

of it—this heart-trouble of his was the most sincere occurrence in his life. As he posted along to the Assay Office he clung to a fragment of hope that Sadie would still, at least, be friendly toward him, pardon him. How could he expect her to be more than a friend? He should be highly content that she had so much as been interested in him instead of disgusted on that occasion (how far-off it seemed) when he appeared before her in, to put it at the kindest, an excited condition. It was fortunate for him, he considered, striding on and seeing no one, that she had not thought him an unctuous prig for resenting Squire's stare at her. Queer how that man and he had jarred one another from the word 'go.' He wondered if, in those old days, Squire had detected a likeness to Penny Scot in Penny Scot's nephew. Perhaps that would account for the hint of puzzlement that always lurked behind the hostility in Squire's eyes when they met.

Then again all his thought was Sadie. He felt a great unselfish longing to be always with her. He did not fit words to his thoughts; they just shuttled about in his brain, unvoiced—but if one