



Miss Huntington forgot for a time the rector's presence in discussing her newest grievance—the milkman.

"He is so forgetful," she complained. "Sometimes I think I will live on bread and water for the rest of my days. He either leaves a quart when I have told Maggie I want a pint, or a pint when I have said a quart. On days when I have ordered none at all, he is sure to leave more than usual. To-night I suppose I shall find an extra supply."

"Thanksgiving seems to mean an extra supply of everything good," said the rector, looking absent-mindedly from the bountifully spread table to Marjorie across the way.

"But what about your Maggie?" demanded Mrs. Fitzgerald practically, as she wrestled with the turkey, "Surely she ought to know better than to let him leave the wrong amount. Have you asked her about it?"

"Oh," Miss Huntington shook her head with conviction, "Maggie always is so busy when he comes! She gives him the order and he is supposed to fill it. Why, when I went into the kitchen the other day when he was there, I found Maggie ironing so fast and hard that her face was as red as a beet. She hasn't time to worry about him—I have often heard her snub him, in fact. And I—" Miss Huntington's voice grew pathetic—"I simply can't take her to task about it. The modern maid-of-all-work is so independent, Canon. And Maggie has been a treasure since she came to me, three months ago.

"Well, I—" Mrs. Fitzgerald became severely emphatic—"should not be at *all* surprised if you Maggie and your milkman were in love. It is strange that they are *both* so absent-minded about the milk. I'd inquire into it, if I were *you*."

Miss Huntington looked anxiously at the rector, fearing that he would be scandalized at the levity of the conversation.

"Oh, it is the milkman's fault. I know, Mrs. Fitzgerald," she said hurriedly. "He is apt to be light-headed and forgetful. I often

