

QUARRYMAN OF COTEAU ST. LOUIS.

had anticipated, and he felt balked. What rash tenderness was this of his that had bodily submerged him beneath the waters of Awful Fix? He had trusted to himself and common-sense to nip in the bud a mistake that, unchecked, must inevitably have bred great pain—with this result. And if thus unable to master the fancied little, how much less able was he to cope with the astounding much?—especially with a new factor now introduced—grief. To assuage grief is to relieve pain, and where in the first place he had but one element to deal with, he now had two. And Zenophile would far sooner have preferred to stop a maddened runaway team than attempt, by comforting, to dry up a woman's tears. But Zenophile never lost faith in himself, and heroically made up his mind to see the thing through to the bitter end. Heartily did he wish himself back hauling stone again; but a fire had been built for nothing, and he set to work to put it out.

Nor must we mistake the character of a man who was without a thought of swearing at his present luck.

"Listen, Eloise," he controlled himself to say. "If you must weep, do it from me. I come of my own will to put you straight with yourself, that you should know it is useless to think of me any more in the way you do; and instead of thanking me for my good intention you must charge