

"Then you won't join them in the raid against Oakridge?"—said the girl, with a little arch mischief in her inquiring glance, of which she repented when she saw the look of pain in the young man's face.

"I should think you need hardly ask *that*, Miss Liliass," he replied, with a painful, suppressed energy. "If they do invade, I could not hesitate about my duty, hard as it would be to find myself in arms against the country my dear father almost died fighting for. But I hope, against hope I sometimes fear,—that I may not be driven into so painful a position."

"Then you would join the volunteers in case of war?" said Liliass, a shade of satisfaction perceptible in her voice, subdued as it was by the evident pain with which the other spoke. "I half thought you might wish to remain neutral."

"Yes, I have thought the question over and over in many a sleepless night these past months, and I don't see that in such a case, and much as I dislike war in principle, neutrality would be either practicable or desirable. And in case of an invasion, I feel that it would be the duty of every man who can, to use every means of repelling it. So I have been training a little, as I could spare the time, with the Newark volunteers, and though some of them were jealous of me at first, as a 'Yankee,' and a man who couldn't know anything about military matters, they are beginning to have a little respect for my soldiering qualities now."