

"Make a pillow of them," it said, "they are of nice, stiff paper and will make up nicely."

Happy thought; I brightened up wonderfully, and planned to go shopping that very afternoon to find a cover for them. It must be of yellow silk, I reasoned, to harmonize with the furnishings we had planned for "our" sitting room. As luck would have it I met Charlie just in front of the store, and he went in with me. At last I found just what I wanted, a remnant of silk of the softest yellow ground, figured over with sweet-brier roses. I knew Charlie was wishing with all his might that I would tell him what I intended to make of it, so I told him it was for a cushion cover, but did not say any more, and changed the subject as soon as possible.

To tell the truth, I felt the little brown thorns on the roses pricking my conscience already for having a secret that I could not tell Charlie. It was not till I was in my own room that the appropriateness of that yellow cover carelessly strewn with sweet-briar roses and little thorns dawned upon me, but that would make it all the more mysteriously romantic, and I would never tell a soul but Nell, my best girl chum and bridesmaid elect. The next day I sat, tailor fashion, before the little cupboard and clipped and clipped and clipped. Of course, it was not without many little pangs of heartache that I read them for the last time and then made them unreadable forever, but there was a great deal of consolation in the fact that I could keep them and no one would know. I could lay my cheek against them and think, and if Charlie ever became so unromantic as to say anything cross I could put my head on those dear letters and cry, knowing that they held balm enough for twenty broken hearts, and would never tell on me.

Time passed, and the pillow at last found a resting place on a handsome couch where its colors were in perfect harmony with the whole room. It was Charlie's favorite pillow. He called it his "balm pillow," and as he rubbed his hand caressingly over it, would often ask, "What's it stuffed with, excelsior?"

I could not look at him fairly as I answered, "No, it's something better than excelsior or feathers." He said I looked dreadfully