

how, not gone well with him since his marriage. His experiments and inventions did not succeed as they used to do. The materials which were supplied him from the workshops were not so good as they formerly were. When he complained of this to Mr. Bristow, he said, in presence of several of the workmen—for it was in one of the forges that the conversation took place—"No, Morton; I'm afraid that your marriage draws your thoughts from your work. It is not right to throw the blame on the materials; or on those who prepare them; you are grown careless."

A sneering smile passed round the circle in the forge; and Spencer, with a burning cheek, and feelings so mortified that they were ready to break forth on the first occasion, left the room in silence. On that evening he, for the first time, quarrelled with the gentle and careful housewife who had borne with the gloom and silence that had now, for some time, made her home anything but a pleasant one. He spoke harshly and most unjustly to her; and among other things, he insisted on knowing when and in what place George Freeman had told her that he loved her. Ellen told him frankly, for she had no cause for concealment. But Spencer was still angry, and at last he went out, and spent, for the first time since their marriage, part of the evening away from home.

In fact, for some time past, Spencer had received anonymous letters, in which the name of his wife was coupled with that of George Freeman; though it was merely hinted that they had known, and been attached to each other, before they met just before Ellen's marriage; and though Spencer laughed at, and tore up the letters, yet, when his temper became soured from other causes, these insinuations, which if true, showed that Ellen had grossly deceived him, returned again and again to his mind. Occupied with these thoughts, and