

Why Ted Was Not Invited.

Grandmother. Hollrooke's temper had been much tried that morning. Everyone else was busy about the house, and her own work had been interrupted by an unusual number of callers.

Mrs. Clark had borrowed spoons for her lunch party, and Johnny Linn had come for a recipe his mother wanted. Then there had been an agent with a pint measure which could serve various purposes as occasion required, and a tramp asking for "a bit of cold victuals," while old Uncle Jimmy inquired through the window whether or not they would like to buy some fresh fish.

When once more a step sounded on the side porch and a shadow fell across the heap of carpet grandpa was bending over, her patience was quite exhausted. A small boy stood in the doorway, holding out a slip of folded paper.

"If you please," he began, "will you give—"

"No," said grandma, severely. "We haven't anything for you—not if you are deaf and dumb."

"I didn't want you to give me anything," was the puzzled rejoinder. "It's something for—"

"I haven't any doubt of it, it's probably a very good thing, but we don't need it and we don't want to buy it."

"But won't you just look at it—is it?"

"No!" cried grandma, "I've seen this carpet woven in New Scotland long ago if I had been left in peace. I know all about you, you are a set of impostors and we don't want to have anything to do with you."

"We aren't impostors! We're just as good as you are—so!" declared the small voice, and a pair of indignant feet clattered down the steps and out of the window.

"Perhaps I was a little hard on him," thought the old lady to herself. "I hadn't my specs on, but it was probably baking powder or medicine."

When Ted came home from school he went straight to the kitchen where mamma was helping Nora get dinner.

"Has it come, mamma? Have you seen it? What have you done with it?"

"With what, dear?"

"Why, my invitation to the party—Earl Davenport's party, you know. All the fellows are invited, and it's going to be real big and swell."

"And there is going to be lemonade dished out of a chunk of ice, and ice cream with peaches in it, and fireworks in the evening and everything."

"I have been here in the kitchen all the morning," said Mrs. Hollrooke. "Probably grandma went to the door."

walked across the lawn with her. A moment later, Nora burst into the room, her face beaming. "Ye're go after all, darling!" she cried.

"The pretty lady herself has come for ye, an' she says it were all a mistake—bless her! And now let Nora brush your hair and smarten ye up a bit."

So Ted was invited after all, and what a royal welcome he received, and what a happy time he had.

"But mamma," he said, after it was all over, "how dreadfully near I came not going!"

"I guess you did," said Mrs. Hollrooke solemnly. "Harriet A. Hall in Chicago Interior."

Modern Chivalry.

"I tell ye, gentlemen, hit's impossible to rise corn and riss it right without litigation."

"I suppose he meant irrigation, but far be it from me to criticize a member of the school board," laughingly said the handsome young man that had just entered the cabin.

"These neighbors of ours must be the funnest people on earth, or do you invent these jokes for their medicinal effect?" inquired the sick girl, smiling from her comfortable chair.

"Oh, I'm not equal to that; my imagination is a mere speck, a talow dip—so to speak—compared to their brilliancy. And the fun of it is they are so unconscious."

Two young men and a sick girl, accustomed to the refinements of civilization, trying to consider life a great joke in this rude cabin on a far away ranch.

It was a romantic situation, and "decidedly unconventional," as they admitted.

One of the men—a young doctor—had buried a charming wife, and was rushing away from sad memories to try life in a new land, together with another young adventurer.

When in New York, where they had stayed a few days, they met Bessie Mason, an old school friend of both, apparently dying with consumption, and quite alone in the world.

She had longed for a breath of the balmy south, a last chance for life, but under the circumstances it was useless. Now the coming of these friends revived the thought.

"Go with us," said the doctor; "you will get well. We will adopt you."

Oh, to think of it restores me almost; but it is impossible. The impulsive young men, persuading themselves that the change would save the girl's life, finally succeeded in overcoming her scruples.

the bride with awkward ceremony, explaining that he always "got 'em all alike, so as there wouldn't be no jealousy."

It was a lunnet, covered with bright, cheap flowers, which he insisted on putting on the sick bride's head.

This incongruity furnished a vent to the strained feelings of the party.

When the newly-made husband shook the person's hand, and assured him that no gift could have been more appropriate, the poor man, though well satisfied, was a trifle puzzled.

In the cabin home, Bessie seemed to grow better. She became interested in the ranch, the sheep-raising, and was fond of the young lads which were brought in.

The two young friends vied with each other in making her comfortable for such delicacies as could be had, which she showed them how to prepare, and food herself to eat.

They made merry over their domestic blunders, and daily brought the budget of fun from outside.

The inquiry of the kind-hearted neighbors, "How's yo' ole woman to-day?" always "brought down the house," and Bessie's slaves, as she called the two friends, paid her much deference as "the ole woman."

The young men were scarcely conscious how largely she entered into their lives, until the turn came, and they had to face the fact that she was fading rapidly.

At last the dread messenger entered the cabin, and these resolute natures, who had made a brave fight against him, had to yield.

"God reward you, dear old chums," the dying girl said feebly giving a hand to each.

The doctor bent low to catch her last word. "My husband? I may call you so once. Hear my friendship. On your part it was friendship, noble, self-sacrificing; on my part it was love, stronger than death."

So the doctor, riding over every day to see the sick girl, soon became convinced that more care was needed than could be had in that place.

Beside their cabin fire, the two friends held a consultation, and the verdict was that Bessie must come home.

"We must take care of her," they said. "Yes, by George! now we've brought her so far away, but ought not to let her die here."

"I'll settle it," said the doctor. "I've had more experience than you."

The next day he told Bessie that the cabin was quite comfortable now, that they had accomplished wonders in the way of furnishing and decorating.

call on you at the same time? She—Why, then, I'm afraid there would be a circus with three rings in it—Brooklyn Life.

Wife—Did you notice, dear, at the party last evening how grandly our daughter, Clara, swept into the room? Husband (with a grunt)—Oh yes! Clara can sweep into the room grandly enough, but when it comes to sweeping out the room she isn't there—Texas Siftings.

"You no spik Inglis, 'don' you?" asked the visitor at one of the foreign villages on the Midway Plaisance. "I zpeeg Ingliz hundred dimes padder azz how you zpeeg it?"

General News and Notes.

Pope's father was a merchant. The mother is the child's first creed. To stop a door's creaking put a little oil on the hinges.

What is the good of good that does not do somebody good?

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One should never lose confidence or become discouraged. Stand only give flesh and Charlemagne on state occasions wore a silk gown worth \$8,000.

Canibalism, it is reported, is still practiced in fourteen places in the world.

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Pish bills were used as electrosopes by Gilbert and many others in 1891.

Lacretia, the great Latin poet, stabbed himself in a fit of disgust with life.

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A Wonderful Fish Producer. This is the little gem to you. Emul of Cod Liver Oil, by many thousands who have taken it, and who are now strong and healthy.

A Pittsburg man is determined to live to be a century old or die in the attempt.

Probably the first electric railroad in Brazil has been put in operation in the city of Bahia.

God made the sun to give light, but he gave every man the right to put up shutters on his windows.

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