

Something To Fret About.

Mrs. Emma C. Hewitt. "Stephen," said Mrs. Wilson in a... "You're all wrong—all wrong, depend upon it," and Mrs. Renier shook her head.

adopted the plan lately of having things done at once and then they're done. Everything he does for me he does willingly, so that he might as well do it first as last.

poor woman entered and flung herself on Cousin Ellen's bed, bursting into a flood of tears. "What shall I do! What shall I do!" she sobbed.

PAWNED HIS BABY'S CLOTHES. A scene which took a steady drinker... "No, I won't lend you to-day, boys," said a well-dressed young man to several companions as they settled down in a New York cafe the other evening.

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At Cousin Ellen's suggestion, she went to the door to call Stephen to send him an answer.

"Well," said Miss Renier, don't call him while you look like that. There, now, the wrinkles are gone, now call him gently and pleasantly."

Stephen looked up from his work with a start at the new tone in his mother's voice, but answered pleasantly in return: "Well, mother?"

"Can you go on an errand for me?" "Can you wait about ten minutes, because I will be done then?"

"Not very well, I would a little rather that you would go at once."

"All right," and the nimble Stephen was off as soon as he could arrange matters in a shape to leave.

"O dear! and get the silk all wet, I suppose," began Mrs. Wilson, fretfully, with a word of thanks for the thoughtfulness.

"A hard, set look came over Stephen's face, where a moment before only penitence and affection shone."

"Well?" came from the distance.

"I want you to go on an errand."

"Can't I fix the gate. I have just got the things out and it will take so long to put them all back again! It won't take me a minute to fix the gate," called Stephen in reply.

"No! You must go now. Good gracious! I never saw a boy take so long to put away a few tools. What have you been doing?" No reply.

"What have you been doing?" in a louder tone. "You know perfectly well," fired up the boy, "that father always makes me put the tools away exactly so in the chest, and it takes a good while."

"Well now you can go down to the store, and get the buttons for me as long as that—that!"

Naturally Stephen, thus admonished, started out in anything but a pleasant temper.

"Now, Ellen," she said, "you've been here two days, and I just ask you, did you ever see such a disrespectful, indifferent boy as I have? I've done everything in the wide world for that boy. Wait, there's James! James, did you know the latch is off the gate?"