

little friendly interference, now and again, but affairs matrimonial, never. Leave them alone, Euphan, that's my advice to you.'

'But, David, what is poor Feggy to do? She can't go on all her days living at Mrs. Syme's and teaching for her living? It will kill her, and she's only twenty-six. Besides, I know she's miserable already.'

'She has two courses open to her, Euphan. She can either go to her own people, or back to her husband. I have no doubt he will take her back if she cares to ask him.'

'She'll never do that, David; she's got too much pride,' cried Euphan.

'Oh, well then, her pride must just support her,' I answered. 'Don't you make yourself miserable about it, my dear; it isn't worth your or anybody's while.' But though I spoke thus callously to Euphan, I was often troubled in mind about the unfortunate difference between that young pair, who had everything that the world could give, but through some strange twist in their natures, seemed unable to live at peace with one another.