

'Twas I, too true, O conscious self,  
 Communing with sly Cupid's elf,  
 The art of speech—*lost*—as we strolled  
 Down "Lovers' Lane."

Perverse the way down "Lovers' Lane"  
 "The course of true love" might explain.  
 Power of speech—we do not have—  
 Slavery exists! *I* was her slave  
 That day *we* strolled—It was her reign  
 Down "Lovers' Lane."

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### A ROMANCE ON WHEELS.

It was a dreary, rainy day in June and the guests at the Mountain House had all gathered into the great parlor, immediately after dinner.

Theodore Sherwood had just led his sister to a chair, and was lazily scanning the pages of a morning paper. His sister was gazing listlessly out of the window at the rain-swept landscape. Suddenly he turned to her with an exclamation of disgust.

"If there is any one thing in this world that I perfectly detest, it is the new woman."

"Indeed!" said his sister Angelica. "What has she done to you to cause you to have such an opinion of her?"

"Nothing at all. Only she is becoming so terribly masculine. Why, here I have just read of one who was bold enough to elope on a tandem, and then, as a fitting climax to the whole, was actually married in the latest approved costume. It is really outrageous."

Theo was a young man of very strong mind, and he had some quite stubborn ideas on certain subjects. The one just mentioned was a favorite theme. His sister, Angelica, an equally strong-willed girl, was just as zealous in her efforts to uphold the cause of her woman's emancipation, as he was to overthrow it.

"Really, Theo, I can see no earthly reason why you should be so strongly opposed to the new woman. Why should she not be as free to act and think as a man?"

"Oh," rejoined he, "I would not for a moment wish to hamper her freedom, so long as that freedom, is kept withing proper limits. But when she goes so far as to dabble in politics, and to clothe herself in such a ridiculous, unwomanly manner, then I think it is time to call a halt."