

your dead face I should still be pledged to you. No other woman could ever be to me what you are—my heart is yours till death. Let me place the ring on your finger once more, and I will promise never to offend you again."

She allowed him to replace the ring, and then said with a sad smile:—"There is this much difference between us, Alan, you love me well,—I believe that—but you are a little selfish, all men are, and you do not trust me. I both love and trust you."

"I do trust you, Eva. It is only my impatience makes me appear not to." And so for that night they parted.

Those who have bidden farewell for years to the one they love best on earth can imagine what the remaining days before Alan Horten's departure, were to him and Eva Carlen. What vows of constancy were made, what protestations of love, what promises. As the time of separation approached nearer and nearer, each day became more and more painful, so much so that they almost wished the parting over. But, ah, too soon it came—their last evening together. The steamer was to sail at ten that night, and now it was near nine. Mr. and Mrs. Carlen had bidden farewell to Alan and withdrawn, and the lovers remained with clasped hands, gazing with mute agony in each other's eyes. Eva had determined to be brave for Alan's sake, and not break down till he had departed. She would have plenty of time then to let the barriers of restraint which she had placed upon herself, break, and the storm of tears and bitter sorrow have full sway.

"In two years, dearest," Alan was saying, "I will return, and perhaps if things look brighter I may make my home here again. But, oh! Eva, you will be true to me, will you not? Do not forget how truly my heart belongs to you."

"You still mistrust me, Alan," said Eva, with that forced calmness which she had assumed so as to conceal her real feelings. "I do not ask any promises of you because I trust you fully, and yet I know that when we meet again I shall be able to say, with all truth, that I have been more faithful than you."

"Why, Eva, what do you mean? Do you think for a moment that I could be unfaithful to you?"

"No, Alan, I don't think you would ever be unfaithful to me by allowing another to take my place, or even loving me