

QUARRYMAN OF COTEAU ST. LOUIS.

eyes down into the depths of consciousness, but Zenophile remained mute.

"What is it you feel like, my Zenophile?" And to Zenophile it seemed that he could see—what an anomaly, to be sure—the low, half-whispered voice feeling its way to him with the swiftness of light, up and down and over high mountains, leaping chasms and gorges, speeding across vast plains, and bridging rivers in jumps, till at last it found its way into his ear—"What is it you feel like, my Zenophile?"

And how strange his own voice sounded to him when he spoke—"I lose in power."

"And now, my Zenophile?" and from his shoulder downwards she several times soothingly stroked the sleeve of his coat.

"I hold power, but a sleepy weight is beginning upon me."

"And now?" and the hand she laid upon his brow began fondly brushing back his hair—(they were in the shade, and Zenophile had removed his hat)—"and now?"

Zenophile shut and opened his eyes before speaking, all in a drowsy way.

"There is that which I cannot express. You could fashion me as you would clay."

The late rain has departed, and sunshine is breaking out everywhere in smiles on the face of Eloise.