

## QUARRYMAN OF COTEAU ST. LOUIS.

to you as I would. Nothing is too good that I might do for you—nothing too great that I would not attempt for your sake—and yet you sit there like the machine we just saw breaking stone, with words that crunch, crunch and stamp on a heart hard enough to break it.”

Profoundly stirred, Zenophile sat up and gazed straight into the eyes of Eloise.

“I never thought it was so bad as that,” he earnestly said. “It was to my mind that a woman is fast suited among men.”

“That she is,” with a proud flash and wilful misinterpretation; “and so fast that a woman is still devotion to her man among men when everybody else fails him. Ask yourself—what is there to compare with that? And once loving, she is ever the same—nothing can change it. If you, my Zenophile, if you were to strike me dying this minute, I would love you with the deed upon you till my last breath—I would love you even in death. Can you not understand?” and the impulsive touch here on Zenophile’s arm announced a decidedly new sensation to him.

But the latter shook his head.

“I could give of much in affection,” he slowly, even sadly, answered, “but not like that.”

“But why not give what you have?”

“To whom?”

“Zenophile, why do you play with words? To