



**"To-morrow! To-morrow! To-morrow!"**  
cried the Major, happy as a schoolboy.

**"Next Sunday night after church,"** pleaded  
Miss Minerva

**"No, not next Sunday or Monday or Tuesday. We will be married to-morrow,"**  
declared the dictatorial Confederate veteran.

Billy's aunt succumbed.

**"Oh, Joseph,"** she said with almost a  
simper, **"you are so masterful."**