

Why They Parted.

BY MY AUNT FLEMING. I had not intended to leave West Point so soon, but when one bright, cold, February morning there came a letter from Jennie, announcing her speedy marriage, and imploring me to return home, I packed up my traps and started. Jennie is my only sister, and very fond of me, and in most pathetic language entreated me to come to her, as she would never be able to reach the honeymoon altar without my presence and support. I had no doubt she would make the attempt, however, but I liked weddings, and I was anxious to show myself in my new lieutenant's uniform, so I bade good-by to the boys and set off for home. "Away down South in Georgia," as the song hath it.

The first person I saw when I jumped off the train in New York, was Harry Holmes. Harry and I had run through our college course at old Columbia together, but I had not seen him now for over a year. He was Harry Holmes, M. D., by this time, with his shingle out somewhere on Sixth avenue, but I couldn't see that his diploma had given him any additional dignity as he sprang forward and seized my hand.

"Tom Kayden, by jingo! My dear old fellow, how goes it?" I was about to respond that I was remarkably well, but Harry broke in volubly before I could reply. "It's the luckiest thing that ever happened that you're here to-day. I'd rather than a new patient, and they're scarce enough, Lord knows! It's of no use saying you're in a hurry; I see in your face you're going to stay; but don't! You've got to stop with me a week at least, and make one of the ball to-night."

"But, my dear Harry—" "Yes—just so—say no more about it. How wonderfully well you are looking. Drilling and counter-marching and West Point prog agrees with you, it seems. Where's your baggage? Here, my man, drive us to No.—West Third street."

"Before I knew where I was, Harry had pushed me into the back, and we were walking rapidly over the noisy street. Drilling and counter-marching and West Point prog agrees with you, it seems. Where's your baggage? Here, my man, drive us to No.—West Third street."

"I felt a little flattered, but it would never do to let Harry see that, so only did I nod my head and smile. He was enchanted with the most blue air I could assume. Ten minutes brought us to the Adair mansion, but the street was so blocked up with carriages, that over half an hour elapsed before we were struggling up the grand and gilded staircase."

"When Miss Adair, never more petticoated," "Precisely." "And you want me to make one more of these sort of things? Well, she does it. Here, come Harry, I want you to have a look at her before you are presented."

"I recovered slowly. Rumors of disaster came thick and fast, and at length the evacuation of Richmond, the surrender of Lee, put an end to hope. A short time afterward I was permitted to return South, and here I saw as happy as a man can be who has lost his country. I heard yesterday that Rosa Adair had married a Federal general. I am glad of it. I see by the papers that Dr. Holmes officiated as groomsmen on the occasion."

Next morning, before breakfast, I sat down and wrote to my sister: "DEAR JENNIE: "Very sorry to miss the fun, but impossible for me to go. Pressing engagements compel me to stay in New York. Pluck up courage, and do as we do in embryo—go as usual."

Well, the war-cloud burst at length over the land, and poured its red deluge down. But before that day came I was over the border, ready to play my part to the best of my ability in the bloody drama about to be enacted on the stage of the Great Republic, with the whole world for spectators. I fought and marched and marched and fought like the rest, but where all were heroes, how could I hope to distinguish myself? If I was in the thickest of the fight, others were beside me; if I was first in the attack one moment, I was outstripped by hundreds in the next. And so it happened that I did not become a general, but remained plain Captain Kayden, at my service, to the end.

Did I think of Rosa during this time? Yes. At first with sorrow for having lost her love, then with bitterness for the love that was so easily lost, then with a sort of disdain for the woman who had neither mind enough to understand my motives, nor heart enough to appreciate them.

"I don't do for, let me go, but don't cut it off." "It was Dr. Holmes, who did not know me until I spoke; war, wounds, and whisks had changed me so. I drifted back into the land of shadows even with the words on my lips, and knew no more for weeks and weeks."

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She held out the ring I had given her. I did not take it, and I rolled thinking away to a distant corner. I, too, arose. "Rosa!" "Not a word, sir! If we part now, we part forever!" She was a pale, poor child, and I suppose I was not much better. "Rosa!" I cried passionately, "don't let us part like this!"

She was gone, looking like a charming little fury. I took my hat and went too, a sadder and wiser man.

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