nine attractions, now found myself a slave to an almost fantastic creation of the mind. How can I describe my existence then! Viewing it in the distant past it appears a weird dream, full of unsatisfied longings, mingled alternately with hope and despair.

Then I began a search for that which was rendering life unbearable, but which, if found, I fondly believed would bring me the ultimatum of content and happiness. I looked for that face among crowds in the city, often wandering for hours through the most populous streets. Although every type and variety of features was there, the ones I sought never evolved themselves from among them. How wonderful, thought I, that among all these beings, there are no two alike, and yet, though so similar in ambitions and purposes, none remind me of, or resemble, the one so distinctly before my mental vision. I felt that more would be accomplished if I mingled among my fellow-creatures than if I brooded by myself, as I gladly would have done. At dances I seemed most inattentive to my partners, for I would glide about mechanically, thinking how different it would be, how like a ravishing dream, could I only clasp that form existing, alas! only as an illusive ideal.

I attempted to free my mind in the enjoyment of society, but it was no use; the fatal image could not be banished by a perfunctory pretence of enjoyment. I was distraught as a companion, disinteresting as an acquaintance, and inattentive as an escort. Indeed, I wonder that people bore with me as kindly as they did.

But this state of things could not, from its very nature, last indefinitely; and I, of course, could not escape the remarks and wondering comment of my friends. I became melancholy and absent-minded; and, above all, my physical condition, at a time of life when vigorous growth was nature's rule, was getting precarious. My appetite fell away, and outdoor exercise was not attractive to me. My family noticed all these appearances, and sought to discover their origin; but for a time I would confide in no one. Finally, after an unusually long day of tormenting desires and unquenchable yearnings, I felt that I must share my misery with some one. I could not tell Harry, my best friend; for, though very dear to me, he would not understand my feelings, and very likely would find them ludicrous, which would be unbearable to me. So I turned, as many a man has and will, to that ever sympathizing and most discerning of friends,—my mother. I told her my experience; and, as a confirmation of it, showed her the fatal image. She looked at it a few moments; and all at once, like sunshine breaking through the clouds of an April sky, she seemed to clear all the mystery. "Why," she said, "it is Harry's face."

I could not believe it, but time and a certain cooling of my first love revealed all to me. It was most certainly the features of my chum, though very indistinct, and much altered by photographic processes. The strong features, the full lips, and even the slightly curling hair, which he allowed to fall over his forehead,—all were his.

Long after, I remembered that before taking that important picture I had attempted, late in the evening, to make some pictures of my friend. I tried to develop one, but it was so indistinct that I left the other in the plate-holder, and had exposed it in the next photograph. The face being white, had appeared distinctly against the dark background of a black coat. Agreeable to my desires, my mother kept my secret; and as I became well healed of my wounded heart, my friend Harry assumed a place in it which I had hitherto thought it impossible for a man to hold. I am still waiting to gather courage to tell him everything, as I have told you, dear reader.

Thus we go on every day falling in love with fancies of our own creating, and endowing them with qualities which, with a little deeper insight, we might find in those around us.