

For her he won men's praise, he sought
 The heights of fame that touched the skies,
 And with unwearied hand he wrought
 To make his life a worthy prize."

He half worshiped Success at the present—but then—it was only that later on it might be said that :

"He had lived his life for her alone,
 He had made her love his aim, his strife,
 She now was to him as Heaven's own
 The single worship of his life."

III.

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

Almost five years had elapsed since that eventful evening which had marked the departure of Harry Burdette. During these years Cornelia Osmont had grown to be a most beautiful woman. Her gracious and winsome manners had made her the acknowledged leader of her set. Many men had expressed, in divers ways, their admiration for her; and, Rumor had it, that many who had already gained distinction in various walks of life had offered their all in worship at her feet. But to all these suitors she had had but the one answer. No tidings whatever had reached her of Harry Burdette, but nothing could shake her faith in his ultimate success and then his immediate return.

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The second week in December was a very interesting period in the life of Cornelia Osmont. She with her mother had accompanied her father as far as Chicago on one of his Western trips. They were to do their shopping for the Holidays. Mr. Osmont being the traveling partner of one of the largest manufacturing firms of his city continued his journey westward.

It was the last day of their stay in Chicago. The opera "Wang" was to be presented for the one hundredth night at the Auditorium Opera House that evening. They decided to go. Cornelia had felt strangely excited all day; since early dawn her thoughts had dwelled almost uninterruptedly upon Harry Burdette. As they entered the foyer of the Opera House together, that evening, she leaning on the arm of her dear old mother, a strong feeling of his propinquity led her to a close inspection of those about her. Such inspection revealed only strangers. Her heart sank. He was not there. The presenti-