

stalwart men are rapidly filling up every point of vantage. Now adjutant's call sounds forth clear and strong and the long straight grey and white columns come swinging jauntily across the parade ground and rapidly fall into line. Bright sparkling eyes are drinking in every movement, and blue eyed damsel whose fluttering rose and gray ribbands proclaim her a Vassar maiden runs her practiced eye long the line to where the soldierly young adjutant stands. 'Tis our old friend Lawler, looking perhaps a little heavier and more soldierly than when we saw him last. Since that August day on the Hudson he and Bess Alexander have become very good friends, so good in fact that Lawler doesn't see how he can well do without her, and he has determined to tell her so. With her aunt and cousin she has come up to see him graduated, and it is her eye which seeks him out so readily along the motionless lines. She sees and hears his quick, sharp commands and she experiences a peculiar sensation of pride which she cannot account for as he comes striding across the ground. Another short, sharp order magnificently executed, a flash of sunlight on steel and a "Sir, the parade is formed," comes to her and then she loses all interest in the rest of the ceremony as the adjutant retires to his post behind the major. Presently parade is over and Adjutant Jimmy frees himself from his duties rather hurriedly, determined to put his fate to the test as soon as possible. There is only one place at West Point that is suitable for a proposal and that is Lovers' Lane. Many a cadet has poured out his heart to his lady love under its leafy branches, and doubtless not a few have gone from under its shade feeling that life was not worth the living.

Thither Cadet Lawler had conducted Miss Alexander with the avowed purpose of telling her his love, but somehow or other the words would not come.

"Don't you feel rather sad at leaving your classmates," said Miss Bessie, by way of a starter.

"Yes," he replied, "one does become attached to one's classmates, and it will be hard to leave them, but then you know," and he hesitated a little. Bessie looked gravely unconscious of what was coming. Women always are of course. Oh, yes. "Then you know there are other ties which will be harder to break than those of class friendship."

"Oh, yes," she replied, "it will be hard to leave home, no doubt, and go a thousand miles away."