

cold, and the air currents calm or cyclonic, he maintains against all comers that there is no place like Chicago. He even goes so far as to say that her stock-yards and elevators, and her cliff buildings, parks and boulevards are the wonders of the world, while the hearts of her citizens are as big as her Ferris Wheel, and as nimble as the highest grade bicycle. Dorothy shares his enthusiasm, and when her father, the major, accompanied by Colonel Wickworth and his wife, visited her on Sylvan avenue, they, highly seasoned Bostonians though they were, quite readily conceded that Chicago was by no means the worst city in the world.

"Colonel Wickworth and his wife!" exclaims the reader. "How did that superannuated old bachelor happen to get married?"

By taking Bert's mother to Don with a license made out in due form, and having The Reverend Don Donalds unite them according to rites and ceremonies made and provided for such emergencies. He began his journey towards matrimony by visiting Don in the first place, and continued it by visiting the widow, in the second place; and completed it by taking her and going to Don, as aforesaid. Old as they were, Don performed the ceremony with great satisfaction, for he knew that two hearts which had showered unstinted kindness upon him would not be lacking in kindness toward each other. Besides, he had performed the ceremony for Professor Krasinski and his bride, the daughter of his friend, Deacon Snow; and why, therefore, should he not rejoice to do the same for the colonel and the widow?

Gipsy's satisfaction arising from the union was palatably seasoned by the reflection, that, now that her mother and the colonel were one, neither Miss Agincourt nor Deacon Wickworth, in the event of the colonel's departure for another