

Felix and I, and even the Story Girl, suffered agonies trying to smother our bursts of laughter — for Great-aunt Eliza could see if she couldn't hear:

*Cecily, shouting:* — “That is Mr. Joseph Elliott of Markdale, a second cousin of mother's.”

*Dan:* — “Don't brag of it, Sis. He's the man who was asked if somebody else said something in sincerity and old Joe said ‘No, he said it in my cellar.’”

*Cecily:* — “This isn't anybody in *our* family. It's little Xavy Gautier who used to be hired with Uncle Roger.”

*Dan:* — “Uncle Roger sent him to fix a gate one day and scolded him because he didn't do it right, and Xavy was mad as hops and said ‘How you 'spect me to fix dat gate? I never learned jogerfy.’”

*Cecily, with an anguished glance at Dan:* — “This is Great-uncle Robert King.”

*Dan:* — “He's been married four times. Don't you think that's often enough, dear great-aunty?”

*Cecily:* — “(Dan! !) This is a nephew of Mr. Ambrose Marr's. He lives out west and teaches school.”

*Dan:* — “Yes, and Uncle Roger says he doesn't know enough not to sleep in a field with the gate open.”