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HOW SHE PROPOSED

(Continued from first page)

for the hand of an heiress.

"I hope," she said to Professor Poland when they separated at commencement time, "that this will not end our acquaintance. I have always been greatly interested in your instruction and am indebted to you for having helped me through several examinations which would without your assistance have sent me home to finish my college course sitting round trying to look pretty. Mamma has directed me to invite you to spend a part of your vacation with us at our country place, and we shall look for you at an early date."

The invitation was followed up by one more specific, and in July Professor Poland found himself at Morning Glory—Belle had named the place from a flower she especially loved—a magnificent place in the center of spacious grounds and commanding a fine view of distant hills and nearby lakes. While Miss Halliday was in college she, like other students, was under his authority. It seemed to him now that the conditions were inverted. He appeared to himself nothing more than a pedagogue with so little income as to be barely able to tip the servants, while his former pupil was arrayed in "purple and fine linen" and occupying a social position to which he could never hope for an entree, and if he was granted an entree he would not be able to support it.

Miss Halliday's treatment of Professor Poland was calculated to throw him into a fever. She was not only gracious; she was as devoted to him as he would have been glad to be devoted to her were their positions reversed, lavishing on him such delicate attentions as a woman will lavish on a man she

feels privileged to favor. In other words, a courtship was going on, in which the woman was doing the courting. The professor sometimes drifted, resigning himself to this delightful spell she was throwing about him, and sometimes suddenly came to a realization that he was standing on the brink of a precipice.

Now, if women were the privileged proposers they would doubtless acquit themselves far better than the men. At any rate, they are by a superior delicacy far better fitted for the purpose. To Miss Halliday what she was engaged in was as simple to her as the reconstruction of the Roman forum would have been to Professor Poland. When she was ready for his proposal she took him out into the garden and began to gather a bouquet of flowers.

"Are they for me?" asked the professor.

"For you? No. I'm going to be married."

The professor felt as if some one had knocked the life out of him.

"Who is the fortunate man?" he gasped.

"I'm not going to marry a man. I'm going to marry these flowers."

Several months had passed since Professor Poland had mentioned the Indian custom to his class, and it did not occur to him that Miss Halliday's words referred to what he had then said. However, he was not afraid of such a rival and somewhat recovered his equanimity.

"Oh!" was his sole reply.

Belle went on collecting flowers for a posy and when she had done so made a dumb show of affection for them. There was a stable on the place and a well from which to draw water, which was brought up by a pump. Belle went to the well, lifted a trap-door and threw her bouquet down into

the opening. Then, without remark, she sauntered back to the garden.

Now, Professor Poland was not quite so stupid about the art of love as might be supposed. He attended Miss Halliday on her visit to the well, and when she led him to a vine clad recess and sat down on a rustic seat a vague connection between what she had done and the Indian custom he had embodied in his lecture found lodgment in his brain. He realized that this might be in lieu of a proposal. Surely it was not encouragement for him to propose. It was either a proposal or it was nothing. If it was a proposal it was incumbent on him to respond. If he responded and Miss Halliday's act meant nothing he would be in an unfortunate position. If she meant what he suspected and he made no response he would still be in an unfortunate position. What should he do?

His inclinations decided him.

"The honor you do me is, I assure you, fully appreciated. Since I love you and have loved you for some time it is not an absence of love that causes me to hesitate. It is the disparity of our incomes."

"That, I think, can be easily arranged to your satisfaction. I am ready to settle upon you"—

"Pardon me; I cannot accept a settlement. If I marry you I shall do so with the expectation of always remaining self supporting. If I am to be a rich woman's husband you must be a poor professor's wife."

"I shall be very proud of your standing in your profession and shall do nothing to turn you away from it and your enjoyment of it."

And so it was arranged that the professor should still occupy his chair at the university. This he did for a time. Then his wife was calling on him continually for some duty in connection with her estates, and at last, finding

that such duties took up the principal part of his time, he resigned his professorship and devoted his whole time to the management of a property which had by this time come to be considered a family matter.

Frozen Food In Siberia.

The markets of Irkutsk, in Siberia, are an interesting sight, for the products offered for sale are in most cases frozen solid. Fish are piled up in stacks like so much cordwood, and meat likewise. All kinds of fowl are similarly frozen and piled up. Some animals brought into the market whole are propped up on their legs and have the appearance of being actually alive, and as one goes through the markets one seems to be surrounded by living pigs, sheep, oxen and fowls standing up. But, stranger yet, even the liquids are frozen solid and sold in blocks. Milk is frozen into a block in this way and with a string or a stick frozen into and projecting from it. This, it is said, is for the convenience of the purchaser, who is thus enabled to carry his milk by the string or stick handle.

Impossible.

"Do you think it safe to marry on \$25 a week?"

"My boy, no amount of money can guarantee marriage to be safe."—Detroit Free Press.

To Live Long.

If you wish to be a Methuselah you will have to quit doing all the things that make it worth while not to be one.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

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