



"WE'LL HIDE FROM HER, JERRY," SHE WHISPERED.

THE FALLING OUT AT GRANDMA'S.

BY BARBARA YECHTON.

For a week past the twins had been looking forward to this visit to grandma Walters. They were to go without mamma, and they were to stay all night, two unprecedented occurrences in their short lives.

It was a great relief to them when Friday morning dawned clear and bright, just cold enough to be agreeable. The little girls were in high glee, and when uncle Jarvis dashed up to the door in his new cutter drawn by two big black horses, to drive them over, Molly and Dolly danced with joy. Mamma and nurse could hardly get them to stand still long enough to have their wraps fastened.

Then there was a filling of hot water bottles and foot warmers, one or two bundles were stowed away and the little girls packed snugly in the sleigh—each clasping her last and best-loved doll, carefully wrapped up from the cold. Mamma gave last kisses and a parting injunction to be good children, uncle Jarvis let the horses go, and away they dashed, with tassels flying and bells jingling.

After a delightful ride of an hour they reached the old homestead which was situated on the edge of a large town, and here they were warmly welcomed by dear grandma and aunt Myra. Uncle Jarvis could not stay, as he had business in town, so the children were soon out of the sleigh and into grandma's arms.

After a nice warm lunch of just the things they liked best, the twins took a walk round the place to visit the animals; then came a chat with grandma; then, as aunt Myra had gone to lie down with a headache, grandma went to sit with her and the little girls settled down to a dolls' tea party. Rosalinda and Maid Marian were seated up in the queer little stiff-backed chairs which had been aunt Myra's when she was a child, and on the small round table which matched the chairs was spread a doll's tea-set of white china with what Dolly called the "cutest" little rose-buds all over it. There was real sugar in the sugar bowl, and milk in the milk pitcher, and tea ("cambric" tea) in the teapot; and cake full of raisins and currants, and cookies broken up small to fit into the tiny cake plates. Besides all these good things,

a rosy apple cut into four pieces adorned the table, flanked on each side by wee dishes of shelled walnuts. It was a feast to be proud of, and the arrangements of the table were really artistic.

"Rosalinda, do sit up straight," said Molly, giving her doll a decided shake as she set her upright in her chair. "I'm always teaching you your manners and yet the very minute I put you in a chair in company over you go to one side, and it does look so bad. I declare I'm just talking and talking to you all the time. Does Maid Marian ever behave so, Dolly?"

"Most all the time," answered Dolly, in a sympathetic tone. "She's been over on her head no less than three times since we began to set the table. The last time her hat fell off into the bowl of milk and her best ribbon got all wet, I've had to spread it out by the fire to dry. I do think children are a great care,"—with a solemn shake of her curly head and trying to speak in a very grown-up tone of voice—"and they 'most times behave the worst when you take them visiting."

"Cept us, you and me," put in Molly, with decision. "We're always good, no matter where we are—don't you think so, Dolly?"

"W-e-ll"—hesitated Dolly, "cept when we cut off Aleck's eyelashes and eyebrows playing doctor, and when we helped him put a hoptoad in nurse's bed to frighten her—and when we walked up the head-board of our bed like the circus men and broke it all to pieces—and—"

"Oh, that was long ago," interrupted Molly, hastily. "We haven't been real naughty—oh! for ever 'n ever so long. I guess we're going to stay good all the time now. Now, let's begin the party. I'll be Mrs. Hamilton—who'll you be?"

"Oh! I wanted to be Mrs. Hamilton—couldn't you be somebody else?" asked Dolly.

"No! I couldn't," was the decided reply. "And I ought to be mamma, 'cause I look like her. Why don't you be Mrs. Cole?"

"I don't want to—and I won't," cried Dolly, indignantly. "And you wouldn't want to, either, Molly Hamilton. She looks as cross as cross can look and always calls us 'little girls!' as if she didn't know our names."

"But you needn't be her herself, just be

her name," suggested her twin. "And do hurry up, anyway. The tea's getting all cold, and you're just spoiling everything."

There was a short pause. Molly looked everywhere but at her sister's face. After swallowing very hard for a minute or two, Dolly said, in an injured tone. "I'll be Mrs. Cole—though I don't want to one bit."

"All right," said Molly, briskly. "Do sit down and let's begin. I know Rosalinda is just famished for something to drink. Mrs. Cole, does your child take milk and sugar in her tea?" So the party began, but there was a little cloud still hanging over Dolly's expressive face, and sometimes she pretended she did not hear when Mrs. Hamilton addressed her by her new name, and this became the cause of a serious accident.

"Please pass the cake, Mrs. Cole," repeated Mrs. Hamilton; and as Mrs. Cole still turned a deaf ear she half rose and with an impatient movement leaned across the table and snatched a piece of fruit cake. In doing this she jarred the table, and upset Maid Marian, who fell over on the fender and smashed her lovely pink and white bisque face!

There was one moment of awful silence; then with a burst of anger Dolly caught up her unfortunate child and turned on her twin. "You're a nasty, mean girl, Molly Hamilton," she sobbed. "You're behaving just awful to-day—see if I don't tell mamma on you. I'd just like to knock your hateful old Rosalinda all to pieces." Molly felt frightened and sorry for what she had done until Dolly threatened her pet, then catching her in her arms she answered, sharply. "Indeed you shan't! Your Maid Marian was all the time tumbling over. I guess she'd have broken her nose pretty soon, anyway."

"Why, why, what is the matter here?" cried grandma's voice, and she came into the room so hurriedly that her cap strings fairly fluttered behind her.

"It's Dolly!"

"It's Molly!" came simultaneously from the lips of the little girls.

"Oh, to think of it!" said grandma, sadly, when each one had poured out her story. "That two little Christian girls can't play together for one hour even without quarrelling. It seems to me that you've both been wrong and I think you had better kiss

and make friends." But neither of the little girls was willing to do it just then.

"I don't want to," said Dolly, hanging back with a scowl on her little face that took all its beauty away. "She broke my dear Maid Marian!"

"I don't care," answered Molly, tossing her head.

Grandma looked at her obstinate grandchildren with a troubled look on her dear old face. "I know your mamma will be very sorry to hear of such naughty behavior, she said, presently. "Now I must go back to poor Aunt Myra, whose head is aching dreadfully, but before I do I want to tell you that you must be very quiet and as long as you can't play peaceably together, you must separate. Molly, you take your doll and half the tea things and play over at that end of the room, and Dolly, you take the other half and stay here. I'll put away the pieces of Maid Marian's head and perhaps to-morrow Aunt Myra may be able to patch them together again. In the meantime I'll let you have Jerry to play with, but you must be very good and kind to him." Grandma went out of the room and soon came back, bringing a dear little maltese kitten, which she placed in Dolly's outstretched arms. "Now, isn't he nice?" she asked.

"Yes'm—but—but—" with a quiver of her lips—"he isn't as nice as my dear Maid Marian."

"Now, be very quiet, both of you," said grandma, then she went away. At her end of the room Molly bustled about, feeding Rosalinda, holding long conversations with imaginary visitors, and pretending to be very cheerful. In reality, however, she was not so cheerful, she loved dearly to play with her twin—and she did wish mamma was here to set things straight. After all it was not as much fun visiting grandma alone, as they had expected.

Meanwhile at the other end of the long room Dolly had roused herself from her deep grief for her unfortunate child, and was devoting herself to Jerry, who was as good-natured and full of play as a kitten could be. He allowed himself to be dressed in Maid Marian's Commemora cloak, and in her pink silk hat; his little grey face looking very funny under it. Dolly did so want somebody to share the fun with her. She looked wistfully at Molly's back—if Molly would only say she was sorry—it was cer-



"HE GATHERED DOLLY AND JERRY INTO HIS KIND, STRONG ARMS."