

tletoe or hoffy."

Sergeant.

"Did you say it was for me?"

take about my feelings any way

Jane remained frowningly silent.

What is it, mother?" asked Jane.

"Not ill, is he? I saw him out this

"Not married? There has hardly been

It had been so sudden, so terribly sud-

den. He had been at "orderly hour" that

morning. Then he had returned home to

breakfast, and afterward had gone into

terrified bearer came back with the news

quietly, writing in his chair a sudden at-

tack of heart disease had seized him, and

"Don't you see what this means for your

said as much just now, when he asked him

to take over the work until permanent ar-

"Miss Jane will marry a gentleman

"He will be

"The quartermaster-he is

CHAPTER 1 "denny "

"Yes, Sergeant Lynn."

His time figure drawn to its full height. as rigidly as though the eyes of the adjutant were upon him, yet apparently straining every nerve to appear unembar-tassed and at his case. Surgeant Lynn was a men with whom any woman might Knox came in hurriedly and sunk upon he satisfied as a sweetheart. His fees a chair tures were good, if not retured, and the weakness of his month was hidden by a turning a white, excited face first to one mustache as magnificent as that of any and then to the other. cavairy colonel in the service.

It was only pretty Jane Knox, the sergeant major's daughter, who seemed so. inpervious to his attractions and made him appear as wittess and uncouth as the latest trooper who had joined the awk- morning." said the Sergeant. ward squad. Hitherto, success had been so easy to the dashing sergeant. It could time for that," smiled Jane. "He is dead," was the solemn answer, only he said of his over-engerness to please that this time he hade fair to fail. and when the first shock of their surprise She did not even dislike him, he told him- was over, Mrs. Knox began to tell her stors -off with angry surprise; it was merely indifference that she felt-indifference agcravating as it was complete.

Jane, don't be so provoking. You ferrow I mean

That it would be best for me to marry where he never permitted himself to be a sergeant. Well, I dare say it would"thoughtfully-"if-if I could only make up my mind." disturbed except on urgent business. It was the Colonel himself who, wishing to

Try-only try, Jane Love always omes after marriage," he argued, eager-

'Why don't you prove it by your own example?" ahe answered, negligently. Marry some one you detest, and if-

You-you don't detest me!"-blankly. life had been extinct for several hours 'Oh, no; but I don't love you, and when at last they found him. there's no middle course in marriage, i father?" Mrs. Knox said, eagerly, when think." her auditors had both expressed their

He was silenced for the time, and contented himself with watching her as she sympathy and surprise. flitted about the room, arranging the bits quartermaster in his stead. The Colonel of holly, with here and there a twig of the white borries intermingled.

Mrs. Knox, Miss Jane's mother, had rangements could be made. He will be a been the daughter of a veterinary sur- commissioned officer at last, and we shall geon, and being left almost penniless at mix with gentlefolk; and you, Janeher father's death, had become a teacher don't you see what a good thing it will be in the village school. It had been a quiet, for you?" little-frequented spot, and until the age of twenty-nine she had not even the sus now. She must forget all that I have picion of a love affair to brighten the mo- said," remarked the Sergeant, sadly, looknoteny of her existence. Then the cler- ing so handsome and noble as he regyman of their village came into a small - nonneed all his hopes that Jane's heart fortune, sufficient to allow him to retire warmed toward him, and she stretched from his labors and put a curate in his out her hands impulsively.

The man chosen was a bachelor, but seat, and answered for her daughter. that might well have been considered the "Of course she will forget. She is en-only point in his favor. He was plain, tering into a new life, and will make new

now Mrs. Knox placed herself only little way spart from where the staff and officers of the regiment were seated. Jane was crimson with mortification, and would have given much to find berself safe back in her own home, away from those slighting sidelong glances of the women present, and the bolder, admiring. gaze of men. She had turned her back on both, and

strove to appear deeply interested in the polo-pony race that was going on, when presently a gentle, drawling voice sounded in her ear.

"How do you do, Miss Knox? Have you decided which is to be the winner It was Colonel Prinsep, the colonel of her father's regiment, the --th Hussars. "I was not thinking about the race,"

she confessed, blushing. He did not press the subject but stood

beside her, making a remark now and then, and listening courteously to the timidly hazarded replies. But when Mrs. Knox joined nervously in the conversation, he found his interest flag, and after a few desultory remarks moved away to ward a group of three people, amon. whom was a young lady, who were stand ing several yards away.

Her eyes were fixed upon the ponies that were being walked up and down pre-"I mentioned no names, but I expect he guessed. I don't think there's much misparators to a race, but she saw as little of what she looked at as Jane Knox ha seen some twenty minutes before. Fer haps it was because all her thought While she was still silent, the outer with the "what might have been" door was thrown violently open, and Mrs. that she could not see what actually wa-The most casual observer might have gnessed she was a woman with a story-"Have you heard the news?" she asked. a story in which both her companions had played a part.

Norn Dene was not yet twenty-two, but "We have heard nothing," replied the looked older on account of the gravity of her expression, which seldom relaxed into a smile. Her mouth had a little pathetic droop which seemed to compel pity in spite of the pride which would not stoop to ask it. Her eyes were sail with the sadness of those which seldom or never weep, and are the "suddest eyes of all." Her face lightened when Colonel Prin sep joined them, and she made a move ment toward him, which he forstalled by quickening his pace. They were as good friends as it was possible for man and oman to be without protestations and with no thought of anything beyond.

"You are looking tired," he began a small room he used as an office, and "Won't you come over to the sents?" "Thank you; I think we have a better view from here, and I am interested in this race," she answered, only now be speak to him, had sent in a salam. The ginning to see the ponies as they cantered up and down. that his master was dying or dead. And dead he had proved to be. While sitting

As she spoke one of the men-her husband-came and placed a chair beside her which he had brought over from the "Why did you not say you were tired,

Nora?" he reproached her gently.

"Because I did not feel so-at least, not with standing. There is always a certain amount of fatigue in watching things like this. Don't you think so? turning to the Colonel. "I dare say-at least-of course there

Regimental sports are always an in-They are one of the sacrifice fliction. we feel obliged to make for the men, and for which we get no thanks." Then, as her husband fell back and resumed con versation with his companion, he added in a lower voice, "Mrs. Dene, I want to interest you in some one if I can."

"Am I so difficult to interest in any thing, that you take such an humble tone?" she asked, looking up at him it some amusement from the low seat of which, in spite of her denial of fatigue,

she had availed berself. "I am distrusting myself rather than



## the second second second second

DRIVING FROM THE BACK SEAT.

RIVING a horse is one of those verdant hills rising majestically upon simple processes, like sailing a the other side.

boat, which anyone can master cult about it, and those that have never just then. done it are perfectly aware of their

ability to do it, if they choose. But "driving from the back seat" is strange." quite a different thing; that is a grave and serious affair, an undertaking of tragic intensity. There is not one moment of calm, peaceful enjoyment for those so employed. Every circumstance and incident to them is vital and momentous; each turn in the road bids fair to be a certain pathway to destruction: every signboard is a false, deceitfui snare set to mislead them, while each movement of the horse is but an index of vicious propensities about to be re-

vealed. In fact, this method of driving is not only physically exhausting. but mentally depressing and spiritually demoralizing, and not alone does the driver suffer, but also all who are unfortunate enough to find themselves in the same vehicle with such a one.

Perhaps a brief description of my own will best serve to illustrate my theme.

I had run down to spend a couple of way that they prick up their ears." days with my friends the Graziers, who At the summit we drew rein, "Not a noon of my arrival my hostess sug- pleture spread out beneath us. gested that possibly I might enjoy a

from which I had just escaped.

"This is indeed an ideal spot." I without previous experience. Every- burst forth, but Mrs. Grazier had no body knows that there is nothing diffi- eyes for the beauties of the landscape

with a state of a low the second second and the second of a

"Willard, what is the matter with the horse on this side? He looks very

"He's all right, my dear; only the files bother him a little." and Mr. Grazier waved his whip lightly over the offending animal's head.

"Williard, how can you do that, when you know he is so nervous, unless," she added plaintively, "you really want him to run away and smash us up."

"That's my idea, precisely," he answered pleasantly, as we left the lake drive and began to climb a neighboring hill. During our ascent Mrs. Grazler fixed her attention upon the check reins.

"It seems to me, Willard, that these horses are checked up unnecessarily tight; it is nothing but that, I am sure. that makes them act so."

"But they haven't acted so," her husband remonstrated.

"Well, they will-I'm perfectly positive they will-when they come to go down this steep hill; I can tell by the

were occupying a charming country bad view here," my host announced, place for the summer. On the after- pointing with his whip to the glorious

"Now, Willard, you watch the horses drive over to Pine Knoll, which they and let us admire the view," Mrs. deemed a most desirable point from Grazier earnestly admonished, without which to view the country round about. eliciting any response from the occu-I, of course, expressed myself delighted pant of the front seat, who continued with the idea of a quiet country drive to point out to me special features in after the rush and turmoll of the city, the surrounding landscape, despite her protest.

Immediately after luncheon a light We shortly began to descend the hill, two-seated wagon drawn by a pair of which process I foresaw would permit spirited bays appeared at the door, my hostess ample opportunity to lend legion, I regret to say, my painful coun-Mrs. Grazier and I took our seats be- her ever ready assistance from the back try drive rises before me, and I murseat, and I was quite right in my sur-

I heard this statement with much ust-

"No matter, I should think you might

"Thank yos," his lateriecutor

way. and we frave at.

stop and ask at the Willard." my hosten ey certainly are acneighborhood."

quality rd, when I know that "But h half a mile from this the knoll very farming

Bext P

annout

pe, Willard, but I think "So you in differently. re comes another man, and I am goit to speak to him."

Man number two, however, did not walt to be spoken to, but accosted up with a broad smile.

"Good day, Mr. Grazier, goin' up to the Knoll again?"

Mr. Grazier nodded. "Is this the shortest road?" Mrs. Grazler inquired promptly.

"I reckon it's about the only one," he rejoined, grinning, as if he found the idea of a possible second road bugely amusing.

We drove on in silence for some few minutes before Mrs. Grazler spoke a ain; then she said, "Anyway, It's a relief to know that this is the road." 1 answered fervently, but Mr. Gra-

zier vouchsafed no reply.

Pine Knoll proved to be a truly lovely spot, but my memory of the way tither and back is clouded by my too vivid recollection of my hostess' pardicipation in the management of the bars.

If we crossed a bridge Willard was reminded of the sign which directed us to "walk the horses." If we passed a wagoner in a narrow part of the road he was conjured not to the up down the steep embankment. If the borses quickened their pace. It was cruel to drive so fast, and if they slowed up they were overheated, or had, doubtless, stones in their feet.

At every water-trough Mrs. Grazier felt sure that they were dying of thirst. until at last we stopped, and after much delay and a struggle to unhitch their checkreins we ascertained that neither of them could be induced to touch a drop.

The most trying time of all was probably when we turned around in a very limited space on top of Pine Knoll, but upon that I will not enlarge.

When we reached home I felt tired and exhausted, well nigh sick, while my hostess sighed deeply as she alighted, declaring that she couldn't understand why driving fatigued her so.

Even Mr. Grazier, despite his adamantine nerves, appeared somewhat weary, as he replied; "It's not driving that tires you, but driving from the back seat Mrs. Grazier."

Since my country drive I have often observed people endowed with those characteristics so prominent in Mrs. Grazier. In every club, society or social gathering I have found them present; in fact, wherever human beings strive or struggle, wherever they congregate for work or for amusement, some are present who ever stand one side, their mission being to advise, direct and criticise. They make themselves generally useful by telling others

what they ought to do and how to do it. And as often as it is my misfortune to run across them, and their name is mur: "I know you well, my friends;

elderly, and half-starved, as indeed he stipend he received. But to Jane's mother you now?" his charm was that he was a gentleman.

His manners had seemed to her the perfection of courtly breeding, and had he circumstances that have changed." naked her she would have gladly become his wife, in spite of all the petty troubles which were attendant on genteel poverty. mistaken unselfishness, he hesitated to let Lynn. her share his lot, he never did; and after three years of alternate hopes and fears on her side, another lover appeared upon the scene, and by his brisk wooing succeeded in winning her for his wife.

"A terrible match for her," people said ould offer her only the barest necessaries, word, and at whose side she might have to encounter endless hardships; but equalized urely by the fact that she was faded and corn, and that he was a man in the prime of life, loving her passionately, oblivious if her vanished youth and indifference to

'Hold it a little higher, Jenny darling.' whispered the Sergeant, andaciously, and coming close behind her, he attempted to encircle her waist.

But she wrenched herself away, and onfronted him crimson with wrath and shame.

"How dare you! How dare you!" sh exclaimed, and in her anger she could say no more.

But the momentary madness over, Ser geant Lynn looked as penitent and abash -d as she could have wished, or any num her of reproaches could have made him. Falling back to his old position of "attention," he could only murmur shame facediy:

"I'm very sorry, Jenny, upon my soul, I am!

You of all people-you who pretend to like me- to insult me so!"

"It was just because of the liking," an swored the Sergeant, with a twinkle in his eye, which fortunately Jane did not detect. "Besides," he added, hustily, "I didn't kiss you

should think not, indeed!" tossing her dainty head.

"And I'll never do it again-until you give me leave."

'And that will be never.'

The Sergeant, noting rucfully her com pressed lips and flashing eyes, decided that she was sincere in her intention, and that he had lost rather than gained by the holdness of his wooing. He looked so woe begone that the situation became ridientious in Jane's eyes, and she hastened to bring back the subject to a more matterof fact footing.

"You never told me where you got it all," she observed, nodding vaguely at the evergreens that were the innocent cause of her admirer's first offense.

"But you never asked me," was his prompt reply, only too eager to suatch ffered olive branch. "It was the pr at the profiered onve branch. I was not one had come forward to quite by chance as it happened. I was not one had come forward to up at the Colonel's with some letters when them on their first appearance.

friends. You see yourself how impossible might well be, considering the miserable it is that there could be anything between

But Mrs. Knox rose hastily from her

"Why not?" asked Jane, sharply, "Neither of us has altered; it is only the "You mean-" began the young fellow engerly

"I mean that I should be ashamed to let But, either because his own heart was this make any difference; and and I not sufficiently interested, or that, from will marry you if you like, Sergeant

> But when the Sergeant, radiant with delight, came forward quickly to take her in his arms, the mother threw herself between the two lovers.

"She is mad; she does not know what she is saying. If you have a spark of she, the educated woman, to bind her- manly feeling, Jacob, you will go away at pity. cif to the rough if dashing hussar, who once. Jane, I forbid you to say another

Talking still for fear of either of them disobeying, she pushed him from the room, so that he could only turn his head and gaze regretfully at his sweetheart whom he had so unexpectedly won. She was standing with both hands clasped tightly on her breast, her face white and frightened, as she realized to what she had pledged herself. But her eyes met his bravely, and spoke eloquently of her intended fidelity and truth.

## CHAPTER II.

The new year brought many changes to Jane Knox. Her father's appointment to the quartermastership had been ratified from headquarters, and they had immediately taken a bungalow in the officers' lines.

Jane was pretty enough, however, to prosper without any adventitious aid. Though very small, even delicately formed, she was neither thin nor insignificant in appearance. Her figure was alim yet svelte, graceful without effort, and as pliant as a reed; but in her face was her chief charm-the bright, glowing beauty that spoke of such perfect health, with out degenerating into anything approaching conrieness. The sun-touched nutbrown hair fell into the softest curb on her low brow; the darker eyelashes shaded two lovely hazel eyes and deepened their dreamy, laughing light.

"If only she would fall in love!" thought the anxious mother, "she would things in a more reasonable light then; and once she began to compare a gentle man with him, it would be all up with Jacob Lynn."

They had been nearly a month in their house when some regimental sports were announced to take place, and Mrs. Knox determined to take her daughter to see them.

The first step must be made, and Alipore society had had time enough to de-cide whether they were to be admitted within its sacred precincts or not. She would at least show that she considered herself worthy of the honor. But, boldly as she had looked the question in the her courage failed her when they had been on the ground some minutes, and not one had come forward to welcome

up at the Colonel's with some letters when a big hamper arrived-from Bimis, I think, he said-and I helped to open it as if I would like a bit-I thought of you directly-for he gave me as much as I

ask it, in fact. She seems very quiet an refined, but I should never forgive my self if any unpleasantness came to you through granting my request."

"Are you speaking of the new quarter master's daughter?'

"The very person-but you must be witch to have found it out. 'Not a very wonderfully discovery, con

sidering you have been talking to her exclusively for the last half hour" "Ten minutes, I assure you"-smiling

good-humoredly. "I dare say it seemed no longer," dry "She is a very pretty girl." "Is she? I scarcely noticed, I was

sorry to see her and her mother standing all atone, and joined them out of purest

'And you want me to emulate the no hility of your conduct?"

"I should like you to be good to then if you can. Theirs is such an awkward position. You see they cannot associate with their old friends, and gain no new ones in place of those they lose."

"Of course I will be amiable if you wish; but, honestly, don't you think it i mistake-don't you think they will only be uncomfortable out of their proper sphere?"

"It is only the 'first step' that will 'cos them anything. Women adapt themselves so readily to altered circumstances; and Mrs. Knor is considerably above her present position, I have heard. She shrugged her shoulders, but did not attempt a verbal contradiction. "You are not thinking of going home just yet, are you, Gerald?" she asked, turning to her husband. "Not unless you wish it. I am at your

service." (To be continued.)

# A Fine Toboggan Slide.

The Malays have the finest toboggan slide in the world. In Perak there is a huge granite slope in the course of a mountain river, down which the water trickles about two inches deep, the main stream baying carved out a bed by the side of the boulder. This rock. the face of which has been rendered as smooth as glass by the constant flow of water during the hundreds of years. the Malays-men, women and children -have turned into a slide. Climbing to the top of the rock, they sit in the shallow water with their feet straight out, and a hand on each side for steer ing, and then slide straight down the sixty feet into a pool of water. This is a favorite sport on sunny mornings. as many as two hundred folk being engaged in it at a time, and sliding down so quickly one after another, or forming rows of two, four and even eight persons, that they tumble into a pool a confused mass of scrambling creatures. It seems to be a highly amusing game, and there is little dauger in it.

Logwood is the marrow of a peculia tree in the West Indies. It is shipped in long, thick pieces of firm, heavy dark red wood. It is split up and moist

hind and Mr. Grazier, springing into the seat in front, took the reins and mises.

we were whirled away down the long. old elus. I glanced admitringly at them likely to stumble at any moment?" Or. as we passed along and turned to my "Willard, we're coming to one of those hostess enthusiastically, "What magni- dangerous "thank-you-ma'ams," do he careful." ficent trees these are," I ejaculated. I sat by wondering at Mr. Grazier's

She, however, failed to respond, and unruffied composure under the contin-I noticed that her lips were tightly ual fire, but reflected that doubtless he compressed. "Be careful, Willard, was used to It. when you turn into the road." she said Next, we reached the crossroads, and warningly, and I perceived that we Mr. Grazier turned the horses to the were approaching the picturesque right, remarking; "Here we leave the stone gateway, over which much sumain road for a drive through the perb English ivy was gracefully twinwoods."

"Oh, no, Willard. I'm sure you're mis-"We're very proud of that lvy." Mr. taken." his wife declared. "we ought Grazier remarked, eyeing it with satisto keep to the main road for at least faction, as the bays turned smoothly a mile more. I remember perfectly just out into the road. how every inch of the road looked the "It is beautiful," I murmured, trans-

last time I drove over it." ferring my attention to his wife, who was holding her breath and firmly grasping her side of the wagon. up the horses.

"Are you timid about driving?" I asked, sympathetically.

ing.

with an expression of intense resigna-"Oh, no," she returned, "only my hus tion depicted upon her face. "Very band absolutely disregards every sugwell; take us anywhere you please, progestion of mine," and she sighed deepvided that you get us home finally. I 11 shall not say another word; I have of-

"Indeed," I said, lowering my tone, fered all the advice that I intend to this so that it might reach her ears alone. afternoon." while I eved the bays uneasily, "and isn't Mr. Grazier used to driving?" "He ought to be," she responded. "for he has driven ince he was a boy." I felt relieved, though still puzzled, drive,

self, then," I persisted. She shrugged her shoulders, in the least. I never touch the reins if

"Yes, I tis very pretty here," Mrs. I can help it," she concluded. Grazler assented; then she added; "Will At this point I became convinced that lard, I see a farmer coming and I war Mr. Grazier had very sharp ears, for, you just to ask him if this is the right as I continued to regard her questionroad. ingly, he remarked lightly, "Mrs. Gra-"But I know it is the road."

zier drives from the back seat." I laughed with all the fervor of one who does not see the joke, wondering meanwhile what he could mean. Before the afternoon was over, however, I understood his meaning perfectly. "Willard, here comes one of those dreadful coaches." his mentor began almost immediately. "Be sure that you turn out more than you did the other

afternoon. I never saw a man take such risks." In a few minutes one of the horses

which was promptly freed by Mr. Grazier; this gave his better half a chance to suggest that a tighter rein would have prevented the catastrophe. "Some one was telling me the other day. Wil-

likely to run away as not."

of a beautiful lake and I exclaim with reptors over the silmon of the

It was "Willard, what a loose rein you

therefore I shun you, as I do all of your kind, who, like you, are driving from smooth driveway, beneath rows of time have! Can't you realize that they're the back seat."-Boston Transcript.

## Solving a Problem.

Italian workmen are, as a rule, not fond of strikes; they usualy resort to other means to get what they want. A company of Italian navvies, engaged in the construction of a railway in Germany, had their wages reduced. They said nothing, but during the night each of the men cut an inch off the end of his shovel. In reply to the engineer who took them to task about it, one of them said: "Not so much pay, not lift so much earth. So much longer last work. Italian no fool like German. Italian no strike."

## Thomas Cat Shows Cunning.

A Cincinnati tom cat has won fame "My dear, I am absolutely sure that by its habit of spreading bread crumbs this is the road," he replied, whipping for sparrows and then gobbling the birds. Mrs. Grazier leaned back in her seat

Circus Elephant Shows Humor. One of the Arabs of the street had an experience with an elephant at the circus grounds the other day, says the Boston Record, which he is not likely to forget in a hurry. He was feeding the animal with peanuts and other Indigestible things, when his elephantship thought he would do something to amuse the urchin. So he gently wound his proboscis about the boy's waist and lifted him up in the air above his head. The urchin was fairly livid with terror. but the elephant was in the best of humor, and slowly lowered the boy to his feet, much as a man would lower a haby he had been dandling on his shoulders.

## Not that Kind of a Dog.

"Do you see that Japanese pug waiting for us in the road." inquired an lows wheelman of his companion, as they spun along the road the other night. "Yes: what about him?" "Well, if he don't get out of the way I'm going over him. A few kinks in his back will teach him to stay at home. Hi, yil get out of there!" The dog did not run, but, walked deliberately to the center of the road and stood in the moonlight. Big! "Whew!" Half an hour later two wheelmen made a bonfire of two bicycle suits. The Japanes pug proved to be a small spotted skunk.

## Up to His Business

Mr. Magnet-I want to get a steward for my yacht. Have you had any experience?

Apllicant-Yes air. I have been a harkeeper for three years .- Detroit Free

#### Matual.

She-I've had no use for you since you ort your mastache.

-And I've had no use for the mi He es I hast you.-Reabury

ask him, if only to set my mind at rest." "I suppose it would rest it very much if he had said it was the wrong road." "There, that's why you won't inquire: you know he'll say it's the wrong road." Just then the farmer came alongside. and Mr. Grazler, who was apparently determined not to stop, suddenly drew

rein, more abruptly, I fancied, than was wholly necessary, and my companion on the back seat, after exclaim whisked his tail over one of the retus. ing. 'How could you, Willard?' eagerly addressed the farmer: "Is this the road to Pine Knoll?" "To Pine what?" he questioned

blankly. "Pine Knoll, a hill with trees on it?" lard," she went on, "that when a horse be explained. gets his tail over the reins no one knows "Wall, I can't say," he responded. "I what he may do; in fact, he is just as ain't much acquainted up this way.

but I rection you'll find pince all about A little later we reached the si

isfaction, feeling that advice was not. after all the necessary accompaniment of a thoroughly charming country "But you are a grea! horsewoman your "This woody road is lovely, at all events, and so shady and cool," I put in timidly.