

## THE HEART OF US

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top of the hill. There, at the corner he stood still and watched them cross the dim street slowly, arm in arm, to descend into the Common by the Park Street steps. When they were gone, he wheeled about and went his own way, laughing and sighing.

Alone in his rooms, he paced the floor awhile, reflecting upon his nocturnal adventure in a mingled mood, half merry and half mournful.

"The currents of the heart are restless, deep, inscrutable," he murmured. "What folly! The long agony, self-imposed, forgotten in a moment at the swift, predeterminate conclusion! 'Amore fideque'! I wish them joy of the cure, while it lasts. What a pity that happy human life is not eternal!"

Turning to his cabinet of curios, he found the lacquered box stowed away in its recesses, and drew out the likeness there concealed, intent upon destroying it; but, with a new impulse of that perplexing human heart whose instability he deprecated, he dropped the frail memento back into its hiding-place.

"Let it lie there, — well out of harm's way now!" said he.

THE END

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