

nessed the ceremony, saw them depart on their wedding tour to France, then returned home to my one little room.

Why did I not go mad? I found a long letter from Ralph waiting my return, saying he had called often and was anxious to know the reason of my prolonged visit. He had to leave London on business but would return a month from date and would see me as soon as possible after arriving. Why did I stay, what right had I see him. As well ask the miller why it flutters round the light when sooner or later its wings will be scorched.

I waited, I saw him.

He was more kind than ever and very sad. He was only happy when with me so why need I be jealous of his beautiful, cold wife.

But what now did his love for me mean; only an insult, and when this thought became a conviction in my mind, I flew into one of the most awful passions.

All the Italian blood in my veins was boiling and I told him what I had done.

Why had he been such a coward not to have told me.

Poor Ralph! Even I felt sorry for him. He tried to give an explanation about the financial affairs of the family being in such an embarrassed condition and the only redemption was for him to make a wealthy marriage, so he had chosen to sacrifice himself. "Yes," I added, "and sacrifice me as well." I refused to see him again, left London and went to Paris. I secured a position in a milliner's store.

The sunny side of life was darkened now, I had no hope, and only cursed a cruel fate.

It was easy to work hard; it helped me to forget. Finally I was given

charge of the establishment. The proprietor was a wealthy old man and when I had been there over five years, he died, leaving me the possessor of all his wealth.

Had it come sooner how glad I would have been to have shared it with Ralph, but now I hardly cared.

I soon had many friends, for dollars win friends where merit fails.

I went to London and saw Ralph—but oh, how changed. He looked a man of forty, sad and unanimated.

When he saw me the old glad look returned. He begged me to see him sometimes, but of what avail. Yet I could not stay in London and not see him, so I came to America.

I tried to enjoy life in a whirl of gay society. But this was empty. I visited the poor to make life for them a little less drear.

I visited the hospitals and there one day in the fever ward I sat by the death bed of Ralph. There seems a fated destiny for us all, that tosses and twirls us about and lands us in scenes which however trying we live through.

I was with him when he died; but it would be too much to recall that.

There are passages in our lives too sacred to be read by other's lips, so we draw the curtain. My life has been one long disappointment. In the future I will try to forget my own grief in trying to lessen that of others.

And now my dear friend, my nerves are all unstrung. If you see me flitting about like a gay butterfly do not blame me. "Things are seldom what they seem."

So this was her story, and many thought her vain, thoughtless, heartless and even cruel. But for her there was only one Ralph and he had been her's in death.