

LOUIS.

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QUARRYMAN OF COTEAU ST. LOUIS.

me with wrong and selfishness and cruel-doing. It is not generous or right for you to say such things, Eloise, but anguish has deluded you and you have uttered the false without knowing it. Tears but blur the vision, and a quick blurring of good sight often affects the other senses. My heart bleeds for you, Eloise, but I cannot help you. It was for your sake alone I invited you out to hear the truth. Ah, *bon Dieu!* how you do take it to heart. Come, *pauvre fille*, compose yourself; it will all shortly pass away, and you shall smile and be the Eloise of old again. Command yourself, and be *une brave*. You know not how much I feel for you."

As may be supposed, Eloise was crying by this time—quietly sobbing to herself with her head and arms resting on the back of the seat, but Zenophile's concluding assertion raised her tear-stained face to his in an instant.

"I do not want your pity," she said, rolling pride, contempt, vehemence, indignation and her adoring into one, "but your love; and if you will not give me of that, then do not heap further torture upon me and spurn me with idle speech."

Zenophile's face plainly indicated that he was nonplussed.

"You do *not* feel for me," continued the other, with rapid and cutting emphasis, "or you would not bring me here to-day to shame me in the sight of both of us."