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ROXIE.

From People's Home Journal.

CHAPTER VIII.

How Roxie herself felt I can't say. She had a good deal of what Yankees call "grit." All that she said to her mother was, "I ought to have known long ago that he was amusing himself at my expense." and of she went to her chamber under the eaves and locked herself into it, and wasn't seen again till supper. Then she came forth in her Sunday gown, with a rose in her long curls, and not a trace of tears or trouble about her. Sandy Blake gave her a wicked look across the table.

"There's a visitor at the hall," says he—"one that come on the New York train this afternoon."

Mrs. Joe glared. "What! so soon!" says she.

"Her name is Miss Clay," went on Sandy, carelessly. "Some of the mill-hands saw her at the station—She's going to marry Philip Trevor."

Roxie never moved an eyelash. She ate her supper as if nothing had happened, and then went over to the kitchen-window, and as she stood there among the morning-glory vines, let who should flash past the house but Mrs. Trevor, grand and glittering in her open carriage, with a young girl at her side—a regular wax-doll, blue-eyed, fair-haired, and dressed like a figure in a fashion-plate—a girl who might be high-bred and rich but who couldn't compare for a minute with Roxie for good looks. Sandy Blake crossed the room and touched his cousin's arm.

"That's his sweetheart," says he, with a wicked grin, "and a good mate she is for him, too! Come, Roxie, let's be friends. Surely you don't value a fickle heart more than a faithful one. It's this way, I hear, to make love to every pretty woman he meets. Let him go."

She flashed round on him in a minute. "Friends!—with you?" she answered. "Not I! Will you never

understand that I hate you, Sandy?"

He drew back a step. "Be careful!" he warned.

"Yes, I hate you!" she stormed; "and I wish from my heart that you would never speak to me again as long as you live!"

"That's plain English," said he, slowly, "I'll try to keep it in mind. Look out that your sharp tongue don't bring you to grief some day," and he turned away and left her.

The week that followed was a trying one for Roxie. The hall was full of guests, and at all hours of the day fair ladies and elegant gentlemen clattered by Joe Blake's door, in carriages, on horses, laughing, talking, flirting, and dazzling all the Plympton folks with their splendor. Sometimes Philip was with them, sometimes not. Once or twice Roxie saw him, attending the pink and white heiress from New York, but he never came nigh her again, never sent her any message, never so much as glanced at the old cottage as he rode by it. The town was full of gossip concerning him and his betrothed, and Roxie had to listen to it all, but she kept a bold front—she wasn't the girl to wear her heart on her sleeve for daws to peck at, and for my part, respected her for it.

One day I was sent for to go up to the hall and help Mrs. Trevor's seamstress finish off some lingerie—that was what the ladies called the beautiful belaced and embroidered work that was set before me. Of course I caught a glimpse of the visitors there, and heard from the servants no end of talk

about them. I left the house at dark, and was trudging along the cool, dim road homeward, when a flying step and a panting breath sounded at my back, and Roxie Blake ran up to me and grasped my shawl.

"Will you let me walk with you a little way?" she asked.

"Why, to be sure," said I. She looked as pretty as a pink, and so pale and out of spirits, poor child! that my heart ached for her.

"Where have you been working to day?" said she, with an air of unconcern that didn't deceive me in the least.

"At the hall," I answered. She tried to hum a little song, but broke down in a few moments.

"Did you see that Miss Clay, from New York?" she said.

"Yes, I did."

"Tell me something about her, will you? What was she doing."

"Playing lawn-tennis with Philip Trevor. She isn't particularly pretty, but she's got fine airs, and she dresses like a princess. Take my advice, Roxie, and don't waste another thought on that man—don't remember one silly thing that he has ever said to you. He'd never seriously think for a moment of marrying anybody that wasn't his equal. Root and branch, the Trevors are as proud as Lucifer."

She paced thoughtfully on beside me. "I knew it!" she answered, as though the words were wrung from her. "You need not fear for me—I understand it all."

And just at that moment we both espied the red gleam of a lighted cigar moving along the road, and Philip Trevor, tall, fair and debonair, grew suddenly out of the darkness before us.

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