

you a birthday party? There is everything on earth ordered to eat, and all the children in the colony are asked to come and play with you, and you make a monkey of yourself."

"I won't go."

"Why won't you go?"

"You didn't ask Patsy."

"You can't ask that common little Irishman to a party," objected her parent.

"I won't go. He's my friend. I like him best, an' if he don't come, I won't go."

"But it's *your* party——"

"I hate 'em."

"You ought to whip her!" Mrs. Bryce said to the governess.

A maid appeared at the door to announce the first arrivals.

"Now, you see, your guests are coming, and you aren't even dressed."

"I won't go," reiterated the child, sullenly.

"If we ask Patsy, will you go?" asked Mrs. Bryce desperately.

"No—o; yes."

"Put on her clothes, Miss Wilder, and telephone the Lodge that Isabelle wants Patsy for her party."

"But, Mrs. Bryce, do you think we ought to humour her? Will not the children's mothers object to Patsy?"

"Well, if you want her to go to this party, you'd better make a bargain with her. I know her."

"Come on. Hurry up, Miss Wilder; I want to go after