

"It Is to Laugh"

By M. J. Phillips

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Bob Wentworth tucked his sister and himself snugly into their cutter and started old Dobbin on a brisk trot, for there were three miles of crisp white road to be covered, and it was almost chafe time. When they were fairly under way Wentworth turned to his pretty sister, christened Elsie, but known as Toots to all her many friends, and said, "I hear you're going to get married, Toots."

Miss Wentworth's very becoming blush was no doubt due to the weather, for the thermometer hovered about zero. At any rate, she answered very composedly: "Oh, indeed! And who told you, Mr. Smarty?"

"A little bird, Elsie from Chelsea; a little bird," he bent a waggish glance upon her. "I say, which one is it going to be?"

"Ask your little bird," she retorted. Bob tried a new tack. "Well, Harry Crossman is a nice fellow."

"Indeed he is," replied his sister.

"Good looking."

"Yes."

"Better looking than Luke Cotter, I think."

"Do you?"

"And more money too."

"Yes."

"Romantic disposition too," Bob was warming to his theme. "Any fellow

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"I thought that would catch you," remarked her brother gloomily. "He rides like a fiend."

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"You may kiss me, Toots," replied her brother impressively. "I thought I possessed all the brains of this generation; I'm glad I'm wrong. Old Luke was my choice from the start."

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