yonder, can excuse me."

"And that cannot. Unless love be returned it entails no rights whatsoever."

"And you do not love me?"

"Love you?" cried the girl scornfully.

"I know you don't, but won't you?" he pleaded.

"I won't."

"Won't you try?"

"No!"

"You do not dislike me?"

"I hate you!"

"Do you love Lacy?"

"I will not allow you to question me!"

"You must answer me!" said the man, taking her almost savagely by the arm, and in spite of herself she thrilled at his touch.

"You hurt me," said the girl.

"Nonsense! You hurt me more than I do you. Do you love this man?"

"Why not? He has his failings, his weaknesses, but he fights against them, he tries to overcome them. The whole south knows him, loves him for his deeds, pities him for his failings. And I—"

"Yes? You what?"

"You shall see. Meanwhile before you depreciate a brother soldier, why don't you do something yourself? You are not in the same class."

"I wouldn't say that, Miss Glen, if I were you," exclaimed Major Lacy, quietly entering the room through one of the long windows opening on the veranda. "Ah, Sempland, have you told your little tale?"

"Yes."

"Exposed me to this young lady?"

"I have."

"And condemned me as an utter scoundrel, a blackguard?"

"Not quite. I told the truth," returned Sempland calmly, "just as I said to you I would, and for that I am ready to answer in any way to please you. We can settle the matter when the war is over."

"Very well. What do you say, Miss Glen?" continued Lacy, turning to the girl.

"I told him it wasn't true!" burst out the girl impetuously.

"Ah, but it is," said Lacy softly. "I am all that he says, and more, too."

"But look at what you have done."

"But little after all. I heard you reproaching Sempland for what he had not done when I came in. That isn't fair. No braver man lives than Rhett Sempland. Why did it not take courage to defy me, to tell me to my face that I was a scoundrel, a blackguard? And it took more courage to defy custom, convention, propriety, to come here and tell you the same things. No, Miss Glen, Sempland only lacks opportunity. Fortune has not been kind to him. In that settlement after the war there will be a struggle I'll warrant you."

"See! He can speak nobly of you," cried Fanny Glen turning reproachfully to Sempland.

"I never said he was not a gentleman, could not be a gentleman, that is, when he was—when he wished to be one, that is, as well as a hero. He has good blood in him, but that doesn't alter the case. He isn't a fit match for you, or for any woman. I am not speaking for myself. I know my case is hopeless—"

"Gad!" laughed Lacy. "You have tried then and lost? It's my turn then. Miss Glen, you have heard the worst of me this afternoon. I have been a drunkard, a scoundrel. I have fallen low, very low. But sometimes I am a gentleman. Perhaps in your presence I might always be. I

can't tell. I'm not sure. Will you take me for your lover, and in good time your husband, under such circumstances? Faith, I'm afraid it'll not be for better, but for worse."

Sempland said nothing. He would not interfere now. Fanny Glen must answer for herself. He clenched his teeth and strove to control himself. In spite of his efforts, however, the blood flamed into his dark face. Fanny Glen grew very white, her blue eyes shone like stars in the pallor of her face under her fair hair. She hesitated. She looked from one to the other. She could not speak? She was too conscious of that stern iron figure. Yet she would have given worlds to say 'yes' to Lacy's plea.

"Choose, Miss Glen," said Lacy at last. It was hard for him to wait for anything. "You stand between us, you see. I warn you if you do not take me, you will take Sempland. Look at him—" he smiled satirically—"he always gets what he wants. He is the very incarnation of bulldog tenacity and resolution. If I don't get you he certainly will."

"How dare you comment upon me?" cried Sempland.

"Patience, my good sir," said the other coolly. "You commented upon me in my absence. I comment upon you in your presence. The advantage is mine. As I said, Miss Glen, it is a choice between us. Do not choose me, if you should be so fatuously inclined, because I happen to have had some chances for distinction, for I assure you, on my honor, all there is left of it, that if Sempland gets half a chance he'll do better than I. Choose because you love him—or me."

The girl stared from one to the other in incipient bewilderment. Lacy was an ideal lover, Sempland looked like a stern master and she hated a master. She made a half step toward the handsomer and slighter man, and a half turn toward the homelier and stronger. In her heart of hearts she found in that moment whom she preferred. And as love is wayward, in the knowledge came a surprise for her—and it brought shame. Lacy was handsome and gallant and distinguished, in spite of all, but Sempland was strong—a man indeed.

"Oh!" she cried, looking at him, "if you only had done something great or—"

"What!" he cried, his face aghast.

But she turned instantly away. In her words Lacy, subtler and more used to women, read her preference and his rejection. But he smiled bravely and kindly at her in spite of his knowledge.

"Major Lacy," she said, giving him her hand. "I esteem you, I honor you, I respect you. I do not believe what this—what has been said about you. But I do not love you." She drew away from him. "You were mistaken. There is no choice between you, for I love neither of you. I do not love anybody. I hate you both!" she flashed out inconsistently. "Now go! I don't want to see either of you again."

She buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"I will do something to deserve your praise," said Sempland in his deep voice, turning away.

"Miss Glen," said Lacy, most graciously. (Fanny Glen's presence seemed to call all that was good in him to the surface). "no one has respected me, or trusted me, or honored me as you have, for years. Sempland cannot rob me of that, even though he should win you. Goodbye, and if it be not grotesque from me, may God bless you!"

(To be Continued.)



World of Fashion

(Continued from Page Ten.)

and with the cape bordered narrowly with velvet or braid.

Many school jackets are seen on the reefer order, such sorts showing decorative sailor collars, with touches of bright color on them and the cuffs and braids of various kinds. Felt and leather sailors are worn with these, the felt models often showing ends of knotted velvet, and the shape taking some unexpected lift at one side. But the most effective school hat of the moment is the leather sailor, which may be black, brown or red. The black patent leather shapes with upcurving brims are worn by both boys and girls, the little maidens frequently sporting with them wool frocks in gay plaids, neatly but sparsely trimmed with bands of narrow black velvet or ribbon.

Summing up the subject of school wear, it would seem as if a smart simplicity is the order of the day. No school garment

turned out by the right people is over-trimmed, though somber stuffs are always enlivened with garnitures of some sort. Cock's plumes, quills and wings may appear upon the hats, but no other species of feather, and a frock without a pocket for the handkerchief is, to say the least of it, incomplete.

For the actual hours in school, blouse aprons in linen and gingham are provided, but these are only for the protection of the costume, and are rarely worn outside. As to school gloves, for the youngest children they are invariably in wool mitt form. For older children the finger gloves of silk and wool provide stylish hand wear, and these have the added advantage of being suited to both sexes.

Like the change from the chrysalis to the butterfly is the step from the young child's school togs to her best bib and tucker. Under this head, in the wardrobes of smart children, are included street gowns of white silk, showing rich laces and beautiful needlework. Such costumes are

topped by white cloth or silk coats, upon which both ermine and lace may appear, the white bonnet also showing these decorations.

For dressy occasions nothing is considered more effective than white for girls below 8. Even their silk stockings and boot uppers will show this chasteness, which, the colder the day, the more charming it seems.

The shirred silk and panne bonnets worn by these small elegantes are feats of French millinery. In the fluffy frills which completely surround them, fine blond laces are mingled; one or more wide ostrich feathers may appear at one side, and with a delicious indifference to the season there may be a large pink rose, as well.

Apropos of these pink roses, which profusely deck both juvenile and grown up millinery, some Dutch bonnets for toddling babies show small ones in big bunches at each ear. This arrangement is intensified by a straight Dutch fall of lace below the

roses, the close cap itself being severely plain, or, at most, trimmed across the top with ribbons or flowers. The mechanism of such a piece of millinery is of the simplest. The cloth or silk is most often plainly stretched over a buckram frame, with perhaps a double fold edged with a narrow lace ruche finishing the front. The Dutch trimming described is then put on.

Hooded in this way, a little maid tottering through the foyer of a fashionable hotel wore an ankle length coat of champagne colored cloth, trimmed with Irish lace. The body of the bonnet was of the coat material, and the Dutch knobs each side of the face were of white "bride buds." A younger child seated in a perambulator outside wore a silk bonnet with white Jessamine at the ears. The most sentimental bloomers are used for these fashionable young folk, and some of the tiny flowers employed upon headgear have at first glance quite the appearance of orange blossoms. MARY DLAN.