

federate standing looking at her from behind a tree.

"You here?"

"Yes, Miss Lane; I brought the horse back. I really did not mean to take him. Let me explain." And Fairlie went on to tell why he left and why he returned.

"And you risked your life or capture for—"

"Your good opinion," said he, smiling.

She was overwhelmed. "Take him," she cried, "take the horse and go at once."

"Many thanks, but I won't put your patriotism to such a test. I will hide in this wood to-day and get my own horse at dusk and be off."

"Let me bring you some breakfast."

"I'll take supper, if you please. You had better not be seen carrying food; it might arouse suspicions."

"Then I'll show you a nice place to hide." She led the way to a secluded spot and left him.

The return of Pet, and hard ridden at that, caused much surmising among the Lane household, and John declared he smelt a rat, but his mental olfactory did him no good in nosing out anything until dusk of the evening he noticed Lida leaving the house with a covered basket in her hand. Silently he crept after her.

Capt. Fairlie began hungrily to discuss the food before him, while Lida stood watching him in a flutter of delight at the secrecy, daring and romance generally of the affair. John crept back to the house, called his father and his two comrades, and all, well armed, returned to capture their man.

"You have been so kind to me I shall never forget you," Fairlie said.

The girl smiled and blushed! the man before her was young and handsome; to her he seemed a hero. And to think he would risk his life for her good opinion!

"Nor will I forget you," said she, shyly. "Perhaps when the cruel war is over we shall meet again."

"Heaven grant! But first let me get away. My horse—"

"Has been turned into the pasture; I've seen to that. When it's quite dark you can get him and ride away."

"Not much!" cried John, rushing upon Fairlie. "Move out of the way, Lida!"

Fairlie sprang to his feet, but the other men threw themselves upon him and he was overpowered and captured.

Quite a commotion ensued. Mr. Lane gave the prisoner a good piece of his mind for the trick he had played him. John openly expressed his opinion that he was a spy and ought to be hanged. And his brethren echoed his sentiments. Lida wept and wrung her hands.

"How came you here?" she asked her brother.

"You showed me the way," said John, roughly.

Fairlie was horror stricken: the girl he had trusted! that she should betray him! He turned and gave her one reproachful look.

"I showed you," cried Lida, stung by the look. "I!"

But her father seized her arm and forced her away. "You have had too much your own way," he said, "and will yet get me into trouble."

In pity to Lida's tears John did not carry out his threat of hanging Fairlie as a spy, but he was taken to the prison pen at F—and locked up.

Capt. Fairlie felt very sore about his

capture. Now he blamed himself and now the girl for it, but was never satisfied! never mind where he laid the blame. As misery loves company, he was glad to meet among the prisoners Tom Bowen, a friend of his from Georgia, and he could not keep from telling Tom about his late scrape.

"Seems to me, Fairlie, you were hard hit."

"What do you mean?"

"If you hadn't been struck with the girl you wouldn't have been such a fool as to go back with the horse. Why didn't you leave it in some man's pasture and snatch a horse from him?"

"I never thought of that."

"Of course not! you were thinking of the girl, and here is where she has landed you, even if she didn't betray you."

While Fairlie was suffering the combined anguish of love and hunger, Lida Lane had not been idle. She had been cut to the soul by his suspicion of her complicity in his capture, and was trying to devise a scheme for his rescue, when a week after Fairlie's capture John Lane was taken prisoner by a large band of Morgan's men as they were making their way out of the State.

This misfortune to her brother gave Lida an excuse for acting. She besieged Gen. S—, under whom John served, to use his influence to get John a special exchange and proposed to be exchanged for Fairlie. And she frankly told Gen. S— the reason why.

"I cannot bear for him to think that I betrayed him," she said, "and I will not rest till he is free."

The General was amused at her frankness, so he bestirred himself, and to the great joy of Lane and surprise of Fairlie managed to get them exchanged. Fairlie's astonishment was boundless when he was informed of the fact and learned who had been instrumental in obtaining it. At the prison office where he went to be mustered out Mr. Lane and Lida met him.

"My daughter has come all the distance to explain to you—that she did not betray you that she did not betray you. Her brother dogged her footsteps. But she is right to wish to explain, for I would blush if a child of mine were to betray any one, even if he be an enemy and a rebel."

"And he is neither," said Lida Lane, trying to appear cool and unconcerned.

"How can I ever thank you, Miss Lane?" cried Fairlie.

"Indeed, you owe me nothing: I should have been wretched if you remained a prisoner after the circumstances of your capture."

"If I live to the end of the war I shall certainly invade Kentucky again," said Fairlie, as he bade his liberator goodby.

"With better luck, I hope," said Miss Lane.

"That depends on you, for I have been captured again."

Capt. Fairlie kept his word, and Lida Lane agreed to move to Georgia.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Secretary of the Treasury Charles Foster left for his home at Fostoria, O., yesterday. Before going he said to a reporter that he had no conference with the bankers here in reference to the export of gold and the condition of the treasury. When asked if there was danger of a panic, he said: "None at all. There is no occasion for excitement or alarm in banking circles."

DRAMATIC AND LYRIC.

Another light audience—mostly made up of Hebrew ladies and gentlemen out of compliment to the fair star—was bled at the theater last evening and watched with much curiosity Minnie Seligman as the Nihilist in Mr. Gunter's play of *My Official Wife*. The lady made a decided hit and the play was watched with interest and amusement. It is an odd and original piece of work—very like the odd and original Gunter himself, and though not as good as Barnes of New York, still very clever and entertaining. It was put on the stage with good taste and skill, and the costuming of the Russian court ball was specially elegant. It includes in its cast such well known actors as W. F. Owen, who makes a pleasant impression here with Wainwright, and Effie Gorman, long a shining member of Wallack's old company. Mr. Gibbs, as head of the Russian police, is also a specially good actor.

Miss Seligman, for a new actress, is full of promise. She has a beautiful voice, wonderfully strong—a graceful stage presence and a charm of manner hard to describe. Her character was a very difficult one, full of lights and shades, merrily coquettish at one moment, intensely tragic at the next, but she filled all its varying requirements—the scene where she yields to the influence of the drug just as she is about to attempt the murder of the czar, and the dying scene at the close, being specially well rendered. The lady was rewarded with several well deserved curtain calls. We wish we could say as much for the star's better half as for her. Miss Seligman's husband, for as such he has gained whatever fame he enjoys on the boards—was a member of New York swell society and one of the well known amateur actors of the metropolis when she married him. In a moment of rashness he decided on going *en tour* with his wife, and in a moment of rashness she decided to let him. The result is the performance of the young Russian officer seen last evening. How a clever manager like Mr. Sanger can deliberately imperil the success of so expensive a venture as that which he has fitted out in *My Official Wife*, by putting Mr. Cutting into so responsible a role as that of Sucha, is a mystery most impenetrable. Mr. Cutting is not without talent, and is a strikingly handsome man, but he ought to know, or if not his manager, or if not his manager, his wife—that a man standing nearly seven feet in his stockings, and that man an amateur, could never by any stretch of imagining be tolerated as a lover who has to make tender love speeches, who has to frisk about the stage like a kitten, and who has to bring about the catastrophe of the play by stabbing the heroine. It was a pity, but it was true, that the audience tittered last evening where it ought to have been spellbound, and all on account of Mr. Cutting's elephantine manner of making love. We cannot blame Mr. Cutting for not desiring to remain behind when so lovely a wife went out traveling, but were we in his place we should stick religiously to the front door.

The play goes again this evening;