

from the branch to the hive. One irate bee, however, did manage to get behind the veil and sting her on the end of the nose and on one eye.

"If this sort of thing continues I shall be down with nervous prostration," Mrs. Milligan reflected ruefully, as she sank exhausted into a chair when the fiery trial was over.

Just when her nose was swollen to about four times its natural size and one eye closed Mr. Milligan returned. Heroically, he restrained a desire to laugh and compassionated her sympathetically, praising her pluck profusely.

He had brought a set of adjustable screens, and while his wife prepared tea he fixed them in the windows.

"Edith," he said, presently, "I've arranged so we won't have to get up in the mornings till we feel like it. I've ordered a cream separator. The man is to bring it up to-morrow, and we'll make butter instead of sending the milk to the factory. That's a great invention, the separator. You just put the milk in at the top and turn a crank. In a few minutes the machine accomplishes what it would take nature a couple of days to do, and does it more satisfactorily, too."

"How much will it cost?" Mrs. Milligan asked.

"Seventy-five dollars. Rather a high price, but the man says it will pay for itself in a year."

Mrs. Milligan looked grave.

That night before they went to bed every visible mosquito was slaughtered, and sleep was certainly more sound.

Just in the gray dawn, however, Mrs. Milligan was awakened by the familiar battle cry. One after another of the enemy was fought and slain, but still they kept coming on.

"Wherever can they be coming from?" she pondered.

The mystery was soon solved. The tiny space between the over-lapping screens was crowded with mosquitoes, which gradually made their way through the narrow passage into the

room. Then with wings outspread and well-primed weapons they sailed straight for the bed.

Mrs. Milligan got up, put a folded paper into the crevice, killed all the mosquitoes within reach, and got into bed again.

There was a brief cessation of attack, but soon it was renewed. Mrs. Milligan got up again to see what was the matter.

When she saw she gave up in despair. The clamorous swarm were actually coming through the meshes! First came the murderous bill, then the head and shoulders, next the fore legs, wings and body. How maliciously triumphant was the bugle note of the little soldier as he sailed into the room! And Mrs. Milligan declared that she saw him grin.

Very soon after breakfast Mr. Gass, the cream separator agent, put in an appearance. He set up the machine, explained its working, with profuse eulogies on its merits, and hurried away.

Then Mr. Milligan put it to the test. In fifteen minutes it was over, but the sweat was pouring in great drops from his face.

"That's the hardest work I ever did," he gasped.

"Why, Mr. Gass said that any child could run it," Mrs. Milligan protested.

"Gass by name, and gas by nature!" Mr. Milligan burst out. "Agents and advertisers are alike in one respect: they are warranted to say more than their prayers every time."

Mr. Milligan sat down panting, but soon jumped up again.

"I forgot to tell you that the two young Cookes are coming to help me cut the hay to-day. You will need to get up a good, substantial dinner. I ordered some meat—couldn't get anything but salt pork—and they are to bring it."

Mrs. Milligan was in dismay. Three hungry men to cook for, and fat, frizzly pork to fry! What was becoming of the cool, dainty, little