

White Specks in Butter.—Not all fruits make good jelly. Neither do they all stiffen alike. Some require more sugar than the regular measure for measure, and some need a touch of lemon to make them acid. The favorite jelly fruits, are grapes, currants and crab-apples. They "come out" best with the least trouble. Such mild fruits as strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and some kinds of peaches are improved by the addition of lemon, but even then so many housewives never get them to jell nicely. Quince jelly is delicious and the fruit should be boiled in a little water as possible. Plum jelly is also good, but it requires one-third more sugar than the measure of juice. This is especially true of green gages, which are generally used for jelly-making. It is wisest to use as little water as possible in which to cook the fruit. The mistake of adding water to make more jelly always makes trouble, for it will have to "boil down" again. Use plenty of sugar, or the jelly will be a failure. Use porcelain lined or granite kettles for cooking fruit, otherwise it may turn dark.

THE HOME.

JELLY-MAKING.

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The housewife wants to make this work as simple as possible, and ever then it is hot and wearying labor. Wash the fruit and put it into a large kettle with as little water as practicable; or put it into a stone crock set into a kettle of boiling water, keeping the fruit closely covered until well broken. In either case it should be stirred once in a while until boiled soft. Drain it through a cheesecloth bag without pressing if one is particular to have the jelly very clear. Measure the juice when drained and measure out an equal amount of sugar. Put the sugar in a pan in the oven to heat, or put it in a kettle over the fire, with just enough water to wet it through and allow it to boil. Meanwhile the juice should be boiling, and when the sugar will form in hairs from the end of the spoon pour the boiling juice into it. It should then be skimmed and boiled until a little of it will harden on a saucer. When the sugar is simply heated and put into the juice the latter should boil for twenty minutes after it commences to bubble. As a rule very little boiling is necessary after this, as the sugar dissolves immediately.

Have the jelly glasses ready, standing either in hot water or on a cloth wrung out of boiling water. If this precaution is taken they will not crack when the hot liquid is poured into them. If the glasses are provided with tin covers they should be put on firmly, and sometimes it is necessary to seal them with wax or rosin. If there are no covers paper may be tied over and securely pasted down. A wax covering is air-tight. Hold a paraffine candle, lighted, over the jelly so that it will drip on a fitted circle of white paper put over it first. When covered with wax the jelly is securely sealed. Precautions must be taken to seal jelly or it will mould on top. Of course this may be removed with a knife or spoon, but it is not pleasant to have it mould. All preserves are better for being kept in a cool, dry place, and, if dark, the better.

THE WINTER WINDOW GARDEN.

It seems rather early to speak of the winter window garden, but the housewife who wants some good potting soil must commence now to get it in readiness. The soil needed for the window garden must be exceptionally good or the plants will not grow successfully. Procure some good earth and mix with it sand, manure, leaves, grass, etc., putting the pile in some place where it will not be disturbed. It takes some time for all this to rot and form the fine potting soil so essential. Pour over this pile all the soap suds, wash water and dish water available and fork it over occasionally, mixing it thoroughly and well. In this way only can the very best potting soil be procured, and those who delight in flowers should begin now to prepare for their winter garden.

SUMMER DISHES.

Panned Spring Chicken.—Split a half-grown chicken down the back, place in a baking-pan, spread thickly with bits of butter, dust with salt and pepper, set in the oven; baste frequently until brown. When done, take up on a heated dish, add a tablespoonful each of flour and butter, mixed, to the gravy in the pan; stir until boiling, thin with boiling water, and pour around the chicken.

Beef Loaf.—Three pounds of chopped beef, two slices of chopped salt pork, two teaspoonfuls of butter, one-half cupful of milk, three crackers rolled fine, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, one egg, sage. Mix all well together with the hands and bake in a bread tin. It may need a little more than a half of a cupful of milk; it should be moist. To determine when its done, run a steel knife into the loaf; if of course the inside should not be at all red when taken from the oven. Good hot or cold.

Corn Oysters.—Three cupfuls of graded corn, one-half cupful of sweet milk, three well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper. Mix and drop by spoonful into a spider and fry in good butter. Turn quickly; serve hot.

Corn Pudding.—Two cupfuls of shaven corn, two cupfuls of sweet milk, two well-beaten eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Corn Omelet.—Three well-beaten eggs, one-half cupful of sweet cream, one cupful of corn cut from the cob, a little salt and one tablespoonful of flour. Into a hot, thick-bottomed spider, put plenty of good lard and butter; pour in the batter and bake; do not turn.

The skin of the kangaroo, when properly tanned, never cracks.

WINNING HER WAY.

CHAPTER XII.

The young girl started up; the scene of the preceding night recurred to her. She passed her hand over her brow; was it reality? As if to convince herself, she rose, glided past the sleeping Frau von Ratelow into the next room. The windows were open, and over that which lay upon the bed, had been spread a white sheet. She gazed at it; her heart felt chilled and involuntarily she clasped her hands. "Our Father, who are in Heaven!" resounded within her, for she felt impelled to pray; yet she had not the power to put her anguish, her supplications into words—"forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Then a loud blast re-echoed through the room; below in the street a trumpet was sounding the reveille. "Come, Elsie, child, that will awaken you no more," said Frau von Ratelow, drawing the girl to her bosom. "He is at rest, my dear, and we would not recall him—would we?"

CHAPTER XIII.

The interment was over. On leaving the cemetery, Lieutenant von Rost strolled across the road in order to greet his betrothed and her mother who were taking a walk, probably not solely for the sake of obtaining fresh air, but rather to see something of the funeral procession. Frau Cramm had a weakness for such things, and so had Annie; a large fire, a wedding or a funeral always attracted them to the vicinity.

The lieutenant bowed, and walked by Annie's side without offering her his arm. "Dear von Rost," said her mother, "have you heard how Frau von Hegebach is? Annie told me she was almost stunned by grief."

The younger lady nodded. "Only thank, Leo, I was there only a short while ago—she did not speak a word, and looked so pitiful; she was not so very devoted to the old man and there is really no occasion for such despondency! Nevertheless she seems crushed—can you understand that?"

He dropped his eyelids. "It might be possible," he replied, "after having two such shocks at once."

"Two!" mother and daughter exclaimed simultaneously. He paused a moment and then said: "She promised to marry Hegebach at her father's death."

A cry of astonishment reached his ear. "How lucky the girl is!" said Frau Cramm.

"It is surprising, is it not?" asked Lieutenant von Rost, in a tone which left his hearer in doubt as to whether he was ironical or serious.

"A great piece of luck!" repeated Frau Cramm. "Beautiful Bennewitz and that magnificent carriage! Last year Prince H— was there to hunt, too!"

Annie did not speak; she was thinking how Elsie had pored over her books at school and had studied for her examinations, how simply she had always dressed. Yes, truly, that was luck! Who would have thought it!

The news of an engagement between the orphan and Hegebach flew through the village on the wings of the wind. Elsie sat in her tiny room, meanwhile, in her mourning gown; above the somber crape ruche in the neck of her dress, rose her pale, spirituelle face, with the infinitely melancholy expression about the mouth.

She had spoken very little since that morning. She had not wept, but she went about with a troubled air, sat in one place, then in another, her hands in her lap, looking gloomily at the ground; food scarcely passed her lips; she did not visit her eyelids. She saw her dying father's changed face constantly; she felt him clasp her hand; she felt the shroud she was to wear through life, that invisible, repulsive chain. Was it not wrong to make use of the sacred power of the hour of death to render a human heart miserable forever!

"Father, you did not love me!" she murmured. She saw the happy smile light up his face when he joined their hands; she heard the last deep sigh of relief escape his breast; he died contented—and she must live! It was insupportable!

She had not again seen him in whose hand her father had laid hers, nor had Frau von Ratelow urged her, such deep, silent sorrow, was not consistent with the happiness of a prospective bride. But upon returning from the funeral the lover wished to speak to her who had been intrusted to him in that sacred hour.

Frau von Ratelow, dressed in deep mourning, mounted the stairs to tell Elsie of the important visit she was about to receive. In her hand she held a couple of sprigs of cypress which Hegebach had taken from the coffin before it was lowered. The stately woman knocked less resolutely than usual at the door, and entered. Elsie was seated at the table; before her lay writing-paper and a pen; she put the letter she had commenced to her portfolio and rose. Frau von Ratelow laid the sprig of cypress in her small hand and patted her pale cheek.

At the words "with him" she started, and for an instant her pale face was suffused with a bright blush. She did not reply, but she slowly shook her fair hair.

"Why have you lowered all the shades," asked the old lady, "as if God's sunshine were objectionable?" And she raised them, letting in the bright zing sunlight, which was so bright that Elsie was forced to close her eyes. "Look out, Elsie!" Frau von Ratelow took her hand and drew her to the window. "See the birds upon the apple-tree and the blue sky! One should pay proper respect to the dead, child, but one should not forget the living! You have duties to perform. Take courage!"

The girl did not raise her eyes—if possible she grew paler. "I am going downstairs, Elsie, I have something to say to Frieda. I will send Hegebach to you. When you return from the cemetery, you must take a cup of coffee in my room. Farewell, Elsie."

She left the room. In her anguish the girl beat her brow and tore her hair. Was there no escape? Almost wildly she glanced about the room. She was to fulfill a promise against which her heart rebelled. Ah, to be free once more! Mechanically she put on her cloak and hat. As she was in the act of tying the strings, her hands fell to her sides—there he stood upon the threshold!

"Cousin!" she stammered. He approached her and took both of her hands in his; then he raised them to his lips. "My dear Elsie," said he tenderly, "it was a sad hour in which we plighted our troth, but at the same time it was serious and sacred, it was the pledge of a future life spent together in affection and faith."

He spoke earnestly, but what he said sounded almost pedantic. Elsie heaved a sigh of relief, but she did not speak. "Shall we visit your father's grave together, Elsie?"

She nodded. He took her parasol from the table, handed it to her and offered her his arm; she laid her hand lightly upon it; they left the room, descended the stairs and passed through the hall to the elegantly upholstered vehicle and carefully spread the costly robe over her. As they drove off, she raised her eyes for the first time. Frau von Ratelow was at the window and waved her hand.

An infinitely miserable sensation stole over the girl as she rode along in the finely appointed carriage; she felt as if she had been sold, as if she had no self-respect left, and with a hasty movement she drew her crape veil over her face, for she felt ashamed to have the bright, clear spring sunshine in her eyes.

She did not notice Hegebach's proffered arm at the entrance to the cemetery; she walked quickly on ahead. "Where are you going, Elsie?" he asked. "The grave is on this side." But she had already sunk upon another mound, her hands clasped in despairing prayer. If she were only alive, then—a mother would not force a child into a loveless marriage!

Hegebach stood to one side, waiting patiently. It was some time before she rose, turned and followed him to the new mound upon which the clouds were still uneven. She stood there too, without a word, with not a tear; he seized her hand which she gently drew away. "Shall we go?" he asked after a silence of fifteen minutes.

She assented, again preceding him along the narrow path between the graves. At the carriage, she hesitated; she would much rather have walked. Silently he offered her his hand in order to assist her, and seated himself silently beside her. He knew what it was to return home from a newly-made grave; he could sympathize with her. Her brown, child-like eyes should learn to smile, once more, when they did not need to look upon want and care. She would smile again when they traveled. He would take her to Paris first; she was only mortal, and Paris—well Paris is an indefinitely alluring word to the feminine ear. Elsie's veil was over her face; she looked neither to the right nor left.

On the way home, they passed Lieutenant von Rost and Captain von P. They bowed low and looked after the carriage and the black veil which for a moment fluttered out of the window. "She has not yet learned," said Rost, "how a grande dame reclines among the cushions; she sat there as a school-child does upon the school-bench. However, it will not take her long to learn; women are wonderfully apt in such things."

"Do you believe that she loves him?" asked von P. "Pshaw!" replied Rost, glancing at his horse which the groom was leading toward him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Frau von Ratelow, had, in the meantime, been with Frieda; the latter's mood had not changed for the better. She had scarcely a word of sympathy for the orphan. Lili had gone upstairs once with the intention of condoling very coldly, but in the presence of the grieving, sorrowful girl, her kind, little heart had been touched, her eyes were swollen from weeping when she returned to Frieda.

"What are you crying for?" asked Frieda, irritably; "she has made her fortune. Do not imitate Moritz; he speaks of that engagement as if it were a dire misfortune."

"But, Frieda, in spite of sorrow, if one is the least bit happy, one does not look like that! No, Frieda, you are cross and want someone upon whom to vent your anger. I know you, little sister. She took away one of your admirers once, Friedchen, did she not? Moritz! you cannot be seriously jealous; he has never in his life cared for anyone but you."

But neither railery nor exhortation had the power to banish Frieda's ill-nature. Respect was being paid to Elsie's sorrow; she was no longer an insignificant person, she was the betrothed of a man who moved in the best circles of society in the provinces. Frieda, therefore, put a coral brooch upon her dark blue dress, for she did not wear mourning like the rest, and what did she care for the old man who had closed his weary eyes forever?

Frau von Ratelow entered her room with such an expression of satisfaction upon her face that her black crape cap was a great contrast to it. All that she had hoped for the girl had come to pass; she had really drawn a big-prize. How well she departed herself—so gravely, so calmly, and yet so proudly; and how pretty she looked in her black dress. Not once had she attempted to evade her good fortune as she had before her father's death. Elsie had no doubt gladly grasped the hand held out to her just at the moment when her bark was beginning to ride rudderless upon the wild sea of life.

"Elsie is a good sensible girl, God bless her." Grief for the departed was not very deeply rooted as far as the old lady was concerned. Of course one thing she regretted: that he could not have lived to enjoy a few weeks of peace, but the Almighty knew best; he and the owner of Bennewitz had never agreed very well, possibly he might have disturbed the perfect harmony. Then, too, he had always been sickly—yes, yes, he was raised—might he rest in peace. With a pleasant "Good morning!" Frau von Ratelow sank upon one of Frieda's fragile chairs and inquired so particularly for her grandchildren that Frieda stared at her in astonishment.

"Friedchen," she continued, "what have you against Elsie? Your foolish fancies of a few days ago, have I hope, fled." She took her daughter-in-law's hand. "Listen, my dear, a great burden is lifted from my mind; you can probably see that—and when I am pleased, you know, I like to have others pleased too. You may select something unusually nice for your birthday, Friedchen. What would you like? Out with it, Lili, help her."

Still Frieda did not look amiable, although the last words sounded tempting to her, for Mamma Ratelow was always very generous in her gifts. "You are very kind, mamma," came hesitatingly from her full, rosy lips. "Well, take time enough to think it over. Do not decide hastily. How would you like to take a trip with Moritz to Baden-Baden, Switzerland and the Italian lakes? I would take care of the children. Think it over, my dear, Good morning. I must go in search of Moritz. Good morning, children."

Ah, the old lady indeed knew how to strike the tune to which each one gladly danced. The two sisters, when the door closed upon Frau von Ratelow, seated themselves upon the couch and turned over the pages of the latest fashion journal; there was a pretty traveling costume. Oh, delightful words—traveling! Baden-Baden!

Moritz was the one who had opposed the scheme. "What ails you, boy?" asked his mother. "How can you take that stupid jealousy so to heart? Frieda is on the high-road to becoming tractable."

"You are mistaken, mother. I have simply ignored Frieda's caprice, but I must confess that her conduct wounded me. It may be, too, that she was right in a way. I was, perhaps, over-anxious as to Elsie's future."

"During that conversation they crossed the court together. A carriage rolled through the gate and drew up at the steps. "The betrothed, Moritz," said Frau von Ratelow, quickening her pace. "Shall we join them?" Her son raised his cap from his fair locks, and with a bow, turned toward the stables.

"I must see to Sultana; the veterinary surgeon is coming to-day to attend to her foot."

"It is strange," muttered the old lady, hugging on, she met the couple at the door. The latter looked so odd, so stiff and resolute. She had cause enough in her father's death, had she only wept. She maintained that same stony manner when seated in the easy-chair in her aunt's cosy room; the doors leading into the conservatory were open, and a soft, balmy breeze blew in upon Elsie. She turned her head and looked at the flowers; she did not utter a word, she did not take the least part in the conversation. Why should she? She seemed to herself like one who had been ejected from a blooming paradise, and transplanted in a snowy, icy desert. From the other side, budding roses nodded to her and asked: "Why did you let them force you?" The swallows flew by and twittered: "Was that your courage? are you not ashamed?"

"I am not so sure. A short while ago she seemed like a child; it was the expression of her eyes principally which made me think of her as such. When I went upstairs to-day to fetch her, she glanced at me so reproachfully,—ah, you may call me sentimental, madam—but I cannot forget that glance. A pair of eyes looked at me that way once before and I shall never forget them; it was in Russia; a young gypsy girl stood by the way-side begging. My coachman, a rough fellow, cracked his whip about her head; she did not flinch but she turned her dark eyes toward me, and a world of sadness lay in them. Elsie had the same expression in her eyes, the same painfully compressed lips, as I approached her to-day. And—I cannot help it, I must give utterance to it, there is more in it than grief for her father."

"Is that your opinion, madame?" he asked slowly. "I am not so sure. A short while ago she seemed like a child; it was the expression of her eyes principally which made me think of her as such. When I went upstairs to-day to fetch her, she glanced at me so reproachfully,—ah, you may call me sentimental, madam—but I cannot forget that glance. A pair of eyes looked at me that way once before and I shall never forget them; it was in Russia; a young gypsy girl stood by the way-side begging. My coachman, a rough fellow, cracked his whip about her head; she did not flinch but she turned her dark eyes toward me, and a world of sadness lay in them. Elsie had the same expression in her eyes, the same painfully compressed lips, as I approached her to-day. And—I cannot help it, I must give utterance to it, there is more in it than grief for her father."

"My dear Hegebach! The girls of to-day are different from those of our time. And, moreover, you know it is the day of the funeral, and notwithstanding his treatment of her, she was devotedly attached to her father."

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He bade a gardener, who passed them, see that his carriage was brought around, then he smoked calmly on, and made a few trifling remarks. "Apropos, dear Hegebach," said the old lady, "what did you say was the name of the firm of whom you ordered the engagement rings?"

Haller & Co., he replied. "They will be finished for a week." "Of course not," said she, "such houses are always so busy. Thomas, here on the Marke-platz, would have made them just as well and much sooner. But in that you are like all the rest, Hegebach."

He smiled, but did not reply. "I believe the carriage is already at the door," he said at length. "Good-bye, madame, until to-morrow—my love to my sad, little Elsie."

He kissed her hand, ascended the steps of the terrace, and disappeared within the house. In a few moments his carriage rolled over the paved court.

"Of course, Hegebach is vexed," said Frau von Ratelow, who was still standing at the foot of the steps; "such conduct is incomprehensible. Oh, Lord, what trouble one has with young people! She should have been my father's daughter."

She turned and hastily walked along the path very well. That day she would say nothing—but to-morrow she should have a talk with her. It was exceedingly rude to run away like that, and it was dangerous.

"What can have come over Hegebach that at his age he should look into the child's eyes like a schoolboy, that is certainly not necessary; it does not suit him to be so languishing, so soft-hearted; he was not always that way."

To be Continued.

PATHETIC RACE WITH DEATH.

But little John Harrington's strength faded before he reached his home. Loving hearts lavished words of care upon little John Harrington. Willing hands worked themselves to a shadow in the apparently hopeless effort to make the boy's life happier.

The lad was a cripple. Hip disease had afflicted him when a little child. The inactivity of his life, the absolute lack of exercise, the inability to occupy his mind with the pleasures and pursuits of the average fifteen-year-old boy, dragged him slowly down, cut him off from the rest of the world and made his little world a circumstance bounded by the four walls of the home at No. 237 West 123rd St., New York.

The doctors said that perhaps a sea voyage would make his life happier. Certainly medicines had nothing to offer to ease the pain; it was but a question of making existence bearable.

So John Harrington, accompanied by his two sisters, three months ago, sailed for Europe. They were in England and saw London, and then passed through the beautiful north country and touched Scotland. From there the little party went to Ireland.

But nothing stemmed the ebbing tide of life, and the boy expressed a wish to be taken home.

On the Campania, which reached New York last Friday evening, were the boy and his two sisters. The big Cunarder and witnessed the boy's last struggle against death. He fought bravely, asking but that he be allowed to die at home. The Bishop of New Orleans, a passenger on the boat, was with him almost constantly. So, too, was Father Cummings. The stateroom of the lad was filled with all things good that the ship could provide.

The race with death was ended when the Campania touched her dock, and human energy had won a temporary victory.

The boy begged to be taken home, but the physicians absolutely forbade saying that the frail body was utterly unable to stand the strain of the long carriage ride, so a big rubber-tired, pillow-filled carriage took him to St. Vincent's Hospital.

In the presence of his mother and the two sisters who had guarded over and guided him in his phantom chase after death, the boy died late Saturday afternoon.

HE COULDN'T FURNISH IT.

Yes, he said, with some show of temper, you're just the kind of a woman to spend \$10,000 a year on dress alone.

Oh, no, I'm not, she replied sweetly. If I were a word I'd have married a different kind of a man.

And the more he thought of it the more satisfied he became that it was a hot one.

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