

you. And when they know you, they can't help loving you."

"Oh, George!"

And the exclamation was caused by the kiss accompanying his loving flattery.

"That's true as preaching. By the by, my dear, what would you say if the firm sent me on a travelling tour of six weeks?"

A little dismayed cry answered him.

"You wouldn't stay here alone, eh? But, Marion, it would be five hundred dollars clear gain for us."

"What need we care for money, I'd rather have you."

A mischievous smile played on the young man's lips, he was more matter-of-fact than this romantic, tender little wife of his.

"I think the accession of our balance at the bankers would be very consoling for the absence. But never mind, little pet, let's go down to dinner. I do hope we'll get a letter from home soon."

And so it was; for Marion snatched it from his coat pocket that very night. But her husband's face looked very grave and stern, and his eyes looked angry when she laughed gleefully over the envelope.

"My dear, you must remember I care little for what the letter contains. Remember I did not write it; that you are dearer to me than ever before. Kiss me while I watch you."

A little pang of misdoubt troubled her as she glanced over the short, cramped note; then tears stole down under her lashes, and George saw her tender mouth quiver and tremble; then when she had finished it, she laid her head down on his shoulder and cried.

"I was cruel to let you see it, my wounded bride. Let me burn it. And don't forget, darling, what our Bible says, that a man shall leave father and mother and cling to his wife. You are my precious wife, Marion, and to you I turn for all the happiness my life will ever hold."

He dried her tears, and then they talked it over.

"Just because I am city bred, she thinks I am lazy, and haughty, and dirty, and—"

"Never mind, Marion, she will find out some day. My father—"

"Yes, bless the dear old man. 'My love to my daughter Marion.' Oh, I know I shall love him, and your mother, too, if she would let me."

"We will invite them down when I come home. By the way, Marion, I will stop at the farm on my way home and bring them back. Will she, will she—"

"George, dear, I have been thinking about that trip West. I think you had better go, and leave home. It won't be very long."

Marion was eating an egg while she spoke across the cozy little tete-a-tete breakfast table.

"Spoken like my true little Marion; and when I come back I will bring a present. What shall it be?"

"Your mother and father from the farm. It shall be that hope that will bear me company while you are gone."

A fortnight after that Marion Clement ate her breakfast alone, the traces of a tear or so on her pink cheeks; then she dashed them away with a merry joyous little laugh.

"This will never do; and now that dear George is gone for six weeks, to prepare for his return, and I pray Heaven it may be such a coming home as shall delight his very soul."

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"I'm sure I don't know what to say. The land knows I need help bad