

himself, but begged repeatedly for mercy. As he kicked him George gave him this advice:

"Leave for the city that has the misfortune to own you before the sun goes down, or I'll repeat this lesson." Then he turned his back and said softly:

"Phridgia."

"Oh, George," she whispered, all her silly romance about this other man gone, and a thorough appreciation of George's worthiness taking its place.

"I've got the farm all paid for, dear."

"Have you?" she asked shyly.

"Could you get ready to move into the house on it by the first of the month?"

A different wooing, surely, but she was so glad he spoke as he did.

"Then you forgive me, George?" she asked pleadingly.

George had an inspiration. Gently he took her into his strong arms that had defended her and reverently he kissed the lips Philip Carrington sought. Then he said with a smile that transfigured his face:

"I guess, little girl, there isn't very much to forgive."

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GETTING ALL THE CREAM.

The high cost of living has turned the cream in many a cup of coffee—no, not sour, but to milk, for the simple reason that there are a lot of people who cannot afford to buy cream and are using ordinary milk instead. The habit of using cream can be acquired again, however, at small expense if the proper methods are followed.

A nice thick layer of cream will be found on top of the milk in the morning milk bottle. Every drop of the cream can be utilized, and there is really quite a lot of it, if a simple cone-shaped skimmer is obtained. It will probably be necessary to have a tinner make one.



A lecturer was donning his evening dress preparatory to going on the platform, when his manager came to him in great distress: "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "there isn't a handful of people in the hall!" "I don't know how to account for that, Jim," replied the lecturer calmly, "we've never been here before!"

