

MARS AND VENUS.

The Hudson on a warm summer afternoon. The "Mary Powell" is slowly wending her way up the glassy surface. Nothing to disturb the "even tenor of her way" save where here and there a small boat, whose occupant has been rash enough to brave the rays of the August sun, darts across her bow. On the steamer's deck the passengers are scattered around under the awnings, vainly striving to keep cool, and almost too much occupied with that to notice the beauties through which they are passing. On the forward deck a couple of girls are noisily idling away the moments in a feminine discussion on the usual topic—man.

"Well, Bess, you can talk as you wish, but I certainly think Mr. Lawler is very nice," exclaimed one of the young ladies in an animated manner.

The young lady addressed laughed musically at the warmth of her friend's harangue.

"Mary," she replied, "I am afraid that the brass buttons have bewitched you, but you certainly don't expect an army girl like me to fall down at the feet of every cadet I meet."

For this fascinating girl, with her laughing blue eyes and golden hair, was a product of the plains. Her father, Colonel Alexander, commanding the ——th Cavalry, at Fort Logan, had been left a widower when Bess was a little wee tot, and the loss of the wife had made the daughter doubly dear. As the result she had been brought up with her father and the regiment, every man of which she knew by name, and to every man of which she was endeared by a thousand little acts of kindness. Her education had been the best that Denver could give, but when she reached the age of eighteen the Colonel recognized the fact that she needed more girl companions and sent her East to enter Vassar. Her freshman year had passed pleasantly, and now we find her spending her summer vacation with her cousin and classmate, Mary Langton. The girls had been down at New York and were returning to their home in Albany. That is how Bess Alexander and Mary Langton happened to be on the deck of a Hudson river steamer discussing "Jimmy" Lawler, as his classmates called him, this summer afternoon.

"Now this same "Jimmy" Lawler, or, as the *Military Acad-*