

Hetty, or The Old Grudge.

By J. H. CONNELLY.

Copyright, 1902 & 1903, by Robert H. M. & Sons. (All rights reserved.)

CHAPTER XVII.

John Cameron was up before the sun the next morning, only to learn, to his great disgust, that it would not be practical to get a marriage license before nine o'clock. He had had a great deal of time for politics, but now he saw an imperative need for Reform—with a big R—so great as to be worth fighting for at the polls. It was shameful, outrageous—he said to himself—that the sloth of a public servant, a mere clerk, should be permitted to keep up the bars on the road to Hymen until so preposterous an hour. Marriage licenses should be procurable at daybreak. It would do no harm if the clerk's office were kept open all night, like the watch houses, and would doubtless be a great convenience for citizens. He wondered if he could not get the Assemblyman from his district to introduce in the Legislature a bill to that effect. And hours later, when he realized that what had been at the first seeming but an unmeaning delay, had, through the evolution of consent events, developed into overwhelming disaster to his most cherished plans, his rage grew with his knowledge, and he swore by the Devil's Backbone that never would he vote for a candidate unpledged to antagonism to that expurgating and baneful system of restricting the issuance of marriage licenses to the hours between nine a. m. and four p. m. Well, why not? Have not party "platforms" contained less desirable "plans," and has not every American citizen an inherent right to construct a plank for himself and to jam it into a platform, too, if he can get help enough to do so?

"Now that there has thy license, John," said Landford Robinson to him, "there is but one minister in Pittsburgh who should marry thee, and that is the Rev. Mr. Laidlaw. He filled the pulpit at Caudor eleven years ago; is a brother-in-law of the Rev. Mr. McLeod, the present incumbent—who got the best of me once in a horse trade, even if he is a minister of the gospel, and I give him credit for it as I do any man who is smart enough to best me in a dicker—and is personally known to everybody in the northern half and middle of Washington County. Believe me, John, thou canst not take too many precautions in this matter. Forget it not, that a Cameron is wedding a Mulveil, and instead of its being an occasion to fan the flame of the old feud, it should bring about peace and good will. Which it doth, dependeth in greatest measure upon thee."

"I don't see how," said Hetty. "Through the degree of respect thou showest, by every detail of thy marriage, for the Mulveil thou hast chosen to take to wife. Do naught that an enemy might construe into a slight or even a thoughtless lack of consideration for her."

Mrs. Robinson used like arguments with Hetty, until the young couple began imagining that a marriage celebrated by anybody else than the Rev. Mr. Laidlaw would be no marriage at all worthy of the name, and John went in haste to secure at once the services of that necessary functionary. Alas, for the hours lost in getting the license! The minister's wife said that her husband had, about nine o'clock that morning, gone over to Allegheny to confer with some ministerial brother over something they proposed to bring before the next presbytery, and he was not at all likely to return before dark. But by six o'clock they would certainly find him at home. Could they not wait until then? "Wait!" Oh, yes, John could wait and would, if it were absolutely necessary, until evening, but no more. He said to himself that he would see Mr. Laidlaw and the whole presbytery in Halifax before he would wait until the next day.

The weather was altogether too vilely bad for any sight-seeing, to kill time with; and, indeed, there was not much worth seeing in the town in those days; certainly nothing so attractive for John and Hetty as sitting together before the glowing fire in the cosy sitting room of the Farmer's Inn, building their castles in the air. They took up that delightful occupation just about where they had left off the night before, and the enchanted land of their mutual dream was far from the dull, cold, gray reality of driving rain and howling wind and plashing mud beneath frowning leaden skies. With his arm about her waist, her head upon his shoulder and their voices murmuring low and tenderly, their souls floated in unison through a realm warmed and illumined by the rosy sun of love.

Furnishing the castle in the air was now the order of business. John rather thought they would not "need to buy a single stick." The great lot of the old homestead was literally filled with bedsteads, tables, chairs, chests of drawers, and such like stuff, the accumulations of three or four generations of systematic gatherers; and it was no common, cheap furniture, but solid mahogany; old-fashioned, perhaps, but none the less serviceable.

"But, will your mother consent to our taking what we want?"

"She would gladly give us as much more for talking it away out of her road."

Neither of them noticed the door opening behind them, and both started to their feet, surprised, red and confused, as a diat of exclamations burst upon their ears. One, in a big, deep, masculine voice, was simply "Gosh!" The other, sharply, shrilly feminine, was "Sales alive!"

Uncle David Henderson and Miss Mary Elder confronted the lovers.

"Why, Melvire Mulveil!" continued the spinster, excitedly. "How on earth did you come here?"

"In John's cutter, Mary," answered the girl, demurely, with a roguish little smile.

"Are you married yet?" demanded Uncle David.

"No; not yet," replied John.

Uncle David frowned severely.

"How do you come to be here?" Hetty asked her friend.

"I had a lot of dry goods and fixin's

to get, and as Uncle David was coming to town to-day with his big sleigh, he kindly brought me along."

"Are you married yet?" demanded John, gravely, with a very good imitation of the older man's sternly magisterial manner.

Uncle David fairly jumped in surprise. Mary gasped: "Why, John Cameron? And then there was a general roar of laughter."

"Come," said Uncle David, in a tone of remonstrance, interrupting the hilarity. "This is no laughing matter. You children may think it is quite a joke, but before you get through you will find it a very serious piece of business. I am afraid."

"How did you leave mother?" Hetty inquired of Mary.

"Madder than a wildcat still. She missed you before you were gone ten minutes, I guess, and, just as quick as she could, got Simeon and his man Rufus out after you. They had not got back when I left this morning, and seeing you here, I don't suppose they have caught you yet. Your mother, instead of cooling off, seemed to be getting hotter every hour that passed, and, indeed, I was glad of a good excuse to get away."

Uncle David beckoned John to accompany him, and the two men left the room together. Outside, in the jun room, after looking carefully around to assure himself that he would not be overheard, the giant whispered hoarsely:

"No, they haven't come back. And they never will."

"Never will? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say, my boy; and I'm much afraid it will make the old grudge between the Mulveils and the Camerons worse than ever."

"I don't see why they shouldn't return when they haven't found us."

"Dead men don't come back."

"Dead men?"

"That's what I said. You don't know anything of what has been going on, do you? Of course not. There was nothing in the world, and nothing was going on, but you and Hetty. Well, I'll tell you something that may shake that notion. The ice in the river broke up last night. I suppose you know that much?"

"No. How should I? I crossed on it yesterday."

"Yes, I came over to-day on the horse ferryboat that is running again. On the way over, one of the men working on the boat told me about a two-horse sleigh and two men breaking through the ice yesterday. From his description of the team and the men, I believe that was the last of Sim Mulveil and Rufe Goldie."

"If so, I'm sorry for them, but I don't see how I am responsible for their fate, as you seem to think, by the way you look at me."

"If you hadn't run off with Hetty Mulveil, it wouldn't have happened."

"Oh, if it comes to that, I'd run Hetty off and marry her if the Monongahela river were plugged with Mulveils on account of it."

"Marry her eventually, yes. That's all right enough. But so long as that irrevocable step has not been taken already, if you will be advised by me, John, you will postpone it a little while, until this thing sort of blows over, and it will not be so likely to cause bitterness of feeling, as it would now."

"Why, Uncle Davy, I'm not to blame for what has happened to those two chaps—if it really was they who were drowned. I didn't invite them to follow me."

"That's all very true, John; but you know what the Mulveils are. They feel, but they don't reason. When a man marries, it behooves him to do all in his power for a peaceful life, for the sake of his family if not for his own comfort. Just think what a time Hetty would have of it if all her breed were to be pecking and clawing at her every time your back was turned."

"But, say, maybe the chaps who were drowned were not Sim and Rufe, after all."

"We can settle that soon enough. The man on the ferryboat said that one of them had been dragged out of the eddy below the Point and taken to Mungers' iron sheds—wherever that may be—for the coroner to sit on him. The thing for us to do is to go and see if I'm right in supposing what I do. The coroner may sit on it or it may sit on the coroner, for all I care."

"All right. Come along! Does Mary Elder know about what you've told me?"

"Not a word, as yet."

By the time the two men found Mungers' sheds, the coroner had arrived, impelled a jury and commenced the inquest. The body was stretched out on a board, supported by a couple of trestles. Its face was of a ghastly, bluish-white tint; its clothing saturated, disarranged and spongy looking. The board was so narrow that to keep both feet on it, the legs had been jauntily crossed and tied in place with a bit of rope. The arms hung down, with the knuckles lying in the mud on each side, and the thumbs pressed tightly into the palms of the hands. The eyes were half open and the jaw dropped.

There were no seats for the jury, so they stood about that extemporized bier, and, though wrapped in their great coats, shivered. The wet corpse seemed to diffuse a chill, and the air was certainly made colder by the presence of many tons of round, square and flat iron bars, standing on end in great piles all around the walls. All the light in the place came from the big square door, against which the misty, whitish-brown day seemed to lean sullenly.

One witness told the story of how he pulled the body, with a boat hook, out of the eddy. Another recognized the body as that of one of the two travelers who had scoured his advice and consequently drowned within his sight. The third witness, Uncle David Henderson, told whose the body was. It was Rufus Goldie's. He knew him well and was positive in the identification. One of the

jurymen asked him if he knew anything of the circumstances leading to the drowning, especially if the man Goldie was intoxicated. He replied:

"I have not seen him before to-day for a month, I believe; did not know he was coming into town; and his drowning occurred yesterday, as I am told, while I did not arrive until this afternoon."

The Canny Scot had told exact truth, but at the same time adhered to his resolution that John's love affair should not be mixed up with the death of a Mulveil any sooner than was unavoidable. As for the inquiring jurymen, he innocently supposed that his question had been answered. John did not feel called upon to say anything.

On the way back to the inn Uncle David continued to urge upon John even more strongly than before the imperative necessity for postponing the marriage, but the young man was in no humor to be convinced.

"Just wait until the row blows over," pleaded the giant, "and then come back and marry right there. I don't like the idea of a Cameron running away to get married, anyhow."

"The difficulties in the way will always be the same. You've no idea how bitter the old woman is against me. Why, she has even threatened to scald me."

"What of it? The hotter a woman flares up, the sooner her fire is burned out. The longer and harder she cracks, the sooner she will get tired and be quiet. I'll pledge you my word, John, that if I'll wait now and only come back when I send for you, you shall have Hetty then and marry her in public, even if fifty Camerons with their rifles have to stand around you—and I'll engage to keep the old woman off with an umbrella myself."

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

But when the tragic end of the pursuers was told to the girls at the inn, Uncle David found an ally in Mary Elder.

"If you go back married now," she said to Hetty, "the very success of your running away will sting those who don't like you, and all the Mulveils will blame you and him for what has happened to Sim and Rufe. But if you wait awhile, folks will begin to talk around that it was a sort of judgment on Sim and Rufe, and that they deserved on general principles, what they got; which is no doubt quite true. Then it will be safe enough for John to come back without any trouble occurring, and your mother will naturally have to give in. She can't hold out long."

Hetty reluctantly and ruefully admitted that Mary was right and assented to the postponement, but John resisted stoutly for a long time, arguing that it would look cowardly to go so far and stop short. At length, when Hetty not only succumbed to the pressure, but even demonstrated some satisfaction with the new arrangement, as it seemed to him, he was bitterly piqued and suddenly ceased all opposition.

"Do as you like," he said. "When you make up your mind that you want me, you can send for me, and if I ain't too busy, I suppose I'll come."

"Oh, John! How can I leave you all alone here?"

"Don't mind about me—I'll be all right. Maybe I'll like city life when I get used to it. But, no odds about me; you do as Uncle David says—and be derailed to him."

"You know I don't want to, John; only it seems like I ought to; and if it had been right we should get married now, maybe things wouldn't have stood in the way so. And—and—you oughtn't to be so cross with me, John."

"There, there, darling, don't cry!" said the big fellow, taking her in his arms caressingly and soothing her by the kindness of his tones, as she hid her face on his breast. "I'm not cross with you; I'm not mad at you, dear. Only it's a damned sight out of the way from what I had made up my mind for, and I wish to think you hadn't come to town, Uncle David."

CHAPTER XVIII.

John's dislike for the new program grew during the night, so that by the time morning came, had Hetty given him the slightest encouragement, he would have revolted against Uncle David's authority and become a married man before breakfast. But Mary Elder, who really had much confidence in Uncle David's judgment and took care he should observe she had, shared the girl's bed and was successful in deepening the impression already made upon her in favor of a postponement of the marriage.

"It ain't the way I want it, any more than it's the way you want it, John," she said, in consultation with her lover, "but I guess it's for the best. We are young and can afford to wait a little while, anyway."

"There's always risk in waiting!" growled John.

"Not for us. All the horses ain't going to die nor the roads to be built up. And when I say I'll wait for you, John, I mean it. I don't care what mother or anybody else says. There'll be nobody for me but you, John, if I have to wait for you until Raccoon Creek runs across the top of the Devil's Backbone!"

"I'll make a heap of excitement in Washington County before I'll stand any such waiting as that," answered John, grimly.

But the matter was settled for the time being, and, recognizing that fact, he accepted it as philosophically as he could, even—through a remnant of pique—assuming a cheerfulness that he was far from feeling, as he saw Hetty carried away by Uncle David and Mary.

For a few days, the country lad, thus left to himself among the ashes of his hopes, felt miserably lonely and could not shake off an impression that the part he had played was not one to be proud of. To be sure, the landlady said he had done quite rightly, but there was a twinkle in the old fellow's eye, and a lurking smile on his fat lips that said he would not have acted so. And he imagined that Mistress Betsy, too, though she went so far as to pronounce his conduct "able" and "prudent," wore a smile of contemptuous pity most exasperating to him. He felt that he could not stand well in his own estimation; for the plain, unvarnished fact of the case was that, after carrying off triumphantly the girl he loved and who loved him, he had permitted himself to be talked out of his prize. Decidedly, he said to himself, he deserved to be jeered and laughed at, but he would break the nose of the first man who gave him that desert. The atmosphere of the Farmers' Inn became unendurable to him, and he hunted up a lodging elsewhere, beyond the prob-

ability of encounter with any who knew him.

He found this secluded haven in Temperanceville, the then charming little suburb covering the sloth and extending down into the valley south of Sawmill Run, below South Pittsburg. Most of that territory, now covered by great, grimy, roaring factories, mills and crowded tenements, was then dotted over with pretty cottages and white frame buildings, two or three stories high, embowered amid trees and vines and surrounded by gardens, glorious in the summer time with their brilliant and fragrant wealth of flowers. The people of Temperanceville were rich only in health and children, for it was a laboring population; but the conditions of labor, infinitely better then than they have since become, did not involve privation and squalor as inevitable concomitants. Happy content was visible everywhere, in the tasteful, comfortable homes; the staid, independent looking men upon the streets; the plump, good-looking matrons and the chubby little folks who fairly swarmed in the place. John felt better when he had found a domicile over there, among entire strangers. At least, the Monongahela river no longer rolled between him and Hetty; he was on the road that led to home and her.

(To be continued.)

A PRINCESS OF HER PEOPLE.

Jewess Who Was the Original of Rebecca in Scott's "Ivanhoe."

"No other Jewish woman, perhaps, has been more admired by both Jew and Gentile than Rebecca Gratz of Philadelphia was in the drawing-room, the synagogue, and in the humble homes to which she ministered," writes William Ferrine, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "It was her unflinching habit to begin each morning with a prayer of thanks for protection during the night, and to review the day in her evening orison. Among the women of the synagogue, in which she would not tolerate the least departure from the law and precepts, her judgment was regarded by the faithful as hardly short of inspiration. In her philanthropy and in her pursuit of educational improvement Rebecca Gratz knew no creed. She helped to found an asylum for orphans in which she served with Christian colleagues. The first Hebrew Sabbath school in America, of which she was long the head, owed its origin to her, and into a sewing society, into a system for distributing fuel to the poor, and into countless little tasks of charity, she was foremost in gathering the energies of Jewish women. Thus it was that in the streets of Philadelphia it came to be the habit to point her out as 'the good Jewess' not less often than 'the beautiful Jewess.' It was Rebecca Gratz who was the original of the Rebecca of 'Ivanhoe,' the character being drawn from the word picture that Washington Irving had painted of the Philadelphia Jewess to Sir Walter Scott."

After a Chinese Wedding.

On the day following a Chinese wedding, at least in certain provinces, the bride's youngest brother goes to inquire after her and to take a present from her mother of a bottle of hair oil. This is a custom so ancient that none knows the origin thereof. No further communications take place between the bride and her family for three months, when her mother sends a sedan chair and an invitation to visit her. If there has been neither a birth nor a death in her husband's or in her mother's house for ten days she goes and makes a short stay at her old home. This visit over, she cannot see her mother again until after her first child is born, and not then should the child be a girl. Even then if there has been a death in either family the visit cannot be made, and there have been many instances where a mother and daughter living very near each other have not met for years.—Boston Post.

Princess's Crown Prince.

The Crown Prince of Germany, whom King Edward has been delighted to honor, is eighteen, and has only recently left the school at Plöen. But he knows something about politics already; he was only eight, indeed, when he began to discuss imperial questions with his father! All the world was talking about Bismarck, and Prince William was alive to the fact. He is said to have astonished the Kaiser by his grasp of the situation, and to have once remarked at dinner, "Father, they say that non-Bismarck is gone you will do as you please. You will like that, won't you?" Unfortunately, as in all such stories, the end comes where the interest begins.

Count Tolstol at Work.

Every moment of Tolstol's day is carefully portioned out. When he begins a new book he settles the plan of the work, collects a great number of studies, and writes rapidly without giving much attention to details. When the new book, cleanly copied, appears on his table, it is instantly remodeled. The manuscript is speedily spotted all over with erasures and interpolations between the lines, at the sides, and at the bottom, and with transfers to other pages. Whole sentences replace others. The work, copied a second time, experiences a like fate. The same with the third copy. Some chapters are rewritten more than ten times.

The Swiss Army.

The annual statistics relative to the strength of the Swiss army have just been issued, and show that there are 151,233 men in the first class, 87,543 in the second class, and 275,290 in the third, making a grand total of 614,066 soldiers. Each man is a properly trained soldier and a marksman at 1,000 yards.

You may be unable to read a man's thoughts, but his actions speak for themselves.

The heart can always give to charity even though the hand cannot.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

"Your love letters," wrote a Boston man to his New York fiancée, gently but firmly, "are not couched in the exactest English."

"My love letters," replied she, "are not for publication; but merely as a guarantee of good faith."—Detroit Free Press.

An Important One.

"Thompson has made a discovery."

"Indeed?"


"Yes. He says that he has discovered that the more buttons there are on a woman's coat the greater the probability that it really fastens with hooks and eyes."—Puck.

Possibly.

"You say the play was entirely without a villain?"

"Yes—that is, if you choose to omit the author."—Indianapolis Press.

How to Get Them to Stop.



Irate Passenger (having caught the car on a dead run)—Suppose I had missed my footing and had a leg cut off?

Conductor—You wouldn't had to run no more; we got orders to stop for cripples.

His Status.

He—Look here, my dear. I cannot afford to entertain on such a scale as you have indulged in of late.

She—John, I really believe you are just the kind of a man who would be perfectly happy if you lived within your income.—Life.

Criticism.

First Drake—I think that young drake is very stupid.

Second Duck—Oh, yes! He doesn't know enough to stay out when it rains.

Came Back Viewless.

Mrs. Gushington—I suppose, now that you have been abroad, you have your own views of foreign life.

Mrs. Newrich—No, we ain't got no views. We didn't take no camera along. It's so awful common.—Philadelphia Record.

Increasing the Chances.

Once it encouraged a boy to be told that he might become President of the United States some day. Now it is necessary to change the promised prize to Presidency of a trust.—New York World.

Retained.

"I understand that Fradman has come to the conclusion to contest his wife's will."

"Well, what is there courageous about that; she's dead, isn't she?"—Richmond Dispatch.

A Long Story.

Ned—If you want to marry an heiress, why don't you propose to Miss Elderly? She's rich.

Ted—Yes; but I object to her past.

Ned—Why, I thought that she was above reproach.

Ted—It is; but there's so much of it.—Town and Country.

Trying to Recieve Her.

"No," said the landlady, "we cannot accommodate you. We only take in single gentlemen."

"Goodness," replied Mr. Marryat, "what makes you think I'm twins?"—Philadelphia Record.

Of Two Evils the Lesser.

Papa—Didn't I tell you, Willie, if I caught you playing with Tommy Jink again I would whip you?

Willie—Yes, sir.

Papa—Then why were you playing with him?

Willie—Well, I got lonesomer than I thought a lickin' would hurt, so I just went over and played with him, that's why.

Easy for Her.

Mrs. Muggins—Mrs. Bjonas is very regular in her attendance at the mothers' meetings. She never misses one.

Mrs. Buggins—Why should she? She hasn't any children to keep her home.—Philadelphia Record.

A Call Down for Mr.

Mr. Meek—I should certainly have some say as to whom my daughter goes.

Mrs. Meek—Not at all. Let her alone, and she'll marry some old fool just like her mother did.—Baltimore World.

The Society Monstrosity.

"Those folks in the next flat are awful pretensions."

"Are they?"

"Yes. She sends her visiting card over two middle names on it—when she wants to borrow butter."—Puck.

Worth More.

"A penny for your thoughts, Reggie."

"Worth more, weally; make it a swank."

"A franc? Nonsense! Why?"

"Was thinking in French, ye know, of you, don't ye know."—Harlem Life

Brook'yn Lovers' Ways.

She—So this is the end of our engagement?

He—It may be for you, but it will take me a year yet to pay the bills.—Brooklyn Life

self Di y.

"I see Jack Ketcham has been married to Miss Goldrox."

"Yes, and I was very sorry to see it."

"Sorry? For her sake or his?"

"For mine. I wanted her."—Philadelphia Press.

In Chicago.

Doctor—Oh! I'll pull you through! Patient—That's right, doctor! I want to be included in the next census.—Puck.

A Clear Interpretation.

Pastor—I am pained to see, dear brother, that you will sleep in church on Sunday.

Parishioner—Of course. Why not! Isn't Sunday a day of rest?

The New Baby.

Happy Father—We've got a new baby up at our house.

Friend—So? What do you call him?

H. P.—We don't call him; he does all the calling himself.

Suburban Floral Festivals.

"Yesterday was sweet-pea day out at our house."

"In bloom already?"

"No, my wife stood over me while I weeded them."

A Blow to Expectation.

Mrs. Dobbs—You told me Mrs. Hobbs was highly intellectual.

Mr. Dobbs—Didn't you find her so?

Mrs. Dobbs—When I called we talked a solid half hour about clothes.

Where Was He At?

She—There are some people I like and some I don't like.

He—What about me?

She—Oh, present company is always excepted.

Information from Headquarters.

Cleveland—Look here, have you been making love to Miss Summit?

Dashaway—Yes, sir, I have.

"Well, do you know that I have been making love to that girl?"

"So she said."

Colors Run Mad.

"Have you seen Jack Liddington's new golf suit?"

"No; it is gay, I imagine."

"Gay? He looks like a demented Easter egg."—Life.

In Earnest.

He (delightfully)—Have you really and truly never been engaged before?


She—Never—that is, not in the winter.—New York Weekly.

Gardening Exposure.

Mr. Citly—I should think you would raise mushrooms; they are very expensive.

Mr. Isolate (of Lonelyville, mournfully)—Everything is expensive by the time I have raised it!—Puck.

A Crushing De-Fect.



Ominous.

First Bookkeeper—Dobson has been checking to himself over his work all day. He must see something very amusing in the figures he's working with.

Second Bookkeeper—That so? Well, let's watch out and get away the minute closing-up time comes. His 3-year-old boy has been saying some thing cute again.

Twins.

"Quite an interesting thing happened at Nupop's house last night."

"There were two interesting things."

"I only heard of one; the arrival of a son and heir. What was the other?"

"The arrival of another son and heir."—Philadelphia Press.

The Dog's Immense.

Snubbins—I should think you'd be afraid of having that big dog around you all the time. If I had him I should be afraid all the time he would go mad.

Snubbins—But he doesn't have to live with you, you know.—Boston Transcript.

A Literary Oracle.

"Your friend says he has no trouble whatever in understanding every paragraph of that voluminous state document."

"Yes. I don't know whether to regard him with great respect or great suspicion."—Washington Star.

Overheard at Lennox.

Tom—Does your father know that I play golf?

Allee—You don't suppose I've told him your fallings, do you?—Judge.

Irregular.

He—When I tell you that I have enough to support you in the style in which you have been accustomed to live, you must take my simple word for it.

She—But, George, is that strictly business?