

seemed to be carrying something; and staggered from side to side, as under a careful weight. When at the side of the carriage, she leaned over and saw that the object was the largest, rustiest dishpan ever known.

"Oh, Chris! Your *wed-ding* gloves!" she cried impulsively, and then bit her lips in annoyance that she had been betrayed into the motherly admonition.

Chris looked up to her face with a disarming smile. "I declare to Goodness—but I plumb forgot I was wearing wedding gloves. I'm sorry. I'll buy you a new pair for me the first thing to-morrow morning. Here is the mud I spoke of. The eggs are hid within." He beamed down on the surface of the semiputrid mud adoringly.

For about ten seconds the new-made wife had a sharp decisive struggle, from which she soon emerged with the smile of love and understanding which was a banner raised to the ramparts of certain lifelong happiness for both.

"Put them in here, my darling," she said tenderly, moving her feet aside to make room for the horror. "I'm going to help you hatch them without fail. Are they so very rare?"

"The rarest there is," said Chris. "They come from Southern Europe. A big man there, Professor Frenchy something, sent them to me to see if we could start the species here. They'll fight some