



## CHAPTER XXIII.

The Quartermaster had been shocked into the confession which he had forced from his wife's lips. Indignation lent him eloquence, and as in forcible terms he expressed his scorn for her dereliction from straightforward dealing, she literally covered her face with her hands.

The following morning dawned bright, but Jane thought it the dreariest day-break on which her eyes had ever rested. All night long she had been awake, grieving, but toward morning had sunk into an uneasy sleep of short duration.

Her night's rest had restored to Mrs. Knox her usual self-assertion and her tongue. She was scolding the servants vigorously as Jane emerged from her room; but her volubility came to a sudden end as she saw her daughter. The shabby black frock, of which she intuitively felt the full significance, touched her strangely, and a lump rose in her throat. Her face became crimson, and yearning for love and sympathy, held out her hands.

Mrs. Knox caught her in her arms and cried over her, reproaching herself bitterly for the share she had in her misfortune. What might have been a barrier between them, their mutual forgiveness disposition had broken down, and mother and child understood each other better than they had ever done before.

The Quartermaster came in and was pleased to see the reconciliation, though he thought it best to take no notice of it in words, only smoothing his daughter's bright hair tenderly as he passed her.

A week later, when the Sergeant came, and asked to see Jane, he found himself confronted with the Quartermaster in person.

"I wish to see Jane," he stammered out with an awkward salute.

"If it is anything important for her to know, I can take the message."

"Why should I not be allowed to speak for myself? Jane has promised to be my wife, and I have a right to see her when I choose. From the first I never had any play. Mrs. Knox forbade me the house, and then she tampered with my letters."

The Quartermaster had been standing all this time, not had he offered his visitor a seat, waiting the interview to be over. With this object in view, he wished to impress upon the Sergeant once and for all.

"One other thing it would be better you should credit that your claim upon my daughter is at an end. I forbid this engagement."

"You mean to say that you withdraw your consent?" leaning forward with an angry light in his eyes.

The Quartermaster nodded.

The Sergeant sank into a chair and passed his hand across his brow. Although the evil habit he had lately contracted had made him oftentimes dependent, he was naturally of a hopeful disposition, and when he saw the Quartermaster's face, he felt that Jane would become his wife. His love for her was the one strong impulse of his life and like all weak natures, he supposed that could be in his desire he would be a better man.

With a quiet hand-shake the two men parted shortly after, and the Quartermaster immediately repaired to the drawing-room to tell his daughter what he had done.

"Jenny, darling," said her father, gently, "I have been doing something for you without your permission."

"Have you?" she answered, listlessly. "I dare say I shall not be very angry."

"But I want you to be pleased. I don't know that I can promise that," with a smile.

"I have spoken to Jacob Lynn, forbidding your engagement, and he has submitted to my authority. So, Jenny, I shall expect equal obedience from you."

"Then I am free!" she cried, excitedly disregarding his attempt to jest.

After that she grew a little brighter. Perhaps for she was very young and unused to sorrow—hope had unconsciously revived; but if so, it was destined soon to fade again.

One morning her mother came in with something to say, which she evidently feared might give her pain. She fidgeted about the room rearranging several ornaments and books, then finally took up her position behind Jane's chair.

"I don't know, Jenny," she began, nervously, "what passed between you and Colonel Prince that day. I have always felt that you had a right to ask him, child, will you tell your mother whether you expected he would come to you again?"

"I had no reason to expect so," she stammered reply. Then, as the silence grew oppressive and full of nameless fears, Jane added in a constrained voice: "Why do you ask?"

"Because he started yesterday for England, and I thought—"

Jenny never heard the conclusion of her words, for she swooned away.

CHAPTER XXIV.

That summer was a very hot one at Allport. Even Mrs. Knox, who had been through many a summer, felt the heat and languid; and Jane, who had never been so ill since she was a child, grew really ill. Once she was a child, she grew really ill. Once she was a child, she grew really ill.

The summer drew to a close, and the Quartermaster, who had been wandering through leafy glades, or by a mountain stream, had described to her his home in the south, and she had become a luxury to her at last, and she grew impatient when her father suggested that she should stay at home.

"It was fortunate that at this juncture Mrs. Dene, who had with her parents taken a house at Simla, wrote Mrs. Knox to stay with them for the next three months."

The meeting was at first fraught with painful memories to both; Jane thought of all that had happened since their last talk together at Allport; and Mrs. Dene recalled the pleasant plans that she and her husband had made for them all, and she was so much affected, that she was unable to speak.

## A WATERLOO GUIDE.

His Thrilling Recital of the Great Battle to the Tourists.

The cool breeze comes pleasantly and a little impudently up here at the top of the Belgic mound; men face it bareheaded, and ladies control their disheveled skirts. The guide fans his brown face with his cape-bowling hat, and naps his neck with his red handkerchief. The guide is not one of the uniformed men who wait down at the hotel; he prefers to give a free lecture in regard to the affair of '15 and to rust to look.

"En attendant," says the guide, "I give you my cards. No charge." The English leaves something to be desired. "His father was employed immediately after the battle to assist the wounded. Was thirty-two years his age at the time."

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He had thought she might blush—she had blushed so easily when he knew her last—perhaps even look confused, rendering it the more imperative for him to retain his self-possession. But as far as he could see in the dimly lighted room, she did neither.

She was standing by the window in an attitude of easy grace he thought he had never seen her adopt before. He could interpret now Val Grene's clumsy attempt at explanation of the change at six months had worked in her. The change was the great one from girl to woman.

Beside her was Blount of the Rifles, talking over with his most dandified air. "The A. D. C. swag," Valentine Grene contemptuously named it in his own mind.

Mrs. Knox was also in the room, talking to Barry Larron, and she rose instantly, murmuring some unintelligible words of greeting. She knew he had returned, and that he might show his displeasure by avoidance of them, or that he might, in spite of what occurred, still love and wish to win her daughter, but for this friendly visit she was not prepared.

"It is the Colonel, Jane," she said, after a short, uncomfortable pause. Jane moved forward with outstretched hand. "We heard you had come," she observed, smiling, "but, and not expected to see him so soon."

He looked down at her gravely, reproachfully almost. Had she indeed become so heartless that she could utterly ignore what had been between them, and meet and speak to him thus without embarrassment? On the third finger of her left hand was a massive finger ring she wore with pride before it was the ring of a man in Sergeant Lynn's rank of life might give as a token of betrothal. Could it be that she was bound to him still?

"It was natural," he answered, coldly, at last, "that my first visits should be paid to those in the regiment."

"Then we are not to suppose that it was a wish to see me personally, that brought you?" she asked impudently, her mouth open.

"However badly I expressed myself, I mean with a personal pleasure, as she moved about the color coming and going fitfully in her face, her hazel eyes glow with soft delight.

"I foretell that you will be the belle of the ball," said the daughter. Hitherto, to Diana Knollys had seemed supreme; but her day is over now.

"That Jane enjoyed herself was a matter of course. She looked the very incarnation of beauty, and she was so moved about the color coming and going fitfully in her face, her hazel eyes glow with soft delight.

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## SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

From incidents occurring the world goes saying that are chosen to the Old or Young-Funny Selections That Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

A Substitute. "I tell you," said the pert young assistant, "the editor isn't in and I'm not going to tell you again. If you have anything for him you can leave it with me."

"Very well," said the caller, taking off his coat. "I came in to give him a good, sound thrashing, but I'll give it to you instead."—Harper's Bazar.

Good News at Home. Spanish Citizen—Ah, back, I feel Spanish. Military Officer—Yes, just run back to look up a few thousand reinforcements.

"So! How are things in Cuba?" "Oh, we've got the rebels. They can't escape from the island!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Charming Result. A—You had luck with your play, dear boy; now you will be able to pay your debts.

B—Oh, it's not necessary now. My creditors keep all my notes for the sale of my autograph.—Fillegende Blaetter.

Jealousy.

A New York newspaper, in telling the story of a man who after an absence of years returned to Jersey City to find his wife married to another man, says that the incident duplicates "Enoch Arden's" experience so graphically described by Henry W. Longfellow.

Russians still refuse to accept the Gregorian calendar, and the satisfaction of being a dozen days ahead of the whole world, and is constantly increasing the lead. If the empire and its conservatism endure long enough, Russia's Christmas and our Fourth of July will occur on the same day.

The latest oddity in queerly colored game brought out of the Maine woods is a deer with a polka-dot hide. The brown color of the hair is almost snow white, and the whole body is dotted with spots or blotches of red hair. The appearance of the animal is said to have been notably pretty as well as odd.

The United States leads all nations in its educational facilities, a fact which is proved by the manner in which the people avail themselves of these privileges. The report of the federal commissioner of education shows that in 1894 the enrollment of pupils in public schools was 1,402,498, and in private schools 1,517,770.

Charitable. Maud—Primrose, the poet, is an odd chap; don't you think he is insane? Amy—Goodness, no; he isn't a great enough poet for that.—New York World.

Poor Papa. "Papa, when the most distant danger," asked Willie. "In somebody else's hand when they are trump," growled papa, who'd been having hard luck at whist.—Harper's Bazar.

A Man of Fashion. Henry—I'd like to get your cut three or four inches off this coat fur me, Sarah. Short coats are going to be fashionable this winter.

Sarah—I'll do it when I'm not busy, Henry.

Henry—And say, Sarah, yer better save the cloth yer cut off, because next year long coats may be the fashion again, and I'll want to wear it, so's I'll be able to keep in the style.—Roxbury Gazette.

Too Bad. Toto (in tears)—Boo-oo-oo! Papa—What's the matter with that boy now?

Toto—My pal I've swallowed one of the cartridges of your revolver!

Papa—You little wretch! And I can't even give you a thrashing for fear of exploding the cartridge.—London Globe.

The Value of a Profession.

A traveler in Japan says that the Japanese tramp takes his bath daily if he has a fraction of a cent to pay for it, or his cold bath if he hasn't a cent.

He carries a comb, toothbrush, a little bundle, and a soapstone. The Japanese tramp might well be introduced as missionaries in the American brotherhood, whose members do not seem to appreciate what cleanliness is "next to."

The proposition to merge the homestead of the poet Whittier, at Amesbury, Mass., into a memorial open to the public, and to be dedicated to the memory of the poet, is being received with general favor in Eastern literary circles. It is desired to have the homestead remain intact just as Mr. Whittier left it. The poet went to Amesbury in 1830, and there he wrote all his greatest poems.

Of the 4,614 sealions brought into Port Townsend, Wash., during the season just closed, 3,850 were of female seals, an indication of the rate at which the seal herds are being destroyed. It is said by those who have been with the sealing fleets that more than half of the females killed were either nursing pups or were gravid. The skins brought into Port Townsend only represent about one-eighth of the total catch of sealing fleets.

Near Mead's, a lumber station, twelve miles from Ashland, Ky., Robert Jenkins accidentally shot and fatally wounded Charley Gudegill, while hunting wild turkeys. The men had separated after locating the feeding ground of a flock of the fowls, and each for a time began sounding decoy calls. An arrow which each took for the cries of the flock reached both, and, working toward the supposed flock, each kept a closely beneath the underbrush as he glided. Finally Jenkins saw something he supposed was a turkey and fired. Gudegill, with a cry, fell to the ground struck with six buckshot, two of which penetrated his lungs, the others lodging in his breast and shoulders.

The fact is recalled that the teacher and all those who sit under her instruction in a little schoolhouse in the town of Minot, Mass., fifty-three years ago are alive and well to-day.

A new English swindle is to advertise for ladies to "dress high-priced dolls," and then, on the promise of good pay to extract a deposit as a guarantee that the high-priced dolls will be returned. It has been worked through the mails with great success.

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

The Eminent Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Return of the Prodigal Son."

Text: "Put a ring on his hand."—Luke xv.

I will not rehearse the familiar story of the lost young man of the parable. You know what a splendid home he left. You know what a hard time he had. And you remember how, after that season of vagabondage and profligacy, he resolved to go and seek out his sorrow on the boom of parental forgiveness. Well, there is great comfort in that story. It is a story of redemption. It is a story of redemption. It is a story of redemption.

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