

“Liar and thief! Base hypocrite! Kneel down and ask pardon of that worthy man for the injurious language you have used towards him.”

“Never!” George Leatrim fixed his brow like iron. “I will die first.”

“You deserve death, sir,” cried his father, rising in great anger; “and I would inflict upon you the utmost penalty of the law were it not for your poor mother.”

“Oh, my mother!” said George, in a low, heart-broken voice; “this disgrace will kill her.”

‘Dr. Leatrim was too much overcome by passion to hear that despairing moan, his pride too deeply wounded to pity and forgive; and he continued, with the utmost severity of look and manner: “Ay, wretched boy, you should have thought of that before; but not even to spare her feelings can I neglect my duty. I cannot demean myself by touching a