

emy Register would put it, Cadet James Malcolm Lawler, of Maryland, was a third-year man at "the Point," and, if the young ladies had only known it, was even now on the "Mary Powell" returning from his furlough. With three of his classmen he was down in his stateroom engaged in a small game. Whether or not this game related to the art of war as taught at the Military Academy we leave the reader to judge. Certain it is that it was a patriotic game, for various red, white and blue arrangements were continually changing hands.

There is an old saying that if people are talking about you your ears burn. Now while it is not certain that Mr. Lawler's ears troubled him, yet it is certain that he felt the need of more air, and so gave up his hand at the game to stroll up on the deck and straightway run upon his friend, Mary Langton.

"Why, Mr. Lawler, where under the sun did you come from?" exclaimed that young lady, half starting from her seat in surprise; then, before he has time to answer her, "Let me present you to my cousin, Bess Alexander."

Although a little flushed by the suddenness of it all, Lawler finds himself telling Miss Alexander that he has heard Miss Langton speak so much of her that he almost feels that he knows her, a fact to which Miss Bessie replies that she can almost say the same, which makes Miss Langton blush rosy red. And then they fall into easy conversation, as is the habit of the young people of the 19th century. Miss Langton tries hard to make her friends like each other.

Lawler is attracted very strongly by the fresh young Western beauty, and when he hears that she comes from the army, he too, does his best to please and puts his best foot forward. So well does he succeed that when the time comes for him to leave the boat at Garrisons he has extracted a promise from Miss Bess to come up to "the Point" for the Junior hop, and she—well, she admits that Mr. Lawler, even in "cits," *sans* his bell buttons, is a very interesting young man, indeed.

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West Point on the eve of graduation day. The last examinations have been successfully passed and the time is rapidly approaching when some fifty young men will joyously doff the cadet gray and don the army blue. It is almost time for the last parade, the most solemn ceremony of the cadets' four years. Groups of pretty girls, natively dressed, handsome matrons and