

it up, and am thinking what fun I shall have in teasing Ruth when I see her. It all seems a dream to me—her getting married. After all, I think they are right; short courtships are just as liable to turn out happy as long ones. Then, you get rid of all that trouble of having young men coming around and sitting for hours. My dress is to be sent on to Hotel Strathmore, so I shall not have any bother about it. On my arrival I find it in my room, and, before taking off my wraps, unpack it. Such a beauty! I am raving over it when uncle comes in.

“Well, Peggy, what have you got there? Not one of those new fan-dangled things such as they used to wear a hundred years ago. Let me see, where is the waist?”

“Here it is, uncle.”

“I can't see it.”

“Why here, uncle, where the ribbon goes round.”

“Well, I be— No, Peggy”—for I have looked at him—“I won't say it; but I never. I don't know what women will get next. I don't like those things. I like a dress such that if a woman has a pretty figure, and she puts one on, it will show it off.”

“Yes, uncle; I believe you there.”

A card from Ruth! Uncle has just opened the door and a boy hands him one.