A PAST HISTORY

'I was 'doing' the Riviera with my nephew, Dick Merrival, when one morning that I had stayed indoors to write letters to friends in England Jack came bursting in like a whirlwind.

He was a young fellow of about 23, frank, generous of disposition, handsome of face, devoted to art, was an artist by profession, and most charmingly romantically poor. Perhaps this was why he, especially, was my favorite; also why I had made him my heir, though of that he was ignorant.

'Aunt,' he cried 'push aside your letters and come out! Don't say no—you must! I have seenone of the sweetest faces I ever saw in my life!' 'Holty, toity!' I exclaimed, 'my dear Jack, this looks ominous—dangerous. In this marvel a satire?

No, a visitor, like ourselves,' replied Jack, who had crossed to the window and was peering out to the right, then to the left, 'They came last night, and Fred Morris, who fortunately knows them, is going to introduce me. As to ominous and dangerous, aunt, if I were in love, I plead guilty at once. I am over head and ears in love, and shall b' the most miserable fellow on earth if I cannot win her!

'Pray, Jack, moderate your transport, and talk sense. In these practical days of science and school boards love at first sight has gone out of fashion, like all other romance.'

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