

Let Not Man Put Asunder

Petrina let the subject drop for a while, and went on with her breakfast in silence.

"It is very annoying to us," she said at last, "that this should happen now."

"Why annoying? and why now?" asked Mrs. Faneuil, as she tapped her egg with a spoon.

"Because," said Petrina, calmly, "I am going to marry Emmy's brother."

Mrs. Faneuil dropped her spoon with a little gasp.

"Petrina!"

"Yes, mother. I have quite made up my mind. And I detest separations and divorces. They are in such bad taste."

"You are going to marry Henry Vassall? Is that what you mean?"

"That is what I mean, mamma. I see no great reason for your surprise."

"I am certainly obliged to you for taking me into your confidence before—before the match came off."

"Don't be vexed. You are the first to know. I have never spoken to any one about it—not even to him."

"Not even to him? Do you mean to say that he has not yet—?"

"No, not yet; but of course I see it coming."

"You seem very sure. Isn't it possible you may be mistaken?"

"Oh, mamma, you talk as if you never had been young. Don't you suppose that at the age of twenty-three, and with all my experience, I cannot read the signs of the times?"

"I had forgotten that you were so astute."

"It isn't astuteness, it is only instinct."

"Everybody would say you were making a very bad match."