

## PETER

generosity," and MacFarlane closing the discussion by saying:

"Go slow, Jack. I'd say yes in a minute. I am past all those foolish prejudices, but it isn't your house, remember. Better ask Peter—he'll tell you."

Peter pursed his mouth when Jack laid the matter before him in Peter's room the next day, tipped his head so far on one side that it looked as if it might roll off any minute and go smash, and with an arching of his eyebrows said:

"Well, but why *not* invite Isaac? Has anybody ever been as good to you?"

"Never any one, Uncle Peter—and I think as you do, and so does Ruth and Mr. MacFarlane, but——" The boy hesitated and looked away.

"But what?" queried Peter.

"Well—there's Aunt Felicia. You know how particular she is; and she doesn't know how splendid Mr. Cohen has been, and if he came to the wedding she might not like it."

"But Felicia is not going to be married, my boy," remarked Peter, with a dry smile wrinkling the corners of his eyes.

Jack laughed. "Yes—but it's her house."

"Yes—and your wedding. Now go down and ask Mr. Cohen yourself. You'll send him a card, of course, but do more than that. Call on him personally and tell you want him to come, and why—and that I want him, too. That will please him still more. The poor fellow lives a great deal alone. Whether he