

HER PECULIARITY

"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. Briggs?"

"Oh, n-no; everybody has his little peculiarity. Stammering is m-m-mine. What is yours?"

"Well, really, I am not aware that I have any."

"D-do you stir y-your tea with your right hand?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"W-well, that is y-your peculiarity; most p-people u-use a t-teaspoon."

NOT AS EXPECTED

Young Mr. Charles was plainly embarrassed, and Miss Smith knew what was coming—or thought she did.

"Er—Miss Smith," he said feverishly, "could I—er—see your father, for a moment or two?"

"Certainly, Mr. Charles!" And, excusing herself, she swept from the parlor.

Presently the old man came in, and, after a short conversation with Mr. Charles, he stepped to the door and summoned his daughter.

"It is getting late," said Mr. Charles, whose face was radiant, "and as I have a long ride before me, I think I will say good night. Shall I find you at home on Wednesday evening, Miss Smith?"

Miss Smith assured him that he would, and Mr. Charles was soon en route for Clapham.

"Oh, papa," she began, "did he——"

"You must not ask questions," said the old man. "Mr. Charles wished to see me about a matter which, for the present, must remain a secret."

"I know, papa," pleaded the girl; "but you might give me just a little hint of what it was—just a word, papa?"

"Oh, well," he replied indulgently, since you must know, Mr. Charles wanted to borrow a nickle to get home with!"