

Love in Youth

tion and excitement. Yes, he was delighted to dine with you and not with me alone."

"I'm glad the 'but' is no bigger," said Mr. Foxwell, smiling. "Most brides have a more formidable one. But how can I help you? What do you want to know?"

"What to do, father?" she cried. "Scold me, tell me what I have done wrong. You've often said, 'No one comes to grief except those who cannot think or are too weak to act on their insight.' Teach me what to do, I'll learn. When we went away Morton would have left any one for me; he couldn't spend enough time with me; now he is eager to meet you, eager to get to Paris, eager to 'smell the *pavé*,' as he said; eager to see about his old books—oh, I could scream! Is he tired of me? I can bear anything but the doubt."

"I'll tell you anything I can, but these sex problems cannot be solved by telling. What do you want to know exactly?"

"Is he tired?"

The father smiled.

"You've said he is and as you don't like to believe it, it's probably true."

Her face blanched, and her voice fell to a slow toneless whisper.

"You don't know how dreadful that is; my heart just stopped."

"Don't make it worse than it is," said her father soothingly. "Tiredness passes off quickly."

"No, no," she cried, "let us make it worse than it is,