

der table und set to Aunt Elsie: "Vell, dot is a new vun on me also. Vas you sure it ain'd B. & O., or C. R. R. of N. J.? Dem is a cubble of railroads, but I nefer heard of der R. S. V. P."

For der fairst time in her life since she vas old enough to grab a sentence between her teeth und shake der pronouns ould of it Aunt Elsie vas dumb-pounded.

She kept looking at der invitation und saying to herself: "R. S. V. P.! vot is it? I know der honor of your presence; I know der bride's parents, but I doan'd know R. S. V. P."

All dot day your Aunt Elsie vandered through der house muttering to herself: "R. S. V. P.! vot is it? Is it some secret between der bride und groom? R. S. V. P.! It ain't my initials, because dey begin mit E. S. Vot is dot R. S. V. P.? Vot is it? Vot is it?"

Dot efening ve vas all at der dinner table ven Aunt Elsie rushed in mit a cry of choy. "I got it!" she set; "I haf untied der meaning of dot R. S. V. P. It means Real Silver Vedding Presents—ain'd dot an up to dateness?"

I vas just aboud to glass of vater