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The Western Home Monthly is the best magazine for the price in America. One dollar in advance will pay for three years' subscription. Remit to-day.

When the cowman began a hesitant account of his early life in Ontario and of his present loneliness, the listener on the front porch was dimly certain that inside of a month she would be again without a cook unless something was done promptly to avert the catastrophe.

After Mr. Sanderson had said good night to Paradise in a long handshake he strolled absently to the front of the house, where he bumped into the grim figure waiting for him.

"Good gracious, ma'am! I didn't know you were settin' there, Mrs. Kelly," he stammered.

"I see you have been siting with Paradise, Mr. Sanderson," she began uncompromisingly.

"Yes, ma'am, I—I happened round to—to kind of apologize for being too rough with the little fellow," said Peter, guiltily.

"It took you longer to tell her than me," he retorted drily. "I've listened to long sermons, but never to a three-hour apology. I guess she must 'a been awful hard to satisfy."

"I didn't right well know how to break away."

"Are you quite sure you wanted to, Mr. Sanderson?"

"I expect I clear forgot to want to, ma'am," he blushed.

Mr. Sanderson mounted Six Bits next morning, and rode away to the Antelope Peaks, where he had promised to look at a bunch of cows that were for sale. From the kitchen Paradise Meeker watched him go, and Mrs. Kelly watched her watch him. Paradise washed and wiped the dishes alone that day, but one interested observer noticed that she warbled as she worked.

It was two days later that Peter reappeared, this time in a buggy, and accompanied by a friend. The chaps, the flannel shirt, the gay knotted kerchief around his neck had disappeared. A white collar had a strangle hold on his throat, and a mournful suit of misfit blacks helped to render him more acutely miserable.

"Goin' to a funeral, Pete?" McCoy jovially wanted to know.

"Or a weddin'?" amended a puncher of the Bar 101 ranch.

A tangle of hurried arms and legs flung out of the door and coiled themselves about the perspiring cowman's person.

"See my little tittie tat," cried the owner of the coils, displaying a much the-worse-for-wear kitten. "I dot a truly dog, too. You dot any tandy for me?"

Sanderson, with a apologetic grin at McCoy introduced his young friend to a pocket fat with raw material ready to be manufactured into indigestion.

"My, how the little angels rejoice when papa comes home," grinned he of the Bar 101 outfit.

"Don't you, Jim," advised Pete. "Mamma's peelin' a hen. Tum in and see it urged the youngster.

Sanderson formally introduced his

companion to the porch loungers. He proved to be Mr. Robert Rogers, sky pilot, come to preach on the morrow at the little church adjacent. After which the cowman invaded the kitchen to see the chicken-plucking to which he had been invited.

He wiped dishes again that night, and subsequently for a second time preempted the kitchen porch steps. On this occasion John Quincy Meeker was no longer present to chaperon them. He had been kissed and put to bed—at Mr. Sanderson's suggestion.

Possibly, but for his absence, Mrs. Kelly would not have happened to catch Mr. Sanderson teaching school next day to a class of one.

"Spell cat, boy."

"C-a-t, tat," lisped the manikin.

"Now spell dad."

"Tan't."

"D-a-d, dad. Try it, boy."

Mrs. Kelly made straight for the kitchen and found the cook wearing her best dress and a pink ribbon.

"Are you going to marry that man?" she demanded.

"Yes'm," faltered Paradise, looking anything but pale and washed-out.

"When?"

"To-day, ma'am, if you please.

Right after church, if you don't mind, ma'am." Mrs. Paradise Meeker was a rosy picture of shamefaced embarrassment.

"And you ain't known him three days yet?"

"He's got a right kind heart, ma'am, and he's that good to the boy," apologized the recreant cook.

"Are you marrying him because he is good to the boy?"

Paradise was sure her face must be a deep-dyed crimson. "No, ma'am, I—like him. He's a right nice gentleman."

"Then all I've got to say is that I hope you won't live to regret it," and Mrs. Kelly sailed away with the No Compromise flag nailed to her mast-head.

But she was very much at the wedding, which occurred in the big porch of the hotel instead of at the church. Everybody in Mesa was there, and after the ceremony the happy trio drove away in Sanderson's buggy to his ranch. Behind them rolled a wagon laden with supplies, mostly air-tights. In lieu of a charivari Mesa showed its good-will by a parting fusillade of popping revolvers.

"So there goes Paradise," sighed Mrs. Kelly.

"That's right, ma'am," heartily agreed one of the unwed, misunderstanding her promptly. "Paradise goes. There's sure nothing like running in double harness. It's certain up to the rest of us to git a move on and hit the high places. When you goin' to have the next cook lady, ma'am"

Mrs. Kelly fired her bomb placidly. "There isn't goin' to be any next."

She kept her word. To-day an almond-eyed Celestial rules in the kitchen of the Kelly House.

FRIENDS.

You ask me why I "like him." Nay, I cannot; nay, I would not say. I think it vile to pigeonhole The pros and cons of a kindred soul.

You "wonder he should be my friend." But then, why should you comprehend? Thank God for this—a new surprise: My eyes, remember, are not your eyes.

Cherish this one small mystery: And marvel not that love can be "In spite of all his many flaws." In spite. Suppose I said "Because."

A truce, a truce to questioning: "We two are friends" tells everything. Yet, if you must know, why this is why: Because he is he, and I am I.

The

Meeting had

Holbrook was ugly pulpit, with overboard; the seats in the pitch from U fork and were wings of mig all abroad; Pilgrim Vale square pews, ing to the tast owners; and upon the high foot-stools near gling feet to two hours' fd closed by bla opened slowly walked up the dignified and Every head w him, every fa of astonishme singers, finishi quavers of di the front of down upon hi brook bent his to look sternly where his w uncomfortably attempt at un

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And agony for this mar deliberately t his fellow-to self only thre crat, claimin haughty self- to him in v as that of M upon him in personal cha And why this stern int Pilgrim Vale of one so late a pollution th lose the pri suffering him Why? Oh, not the temp you must thri earnestness o trust, their c vantage or s Right full o called to ther encroaching It was 177 Massachusetts mission from had sent o levied upon of the foreig the avowed mutinous pr grim Vale c "the man C