

cific, and that the passage across Behring Strait to the north is short, and is even occasionally at the present day made on the winter ice by the Esquimaux.

It is therefore more than probable that people with their rude arts may from time to time have been borne to the western coast of America, and that it is to Eastern Asia that we must look for the origin of its inhabitants.

A REBEL.

CAPTAIN MOORFIELD DRAKE, of the —th Massachusetts, came riding through the wood in a southerly direction. Through the trees on his right came the ruddy glow of the Virginian sun; now near its setting. It glistened intermittently upon the sleek flanks of his roan mare, and touched the rider's thin smooth cheek and brown mustache. Handsome and gallant he looked, this tall young officer; and no man in the regiment had a braver record or fairer prospects than he. His social qualities were fully on a level with his warlike ones. He was merry and good-humored; a teller of capital stories; a strict disciplinarian, yet popular with his men; an inexhaustible getter-up of and leader in all sorts of diversions to relieve the monotony of camp; a man whom all women were apt to like, even when their political sympathies were at variance with his; and a man who knew how to win a woman's heart gracefully, and perhaps with equal grace to leave it in the lurch, when the general commanding ordered a change of base. Such as he was, for good or evil, Captain Drake rode through the wood that April afternoon, until the trees thinned away, and a large rambling house, with a broad piazza and open windows, appeared on a slight elevation beyond. As he rode up to the door, and flung himself out of the saddle, the red rim of the sun vanished behind the western hill.

A negro led away his horse, and Captain Drake sprang up the steps of the piazza with a light foot. Before he reached the door, a slender figure dressed in white, with a blue sash round her waist, and a bow of the same color in her dark hair, made her appearance on the broad threshold. Moorfield Drake took both her hands in his, and looked smilingly into her eyes. Her eyes were blue, and had a certain gravity in their depths which remained

even beneath the light of pleasure that now filled them. Drake's eyes were gray and very bright, with a commanding glance, and full of life and the enjoyment of it.

"Well, Mademoiselle Marie, were you expecting me?"

"No—well, yes; now that you are here, I think I did. Can you stay long?"

"Must be back by eight. I suppose you've heard the news? Are you glad, or sorry?"

"What news?"

"You don't know? You're only half a rebel. I'll wager Miss Madge has all the particulars at her tongue's end. If I were Lee, I'd have had her in the secret service long ago. She'd make an incomparable spy; make you believe black is white; and even if she were caught, no one would have the heart to execute her. How lovely you look this evening!"

"But what is this news? I am not lovely; I only— I don't believe Madge is so much of a rebel, as you call it, as I am. It's her way to say a hundred times more than she means, just for fun. And she's a hundred times lovelier than I am. But you haven't told me the news."

They had entered the large low-ceiled drawing-room, and had seated themselves on a wicker-work lounge between the windows. Drake sat with his hands clasped over the hilt of his sword, and his chin resting upon them. "Why, the news is," he said, "that your friend General Lee has suddenly taken it into his head to come in this direction; and consequently we may receive orders to march at any moment. So this may be my last call here for some time to come."

Herewith he fixed his eyes upon her face, and found no cause for disappointment in what he saw there. Sweet Marie Cranstoun had never been successful in dissimulation; truth and simplicity were at the foundation of her nature. And now the dismay and tremor at her heart showed themselves only too visibly in her delicate and sensitive features, and in the unconscious clasping of her hands upon her lap. Her lips parted tremulously, but she did not speak.

"Well, are you glad, or sorry?" repeated Captain Drake, with the impulse of a victor who exults in his security. "How soon do you mean to forget me?"

"Forget you!" echoed she. Then she felt that tears were coming to her eyes,