

Love in Youth

"That's what I wanted to hear," said Jenny simply.

"But do tell me what I am to do with this love-tale."

"I'll read it to-day and tell you if I can," Jenny replied; "but probably you are already on the track yourself!"

He shook his head dubiously.

"I always have to come to you when things go wrong."

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Six months later, Bancroft talking to his wife.

"Bush, the publisher, asked me to write a companion volume to this," Bancroft began; "he says it is sure to succeed. It was a great idea of yours to put in our love story."

Jenny contented herself with nodding her head.

"I've tried to keep the tale as near the truth as I could,"

Bancroft went on simply, "and, strange to say, the retrospect has taught me how much I owe to you. I wouldn't have believed it; you've taught me such a lot."

"I'm glad," Jenny said simply.

"Do you remember telling me how you loved 'Diana of the Crossways?'" he remarked, "when I had tried to make fun of it at dinner. Our differences of taste always helped me; showed me there was another side or many other sides, and that was good for me, for us both," and he laughed joyously.

"But all that, sweet as it is, doesn't give me the end of the story?" she persisted.