

The Daily Record

N. L. MILLER, Editor.

JENNINGS, : : LOUISIANA

GIRL PHILOSOPHER'S STORY.

The Accident Insurance Man Met with an Accident Against Which There Was No Insurance.

"You know Tom," began the girl philosopher, twisting a new ring about her third finger, says the Chicago News.

"Yes," exclaimed the other two in chorus, "when is it to be?"

"You know Tom," began the other again, who would tell things in her own way or not at all. "And you know there was a fire at our house, in which the old maiden lady on the third floor had her nose seriously burned. What I am going to tell you is related both to the fire and to Tom. It was the evening after and I was practicing at the piano, trying to appear as though I were not awaiting him. Formerly, when waiting for the man whom I was going to marry, I would have been reading a book. But they all seemed to see through that. They knew very well that I was just making up my mind what to say after the first greeting. So I ceased reading, and nowadays practice on the piano."

"It is hard to know what to say after that first greeting," remarked the fluffy haired girl.

"Is it?" asked the sallow young woman, innocently.

"Yes," replied the philosopher. "One is apt to grow red and look silly. Then he always says: 'Well, what are you laughing for?' and you always reply: 'Nothing at all,' and then you giggle. He laughs in little jerks, and asks you how you are. You say: 'All right. Hasn't it been a perfectly lovely day?' I used to get a book just before he came and think out things to say during such trying moments, but now I play the bumble-bee song or something which is not too noisy, for I always manage to hear every footfall on the veranda. That evening after the fire I was singing."

"What risks you take!" ventured the sallow young woman.

"So I failed to listen for the footsteps as usual," proceeded the speaker. "I had just reached a high note and was endeavoring to get that vocal quiver that is so fetching, when some one directly behind my chair coughed slightly. It was so sudden that I forgot all about the line of action I had planned. I had intended to be cool to him, for, you see, I was most—er—cordial the evening before. You should never be too cordial to a man twice in succession, you know."

"I know," answered the fluffy-haired girl, with a conclusive nod.

"But it was awfully sudden," said the sallow young woman. "Did you mistake him for a book agent?"

"No such good luck, or good behavior, either," admitted the philosopher. "I just said: 'Oh, Tom!' and I am afraid I left some of my new powder on his coat. He seemed to be about as surprised as I, for he backed away several steps, and, removing my hands gently from his shoulder, remarked: 'I'm afraid you are mistaken.'"

"What!" exclaimed the listeners. The philosopher nodded vigorously and bit her lip, as though she was about to laugh or cry. "It wasn't Tom at all," she finally gasped, weakly, "but an accident insurance man who had come to see about the maiden lady's burned nose. The maid answered the door, you know."

"What did you say?" inquired the fluffy-haired girl.

"I must have stammered a little, but I remember saying that I thought he was some one else."

"And he?"

"He said he wished he were."

"Impudence!" ejaculated the sallow young woman. "You really should tell Tom at once, for as long as you are wearing his ring—"

"But it is not his ring," said the philosopher, defiantly holding up her hand. "It's the accident insurance man's."

Her companions looked at each other in speechless surprise; the fluffy-haired girl finally managed to inquire:

"When?"

"Since one week after he came out to inquire about the injuries of the maiden lady. Wasn't she a dear to poke her nose into the fire?"

Potato and Rice Soup.

Three large potatoes chopped fine, one-half cupful rice; boil until done in two quarts of water; season to taste with salt and a little butter, nut butter gives a fine flavor; thicken with a small spoonful of flour, and just before taking from the fire add half a cupful of sweet cream.—Home Magazine.

Ham and Veal Sandwiches.

Chop fine one cupful each of cold ham and cold veal. Add four drops of tabasco sauce, one teaspoonful of mustard, two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of grated horseradish and two tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise. Spread between buttered folds of white bread.—Good Housekeeping.

Canton Soy.

Half a gallon of malt sirup, 2½ pounds of molasses, 2½ pounds of salt and a pint of mushroom juice. Put together over the fire and heat very gently, stirring until all materials are well blended. Then let stand closely covered for two weeks before straining into bottles.—Washington Star.

BIRDS AT NIAGARA FALLS.

There Are Many of the Tiny Creatures Constantly Darting Through the Clouds of Spray.

The bird student on a visit to Niagara falls, if he can get his eyes away from the magnificent, plunging water and roaring cataract for a few moments, can find much about him that is of deep interest in the line of his favorite pursuit. It is doubtful if many of the thousands of persons who stand daily in the summer on Table rock or Goat island give much heed to the tiny creatures that are darting through the air above the brink of the falls. There is a plenty of excuse for the visitor for seeing nothing but the ever-changing color beauty of the thundering waters. Still there is much interest attaching to the movements of the myriad of swallows that pass and repass through the great cloud of spray and mist that dashes and rises from the rocks where the waters strike, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

People approaching the falls from below on the venturesome little boat called the Maid of the Mist are compelled to wear rubber clothing in order to escape a thorough drenching from the dashing spray. It is much heavier in places than the heaviest recorded rainstorm, and yet through it constantly during certain times of the summer swallows of many kinds are passing and repassing, taking their shower baths without apparently wetting so much as a feather. Most of the birds that were seen flying through the spray this summer were tree swallows. They constantly cut through the bars of the floating rainbow, which in sunshine is ever present at Niagara, and as the bright light struck their backs an added hue was given to the broad color bands.

The phoebes build their nests on the little ledges that jut from the faces of the rocky cliffs that rise on either side of the great Niagara gorge below the falls. The whirlpool rapids roar below these little homes. The wonder to the visitor is how the phoebes ever succeed in getting the fledgling young out of the nest and to a place of safety when the time comes to teach them to fly. Any young bird balancing itself on the edge of the nest and then attempting a first weak flight, it would seem, must necessarily go fluttering down into the rapids. The only escape from the nest to good flying practice ground is upward, and it must be that the phoebes, exercising a rare wisdom, lead their young by precarious flight steps upward from twig to twig of the stunted trees that have a frail footing on the cliff's face.

Goat island, which lies in the river on the brink of the precipice between the American and the Canadian falls, is eternally deluged, as one might say, with the roar of waters. In places upon Goat island it is hard to make one's self heard. Yet Goat island is the summer home of hundreds of song birds that perch in trees within a stone's toss of the thundering falls, and sing and sing and sing just as though they could be heard. The season was a little late for the singing of birds when I visited Goat island in July. The song sparrow, however, sings every month of the year, and one of these little fellows was perched on the limb of a tree close to the great fall and was fairly splitting his throat in the attempt to let the world know that he was singing a song. Birds have acute hearing, but I doubt very much if that song sparrow heard his own sweet strains.

STORY OF THE BIOGRAPH.

How a Woman Found a Long-Lost Brother by Seeing His Picture on Exhibition.

Here is an episode of the biography which rivals the most pathetic and curious tale of fiction, says the Chicago American.

In Detroit, Mich., a few days ago biograph scenes made at the occupation of Peking were being thrown on the screen. It was a public exhibition. The pictures belonged to a company dealing in money exclusively and not in sentiment. The scenes, printed over a year ago, represented the Fourteenth United States Infantry entering the gates of the Chinese capital. So realistic were the files of soldiers that the men appeared literally to be stepping from the frame to the stage, two by two, with steady tramp.

Suddenly a woman who sat in the front of the audience arose with a scream of terror. "My God, there is my dead brother Allen marching with the soldiers!" she cried.

One of the figures had been recognized by the woman and by many others in the audience. It was that of Allen McCaskill, who had disappeared mysteriously some years ago. He had enlisted in the United States army and served in the ranks at Peking.

The sister, Mrs. Booth, wrote to the war department at Washington and learned that the man in the biograph scene was really her long-lost brother and that he was still alive and had made an excellent record, having received honorable mention from his captain.

The World's Population.

Ten years ago the population of the world was fixed at 1,468,999,000. It is now estimated at 1,540,000,000, an increase of more than 71,000,000. An interesting feature of the statistics is the fact that the Americans are fast catching up with Europe in the gain. The increase in the Americans for the past ten years is 20,000,000, while in Europe it is 30,000,000. It is estimated that the western hemisphere now contains 142,000,000, about the population of the whole of Europe a century ago. The estimate for Europe at the present time is 390,000,000. Africa is now gaining in population at a greater rate than at any time within a century.—Albany Argus.



GRAINS OF WHEAT.

They Are Composed of an Envelope, a Digestive Layer, an Embryo and Albumen.

During the last few years there has been a lively discussion in various countries as to the best manner of making bread, and to this discussion Prof. Albert Vilcoq, a noted French authority on hygiene and agriculture, now makes a valuable contribution in the form of an article which clearly shows what wheat or corn is made of and the exact value of each of its elements.

After pointing out that ideal bread can only be made by condensing in flour all the nutritious elements of wheat, which can be readily assimilated, he says: "A grain of wheat has four distinct parts, an envelope or sheath, a digestive layer, an embryo and albumen. The envelope, being composed almost wholly of cellulose, is of no value as food for human beings, since the intestinal organs lack the means of assimilating it. A knowledge of this fact shows how useless are the attempts which have been recently made to produce a perfect bread from whole wheat."

"Under the envelope is the digestive layer which is composed of large

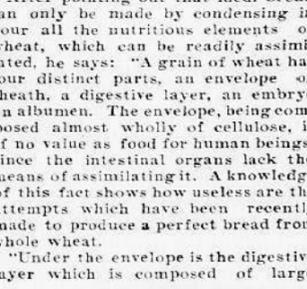


DIAGRAM OF WHEAT GRAIN.

transparent cells and much fatty matter that is useful in a way, but is deleterious as far as the absolute purity of the flour is concerned. The albumen, which is in the center of the grain, is also formed of cells, in which there is an abundance.

"This portion of the grain is nutritious, and, furthermore, it is entirely free from noxious germs. The embryo is the vital organ of the grain. It, too, consists of cells, and, like the digestive layer, it contains much nutritious matter, but, on the other hand, it decays so quickly that it is practically of no value in flour."

"In wheat properly ground the rich cells in the center of the albumen are extracted, and thus is obtained flour of a perfect whiteness and entirely free from foreign fermentations."

In the accompanying picture, taken from the New York Herald, the envelope of the grain is shown, the cells of the envelope, the digestive layer, the albumen and the embryo.

ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.

The Smile That Sits Serene Upon the Face of Wisdom Is a Source of Longevity.

It may be that some enthusiastic and laborious German statistician has already accumulated figures bearing upon the question of length of life and its relation to the enjoyment thereof; if so, we are unacquainted with his results and yet have a very decided notion that people who enjoy life, cheerful people, are also those to whom longest life is given. Commonplace though this sounds, there is no truth more commonly ignored in actual everyday existence. "Oh, yes, of course, worry shortens life and the contented people live to be old," we are ready to say, and yet how many people recognize the duty of cheerfulness? Most persons will declare that if a man is not naturally cheerful he cannot make himself so. Yet this is far from being the case, and there is many a man who is at present a weary burden to his relatives, miserable through the caring care of some bodily ailment, perhaps, or some worldly misfortune, who, if he had grown up into the idea that to be cheerful under all circumstances was one of the first duties of life, might still see a pleasant enough world around him. Thackeray truly remarked that the world is for each of us much as we show ourselves to the world. If we face it with a cheery acceptance we find the world fairly full of cheerful people glad to see us. If we snarl at it and abuse it we may be sure of a abuse in return. The discontented worries of a morose person may very likely shorten his days, and the general justice of nature's arrangement provides that his early departure should entail no long regrets. On the other hand, a man who can laugh keeps his health and his friends are glad to keep him. Too commonly, though, as childhood is left behind the habit falls, and a half-smile is the best that visits the thought-lined mouth of a modern man or woman. People become more and more burdened with the accumulations of knowledge and with the weighing responsibilities of life, but they should still spare time to laugh.—London Lancet.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Russian Officer Claims to Have Invented a System That Does Away with Poles.

Although the Marconi system is now generally used in several foreign countries, it has its objection from a military point of view, owing to the necessity for long poles, or antennae, which are an easy mark for an invading enemy, and make the cutting of communications a matter of little difficulty. Therefore the efforts of Col. de Pilsoudski to perfect the system of wireless telegraphy along the surface of the ground should be a matter of great interest to soldiers as well as to scientists, seeing that it removes the objection of conspicuous poles. We are informed that though this system of ground telegraphy, like the Marconi method, is wireless, Col. de Pilsoudski

owes little or nothing to the latter invention for the inception of his idea. Indeed, he had been making experiments in ground telegraphy as far back as 1874, and it is only now by the aid of his friends, M. Schaeffer, M. Passet and M. Dueret (the latter the constructor of the apparatus), that he has brought his idea to a state of working perfection. Col. Pilsoudski has now entirely dispensed with the tall antennae by which the Marconi system is so readily recognized, and instead of sending the electric waves through the air he places his transmitter and receiver connected with the transmitter and receiver is a perfected form of that used in the system of ordinary wireless telegraphy. We give diagrams of the apparatus. At each of the points the two poles are joined on one side to the ground by means of a metal disc sunk in the soil to a certain depth, and on the other side to a species of Leyden jar contained in a wooden casing placed on a piece of insulated glass. These communication points may be hidden in a cove of trees or among houses, as may be seen from one experiment, which was carried out in two villa gardens of Vesinet, about 550 yards apart, most successfully, in spite of the fact that they were divided by trees, hedges and many kinds of obstacles. The next experiment was much more ambitious. The points on this occasion were over 2,000 yards apart, one being placed in a villa of Vesinet and the other on the banks of the Seine, near the Peq bridge. This time the receiver was the Popoff-Dueret ra-

diotelephone, which, being very sensitive, enabled the movements of the transmitter to be heard over the whole distance, thus making the message easily comprehensible. Other trials will be made to determine on what conditions the electric surface waves can be transmitted over a great expanse of water. Whatever may be the true merits of Col. Pilsoudski's system, at any rate it opens a new branch of wireless telegraphy, and special encouragement has attended this Russian officer's efforts, as we understand that he has secured the future patronage of the Russian government.—London Illustrated News.

Substitute for Alcohol.

"Synthol" is a chemically pure substitute for absolute alcohol. It may be used for every purpose for which alcohol is used, except for internal consumption. Being chemically pure it does not have as much odor as absolute alcohol from grain or wood. It is perfectly free from color, it is nonirritant to eyes or skin and has ten to 15 per cent. more solvent power than ordinary alcohol. As a killing, fixing or hardening agent it is in every respect equal to the best absolute alcohol and can be used as a substitute for it in the preparation of stains, reagents, etc. As a preservative it is superior to any alcohol, as alcohol becomes tinged with color on exposure to light, while synthol retains its absolute colorlessness under all conditions.

Imitation Wood Carvings.

The Germans are imitating wood carvings in plaster, bronze and other material by a new process which is said to be superior to all other methods in the fact that it produces perfectly the fibers and pores of the wood models. These are usually made of porous oak, and the new plan is to cover them quite thickly with a solution of two per cent. collodion, which, when it dries, leaves the usual porous appearance of the wood unaltered, while it renders the model oilproof. The casting is then proceeded with in the usual way.

The Power of an Atom.

It is one of the marvels of nature that a thing almost infinitesimally small should cause more terror among men than a hundred thunderbolts or the most violent earthquake convulsion. This little thing is the microbe that causes the deadly plague. It is so small that it would take 250,000,000 of them to cover a space an inch square.

How Scotchmen Marry.

In Scotland the path to matrimony is broader and smoother than in England. The great holiday time in Glasgow is the fair week. All the shipyards are closed and men have time to marry. But many shirk the toll gates of the highroad. Seventy irregular marriages took place this fair in Glasgow. The method is simple and inexpensive. The couple take each other for man and wife before witnesses and then they go to the sheriff and ask for warrant to register. There is an absence of fuss and wedding cake which appeals to the modest and economical mind. Besides miners, laborers, engineers and shipyard workers generally, the 70 numbered a ventriloquist, a physician, a valet, a school board officer, a hotel keeper, a coachman, a soldier, a sea captain, a lapidary and a motor car driver.—London Chronicle.

Had His Misgivings.

"Broder Bunks," inquired the new pastor, cautiously feeling his way, "how would de congregation stand on de question o' givin' one-ten-th o' dey income to s'port de preachah?"

"I don' b'lieve dey'd stan' on it, pah-son," said Brother Bunks. "Dey'd jump on it wid bot' feet."—Chicago Tribune.

Now He Wonders.

Mr. Easce—Dr. Newley says that eating alone is not conducive to long life, and I believe he is right. Do you?

Miss Passe—Oh! Mr. Easce, this is so sudden.—Chelsea (Mass.) Gazette.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Algiers is credited with 5,000,000 out of the 6,000,000 hectoliters of wine produced in 1900 in Africa.

The board of trade of Dusseldorf, Germany, urges the necessity of restricting the number of fairs.

French women wrap in red cloth children who have measles. Now a scientist named Chatinier proves by experiment that red paper pasted on the windows of patients having measles has a good influence.

Last year Mexico, central America and South America bought cotton goods from the United States valued at \$3,665,000. In the same year Great Britain sold to these countries similar goods to the value of \$38,000,000.

Investigations recently set on foot by mineral water manufacturers in Berlin revealed the fact that they were being cheated out of large sums by the refilling of their bottles at the rate of about two millions a year.

A Swiss newspaper says that an international agreement has been made that six is to be the danger signal in the Alps hereafter. That is, in case of accident, six calls, shots, movements of a light, etc., will be interpreted as a call for assistance.

The newspapers of Germany are indignant at Chamberlain's attempts to substitute English for Italian as the official language of Malta, and they sympathize with the Maltese, who have held many indignation meetings over the proposed change.

Paris journals report the total destruction by a storm of the theater specially built at Rouvres-en-Xaintois, for the performance of the play "Jeanne d'Arc." In the performance of this play 103 of the 200 inhabitants of the village cooperated, after the fashion of Oberammergau.

CROOKED NEW YORK FACES.

An Effect of Nervous Tension Which a Cincinnati Man Thinks He Perceives.

"The thing that has impressed me most during my two weeks' stay in this town," remarked a man from Cincinnati, reports the New York Sun, "is the crooked faces of New York people. By crooked, I mean a face whose two sides are not mates. Really, the man whose face looks the same on the right and the left side is a rarity and when I run across one I set him down as a stranger in town."

"I suppose this facial peculiarity is more or less prevalent everywhere, for it is said that the people whose faces are exactly alike on both sides are few, but in New York it is unduly pronounced. Women are afflicted as well as the men, and I have met scores of women who would be very pretty were it not for that inevitable disarrangement of features that characterizes the majority of the face."

"In the majority of cases it is the left side that is out of whack. Either the mouth is screwed up at one corner or the nose tips to one side or the eye is drawn up into a reprehensible squint. Sometimes all three of these imperfections are combined in one face, with a few other little contortions thrown in for good measure. Actually I have met people here whose faces had so many different expressions according to the point of view, that it was with difficulty I could persuade myself that the right side was any blood relation to the left side."

"I asked a physician for an explanation of this disfigurement and he assured me that it was all due to high nervous tension. He also went on to say that if my own stay here should be prolonged much beyond two weeks I might as well resign myself to bidding good-by to my own mobile expression, for a mobile expression is not compatible with present urban conditions."

"To pick one's way through crowded streets, looking 17 ways for Sunday at one time lest one's life be forfeited at the next step as the price of negligence, is not, he explained, conducive to a classic cast of countenance. This is probably the cause of New York's myriads of crooked faces, but it really does seem a great pity that the good looks of 4,000,000 people should be offered up as a sacrifice on the shrine of public improvements."

Never Lacks Mushrooms.

Mushrooms are regarded as a wonderful delicacy by many persons in France, and one of them, a learned professor, has just discovered an admirable method for keeping himself constantly supplied with them, says the New York Herald.

He has been wont for years to search for mushrooms in the woods of Meudon, and recently he was much annoyed to find that several other persons had come there on the same errand. True, mushrooms were abundant, but the professor is not as young or as active as he used to be, and the consequence was that the best of the crop was plucked every morning before he arrived at the woods, and he had to search for a long time before he could fill even a small basket.

An ingenious thought then struck him. Seating himself at his desk, he wrote six paragraphs on as many slips of paper and mailed them to the six leading newspapers in the neighborhood. The paragraphs were not worded exactly alike, but their import was the same. "That it is dangerous," one of them read, "to gather mushrooms in the woods of Meudon may be seen from the fact that a whole family became suddenly sick yesterday after eating what were supposed to be mushrooms. The physician at once said that it was a case of poisoning, and expressed doubt whether Mme. M— would recover."

These paragraphs, which were duly published, produced the desired effect. Since then not one of the epicures who annoyed the professor has been seen in the woods, and he has all the mushrooms he wants for himself.

As Neatly as He Could Say It.

"Your blank verse—" began the editor.

"Blank verse," the poet interrupted. "Why do you call it blank verse when it—"

"Because it's against my principles to use a stronger term."—Stray Stories.

Had to Change the Subject.

Miss Simple—How do you suppose he came to propose to me?

Miss Spiteful—Got tired of talking about the weather, probably.—Stray Stories.

THE STRAW HAT AND DISEASE

Bacteriologists Have Discovered That Every Hat Teems with Dangerous Germs.

The bacteriologist is always making some fearful discovery or other calculated to upset the equanimity of the neurotic, says the Birmingham Daily Mail. He has now found that a great and positive danger lurks in the saucy little straw hat, which is so fashionable with womankind of all classes. Until the bacteriologist, with his horrid suggestions and discoveries, came along, it never entered into the calculation of man or woman that the straw hat was really a sort of playground for germs and bacilli. And yet there is now no doubt about it. Each straw hat is literally teeming with bacilli. So long as the bacilli remain in the straw it does not much matter. But the student of the bacteriological laboratory is nothing if not observant. He notices habits and mannerisms which escape the remark of others, and so he has made a note of the fact that among womenkind it is a custom to fasten on their straw hats with long metallic pins, which are thrust through the straw and the hair. The securing of a tricky little sailor, with its dainty ribbons, or an upstanding Leghorn, with its elaboration of feathers and chiffon, on the top of a wonderful coiffure is one of woman's triumphs. It is quite outside the province of clumsy fingered man to fasten on a woman's hat—and perhaps it is as well that it is so. With her deft fingers she has the thing fixed up in no time. But it is just the fixing up which leads to the danger apprehended by the bacteriologist. In the matter of dress, particularly, women have a faculty for adapting themselves to the requirements of the moment, and those who have had the privilege of seeing lovely woman fasten on her hat recall the fact that sometimes she holds her hatpins between her pretty lips. It is not a very cleanly habit, and if taxed with it many women will indignantly repudiate the imputation. But it is nevertheless a fact that many women do, while fastening on their straw hats, hold their hatpins in their mouths. This characteristic has been observed by the bacteriologist, and it clearly reveals to him how the bacilli of the straw hat are conveyed to the mouth, and hence into the alimentary canal or the respiratory organs. The pins, after being thrust through the straw, are covered with the minute bacilli, and when placed between the lips they find a congenial region in which to develop their activities. The tiny organisms multiply rapidly, and, passing through the mouth, enter the system, and, it is feared, bring about that debilitated state which blanches the cheek and robs the eye of its luster. However, the bacteriologist has spoken. He has pointed out the danger of straw hats. He has put his finger on a positive danger—he can do no more. He cannot stop the sale of straw hats or confiscate all the hatpins, but he can, as he has done, draw attention to the grave danger he has discovered. The rest he must leave to the women—and the bacilli.

NEVER LACKS MUSHROOMS.

French Professor Resorts to Ingenious Scheme for Obtaining Constant Supply.

Mushrooms are regarded as a wonderful delicacy by many persons in France, and one of them, a learned professor, has just discovered an admirable method for keeping himself constantly supplied with them, says the New York Herald.

He has been wont for years to search for mushrooms in the woods of Meudon, and recently he was much annoyed to find that several other persons had come there on the same errand. True, mushrooms were abundant, but the professor is not as young or as active as he used to be, and the consequence was that the best of the crop was plucked every morning before he arrived at the woods, and he had to search for a long time before he could fill even a small basket.

An ingenious thought then struck him. Seating himself at his desk, he wrote six paragraphs on as many slips of paper and mailed them to the six leading newspapers in the neighborhood. The paragraphs were not worded exactly alike, but their import was the same. "That it is dangerous," one of them read, "to gather mushrooms in the woods of Meudon may be seen from the fact that a whole family became suddenly sick yesterday after eating what were supposed to be mushrooms. The physician at once said that it was a case of poisoning, and expressed doubt whether Mme. M— would recover."

These paragraphs, which were duly published, produced the desired effect. Since then not one of the epicures who annoyed the professor has been seen in the woods, and he has all the mushrooms he wants for himself.

As Neatly as He Could Say It.

"Your blank verse—" began the editor.

"Blank verse," the poet interrupted. "Why do you call it blank verse when it—"

"Because it's against my principles to use a stronger term."—Stray Stories.

Had to Change the Subject.

Miss Simple—How do you suppose he came to propose to me?

Miss Spiteful—Got tired of talking about the weather, probably.—Stray Stories.