

queer whenever I looked at him, lying with his head upon that pillow, and asked if I were jealous of the pillow or afraid the little thorns would prick him.

My answer never seemed to satisfy him, and he would lie there rolling his eyes around to watch me at my work, until I felt so mysterious and uncomfortable that I generally stopped and sat down on the couch beside him to break the spell. Then he would pull my head onto the pillow and playfully ask if I felt the briars.

I went about the house feeling that I was a woman with a secret, and I knew that I could not keep it much longer. I didn't want to part with my pretty cushion, but Charlie must know what it was stuffed with, or my peace of mind would take a permanent vacation in place of the short and uncertain ones it had been in the habit of taking of late. The next week we were to go to the Pan-American Exposition, and that would keep Charlie's head from the cushion a week or two longer, and I might keep my secret.

We went. The exposition was grand. We tramped until I wore the soles of my shoes nearly out, then Charlie bought me a pair of slippers, such as the Buffalo girls wear, and hired a rolling chair, but he didn't trust the pushing of it to one of those meek looking gray-coated fellows, for he knew I'd order him towards the Art Gallery, and his inclination lay in the direction of Machinery Hall.

For one week I went cheerfully where my whilom Exposition guide took me, and waited patiently for the time to come when he would accompany me to the gallery. I thought the time would never come, but it did. Charlie wasn't so selfish as I had begun to think him, for we spent about two days wandering from room to room, and admiring the great paintings. It was nearly 6 o'clock on the last day we were to be at the exposition, and Charlie had been overly good and attentive all afternoon, so I felt very kindly towards him. We were wandering through the French section in the Art Gallery, when my attention was captured by a picture, "Sacrifice." Before an open fire-place sat two girls re-reading a box of old letters and consigning them to the flames. To one who had never been in a position to understand the sentiment of the