

The pencil fell from Eunice's trembling hands. Those hands covered her face to hide the tell-tale blushes.

"Oh, I cannot write that," she fluttered.

"Then you understand?" said Mr. Larned tenderly.

"I have understood for two years, Mr. Larned," murmured Eunice.

"And I," said he longingly, "only for my lonely ways, because you are so much younger I have hesitated to ask you to become my wife."

"You have been so kind to me," whispered Eunice, "you are so far above me—"

He sealed her lips with a kiss and drew her head to his shoulder, and Eunice was at rest.

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ONE WAY OUT



"I'll have to arrest ye; ye've been driving along at the rate of fifty miles an hour."

"You are wrong, my friend," said the driver. "I say I wasn't, and—" (handing the driver a bill)—"here's ten dollars that say I wasn't."

"All right, sir," returned the copper, pocketing the money, "with ten to one against me, I ain't goin' to subject the county to the expense of a trial."

—o—o—
An orange tree will bear fruit until it reaches its 150th year.

SATED

By Berton Braley.

I am weary of songs about roses,
And yet every one who composes
Thrusts "rose ballads" under our
noses

And bids us to sing,
To sing about "roses and you, dear,"
Of "roses all wet with the dew, dear,"
Of "roses of beautiful hue, dear,"
And that sort of thing.

My peace and my nightly repose is
Destroyed by these carol of roses
Until I demand, "Holy Moses,"

Get out of here—scat!
These rose ballads give me the
Willies,

For heaven's sake sing about lilies,
Or pansies or daffy down dillies,
Or something like that!

"Oh, sing about onions or carrots,
Or birdies, from thrushes to parrots,
Or polecats or badgers or ferrets,

Or what you think best,
But cease to make restless our dozes
With songs of these wearisome
posies;

Oh, lock up your 'gardens of roses'
And give us a rest!"

—o—o—
BAKED BEANS

Soak 4 cups beans over night in cold water. In the morning add fresh water and cook slowly until the skins begin to burst. Pour off water, and turn beans in bean pot or jar. Bury in the beans $\frac{3}{4}$ pound of fat salt pork. To 1 cup boiling water add 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon molasses, 3 tablespoons sugar, and pour over beans. Add enough boiling water to cover beans, and more if needed during cooking. Cover the bean jar and bake slowly from 6 to 8 hours. Mustard may be added if the flavor is preferred. This quantity should serve eight persons.

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HEALTH TIP

Hot milk is an excellent sleep-producer. Drink it just before retiring. Sip it, don't gulp it down.