

HAVING HER OWN WAY

A FAMILY FAILING.

[Contributed by "Jesson."]

"No, no, Mr. Askam," Mr. Dobson was saying, for Roland had stood up to go. "We are not going to let you off like that. You must stay to lunch with us—you must, really. We have not had our talk out; and I can't make a stranger of you after the service you have done me. It was my life you gave me back last night with this foolish little girl of mine. I am only an old goose, but I am fond of her, you see, and—"

"It is surprising, of course," said Roland, laughing.

He looked again at the charming brown head among the pillows, and the gray eyes and the brown met in a glance that each felt to be agreeable.

"Of course, you can both say what you like now," observed Amoret meekly. "I am not able to defend myself."

"I tell you what, Mr. Askam," Mr. Dobson went on, "you shall paint her portrait if you have time. It will amuse her while she is tied to the sofa there. What do you say to that, Amoret?"

"Oh!" was all that she said, her brown eyes opening very wide in delight and surprise.

"There, you see, Mr. Askam!" said the fond father. "We can rig you up something in the way of a studio—there's the little book room that no one ever goes near—and you can take your time over it, so it need not interfere with your other work."

"Oh, as to that," declared the artist, with his frank laugh. "I am not working at all just now. I came here to have a look at an old friend who is stopping at the hotel close by here, and I who was laid up."

"Then you won't refuse?" asked Mr. Dobson anxiously.

"On the contrary, sir, I am very much obliged to you for the commission, and I shall try to do justice to my subject."

"Yes, do—do!" It will be a niceness for poor papa when Cousin Tom walks off with the original.

"Ah, she is engaged!" thought Roland, looking with fresh interest at the pretty, pale girl. "Surely, she is very young."

"It is nothing, papa—it is only my foot that pains me," said Amoret hastily, as her father, noticing her pallor, bent down to ask what was the matter.

"Poor child, you want your luncheon. I dare say! Come, Mr. Askam and I will wheel your sofa into the dining room; and to-morrow the famous portrait shall be begun!"

Chapter III.

It was during the fourth or fifth sitting, for the famous portrait that Tom Churchill's reply to Mr. Dobson arrived. Roland and Amoret were chattering and laughing together as gayly as two children—disputing, arguing, falling out and making it up again, as if they had known each other for years instead of a week.

The father, sitting on the sun warmed terrace, outside the open windows of the improvised studio, could hear all that was going on, and occasionally call Miss Amoret to order when she became too impatient.

The girl felt that she had a perfect right now to be impertinent to Roland Askam. He had told her all about himself, and she had confided as fully in him. He knew about her proposed engagement to Tom, and her anxiety on the score of Mr. Dobson's health. She had learned that Roland was almost as much alone in the world as herself, having only a little brother 12 years old, who was at school, and for whom it was the young man's pleasure and pride to work.

"I have papa and you have Clin," Amoret had said. "I can understand how fond you are of your brother, and you can understand that I would do anything—anything in the wide world—for papa!"

This confidential talk drew the young people together more closely than months of ordinary acquaintanceship could have done. Amoret felt that it must be to have a big brother, she declared, and Mr. Askam wished that he could have had a dear, sympathetic little sister like her to make a home for him and for Clinton, and to be the confidant of all his hopes and doubts and plans for the future.

"Papa," said Amoret that same evening, "do you know that I think Mr. Askam is very poor? He has not said so, of course; but I am sure of it. His coat is so shabby, poor fellow, and he has Clin to take care of. Clinton is his brother, papa; he is only 12. It will be a long time, won't it, before Clin can do anything for himself?"

"Well," said Mr. Dobson gently.

"Well," continued Amoret, nestling closer up to his side, "in the first place I want you to give Mr. Askam a very big check indeed for my portrait. Isn't it well indeed? Even Francine cried out yesterday that it was resplendent come zout!"

"I think Askam is very clever indeed," asserted Mr. Dobson heartily. "And I am sure he only wants to be known to get plenty of commissions."

"Yes, isn't he?" with pretty eagerness. "And, papa, I have been thinking, when my portrait is finished why should he not paint yours? Please—please! It shall be your present to me, dear; I will hang it up in my room at Ivy Bank."

"Dear me, said Mr. Dobson nervously. "I never sat for my portrait in my life!"

"All the more reason," declared Amoret coaxingly, "that you should do so now; when so good an opportunity occurs! And then think of little Clin, papa! And think of me when I am away with nothing but a shabby little photograph of my old dad to look at! I do think—agreed—agreed—that I might be allowed for once to have my own way, papa!"

For once! echoed Mr. Dobson, with a smile of resignation. "That means that as usual I am to do as I am told, and prove myself the most obedient of

"And the dearest!" declared Amoret, kissing him affectionately, and turning her head away so that he should not see the tears that had sprung into her eyes. "They always did now at every fresh proof of her father's love."

On the following morning, when Roland arrived to go on with his work, Amoret unfolded her plan. Papa was going to beg him to paint his portrait, said; it was to be her wedding present. Mr. Askam must be sure to make it very like—not flattering like hers, which was far too pretty, but with every line and every gray hair showing, so that the dear face might always be with her as she remembered and loved it best.

There was a little break in the girl's voice as she spoke, and Roland looked up from his palette to see her brown eyes full of tears.

"There is nothing wrong, I hope?" he said gently. "I can't bear to see you cry. Mr. Dobson is not worse today?"

"Oh, no—no!" she answered hastily, brushing away the bright drops from her lashes. "It is only when I think of—"

"But you will do your very, very best with papa's picture, won't you?"

"Look here," said Roland in a tone of reason, "it is all made up between you. If you really wanted your father's portrait, there are plenty of men, better known than I, who would be only too glad to do it for you."

"But, since we don't know them and they are not here," urged Amoret, "and you know papa can not travel—"

"Yes, I know; but all the same it is only for the sake of giving me an order. I see through the device quite plainly. You did not make any fuss about painting mine," aggrieved and frowning somewhat, he said.

Mr. Askam laughed and blushed a little. "No, but that is not quite the same thing, you see."

"Indeed, I do not see: Why is it not the same thing?"

"Well, you know, when I consented to do yours, I did not know Mr. Dobson—or you. It was merely a matter of business. Your father chose to consider himself under an obligation to me, and I felt that it was better to have the satisfaction of making a return to my painting of your father's portrait, than to say nothing of the matter at all."

"Well, now," the young man went on, "I have received from Mr. Dobson, after all you have told me, and I have told you, simply, 'it is no longer quite the same.' I know and like you both too well to be able to make a bargain with you."

"How utterly absurd!" cried Amoret indignantly. "Because you like me and you refuse to do us a kindness! Do you mean that you hate all your sisters?"

"Who is absurd now?" demanded Roland scornfully. "No; I will paint your father's portrait with the greatest pleasure in the world; I will take such pains as I have never taken before, even with his daughter's—and that is saying a great deal—but the picture shall be my wedding present to Mrs. Churchill!"

"Don't!" said Amoret crossly. "You have been disagreeable enough already, without beginning to call names. I don't care," tossing her head, "whether you paint the portrait or not, and I shall not say another word on the subject—so there!"

"Oh!" Roland gave vent to a low and rueful whistle. "What a little shrew!"

But Amoret did not answer, she only held her head high, and sat looking so disdainful that the artist paused in dismay.

"Oh, come—that expression won't do at all!" he urged gently.

"What expression?" demanded Miss Amoret loftily. "I look as I feel. I wonder how you would look if I were to be disagreeable to you without cause?"

"You can judge for yourself at this very moment," declared Roland meekly.

Amoret did not condescend to take any heed of this remark.

"Or," he went on, "if you decline to do that, you can take my word for it, that I, too, look as I feel—very crushed and sat upon."

"It serves you right, then; I am sure I never was so snubbed in my life."

"Now, Amoret," he began, calling her by her name in the most natural way in the world; but, before he could say another word, Mr. Dobson came in through the open window, with a bundle of letters and newspapers in his hand.

Amoret, who was used to note every change in his face, saw that he was agitated. She came down from her high horse in a moment.

"There is a letter from Tom, darling," he began, his lips trembling.

The girl glanced at him with an anxiety that she could not for the moment restrain; then, remembering, she smiled and said brightly:

"Well, dad?"

"He has had my letter; he will come," he spoke with difficulty; his heart was beating violently.

"Soon?"

"Yes, soon. As soon as he can possibly be spared. There is some little difficulty about the business, it seems. Probably in a week or two he—"

"That is all right then, dear," declared Amoret, nodding at him gayly. "We shall be very glad to see him; we will make all sorts of excursions and show Cousin Tom the beauties of the Lake of Geneva."

"To be sure," assented Mr. Dobson, his daughter's cheerful manner restoring his courage, as usual. "Askam must join us, if he can spare the time; he knows more about it than we do."

Miss Amoret made no reply to this. She was offended with Mr. Askam, but of course papa did not know that. Roland, however, answered, in spite of the young lady's cold look, that he should be very glad—that it was the fashion nowadays to despise that special corner of Switzerland, but that there were few lovelier spots in this world.

"Then I am to tell Tom to make haste?" said Mr. Dobson, looking wistfully at his little daughter, his one treasure that was so soon to be taken from him. "I think I had better answer his letter at once; he secures a little unexpected, and there is no use in his delaying—the scenery is so pretty just now."

Again the haggard look that Amoret knew and dreaded passed over the dear, gray face.

"Yes, you darling dad!" she cried cheerfully. "Give Tom my love, and tell him to make haste!"

Mr. Dobson, relieved, but wistful still, gave his little girl a kiss, and then went off to write his letter.

There was silence for a few minutes in the studio. Amoret sat looking down at her clasped hands; Roland was going on quietly with his work. But at last the girl looked up and smiled a little tremulously at him.

"So that is quite settled," she said, adding quickly, with a pouting look, "I was very cross and hateful just now. Please forgive me!"

"Miss Dobson!" exclaimed Roland, dropping his brush hastily, and going over to the sofa to take the little trembling hand she held out.

"Yes, I was," Amoret insisted. "So were you, for the matter of that," laughing and blushing. "But we won't quarrel any more."

"Not until the next time," assented Roland.

"No, but I really mean it!" Amoret urged piteously. "Because all my happy days will soon be over now. When Tom comes—"

She paused.

"Well," queried Roland, "when Tom comes?"

"We must all be serious. Tom is very serious,"

There was another pause. Roland did not go back to his easel, he had drawn a chair forward, and sat with his arms folded on the bar, looking at Amoret's lashes as they rested in a long, brown fringe on her pale cheeks, and waiting for her to speak.

"It seems so strange," the girl said at last, drawing a long breath, "until today I did not feel really engaged. There was always the chance that Tom had changed his mind since I was in Manchester, and that now he would refuse me."

"Rather a feeble chance, I am afraid," said Roland, in his brotherly way.

Amoret blushed.

"I mean," she said hurriedly, "of course Tom knows that I do not care for him except as a cousin. I used to laugh at him in Manchester. And now—"

"Your cousin will be good to you?" Roland inquired gently.

"Oh, good!" she exclaimed, "you don't know how good! I am really a very lucky girl! First papa, and then Tom!"

Another pause ensued. Mr. Askam did not seem disposed or able to contribute much to the conversation.

"And yet it seems a pity," the girl went on presently, half absently and more to herself than to Roland.

"How a pity?" he asked, unconsciously lowering his voice.

"A pity that I should be engaged and married without ever having been in love. Papa and mamma married for love; it must be very nice to be in love with your husband."

"I suppose so," said Roland, smiling, his eyes still fixed upon the girl's pretty, downcast lashes.

Suddenly she looked up at him.

"You suppose so?" she asked. "Then you have never been in love either?"

"Never."

"Ah!" with an infection of disappointment, "then you can't tell me anything about it! I suppose papa could, but I don't like to ask him. I want him to believe that I am fond of Tom. And then I think I would rather hear about it from you than from papa."

"Why?" asked Roland, smiling again.

"Oh, because you are young! I am not ashamed to talk about it to you, it is like talking to my big brother, you know," smiling back at him.

"Yes," Roland assented, "I hope it is. It makes me very happy to hear you say so. You can say just what you please to me, though I can not give you any information, unlickly, about falling in love. But you know, don't you, that I am very much interested in your marriage, and, indeed, in everything that concerns you or your father?"

"Yes," the girl answered gratefully.

And then, as she clasped the hand she held out frankly to him, there was another pause. The picture lay neglected on its easel, the long summer day was closing; shadows were creeping about the corners of the little room.

"And you will promise me?" said Roland, giving the little trembling fingers a brotherly squeeze, "that when Cousin Tom arrives our friendship shall still continue? You will not forget me then?"

"No, indeed, no! We shall need you more than ever then, to make us gay! Tom is never gay. You know, he has always the business to think of; whereas papa and I are glad if the sun shines, or the grapes are getting ripe, or the afterglow is more lovely than usual on the Dent du Midi. So long as we are together, little things like that make us perfectly happy."

"And I think it is good to be able to enjoy the little things of the world," returned Roland kindly. "They are always within our reach, whereas sight-seeing, the great joys pass many of us by."

"Oh, but they have the great joys, too!" declared Miss Dobson reproachfully. "You have nothing in the world to sigh about, sir. You can paint and play, and you have read so many beautiful and wonderful books. Why, even I have learned from you to love Schumann and Beethoven, and to see things a little bit with your eyes, and to understand a few lines, here and there of Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold and Morris. I am sure I should grow much more sensible, and think about deeper and better things, if we were to be always together as we have been for the past week or two."

"You are a dear little girl," said Roland abruptly, "a dear little sister that any man might be proud of!"

"Then, if I am, you must go on being very good to me," rejoined Amoret, coloring with pleasure, "and more than ever

when Tom comes. Tom will bring the business in his pocket, you know, and he will go on thinking about it all the while the sun is setting behind the mountains. Tom—she checked herself suddenly, and drew away her hand, which Roland was still holding between his own. "Tom is a dear good old Tom," she added steadily, "and it is very kind of him to marry me and take care of me! I am very sorry I ever laughed at him; I will never laugh at him again—never!"

Chapter IV.

The days went by only too quick now. Roland's friend, John Cadogan, was able to leave his room, and Mr. Dobson, intrigued thereto by his pretty daughter, who declared that this mysterious "Jack" absorbed a great deal too much of Mr. Askam's time, had called upon the convalescent and made his acquaintance.

He came back full of the talk he had with Mr. Cadogan about Roland.

"Do you know that it is that young fellow who has been lending Cadogan the money that enabled him to come to Switzerland?" he said excitedly to his daughter. "The poor fellow had tears in his eyes as he spoke about all that Askam had done for him in his need. It is no wonder Roland's coat is shabby; he is always thinking about others and forgetting himself."

"Yes," assented Amoret, so quietly that Mr. Dobson fired up a little indignantly at her want of enthusiasm.

"You have never done Roland Askam justice from the first," he declared.

Then Amoret laughed and kissed him and whispered in his ear that he would be a dear old dad if he would go back to the Beau Sejour before Roland—Mr. Askam—returned from Chlorens that evening, and induce Mr. Cadogan to come to the villa.

"Tell him that I will take the greatest care of him, and that he shall go home as soon as he feels tired."

Mr. Dobson obeyed. The distance was not too great for the convalescent to walk, Amoret declared. Papa would give him his arm. She would have tea all ready on the terrace; her foot was now nearly well again, and she was able to her own unspasmodic relief, to get about and resume her ordinary occupations.

Roland, arriving at the villa toward evening, was delighted and touched by the friendly group that awaited him on the rose-trilled terrace where Miss Dobson held her afternoon festivals of tea and strawberries and cream. John Cadogan, painted and unshorn as yet after his illness, sitting in a large hooded basket chair, with a gayly striped rug over his knees; Mr. Dobson, deep in talk with Francine, and in her white winged cap, hovering in attendance on the round tea table, where were caps of strawberries and of blood red cherries, piled in oddishes of cream-colored china, and a fantastic profusion of full blown pale pink roses with crumpled hearts, of which Amoret had fastened a great spray in the belt of her dove-colored gown.

"What, Jack, you rascal!" cried Roland, as he stepped out from the open window of the studio on to the terrace. "This is where you are, is it? I went to the hotel and found my bed gone."

Miss Amoret gave him a mischievous nod and smile.

"You see," said John Cadogan, his wan cheeks flushing, "the good ladies found me out and insisted on carrying me off."

"You couldn't have come to a better place to be nursed, old fellow," declared Roland heartily, as he shook hands with Mr. Dobson, and contrived to catch Amoret's busy fingers for a moment as they hovered over the table; and Miss Dobson is never so happy as when she is ordering people about and making them obey her numerous commands.

"Don't mind him, Mr. Cadogan," returned Amoret disdainfully. "He is naturally perverse because he will be compelled henceforth to invent some new excuse for evading the Beau Sejour hospitalities. The old one—"I promised Jack to get back"—will henceforth be useless. Where have you been, you poor boy?" she added, turning with pretty sisterly solicitude to Roland, and pulling forward an easy chair, into which, with a nod of thanks, he dropped, nothing loath. "You look so tired and so warm! Open your mouth—wider than that! Here is the biggest strawberry in Montreaux for you; and here," putting a bloom into the buttonhole of his worn tweed coat, "is the sweetest rose. Now is your happiness complete, or is there anything else I can do for you, monsieur?"

"You can come and sit down here and talk to me," said Roland gently. "Perhaps you have forgotten that I have not seen you since last night?"

"Indeed I have not forgotten it! Was not my unfinished portrait there to remind me of it all day? Why didn't you come this morning?"

"I was in a bad temper."

"Oh, dear!" Amoret arched her eyebrows. "But that is not at all nice, Mr. Askam."

"Of course it is not nice; that is why I look myself out of everybody's way. I had a good tramp in the mountains, and I succeeded in exorcising the demon. As you see, I am as meek as a lamb again."

"Are you sure?" Amoret inquired, regarding him with a pretty air of uneasiness. "I think you had better smoke a cigarette; I shall feel better then. Tobacco always has such charms to soothe your savage breast."

"There, then; I hope your ladyship is satisfied now," said Roland, producing his cigarette case and beginning to smoke.

Amoret drew her low chair away from the table. Cadogan and her father were still deep in their Indian reminiscences; Francine had gone back to the house.

"What shall we talk about—roses and cherries?" asked Miss Dobson, looking at Roland demurely.

"There are some lovely ones to be seen," answered Roland, his eyes fixed upon her pretty flushed cheeks and parted lips.

"Or"—looking down and making pleasantry in her gown—"shall I tell you a story about a—person called Roland Askam and his friend John Cadogan? We heard one this afternoon that interested us very

never mind old Jack's twaddle!"

"Well," sighed Tom, very kindly and gently. "I have come, you see, dear."

"Yes, I knew you would. And—am I ready, and smiling still. He wants you to marry me; and you will, won't you, dear? I was very rude and childish once, and I only laughed when you asked me; but now—"

"My dear little cousin!" said Tom tenderly.

Amoret went on.

"Now I am more sensible I shall be very glad and very proud to be your wife. It will make papa so happy, Tom! He knows that then I should always have some one to take care of me."

"He might be sure of that as long as Ned and Jim and I live, even if you did not marry me, dear," he said quietly.

"Yes, but I would rather be married. Tom," she said quickly. "You don't mind, do you? I should like to be married soon—very soon; and then perhaps papa will get well. Don't you see how ill he looks? It is his anxiety about me that is killing him. Tom, if we were once married, you could leave me here; I need not be in the way at all. You could come back for me whenever you liked."

Tom looked at her, at the sweet brown eyes raised to his—and he sighed. This was how she had thought of their marriage. He might have known—he had known. He had made up his mind only half an hour before that he had no right to make her his wife.

"My dear, I will do whatever is best for your happiness; you may be sure of that," he said at last very kindly.

"Oh, I am sure of it!" declared the girl gratefully. "And the best way to make me happy is for us to be married as soon as possible."

"Even if it were to make someone else unhappy?" asked Tom bravely.

She looked up at him, not comprehending this hint.

"Someone else?" she asked. "Do you mean Ned and Jim? But they have forgotten me long ago!"

"Do you think Mr. Askam would forgive me as easily?" asked Tom.

Amoret, after staring confusedly and blushing a little, began to laugh in her pretty way that he remembered so well.

"Oh, you goose of a Tom," she said, "is that what you have been imagining? You have been thinking that Roland Askam is in love with me? Oh, it is too funny, really! Why, we do nothing but quarrel; and he is always scolding me. Has not papa told you how we first made his acquaintance?"

"No."

Then Amoret described her adventure of the George de Chablillon, and explained how kind Mr. Askam had been, and how he had painted her portrait, and had just begun Mr. Dobson's, which was going to be a greater success even than hers, everybody said.

"Now you understand all about him," said the girl, looking at Tom kindly; "and I am sure you will like him very much when you know him. Papa does, and so do I, when he is not scolding me—but that is not often."

"I never mind old Jack's twaddle!"

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[To be continued.]

The Augustan Order Honored.

There was joy in Villanova College the other day. The Rev. John J. Fedigan, provincial of the American Augustinians, received a letter from the Father General, announcing officially the elevation to the cardinalate of their brother in religion, the Most Rev. Augustin Classe, O. S. A., Archbishop of Larissae and Prefect of the Propaganda, Rome, and asking that "Te Deum" be solemnly sung in thanksgiving to God and the Vicar of Christ for this honor to the individual and to the order of St. Augustine.

Be Gentle and Kind.

For one soul saved by avoiding a fault-finding, ten are saved by a sweet heart. For one soul saved by fear of hell, ten are saved by the thought of the love of God. A gentle voice and a smiling face make religion beautiful to the miserable and the sinful, where as gloomy looks and a harsh or un courteous manner make religion seem a thing to be avoided. Do you wish to draw souls to God? Then let your souls reflect His love. Be gentle, be sweet, be patient. Practiced people may condemn you, but only thus can you imitate Jesus.

A story is told of a young man in England, a great chess enthusiast, who was so annoyed at his failure to solve an apparently simple problem that he vowed he would neither sleep nor eat until the solution was found. He shut himself up in a dused room, and was found four days later by his relatives terribly emaciated and out of his mind. He spent a year in a lunatic asylum as the result of his rash vow, and the problem remains unsolved.

In reference to a recent paragraph on meraldenes, the London Telegram says: "It may not be generally known that Japan exports these shams in assorted sizes, in glass cases, at so much per foot run. They are made of the body of a fish and the dried head of a monkey, so skillfully united that it is difficult to detect where one begins and the other ends. Of late the market for meraldenes has been flat; at one time they were fairly common in the curiosity shops."

A woman notary public in Colorado was recently married and sought legal advice as to what name she should use in the future, officially. The attorney-general of the state has finally given the gratifying opinion that she must sign all documents as before her marriage, for he finds no law compelling, or even authorizing a woman to drop her maiden name on the simple excuse of marriage. In fact, he says that there is no authority for a change of name at marriage or at any other time.