

"Do you think Mildred will be so insane as to refuse Douglass Everett the second time?" Paul asked impatiently.

"It is impossible to conjecture what Mildred will do. She is not like the rest of us," was the reply that but poorly satisfied the lad.

"I doubt if there are a dozen girls on this continent like her. It seems a pity she hadn't happened along in the days when men enjoyed feeding young girls to the lions, because they had inconvenient consciences. Mildred would rather have enjoyed being crunched, since it would have taken her all the sooner to the heaven where her heart seems to be most of the time." Paul spoke with considerable bitterness. He had got the share of worldliness that by right belonged to Mildred, so that neither of their characters possessed the comfortable degree of equilibrium that makes life quite enjoyable. His mother was silent, while he stood at the window idly watching the fast-falling snow, and hoping that it might not block the western roads that Mildred was then crossing.

"The Bible is on the stand beside you. Will you open it to the twelfth chapter of John's Gospel, and read the twenty-fifth verse? It has been haunting me for days."