

New York, that were dangling after her when she had lots of money, and now have become invisible. I think I can trust her to you. Be good to her. Be kind. If you were to treat her as some men treat their wives, an old man's curse would smite you even from the grave!' and he wrung my hand in his emotion as if he would crush it. But God do so to me, and more also," added the Doctor solemnly, "if it be not my chief joy to make her happy!"

In the excess of his new-found happiness, it seemed a necessity of his nature to pour into the sympathizing ears of his friends rhapsodies of talk about his plans and prospects.

"I am so glad," he said, "for one thing, that the dear girl is not to be disappointed of her trip to Europe, although it will be made in a very different style from what she anticipated; yet I doubt not she will enjoy it just as well, and perhaps learn a good deal more. For professional reasons I have long desired to visit the great hospitals and institutions of London, Paris, and Vienna: I have saved a little money, and in no way can I invest it better than in professional studies abroad, and at the same time fulfil the life-dream of us both."

Soon after, a quiet wedding took place at Oil-Dorado. The surroundings were utterly prosaic—the charred and blackened valley, the skeleton derricks, the rusty oil-tanks. But the budding trees and flowers of spring were clothing with beauty the desolate scene; and love's young romance suffused with radiance the austerities of the present, and spanned with a rainbow of hope the future. The old man, but late a millionaire, was now a foreman in extensive oil-works, but full of indomitable energy, and determined to make another fortune for his "little girl," as he persisted in calling her. While proud of his daughter, and caressing her with a yearning tenderness, he seemed half jealous of the stalwart fellow who had come to carry her off.

"It's only for a year, father," said the affectionate girl, returning his caresses; "and when we come back,