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SHILOH'S

ROXIE.

From People's Home Journal.

CHAPTER II.

As for Roxie, I don't know where the girl got her good looks; they didn't run in the family. She had a skin like a lily-tan nor freckles never came nigh it-a lovely r. d mouth, a dimple in her chin, and eyes and hair that were enough in themselves to make any woman handsome.

There wasn't another girl in Plymton that could compare with her and the Blakes, who hadn't anything else to boast of, were proud as peacocks of her beauty. Mrs. Joe might let the pig root in the best the dinner-table, but she always and her little gowns tidy, till she was old enough to look out for her-

"Roxie's face will make her fortune some day," she used to say, and she never drank a cup of tea after the girl's sixteenth year with out turning up the grounds to look for some fine wooer who would be Blake in a soiled print dress, burstcoming to lay riches and splendor ing out at the seams, and with a at Roxie's feet.

I was the tailoress of Plympton. and used to go out by the day from or things? Mrs. Blake swept a dish house to house, making pants and of dough and an armfull of kindjackets, coats and vests, for anybody ling-wood out of the nearest chair that wanted me

I happened to be at Joe Blake's hardly believe my eyes as I looked out and saw those two sauntering a baby then. up through the lilac-bushes and

holly hocks that were the only pleasant things to be seen about the house.

"Mrs. Blake," said I, dropping the waist band I was sewing, "who's this man coming with Roxie?"

I hadn't seen him since he was a boy. He had been educated at some German university, and was a stra ger, in fact, to a'l the Plymtop folks. Mrs Joe turned from the rickety dresser where she was stirring up a cake f.r supper, and cried she:

"Land of Love? It's young Squire Trevor! As sure as I'm born. Roxie's fortune has found her at last.'

The young couple approached the door, Philip Trevor handsome, fairbedroom, and the chickens eat off haired, sleepy-exed, and Roxie, with the excited blood pulsing under her kept Roxie's long curls brushed perfect skin, and all her lustrous brown-black hair curling loose in the sunset wind.

"Will you come in?" I heard her sav, with as much composure as if the place was a palace

And in he came, to see the broken backed chairs, the worn and not over clean floor, the chickens running about my feet, and Mrs. Joe head like a brush-broom-or was the man so dazzled by Roxie's face that he had no eves for these minand set it before her visitor.

"How do you do, sir?" said she -nothing ever put her out for stitching away on some Sunday many minutes at a time. "Id breeches for the poor man the day have known you anywhere, you, ve Squire Trevor walked home from got the real Trevoir face. I'm glad the mill-brook with Poxie. I could to see you in Plympton. Lor', it must be all of fifteen years ago that you went away-Roxy was only

TO BE CONTINUED.



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