

ing of me all the time he was wooing me.

The old story of the man who runs frantically for the street car and if he catches it sinks quietly into his seat and begins to read his morning paper, lost its humor in its application to marriage and became an illustration of the entire singleness of purpose which leads to success in any pursuit.

Dick had "caught his car" and it was my duty to see that it was made as comfortable for him as possible so that he could turn his attention to the other affairs of life.

I think we both decided that he would be able to do great things and enjoyed such exultation that must come to every one when hope looms bright.

Something of this came into Dick's mind, for he said as we prepared for bed:

"I guess you can give your old Dr. Atwater the laugh and tell him his croaking did not amount to much, for it looks as though you and I, Margie, are going to be like the Prince and Princess in the fairy tale and live happily ever after."

I smiled assent, but I went to sleep thinking of the calm of Mrs. Selwin's face and wondering how many and how hard would be life's experiences before I could become a gentle philosopher who could say: "Whatever is, is best."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

CELERY CREAM SOUP

Use all the tops and leaves and stalks of coarse celery. Wash and put into granite saucepan with just enough water to cover. If a slice of onion is at hand add it. Boil until very tender. Put in colander and mash with potato masher. To every cup of the celery stock add two cups of milk, a little butter and half a teaspoon of cornstarch. Boil in double boiler for ten minutes. Serve with cheese toast.

THESE GIRLS WERE BRAVE DURING SHIPWRECK



Marguerite and Dorothy James.

For 36 hours the steamship Cobequid, pounding to pieces on Trinity reef, off Nova Scotia, flashed its wireless signals of distress. Death seemed inevitable for the 108 human beings aboard ship. Strong hearts tried to cheer the more terrified.

When at last the rescue fleet of coast steamers found the imperilled vessel, the passengers united in giving praise to Marguerite and Dorothy James, Brooklyn girls, for their bravery in the face of danger and hardship.

Bride-elect—I have not the slightest idea how the wedding-service begins. I must look it up. Her adorer, glancing at the wedding gifts that had been sent in: "It should be, 'Know all men by these presents!'"