

Incompleteness.

“On the earth the broken arc ; in the heaven
the perfect round.”

AS the train steamed into the station Jack Wilson's heart throbbed with delightful expectancy. He had worked hard at college, not tasting any of the pleasures so dear to the heart of youth. Hardly allowing himself sufficient rest he had toiled on, while others were sleeping. Now, loaded with honors, he was returning home, to lay the wealth of his labor at the feet of the woman he loved. Thus, he hurried through the throng, picturing to himself the blushing welcome in store for him. To be sure no word of love had passed between Cleo and himself, but he believed there had always been a mutual understanding.

The muddy streets, pouring rain, and discordant noise of the city affected not the harmony of his dreams. At last he reached his destination. A moment more, to him it seemed an age, and the great door swung open.

The maid looked knowingly at him when he asked for Miss Day and answered, “Mrs. Clark left last night on her honeymoon ; then she's going to live abroad. Thought everyone knew about it.”

“Who is Mrs. Clarke ?” asked Jack, a strange foreboding stealing over him.

“Why, Miss Day that was. Will you come in sir ?”

He did not reply. All that was strong and brave and good in him died at that moment. A mad mocking demon seemed pulsing within him as he retraced his steps. On, on, he went until, hours later, through fatigue he paused. Nearby, a brilliantly lighted saloon caught his eye ; he entered and for the first time sought oblivion among the haunts of the bacchanal.

Two years later, in the attic of a squalid tenement, as the