

oh, don't ask me any more! It pains you to be refused."

"God knows it does!"

"And it seems to tear my own heart asunder," sighed Diana. "Do you know," she went on, letting her brown eyes, soft and humid, rest upon his, "it's the very strangest thing: when you speak to me a little voice in some mysterious fibre of my soul whispers 'Yes, yes, yes!' And all the while I know, as well as I know that I am living, that it will always be No! This contest troubles me; it tires me; and so,—oh, please promise never to ask me again!"

THE END.

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