The : Victor's : Spoils.

A Story of Army Life.

Miss Terrence, going down the line, watched the girl who was coming toward her. There was no mistaking the gown, and only Lancaster was with Miss Terrence. However, as he was all the world to her, Hosmer-like, she looked not worlds of company. The six met on the walk in front of Captain Lonsing's quarters.

Lonsing was a cynic who observed his kind and told the result of his observations. Such are deservedly unpopular, but commands appreciative audiences that are the envy of the good-hearted. It was to an audience of the sort that he recounted the morning, the same afternoon, when the band had stopped playing and the invading hosts from the town had scattered and left the fort to its rightful owners.

"Dorothy Terrence"—he began, laying his cane across his knees and setting back to the temporary repose which alone can fall to the lot of the officer of the day—"Dorothy Terrence came up the walk. She had Lancaster with her, and she looked happy. Miss Leeds—the banker's daughter, you know—came down the walk. She had Kent and Dormont and Pennoyer with her, and she was looking like a celestial being. They were both dressed in white and there was a difference. Miss Lansing says it lay in a silk foundation. In that as it may, there was a fearfully and wonderful effect of hat, skirts and veins and sprays of white, atop of Miss Leeds, and a flat, fly-displeased sort of pallor about that. Dorothy saw Miss Leeds from afar, but the latter did not see Dorothy. They came along together in front of my quarters—and I with my harp was there." Dorothy moved to one side. It was her instant attitude, and, I can prophesy, the women who pique Lady can always stay there. But all night have gone well, and this story might never have been said if Kent had not indulged his valiant propensity for introductions. Miss Leeds reviewed a sweet and transitory smile upon Miss Terrence, but Lancaster is not the best-looking fellow in the possible for soldiers. If any of you have had the good fortune of knowing her you will understand what—in the nature of things and of mere humanity—she saw and her eyes upon the man, a thick ale that is amazing to look into one's very soul. It was the most beautiful woman outside of the Lancaster stock, and she brought to her side Dorothy stood it as long as she could, and then she turned to her him away. He never even heard her. If Miss Leeds had not guard itself, nothingness at him, and tell him that she meant to going, but would see him at the hop, he doubtless would be standing there still, with Dorothy gone and nothing him. It will be worth going to the hop to see things happen.

Lancaster stood at the door of the mending-room and watched Miss Leeds while he waited for Dorothy. In the interim back her gowns, pick stick and drop it from her with the careless disdain of a colonial creature disturbing some temporary earthly paradise. That it fell on a chair and crushed other less splendid wrappings beneath it was a detail which escaped him. He watched as the bedding Intention mass made way for her at the mirror and she stood unchallenged, leisurely pinning her glimmering brown hair and planting a great white rose upon her shoulder.

Dorothy seated at his side for fully five minutes before he saw her. Then she laughed mockingly up to his "oh, and wished that her laughter might have been a blow.

As soon as he could leave her he went round and stood where the light rose to where Miss Leeds stood against the wall, and a contrast of colors was just where she stood.

"There are only twenty dances," she kept repeating, "and I never drink."

Lancaster took two of his fellow officers by the shoulders and put them out of his way. Miss Leeds looked into his eyes and smiled at him. It seemed to him, as a woman had ever smiled before. She put her card into his hand.

"The two with the crosses are the ones I promised you," she said, and as she had promised and he had asked nothing, his heart beat high with triumph.

But that it was a case of love at first sight. He was in love with Dorothy. But the most faithful of men may pay a tribute to what exposed to a belle, and may allow himself to be flattered by her marked favors.

He could honestly, then and for several weeks afterward, give Dorothy the comfort she sorely needed, and say that he did not even think Miss Leeds beautiful. "She has style and charm," he added judgment, "but not beauty. And she is a flirt." He made it so that Miss Terrence should understand how entirely he adhered that.

"Did she try to flirt when you called upon her?"

He had made a point of confessing the call directly it was made, and he thought it flattered Dorothy that he did so. He shrugged his shoulders. "He does that with every man."

"It was in truth which he firmly apprehended, but its feeble light no longer fell upon the path of duty when the time came that the sun of the Light of Morning, Dorothy, shed its glow upon the highway of hellination. And yet she did not try to make it clear to him.

"Now, listen to something I mean to tell you," she said to him. She set down her teacup and leaned toward him, with her elbows where her knees and her chin between her soft, pink palms. Her eyes were looking straight into his, and they filled his heart with anticipation. "Do you know that this is a risky game we are playing, and I have been playing it for all it is worth this last fortnight or so?"

Lancaster hid his brows.

"It is worth while to pretend you don't understand. We both know exactly what I mean. But I want to be sure we both know it is only a game. I am not in earnest and you must not be."

He stood at her speechless.

"I suppose you are thinking that the expression of serious intentions might come from a woman, but I think it may be your way of looking at it, but it is not mine. I don't care to let you take anything to reproach me with. I have had enough of that in the past.

"I am a heiress Kent, you know. I get with the money for me the moment I will be married