

## THE RIVAL

I determined to find out whose it was -  
The portrait he looked at so, and sighed;  
Bitterly have I rued my meanness  
And wept for it since he died!

I searched his desk when he was away,  
And there was the likeness--yes, my own!  
Taken when I was the season's fairest,  
And time-lines all unknown.

I smiled at my image, and put it back,  
And he went on cherishing it, until  
I was chafed that he loved not the me then living,  
But that past woman still.

Well, such was my jealousy at last,  
I destroyed that face of the former me;  
Could you ever have dreamed the heart of woman  
Would work so foolishly!