

THE CRICKET

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lookin' for her ever since. I swore I'd marry her when I found her!"

"Yes?"—anxiously.

"Will ye see if ye'll fit my leprechaun coat?"

He held out the orange-and-black Chinese coat, and laid it about her shoulders.

"Larry! it was you!"

"Yes, darlin', an isn't it luck that it's *you*!"

The coat and its owner were folded close to Larry's heart. Both of them had come home.

THE END.