
New Nonsense Novels

I shall do without her, John, but she's yours now; take her." Then mother began to cry and I couldn't help crying too. "Take him to father," mother said, and we each took one of John's wrists and took him to father on the back verandah. As soon as John saw father he tried to speak again—"I think I ought to say," he began, but mother stopped him. "Father," she said, "he wants to take our little girl away. He loves her very dearly, Alfred," she said, "and I think it our duty to let her go, no matter how hard it is, and Oh! please Heaven, Alfred, he'll treat her well and not misuse her, or beat her," and she began to sob again.

Father got up and took John by the hand and shook it warmly. "Take her, boy," he said. "She's all yours now, take her."

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So John and I were engaged and in due time our wedding day came and we were married. I remember that for days and days before the wedding day, John seemed very nervous and depressed; I think he was worry-