

wiped them off mechanically with his rough, strong hand. He did not know whether they were from pity of her or of himself; he knew not which was the stronger within him; he was not clearly conscious of either, but of a dull unhappiness such as he had never known.

He looked down at his clothes with faint shame; they were not his best ones. He had a ready-made suit at home, but these his mother had made. He wished they looked better. The light in Bissel's window cast his long shadow on the white ground. It wavered there, shrinking and lingering; then it pushed on and up to the door.

It was not the custom in Fence Corners to rap; it would have been looked upon as a useless formality. He stepped into Bissel's large, scantily furnished, rag-carpeted best room.

He gasped as he stood there. He had vaguely hoped for a little reprieve, but she sat there by the lamp, alone, bending over some work. She rose at his entrance, and came forward a little to offer her hand; but he did not see it, and she dropped it back in awkward haste.

"Won't you take a chair?" she said. She brought one forward. Thornton sat down. He dropped his hat as he did so, and picked it up with a red face. Then he sat still. He would have tried to speak, but he knew he could not; his tongue felt thick and immovable.

"It's snowing, ain't it," said the school-teacher; she bore the marks of diffidence herself in her timid voice and look.

Thornton nodded; it was all he could do. He stared at her fixedly, almost vacuously. His mind wandered back and strove to anchor itself to something. Once he had spent an evening at Bissel's, on the occasion of a social, and taken her hand in one of the games; once he had overtaken her, in a wagon, on her way to school and given her a lift. That was all. He thought it might have been less hard for him if there had been something more, but that was all his morbid self-distrustfulness had allowed him.

The ticking of a clock on a corner-stand filled the silence. It was a round, nickel clock, and it ticked so loudly as to force itself upon them.

"That's my school-clock," said the teacher. "I am all ready for to-morrow. There are my books over there with it and the register."

The school director dropped his miserable eyes to the faded stripe in the carpet at his feet, but he did not see it; his hat shook with the trembling of his hands.

"I've been thinking how many I'll have, likely," the school-teacher went on. His misery imparted itself to her in a degree of nervousness, and she let her work drop. "I had twenty-five this summer; there's always more winters, ain't there?"

He managed to say yes. His eyes were wandering about the room now, his lips parted as if for air. He saw a new pane in the window, clumsily puttied—a camphor bottle left on the melodeon—a break in the cane seat of a chair—a small tub filled with white asters still in bloom. He continued looking at these.

"They're real late, ain't they?" said the girl. "They're mine. I potted 'em myself and I guess they'll last best part of the winter; I've heard they will, took care of. Do you want one?"

She put down her work and went and picked one. Then, with a shy laugh, she took her scissors and went back to them.

"May be your mother'd like a few; she hasn't got 'em, has she?" she said.

She made a bunch and tied it with her black thread. Thornton watched her; a slight girl in a cheap and well-worn dress, her dark hair in a girlish braid, and her eyes mild. This she was, but who shall tell what he was? His agony rose, culminated as she turned to him; he clutched his hat till its stiff brim cracked. She was coming toward him with the flowers.

"There, may be she'd like a few," she repeated, faintly; but he did not hear her. He felt his face aflame like fire, and a choking in his throat. He struggled to speak, and did make an inarticulate sound, at which she looked at him in wonder.

He looked up at her pitifully—and then fell stumbly on his knees at her feet and buried his face in her skirt, and groping for her hands, pulled them down till they pressed his throbbing head; and rested there, her happy, wondering tears falling upon them.

"Bashful!" said Dave Kinney to Hank, the store-keeper. "I'd like to know what's your idee o' bashfulness. Why, Jim Thornton walked out o' this store that night and up to Bissel's straight as a string, and told that school-teacher that ovin' to circumstances that he didn't have no control over, she couldn't have the school this winter, nor along there couldn't nobody else neither, but if it'd be any consideration to her, she could have him; told her that right up and down, and didn't make no bones of it. If Jim Thornton's bashful, why, the feller that ain't what I'd like to see."—Emma A. Oppen, in Leslie's Newspaper.

AT SECOND HAND.

A Man's Passion for Books and a Boy's Passion for a Book.

"There used to be one man," said the second-hand man to a Lewiston (Me.) Journal reporter, "who came down to see me very often. He hasn't been around for a month, and I think must have moved away. He was a queer chap, and a mighty shoe factory, and, I've heard said, made good wages. But he had a liking for old books, and about every week he visited my library out there in the corner in search of something new that was old. His great hobby was books pertaining to agriculture. If he could get hold of any of those Board of Agriculture reports he was just happy. To me they are of great reading, but with him they were food of keen relish. I guess he's moved off now, but he must have a mighty collection of old books with him. He has bought enough in my store to supply all the farmers in the State with agricultural statistics."

At this point in the conversation a small boy came in. He had in his hand a pair of skates. He wanted to trade them for a skate. "Do you know that every boy is a born trader?" asked the man of stories, after the boy had gone out. "Yes, sir, by the time a boy is five years old he begins to trade and dicker and swap. It's general, and I never saw a boy who wasn't so inclined. They'll dicker anything. I have a chance to see something of it. Before ice and snow came they were all crazy for marbles, and they'd swap any thing for them. Later it was skates they wanted, and now the skating has gone they're trying to swap their skates for skates. So it goes. Every thing in its season. It's fun to watch them maneuver. Some of them are pretty bright fellows and make some sharp trades."

Nothing Too Good for Him.

Editor (to gentleman just arrived)—"Don't want any poetry." Gentleman—"No." Editor—"Nor prose." Gentleman—"No." Editor—"Not blank verse." Gentleman—"How would a two-dollar bill suit you for a year's subscription in advance?"

Editor—"Why, my dear sir, why didn't you say so at first? (To office boy) James, give this gentleman a couple of chairs and the floor to spit on."

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EAST SIDE.

From Portland	STATIONS.	To Portland
Lv. 11:30 a.m. Ar. 1:40 p.m.	PORTLAND PAW Y Foot of Jefferson St.	Ar. 4:40 p.m.
" 1:15 " 2:25	Ray's Landing, St. Paul's,	Ar. 1:50 12:41
" 3:16 3:31 3:46	Woodburn, Towmsend, McKee,	" 12:00 11:46 11:40
" 3:53 4:08	Mt. Angel, Downs,	" 11:24 6:14
" 4:16 4:35 4:50	Silverton, Johnston's Mill Switzerland,	" 11:00 10:16 10:16
" 4:47 5:50	East Side Junction, Maclean,	" 10:07 9:49
" 5:30 5:56	Wasserville, Armistayton	" 9:18 8:50
" 6:11	O P Crossing,	" 8:40
" 6:24	West Seio,	" 8:28
" 6:51 7:03 7:29	Crabtree, Spilott, Tullman,	" 8:00 7:51 7:22
" 8:05	Plainview,	" 6:48
" 8:37	Brownville,	" 6:13
" 9:20	Rowland,	" 5:39