

Grannie was charmed with his manners, and would not allow Eli to go, until she had made him well acquainted with all their little history. Ruth began some coarse stitching, and as she worked, tried in vain to stem the tide of Grannie's discourse.

"He was a bad son, husband and father," said Grannie, raising her voice, and growing angry as she mentioned the son who had ruined her, and left her poor in her old age.

"Oh! grannie, don't!" said Ruth; then, unable to bear more, she got up and went out.

Eli followed as soon as he could; Ruth was standing by the gate. "Don't mind all Grannie says," she said coloring; "she always will talk."

"She reminds me of Aunt Janet," said Eli.

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There is not much more to tell. Eli was a slow man in all his thoughts, and actions. He had thought about Ruth for years; he had now only to act. That was much to him. Autumn passed away, winter came, bringing privations to Ruth's home. Finally spring arrived—Eli had sent bountiful presents to the cottage every week. Grannie did not like to receive them, Ruth utterly rebelled; yet neither dared speak to him on the subject. Grannie at length promised she would do so, but

when the time came, skipped away, and left Ruth to do it herself.

"Cousin Eli," said Ruth, "you must not send us—"

Eli got up and walked straight out of the house; then he came more seldom, but his presents were more bountiful than ever.

Poor old Grannie fell sick. Eli brought a doctor to see her. Rest of mind and strengthening food were ordered for her.

"Rest of mind, when that child is working herself to death!" muttered Grannie.

Eli sought Ruth. The moment had come, and the words were ready on his lips. "Ruth, will you be my wife?"

She did not answer, and after waiting to see her face lifted towards him in vain, he said gently, "I will not hurry you; I will come again to-morrow."

Old Grannie's sharp ears had heard. "Does he want to marry you?" asked she, when Ruth answered her call. "Ruth, we are very poor."

*That* had no influence over Ruth.

Eli came timidly the next day. Ruth could never know, never quite understand to the full, what that waiting for an answer had been to him. He stood by the gate, not daring to enter—pre-force Ruth must go out and let him in. Into paradise he thought, as he looked into her blushing face. "Oh, Ruth! My love!" he said, and the world was very bright to him just then.