

elbows and bore traces of the flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue checked apron; but she looked as winning and lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

She blushed and blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then, turning her eyes upon her father, waited dutifully to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for a moment with a quizzical look.

"Moll, this young man—mayhap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and bars, all of his own make—a right good article, too. It asks a pretty steep price for them, but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make, your father will ratify."

As Mr. Bilkins said this he considerably stepped out of the room, and we will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made can be readily conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

Luke Jordan turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and influential member; but every year, on the anniversary of his marriage, he delights his mother-in-law by some specimens of the handicraft by which he won what he declares to be the best and dearest wife in the world.

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