

indescribably ludicrous, and when a moment later the door of the kitchen opened, and good mother Brown stood in the doorway and cried out with evident consternation, "Massy on us, child, what does all this mean? Hev ye hed a war and are the people all killed?" the result was too much for the mind of Theo. She could at first merely reply in a burst of laughter that lasted some minutes and in which her mother soon joined, At last she found breath to say in response to her mother's question; "Not quite a war, mother, though it did come pretty near the killing. But I don't think any one is quite dead yet. O, but we did have a lovely time of it, and as you see, we vanquished the enemy." And here as she again took in the spot where the heroic figure of Napoleon was just getting into an upright position in the centre of the pond of water her merry laughter broke out afresh.

The remainder of this exciting portion of the heroic history of our Napoleon is soon told. The following day the outlaw Zeb, whose mind now appeared to be wholly unbalanced, either by the excitements of the evening or by the terrific blow of the fire shovel dealt him by his lady love, was placed in an insane asylum to astonish the harmless inmates with stories of the hair-breadth escapes of the famous villain, Daring Dick, the outlaw of Woodchuck Hollow.

Even the fortunes of Napoleon do not seem to have suffered materially from the somewhat unheroic results of his first efforts at love making. He continued to look with beseeching eyes at the Brown pew, during service time upon Sundays, and after a season the fair Theo seemed so far to relent as to cast an occasional smile upon the young man whom she had rescued from a terrible fate. It may be that the remembrance of that exciting hour and the thought of what Napoleon had suffered out of regard for her, weighed somewhat in her view of the situation. At any rate, at the following Christmas festival Theo had so far consented to receive the attentions of our Napoleon that she accompanied him to the gathering of the village church, a fact that led Deacon Brown to shake hands with Deacon Smith with much apparent satisfaction.

DOWN "LOVERS' LANE,"

Down "Lovers' Lane" of lyric fame,
 The way which well deserves the name,
 We together rambled one day,
 Love talked, we had little to say
 As we strolled-*roamed*, who was to blame?