OLD TIME COMEDY.

He was in love, she was in love. He had ambition that he had worked a short time trying to fulfill; she had ambition also trying to fulfill, and her ambition was for the wealth of life.

"If we marry," said he, with admirable brevity, "our ambitions will die, for it never will be possible to satisfy them."

"Yes, yes," she answered, "I have thought many times everything to me, if I could put into my one thought would be our happiness, not the mating, and be your helpmate of life and pattern."

"If you were my wife," said he, "my greatest ambition would be to receive your praise, to become upon you the good things of life, to live up to your ideal."

"And since we are so unhappily small," said she, with a tremulous little laugh, "I am the ideal and a sad little dreary life, my cynic," there is only one thing to do."

"And that is, of course, to part," he interrupted.

"Yes, we love, cannot be more honest, except so far as friendship is concerned within the circle of love. It seems, about it, as if conditions are cried upon us, and we are the slaves."

"There is no doubt of that," she acknowledged.

"Then let us make no vows, no pledges. We are happy for the pleasure we have had in finding each other's love. You will paint your pictures, I will write my poems. Your ambitions are no larger ambitions, visionary and bound in no centre, but satisfying vocations, we will again find one another and take up where we left off. Let us say, 'Love is indeed the waiting has but made nectar of the honey.' And, dear sweetheart, our work will have been accomplished, our work will have been accomplished, our work will have been accomplished, and we will go to the world paid, and we will be ready to receive our rewards, which will be long, forever and undying."

She did not answer. She bent her lips for a kiss which was a farewell. He passed out of the door into the gloomy shadows of the stormy night.

"You, you," thought as he walked along, "it hurt as heavy as a winter shroud. There was no other way. I can not give up my soul's office, for love cannot give up my soul's office, for love cannot give up my soul's office, for love cannot