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WHY LITTLE WILLIE DID NOT GO.

A STORY FOR BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

"Siter, let me do too," pleaded little Willie.

"No, sir, you just simply shan't go. I do despise to be bothered with a lot of brats when I want to go anywhere," answered Mabel, stamping her foot and giving little Willie a look that was enough to chill his little heart.

But, poor little fellow, he was so anxious to go he ventured one more plea, while he gathered up his little gingham apron to catch the tears that were coming fast. "I'll wuney 'top of the way; yoo won't hab to tarry me, siter; I'll do fast."

"I told you once you couldn't go, and that ought to be enough," cried Mabel in harsher tones, if possible, than she had answered him before.

He said no more, but ran and crawled up in his little bed and cried as if his heart would break.

"Mabel, do let the little fellow go," pleaded her mother. "He will not be much trouble, and he would enjoy it so much."

"No, mam, I won't, either," answered Mabel in a tone and manner that was anything but respectful. "That's the way it always is, when you promise me I can go anywhere, you always want to kill all the fun by sending some little chap along, and I just won't go if I've got to take him."

"Well, then, go on without him," said Mrs. Morris, with a sigh, "but I'm afraid you will regret not having taken him."

Mabel made no audible answer, but switched into her own room, muttering something and making herself look as unpleasant as possible. But her face soon brightened up as she heard Kate Morton calling:

"Mabel! Oh, Mabel, are you ready?"

"Oh, yes," cried Mabel, and she hurried out without even kissing mamma and Willie.

It was Kate's birthday, and Mrs. Morton had suggested that she have all the school mates and neighbors run hunting about a quarter of a mile from the village, and, of course, they were all anxious to go. The boys were to take their little wagons and haul the nuts back.

Away ran Kate and Mabel, carrying the nice lunch Mrs. Morton had prepared for them. Mabel humphed and talked, but she did not feel happy; she could see a little face before her and two big blue eyes filled with tears, and hear a little voice pleading, "Please, et me do," and her conscience smote her still more when she saw Grace coming out with her little brother.

"Girls, can't we take little Fred? He wanted to go so bad, and I wouldn't leave him," said Grace.

"Why, of course, take him; he will be the life of the crowd," they all answered, but Mabel, as they almost covered little Fred with kisses.

"I was in hopes you would bring Willie, Mabel," said Grace, "and little Fred would have had such a jolly time together."

Mabel's face turned scarlet and she could answer nothing.

"Put Fred in my wagon and I'll let him ride," cried Tom, and away he went trotting like a horse, and Fred laughing like he would kill himself.

But they were soon at Hickorynut hill, as they called it, and were busy picking up nuts. But Fred was the center of attraction; he was standing picking up nuts and putting them in his apron, and how he would open his big brown eyes in astonishment as they all slipped out at some part of his apron he had failed to gather up.

But Fred soon grew tired and went to work to hunt up something else to do; and he was not long in finding it. "Oh! Kate, run quick," cried Tom. "Fred has got our lunch and I'll tell you he is going for it."

"Oh! you little bugger, I'll get you!" cried Kate, as she ran to the rescue of the lunch; for sure enough there sat Fred, taking his little fingers and eating all the goodiee as the children called it, out of the custard, and shaking his head and earnestly saying, "Dood, dood."

How they all laughed about it, and Kate decided that they had better take an even start with Fred, so she gave him a big piece of turkey to satisfy him, and spread out the nice, white tablecloth on the grass and began to put out the lunch.

"Oh! that's what I love," said Tom, as Kate set out a big dish of salmon salad. But before she finished they all had what they loved. They ate as long as they possibly could, then crammed the dishes and tablecloth back in the basket, and were soon busy again gathering nuts.

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[CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE]

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