

ther, "indeed we could'nt help loving each other."

"Loving! pack of nonsense. I am ashamed of you, Georgie. You don't suppose any father in his senses would allow his daughter to marry an idle young pauper like that. How dare he lift his eyes to you! how dare he make love to you! that's what I want to know. Of all the dishonourable, mean, base, contemptible young blackguards——"

"Papa, papa!" cried Georgie frantically.

"Oh ay, I mean what I say, and a good horsewhipping is what Mr. Wattie Ellison deserves, and that's what I would like to give him, and kick him out of the house afterwards, the impudent young scoundrel!"

And at this very moment the footman opened the door and in an impassive voice announced "Mr. Walter Ellison."

At this most unexpected and undesirable appearance on the scene of the young gentleman under discussion, poor Georgie went very nearly out of her mind with despair.

The Squire, speechless with fury, and almost foaming at the mouth, literally flew at the throat of his would-be son-in-law, and, seizing him by the collar of his coat, shook him like a terrier shakes a rat.

"What d'ye mean by it? How dare you, you scoundrel? You d—d young rascal!" he panted out breathlessly, whilst Georgie rushed at him to defend her attacked lover.

"I don't see that I need be so dreadfully sworn at, sir," said Wattie as soon as he was able to speak. "It is not my fault that your daughter is so charming that I could not help falling in love with her, and if you would allow us to be engaged we could wait, and I dare say I could get something to do, and you would help us a little perhaps."

"I'll see you d—d before ever I give you or her a farthing, sir, of that you may be sure; and as to allowing her to be engaged to you, I'd as soon allow her to be engaged to Mike the earthstopper, quite as soon—much sooner, in fact."

"Hush, hush, papa!" here broke in Georgie, with a very white face. "You need not say any more—you will be sorry for having spoken like this by and by."

"I shan't be a bit sorry. I mean every word I say. When this young gentleman goes out of the house this evening, I forbid him ever to come into it again. I forbid you ever to speak to him or write to him, or

hold any communication with him whatever; if you do, I will disown you for my daughter, and never speak to you again; and I tell you, Georgie, that sooner than see you married, or even engaged, to such an idle, profitless good-for-nothing as this young man, I would rather by far see you in your coffin."

There was a few moments' silence in the little room when the Squire finished speaking, and then Georgie, white to her very lips, but brave and resolute as the little woman always was where courage and resolution were wanted, went straight up to her lover.

"You hear what papa says, Wattie; don't stop here any longer, it is no use, he will never allow it, we must just make the best of it and submit. He is my father, and I would not disobey him for worlds. You had better go right away, my poor boy, and try and forget me. Yes, don't shake your head, Wattie; if it's impossible, we shall perhaps learn with time and with absence to get over it. Oh Wattie, give me one kiss and say good-bye!" And she put both her arms round her lover's neck and kissed and clung to him sobbing, whilst her father stood by, looking on, but saying never a word, with a sort of choke in his throat of which he felt half ashamed.

"Good-bye, my love—God bless you, Wattie; as long as you are alive I will never marry any other man on earth. Go now," and she pushed him with her own hands gently out of the room and closed the door upon him.

"My own brave good girl!" said the Squire when he was gone, attempting to draw his daughter into his arms, but Georgie shrunk away from him.

"Don't touch me, don't speak to me," she said, and then sat down till she heard the front door close with a slam, and Wattie's footsteps die away on the gravel walk outside.

Then she got up and moved rather unsteadily towards the door. The Squire sprang forward and held it open for her, looking at her wistfully, almost entreatingly, as she passed out; but she fixed her eyes in front of her and did not look at him.

And somehow, when she was gone and he was left alone, although his daughter had given up her love and promised to obey him, and although he had sworn his fill at