

Limited" to Miss Mary Coulter, Kent Building, and the three milk-bottles she had made ready each had four crimson roses towering on their long stems. In the second box there came one great white chrysanthemum, petalled so closely it felt like the plump breast of some gorgeous bird. In this box came a letter from the manager.

"Dear Miss Coulter," it said, "we are in receipt of your esteemed order, and take much pleasure in filling it, and we are asking you to accept this Snow Queen chrysanthemum with our best wishes for a speedy recovery. We also wish to thank you for the excellent idea your letter contained, and we will, with your kind permission, make use of this in our Christmas advertising.

"Cordially yours,

"FLOWERS LIMITED,

"Per E. F. M."

Mary Coulter felt a sudden warming of her heart. Her head swam a little, but she read the letter again, aloud, following the words with her right forefinger. Then she lay down with the big chrysanthemum beside her on the pillow. Its coolness comforted her . . . and the words of the letter sang in her ears . . . "your speedy recovery," "your excellent idea," "your kind permission."

"I hope I ain't goin' to die," she murmured; "it's too nice a world to leave."

When Mary wakened the room was dark save for the light which came in from the wavering street lamp. Her pillow had fallen to the floor, and her head was below the level of the long-stemmed roses that soared over her in their queenly beauty, their perfume filling the room