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DAISY BURNS. BY RICE WISWOLD. The very last in which to look for the heroine of a romance—a commonplace kitchen garden, with long rows of crisp-cut onions and straight beds of sprouting cauliflower and thyme. But some of the sweetest beds are lived on the same plane with growing cabbages and parsley.

She was stooping over one of the garden beds, lefty uprooting the rank weeds that were springing up among the vegetables. A slender young girl who might have been very graceful and pretty under any circumstances. As it was, her face was pale and her eyes were dim with stooping over unaccustomed tasks, her hands were roughened with soil, and her hair of burnished gold was habitually a discolored expression.

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something assured her that the old woman could—or rather would—tell her nothing. So she refrained from asking questions. But she felt a sickening sensation. The summer days dragged their slow length over every visible object. It seemed as if the sun itself were going to set near a wretched wretch. She felt a sickening sensation.

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"Love!" was echoed with a gasp. "You should have said for money." "I was a more dependent." "With a million in prospect!" Oh, Eustace did not run his head in folded into a noose! He knew perfectly well what his wife was doing. He knew that at least one good will do for two.

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