

THE ONE WHO HAS A SONG.

The cloudmaker says it is going to storm, And we're sure to have awful weather...

A CONDITION.

WHEN I'm a grown-up man, as big as father, I shall marry you, announced Roger, with all the assurance of 12 years.

"Perhaps I shall want to marry you," said Marcella, who, although two years younger than her, would be somewhat, saw no reason why she should not have some choice in the matter.

"What sort of things?" asked Roger, anxiously. "Well, whistle tunes, for one thing, for dolly and me to dance to, and all faces out of cork, and—O, heaps of things."

"I can whistle," said the boy. "Listen!" and a faint piping came from his lips.

"Pshaw!" snubbed Marcella. "That's nothing. Whistle proper tunes loudly, or the sunshine may be too strong to give a correct lighting of the shadows."

"Again, the distance is too clear, or the wind is moving the trees too much. Whatever may be the matter with an otherwise perfect picture, make an entry in your note book rather than expose a plate."

"When you have made your exposure, landscape, portrait, or what not, make enough to be her father, he should become what Mrs. Estart called 'undoubtedly friendly' with Marcella.

"And then one day, when things came to a point, when Penderton proposed for a fourth time and was refused, and Mrs. Estart emptied the vials of her wrath and disappointment on her daughter's head, Roger asked Marcella to marry him."

"I know I'm not as rich as that old fellow," he said, "but I've enough for two people, and I love you, Marcella. I'm almost afraid to tell you, for I've never forgotten, when we were children and played in the wood, how you snubbed me one day and said you wouldn't marry any one who couldn't whistle better than Dicky Blair. I can fulfill that condition, I think, but not the other of being 'awfully rich.'"

"What a horribly avocetous child I must have been!" she said. "But the little girl in the wood had a third condition. Don't you remember? She said she would only marry some one she—"

"The man looked at her eagerly. "Loved awfully," she finished, and Roger knew that Mr. Penderton would never have another chance.—Chicago Tribune.

"Naming the Child. Now, necessarily, when the new girl baby arrived there was much discussion among the members of the family as to what her name should be."

"We will call her 'Geraldine,'" said the old mother.

"Why not call her 'Esmeralda?'" asked the first grandmother. "I saw

"Why, my dear?" asked her husband. "He was accustomed to his wife's graces and amply satisfied with them, but he did not understand why she should mind the son of his old friend and neighbor, Falconer, being on the way home."

"O, you men are so dense!" replied the lady, sharply. "Why? Because of Marcella, of course. Here she is, 23, not married, and evidently not wanting to be. Here is Mr. Penderton, rich, desirable in every way—rather old, perhaps, but that is no drawback—madly in love with her, and no other man near to try to supplant him."

"Now, we hear this young Falconer is coming back. He is about Marcella's age. I have heard he is good looking, and he is probably as poor as a mouse. Who knows what complications may arise, especially as Marcella has such extraordinary ideas? Of course, they haven't met for years—not since they were children, in fact—and I shall try to prevent their seeing much of each other, at any rate till Marcella's engagement to Penderton is an 'fait accompli.'"

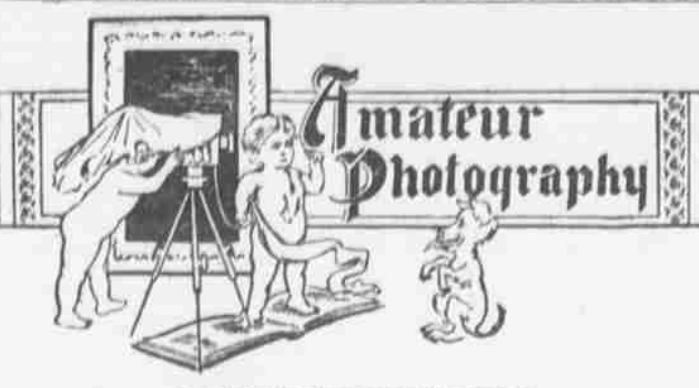
"Do speak English, dear," was all Mr. Estart replied to his wife's speech, and she snapped her lips together and left him.

John Penderton was 57, but he was rich, and Mrs. Estart, into whose mind the question of love never entered, was a reason why her daughter should not marry him.

"We are as poor as we can be, Marcella," she said, over and over again, "and as Mr. Penderton is so anxious to marry you, it is only your duty to consent."

But Marcella, with the optimism of youth, thought that there were other things than money worth considering, especially as she must take it with a padded, painted, bewigged wreck of what had once been a handsome, pleasure-loving man. Three times he had proposed to her and been refused, but backed by Mrs. Estart and his \$150,000 a year, he did not despair. He was their nearest—in fact, their only—acquaintance in the lonely country place where they lived, and Mrs. Estart viewed with dismay the advent of a younger and better, though poorer, possible rival.

Roger Falconer had been seen in spite for three months, and had been in home of Marcella Estart. He could not help remarking the anxiety of Mrs. Estart and John Penderton to attain their end, and it was only natural that with the childish friendship to fall back upon, and dislike at seeing a girl urged against her will to marry a man old



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