

dreaming dreams hardly less startling than those of her fond mamma. It was not surprising that when Mrs. Andy reached this stage of delirium, her thoughts should revert with such a pang of regret to the ill-fated day when she stopped called her child by the glorious name of Glorianna. Why, she reproached herself, had she ever relinquished that name? How suitable it would be now when the McGinnisses had advanced to such a state of social superiority! Honora, Nora, Norie, none of those would look stylish in fine society. True, McGinnis was rather common and Irishy, but after a while she would remedy that. A little hyphen with the aid of her maiden name would make good style out of the plainness and Reilly-McGinnis would be as aristocratic as any hyphenated combine in America. This scheme was also confided to winsome Norie, with the result that next day—it was Norie's last year in the high school—the subscription to one of Norie's letters was tremblingly autographed Honora Glorianna. A week later with all the conviction accruing from mamma's persuasiveness Honora had dwindled down to a mere initial, and by its side in courageous attitude stood Glorianna. It was a rapid transformation, of course, but then it was only a month to graduation, and if anything was to be done it had to be done quickly, or a golden opportunity was gone forever.

Honora Glorianna, however, was not satisfied with signing herself in this sweet romantic manner. Her dear girl friends, who, needless to say, were legion, and, much to Andy's disgust, nearly all 'high-toned Yanks,' were persuaded to address her in fond familiarity as Glory. This, be it said was all foreign ground, never within the democratic companionship of Papa McGinnis. That would be the end of it, if he ever heard of it, and Glorianna knew it. With her brothers, who were as democratic as Andy, and her sisters, who were not yet old enough to acquire the airs of a princess, Glorianna was abridged to Nance or Nancy, sometimes much to her discomfiture, though when her father was present she seemed to delight in such truly common names.

So went the struggle for style till the great night of graduation. It was a proud night for Andy. Norie was going to sing a French song—she was the only soloist in her class, a fact which delighted Andy still more. After that she was going to read an essay on 'The Nebulous Phenomena.' It was a very nebulous subject to Andy. He knew much more about laying bricks and making money, but he bobbed his head very knowingly when Norie made known to him the title of the work she had laboriously compiled from some of the standard encyclopedias. He was gratified to think that a daughter of his knew so much about things that he never heard of, and he pictured to himself the great sensation she would make with a French song and that essay. The whole town would be at her feet and raving about her! He could hardly be blamed for feeling quite elated as he proudly marched down the aisle of the Town Hall, with Mrs. Andy by his side. They were somewhat late, but she had caused delay on the plan that the distinguished are never on time, and, moreover, she was wearing a glorious creation made especially for this night at such an expense that everyone must see it. Of course only a late arrival could accomplish this.

They were seated just as the piano struck up a march to accompany the graduates to the stage, and Andy, with a contented smile on his face, turned around to get a glimpse of the fair procession, and especially Norie. But a reprimand from his very correct consort re-directed his face to the front. Ah, there she was leading off the march with the Mayor's son! She was handsome, the handsomest there, Andy knew, and this was a joy to his heart. The programme began, but he paid little attention to the speakers. The heavy essay which a fair girl was sending forth as a message to the world on the subject, 'Time is Money,' seemed very puerile to him. What did she know about the Nebulous Phenomena? What did she know about French songs? Wait till Nora stood up with a voice like a thrush's, and that girl with the essay on 'Time is Money' would be sorry that she ever graduated.

'She is going to sing now,' whispered Mrs. Andy, and Andy craned his neck to see how she looked on the stage.

'The next number on our programme,' announced the master of ceremonies, 'is a French song by Miss N. Glorianna McGinnis.'

Andy's face assumed a look of surprise, then indignation, then anger.

'What did he call her?' he said to Mrs. Andy.

'N. Glorianna. It's that way on the programme.'

'It's all your fault, woman. Let me out of this.'

'Be quiet. Where are you going? Listen to her. She's singing.'

'I don't give a damn,' said Andy. 'She's disgraced me. Let me out, I say.'

'All eyes were turned upon Andy, for he had taken no pains to moderate his expression of wrath. Mrs. Andy heard the subdued laughter about her, and her face

was flushed with shame. But that did not subdue her husband. He took his hat and started for the door, while Mrs. Andy became deeply interested in the programme upside down to the accompaniment of a French song of the unflinching Glorianna.

Andy went home immediately. He felt disgraced. He felt that he was beaten. He had killed that name once, and here it was cropping up again with new vigor, and with not even a mention of the name which his mother had always borne with never an attempt to smother it with high-falutin titles.

'N. Glorianna,' he muttered, angrily. 'N.G., that's what it is, an' they're all N.G. It's too many airs they're gettin'. But this is the end. I'll show them that Andy McGinnis is boss, an' that he'll have no upstarts in his house.'

While he waited for the return of the women, his anger increased in proportion, and he flashed indignant glances at them as they entered the house with enough flowers in their arms to stock a good-sized greenhouse. They had trembled all the way home in fear of papa's indignation, but they were hurt most by the fact that his rude behavior before such a crowd would be the talk of the town and bring eternal opprobrium upon them.

'Aren't they lovely?' said the sweet girl graduate, holding out a bunch of roses by way of an attempt to soften his wrath.

'No, they ain't,' said he, tartly, 'they're glorious, gloriannerous. So you did the dirty work on your old man, did you? An' now the old man'll work it back on you. You pack up as soon as you like. Ye'll move back to the old house. I'm goin' to sell this place.'

'Andy!'

'Papa!'

But the imploring voice smote upon a hardened ear.

'Papa!' he sneered. 'Call your old man father. I gave ye all ye wanted, an' now ye repay me by bein' upstarts. Pretty soon ye'll be changin' the name of McGinnis. Ye're ashamed of me now because I'm an ignorant Irishman, but I'll give ye cause to be ashamed of me. Gwan now, no more talk. Ye'll pick me up in the mornin'. Gwan now, I say.'

The two women retreated, but not in joy. There was a heavy weight upon their hearts. Oh, the awfulness of it! What would people say? Go back to the old cottage and leave this fine palace? Ah, death was better a thousand times. Glorianna felt bad, but her mamma felt a thousand times worse. Her dreams of the social whirl were, alas, in vain. Neither slept much that night, and Andy knew it. He was happy in the thought that he was bringing home a lesson to them, and he remained implacable.

Early in the morning he rapped on the door of Miss Glorianna's room. She called it her boudoir.

'Get up with you. The movin' waggon's outside.'

'Yes, father.' There were tears in her voice, but apparently Andy did not notice such a trifle. She looked out the window to see if the horrible dream were true, and sure enough the moving van was patiently awaiting operations! Oh, misery and degradation!

Why had she been so foolish! She heard her father turning to the stairs. It was all lost. He was getting his revenge.

'Father,' she called out in desperation, 'come here.'

Andy heard the voice and turned back.

'What is it?' he asked sharply.

'Come in.'

The indignant papa, the iron ruler, entered and was immediately assailed with feminine argument. The face of the sweet girl graduate of last night was now tear-stained and pained in expression. In his heart Andy was sorry for her, but still unrelenting. She threw herself at his feet, and, grasping his hands, poured out a torrent of invocation. She would never do it again, no, never, never! She would do this, she would do that. The promises came so fast Andy lost count of them. Like an immovable judge he stood.

'Will you promise never to use that name again?'

'Yes, oh, yes.' Interspersed with sobs.

'Will you promise to leave off yer high-toned airs?'

'Yes, oh, yes.' Interspersed with tears.

'Will you promise to do all I tell you about the company you keep, an' so on?'

'Yes, father.'

'Well, thin,' decided Andy, 'if so, I won't be too hard on you. You needn't pack up this time. But (it was an awful but) if ever agin—you know what that means. I'll go now an' send away the movers, but—gwan now an' tell it all to your high-toned mother. I'll have a word with her by-an'-by meself.'

With the same dignity wherewith he had entered, he now left the room. But when the door closed behind him the dignity dissolved, and a broad smile illuminated the face of the democratic Andy.—'St. Patrick's.'

At this season everybody is liable to Coughs and Colds. Avoid all danger by taking TUSSICURA.—\*\*\*

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