

career so often is merely of incidental interest to her ; a man's career is his whole life."

"What a pity it is," mused the young man, "that one person's success usually means another person's failure. If I were the generous, whole-souled person I sometimes imagine myself to be, I should refuse to accept success at the price of your failure. You have actually succeeded, while I have actually failed. With a generosity that makes me feel small and mean, you hand over your success to me, and I selfishly accept it. But I compound with my conscience in this way. You and I are to be married ; then we will be one. That one shall be heir to all the successes of each of us and shall disclaim all the failures of each. Isn't that a good idea?"

"Excellent," replied Jennie ; "nevertheless I can not help feeling just a little sorry for poor Mr. Hardwick."

"Who is he—the editor?"

"Yes. He *did* have such faith in me that it seems almost a pity to disappoint him."

"You mustn't trouble your mind about Hardwick. Don't think of him at all ; think of me instead."

"I am afraid I do, and have done so for some