

LOUIS.

I that I
I would
sit there
one, with
a heart

d gazed

" he ear-
roman is

nd wilful
woman is
n every-
s there to
he is ever
you, my
this min-
you till
n death.
ve touch
ecidedly

e slowly,

ls? To

QUARRYMAN OF COTEAU ST. LOUIS.

the one you should. Is it right for you to steal?"

"*Comment?* I do not understand."

"You stole from me."

"*Batême!* What do you mean?"

"My heart. Oh, you of little wit!"

"But—I could not help that."

"Then give it back to me."

"*Misericorde!* How can I?"

"Then I must have yours instead."

Zenophile stared as if he saw a ghost instead of a woman whose soul shone out of two luminous black eyes.

"Come," she continued, "you surely cannot draw back from doing one or the other. It is not in you to be deaf to such a call, my Zenophile—you with a nature that will neither whip a horse nor harm a fly. Then why must you wound a woman in a way that scars her for life? I am not Eloise without your heart or mine. But oh, Zenophile, let it be yours!"

The pleader stopped here. She would have said more, but the quivering voice broke of its own accord, and while the eyes of Eloise slowly filled with tears, her hand nervously crept up and down Zenophile's coatsleeve. Her whole world was now at stake, and the fortunes of warring love had tossed poor Eloise into the vortex of distressing suspense.

Zenophile became sorely smitten in thought. This was not the afternoon's programme that he