

"Oh, Jerry, Jerry!" I sobbed, my arms around his neck. "He—he has told her once more, and this time she—she *knows*. Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Watch out, Philura! There, if you haven't spilled half those doughnuts into the soft soap!" cried Jerry, irritably. "Oh, well, maybe they'll wash off. So don't cry, dear."

"I'm not crying for doughnuts," I gulped. "But to think, after all he has gone through, and *she* has gone through, to have it end like this—at last!"

"Not to mention what we've gone through, for their sweet sakes," said Jerry, feelingly. "Of all the strenuous romances! Next time I feel like helping along at match-making, I'll go down to Father's roller-mill instead, and ask the boss to give me a shovel. Good night, Philura. Take this doughnut. Most of the soap is washed off the biggest end."

"Well, Irene, one thing is certain. Assuredly, you need never feel, as long as you