

insect pests already thriving, what the farmers could do without."

"Oh, Chris, that's simply *won-der-ful!*" a voice of silver cried. "I'll be so proud to help you bring them out. It will be my triumph too, won't it, dearest?"

Chris turned to her slowly. "Ye-s-s!" he slowly said.

Her sweet face was toward him, lifted a little like an eager child's. The wonder is that the love upon it did not gleam out in a sort of spiritual phosphorescence.

The dark cloak had fallen backward from a throat like milk, showing her wedding whiteness. The scent of roses and fragile, mangled ferns rose from her crushed bouquet.

Chris gave a sort of sob as he caught the slight form to him. "Shucks—Lord!" she heard his dear lips say, "what do I care for bug-eggs or professors,—or whether the farmers grow a single row of corn,—when I got you, at last,—for my wedded wife,—when I is got Miss Mary for my own."

And—though it sounds incredible—for a long, long quivering moment after this the patent leathern pump on Chris's right foot went deep into the dishpan and its hatchery.

THE END