

OH, MARY, BE CAREFUL!

January, would I get all the income for next year? Or would I only get the January income?"

"Good for Mary!" cried the judge, his eyes dancing behind his spectacles. "So you've finally decided to get married, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And lose that very comfortable fortune?"

"Yes, sir."

"Absolutely committed to it, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"What a girl you are!" laughed the judge, throwing back his head till Mary couldn't see much of him except his white-bearded throat. "I always thought you'd be a match for Miss Myra! It's that young man up at the house, I suppose."

"Yes, sir."

Suddenly becoming businesslike the judge went to the safe in the corner of