

ONE STEP MORE

Will be fatal to the sleep-walker. Will he draw back or will he take the final, fatal step? A great many people are in peril like the sleep-walker. They are diseased. The disease is progressing day by day. The time comes when one must step away from health is fatal. The man who has suffered from indigestion or gastric trouble goes some night to a dinner and returns home to find he has taken that last step, from health which can never be taken back.

To neglect the cure of indigestion or some other form of stomach trouble is dangerous. It is also incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It purifies the blood, stimulates the liver, cures biliousness, and eliminates bilious poisons from the system.

"The praise I would like to give your Golden Medical Discovery," I cannot utter in words of describe with pen, writes Jas. B. Ambrose, Esq., of 125 1/2 Mifflin St., Huntington, N. Y. "I was taken with what our physicians said was indigestion. I doctored with the best around here and found no relief. I wrote you, and you advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took three bottles and I felt so good that I stopped being cured. I have no symptoms of gastric trouble or indigestion now."

"If you ask your dealer for 'Golden Medical Discovery' because you have confidence in its cures, do not allow yourself to be switched off to a medicine claimed to be 'just as good,' but which you did not ask for and of which you know nothing."

You can get the People's Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, paper covers, free by sending 31 one-cent stamps, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

HER SECOND LOVE.

A Story of Love and Adventure.

She had written two or three letters to James Erskine, which had been almost her whole night's occupation. The last was a letter not sealed, and to look over one's letter the next day, on even a trifling affair, is always a trial; so this one was torn up like its predecessors. She would write a very short note; that was best; but before even that best and shortest was finished, she heard the breakfast bell and went down stairs. Every one was there except Mrs. Everett; Mr. Erskine sat by George, and was particularly attentive to her, whilst she answered him at random.

"Mr. Erskine," said she, abruptly, when breakfast was ended, "will you come?—I mean—I want to speak to you for a few minutes."

"Yes, I will come wherever you please," he said.

She walked upstairs to Mrs. Lewis's sitting-room, and he followed her. When they were there, her heart sank, and she was startled at her own rashness; she knew neither what to say nor do.

"Well, what is it, she asked. She hesitated for a moment; James seemed already gone; and when she had spoken, he, as he stood there, would be lost to her forever.

"It was about you, not about myself, that I wanted to speak. I do not think you are very happy; but I am glad that Mrs. Everett's letter has brought you to me."

"What do you mean?" he asked. "I mean that you have had a misunderstanding with Mrs. Everett; it has been cleared up now, I think, and almost too late."

"George," he said, quickly, "that is not right,—not fair. I hope that you do not mean to treat me often so. It is very early to be jealous."

"No, I am not jealous; but it would be unkind of me to marry you, for I know who it is that you love best," she answered in a low voice, and timidly.

"If she had been playing a game, she could perhaps have attached him more closely to her; for he was so proud, too honourable, not to recoil from all idea of catching at her words to free himself."

"George," he said, smiling with his lips, but not his eyes, "you are mistaken, and need not be afraid of accomplishing my unhappiness; tell me what you know about a letter of Mrs. Everett's, which seems to have made such an impression upon you."

"He spoke rather hurriedly, and she answered, gaining composure as he lost his—"

"I know you fancied that Mrs. Everett had quarrelled with you, because you did not receive a letter which she wrote to you at Brussels; and I know how the knowledge that it was a mistake has changed you in spite of yourself; and I know how Mrs. Everett—"

"How Mrs. Everett, what?" he echoed, inadvertently betraying some curiosity.

"How Mrs. Everett came for you," she said, abruptly. "Now I am going, for I have said what I wanted; you will come and see me some day, and tell me that I was right." Her voice trembled, but she brought out the words deliberately and clearly.

"George, you are mad! This is your doing, not mine."

"And I am right to do it," she said, softly. "I will not own that I am wrong, till you dare tell me that you have never loved Mrs. Everett."

"They had changed places now; and she, in her self-possession, was stronger for the moment. 'Tell me, if you do not mind the question, what had Mrs. Everett misinterpreted you about?'"

made such an impression upon you."

"He spoke rather hurriedly, and she answered, gaining composure as he lost his—"

"I know you fancied that Mrs. Everett had quarrelled with you, because you did not receive a letter which she wrote to you at Brussels; and I know how the knowledge that it was a mistake has changed you in spite of yourself; and I know how Mrs. Everett—"

"How Mrs. Everett, what?" he echoed, inadvertently betraying some curiosity.

"How Mrs. Everett came for you," she said, abruptly. "Now I am going, for I have said what I wanted; you will come and see me some day, and tell me that I was right." Her voice trembled, but she brought out the words deliberately and clearly.

"George, you are mad! This is your doing, not mine."

"And I am right to do it," she said, softly. "I will not own that I am wrong, till you dare tell me that you have never loved Mrs. Everett."

"They had changed places now; and she, in her self-possession, was stronger for the moment. 'Tell me, if you do not mind the question, what had Mrs. Everett misinterpreted you about?'"

"Only that I had remonstrated with her on an imprudent acquaintance; and, after an angry letter which I received from her, I never heard again."

"And you have loved her for long—very long, I know."

"He did not deny the assertion, but stood half inclined to speak, and yet uncertain."

"Good-by," said she, gravely; and she held out her hand.

"No; it is not soon to say good-by."

"I do not think so; we must say that sooner or later, and it had better be now."

"No, George, you must let me talk to you again about this; I will come back soon—I must talk to you," and he left the room.

George sat there, because he had said that he would return; she had a habit of obeying him, and had not yet forgotten it. Mrs. Lewis came in, but she still remained turning over the leaves of some book, reflecting that she would go back to her aunt's, and wishing that she could start that morning.

It was a good while before Mr. Erskine returned; and it was not to be wondered at. He had been so surprised at George's sudden words, that he needed a little time to collect himself. He could not be angry, for all she had said was so perfectly true; and yet, many people, if they had not availed themselves of her words, and pleaded guilty, would have taken an opposite refuge in displeasure. He was quite collected when he returned, and never for a moment flinched either from the spirit or from the text of his duty to the woman whom he had chosen; but it was only duty towards her now. He could not feel the excitement of self-sacrifice which supported her; yet not the less must his be a renunciation. He endeavored to dissuade her from her purpose, and at last said, "You did surprise me a little while ago; but I think I can satisfy you now. It is quite true that I have loved Mrs. Everett very much; but that is past now; I trust in you, or I should not make such a confession. Will you take me as I am, George?" he continued, holding out his hand and smiling very sweetly.

"You are a little jealous and exacting, are you not? I am far older than you, and cannot tell you that I have never loved any one before. I can only promise to love you now; you will be content with that, won't you? You may seek far, my child, before you find such very exclusive love as you desire."

She had not taken his hand,—had not moved whilst he was speaking; now she got up, and leaned against the chimney-piece.

"Thank you,—thank you," she said, bending down her head, and speaking through her tears. "I shall always remember what you have just said; you are as good as you are."

and she looked up at him with pride and tenderness. She had forgotten herself just then, in the thought of his perfections.

"I used sometimes to ask myself," she went on, as if she were talking to herself, "I know so little of you really, whether it is your goodness that made me care for you, or whether it was only that you were—? I know now how good you are; I know that you would make me happy, and I am not exacting; but you see you cannot marry me; you must marry Constance Everett. I know that you will, for she loves you; I am sure of it."

"I do not know that she does."

"But I do," and she told him many words of Constance's during the past two days. "Now, are you satisfied at last?"

He colored deeply, and looked terribly disturbed. There is always something convincing in a man's confusion, which happens so much seldom than a woman's. His manner changed; it had been a little stiff before, for he still believed that she had not really given him up; and he half-admired her, and was half-angry with her, for what he thought was perhaps jealousy.

"George, it is you who are good, something thoughtful for me, far more than I deserve. Thank you."

"The day after tomorrow, I shall go to the Grand Trunk Railway Station, and I shall see you there. Thank you."

"The day after tomorrow, I shall go to the Grand Trunk Railway Station, and I shall see you there. Thank you."

"The day after tomorrow, I shall go to the Grand Trunk Railway Station, and I shall see you there. Thank you."

"The day after tomorrow, I shall go to the Grand Trunk Railway Station, and I shall see you there. Thank you."

"The day after tomorrow, I shall go to the Grand Trunk Railway Station, and I shall see you there. Thank you."

"The day after tomorrow, I shall go to the Grand Trunk Railway Station, and I shall see you there. Thank you."

"The day after tomorrow, I shall go to the Grand Trunk Railway Station, and I shall see you there. Thank you."

Coughing

"I was given up to die with quick consumption. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I improved at once, and am now in perfect health."—Chas. E. Hartman, Gibbstown, N. Y.

It's too risky, playing with your cough.

The first thing you know it will be down deep in your lungs and the play will be over. Begin early with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and stop the cough.

Three sizes: 25c, enough for an ordinary cough; 50c, just right for bronchitis, hoarseness, hard colds, etc.; \$1, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.

J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

"Thank you!" He had said it, and had accepted her renunciation.

"Good-by, James!"

"Dear George! I shall you always judge and forgive me as you do now."

"Why not? Is it your fault that you have met Constance Everett again? I am going back to my aunt's in London, and I trust in you to excuse me to Mrs. Erskine, for not waiting her return."

"You are going?"

"Yes, James."

And so she left him. At that moment she suffered for the most; his position was very painful, as he stood there, remorseful, yet unable in anything to atone to George; and grateful, but not knowing how to express his gratitude.

His suffering was of another sort from hers, certainly, but not the less was it pain.

James Erskine was not gloomy, or satirical, or romantic, according to one modern type of the hero. And he was not, as you will say, as deeply enthusiastic, or as indifferent to this world's prosperity, as some higher natures are. He had not the glaring faults which often distinguish these; but he had not their excellences; he was not a hero, neither were any of the people here described. He was only one of the most lovable beings who ever walked through life.

It was a strange choice that had made these two meet, and strangely had George's conscious nature clung to him.

He was such a contrast to her; she was naturally grave, slow in company, and could do nothing brilliant. She wondered so at his ready powers of adaptation, which could answer back to all things, and every description of person, so quickly. She admired his sparkling cleverness, as none other had ever done; whilst she felt the rest and satisfaction which his deep, true intelligence must give her. Morally and intellectually he had first roused life in her; and every fault, every weakness (if he had such), was but another link to him. It was not possible that George could have been to him the hundredth part of all this; and he did love Constance; it was at once his condemnation and his excuse.

He was deeply pained at the knowledge of the grief which he must have given George; there was no fatuity in the feeling, for, in spite of the world and its infirmities, he had retained great simplicity of character in many points. He knew her enough to know that she truly loved him, and it was a knowledge which he had rather have been without. He wrote to her again, and if she would, she could have retraced; but all was over between them. He could make no reparation; any further intercourse which there might ever be between them must be begun by her.

CHAPTER XIX.

George left the Grange that day; to stay longer seemed impossible; James Erskine had gone also, that he might not meet her again, or make her leave the place too quickly. But there was still Mrs. Everett, and George had said to herself, as she had seen her asleep, it was the last time she would ever look at her. Before she was gone, however, Constance came running to her room.

"George, you are not going, surely! What is the matter? Why do you never come and see me this morning?"

"Yes, I am going directly."

"Why are you afraid of Mr. Sandon's appearing to fetch you? Indeed, my dear George, you must manage to stay."

"No, I can't."

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing; I cannot stay here always, and so I am going," she looked musingly at Constance.

"But, dear, why won't you tell me what has happened? Come and stay with me if you want a place of refuge; I should be so glad to have you; now you should settle that at once," and in her genial good nature she would have taken any trouble, and set off immediately to trainthorpe if she could have been so near to George.

"No, that cannot be; thank you all the same, dear Mrs. Everett. Good-by!—I am going down stairs now."

Constance came to the head of the stairs, and lent over the banister in her white dressing-gown. George still looked at her, and thought vacantly how marvellously graceful she was; and Constance, who did not know her thoughts, fancied that something had happened, as she met the other's intent look.

So they separated, and Constance went back, puzzled at her behavior; wondering what her sudden departure meant, and why she did not explain it.

Miss Sparrow received her niece most kindly. George said that her uncle was still angry, that she could not stay too long at Millthorpe Grange, and so had come again to ask hospitality from her aunt.

The kind old woman assented to all, and only said that "it was fortunate she was at home; George never writing when she visited her friends, but always appearing suddenly."

She said no more, and never questioned her as to what had induced her sudden return. George fancied that this was only because she took no special notice of the circumstance, but the aunt was not so devoid of perception.

Her niece never mentioned the Erskines now, and she had seemed so happy in their society but a little time ago; they were surely connected in some way with this sudden change.

She was right, but, kindly and prudently, did not say so. She did not want to hurt George's feelings, which were a bitter reality, which she was fain to put from her; but she could not. There were days when one idea pressed so heavily upon her that not for one moment was she without the consciousness of it; but she could not thrust it from her, but she could not.

Those long days that could not be told of, only felt, with their silent relentless suffering that never changed! Sometimes she took eager, hasty steps to approach any place that she had been with him, made her turn back. Through the day she would talk in a quick, excited way; and then in the evening she sat opposite to her aunt, and assisted in finishing a large crochet quilt which she was making. There she sat, with a worn, fixed look upon her face that should have looked young; and it seemed older than the peaceful, wrinkled one beside her.

At night she would watch for hours at the window, looking not into the streets, but towards the back of the house which formed the next street; she watched the lights as they changed from room to room, and glimmered distinctly up the staircase, as the inmates went one by one to rest. It was far the strongest interest which she had; every night she resumed her occupation, feeling a certain degree of acquaintanceship with the people, the houses, and the lights; they mitigated her sense of loneliness. Here, where she was so near his home, and so far separated from him, she knew not but that even some of these people might be nearer to him than herself. Sometimes she would think of the sort of stupid tenacity a thousand little events of her childhood; trifles which she had forgotten came back very clearly to her, and she invested them all with that sort of unreal brightness which those who are unhappy give to their past, whether it has deserved it or not.

Those long summer nights, which she never afterwards could forget, but knew one thing that they and their misery were lived out; she would return no more; she never forgot her one idea, even in her sleep. Through the sultry August days she had no wish for the green fields and waving trees that she had always seen in the summer time; she was glad to be away from all that; it would have made the longing more painful, and the fever stronger. The time was past when her love had been her own support, and she had lived through the strength of that meat. Now, when she looked forward, it seemed as if she understood nothing but what a breaking heart must be.

There was no end to this, however.

Continued on page 7

THE FLAGGING ENERGIES REVIVED.—Constant application to business as a tax upon the energies, and if there be not rest, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition, Parke's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the system to a healthy and vigorous condition, and relieving the mind.

An Ideal Woman's Medicine.



So says Mrs. Josie Irwin, of 325 So. College St., Nashville, Tenn., of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Never in the history of medicine has the demand for one particular remedy for female diseases equalled that attained by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never during the lifetime of this wonderful medicine has the demand for it been so great as it is to-day.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and throughout the length and breadth of this great continent come the glad tidings of woman's sufferings relieved by it, and thousands upon thousands of letters are pouring in from grateful women saying that it will and positively does cure the worst forms of female complaints.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women who are puzzled about their health to write her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Such correspondence is seen by women only, and no charge is made.

When her aunt recovered, she was now George's constant thought, and once her aunt had often heard of him, she was the all the art of beginning.

"Yes," said George, abruptly, then talked on by degrees, a coherent yet guarded way, people sometimes talk of love. They will criticize, and would not endure a hard word concerning their idol from and though they will blame it times themselves, and pleasure by the most wily stratagems.

"It is very long since young, but, George, I was once, though it seems ridiculous to tell you of it."

"Why, aunt?"

"You are like the rest of the world, dear, and you will look upon yourself with wonder. I do not mean to say that married people are not happy; I wish my fate to be different; I have been very but still, any one I love I wish to see married; and some day, I hope. One child, alone. It is very children bring trouble, too; body who is in love can be added, simply; I suppose went back to George to his children, and thence back to youth."

"But I have had a great this world, and there will be some day, soon, perhaps, a soliloquy."

Heaven! that was heaven whilst to the other it meant more than the grave. Was land where there was nothing trying nor giving in marriage therefore it had no me George."

They were often together. George knew that her aunt whom she had loved; yet, abandoned the form of a James Erskine as of an different person. Perhaps not always interesting to her to hear that one often-recurred fact of conversation; and evening that they ever sat stairs together, the aunt remained listening to George's longed to be away, to prayers, and sleep, or try. The next day she fell ill, sisted upon sending for her Mr. Sandon. George wished to dissuade her.

"No," she answered, "my short, and George, you must condescend to him before I die. Very soon George and the knew that she was dying. All your real history, and James Erskine to you? I and her been a melancholy Stephen Anstruther, that George's letter of refusal reached him, and when he announced his arrival in England, was clear, to Mr. Sandon knew nothing of the change had taken place.

Two days afterwards, Po up-stairs to say that Captain Anstruther had arrived, and a hurried down from the an her day, how I am grieved to see you so ill."

COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND.

Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and ointments are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 50c per box; No. 2, 10c stronger, 85c per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two-cent stamp. The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada. Not sold in U.S.A. Recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Watford by J. W. McLeure and T. B. Taylor, druggists.

If You Want A Raymond, White or Standard Sewing Machine, Or a Standard, Bell, or Berlin ORGAN, It will pay you to get my prices. My PIANOS are unsurpassed for tone, finish and value.

H. SCHLEMMER, WATFORD.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c. Anyone sending sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether invention is novel and patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newspapers. MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM TIME TABLE. Trains leave Watford Station as follow

WEST EAST Accommodation, 8.35 a.m. Atlantic Exp., 9.15 a.m. Accommodation, 3.35 p.m. Accommodation, 12.57 p.m. Pacific Express, 4.45 p.m. Accommodation, 6.10 p.m.

A. CARSON, Agent, 67 F. Watford, Ont.

THROUGH TICKETS To all the Principal points in Canada, and United States on sale. Baggage checked through to destination. Choice of routes.

Parties contemplating taking a trip to the Northwest or British Columbia would consult their own interests by calling on T.R. Carson at getting rates.

A. CARSON

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Unless the soap you use has this brand, are not getting the best.

Ask for the Octagon Brand.

HER SECOND LOVE.

Continued from page 6.

over; for, though she did not it, such a state could not be. She fell sick, and lay for days, hating even the daylight, misery, after that, she became in comparison.

The old woman's life lived on by the side of George; there was a power in that holy life, and unconscious of which could soothe and quiet. How quietly there time passed in that great, struggling life near the tumult, yet so far from it! One had never ed it, and the other was and dull at heart. There was change till Miss Sparrow then the two were drawn together, for George nursed her.

It was difficult to say if grieved for her aunt; she was crossed by the selfishness of one idea, and on that all that was in her was spent. Not feel for anything, or there, but through the the another life and another which she should never bear. All her feelings were vicariously touched her but through medium of that one idea again she became remorseful insensibility.

When her aunt recovered, she was now George's constant thought, and once her aunt had often heard of him, she was the all the art of beginning.

"Yes," said George, abruptly, then talked on by degrees, a coherent yet guarded way, people sometimes talk of love. They will criticize, and would not endure a hard word concerning their idol from and though they will blame it times themselves, and pleasure by the most wily stratagems.

"It is very long since young, but, George, I was once, though it seems ridiculous to tell you of it."

"Why, aunt?"

"You are like the rest of the world, dear, and you will look upon yourself with wonder. I do not mean to say that married people are not happy; I wish my fate to be different; I have been very but still, any one I love I wish to see married; and some day, I hope. One child, alone. It is very children bring trouble, too; body who is in love can be added, simply; I suppose went back to George to his children, and thence back to youth."

"But I have had a great this world, and there will be some day, soon, perhaps, a soliloquy."

Heaven! that was heaven whilst to the other it meant more than the grave. Was land where there was nothing trying nor giving in marriage therefore it had no me George."

They were often together. George knew that her aunt whom she had loved; yet, abandoned the form of a James Erskine as of an different person. Perhaps not always interesting to her to hear that one often-recurred fact of conversation; and evening that they ever sat stairs together, the aunt remained listening to George's longed to be away, to prayers, and sleep, or try. The next day she fell ill, sisted upon sending for her Mr. Sandon. George wished to dissuade her.

"No," she answered, "my short, and George, you must condescend to him before I die. Very soon George and the knew that she was dying. All your real history, and James Erskine to you? I and her been a melancholy Stephen Anstruther, that George's letter of refusal reached him, and when he announced his arrival in England, was clear, to Mr. Sandon knew nothing of the change had taken place.

Two days afterwards, Po up-stairs to say that Captain Anstruther had arrived, and a hurried down from the an her day, how I am grieved to see you so ill."

COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND.

Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and ointments are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 50c per box; No. 2, 10c stronger, 85c per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two-cent stamp. The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada. Not sold in U.S.A. Recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Watford by J. W. McLeure and T. B. Taylor, druggists.

If You Want A Raymond, White or Standard Sewing Machine, Or a Standard, Bell, or Berlin ORGAN, It will pay you to get my prices. My PIANOS are unsurpassed for tone, finish and value.

H. SCHLEMMER, WATFORD.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c. Anyone sending sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether invention is novel and patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newspapers. MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM TIME TABLE. Trains leave Watford Station as follow

WEST EAST Accommodation, 8.35 a.m. Atlantic Exp., 9.15 a.m. Accommodation, 3.35 p.m. Accommodation, 12.57 p.m. Pacific Express, 4.45 p.m. Accommodation, 6.10 p.m.

A. CARSON, Agent, 67 F. Watford, Ont.

THROUGH TICKETS To all the Principal points in Canada, and United States on sale. Baggage checked through to destination. Choice of routes.

Parties contemplating taking a trip to the Northwest or British Columbia would consult their own interests by calling on T.R. Carson at getting rates.

A. CARSON

Danger Next Door.

Perhaps it's diphtheria, or scarlet fever. Keep your own home free from the germs of these diseases. Prevent your children from having them. You can do it with our Vapo-Cresolene. Put a little Vapo-Cresolene in our vaporizer, light the lamp beneath, and let the vapor fill the sleeping room. Have your children sleep in the room every day. It's perfectly safe, yet not so. It is very early to be jealous."

"No, I am not jealous; but it would be unkind of me to marry you,