

Ruben, be your old self again, and come home." There was no name—no name was needed. I knew the hand that had penned that request, and quietly said: "Bill, I will go."

"Be your old self again!" Had she, too, noted the change? How could she, when she had seen me so seldom since her entrance into society? Before that time we were very much together, always as man and child; but since the world of society had claimed her, I had quietly dropped away and remembered her only as the child Helen. And for the first time in years, I was again "Mister Ruben." What a volume of sweet memories those two words brought back to me! I looked about and wondered why the world seemed so much brighter. The load on my heart which had ever grown heavier as the months went by, seemed all at once to grow lighter, and everything about me changed as though by a touch of magic. This happy feeling was too much of joy to last. Doubts and questions began flooding my mind until I almost regretted that I had promised to go with him. "Why does she want you to come home? She has been there a week, and already she is tired of the monotony, and would even have so stupid a fellow as you to amuse her! Yes, Ruben—'Mister Ruben'—go home and while away the time until the earl's return, and then you will be of no more interest to her. Go home!"

Soon I was even more despondent than before. The apples of joy seemed to turn to bitter fruit, as the doubts and questions filled my brain. Would I break my promise to Bill and again refuse to go? No, I will keep my promise, though my heart be broken by the going. I will know my fate, though that fate be my undoing!

I shall ever carry with me the picture I saw at the