

OH, MARY, BE CAREFUL!

a spoonful of custard, leaning over breathlessly while she did so, her eyes like those dew-kissed forget-me-nots to which I have already alluded, her lips slightly parted with excitement.

It was thus, I think, that Circe exercised her wilcs.

It was thus, no doubt, that Saint Anthony was tempted at Fayum.

"If she starts coaxing, I can see my finish," he thought; "and, anyhow, I'll soon be gone."

So, keeping his glance most carefully on her chin (not daring to look in her eyes), he opened his mouth and Mary popped in the custard, triumphantly crying to herself: "Hurrah! He's not a tyrant! He's passed Number 'Two!'"

"It tastes funny," thought Mr. Morgan, "but I won't say anything to hurt her feelings. . . . How pretty her chin is . . . like white velvet underneath . . . only whiter . . . and softer . . ."