

Let Not Man Put Asunder

Mrs. Faneuil laughed, but Petrina looked serious.

"I could never marry abroad, mother. I am a New England woman through and through, and my roots are very deep in the soil. I dwell among mine own people. If your only objection to Mr. Vassall is that he is not a foreigner and hasn't a title—"

"I don't go so far as to object, Petrina. I limit myself to surprise. He is so far out of your own set."

"I should never choose a husband who was in it. Fancy living with a man who knew only the people you knew, and did only what you do yourself! As it is, he would have his sphere, which would not interfere with mine. He is a good rider, a good golfer, a good shot, and very popular in his clubs. He would have plenty of occupation even if he gave up his profession."

"But you would like to be seen with him sometimes?"

"Whenever mutually agreeable."

"That is kind," said Mrs. Faneuil, in her dry way.

"But then he is so poor."

"Surely I have plenty. And think what it would mean to me if he were rich. I should have to live in his house, and adopt his habits, and accept his money, and be under a sort of obligation to please him."

"Which would naturally be out of the question. But I wonder how far he would share your ideas. He seems to me very conservative, while no one could call you that."

"But I should despise a man who was not conservative. An advanced woman is in the order of things; she is daring, original, piquante. But an advanced man! Oh, mother dear! I should ten thousand times rather be unequally yoked together with an unbeliever."

"How nicely you quote Scripture! It reminds me