## THE COUNTRY LANE

ween steep banks it winds along, O'erhung with leafy hawthorn trees, rom which in spring the thrush's song Ploats softly on the soft south breeze. here is the earliest primrose found, And modest purple violet grow, And trembling wild flowers star the

ground,

And humble ragged robins blow.

There, too, on golden summer eves. The old folks like to stroll and talk; Or slowly under whispering leaves The self-absorbed young lovers walk, While, fresh as youthful hopes, unfuri New growths about their lingering feet, And tender fronds of fern uncuri And all the balmy air is sweet.

With mingled scents of thyme and musk, And wilding roses, passion pale, As trembles through the dewy dusk The music of the nightingale. And, stealing from some hidden nook, Adown the lane and o'er the lea, By pleasant ways, a silver brook Runs, singing, to the silver sea

-Chambers' Journal.



HERE was a slight tap on the door and Miss Hardaway entered the library with a little rush. She looked anxiously round, and then made a step towards me. I dropped my Kinglake on my knee and looked at her; evidently she had come on some pressing business. She looked rather excited, also a trifle nervous. "Mr. Tyson?" said she, "Miss Hardaway?" said I. "I-I want to have a talk with you about about something whichshe hesitated. "Certainly," I responded, amiably, "won't you sit down?" She sank into a chair opposite me and regarded me with dublous eves. "I hope you won't think it extraordinary of me," she said, in a sort of stammer, "but I wanted your assistance." "If I could do anything." I observed, to reassure her, "command me." She averted her eyes and fidgeted with a book on the table. "You see," she explained, "it's rather delicate." I nodded. "Exacily," I assented. "And-and I don't know, but I'm sure it's it's rather dreadful." "Good," said I, things are so flat as a rule." "You will probably say no at once," she went on, "and I'm sure I don't blame you." "I should like to have the oportunity, at any rate," I said, with a smile. She started and half rose in her chair. "I'm afraid I've Interrupted you in your reading," she exclaimed, "I-I only came in on the Impulse. It's really nothing." "Now," "sou positively fire my curiosity." "No," she said, shaking her head, "it Hardaway," I said, earnestly, "what! thing you like," I declared. "Will you

and that he ought to know better. "You see," said Miss Hardaway, "my aunt wants it." I really did not comprehend what her aunt wanted but I did not say so. I only pinched my expression into greater inteligence and sympathy. "And now that we are down here, he takes the opportunity of-of pestering me, and-and, well Aunt Catherine encourages him." "Ah!" said I, pulling my mustache, "that makes a difficult situation, doesn't it?" "And I thought you might help me," she ended, with a plaintive shot from her eyes.

"I, my child?" I asked, in wonder. But how? I should be delighted, if knew." Miss Hardaway said nothing; she apeared to have exhausted her confidence, and sat tremulously in the arm-chair, as if she would like to leave it. "Tell me how you thought I could help you," I said. "Shall I take him away and drown him?" "Oh, no!" she exclaimed, eagerly. "I didn't mean that." Of course, I did not suppose that she did mean that, "Well, what was your idea?" I asked. "You see," began Miss Hardaway, " it is difficult for me, with Aunt Catherine as my chaperon. And she likes Mr. Urqu-"Of course it is," I assented. hart." Well, do you want me to chaperon you? Is that it?" Now I examined her, she was really a very pretty girl, and particularly so when she blushed. She blushed now, as she said, "You see, Mr. Tyson, I thought-it was very impertinent of me-but you know I was driven out of my senses by the stupid-by things. And I thought, perhaps," she hesitated-"You are a great deal older than I am, aren't you?" "Bless you, yes," I answered. "Twenty years, at least. I might be your



father." All the same it was not nice to feel that, somehow. But Miss Hardaway was relieved-easy over her diffi said I, lying back in my chair benignly, culty, perhaps, I should say. "Yes, 1 thought so, and that was what made me so rude as to think that you-that was nothing. I only-" I leaned I-that we might pretend, you know," forward and touched her arm. "Miss she stammered. "I will pretend any-



"SHALL I TAKE HIM AWAY AND DROWN HIM ?"

only consolation-that of advising oth- ly," I answered. "That we are engagers? Fie! I think you owe me something for the studious way in which you have avoided me lately."

It seemed to me that I couldn't have said anything more to the point, though abrupt pause. "I should very much after waiting for a moment. I suppose It is so good of you, Mr. --." mank once more into the depths of the It was that that made me come rushing In here," she went on, "I-I was deter-



POOLISH."

mot to stand it any longer." itely. "It's that young Mr. " she said, with an appealing ne, as if I should new under I understood authing, but i

ed?" she asked, hanging on my words. I will confess that I was somewhat staggered, but in a second I chuckled to myself. "Most certainly." I said. Miss Hardaway's eyes looked gratibeaven knows I had no idea what the tude. "I knew you would be kind." dear girl wanted, "Avoided you!" she she remarked, "Then that will get rid said; "no, indeed. If you only knew! of him, you see," she added. "Yes, I That's what--" Here she came to an suppose it will," I assented. "Then that's all settled," said she, rising sudlike to know what that is," I said, denly to her feet, "and now I must go, I looked at her kindly; perhaps I beam- stay," I interrupted, rising also, "Let ed benevolently-old fogles do. At any us understand what our program is to wate, she seemed to take courage, and be. You will tell Aunt Catherine?" "I am going to tell her now," she said. arm-chair. "I have been very much firmly. "And-and what are we-how werried lately," she exclaimed, with a are we-" "Oh, you must walk about wigh. I nodded comprehensively, "It- with me a good deal," she said. "But won't that rather bore you," I asked, deprecatingly, "Oh. no." said Miss Hardaway, frankly, "I like you; be sides, it's better than Mr. Urquhart." The compliment was not strained. "And I am to call you-?" I queried. "O you must call me Hetty," she returned, promptly. "And you must call me-?" I began, "Oh, I think I'll just call you just Mr. Tyson," she observed, after a pause. "But do you think-don't you think-?" Miss Hardaway considered, frowning, "I don't think I can call you-what is your name. Mr. Tyson?" she asked. "Paul," said I. meekly. "I know it's not a nice name." "O, it's not so bad," she said, reassuringly, "only-all right. I'll call you that, and now-" "But is there nothing else?" I asked. "Are you sure we mustn't do anything else?" "O, no," said Miss Hardaway, confidently; "we're just engaged, you know," and with the

flutter of her gown she was gone. The bargain was plain enough, but I was not quite sure how it would turn out in practice. Yet it seemed to answer well enough, as far as she was seerned. My services were in requisition the very next day. "We must keep up appearances," she explained. It was very pleasant on the cliffs, and there we met Mr. Urquhart walking. I hastly selsed her hand, but she drow

marked that it was very impertinent, she said. "I thought I had to do som thing," I observed, bumbly, "Oh, uo," she said, in a vexed voice. "Don't you see, there's no need now?" I didn't see, but I took her word for it. All the same, I regretted that here was no need; I had had no idea that she was such an attractive girl. It appears that Aunt Catherine and Mr. Urquhart were



ANYTHING TO AUNT

supposed to know, but I was sure the whole hotel was in the secret. I came way in which we were left together. If we were seen in each other's company we were conscientiously avoided. and people indignantly left the room in order that we might exchange confi-dences. Miss Hardaway noticed this The Colonel gazed at him sternly, as, at last; she did not seem to have anticipated it.

"What do they do that for?" she asked, pettishly. "O, they suppose we want to be alone," I answered, cheerfully. "How foolish!" said Miss Hardaway, frowning. "Don't you want to go to your books?" she said suddenly. I did not, but I took my dismissal and went. Later that day Miss Hardaway sought me. "I think, Mr. Tyson," said she, times, "that we had better stop this pretense now. It has served its turn." "Well," said I, "if you are quite sure that Mr. Dower."
Urquiart and Aunt Catherine will not imbecile laugh. "What good is promotion." resume-" She shook her head. "I am not afraid of that," she said, boldly. "Very well," said I; "then we had better think out a way. Of course, the engagement must be broken. But who is Hardaway, in surprise. I passed the paper knife between my fingers, re- tuously. flectively. "That is, of course, the ly. leave you open to a difficulty. You at the sergeants' mess it was comm believe that you never really cared for me, and that will encourage Mr. Urqu- her. that you had made a mistake and real-ly cared for some one else?" she inquir. for you to marry," he added, sharply, "Ah, sir, I thought it would come to ly cared for some one else?" she inquired. "But I don't-I mean, would that

"Ah, sir, I thought it would that that when you knew whom I was asking for!" said the Sergeant, with a rebellious be quite fair to you, you see?" Miss look. Hardaway puckered her brow. "Put "I don't know whom you want to marry, It on the ground that I interfere with nor do I care. your work," she suggested, "and that And the Colonel, now seriously dis-you are wedded to that." "But you pleased, turned to leave the library. don't," I objected; "and, besides, I don't are if you do; and, goodness knows, I don't want to be wedded to that always." This, apparently, was a new idea, for she regarded me earnestly "I am not so very old," I murmured, venging the insult with a blow. Miss Hardaway made no reply, but glanced out of the window; then, "I shall tell Aunt Catherine that it was broken off because of your work," she said, pensively. "I shall deny it," I protested; "I don't see why it should be broken off at all." After a minute's si- Quartermaster riding after him. lence she said in a lower voice, "It's such a nuisance to you." "It isn't." I declared; "I don't mind. I-let it go on. it while I can." Miss Hardaway was silent, "Come," said I, taking her hand, "you wouldn't grudge me a little pleasure, would you?" Miss Hardaway laughed, a self-embarrassed little laugh. "Pleasure?" she echoed. "Certainly," said I, promptly; "a pleasure, which, alas! can never be more than a shadow for an old fogy like me." She looked at me timorously. "I don't think von're an old fogy," she said. I made to draw her nearer, but she disengaged herself and slipped gently to the door. On the threshold she paused. "I-I won't say anything to Aunt Catherine," she said, with a pretty little laugh .-

The New Budget. Novel Qualifications for the Bench In Germany and France the view gains ground that all judges, before entering on their functions, should be compelled to visit and examine jails, prisons and penitentlaries, so as to fully understand the nature of the punishment which they thereafter infliet. It is also held that Judges should be more competent to distinguish between mental soundness and unsoundness. Competent German physicians assert that a large percentage of the persons sent from penal institutions to lunatic asylums must have been insane at the time when they committed the deed for which they were sent to prison, and should therefore at once have been treated as lunatics instead of

Ohio the Champion Divorce State. Statistics completed for the annual report of the Secretary of State show that 6,546 suits for divorce were brought during the year in Ohio. Of these petitions 970 were refused and 2,497 divorces were granted, the additional number of cases still being in the courts.—New York Sun.

It occasionally cottes over a man with a shock that this is the year when



"I have promised," stammered the

The Colonel then shook hands with his

He went back into his sitting room, and laying his arms upon the table, rested his

CHAPTER XVI.

Directly he entered the room where

Mrs. Knox was sented, as usual, before

her sewing machine, she divined that he

him at once with a question as to where

He hesitated for a moment, feeling the

full importance of the revelation he had

every reason to hope she repents her first

disappointment, and understanding how

it would vex her the more when she heard

all the truth. "Jenny has seen the Ser-

geant again and renewed her promise; it

have been a useless discussion.

but I had made up my mind."

long as possible."

I do tell you."

the subject."

Knox, eagerly.

match, John.

know she might do better.

public," she complained, bitterly,

Why-tell me why, John?

Why-why?" she repeated.

"Yes, he was decidedly against it."

"I don't think you will believe me when

the simple-minded Quartermaster, "for I

think, if he had anything to say to her,

he would have told me when we were on

"You ought to insist upon her being sen-

"If you can't manage her, Mary, how

should I?" smiling. "Besides, I think she is right to hold to her word, though I

"Better! Why, it would be a brilliant

"You go too fast, wife-too fast. It is

not to be supposed that, because the Col-onel is in love with Jane, he is therefore

prepared to ask her hand in marriage.

No, no; he'll go away for a few months,

and when he comes back will have for-

gotten all about it. Even had she been

free I don't suppose he would have con-

templated such an act. A man like our

Colonel is justified in looking high for his

than Jane, nor one truer or sweeter.

and now you praise her for it.

turned Mrs. Knox.

she began.

over some affairs.

she besitated.

"He would never get a lovelier wife

"How inconsistent women are! Just

now you were complaining of her truth,

"It is possible to carry a thing to ex-

When, a little after five o'clock, she saw

"My husband was with you this morn-

"Yes, he came to see me, and talked

"And I wish to speak to you also, Col-

You can help if you will," meaningly.

"I would rather you doubted my power

than my anxiety to oblige," he returned,

"About Miss Knox?" he repeated, as

"You know all I said to you the other

day about Sergeant Lynn. Well, I say

day about bergeam 17,nn. Wen, I say it all still, but with greater warmth and with more hope of a favorable reply, for now I can confess what you already know—that I am pleading for my daugh-

ter."
"I wonder I did not guess it then," he

"It is about my daughter, Colonel."

Then she went on, with emotion.

onel Prinsep."
"I shall be very glad to hear what you

have to say, and to help you if I can.

Colonel Prinsep coming up the drive, she resolved to do her best to persuade him to

range himself actively upon her side.

cess; then truth becomes obstinacy," re-

sible in so important a matter," said Mrs.

You

was by her request I went and told the

"No, no, wife, you are quite mistaken."

All his plans for the

lief as he was lost to sight.

pang was added to his sufferings.

head upon them.

to make.

answered, slowly, "What about?"

thoughtless promise."

Quartermaster, after a few moments' re-

CHAPTER XV.

Colonel Prinsep was paying one of his usual visits round the regimental institutions on the following morning when looking in at the library, he saw a stretched on one of the beaches fast

asleep. Stepping forward, he saw, as he shook whole hotel was in the secret. I came him somewhat roughly by the arm, the to this conclusion from the persistent triple chevron upon his sleeve; and as the man thus suddenly roused stumbled clumsily on to his feet, the Colonel identified him as Sergeant Lynn. His whole appearance showed without doubt that he was recovering from a fit of drunkenness,

> having recognized his commanding of cer, he saluted, and stood shamefacedly before him.

"Sergeant Lynn, it seems that the reports of your intemperance which reached me were not unfounded. Had you been wanted for duty last night you would have been found incapable." had something to tell her, and attacked he had been.

The Sergeant's head dropped still lower. "Yes, sir, I did take more than I ought. I can't belp it. Things have been against me lately, and I am driven to drink at

"What do you mean? 'Up to now I have promoted you as far as was in my

the same slow, impressive tones—"I went to tell the Colonel of Jane's engagement to me unless you could give me a com-mission? And even then I dare say she to Jacob Lynn."

would not have me."
"I should say not, if she saw you in your present condition. You don't mean to be angry. And then, as he remained to do it?" "I, of course," said Miss to say that a woman is the cause of your Hardaway in surprise I passed the drinking?" asked the Colonel, contempsilent, she went on: "Besides, I am by no means certain that that engagement

"Cause enough," he answered, dogged-"Only three days ago she repeated proper way," I answered, "but it may her promise to marry me; and last night see, if you break with me, people will talk that the Adjutant was always at her house, and was said to be engaged to be answered, kindly, feeling sorry for her

hart and Aunt Catherine." She bit her I would advise you to follow a steadier. lips. "I never thought of that," she more manly course, and not offer such said. "Then you must break it." "Yes. childish reasons as a cause for ruining I must break it, but upon what your whole career, and for the present, grounds?" I asked. "Couldn't you say Sergeant Lynn, I withhold my permission

> ciently to speak.
>
> But when the Quartermaster once as down, even by his wife.

"I beg your pardon, sir. It is the Quar-"What Quartermaster's daughter?"

cried the Colonel, in a voice of thunder. "Jane Knox sir" At this familiar mention of the name for some moments, and I believe she borne by the girl he loved, Stephen Prin-

was examining the lines on my face, sep only refrained by an effort from re-The more than unusually sharp. recollection that he was Colonel and this braggart a sergeant in his regiment kept the impulse in subjection. He was close to his own gates now;

and before he turned into the carriagedrive he heard a noise behind him, and turning mechanically, he saw it was the

'I wanted to speak to you, sir," he announced a little breathlessly, as he

trotted up.

The Colonel started. Could it be that I'm not so very old, and it's the only the was to hear the solution of this mystime I shall be engaged. Let me enjoy tery now? Not urgent—not on a military matter, or what should prevent its being discussed in the orderly-room? Only one conclusion remained it must be on some private affair, and just then all private affairs seemed to the Colonel to point to Jane.

"Come in and have a peg," he said, mewhat shortly, and cantered on toward the bungalow.

After a hasty draught of leed water, Colonel Prinsep had thrown himself back in an easy chair, and sat waiting for the partermaster to speak again. He wanted to hear what he had to say, yet, afraid of appearing inconsistent, besitated to

"What is this affair of which you wished to speak to me, Knox?" the Colonel asked abruptly.

"It is nothing of actual importance sir, yet I think you ought to hear it first us. Jenny thought so-

Miss Knox thought I ought to know?" "Yes; she said you would have reason be offended if Sergeant Lynn spoke to you on the subject first.

"Out with it, man. What is this mighty matter?" cried the Colonel, sharply, as he leaned forward in his chair as though forestall the answer. This suspense was horrible. Yet the denouement might be worse.

Then it is true? Yes, it is true." "Goed heavens, it is sacrilege!" ejac

ulated Colonel Prinsep, fiercely.

The Quartermaster passed his fingers through his hair in some bewilderment. His eyes followed the Colonel as he impatiently paced the room, and he was still pondering a reply when his com-manding officer spoke agin.

"You must stop it Knox; you must stop it on any plea." he declared, earnestly. ... new discovery broke suddenly upon the Quartermaster. This agitation of the Colonel, coupled with the indisposition he had plended a short time before, could only point to the one conclusion, and he would not have been human had be not feit gratified at the knowledge that his daughter had won the love of such a man as Stephen Prinsep, independent of his rank and station. For a moment he even regretted that she had already bound herself, and then feit a little shame at the worldliness of his ideas, which gave a certain stiffness to his reply.

"I have already given ms consent, and

listen to a mother's prayer; you will save ber from this horrible fate? "I save her-1?" "Who else? It is only you who have

the power. In the regiment you are a king, and no one will question what you command. You have only to send him to England-anywhere out of Jane's "You give me credit for a despetic

sway, and that I do not hold. She would answer, with justice, that I had no right to interfere. However," he added, quickly, as Mrs. Knox's countenance fell, "I will do what I can. Shall I go to her now?"

She led the way to the house and into the drawing-room, where, in the center of the room, Jane stood, as though expect-ing his arrival. Her head was erect; but little hands were tightly elenched; and there was an expression of defiance in her whole attitude that augured badly for the success of his mission.

"Jane, Colonel Prinsep has come to speak to you, at my express wish and with my permission. I hope you will give every attention to what he has to say." said Mrs. Knox in her most didactic manner, and left the two together.

the sort of husband you would have chosen for your daughter?" He looked at her sadly, gravely; and for awhile she returned his gaze with one of equal power—then igradually an over-whelming sense of shame caused her to turn away her face, blushing.

visitor as he started to go, and even accompanied him to the door of the bunga-low; but he heaved an audible sigh of re-"What is it you wish me to do?" she

asked. "I wish you to break that unconsidered

promise," he replied, firmly.

She turned on him fiercely, her pretty figure drawn to its full height, and the golden light in her hazel eyes, which al-

future were frustrated-all his hopes quenched, and in such a manner thatways came there from excitement. "And that is your advice? I wonder feeling no doubt as to the issue a keener women are ever honorable and true, for everything seems to combine to make them neither. A woman's promise is made to be broken. A man's honor is in-The Quartermaster went home at a smart trot, full of the discovery that he violable.

'Granted-all granted," he returned, his quietness contrasting strangely with the force of her indignation. "Yet I repeat my request. It is easier to regret a broken promise than a ruined life.

"And if his Jacob Lynn's life should be ruined, his trust in all things shaken by my unfaithfulness, is it nothing? We, your friends, naturally think first of you.

"I have been to see the Colonel," he "The greater reason that I should think of him, to whom I owe loyalty and truth," she said, with dignity. "I went," continued her husband, in "And you will not think of us-of your

father-of your mother, who is distressed nt your decision; of—of me?"
"Pardon me," she returned, proudly.

"What on earth possessed you, John, to take such a senseless step?" she ex-claimed, in her astonishment, forgetting "In this case only two are concerned, myself and my betrothed. There is only one point under discussion: whether I keep my word or break it."

He leaned forward eagerly, and would have taken her hands, only she held them still holds good. Jane has never even mentioned his name since her return from Cawnpore, and I think there is stiffly beyond his reach. "And-and?" he questioned, his usually

sweet tones sharpened by suspense.
"I will keep it," she decided, firmly. Moving a little further away at once,

he accepted her decision. (To be continued.)

He Got It. A graphle incident in the life of a

spoiled child is well told by a writer in an exchange: "Without consulting me?" she gasped Among the passengers on the St. out, when she had recovered herself suffi- Louis train recently was a woman accompanied by a nurse girl and a boy

of about 3 years. serted himself he was not easily put The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shricks "I had made up my mind to do as the child wished me, wife, and so it would

and kicks and screams and viciousness toward the patient nurse. would have contested the point, of course, Whenever the nurse manifested any sharpness the mother chided her sharp-

"Not necessarily. The Colonel himself for a nap, and about the time the boy

advised that we should keep it quiet as had slapped the nurse for the fiftieth time a wasp came sailing and flew on "Was he against it?" she asked quickly, in a voice that agitation had made the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it.

The nurse caught his hand and said, coaxingly, "Harry musn't touch. Bug will blie Harry."

Harry screamed savagely, and began to kick and pound the nurse.

"Because he is himself in love with our The mother, without opening her eyes Had a thunderbolt fallen at her feet or lifting her head, cried out sharply: she could not have been more surprised. "Does she know?" was her first ques-"Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once." "I don't suppose she does," answered

"But, ma'am, it's a--" "Let him have it, I say."

Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp and caught it. The yell that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers.

The mother awoke again.

"Mary!" she cried, "let him have it!" Mary turned in her seat and said demurely, "He's got it. ma'am!"

Accustomed to Snakes. "A curious thing about snake stories,"

said a gentleman who had just returned from his vacation, "is that people with whom the reptiles are a common sight take very little stock in them." "I have just returned from Massa-

chusetts, where I put in a week on a farm situated near the Berkshire hills. The next farm to us was right on a mountain side, where there were dozens of huge rattlesnakes that had a habit of sunning themselves in the roadway-big fellows, too, they were,

"The old fellow that owned that farm would read snake stories about marvelous reptiles in Georgia and Pennsylvania, and say 'Gosh! them was hummers! Then he would go out to mow on the mountain side and kill two or three big rattlesnakes before he had gotten half way over the field. I saw him kill one on one occasion that had six rattles and a button, and he had a very narrow escape from being bitten. I congratulated him on his escape, and he answered: 'Mister, I have been killing rattlers ever since I was a boy, but this is a poor place for snakes. They never do the tricks here they do in Texas and out West.'

"He didn't mind the snakes, he said. but I did, and I cut my visit short on their account. I prefer to see my snakes at the Zoo."-Philadelphia Call.

Has Exported the Guillotine.

France has exported the guillotine. In the French settlement of Chandernagore in India an execution has been performed with a guillotine sent from Paris. The east has traditional horrors of its own, but the guillotine is a fer-