

baking powder and cocoa and extracts. We have used them in our family for two years."

"I might have known it!" cried Pete enthusiastically. "These muffins now — light as a feather. Well, that's good! I'll sell you our Amigon line anyhow. Mrs. Stevens will back me up."

"I certainly will," said she, "and you ought to get something for your long drive."

After breakfast when they withdrew to the sitting-room Pete caught sight of a violin box upon the piano. "May I look at your fiddle?" he asked.

"Certainly. Help yourself."

Pete took out the violin and tuned it. After drawing the bow across it a few times he began to inspect the instrument carefully.

Stevens tipped a wink at his wife.

"Where did you get this fiddle?" asked Pete.

"From my father, and he got it from his father."

"You've got a corking good fiddle here."

"Yes, we were offered eighty dollars for it last month."