

BY TELEPHONE.

There were sharp words that morning and not at all creditable to the young members of the family.

Glenn held out his cup and saucer both of which had been duly painted and baked until they looked duly antique—held them out across the short way of the table to his sister.

"Another sip of coffee, if you please, May," he said. And see here May don't look at the sugar you put in it."

"What are you talking about? demanded his sister, testily. She was suspicious of some covert unpleasantness in the quiet words. What do you mean? Why shouldn't I look at the sugar?"

"Because," said the non-committal Glenn.

"Because what?" May asked, with some asperity. "Why don't you tell me? Why shouldn't I look at your sugar?"

"Because you might change it into something sour."

"What a rich joke!" she said, turning up her nose, with all her other features pinched. "You just the same as didn't get up at all this morning. It's nearly eleven o'clock. And now I have to sit here and pour your coffee when I promised the girls that I'd help decorate the hall for the festival."

"Why didn't you tell me this sooner?" Glenn said, deliberately sipping his coffee.

"What good would forty tellings have done?" May snapped. "I should have had to wait and get your coffee all the same. You would have gone on with your morning napping. Mamma just makes a baby of you. She pets you till you can't sit up. If I'm not up at family breakfast, I have to take just anything I can find about the pantry, while you can sleep till eleven, and get up to fresh coffee and hot quail and waffles, and everything nice, and I have to stay and watch you eat, you great baby! Mamma won't let me stir out of this house till you are breakfasted. You tyrannize over me through mamma."

She paused, but when Glenn made no reply, continued, "I wouldn't mind it if you worked at night, like railroad men and telegraph boys and night editors and doctors. But you don't do a lick of work, night or day. You just sit up with that girl of yours, I know."

Glenn looked at her in a solemn way, but said nothing.

"I wish you were going to get married to her right away," May went on. "But I'd pity your wife!"

As Glenn was leisurely folding his napkin, their cousin Betty, entered, in a rushing way crying out:

"Is this the way you help decorate the hall? You promised to come for me by nine o'clock. I've waited and waited and waited. Sister Ann's been out to the gate forty times to see if you were coming, and she's been to the east window twice forty times. It's a fact. I've just haunted that window so that mother couldn't see to sew, because I was in her light all the time, and she scolded me about it. And all our folks got vexed at me and called me a sidget, and its all on your account, May, and I think its a shame for you!"

"I think it's a shame for you to chatter at this rate!" interrupted the irritated May. Betty's talk teased her like pin-prickings on an already nettled surface. "You always were a rattle-box. You can talk longer with out saying anything than any one ever I knew."

At this Betty's face flushed in sudden resentment.

Come May, you're carrying things too far," said Glenn. "Don't let her rude speeches hurt you, Betty."

"I don't mean to let them hurt me. I always consider the source from which a thing comes," answered Betty pointing at May and smiling at Glenn. "I'll go to the hall, and tell the girls that May is too cross for any use in the world; that she'd wither the flowers if she were to try to help us make wreaths. Come on Glenn! You're going my way."

She hooked her arm in his, and off they started, chatting and laughing as if there wasn't any teased May to care for. Their nonchalant way made May madder. Beside, Betty should not have the last word.

"I am glad you're going," May muttered, "and I hope you'll never come here again."

Betty paused and turned, her face was hot and flushed, her eyes bright. "I shall take care not to come back until you ask me to come."

"Then you shall never come again," May said, quickly, her temper raising every moment.

"Why May!" Glenn remonstrated. "You forget yourself."

"No, I do not forget myself," she quickly interposed.

"You owe Betty an apology," Glenn continued.

"Then I owe something that I'll never pay," May retorted, with promptness. "But I do not owe her an apology. She owes me an apology."

"I'm sure I've nothing to apologize for," Betty said, tossing her head. "The idea of my apologizing, when she has been saying such rude things! Come along, Glenn!"

May heard the front door close on them, but kept her seat at the table for some minutes; sat there breathing hard, her heart swollen, her lips tight, her nostrils widened and trembling.

Just then May's aunt dropped in, a dear, good soul to whom May confided everything. To her May told her story.

"Apologize to her indeed!" said May. "I won't do it! And if she waits for me to invite her, she'll never enter this house again. It's horrid in Glenn to tease and worry me till he gets me angry, and then tell me to apologize for not being sweet. It's insulting. And now I suppose that he's gone off to the mercantile library to read some novel, leaving me to clear the table where he's been dallying. And he took Betty's part against me! Betty, with her chatter, is simply horrid! Chattered like a magpie, and then went prancing off with Glenn, instead of helping me clear the table, so that I could go along with her to the hall. She's as selfish as she can be! But I'm rid of her, that's one good thing! She isn't ever coming here again till I invite her. I suppose her father and mother will lay all the blame on me, for they think Betty is perfectly perfect. On their account I'm sorry about the trouble, for uncle and aunt have always made a pet of me, because I'm auntie's namesake, I suppose. I shall have to see Betty when I go there, even if she shouldn't come here any more. Very likely, though, they won't want me to come when I'm out with Betty. It will be dreadfully lonesome not to have Betty's to run to, and to have uncle and aunt cold and distant to me. And I'm so used to having Betty fly in and out at all hours that I don't know how I can ever get along without it. We're always done everything together. And I know that mamma will think I'm to blame; she always does when Betty and I have a spat, and I guess it's about so, for mamma's judgment is generally correct; and I'm spunky, and I don't control my temper, and I let my anger get the better of me. I believe Betty means what she says. I know she does. She means not to come till I invite her. But I'll not invite her. I said I wouldn't, and I won't, if she never comes! I show her that I can be as set as she is."

Feeling somewhat braced by this confession May proceeded to clear away Glenn's breakfast table. But there was a cold, heavy spot in her throat.

"I suppose I can stand it if Betty does stop coming here," she went on saying. "I don't know either how I can. I'd give everything I own if she'd come running in this minute. But I'm not going to break my word! I shall not invite her. I think she's cruel to say such a dreadful thing. Oh, dear! dear! dear!"

Having by this time got the table cleared, and having liberty to cry, May did cry, dropping into a chair, and hugging its back.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! O! I don't believe I can ever stand it!" she said. "And I know that Betty means it; she'll never come here again unless I invite her and I can't invite her without eating my words and swallowing them right down."

"I suppose I ought to eat them and be glad of the chance, even if they choke me, for I don't really mean them. I spoke them when I was in anger. People oughtn't to speak when they're angry, and if they do they ought to take back everything they say, for they hardly ever say anything they can stand by. I wish

say lips had a spring lock that would lock when I get angry. Yes, I ought to take it all back; I ought to, but oh! oh! oh!"

She was crying aloud when the telephone rang. It was a very interesting thing—this new arrangement in their house, just put in the day before, and a summons from it was sure to start May to her feet. She patted one eye with her wadded up handkerchief, then the other, and hastened to get the message.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"A penitent," was the reply.

May's heart gave a strong spring. "Who? What penitent?" she asked, hardly able to keep the eagerness out of her voice.

"One who behaved very badly toward you this morning, said the telephone.

"It's Betty! Oh, it's Betty," May in joy whispered to her heart. Her face was radiant, her lips were parted in smiles as she asked: "What do you wish to say?"

"I wish to ask your pardon for my behavior this morning. I am to blame for your crossness. Telephone back my pardon, dear."

May could hardly stand still as she put her eager lips to the mouth-piece and said in a jubilant tone: "I forgive you ten thousand times, you blessed old sweet! And won't you forgive me once, precious? I've been crying ever since you went away mad at me."

"Poor dear," was the reply, "I wasn't mad at you at all."

"And if," May replied, "I was a particle mad at you, I've got all over it, and was so sorry for my unkind words that I could have cried my eyes out, and did, almost."

"Well," said the telephone, "bathe your eyes and come down to the hall, and I'll go home with you."

"And stay to dinner," amended May, all in a twitter that she was to have Betty again in the house, and that without first giving the invitation. "Of course I'll stay for dinner," replied the telephone.

"You are the sweetest thing in the world," said May, quivering with delight.

"You're another," was the reply. "Come along to the hall."

In fifteen minutes May was down town. As she entered the hall, Glenn came down the aisle to meet her. "You look happy as a queen," he said, recalling the mood in which he had left her.

"I feel as happy as a queen," she replied buoyantly, "Betty and I have made up."

"I am glad to hear that," said Glenn, for Betty was very much hurt this morning. She said, most decidedly that she never would make up with you, unless you made the first advances."

"And yet she made the first advances," May said, with triumph. "It was splendid in her, and just as nice as could be."

At this point a lady called Glenn to assist in putting up a cross of flowers. May hastened over to Betty who at that moment happened to be sitting a little apart, weaving a wreath. She did not lift her head, even when May stood close alongside.

"Dear Betty," said her cousin, slipping into a seat beside the wreath. "It is just the sweetest thing that ever was for you to make up, and to offer to go home with me without waiting for me to invite you. I think it was grand in you—so much nicer than to stick to a silly promise made in anger."

"Why!" began Betty.

May went on eagerly, without noticing the interruption, "But I invite you now, with all my heart, not only to stay to dinner, but to spend the afternoon and stay all night and all next week and all next year and forever and forever."

"But," said Betty, "I don't know—"

to face me? Wouldn't you say that it would be easier, Glenn" she continued, as he came up.

"I haven't made any confession, or asked your forgiveness by telephone, or in any other way," Betty declared.

"What!" cried May, "You haven't confessed by telephone? Who did, then? Somebody did!"

Glenn was smiling with a comprehension of the situation. "I was the penitent," he explained.

"Was that you, Glenn," May said, her face sobering at the revelation. "The voice didn't sound at all like yours."

"Well, as to that, I suppose a person uses a higher pitch of voice than natural in speaking by telephone. Besides you haven't heard my telephone tones enough to be familiar with them."

"So you haven't made any advance," May said to Betty.

"Not an advance," Betty laughed. "And I've gone and invited you to my house to stay forever," May said.

"I'm so glad I don't know what to do, for I was wishing to make up. And though I didn't ask your forgiveness by telephone, I have asked it by this note, which I meant to send you by Glenn." Betty drew a scrap of paper from her pocket and handed it to May, saying: "My bond to keep the peace with you."—Youth's Companion.

A PLUCKY WIDOW.

Down on Chartres street there is a flourishing factory, running an engine of eighteen horse power and employing thirty five men, women and boys, that has been established, built up and is now under the sole direction and supervision of a clever, plucky woman. Ten years ago this lady's husband died, leaving her utterly unprovided for, with a large family of children to support. In just such desperate circumstances has many a mother had to face the world, but there are few, unfortunately, who have the energetic determination of this little widow.

Her husband had been a boxmaker employing a number of northern hands, from whom his wife had learned every department of the trade, little guessing when she sat up at night to help the girls out in the work given them by the piece that this same knowledge would one day stand her in such good stead. But so it was, for after failure in business, and a long illness, the husband died, leaving debt instead of money to his family.

Something had to be done, she says, and that done quickly, for there was not money enough ahead to pay even the eight dollars rent for the attic in which they lived. A brave heart and high courage that refused to be daunted, helped her to decide on turning her knowledge of boxmaking to practical account, and way up stairs, in the flat roofed, crowded garret, she began her work, making herself every variety of paper box the market demands.

She went around to the wholesale confectioners, druggists, shoe shops, milliners, every business house that used large quantities of these packing cases, soliciting patronage and meeting with marked success, being another grateful woman to testify to the universal courtesy, kindness and good will New Orleans people show to the working class. So many orders did she receive that in a few months she was able to double the space occupied and descended one story. Another year went by and the trade having grown to large and flourishing proportions, warranting another increase, the third floor, was added and this factory was no longer an experiment, but an establishment of reputation.

The successful manager traveled for her house, getting orders from all parts of Louisiana and going on drumming tours through Texas that always resulted in a large increase of patrons. A fact of which she seemed to be most proud was that when she once secured customers they were hers always. Two large houses she mentioned here in the city that had first given her work had never wavered; she made hundreds of boxes for them to-day.

Three years passed and at last the cautious head saw her business guaranteed, adding the fourth and ground floor to the three other, now too crowded.—Times-Democrat.

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