

## OH, MARY, BE CAREFUL!

as though it was the most beautiful music in the world.

"Go away!" said Mary.

"Never again!" said he.

"Yes, you will!"

Instead, he advanced toward her with the air of a man who had something important to do.

"He doesn't mind me a bit," thought Mary, covering her face with her hands. "Aunt Myra was right! He's a Tyrant too!"

The Tyrant had reached her, and had gently taken her hands.

"Mary!" he whispered.

"Go away!" said Mary in a muffled manner.

He bent over her, and somehow Mary's hands slid from her face and around his neck.

"Is there any place in Plainfield where I can get a ring?" he asked at last.