
Elfa

me to-day, Ernst, as you have never done since we met on the dear old Grossberg. You were angry with me without cause, and you said things which you once promised, by your love for me, should never pass your lips. If you do that to me again"—here her voice sank almost to a whisper and she trembled—"it will break my heart, husband. My scolding is not the scolding of anger, dear: I could never be angry with you as—as you were with me to-day; it is the scolding of grief." She looked into my face through the tears that had gathered in her eyes, and my heart smote me.

"I am very sorry, Elfa, deeply sorry. But at the time I was beside myself with passion."

"With me, Ernst? What had I done? Why did you tell me to 'search my own conscience' for the reason of your wrath? Those words have been ringing in my ears ever since. Do you think, or did you think, I had done anything to wrong you, husband? My dear, I have not. I could not. I have not a thought or a wish or a dream but for your happiness. You are all in all to my heart, you and our baby lad; and I love him because he is your son. Ah, Ernst, my darling husband, you must not think that I could willingly give you reason for such anger. I love you more than ever, dearest: much more even than when we stood together before the priest at Massen. And the more I grow to love you, so does your harshness cut and sear and wound my heart more deeply. I am not like some others, who can hear