

town, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; but if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I choose, I could keep more than one servant; but I don't, no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia, and all sorts of fine-lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-checked lass she is. I *did* say that she should not marry a lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she has taken a foolish liking for you, and I'll tell you what I'll do; go to work, and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, if it be honest—then come to me, and, if the girl be willing, she shall be yours."

As the old man said this he deliberately rose from the settle of the porch and went into the house.

II. MARY WILL WAIT.—Pretty Mary Bilkins was waiting to see her lover down at the garden gate, their usual trystingplace. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober, discomfited look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application. "And I'm not sure but he's about right, for it seems to me that every man, rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."

Then, as she noticed her lover's grave look, she said, softly,—“Never mind,—I'll wait for you, Luke.”

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But wherever he went, he carried with