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DAFFODIL.

BY LELAH R. BENTON.

CHAPTER V.

"Prosper, I must have thee; yet thy hatred ... I pray thee grant ... not take with me.

One look of sympathy only one look." *Coleridge.*

Jack had been gone nearly five days, to ... for occasion of ... appearance before a Buffalo ... Mr. Dayer fretted and cried ... rooms like the spoiled child ...

... came in time I shall be ... he pointed "I or get ... ear and looked down ... pleased eyes, bowing ... to a gentleman who had ... entered in his saunter up ... closed over.

"Well," cried Daffodil, running ... for a hasty inspection ... a collar and ... and fastened her ... gown together with an ... clasped her white ... a black velvet ribbon ... effect with satisfaction. ... about her temples in ... she straightened her ... and to answer the rap at ... presented here the name ... was graciously re- ... indifference for the ...

... down though she ... She let her caller wait ... she appeared.

... pleasure to both, ... with secret intention ... way. Daffodil thought ... the dazzling life of ... look up to while he, ... proved her for his own. ... to see us in our new ... "I would have ... you did not wish ... since." ... blushed, with affect- ... acquaintance at the ... in my life. We have ... Pauline" because—well, ... away the day after we ... I could not go alone you ...

... "How sorry ... I am! Know it. We could ... an engagement. Would you ... evening?"

"Why, I was out at all it would be to ... exclaimed the girl, impulsively. ... I had forgotten."

"Forgetting?" she exclaimed. ... a greater beauty could ... the recollection of even the ... her visitor said, his eyes deep- ...

... blushed and smiled.

"I am sure Mr. Dayer will return in ... to see her," she told him, ... with rapture at the ...

"Dilco, Mrs. Dayer!"

Dead silence echoed then, only broken by the frou-frou of Daffodil's dress across the floor as she went to the dresser for a bracelet.

"We will go, soon," she remarked presently, noticing the time. "You are not ready."

"I do not go anywhere till my question is answered."

"Oh dear!" his wife exclaimed, "am I to miss seeing Mrs. Langtry. Jack, don't act so."

"I am not acting," he returned calmly. "I am come out in my true colors and am only waiting for you to do so. I am very curious to know what induced you to marry me." "I am positive now you never loved me" His voice broke a little. He changed his position so as not to look at the beautiful face and figure of her whom he still loved, against his will.

"I will answer you sir" When we return. Not before."

She put on her pansy covered bonnet with careful precision. Her husband's heart failed him as he watched. What was this coming to. Would it mean separation. He put on his own evening apparel with a heavy heartsickness.

And presently they went away into the circles of fashion and pleasure, each with a foreboding of storm but outwardly composed and careless.

Daffodil and her husband, beardless and some young fellow that she was, attracted much attention in the Opera House. The faultless suit of electric blue plush and pansy embroidery, the lovely blonde face and golden hair peeping out from under a toque of purple plush and heartsease yellow, the intense interest shining in her eyes, the bloom on her youthful cheeks and the scarlet bow of her parted lips made a picture of Daffodil that many eyes lingered on, while her husband always looking the aristocrat and handsomer than ever to-night in the silent dignity of his gloom sat viewing the Langtry with much less admiration than when he turned his eyes on his own wife.

At last the time came when they reached their apartments again and while Jack threw himself on the sofa with a deep sigh, Daffodil ran to the pier glass and studied her features intently.

"Oh why can't I be a famous beauty too?" she cried presently.

"Would that make you happy?" her husband asked.

"Yes," quickly.

"You do not know what happiness is, Daffodil," sighed Jack.

"I know what misery is!" she insinuated.

Jack came back to the sofa then. "Daffodil, he said, gently. "Are you really sorry to see me back? Were you enjoying yourself so much that my return has spoiled it all?"

Daffodil left the glass ruffled when he spoke so gently. "I was not enjoying myself, she confessed, "But of course I shall be sorry to-night. Of course you will take me. It will be all the same, but I can send a note to Mr. Kayter."

"You were going with his party? Are you engaged to him to-night?"

"No, I will be all the better for the change, I shall consider the loss of your whole evening, a misfortune."

He was pleased, evidently and Daffodil sat up to her to count the hours. He was so kind in spite of flattery had done ... tenderness up and down ... and thought enviously of the ... was not married. And an ... burst into the room ... on the sofa, weeping unrestrainedly ... what she called her "lost ...

"My darling," cried Jack seizing her ... "My lovely girl, are you so ... long. Forget it, ... Daffodil," he ... stammered, petulantly, as ... "You never ask whether you ... you just ... Daffodil! As if I ... kiss on to kiss my own ... and I have not seen you for five ... Are you glad to see me?"

Daffodil was a stay tear away with her ... and acted as if no reply was ...

Jack repeated the question.

But there was silence.

He looked at her, sorrowfully for a moment ... and walked away. The ... caught his eyes. He ... a little and read them over.

"Mr. Kayter has favored you with two ... he ... speaking indifferently, but he gave a quiver out of his voice ...

Daffodil glanced up. "No, only one," ...

"Whatmade him leave two cards?" curiously.

"Because he wanted to, I suppose."