

OH, MARY, BE CAREFUL!

But when he sat down to write his letter to Mary, he had to rest a few minutes with his eyes shut, clothed and in his right mind, but feeling that his bones had turned to water.

At last he managed to write:

Dear Mary: On thinking it over, I am going to run away. I've only just heard about your aunt's will.

If I stayed any longer I'd be asking you to throw all that money away for me; and afterward I'd never forgive myself. I'm not worth it and never shall be. The only thing I'm wealthy in is love for you.

I love you too much to ask you to make such a sacrifice for a poor dub like me. I shall never marry, but shall think and dream of you always. If you ever need a friend, let me know. Yours ever,

WILLIAM MORGAN.

P. S. I will write the doctor to send me his bill.