

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Ah, ah! very good. That is so like you, Miss Diana. Well, suppose Sunny reads Greville's letter to you. The lad is in high spirits; he is captain now, and he is full of his matches and the splendid team they have got. He declares Queen's will beat half the other colleges."

"Commemoration will be here directly," observed Miss Carrington.

"Yes, but he is not coming home for another five weeks, at least to stay; his tutor has written me this morning, and I have given my consent to Greville's joining his reading party to Keswick; the lad is a good lad, but he is young and a bit idle; at least, his love of fun carries him away, and I am afraid he has not worked quite hard enough."

"Mr. Greville is not fond of putting aside his own duckweed," put in Alison, mischievously, for there was nothing she loved better than to tease the old man about his grandson, who was literally the apple of his eye.

He roused up directly at her irony. "Come now, that is too bad to say that of the lad when he fights all your battles for you, and never lets any one say a word against you."

"She does not mean it, Mr. Moore," interposed Miss Carrington, quickly.

"Now, Aunt D., please don't interfere. I do mean that Mr. Greville Moore will never kill himself with overwork, unless he dies from too much cricket or lawn tennis."

"You naughty child," but there was no mistaking the fun in his voice now. "I shall report all your hard speeches to Greville when I see him; do you think a fine young man is to slave and toil all his best years away? A little harmless fun will not hurt him; he is strengthening his mind and his muscles at the same time."

Alison and her aunt exchanged amused glances at this. They both thought highly of the young man, who was indeed a sweet tempered, honest fellow, with plenty of good in him, though hardly up to Miss Carrington's idea of "thorough"; indeed, he was a favorite with most people; but it was droll and at the same time almost touching to see Mr. Moore's implicit faith in his grandson, who was really the old man's Benoni and Benjamin—"the son of his sorrow"—as well as the "son of his right hand."

CHAPTER III.

People said Miss Carrington's Wednesdays were always fine, that she had better fortune in that respect than other folk, and certainly the weather favored her on this occasion, for it was the very perfection of a June afternoon, with plenty of sunshine and freshness to mitigate the heat.

These Wednesdays were very popular in the neighborhood. Miss Carrington was a charming hostess; she had just the right knack of entertaining people; she welcomed them heartily, put them at their ease with themselves and other people, then left them to be as free as her own butterflies. The little wicket gate between Moss-side and Fernleigh was always set open on these occasions; Miss Carrington's lawn was devoted to lawn tennis; when they had finished their game the young people were welcome to stroll through Mr. Moore's garden, and make themselves at home in the cozy nooks and shady seats with which it abounded.

As a general rule, Mr. Moore seldom mingled with the guests; his habits were those of the recluse. A few of his old friends who were sure of their welcome, and one or two of his younger favorites, would sometimes cross the threshold and keep him company in the cool shaded room.

To these he would speak of his boy, recounting endless anecdotes of his prowess and courage, and often making mention of his pupil Alison, or as he called her, Sunny, for the young girl had been a veritable sunbeam to her old tutor, making his darkened hours pass more quickly by her ready sympathy and aptitude for learning.

On this afternoon he was not alone. A young man in a light gray summer suit, with a sunburnt, handsome face, was standing by the window looking at the knots of people already gathered on Miss Carrington's lawn, with a humorous, half-veiled expression in his wide-open blue eyes.

"What a lot of people!" he grumbled. "I believe all Riverston is there; there are three boats full, and two sets of lawn tennis forming, and I do not know how many more; there goes Miss Merle—Miss Alison, I mean. What a bore, grandfather, that I forgot all about Miss Carrington's Wednesday, and I shall have to go up to London to-morrow."

"Why, the more the merrier! Is not that the opinion of young folk like you?" returned Mr. Moore, smiling. "Now, if I said that I wanted you all to myself for this one day you have spared me that would only be an old man's selfishness, and I should be ashamed of myself for giving it utterance. But you are not generally so unsocial, Greville."

"There is a regular crowd," returned the young fellow, still more pettishly. "I shall not be able to speak to Miss Carrington, or to Miss Alison either; and you forgot, grandfather, that I shall be off to Keswick the day after to-morrow for six weeks at least."

"I am not likely to forget that, my boy. Well, it is a pity if you are not pleased, for they are going to keep it up unusually late; there is to be music on the lawn. Sunny has been telling me all about it. The moonlight is so clear that Miss Diana has given in to the notion, and young Hepworth has brought his cornet. If I were you, lad, I would just make the best of it, and join in merrily with the rest."

"And leave you sitting here alone, grandfather? And I thought we should have just one of our old evenings on the river, and I should row you and Miss Carrington, and her niece to the Long Island."

"Nay, lad, I am not likely to be long

alone; the vicar will be in by and by for a chat, and most likely Mrs. Hendrick and one or two others. Miss Diana will drop in, just to tell me how things progress, and Sunny, too; she never neglects me. Come, come, it is not like you to sulky, boy; I want to hear you laugh with the others; it will make me feel young myself. And, Greville," with a sudden tenderness in his voice, "we have shaken hands, but until I feel you I shall not believe my boy is really with me."

The young man's cloudy face cleared in a moment, he left his place at once, and dropped down on one knee beside his grandfather's chair, and a sort of laughing light came in his eyes.

"You foolish old granddad," he said; "you have not grown a bit wiser." And then he knelt patiently while the thin, wrinkled hand passed softly over the merry face, and felt the broad, stalwart shoulders, and then rested lingeringly on his head.

"Heaven bless you, lad, you are strong and broad-shouldered like Gerard; you are every inch as fine a man as your father. Grow like him, my boy. Though he was my own son, I will always say there are not many like him; there, I must not keep you from the young folks to listen to an old man's maunderings. Tell Sunny that she is to be good to you, as you have not many hours at home. Oh, there's Mrs. Hendrick's step on the gravel; she has stolen a march on the vicar. Now you can leave me with an easy conscience."

It was evident Greville needed no further bidding. He rose to his feet at once and strolled out into the veranda, casting comprehensive glances over both gardens; then, satisfying himself that a certain broad-brimmed hat belonged to the person for whom he was in search, he went leisurely through the little gate and tracked it by sundry winding paths to the river bank.

A little group of girls was gathered round a boat. They were evidently playing at hide-and-seek with their would-be escort, to the mischievous glee of a young Etonian of tender age, as befitting jackets and turn-down collars.

"Come along, girls," he shouted. "Lettie and Dora, why don't you jump in! And, Miss Alison, you promised to steer. Quick, quick!"

"Not so fast, Jack; where's the hurry?" called out a fresh voice; and at the merry tones Alison turned round with a sudden start.

"Oh, Mr. Greville!" and her bright face looked brighter still at the unexpected sight of her old friend. "What does this mean? Mr. Moore never hinted at your coming. I do not believe Aunt Diana knows, either."

"I thought I would just run down and have a look at you all before I started for Keswick," returned the young man with assumed carelessness. "I forgot all about Miss Carrington's Wednesday Populars; never mind, I have just arrived in time for the fun. How do you do, Miss Dora? Miss Lettie, I should hardly have known you; you have so grown. Well, what's the matter, Jack?" for the boy was grumbling audibly.

"Only Fortescue and that other fellow will be down upon us directly, and the girls made me promise to get under way before they came to spoil everything. Lettie and Dora want to pick forget-me-nots on the Long Island—there are quantities on the east side, where we had our picnic last year."

"All right, I'm your man. Miss Alison, if you will be good enough to steer, Jack and I will soon row you across." And suiting his actions to his words, Greville assisted the girls into the boat; and promptly taking an oar, they were soon gliding down the river.

Now and then they passed other boats with which they exchanged greetings, and once, as they came to a reedy island, a swan came out with ruffled plumage and angry stretched neck, and would have pursued them, only Jack threatened her with his oar.

"I suppose there are some young ones in there," observed Greville, thoughtfully; and then he let them drift a moment as he contemplated the scene. The broad gleaming river flowing so smoothly between its banks; the meadow land dotted with groups of cattle worthy of the brush of Vicat Cole; the girls' happy faces—faces that had been familiar to him from boyhood, for Dora and Lettie Morville had been old playfellows of his; their simple summer dresses—all made up the adjuncts of a pleasant picture that he might carry away and remember.

In a few minutes they had landed, and Jack, who was the hero of the hour, for it was he who had planned this little excursion, was leading them proudly to the little sheltered island, where the ground was blue with the tiny flowers; and in another moment they were all busily at work. In the intervals of his labor, Greville found time for a sentence or two with Alison; and by and by he induced her to rest for a moment on a mossy log, that had lain there for years.

"I suppose we must be going back now," observed Alison, regretfully, as she watched the others' busy movements. "Aunt Diana will want me to assist her with the tea. She knew we were coming, for Jack was put in charge of us; but she told us not to be long. Dora and I have been wanting to come here for days."

"It is a bore going back to the other people," returned Greville, lazily; "there is a host of things I wanted to consult you about. I have an idea! I will get Miss Dora to take my oar, and I know Miss Lettie loves steering, and then we can manage to get a little conversation." And as things were arranged after this fashion, Greville was soon engaged in an animated account of his last term's doings.

Their return was hailed with delight by the young people, who were gathered on the lawn. While Dora put their treasured forget-me-nots in the water, Lettie and Alison hurried into the studio, where they knew Miss Carrington would be busy over the tea table; and Greville, after exchanging greetings with his friends, followed them more leisurely.

"Well, girls," observed Miss Carrington, brightly, "you see you have your work before you; all these good folk to serve with tea and strawberries. By the bye, Alice, a little bird tells me that Greville has put in an appearance. Why, bless the lad, there he is," as Greville's amused face suddenly confronted her, and her hands were grasped, and then detained.

"Miss Carrington, I mean to have a good look at you. I have not seen any

one so worth looking at since I left home."

"Go away, you foolish boy," was Miss Carrington's response to this. "I am too busy to listen to your flattery," but her gray eyes softened as they rested on the young man's handsome face. She had known him from boyhood. It was she who had closed his dead mother's eyes, in whose loving arms the little fellow had often nestled in those first sad days when the stricken household were too much engaged to care for the lonely child; when he would follow his dear Clara, as he called her, all over the house, with uncertain, toddling footsteps, to mend some broken toy, or help him out of some tiny difficulty; and he was dear to her now, dearer even than Alison.

"I am going to stop and help you," returned Greville, with gay defiance of her mandate. "Is that cup of tea for Mrs. Morville? She is sitting so cozily in the honeysuckle arbor with old Miss Effingham, that it seems a pity to disturb them."

"Old Miss Effingham, indeed!" ejaculated Miss Carrington, "you disrespectful boy, when you know she is my contemporary."

"Miss Carrington, you will never be old in my eyes," was the gallant reply. "I think you grow younger every time I see you."

"Humph, I hope not. I should be sorry to live forever in this sort of world, unless you young people improve it very much. Now, Greville, you know our rules for these Wednesdays. This is Liberty Hall; if the ladies like their meal à la carte, there are plenty of gentlemen servants to gratify their whims. Now, take this tray of tea and strawberries to the honeysuckle arbor, and I will get ready another for your grandfather and Mrs. Hendrick. Jack, what have you done with your sister Dora? We want all hands just now."

After tea the tennis nets were taken down and the notes of a cornet began to make itself heard; then singing began in earnest, and Miss Carrington and her elder guests joined in the part songs. Greville and Alison had been singing together, and when Alison was tired they strolled down one of the paths in his grandfather's garden. Just now it was deserted, and they had it to themselves; this was the opportunity Alison wanted, for she began at once:

"Mr. Greville, I do hope you mean to work when you are at Keswick; Aunt Diana said the other day that she knew how disappointed Mr. Moore would be if you failed to take your degree. And I am afraid—hesitating, as though she feared to give him pain—"I am afraid, from what you told us in the boat, that you have not done much this term."

Greville bit his lip, and a cloud came over his face.

"What makes you think so?" he asked, rather shortly.

"Your own words," she returned, so softly that his man's pride could not take alarm. "Please do not be offended with me; we have always spoken the truth to each other; but all this cricket, tennis, boating and riding about must have hindered work. Aunt Diana says—may I go on?"—a little timidly.

"Yes, yes," rather impatiently.

"Aunt Diana says—and you know how wise she is—that though your grandfather has set his heart on your taking a good degree, he will never tell you so, or let you know if you disappoint him. It is just because he is so kind and generous, and gives you full liberty that, she says, you owe him a grand return—that your work and all you do must be for his sake."

"I see, I see," returned the young man hastily. He had flushed a little over her words, as though they had gone home to his conscience. "Yes, grandfather is far too good to me. I do not half deserve to belong to the dear old man. I'll make a clean breast of it, Miss Alison. I have not worked as I ought, and that is the truth and the whole truth."

"Oh, Mr. Greville, what a pity!" fell still more softly from Alison's lips.

"Yes," he returned a little gloomily, "it is a pity; but I will promise you one thing—I'll make up for it in earnestness—I will work this summer. I will turn over a new leaf and try and make up for lost time. When I come back in August you shall not have to find fault with me."

Ah, he did not know that when August came he should no longer find Alison there.

(To be continued.)

STUDIES SPEED OF ANIMALS.

European Engineer Gives Surprising Results of Long Observation.

For fifteen years Joseph Oishauser, a European engineer, has been studying the speeds of many kind of animals. Man reaches remarkable velocities, but only by artificial aids, a good pedestrian's rate being a sixteenth of a mile in twelve seconds, while a German soldier marches three miles an hour and five miles quickest. The greatest speed of an athlete thus far noted is the initial velocity of 393 inches a second of a broad jumper.

The average swimmer's rate is thirty-nine inches a second, the oarsman in an eight-oared barge is 197 inches and the skater's is nine to ten yards, while the runner on skis has made twenty-four yards a second and the jumper on skis has reached almost forty yards. The record on a bicycle is sixty-six yards a second. The horse makes long gallops at six miles an hour, the fastest dog—the Russian wolf hound—shows seventy-five feet a second and the gazelle attains eighty feet a second.

Aided by winds the ostrich is the fastest runner, sometimes making ninety-eight feet a second. In measured flights the Virginia rainpiper has a record of 7,500 yards a minute and the European swallow has exceeded 8,000 yards. The slowest creatures are snails and certain small beetles, a healthy snail's highest speed being five and one-half inches an hour.

For fractions of a second certain small creatures have almost incredible speeds, a mouse of the African description jumping ten feet at the rate of 800 feet a second, while the common flea jumps with an initial velocity of 850 feet, or ten miles a minute.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Attend the Institutes.

The farmers' institute season is at hand. Now, Mr. Farmer, these meetings are for you. They are held for the purpose of bringing you and your neighbors together to discuss the fundamental principles and facts concerning your great business. State speakers will be on hand to instruct and lead the discussions, but you must be there to get any benefit from the meetings. It is your duty to yourself and your neighbors to attend and take part in the farmers' institute when it is held in your county or township. Do not go in a critical mood, but go with a desire to learn more about farming and if you have some problem that is worrying you, tell about it and may be someone can help you out. Perhaps your experiences will be of direct value to some other man who is having a hard time.

The farmers' institutes were established for the same purpose as our agricultural colleges and experiment stations; for the purpose of furthering the cause of agricultural education; of helping the man on the farm better understand his business and thereby make a greater success. The State speakers are all thoroughly practical men and women who have had experience in what they talk about and are willing to give help and information whenever they can. But the success of any farmers' institute meeting will depend upon the farmers themselves whether they will attend and take part in the programs. Enthusiasm is generally marked by numbers and when an enthusiastic body of men get together, there is sure to be some good come of it—"Farmer's Guide."

The So-Called "Alaska" Wheat.

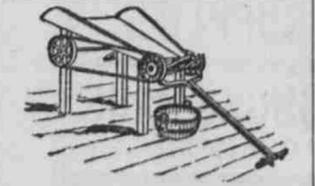
The Bureau of Plant Industry has prepared the following statement in anticipation of inquiries concerning "Alaska" wheat:

A variety of wheat under the name of "Alaska" is being widely advertised as capable of yielding at the rate of 200 bushels to the acre under ordinary soil conditions and even better "under extra conditions." It is stated that this variety was found growing wild in Alaska, and claims of the most extravagant nature are made for it. In consequence of this notoriety the department is receiving many requests for seed.

This type of wheat has been known for many years both in this country and in Europe. It has been tried at several state experiment stations in the western part of the United States during the past fifteen years, but nowhere have the yields been high enough to merit attention. The wheat has been grown to a very limited extent on certain heavy undrained soils in France for many years. In such locations it is said to yield rather better than ordinary wheat, but as it is one of the poorest wheats known for making flour, it is never grown where ordinary varieties of wheat will thrive.

Homemade Feed Cutter.

An old lawn mower can be arranged to make a fairly satisfactory straw or feed cutter. One must rig up a hopper,



WORKING THE LAWN MOWER.

as shown in the sketch, and attach the mower to the lower end of it so that the straw or grain will just strike the knives where the grass usually comes into the mower. A crank and a belt arrangement makes it easy for one man to feed and turn the cutter. This is a good use for a lawn mower in the winter time when it is not working outdoors.—Farm and Home.

Keeping Milk Sweet.

In some of the milk studies made at the New York Agricultural Experiment Station (Geneva), it was observed that carbonic acid gas in the milk tended to prevent its souring. This seemed worthy of further investigation and a series of tests was conducted in which the gas was combined with the milk under varying pressures, using the ordinary soda water charges and sealing the bottles to retain the gas and exclude the air. With the higher pressures of gas, souring of the milk was delayed indefinitely; as bottles charged under pressure of 175 pounds to the inch remained sweet for five months. The milk thus treated makes an agreeable drink, and it is believed that the process will be valuable for preserving milk for use on sea-going vessels, in hospitals, and elsewhere. Full details of the tests are given in Bulletin No. 292 of the station, which may be obtained on application.

Prairie Hay and Corn.

As the result of some experiments in fattening cattle, it was shown that when prairie hay was fed with corn alone it gave small, unsatisfactory gains and very little profit.

Loco Weed.

It has been found by Government experts that the poisonous action of the loco weed is due to barium. Investigations have been in progress for the past few years to determine the cause of this condition of range stock, which has come to be known as "locoed." The reason the weed is so poisonous in some sections and not in others is that on some soils it contains no barium. The Bureau of Plant Industry, in a recent bulletin, says that it is possible to kill out the weeds if the pastures are fenced, as the weeds grow in patches. There is no feasible way of ridding ranges of the weeds, however.

It was found that locoed cattle can in most cases be cured by a course of treatment with strychnine, while locoed horses can generally be cured by a course of treatment with Fowler's solution. The animals under treatment must not be allowed to eat the loco weed and should be given only nutritious food, but as far as possible food with laxative properties. To this end magnesium sulphate was administered to correct the constipation, which is almost universal among locoed animals. It should be noted, too, that magnesium sulphate may serve to some extent as an antidote to the poison.

Dipping Fowls for Lice.

To treat a number of fowls infested with louse powder is a tedious, unpleasant task. An easier and equally successful plan is to dip the fowls in a reliable brand of sheep dip.

Hold the fowls by the legs, heads down, with one hand supporting their heads. Let the solution cover every part of the body from the toes up, except the head and eyes of the hen. Reserve this part until last, as the hens gasp and struggle when their heads go under. Pull the fowls to and fro several times in the tub, which insures the solution percolating through the feathers and reaching all sections of the body.

Keep each fowl in the solution not less than one full minute, and two minutes is often better. Dipping should be performed only on warm, clear days so the fowls can afterwards dry themselves in the sun and will not catch colds.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Graft and Stock.

The question of the influence of the stock on the graft and vice versa has been much discussed. The experiments recorded by M. L. Guignard in the Comptes Rendus were made with a view of discovering whether there is any migration of chemical substances from the one to the other. Plants rich in compounds of hydrocyanic acid were chosen, as this is easy to detect. It was found that when a plant containing a hydrocyanic glycoside is grafted on one destitute of it, or inverted, there is no passage of this substance from the one to the other. The general conclusion seems to be that grafting is a sort of artificial symbiosis in which each species retains its individuality.

Not a Cure-All.

A great many have had an idea that pasteurization was going to solve all of the difficulties regarding our milk supply, but after a close study of the matter we believe that it is often used as a cure-all for milk and cream that is not fit for human consumption. It has been proven that the pasteurization given in the usual commercial way kills only the lactic acid germs which nature placed in the milk as a protection, while the pathological germs which are the real menace to health are left in an alkaline instead of an acid medium all ready to multiply when other conditions are favorable.

Breaking a Colt.

Every farmer's boy should break a colt to ride and drive before, he can call his education complete. It will be an experience that the boy will be proud of and which will do him much good. Three things must be taught every colt to make it useful. They are courage, obedience and good workmanship. The first is necessary to prevent horses becoming frightened at unusual things; the second is required in order that it may be of good service, and in the third case the horse's value depends upon the neatness and consistency with which it performs its work.—Field and Farm.

Good Fence Wire Splicer.

There are not many people who know how to make a good neat wire splice.



In the picture figure A shows the first movement and figure B the ends after they have finally been secured.

Value of a Cow.

A Denver dealer in dairy cows places the valuation of an animal by fixing the price at the rate of \$12 a gallon of milk given daily rich enough to show 3 1/2 per cent of fat. To this price he adds or subtracts \$1 for every one-fourth of one per cent. By this rule a cow is bought entirely on her merits.

FUN AT A BAGGAGE AUCTION.

Gambling Spirit Caused Some Unprofitable Purchases.

Patrons of a Grand avenue auction house indulged in a mild propensity to gamble this morning in bidding on a quantity of uncalled for baggage sold for the Kansas City Southern Railway Company, says the Kansas City Star. There were more than 200 pieces disposed of, including paper parcels, paste-boards and wooden boxes, handbags, suit-cases and trunks.

All of the pieces were more or less dilapidated. The nature of their contents was kept secret, so that purchasers experienced the risk and fascination of buying "a pig in a poke." Bidders were guided largely by "hunches" as to the value of a package, and they would frequently compete in a spirited fashion for a small parcel, when hardly an offer could be secured for a large one of similar appearance. "Good goods come in small packages" was the old saw that seemed to be in the minds of a majority of the speculators.

"Oh-h-h!" Here is a valuable-looking bundle," cried the auctioneer, holding up the smallest of a pile of parcels and peering carefully into a small hole in the enveloping paper wrapper. "It's red, too."

This bit of information so inflamed the imagination of a stout colored woman that she bid 40 cents as an initial offer and was awarded the prize before she had a chance to change her mind. The package contained a soiled red "bandanna" handkerchief.

Well-trained employes passed up the various objects to the platform on which the auctioneer held forth. Handbags, "telescopes" and trunks were laboriously hoisted up, the helpers straining and groaning in an affection of bone wrenching effort. The instant a sale was concluded the object was unceremoniously slapped off the platform, usually giving out a hollow echo as it lightly struck the floor. A grunting employe tugged desperately at a large cloth "telescope" and slammed it down with a crash on the platform.

"There you are!" exclaimed the auctioneer, triumphantly. "There is a valise full of gold nuggets lost by a miner returning from the Klondike. How much am I offered?"

Eighty cents was bid and accepted. Pushed from the platform, and "telescope" fell with a sound that unmistakably proved it empty. The crowd roared with laughter.

A large crowd attended the sale and the bidding was spirited, though the advances in offers seldom exceeded 1 cent at a time.

Wit of the Youngsters

Tommy—Where have you been, Willie? Willie—Been fishing Tommy—Catch anything? Willie—Not yet, but I will when I get home.

Teacher—What is an engineer, Tommy? Tommy—A man that works as an engine. Teacher—That's right, now, Johnny, what is a pioneer? Johnny—A woman that works a piano.

"Now, Mabel," said the Sunday school teacher, "what can you tell me about Adam and Eve?" "Nothing," answered the little miss. "Mamma says I mustn't talk about people behind their backs."

After asking a blessing on various members of the household the small boy concluded his prayer as follows: "And, Lord, don't forget to bless brother Charlie and make him as good a boy as I am."

"The Bible says there will be no marrying in heaven," said small Harry. "I wonder if that is true?" "Of course it is," replied his little sister. "How could the women marry when there are no men in the place?"

Small Harold had attempted to draw a picture of a horse on his slate. "Mamma," he queried, "can God see everything?" "Yes, dear," was the reply. "Well," continued Harold, "I'll be glad to laugh when He sees this horse."

A Magnifying Pinhole.

Obtain a piece of blackened card and make a hole in it with a needle; then place a very small object—say, for instance, a tiny insect—on the end of a pin or gum to a strip of glass and view this object through the needle hole in the card at about an inch from it. The insect will appear quite distinct and about ten times larger than its natural size. If, however, you suddenly withdraw the card without disturbing the object, the latter will be invisible. The reason is that the naked eye cannot see at so short a distance as an inch, but the card with the hole enables the eye to approach within an inch and to see not only well, but, as it were, ten times better than with the naked eye.

The Right Answer.

"I assure you," said the persistent suitor, "that I will not take 'no' for an answer."

"You needn't," replied Miss Bright. "I'll say 'yes' upon one condition."

"And that is?"

"Just ask me if I am determined to marry you under any circumstances."

Cheering.

Aspirant—You have heard my name, professor. Now please tell me exactly what branch of vociferism it is best adapted for. Professor—Well, cheering!

The only time some husbands kiss their wives' arms is when they seat them into a carriage at a funeral.