

"Thou sall hev it to-morrow morning. Don't, 'ee think that I sall iver ask thee again."

"Dear father!"

"Nay-a, nay-a! Thou needn't dear me now. 'Yes, father,' would have been more son-like, and more to the purpose. I hev been a bit soft about thee, but I can mend that—I can mend that."

"Every man has a right, father, to choose his own life-work."

"Nowt of t' sort! Them that does it mostly mak's a pretty mess o' their life-work. Thy work is ready at thy hands. It is flying in t' face of Providence to think that thou can lay any better for thyself."

"A man finds out things by experience—by trying."

"If ta likes that way tak' it. But remember this: if ta thinks of having thy awn way, until ivery thing is at sixes and sevens wi' thee, and then thinks thou can turn round and tak' my way, thou will find thyself a bit mistaken."

"I shall never ask you for any thing but what you choose to give me, father."

"I told thee I would give thee £5,000. Thou can do whatev'er ta likes with it."

"I shall enter myself to read with Perkins."

"Do as ta likes; do as ta likes. What ta does will be naught to me."

Then Amos threw his red bandanna handkerchief over his head, settled himself in his chair, and in a few minutes seemed to be asleep. But sleep was far from him. Tears come as hard as blood from some men, and Amos was one of this class. Yet great, bitter tears rolled slowly down his rugged face that evening, tears which the bandanna hid, but which no human hand could wipe away. Never before in all his struggling, successful life had he felt such keen disappointment. For he had not realized until that hour how dear his son was to him, how inextricably bound up in all his hopes and happiness.

And he had said words he never could unsay. Indeed, the possibility of unsaying them never presented itself to him. It might kill him to "stick up" to the threat he had made; all the same, he knew that he should stand to every letter of it. And he expected nothing less from Joe. He would almost have despised him if he had returned and asked to be allowed to accept his offer. To back out of a position once taken is a thing few Yorkshiremen can contemplate, and both father and son understood that the few positive words said that night had separated their paths forever.

Joe went at once to his aunt, and told her of his interview and its result. She did not fully sympathize with him.

"Thou hes been in too big a hurry, Joe," she said. "If thou hed taken a more roundabout road to thy awn way, thou would hev gotten it all the sooner, lad, thou would that. Now, then, thou hes flung away about half a million o' money, what is ta