

POETRY.

A LESSON FROM THE DANDELIONS.

Happy little dandelions,
Smiling in the grass,
Looking into my face
So brightly as I pass.

SELECT STORY.

ZILLOH ST. CLAIR.

By the author of "The Gipsy's Revenge," "A Woman's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER II.

BRUCE DELMAR.

CONTINUED.

Delmar's face blushed guiltily. For an instant he stood in silence, perplexed and chagrined; but quickly recovering his self-possession, he tried to assume a careless air, as though the discovery were a matter of trifling moment.

"Ah! so that is what you are wondering about," he said, taking the handkerchief and slipping it into his pocket. "Of course, the handkerchief isn't mine—I mean, of course, I've no right to that bit of foolery in the corner; he acted, alluding to an embroidered coronet worked above the name of 'Bruce.' It was merely for a joke that I ever had the thing."

"It is a joke that I intend to take in very serious earnest," remarked Val, while the look of scorn in his eyes deepened.

"Bruce Delmar grew white to the lips. "Come Val, my boy," he said, with a sudden change of manner, and speaking in a friendly, pleading tone, "don't cut up rough, for upon my word, I'm bothered enough just now. You have become possessed of a secret, which I'd have rather kept to myself a little longer; but surely you don't mean to betray me? There's nothing mean about you, I know, nothing of the spy or the sneak; you'll keep the little secret you've accidentally found out, won't you Val?"

He laid his hand on Val's arm as he made this appeal, but the lad flung it off as though it had been a serpent, and faced him with eyes that were fairly ablaze with passionate wrath and scorn.

"I keep your secret," he exclaimed. "What do you mean for—as get a scoundrel as yourself? What does it mean when such men as you, aristocratic, white-handed men, who have coronets upon their handkerchiefs, come down to a little corner place like this, and pass themselves off as humble painters? It means some devilry, and it is devilry, that I will have no hand in. Who is it you are so particularly anxious to deceive—who is it you most fear my denouncing you to? Is it Zilloh?"

The man's face had grown livid with rage as the boy hurled forth his scathing invectives; a savage gleam shone in his red-brown eyes, the veins in his forehead swelled; his hands clinched themselves with a spasmodic movement, as if it was with difficulty he controlled himself from committing some act of violence.

"What do you mean by prying into my affairs, you insolent young sneak?" he broke out fiercely. "What business are they of yours? Are you in love with Zilloh yourself, may I ask? Ah! that's it, upon my soul!" he went on with bitter contemptuousness. "And a pretty lover you are for her, aren't you? Did you think Zilloh could ever care for you, you miserable, pale-faced cripple?"

Val winced as though beneath a blow, and indeed there was more of pain and humiliation than a mere blow could have caused him in that brutal taunt. Upon the subject of his lameness, he was painfully sensitive, and hitherto it had never been made the occasion for a single cruel or taunting word. The guardian, the kind old rector, and Zilloh, looked him too well to let any work or glance of theirs remind him of his infirmity, and he had been too reticent to seek for friends away from them.

So now Bruce Delmar's harsh taunt fell upon him like a lash—a stinging, maddening blow, which he was powerless to return. A hot crimson flush swept across his face then retreated, leaving him deathly pale; his lips moved, but no words came. Fixing upon his enemy a dark, quiet look, he turned away, slowly and calmly, and in a minute or two, was lost to sight.

Then Delmar began to bitterly reproach himself with his own stupidity. "Why didn't I keep my temper, instead of quarreling with that young idiot?" he muttered. "If I'd only been civil and conciliatory to him, might have talked him into believing anything I liked to tell. One needn't have been so sharp to have hoodwinked him; and as it is, I have just spoilt my own game. The young wretch will set the village on fire with his tongue before to-morrow's here. I had better beat a retreat. But Zilloh—how can I leave her? How I love that girl! What is there I would not do to win her?"

He paced up and down the lane, with an expression of fierce moodiness upon his handsome face, then presently an eager exclamation broke from him. "Do not be angry with me Zilloh!" he pleaded, rising and standing up before her in an attitude and with a look of humility mingled with deep respect. "If I have been in fault, heaven knows my fault has been through love of you. When I set out a month or so ago, to gratify a whim, I never dreamed of what was to come to pass. My whim was to make a sketching tour without being accompanied by any of the letters and transmits that my rank impose. They are hateful to me and I longed to be free from them, at any rate for a time. I called myself Bruce Delmar, my life was that of a simple country artist, and I was happy. Then Zilloh, I saw you. Ah! my darling, do you understand what that meant to me? I saw you—I loved you. I told

probably met Val Grey; but a little consideration convinced him that this was unlikely, as she was coming from an opposite direction to that taken by Val; to make sure, however, he said, as he hurried up to her and tenderly clasped her hand—

"Have you seen your young friend Valentine? He has only just left me." "No I have not seen him" Which way did he take?" asked Zilloh.

Bruce indicated the direction by a wave of his hand; then he turned to the girl who stood in timid yet stately grace beside him and said—

"Zilloh, I want to speak to you—want to speak to you very seriously indeed. Can you spare me a few moments during? I never dreamed of seeing you this afternoon. Are you a witch, my queen—did you divine how badly I wanted you, that you should chance to meet me just at this moment?"

"Do you really want me Bruce?" she asked, her eyes dropping beneath his ardent gaze. "I had no thought of seeing you, but the afternoon was so lovely, that I felt I must walk through the lanes. You know Bruce, you told me only yesterday that you should not be out all to-day, that you should be busy with your picture?"

"Ah! and so I should have been mine own," he responded fondly, "if it had not been for something that has happened—a letter I have received. That is what I want to talk to you about, my sweet, but I don't care to be interrupted or intruded upon. Shall we go to that charming nook beside the old mill? No one will disturb us there."

Zilloh suffered him to lead her whither he would; her mind was shadowed by a vague alarm; his look and tone were grave, she had never known them, and she was oppressed with fears as to what this gravity might forbid. There was a seat at the foot of a tree beside the old mill. Bruce led her to it, and then flung himself down on the grass at her feet.

"My own," he began passionately. "Ah! if you only were my own! I wonder if you will care about what I have to tell you. Dear, I shall have to leave Ingledon to-morrow."

"Leave Ingledon!—to-morrow!" The words fell from Zilloh's lips mechanically, as though she had scarcely grasped at their full meaning. Slowly the color forsake her cheeks, her lips quivered, and into her beautiful dark eyes there stole a look of such fear and anguish that was more touching than tears. She loved Bruce Delmar very dearly, loved him with all the depth and intensity of devotion that a warm-hearted girl feels for the man who has been the first to open her heart to love. She had not known him many weeks, not much more than a fortnight, but he contrived to see her very often, and with nature such as hers, love is a plant of rapid growth.

Her uncle had met him somewhere in the village, and pleased with his artistic taste, had invited him to the parsonage. Then Bruce had professed to fall in love with the quaint, old, rose-covered house, and had begged permission to sketch it, a permission which was heartily accorded. This of course meant more visits to the parsonage, and before long he had succeeded in obtaining a sketch of Zilloh herself. He belonged to a class of men who were as yet almost strangers in Zilloh's limited world. Refined, polished, versed in all those little arts and courtesies which are so dear to a woman's heart, it was not long before he had won her love; but—and this was something of a drawback to Bruce's mind—he himself had fallen more deeply in love with her than he thought prudent; more deeply than he would have cared to own. His was one of those natures that prefer to love and ride away, but somehow he felt that it would be a hard thing for him to "ride away from Zilloh St. Clair."

Equally hard—harder even, would it be for her to part from him. He was the first love of her heart—the first, the last, the only love that heart can ever feel, she told herself, as with pale and quivering lips, she repeated his words, "leave Ingledon to-morrow," and realised that a dreary blank her life would be to her if he passed out of it.

He on his part, was wondering in what words he could best speak that which he had to say. An instant or two, he lay at her feet in silence, watching her face; then he said in slow, lingering tones—

"Zilloh, shall you care? Can you bear to part from me? Darling, with sudden passion, "I cannot bear to part from you." Zilloh's face was pale no longer; the rich warm color swept over it in a crimson flood, and her eyes drooped beneath his gaze.

"Tell me, oh! tell me, my darling," he whispered, taking her hand and holding it closely between his own, "tell me, can you bear to send me from you? Only say the word, Zilloh, say you do not care, and I will leave you—aye, even though it breaks my heart."

"I shall not send you away; you know I care," murmured the girl in shy, sweet accents.

He showered kisses upon her hands with all that rapture of devotion which girls are so proud of in a lover.

"How, sweet?—why, it is the kindest thing in the world. I have thought it all out; my plan needs only one thing to make it perfect—that is your consent. Listen, dear: this very evening you must go away to London. I should see you off by the train, but should not accompany you. It would not do for me to be missing at the same time as yourself; besides, I have several things to arrange before I could leave here. But to-morrow I should join you, armed with a special license; we should be married at the nearest church, then straight to Italy or Spain, where we would stay until my family consented to receive my bride with all the honor that would be her due. What does my Zilloh say to my plan?" and again he looked into her face, with eyes alight with the fire of love.

myself that, unless you could love me in return, life would have lost all its charm for me. I wanted to make sure that you did love me—for myself alone; and can you wonder that I resolved to remain plain Bruce Delmar to you for a little time. There will always be Lord Burleighs, dear, as long as the world lasts, and I wanted to be for Lord Burleigh to you. Come Zilloh, smile—smile, my darling, and tell me I am forgiven."

But Zilloh did not smile, she could not. That indefinable feeling of alarm and doubt was still pressing coldly upon her heart and it acted like a seal on her lips. It was as though all the brightness had gone out of her life, as though the sweet dream of love was over and there was the awakening.

Her woman's instinct warned her against this man who had deceived her even though he might plead that the deceit had been through love of her and eagerness to know that his love was returned. He a lord. What did that mean? What but that a great girl was set between her and him? Was she, the penniless, though well-born niece of a country parson, a fitting mate for him, with his wealth and title? Was it likely he would wish to make her his bride? And then, as she thought of this, a hot flood of crimson color surged into her cheeks, and her heart beat fat and heavy, as a heart might beat when one suddenly finds oneself standing on the edge of some deep abyss.

Lord Bruce was quick to see and read the look upon her face, and he set himself to work to remove the doubts that had summoned it.

"You are angry with me," he murmured, in soft caressing tones. "Are you angry because I seemed not to trust you fully, because I wanted to prove your love? Ah Zilloh! I had looked forward with pride and joy to this moment; don't cloud its happiness now that it has come. Surely my Queen does not love me less because I chance to be a lord."

"And how is it you make this confession to me now?" asked Zilloh quietly. "Why have you chosen this particular time I mean?"

Bruce read mistrust in the question, and to himself he thought—

"Ah! had that meddling young Grey been the first to gain my confidence, it would have been all over with me. She would have known then that I was simply forced into a confession of the truth. Unless I can persuade her now, I may as well say good-bye to her for ever."

Urged by this thought, he pleaded with her in language and with looks of seductive eloquence, such as he so well knew how to practise, and such as is so potent with a woman when wielded by the man she loves.

"I have been upon the brink of telling you for some days past," he explained, "and now something has happened that compels me to put aside disguise. I have had a letter from a friend this afternoon, telling me that the Hon. Mrs. Pursey and her daughters are coming down here on a visit. As these ladies know me well, it would be impossible to remain in the neighborhood as Bruce Delmar. So, darling, I must go; but need I go alone? Zilloh—won't you come with me?"

"Go with you—what do you mean?" There was a look in her eyes, a tone in her voice, as she demanded this, before which the man's spirit quailed. He dared not then unfold to her the baseness of his heart; he was awed into seeming honor, even though that seeming made his guilt the greater.

"What should I mean, love?" he answered, tenderly. "Don't you know that I want you, that I must have you for my own sweet wife? Will you have me, darling—will you be my very own, my beautiful queen?"

He looked at her with eyes that were alight with love; he forced her to return his glance, and in returning it she revealed only too clearly the secret of her heart. His master-passion was love of him; and when she passed his eyes, his fears and forebodings all cleared away as mist before the sun.

Bruce saw his advantage, and pursued it to the uttermost. In smooth, sophisticated fashion he explained that his friends would be sure to see themselves against his marrying her, seeing that she had not a penny of fortune; consequently, he concluded, there was nothing for it but a secret marriage, trusting to time to bring about his friends' consent.

"But, sweet one, if you will really give yourself to me, it must be soon," he pleaded. "I cannot wait; I love you so dearly—I am so madly jealous—so fearful lest anyone else should see my priceless pearl and win her from me. Darling, will you be my wife to-morrow?"

"To-morrow! Oh, Bruce, how could we?—it would be impossible," she exclaimed. "Impossible! Nonsense!—nothing is impossible to Love," he protested, with tender reproach. "Ah! Zilloh, if only you cared for me as I care for you, you would not be willing to keep us apart a single day."

"But Bruce, how—" she began, wondering.

He stopped her questioning with a kiss, and said—

"How, sweet?—why, it is the kindest thing in the world. I have thought it all out; my plan needs only one thing to make it perfect—that is your consent. Listen, dear: this very evening you must go away to London. I should see you off by the train, but should not accompany you. It would not do for me to be missing at the same time as yourself; besides, I have several things to arrange before I could leave here. But to-morrow I should join you, armed with a special license; we should be married at the nearest church, then straight to Italy or Spain, where we would stay until my family consented to receive my bride with all the honor that would be her due. What does my Zilloh say to my plan?" and again he looked into her face, with eyes alight with the fire of love.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HE DREW THE LINE.

Bobbie was at a neighbor's, and in response to a piece of bread and butter had politely said, "Thank you."

"That's right, Bobbie, said the lady. I like to hear little things like that. You see, my old man, I must say that if you gave me anything to eat, even if it wasn't nothing but bread and butter, but if you would let me say it again you've either got to put jam on it or give me some cake."

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