

THE COUNTRY LANE.

Between steep banks it winds along. O'erhung with leafy hawthorn trees. From which in spring the thrush's song floats softly on the soft south breeze.

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.

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.

There 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.

"I—I want to have a talk with you about—about something which—"

"Certainly," I responded, amiably, "won't you sit down?" She sank into a chair opposite me and regarded me with dubious eyes. "I hope you won't think it extraordinary of me," she said, in a sort of stammer, "but I wanted your assistance."

"I-I only came in on the impulse. It's really nothing." "Now," said I, lying back in my chair benignly, "you positively fire my curiosity."

"No," she said, shaking her head, "it was nothing. I only—"

"I-I was deter-

marked that it was very impertinent, and that he ought to know better. "You see," said Miss Hardaway, "my aunt wants it."

"I, my child?" I asked, in wonder. "But how? I should be delighted, if I knew."

"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.

"I think, Mr. Tyson, we had better stop the pretense now."

"All the same it was not nice to feel that, somehow. But Miss Hardaway was relieved—easy over her difficulty, perhaps, I should say."

"I am not so very old," I murmured. 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.

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she said. "I thought I had to do something," I observed, humbly. "Oh, no," she said, in a vexed voice. "Don't you see, there's no need now?"



"I WON'T SAY ANYTHING TO AUNT CATHERINE."

supposed to know, but I was sure the whole hotel was in the secret. I came to this conclusion from the persistent way in which we were left together.

"What do they do that for?" she asked, pettishly. "O, they suppose we want to be alone," I answered, cheerfully.

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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 man stretched on one of the benches fast asleep.

Stepping forward, he saw, as he shook him somewhat roughly by the arm, the triple chevron upon his sleeve; and as the man thus suddenly roused stammered clumsily on to his feet, the Colonel identified him as Sergeant Lynn.

"Promotion!" repeated Lynn, with an imbecile laugh. "What good is promotion to me unless you could give me a commission? And even then I dare say she would not have me."

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listen to a mother's prayer; you will save her from this horrible fate?"

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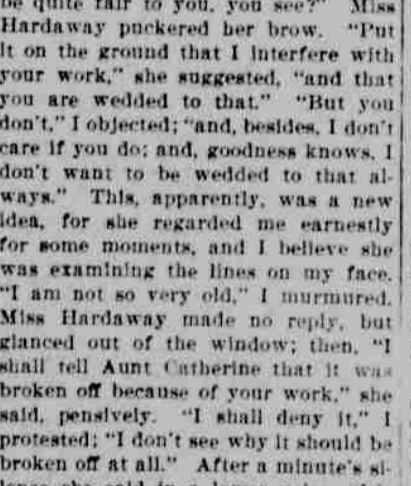


"SHALL I TAKE HIM AWAY AND DROWN HIM?"

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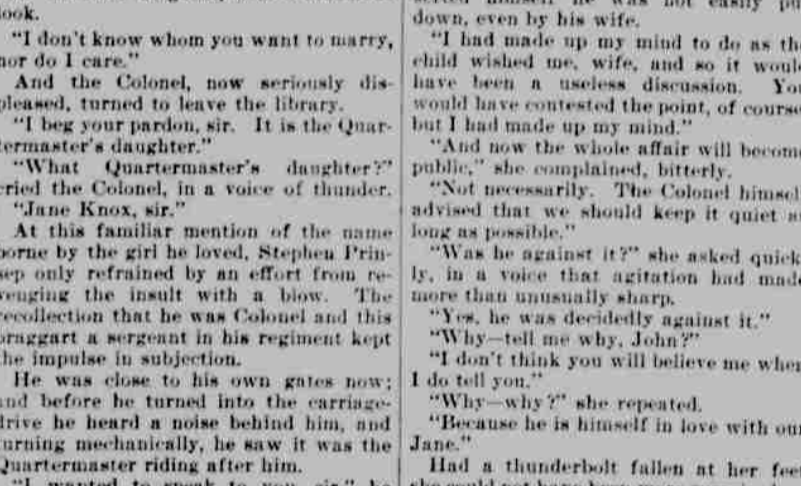


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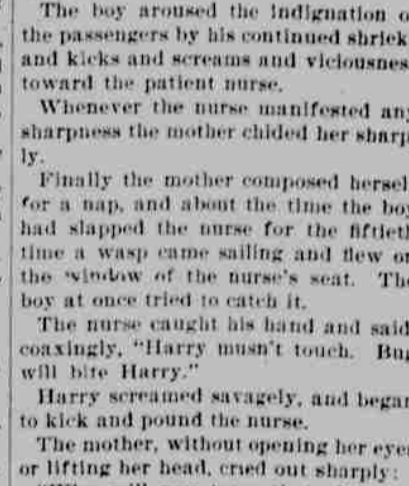


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Ohio the Champion Divorce State. Statistics completed for the annual report of the Secretary of State show that 6,546 suits for divorce were brought during the year in Ohio. Of these petitions 970 were refused and 2,467 divorces were granted, the additional number of cases still being in the courts.—New York Sun.