

home, happy to meet his Ellen, and to tell her how pleased Mr. Bristow and all the partners seemed to be with his drawings and his work.

"Ellen," said he, one evening, "I was so surprised to-day, in passing through our workshops, to see George Freeman employed at the forges. I know he is a clever workman; but he had a clerk's situation at Brinckman's works, and it seems so odd that he—dear me, Ellen, what makes you blush so?"

"Dear George," said Ellen, "I'm sure it is best to be candid, and above all to have no secrets from one's husband, but you must promise to bear no malice against George."

"Against George!"

"Yes, dear, for I—indeed, I never gave him any encouragement, but he certainly would have been very glad to have married me himself."

"How is that? He never knew you till I introduced you to him."

"That is true," said Ellen. "It was very wrong of him. I should not have told you, but I am so sorry he is gone to Mr. Bristow's, and I thought it best to put you on your guard. He seemed so angry when I told him how truly I loved you, and he looked so revengeful. Oh, Spencer, dear, take care of yourself! I'm sure he will do you some harm if he can."

"So that was the reason he would not come to the wedding," said Spencer; "and he turned away his head to-day, as if he wished not to be seen."

Spencer looked and felt uncomfortable, but Ellen's cheerful, pleasant temper, soon put these thoughts out of his head. He did not, however, say anything more of George Freeman when he returned home in the evenings, nor did he ever invite him to his house.

Months passed away, but they left traces of disappointment on the life of Spencer Morton. Things had, some-