

Of course, I would not have you enter the bond "lightly or unadvisedly." There is much wisdom in the French proverb which says, "When you are dead it is for a long time." Bright people, these French! The proverb is levelled at would-be suicides. It might be modified so as to suit persons about to commit matrimony.

But don't be too cautious, Margaret. You had better hold a committee-meeting with yourself. Write out the pros and cons, and then take your vote on it. You know, the act can be vetoed later should occasion demand it.

Write soon and tell me all about it, for I am quite a-tiptoe for developments.

Always your affectionate old aunt.

MY DEAR NIECE,—And why not a college professor? You say he is absent-minded and untidy. All the better! Men are more lovable on account of their little failings and imperfections. Do we think a bit less of the dear big bookish fellow because he sometimes forgets to order coal, or absent-mindedly sits down on our tea-set instead of a chair? Not a bit of it. We scold him, to be sure, and laugh at him, too, and sometimes even slyly bite him, and then we run for our lives.

Really, dear one, you are most fortunate to have captured this college man. From what you tell me he is not likely to be the kind of a bachelor who has a mistress to portion off from your dowry.

And depend upon it, every man has some vagary. He is poetic, overly sensible, brusque, shy, stingy, jealous, or selfish. Or he may be a composite with wonderful kaleidoscopic possibilities that are only seen under the white light of matrimony.

Before marriage, man is a fascinating novel with the pages uncut, and you never know exactly how they are going to read, but therein lies the chief fascination. That reminds me of a conversation I overheard the other day on the train. "I have been married ten years, and cannot understand my wife yet," said one man. "That is no cause for complaint," replied the other—a bored-looking chap. "I have been married

for ten months, and I understand mine *perfectly*."

Indeed, Mr. Paul Blouet's opinion is quite right. To be happy in married life, he says, is not at all a question for husband and wife to remain young and handsome, but to remain interesting to each other.

Don't linger longer on the bank, Milady, taking tea and good advice, as the poet puts it, but plunge in at once and try your power. —Ever your loving aunt.

MY DEAR MARGARET,—Felicitations! Here I throw a metaphorical shoe after you, and no end of rice down your back. *May all your cares be little ones.*

Some hints matrimonial! Certainly, my dear!

Remember:

That not one woman in a hundred knows that her best weapon is her weakness. You may be the hundredth.

That when a man loses his temper, you should gain the advantage.

That no man is an angel, as is shown by some of his tastes and nearly all his pleasures.

What is good enough for "company" is not too good for your husband, be it courtesy or the silver tea-pot.

That "a baby in the house is a well-spring of pleasure."

That a man reflects to an astonishing degree a woman's sentiments for him.

That men sometimes have "nerves."

That every well-regulated house ought to have a Blarney Stone which should be kept shining with lip-polish.

That in matrimony, as in valor, discretion is the better part.—Ever your affectionate
AUNT JANEY.

LUCK

"The heaven-seekers who know just how,
Can almost find it here and now."

THE calculus of probability has destroyed the fates. There is no such thing as luck—no inscrutable fatality which coerces the history of the individual.

In mathematics luck is classified in the Calculus of Probabilities. A nobleman who.