

THE BELLE OF BOWLING GREEN

for the difference—if there was all the dissimilarity you suppose.”

“Was there not?”

“No; my mother’s song of love had discords, and often fell into the minor key. No one can tell in what particular way a man will try the heart of the woman that loves him. My dear father had some failings that might have made sorrow enough, but mother knew how to accept the discipline; and in some cases we are reaping the benefit this day, both of my father’s foibles and my mother’s wise acceptance of them.”

“I have always believed Grandfather Murray to have been a nearly faultless man.”

“Under some circumstances his failings would have been virtues; but when a man marries he assumes duties which are paramount, and which demand a sacrifice of things in themselves innocent and even commendable. He had a love for travel, adventure, and even fighting, that at times became a hunger that must be satisfied; and these periods were often of long duration, and caused my mother infinite alarm and anxiety. I will only give you two instances, and these two, because they are prominent factors in our present life.”

“One of them is, of course, Castle Murray in Scotland?”

“Yes. You know the story of its loss and redemption. But that was but the beginning. The old place seemed to draw father like a magnet, and he doubtless spent a great