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ROXIE.

From People's Home Journal.

CHAPTER IX.

I must say that Roxie behaved beautifully. She made him a cold bow and said, "Good evening," just as she might have done to any of the mill hands.

He seemed a little taken back, but he fell into place beside her, and says he:

"It's a sight for sair eyes, as the Scotch say, to see you again. I never knew before how interminable one short week—under certain conditions,—may be!"

She answered not a syllable. I filled up the awkward pause with a cough.

"Roxie," murmured Trevor, in a coaxing voice, "will you not speak to me? Good heavens! this is scarcely fair, you know! For seven days I have been hungering for one glimpse of your face. I am harassed and perplexed and bored to death by people I detest. I am altogether miserable; and will you treat me like this?"

"Does your betrothed wife love you?" said Roxie, in a cold, scornful voice.

Dark as it was, I could see the blood leap into his face.

"Yes, decidedly," he answered, with a short laugh. "Confession is good for the soul, and I will not hesitate to make it. Send this woman away"—this was in a tone not intended for my ear—"I want to talk with you alone, Roxie."

She stopped short in the road, and says she, quickly and firmly:

"You have nothing to say, Squire Trevor to which I can or will listen. Leave me, and don't come near me again. Though I am nobody but Joe Blake's daughter, I can, perhaps, feel an insult as keenly, and resent it as quickly, as Miss Clay even. Good night and good-by—for ever!"

He stood as if petrified. "Roxie wait one moment—give me a hearing—" But she grasped my hand tightly, and we scurried off, leaving him there in the dark road, fixed in his tracks, and staring blankly after us. He didn't attempt to follow, however, and in a few minutes Roxie and I stood alone and out of breath at Joe Blake's door. The stars were shining bright and thick overhead. The garden was full of fire-flies; flashing in and out of the lilac bushes, and the scent of barberry blows and wild roses sweetened the air.

"Roxie," said I—she was leaning white and spirit-like, against the rickety gate—"you'll get over it in time. I had an experience a little like yours once, but I outlived it. 'Twas years ago, and the man I loved was Philip Trevor's own father, dead and gone now. I lived in a fool's paradise for a few weeks, and then he went away and married the woman who is Philip's mother—went without word or warning, and left me to fight out my battle with the pain and misery as best I could. I've never put faith in a human being since that time, Roxie; least of all would I trust a Trevor." And then I tramped away without another word.

Well, time went on, and Sandy Blake stalked round the cottage a good deal, smoking his pipe and watching Roxie, and Squire Trevor's guests still made merry at the hall. Finally, one afternoon, Roxie walked over to Plympton post-office to mail a letter to her brother Jim, who was mining somewhere out in Nevada. She turned straight homeward as soon as her errand was done. 'Twas about four o'clock, and the sky was covered with clouds, and a damp south-wind blew over the fields of ripe summer grass, and turned the lining of the willows and alders to the light. As she reached the bridge, she heard a clatter of horse-hoofs, and directly two riders came dashing side by side along the dusty high road—Philip Trevor and his betrothed wife, Miss Clay. The New York heiress was mounted on the squire's favorite white mare. She wore a lovely navy-blue riding habit, and her fair hair and long veil fluttered together in the wind. They swept by so near Roxie that she heard Miss Clay say, "What a pretty face! Do many of your Plympton rustics look like that, Philip?"

Roxie did not catch his answer—they were gone like a flash, round a bend in the road; and in a sudden panic, an overwhelming dread to meet them again, she sprang down the bank and fled along the mill brook till she reached a clump of pine-wood just below the saw mill. She sat down there like a half-dazed person. The smell of the pine-scented damp wind, the buzz of the mill filled her ears, the water of the brook rippled not far away, and, of a sudden, somebody started out from among the gnomy tree-boles and moved toward her with a stealthy, creeping sound. Sandy Blake in his working clothes, with a gun on his shoulder. The sight made her start.

"What are you doing here?" said she.

He gave her one of his sidelong looks that always made her blood burn, and answered:

"Shooting crows. Have you seen any in the wood?"

"No!" said she, sharp and short, and turned her back upon him. When she looked up a few minutes after, he had vanished.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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