

pigmy with a title too often outweighs every manly quality in the native American. He may lack every gift that marks the true man, and yet be held in greater esteem than the American with them all. This title worship has been the cause of many a wasted life, and yet new "moths" are ever being dazzled by the light and led away, wearing a coronet on the head while the joy they had hoped for never reaches the heart. They may be accounted as great, but greatness alone has never yet taken the place of contentment.

It was not long until it could be seen that the earl had made his choice, and that choice was Helen. Why should this have been aught to me? I must have known that she would some time marry and drop out of my life, and forget her "Mister Ruben" of childhood; but yet I felt it deeply when this time seemed to have come. I withdrew entirely from everything social.

I had been successful even beyond my hopes. The world had called me a great lawyer, a great financier; but this did not bring me any happiness. I found no joy in a single personal success, save when some other had been benefited. I had wealth, but I saw many a poor man who seemed so much more content that I envied him.

I sought to break this feeling in travel, and spent a year abroad, seeing all the places of interest in the old world; but returned with a heavier heart than when I started. I visited my old home, but the places I had once loved seemed to have lost all charm for me. I came back to the city and sought in my work the relief I had failed to find in recreation, but in vain.

Was this the reward of success? Was this my compensation for years of struggle to reach that pinnacle on which I had hoped to find true happiness? I would