

alive is that she's scared her husband will marry again."

*Cecily:* — "This is old Mr. James MacPherson who used to live behind the graveyard."

*Dan:* — "He's the man who told mother once that he always made his own iodine out of strong tea and baking soda."

*Cecily:* — "This is Cousin Ebenezer MacPherson on the Markdale road."

*Dan:* — "Great temperance man! He never tasted rum in his life. He took the measles when he was forty-five and was crazy as a loon with them, and the doctor ordered them to give him a dose of brandy. When he swallowed it he looked up and says, solemn as an owl, 'Give it to me oftener and more at a time.'"

*Cecily, imploringly:* — "(Dan, do stop. You make me so nervous I don't know what I'm doing.) This is Mr. Lemuel Goodridge. He is a minister."

*Dan:* — "You ought to see his mouth. Uncle Roger says the drawing string has fell out of it. It just hangs loose — so fashion."

Dan, whose own mouth was far from being beautiful, here gave an imitation of the Rev. Lemuel's, to the utter undoing of Peter, Felix, and myself. Our wild guffaws of laughter penetrated even Great-aunt Eliza's deafness, and she