fiancée's maid, and I made up my mind to jolly him out of it, but it occurred to me that it would n't do much good when he heard how I spent the afternoon.

I fixed the bells and reached my hotel again about four. George was awaiting me. He told me we were to dine at Miss Stanley's, so I thought I would not tell him of my afternoon experience, for it would be just like him to tell the story at dinner to amuse the company.

When we reached the Stanley's—the front door this time—I was mortally afraid of recognition on the part of the maid who should open the door. To my relief, and yet to my disappointment, she turned out a total stranger, and very plain. As we entered the drawing room, George first introduced me to Mrs. Stanley and then hurried me off to meet his fiancée. She was gayly chatting with some of her guests.

George introduced us, and I stood spell bound, thunderstruck! Not because she was a beautiful girl, I had expected that, but because I recognized, under all the diamonds and satin, the simple housemaid of a few hours earlier!

We might have stood there indefinitely, for all I know, just staring at each other in amazement, but just then a gay voice behind me said, "I do believe you have taken off the the bandage!"

How well I recognized that voice! Turning, I found myself face to face with her!

But what a change! Cap and apron were gone, and she was gowned in flimsy white; instead of a plate of crullers, she carried a bunch of roses, but I should have liked her in any costume.

George was entirely mystified. "You don't mean to say you know each other?" he exclaimed; "when did you meet Ida and Miss Sayford, Jim?"

But Miss Sayford did not give me a chance to answer. "Ida will tell you all about it," she laughed, "but we are going out to dinner now, and, turning to me, "I believe you are to take me out, Mr. Hall."

I did not need to be bidden twice! Over our soup, she said, with a saucy glance, "Now, Mr. Hall, don't you think it's about time you explained your intrusion into Mrs. Stanley's kitchen?"

When I had finished my story, I said, "Now, don't you think it's my turn to know what you were doing in Mrs. Stanley's kitchen?"

"What a silly question," she laughed, "when you were right there and saw me helping cook the dinner you are eating!"

"That is not explaining things, and you know it," I returned, "the mystery is, why did you and Miss Stanley, and the other two, who, I see, are here, usurp the place of the cook?"

"Why, how extremely slow you are," she said, teasingly, "if you had ever heard a little poem I know, maybe you could guess!"

"Well, tell it to me, and give me a chance," I begged.

"'Where are you going, my pretty maid?'
'To cooking school, kind sir,' she said.
'And what do you do there, my pretty maid?'
'Make biscuits and doughnuts, kind sir,' she said.
'And then, do you eat them, my pretty maid?'
'The good Lord deliver us, sir,' she said."

"I see, at last,—a cooking class!"
"Of course it was," she said, "and the dinner is to celebrate our graduation as accomplished cooks."

"Did it take you long to learn to make doughnuts?" I enquired.

She dropped her napkin just then, and I suspect she did it to hide a blush; I sincerely hope so, for she deserved to be ashamed of herself for palming off those grease balls on me.

She bent to pick it up, and, of course, I had started to do the same. Strangely enough, I made the identical mistake of a few hours earlier, but I fancied her look as not quite so icy this time.

"Were they so bad?" she asked, when we had returned to our soup, referring to the doughnuts, and ignoring what had happened under the table.

"Bad?" I said, innocently, "of course not; they were perfectly delicious, the best I ever tasted."

"Then, I'm afraid you never tasted very good ones," she protested, but she gave me a charming smile and, I think, the fit pleased her.

But, maybe, I have only formed that belief in the light of my later knowledge of her, for, even to-day, if I want particularly to please my wife, I have only to praise her cooking, especially her crullers.


In Social Science.

Prof.: Why was it hard for the primitive races to get a start?
Jones: Because no one could count three,