

CHAPTER XXXI.

WAS SHE A WITCH.

PARIS, gay, bewitching Paris, kept our friends enthralled for many weeks, and then Captain Hepworth must turn his face homeward once more. Hester declined Ruth's invitation to travel with her, well knowing that her father's duties required his presence, and henceforth she resolved that he should not be alone. She detected a weariness quite new to him, and saw with sorrow that his lonely life had told heavily upon him. Both Hester and her father urged Samuel to visit Switzerland and take a more extended rest.

"You have no one but yourself to care for now," said Ruth. "I am happily disposed of, and it is neither wise nor just for you to bury yourself among books."

"I have a profession, dear sister, and I must work if I would succeed."

"Quite right, quite right," said Uncle Winthrop. "Whenever you find genuine success, you may be sure there has been hard fighting back of it; it never comes when you sleep."

"You are dreadfully hard and practical, uncle," said Ruth; but in her secret heart she was proud of her manly brother.

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