



"T is a matter of economy to be happy, to view life and all its conditions from the brightest angle: it enables one to seize life at its very best. It expands the soul,"



Peter of the Lane

By L. M. Montgomery

UDGE RAYMOND was taking his morning constitutional in the lane. It was a fine old lane, running just back of Elmcroft, under big chestnuts, and debouching into a sunny by-street below, whereon lived people whom to know was to be unknown. whom to know was to be unknown. None of them ever ventured into the lane for it was part of the Elmcord testate, and everybody in Maraden knew that the judge did not like trespassers. He had never met anyone there in his morning walks, and he had come to look upon the lane as the one place where he was perfectly safe from all interruption; consquently he carried ther girefs and anxieties and walked them off or wrestled them down, going back to the world the same suave, courly man

wrested them down, going back to the world the same suave, courtly man of iron it thought it knew so well. This particular morning the judge especially desired to be alone; for it especially desired to be alone; for it was the 10th of June, and he had a bitter reason for hating the date. Therefore he was surprised and dis-pleased on coming out from the chest-nut shade into the sunny space at the end of the lane to find somebody sit-ting on the big gray boulder by the

fence.

This somebody was a small boy, most immaculately arrayed in white trousers and stiffly starched white blouse. He had his hands in his pock-ta, and although his face was very sober and care visible on his brow, he evidently did not realize in the least what an offense he was committing in sitting thus unconcernedly on Judge Raymond's boulder. His hat was pushin sitting thus unconcernedly on Judge Raymond's boulder. His hat was push-ed back on his head and the face be-neath it, rimmed about with yellow curls, was very pink and white and wholesome—a woman would have called it "kissable," but, of course, called it "kissable," but, of course, such a thought never entered into Judge Raymond's head. The latter top of his cane and looked frowning into the lad's blue eyes. "Who are you?" he said stiffly. "The scowling, bushy eyebrows, before which gaver other small boy in

The scowling, bushv eyebrows, be-fore which every other small boy in Marsden would have fled aghast dis-turbed the serentiv of this self-pos-sessed interloper not at all. He got u-briskly, with a sigh of relief, and said clearly

said clearly
"I am Peter, and I am very glad
to see you because I want to ask a
faror of you. Will you please come
and help me get me kitten out of the
well? She fell in two hours ago, and
Aunt Mary Ellen is away waiting on
a sick lady."

"Bless my soul, child." grumbled the judge, "if your cat fell into the water two hours ago it must be drown-ed by this time."

Gongomery

"Oh, no, she's not in the water," explained Peter cheerfully, "She fell into the water, I expect, but she climbed out of it into a hole between climbed out of it into a hole between the stones; I can see her eyes and hear her style will you please tell me if you will help me to get her out? Because you can't I must look for someone else. Aunt Mary Ellen told me I must have the style will help me to get her out? Because in the sacciate with anybody round here, but I thought it wouldn't be any me to ask you—you look so respectable."

so respectable."

Judge Raymond, even when much
younger and nimbler than he was
then, had not been in the habit of
rescuing cata from wells, but now he
asked briefly where the well was.
"Come" said Peter with equal brevity,
"standing a plumn little naw. The extending a plump little paw. The sextending a plump little paw. The Judge took it and was led to a small gap in the fence palings. Peter measured the gap and the judge ruthless-

it with his eye.

"You can't go through it. You'll have to climb over."

The judge meekly climbed over. He found himself in the trim little yard of a small brown house all grown with vines. In the middle of the yard was the well with an old-fashioned open hood, windlass and chain. To it Peter dragged the judge and peered

over.

"She's all right yet," he announced. "There is a ladder on the kitchen roof. Will you get it, please? and I'll hold it steady while you go down the well and bring her up."

With an effort the judge shook off the mesmeric influence which had already make him take three steps toward the ladder.

"My dear Peter." he said femile.

ward the ladder.
"My dear Peter," he said firmly,
"I can't with my years and—ahem—
weight go down a well on a ladder
after a kitten. Instead, I'll go home
and send my man Jenkins over. He
will do it."

Peter thrust his hands into his pocket, threw back his head and looked scrutinizingly at the judge.
"Is your man Jenkins respectable?"
he demanded.

he demanded.
"Very much so," assured the judge.
"Well, I'll take your word for it,"
said Peter confidently. It's not that
I'm so particular myself, but Aunt
Mary Ellen is. You may send Jenk-

Accordingly Jenkins was se Accordingly Jenkins was sent, so diszy with amasement over such an unheard of order from the judge that he was barely canable of obeving Peter's concise and pointed directions. Eventually the kitten was rescued, as the judge, who was posed unseen behind the chestnut trees, saw. Upon Jenkins' return he condescended to question him. "Do you know who those people are, Jenkins I thought old Mr. Morrison lived there alone."

are, senkins I thought old Mr. Morrison lived there alone."

"He used to, sir, but he died very suddenly a month ago, and I understand, sir, that his porperty went to a suddenly and a fine, many little follow he is." The little chap is her nephew, and a fine, many little follow he is." "Was the—ahem—the kitten uninjured, Jenkins?"

"It hadn't lost more than one of its nine lives, sir. Very wet and muddy, sir. Peter made me carry it into the kitchen and lay it on the rug, because he said his aunt had told him on no account to dirty his clean clothes, and he always obeyed her when he could because there were often times and he always obeyed her when he could because there were often times and he always obeyed her when he could because there were often times.

The next morning Peter was sitting on the boulder again. The judge halted before him and smiled.

ed before him and smiled.

"I hope the kitten haan't fallen
into the well again, Peter."

"Oh, no; such a thing, fan't likely
to hapen every morning," said Peter,
"and Aunt Mary Ellen is scorned,
have a pump put in. She says I'll
be falling into the well myself the
next thing if she don't. Aunt Mary
Ellen is bringing me un, you know. Ellen is bringing me up, you know, because my parents are dead, and she because my parents are dead, and she takes a great deal of trouble with me. But I came out this merining for two reasons. One was the wanted to thank you for helping yesterday. I'm very men obliged to anything if you ever want me to do anything for you you've only to mention it."

"Thank you; I will," said the judge. "What was your other reason?"

What was your other reason? Peter sighed.

Peter sighed.

"I was lonesome." he said frankly.

"I was lonesome." he said frankly.

"I've nobody to talk to, and I thought
make you'd let me talk with you
for a spell, certainly, only I've
"Certainly, creating, only a conversing."

grown so unaccustomed to conversing



"You can't go through it. You'll have to climb over."

with boys that I'm afraid you'll have

"Where did you live before you came here?" asked the judge.

The judge frowned. He had his own reasons for disliking the name of Westville; but Peter, striding blithely along with his hands in his pockets, did not see the frown, and perhaps woud not have cared in the least if he had.

he had.

"Westville's a dandy place. I had
so many friends there—one very dear
friend in particular. It's a terrible
thing to part with your friends, in:
it'? It hurts your feelings so much,
doesn't it's.

"Yes, it hurts them so much that "Yes, it hurts them so much that they sometimes never get over it," said the judge gruffly, Perhaps he was gruff because he was so unaccus-tomed to talking about here said he hadn't any to talk about.

"Will wan places tall me what your

hadn't any to talk about.

"Will you please tell me what your name is?" said Peter. "It's not that I care myself what it is, because I'd.

I care myself what it is, because I'd. I care myself what it is, because I'd like you if you hadn't any name at all. But Aunt Mary Ellen does. She is very particular who I associate with, as I told you. I couldn't tell her your name yesterday, and she didn't much like the sound of Jenkins!

"People call me Judge Raymond."
Peter looked up with a radiant

"Oh, I'm so glad. Raymond is a fav'rite name of mine. You sec'—confidentially—"it's the name of my promised wife."

The judge gasped.

"Your-your-well, I undestand that the rising generation is very precocious, but aren't, you rather young to be engaged p, "Far too young." I undestand

young to be engagear
"Far too young," agreed Peter
promptly. "I'm only seven. But you
see I couldn't leave her in Westville
without making sure of her, 'specially
when Roger Mitchell was to go on
living there after I left. So I asked
her to marry me, and she said she
would and she promised! she'd never
play with Roger any more. She'll
seep her word, too, for she is that
seep her word, to "Far too young," agreed Peter comptly. "I'm only seven. But you

"Averil Raymond."

The judge gave an inarticulate exclamation and stopped short. His face grew purple and his eyebrows drew down in such a black scowl that his deep set black eyes could hardly be seen. Peter loked up in astonishman.

"What is the matter?"

"What is the matter?"
"Nothing-nothing," said the judge
with an effort and walked on.
"I wouldn't look like that over
nothing," said Peter indignarily,
"You gave me a fright I thought
you were sick. I expect I look like
that then I take stamach cramps. nothing," said Peter indignantly,
"You gave me a fright I thought
you were sick. I expect I look like
that when I take formach examps.
Well, I was telling you about Averil.
I'm so glad I've found bout Averil.
I'm so glad I've found bout Averil.
I'm so glad I've found bout Averil.
I'm so glad I've found a look of the look of the

Averil was four, so she remembers him. She is six now. They were Averil was been six now. They were him. She is six now. They were dreadfully poor—poorer even than Aunt Mary and me, and goodness knows we were poor enough then. But Aunt Mary Ellen said they came of good stock, so she let me assort But Annt Mary Ellen said they came of good stock, so ahe let me associate with them and the state of good stock, so also let me associate with the mind the state of the state of the state of the state of good many the state of good state of the state of good state of good

"I suppose it is pleasanter," conceded the judge.
"Averil is the prettiest girl in Westville. She has long brown curls and
big brown eyes and a muscle like a
Sullivan. She knocked gor Mitchell
clean over once because he tried to