

over that scene, substituting for the fatal truth each time the "yes" he had expected, and then cursed himself because he could not shake off the vision.

The next day he painfully worked out the letter to Hazel, but before sending it the morning mail came, and with it two letters. Yes, one was from Hazel. All summer he had corresponded with her regularly. At first he was surprised that her letters were not longer and more effusive, for he had always supposed that engaged girls wrote that kind; and he had feared that when she got fully into the whirl of society, in her summer at the seashore, she would write more briefly and less often. But such had not been the case. As he looked at this letter he thought of the releases, the breaking of engagements he had read of such letters containing, and he opened it eagerly. But no; such news was not for him. There was the same letter, with perhaps an additional endearing term. "If she really loved me she would try to think of something new occasionally to write, something more interesting," he thought, as he put the letter back into its envelope.

The other letter he recognized as from his old chum of ante-college days, Tom Elliott. "What!" he exclaimed, as he glanced at the postmark, "that's where Hazel is." He tore open the letter and began nervously to read: "Dear Harold: I must write you the most surprising, shocking news you ever heard. I am engaged. And to the dearest, most charming, beautiful girl imaginable. I know you will envy me—her name is Hazel Fleming." Seizing the sheet so fiercely as almost to tear it, Harold read again those lines, then grasped his hat and started for the door. But before reaching it he stopped. In his excitement he had forgotten that Flossie was promised to another, and the remembrance of this fact brought back his sadness and despair. Then he read Hazel's letter again. "How I was deceived by that girl! Thank Heaven I am delivered from such an untrue woman." But he was not an unreasoning man, and after a moment's reflection was able to see the matter in a clearer light. "Who am I to criticise her?" he said to himself. "The only difference between us is that it was her's to say yes, while I could only ask. Both of us knew that neither gave or received true love, and both of us have been true to ourselves and to each other."

Mingled with his feeling of sadness as he walked over to bid