

CHAPTER XXXVII.

For several weeks I became normal in thought and feeling. Work in the open became a positive legacy of wealth. As the winter was not far off, Milton and I worked hard to finish the addition to his father's house. A spell of wet weather, or a change of the moon or something of the kind, threw me back into one of my gloomy moods. It was the last thing of the kind I experienced. Really it was laughable, were it not that it became so serious.

Having given my consent to Julia's marriage, and promised to be the most gentlemanly and constant friend of all the Maxwells for a generation or two, I had nothing left but the privilege of bewailing a fate or Providence so unkind.

Not having the hardihood to fly in the face of Providence, I disposed of the same and acknowledged Fate as a match-making divinity. Fly in the face of Fate, I certainly did with a recklessness born of desperation and folly.

During two Summers, I took a daily morning