

that's about as much as a man can do. I leave my father. I go at once. I have £200 in cash, my hands, my hands, and a constitution of iron. I want from you an answer now; will you be my wife, will you put me hand to hand and go with me in search of home and fortune? May yes. Don't mar it by a but, or an if, or a why. If you love me, say yes. Will you?"

Throwing her arms about his neck, and burying her face in the bosom of her lover, Jennie answered as he wished; but how, or in what language, it is not given us to tell.

The passion was over, and after the mutual interchange of vows, assurances, and asseverations customary at such times, Horace told Jennie the whole story, and anticipated her objections and demurrals by saying that he had written to Liverpool for information respecting the steamers, and that doubtless the whole affair, preparation, marriage, and embarkation for New York, to which point he had concluded to go, would be consummated by the close of the following week.

"And yet," said he, "I shall hate to leave mother, it will almost kill Harry, and how father and the mill will get on without me, is more than I can tell."

But with an effort, he pushed away all the unpleasant features, turned to Jennie, his betrothed, kissed her again and again, and after leaving her at her door, started homeward at a rapid pace.

At the gate he met his mother. "Why, mother, it's after ten o'clock; what are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you, darling," said she; "waiting for my first-born son. Can you not give up this love, dear Horace?"

"Mother——"

"But hear me, darling. Can you not wait?"

"Mother, I love Jennie. She has promised to be my wife, and before a week is passed, marry her I will."

"Heaven bless you, my son. Heaven bless you. Come what may, your mother loves you, trusts you, and will always pray for you and yours. Good night, my boy. Remember he is your father. Speak gently. It will do no harm, for he loves you very much and his disappointment is very great."

They parted affectionately, as their custom was, and long hours passed before Horace reached his room, and throwing his arm over his beloved Harry, fell into a deep and restful sleep.

