

for a moment, Gilbert, that I blame your father. Were I in his place, I might think just as he thinks. If he has higher views for his son than a marriage with a nameless girl like me, his son should be the last to find fault." Don't let love blind you to facts. Look them boldly in the face, as I do. I cannot forget what I am, and what I owe to your father. The happy life I have led here from a child, made me forgetful of the great debt until"—and here the calm voice faltered—"the reproaches of last night brought it all fresh to my mind, and I saw how ungrateful I had been to my benefactor, in giving the least encouragement to you."

"Yes, I shall not soon forget the cruel insult he put upon you. It was mean and cowardly, to say the least of it. He might be proud to call you his daughter, and his daughter you shall be, in spite of him."

"There are two words to that bargain," and the voice now spoke sternly and de-