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Called to Graysville

By Fredericka Ford

THE two Misses Morefield sat upon the broad, shady piazza of their comfortable old home, and discussed all the "doings" that had occurred in the little town of Graysville during their absence at Old Orchard Beach. It was a warm Saturday afternoon in August, and there had been a constant stream of people "dropping in" ever since luncheon. Some of these callers had come in a formal way, others informally, but each and every one of them had made a point of letting the two ladies know that the new minister had been called, and was coming to take up his abode amongst them very shortly.

Of all the news this particular item agitated the Misses Morefield most. Mary Ann Davis' new baby had been named without their cognizance or assistance, and the Hetheringtons had decided at last as to whether their new home should be a bungalow or a colonial, this too without their knowledge. But that St. Paul's should call the new pastor without consulting them—well this was too much!

Miss Morefield, the elder, wore a look of wounded dignity. Miss Jane Morefield's usually placid countenance was flushed with indignation.

Their nearest neighbor Mrs. Kenton was just taking her leave, having run over for a few minutes' chat—said few minutes having lengthened into exactly one hour and a quarter.

"I think I at least might have been consulted in the matter," Miss Morefield repeated, "even though we were at the seaside there are such things as telegraphs, and a very few words would have made me acquainted with the step that was being taken."

"Yes, one of us should have been told. It would have seemed more courteous than to have left us in the dark, until we came home. It is the first time Graysville has seen fit to take the reins into its own hands in this way, and I just feel, for one, like somebody had slapped me in the face!" Miss Jane spoke in a bitter tone. She was deeply offended. "Oh come now Jane," remonstrated Mrs. Kenton, "We never figured that you'd be so upset as all this—"

"Our dear father," Miss Morefield, the elder continued. "Having for so many years been the leading citizen of this town—in fact he was here long before it was a town—dearest Jane and I have always felt that we were entitled to lead in most matters of importance, whether socially or—"

"I know," interrupted Mrs. Kenton, "But you see the opinion was so unanimous. Everybody voted for him. There wasn't a single 'Nay'. We felt certain both of you would approve of our choice."

Miss Morefield tossed her head. Miss Jane sniffed. "And you knew we were hearing candidates, for you entertained no less than six—" Mrs. Kenton went on.

"Seven," corrected Miss Jane.

"And this young man seems to be—" "Young!" cried Miss Jane, sharply, "You don't mean to say you've been and gone and got one of those newly-ordained students? Why we left word that no man under thirty was to be called!"

"Well, this gentleman is all of thirty I guess, though single yet!"

"Single?" chorused the Misses Morefield.

"Yes, but I did hear as how he was engaged."

"Oh!" (felling reflection).

"Ah!" (ditto).

"Well, as I see some more callers coming," said Mrs. Kenton, hurriedly glancing up the street, "I'll just slip away now, and don't take on too much, Jane, and get yourself all het up for nothing. I feel sure you'll be tickled to death with this splendid young man we've chosen. Gracious! I'm not fit to be seen and I don't want to go out the front way or I'll meet those people that are coming here! Can't I slip out the back way?"

Miss Morefield rose and opened the conservatory door, and scarcely had

the stout form of Mrs. Kenton disappeared from view, through it, when the front gate clicked and two visitors advanced up the neat box-bordered walk.

"Why, land sakes! If it isn't Cousin Florence Weeks!" cried Miss Morefield under her breath.

"I do declare! And a gentleman with her!"

"Is my hair all right, Jane?"

"I must ring for Fanny and tell her to make some more tea and cut some more fruit cake. Goodness, I wish I'd put on my grey crepe de chine like I wanted to, but you said white would be better, it was so hot, and here I've gone and spilled ice cream down one side of my skirt. I'd been more careful and not done it, if you'd let me wear the—"

"Why, this is certainly a pleasant surprise, Cousin!" Miss Morefield, the elder, was saying.

A brisk, pleasant-faced young woman of twenty-eight or thirty, in a smart tailored suit came up the broad steps, followed by a tall man in a grey suit and a panama hat.

Each of the Misses Morefield thrust a cheek forward for their cousin to kiss. Florence Weeks, though related was almost a stranger to them, especially of late. They had always stood somewhat in awe of her, for she was a successful business woman in a large



A Happy Trio

American mercantile house. Her salary was said to be in four figures and steadily mounting. As a little girl she had occasionally visited in Graysville, but the town had not seen her for years, and only upon the two spinsters' rare visits to Philadelphia had they ever been able to renew acquaintance with their clever young relative.

"You might a' let us know you were coming," said Miss Jane, greatly flustered, pulling forward the two best wicker chairs, "then we could have met you and saved you the long walk from the depot—"

"Oh, I don't mind, Cousin. I love walking, and to tell the truth I am staying at the Brown's over Sunday, so could not remain here anyway (Greta Brown and I were old school chums you know). Allow me to make you acquainted with my fiancé, Mr. Grantley."

"Pleased to meet you," bobbed Miss Jane, to the gentleman.

"Charmed, I'm sure," asserted Miss Morefield, "Oh, I mean it, sir! I've always wanted to behold in the flesh the man that Florence could be got to tie herself down to."

"Tie herself up to you mean, sister. Do you take cream and sugar in your tea, Mr. —?" Pardon me, I've forgotten your name."

"Grantley," smiled the owner of that name. "No sugar, please." The maid, having been summoned, deftly placed the tea-service at her mistress' right hand.

"We didn't even know you were in Canada—much less Graysville," observed Miss Morefield, dispensing the refreshment.

"Well, to tell the truth, I—I'm in Canada for good now," explained Florence Weeks, with a charming blush. "Mr. Grantley you see is—"

"Well, we just got back last night from Old Orchard," the elder lady continued, full as usual of her own affairs. "And I can tell you we've had our eyes opened a bit! Such doings you never heard tell of!"

"Yes, indeed. Scandalous!" assented Miss Jane.

"I thought you both looked rather upset," said their cousin.

Florence Weeks regarded her relatives with some concern. Mr. Grantley also looked mildly sympathetic as he stirred his tea.

"We have good reason to be upset."

"I should say so! This town as you know, Cousin, was founded you might say by our dear father. But of late years there has been a new set—a bold



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