

I looked down into the sweet, pale face.

"Well?" I said.

"I do not know," she replied. "I wish you had not asked me," and I noticed a pearly dimness in her eyes.

"Oh, Dorothy, darling, are you blind?" I whispered. "I love you—I love you," and I held out my arms. She wavered for a moment, and then crept into them with a great sigh of content, raising her lips to mine in a mute appeal which I had neither the power nor the desire to resist. But a moment later her face clouded, and she slipped away from me.

"I forgot"—she said—"the other girl."

"Don't, dear," I begged, "I have forgotten her."

"A man can truly love but once," she said, quickly.

"Then," I replied, triumphantly, "one of the two is real,—either this, or the other."

She came close to me and looked me squarely in the eyes.

"It was the other," said she.

That was too much. I turned away to hide the tears which would come to my eyes. And I wondered why, with happiness within her grasp, she yet held it at arm's length. And I confess that in my weakness I sobbed aloud. And then a pair of soft arms stole 'round my neck, and two warm, red lips were laid on mine, and I heard Dorothy whisper,

"Kenneth, Kenneth, I believe you."

"At last," I said, "I was afraid you would do—as the other."

Some time later, as we were on our way back to camp, Dorothy said,

"I know you never before met such a wilful person as I am, did you?"

"No, nor do I ever care to, again," I replied, thinking only of her. She drew away coldly.

"No, you do not understand," I cried. "It is because if I met another like you, I should love that other just as well as you, while the truth is, I want to love just you, and you alone."

And as I trod slowly homeward, my thoughts were far above the earth and I walked on air. In the excess of my joy I sang my love to the stars, and they twinkled knowingly in response. And I felt that it was good to live, and that in spite of its sorrows and adversities, this is a jolly good old world after all.

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