

of her presence, and he resolved to speak his mind to her that night. He went with her to her home and listened to her eager talk. She told him of the future and how she planned to teach—to give her life to teaching; and her radiant face told what life and soul she could put into her work. "Surely" he thought "that soul of hers responds to mine." He went before her and thought that he would pour his sweet story into her ear; but the calm professor, the master of English, was at a loss for words. He had thought it all over so many times, and had planned just what to say; but now the only words that came were: "Miss Dunmore will you be my wife?" She raised her earnest eyes to his and knew not what to say, for she was startled at the suddenness of his speech. Then he stood back pale and silent and waited for her answer. At length it came: "Ralph Arden, I like you more than any man on earth, and yet I cannot marry you, for I always planned to live my life alone. It is my fixed conviction that I can best serve my fellow beings by a single life." And this was the answer she gave him, and he, with torn and bleeding heart went out into the night.

II.

June has come once more and with it the closing scenes of Jean Dunmore's college life. She has maintained her record to the end, and now her name heads the list of all the clever students in her class. And so this talented young woman goes forth to meet the world. "What will she do with her life?" is the question of many. If she had been asked for an answer, she could have told what she planned for the future. One can map out a course of action, but how different the true course often is! Did she in her triumph once think of the friend whose heart she had well nigh broken? It may be well that thoughts are hidden from all human eyes; and yet much misery is caused by that very fact.

Jean Dunmore accepted a position as teacher of history in a college in the Southern States, and so she passed from Ralph Arden's life, but not from his mind. His thoughts dwelt upon her, and as the years passed on, he longed for her companionship. He greedily grasped every item of news concerning her, for had she not acknowledged some affection for him?

These two lives which seemed to be drifting far apart were nourished from the same cup of fame. Glory was coming to them both, and happiness too, we trust.

Five years after that bright June day, when Jean Dunmore proudly carried off her honors and degree, she gave to the literary world a novel which called forth loud praises from the critics. Ralph Arden in his study read the book, and thought of the girl who wrote it until he determined to see her once again. He