

tons polished, stood on a stool by my side.

But I seemed doomed never to be married, even in fun.

It seems that the jealous Bearded Lady whispered to the Fat Girl a dire canard that Mr. Klester had been sworn in as a magistrate, and that the ceremony might prove more than a joke on the public. That was enough for the Fat Girl. She launched herself at me like a steam roller and snatched away the bridegroom. I little dreamed that the most outraged of human motives struggled under that placid expanse of bosom.

How'd I know the dwarf was her husband.

"I don't wanna take no chances," she panted. "It might be bigamy!"

It made a great scene, but it broke up the show.

"After all your slamming at him," I hissed to her, as I packed my handful of wedding presents under my arm and left the Karavan of Kurios forever. "what makes you so scared you'll lose the little shrimp?"

"Well," whined the Fat Girl, "I've got to have a pectorator, don't I?"

(The End.)

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

TWO VIEWPOINTS OF LIFE

Chapter LXXXIV.

Father Waverly was much better this morning and has improved all day, but poor Mother Waverly is quite sick. She seems to like me about her better than Mollie and this morning, after I had her bathed and her bed and night clothes changed, I went into the suit case I had brought over and found one of my pretty boudoir caps and put it on her.

The pink ribbons looked lovely on her white hair and a flush of pleasure tinged her cheeks as she said, depreciatingly: "Oh, Margie, I'm too old to wear this dainty thing!"

"No, you're not, mother dear, just look at yourself," I said, giving her the hand glass.

A woman is never too old to take an interest in her looks and when she ceases to be pleased with a compliment you may know she is ready to die.

Mrs. Waverly was far from wishing to leave this world and her face lighted up with pleasure when she saw how pretty she looked.

"Now, you just lie still and look out of the window while I go down and bring up your breakfast."

"I don't want anything to eat, Margie. I could not taste a thing."

"Don't begin by thinking about it,

mother dear," I said. Wait until you see what I bring you."

I had seen some luscious looking strawberries at the corner grocery the day before, and although it is winter and I knew they would be expensive I determined to get them to tempt her appetite.

I hurried out for the berries, made a cup of fresh coffee and toasted some bread a delicate brown and cut it in strips. While the coffee was making I even churned a little pat of fresh butter in the glass cream whipper. Then I fixed up the trap with Mother Waverly's daintiest doilies, china and silver. The strawberries I left with their hulls on and just as I had them arranged on the plate with the toast beside it and the coffee in the tiny pot, a boy brought a big bunch of roses for Dad. I stole a pink one and laid it on the tray.

It would have tempted anyone. When Mother Waverly saw it she gave a little cry of delight and exclaimed: "Margie, how beautiful. I know I can eat every bit of it." And she did!

When I went back down stairs I took out the flowers and found a card with Eleanor Fairlow's name. I wondered how she knew Dad was sick and then took myself to task for sus-