

that Mary leaned closer, murmuring, "What is the matter, dear?"

Chris turned a hunted face. "I knew you'd help me out,—bless you, Miss Mary. I knew you'd help me out, being the kind and thoughtful lady that you air. I'm sure, now, you won't get mad if I ask you to let me stop for a half a minute here at my own front gate. There is something I've just remembered as I'd forgotten, something that can't be left to bide on there, lonesome and by itself, without running the risk of being completely ruined."

The bride flushed imperceptibly. So this—some larvæ, or some hatching cocoon—had been the cause of all this agitation.

"Of course, Chris, if you wish it. And please don't think that you must speak to me, or—or—ask about the things you want to do. You are your own free master,—and mine too," she whispered tenderly, but Chris did not seem to hear.

"Thankee, Miss Mary. Thankee a whole lot," he cried out fervently. "I couldn't have slept a wink the whole night through had I been forced to leave that important experiment in danger of being chilled."

"What sort of experiment is it? Do you mind telling, dear?"

"N-n-no," answered Chris, peering out through the darkness to see if the Gaither gate was yet in sight. "Not if you care to hear it. There are eggs