

HENRY OF NAVARRE, OHIO

"Now, how in the name of matrimony can you know that?"

"Because I'll like *her*," said Miss Grosvenor convincingly.

AND so the unreasonable wheel of life spun again, and Henry Chalmers awoke at seven o'clock in the morning to reflect that he had slept in the house of the bride's parents, and to make sure that the ring, which was under his pillow, had been unmolested by burglars while he slept. Re-assured, he dozed again, one hand extended under the pillow. Silence.

Into the room tiptoed Whitaker, the best man, who, after regarding Henry with an envious eye, prodded him vigorously between the second and third ribs.

"Get out!" said Henry drowsily.

"Get up!" said Whitaker. "Heavens! How unlovely is a man asleep! Come on, Henry!" He prodded more violently.

"Ow!" yelled the bridegroom, taking the floor at a bound. "You coward!" He