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## A Hopeless Love.

## "Tomorrow""

There was so much Incredilous, passlonate pain in the man's voice that even haughty Lenore Glenco turned a little pale; yet other men-prouder wrung laurels from the reluctant hand of fame, bad bent as low before her beauty and her potver as did this struguling artist, thls stranger whom her father had employed to palut ber in all her languld loveliness.
"Tomorrow!" he said once m "Tomorrow!" he sald once more with
working: lips. "I did not know it--I working: lips. "I did not know it-1
did not dream it. Tomorrow" did not dream it. Tomorrow."
"You seem very much sut
Herr Grisworld," she sald slowly in chlll, musical accents. "Yet I fancy most of the people who bave heard
of me know that on the mofow I of me know that on the morrow, I be-
come a bride. I am glad the portrait come a bride. I am glad the portrait
is finished; I could not give another sitting, and I wished my father to have this reminder of me. You have made of it a marvelous likeness, albelt a triffe flattering. I will send my father to you and now will bid you farewell." hide the portralt and with a sligbt in. ellination of her stately, sunny bead turned away.
But she had not gone balf a dozen steps when the young man darted before ber and flung blmself on bis knees
at her feet, lifting a face na white as sea foam to the light that came redly In from the western window.
"Oh, do not leave me sol I know my presumptiou, my madness, but listen: let me say it once in words-l have told you in a huadred ways unre-
proved-1 love you-1 love youl" The eses of the beantiful girl fatriy flashed, then grew cruelly cold and hard as blue stcel.
"Do you know why, sir palater? Be.
"Do you know why, sir palater? Be-
cause we do notireprove what we do
not delgn to notice What madness has made you forget that 1 am the daughter of Baron Glenco, the afliane ed of the Marguis Le Noir, whille jou-you bave been employed by my
father to but palnt me, as vou bave done? Risen Berr Griswold, or at least suffer me to pass."
${ }^{\circ} \mathrm{Oh}$, for the love of plty, Jeave with me but a touch of sour hand-but a single wordts he prayed. "I kuow bow true it all is that you have sald, but 1 come a bridel Ob, bend to me once. Lay your hand even on may hair, and I will forever bless you! 1 am dying of my love"
But the woman before blm, held vet dress, did not soften, did not bend. Instead a slow, angry, haughty color fushed her flawless face.
"You are madr" she sald coldly. scornfully, drawling her robes from lits tremulous hands and ereeting ber gold-
en bead with a more thau human pride. "I bend to you! 1 lay my band in Jours! Let me agaln renithd you 1 am a noble's daughter, and royal blood is in my veliss. You have surely forgotten that I am not a pensant, to whom
your love wonld be welcome and your emotion a compliment"
"Hear me! Say one ktndiy word to prove that you are human and can teel Tor me, as even a queen might feel for one who loved ber without hope! Beenuse the same God created ust spare
me your scorn?' he prayed agontredly. But she drew beyond the reach of bls outstretched hande, turied in the warm sunset glow and weht, slowly, languldly, proudly, leaving bitm there alone in the magnificent light of the dying day prone, as he had fiung himself, face
downward, on the poltshed oaken foot, guivering, shaddering, stricken unto feath gimosit by the scorn she find flung from her eyes upon hlm.
"Has the brash of the artist tone you justicer" asked the marquis fond-
ty "Nay, 1 know it has not1 An thspiration weuld have to come for that -the divine fuspiration of a more than human love.
A few moments the lovers paused is cmena. (Igonllouet on otber nide)
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