

Love the Leveller

'I do,' said Adelaide solemnly. 'I likes 'em very much, but as yer says, I b'long ter you.'

'You mean that, Adelaide?'

She looked at him suddenly, and something in his eyes awakened her heart; her colour rose, and she turned aside.

'I guess I'll go indoors,' she said hurriedly. 'I don' know mesself, wiv so many queer things 'appenin'. I'm a bit hupset.'

'Just a moment, Adelaide. You belong to us, my dear, and there is only one way to make sure we don't have to share you with some one else. You've made all the home the boy and I have known these last five years. It's our turn now; let me try to make a home for you.'

'Wot is it—wot is it yer s'yin', Mister Freeman? You're a gittin' at me,' said Adelaide in a whisper.

'No, my dear; I've no right, perhaps, for I'm getting an old man, and you might do better for yourself. But I want you, Adelaide, you're my home.'

'Hit's marryin' yer mean, Mister Freeman, marryin' fair an' square?' she said, with a strange wistfulness in her eyes.

'Why, sure, my dear wife; Adelaide; and, God help me, I'll try and make up to you for all you've done for us. Manny knows all about it; it will make him as happy as it will make me.'