He shook his head.

Iris' heart. -it is such a pretty name."

"Well, I will," said Iris; "but you

you said, Paul.'

"that I had scmething better than bread and butter. Miss-Mabel!' "There is nothing I like better." said Iris, taking a slice quietly. "But you are eating nothing, either."

"I-I can't; J am too happy!" he said. "It is all so wonderful to see you sitting there! I think I shall wake directly and find myself all alone as usual, and my meeting with you realand sit in this chair. It is so comfortable, see! My father made it for me because I am so little. You can lean

right back, and rest beautifully There!" and he patted a cushion and arranged it carefully

> I cannot take your chair, Paul.' "Yes, yes," he said, eagerly, and he wered himself on to the floor almost at her feet. "I know you are tired, and want you to rest. You would carry my violin, but it is my turn now," and laugh.

Iris, after a moment or two of silence. He thought, with his head on one



Time to Put Your "Stanfield's" on



