

"Is this the girl you were making love to before you came up to town?"

"Yes."

"Well, see here, I don't believe you care a rush for me. Oh, it's no good looking like that—I know you don't; let's make an end of this, for my life has been wretched ever since I was tied to you. I'm sick to death of my share of the bargain. Give me three hundred pounds—you've three-fifty left now you know—and make me an allowance of a couple of hundred for life, and, I'll never let you see my face again."

Harold started as if he was stung.

"And so you would sell my love for that?"

"Your love!" sneered the wife, "if you show your love by talking and worrying a poor girl to death, it would be dear if it were given away. Lor," she added, "are you such a poor pitiful fool as to think that I can't see through you? Let us have no hypocrisy, but get the matter settled at once. I am not going to lead this life any longer. If I have married so much above me, why am I not taken to your friends? Why haven't I a house of my own, and a carriage to ride in, and servants to wait upon me? If I am the wife of this fine gentleman, I will no longer be hidden away as if I was the wife of a—a." No simile sufficiently applicable occurred to her, so she hid her face in her hands and tried to weep.

It did not take Harold long to make up his mind to a step so consonant with his own feelings. Sick to death of the terrible turmoil of his London life, he longed for the peace of his native village.

The Jewish lawyer was called in, and after having effected a legitimate deed of separation, the man and wife, whom but two months before the priest had joined in bonds of wedlock, went on their separate ways of life.

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They killed the fatted calf at Milton Hall when the heir came back again. Even old Macfarlane and the ante-diluvian Mrs. Bland turned their wrinkles into smiles, and forgot the first principles of their economical natures in the delight at the advent of their darling. But what Harold prized more than all was the kind reception of the Loders. The curate squeezed his hand with the warmth of an old and loved friend, and Gertrude Loder gave him a timid but hearty welcome.

Have you ever noticed in all the works of nature the marvellous effects of re-action? The burst of a thunder storm leaves a soft and gentle zephyr to fan the placid summer air; the roar of the fall of an avalanche is succeeded by unnatural stillness; in the din of war culminates the anger of a nation, so soon to drop into the serenity of peace; the outbreak of emotional passions in the breast of a man leaves him after his paroxysms subdued and gentle as a child. And so the great moral and physical element of reaction told its tale on Harold; from the turmoil and dissipation of London to the lethetude of Milton was a change that gave a shock to his whole system.

With a natural taste for a rustic life, the calm quiet of the village fell upon him like a spell. The joints of his disposition had been dislocated