

that's so. That's what I got by marrying you." He gayly tilted up her chin, although her eyelids drooped so that he could not see her eyes. You don't mind, do you?" he said. "It's better to start square. An' what's my right I don't call nobody's gift. You giv' me suthin better'n a house, Blis' Priscilla Dane, when you giv' me your heart!"

A moment of bewilderment had flushed Priscilla's face; her first thought was that Charley was tired, and a little cross; the next was one of vexation with herself for her presumption; that was followed by a sharp regret that after all she could not give it to him as she had counted on doing, and her final thought was an admiring recognition of Charley's knowledge of fact, and his keen sense of justice. "Oh, Charley!" said she "you'd orter been a lawyer."

"Yes," he responded. "I've been thrown away. You might be settin' in your easy-chair like Miss Squire Hall ef I'd been handled right."

The next day being Sunday, on which day they appeared out, Priscilla failed to look upon in her fawn-colored silk and her pale pink roses, Charley's solemnity served him in good stead to match Priscilla's sweet shamedness; but by the beginning of the week he had become wonted to his new sense of position, and Priscilla, who had been in a m-z herself, found her Charley in all his gay recklessness once more.

He was, indeed, so gay and careless that he counted what was left of his money, and declared he was not going to work till it was gone. "You and me won't ever be married but once, it's likely," he said, "and I mean to get all the honey there is in this honeymoon."

Priscilla had the house, which had been comfortably furnished by her father and mother, already very well provisioned; and sooth to say, the best portion of Charley's balance went into the till of the tavern at the foot of the hill, where he so much enjoyed his role of a man of property, and his ability to stand treat, that when all his money had been transferred into Mr. Barney's till it seemed a hardship that he must go back to work.

"Aint you got no money put by, Priscy?" he asked. "You let me have it, and I—"

"But I'm saving it for a rainy day," she urged, smiling archly, and holding her hands behind her as if she had it in them.

"Wal, this is the rainy day, then. We shan't be young but once, and we'll have this time to remember." And he took down his fiddle and softened her heart with "Money Musk" and a score of variations full of the twinkling feet of the dancers.

But Priscilla in her adoration was not quite a fool. She did not grudge him anything she had; far from it! He was not only welcome to it, but she longed to give him everything. Still, a little doubt—something—she knew what, steered her just enough to make her keep back a trifle of her pay and leave it in the savings bank.

"Charley," she said one day, "ef we had means we couldn't be living different. We're gittin' bills to Mr. Newman's, and I never had no—"

"You didn't know how easy 'twas."

"It—it don't seem just the honest thing to me."

"Honest?" said Charley. "What do you take me for? A highwayman? I shall pay the bills when I go to work. But we can't live this year once, and I mean to live it." And he gave her a sleigh-ride that afternoon, for which it did not occur to her that he was paying with her money, since her money was now his.

But in the spring little Josephine was born. Charley named her Josephine, for some fancy that he had, although Priscilla would have called her Iry. But the little mother thought it was such a bounty and blessing to her anyway, that the name was trivial; and, besides, something was to Charley, because had she not the boundless bliss of being that baby's mother.

But Charley had bliss enough. He was sorry the baby wasn't a boy, he held himself an inch higher, even though it was a girl. He drank baby's health with every newcomer at the tavern, and it would not be been at all strange if he had seen two babies instead of one when he came home at night.

And the next morning he went to work. He had plenty of manual-dexterity, and could always command a good price; the only trouble about it was the rooted objection on his part. But he kept at his task heroically. Morning, after a few months of this heroism, he was brought home with a broken arm, and although the arm was all right in due time, yet he never did a day's work again.

Charley's arm was, indeed, as well as ever, although he still wore a sling, he was able to stroll down to Mr. Barney's several times a day, and had fingered his fiddle a little, and Josephine was still in her mother's arms, a Priscy, red as a rose, and hardly able to articulate, plucked up her courage and said: "Charley! Charley! There aint no flour. I'm sorry, but there aint no meal; there aint no tea; there aint nothing to eat in the house. And here is Josephine. Either you or me, Charley, must go to work."

"'Twould seem as if a feller might hev a chance to get his arm well before he was sent to work with it," grumbled Charley, ostentatiously adjusting his sling. "Why can't you go to the store for what you want? You're a pretty sort of a wife if you can't get credit when your husband is sick. Don't they know we've got the house and can mortgage it any day for enough to carry us along till we're tired?"

"Mortgage the house! The house my father built. And leave nothing for Josephine!"

(To be continued.)



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