

DAPPLE'S MISTRESS.

"Stop, Dapple! We must look to this..."

The sun was dropping out of sight behind the green hills...

Old Virginia, the queen mother of the sunny south...

Col. Moreton was far away from his pleasant home...

Centering across the grounds an hour after the report...

Dapple stopped, and Miss Irene leaped lightly from her saddle...

It was a tall, solidly built, clean shaven man...

Col. Moreton's daughter looked down upon the senseless soldier...

"Poor fellow," she murmured, laying her soft hand upon his brow...

The soft voice and the softer touch called back the veteran's wandering senses...

He struggled up to his elbow with a stifled groan...

"My horse threw me," he explained, and they left me behind...

Irene smiled as she looked at the dark, bright face...

"I am in the enemy's country," she said, "but if you will trust me..."

James obeyed without a word, and by the time the sun was fairly out...

They drew her hand to her bosom, and she put her lips to it...

Dapple picked up his gray ears, and came cantering by her side...

"You see," smiled Miss Irene, flashing a beaming glance on the soldier...

James obeyed without a word, and by the time the sun was fairly out...

"They are coming," she whispered; "they will take you prisoner if you remain..."

The soldier started to his feet and made his way out, but he recoiled against the door-post...

"I can't walk," he cried; "there's no hope of escape..."

"Yes, there is," she said, cheerfully. "Lean on me. I can help you down, and you shall ride Dapple..."

In the next breath she stood erect, her eyes flashing through a mist of tears...

"Come, sir," she said, "allow me to help you to mount. Dapple take this gentleman down the river road..."

Dapple uttered a suspicious whinny, but the soldier reassured him...

"Why don't you get up, sir?" cried the girl, impatiently...

"A way, Dapple, like the wind!" cried Irene, and the little mountain pony shot off like an arrow...

The war was over, and once more over the blasted and desolate homes...

Three years were by, and the ex-captain found himself on a tour and all the Swiss mountains...

"Why don't you go to work?" she asked of the tramp...

"I am a working lady," she said. "At what? You show no signs of it..."

One September afternoon, when the captain's tour was drawing to a close...

Cap. Rutherford found madam a

The Farm.

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