

by his wife, but said no word of explanation even to her. On the following morning George was off without seeing his father.

But Marie was up to give him his breakfast. "What is the meaning of this, George?" she said.

"Father says that I shall be better away from this—so I am going away."

"And why will you be better away?" To this George made no answer. "It will be terrible if you quarrel with your father. Nothing can be so bad as that."

"We have not quarrelled, that is to say, I have not quarrelled with him. If he quarrels with me, I cannot help it."

"It must be helped," said Marie, as she placed before him a mess of eggs which she had cooked for him with her own hands. "I would sooner die than see anything wrong between you two." Then there was a pause. "Is it about me, George?" she asked boldly.

"Father thinks that I love you:—so I do."

Marie paused for a few minutes before she said anything further. She was standing very near to George, who was eating his breakfast heartily in spite of the interesting nature of the conversation. As she filled his cup a second time, she spoke again. "I will never do anything, George, if I can help it, to displease my uncle."

"But why should it displease him? He wants to have his own way in everything."

"Of course he does."

"He has told me to go;—and I'll go. I've worked for him as no other man would work, and have never said a word about a share in the business;—and never would."

"Is it not all for yourself, George?"

"And why shouldn't you and I be married if we like it?"

"I will never like it," said she solemnly, "if uncle dislikes it."

"Very well," said George. "There is the horse ready, and now I'm off."

So he went, starting just as the day was dawning, and no one saw him on that morning except Marie Bromar. As soon as he was gone she went up to her little room, and sat herself down on her bedside. She knew that she loved him, and had

been
lose
that
had
her,
mod
ency
—th
that
uncle
said
come
Marie
be all
enter
every
had d
what
give a
from
desire
flecte
difficu
tongu
suffer
uncle
linen,
had co
thoug
made
In t
the V
he ser
him—
Madar
his we