

book, walked slowly down the road, past the mill, down the track, until she came to old Jim, who was loading the long row of cars with shingles.

He turned to speak to Love as he came out of a car, and the moment he saw his little pet (it was what the rough, though white-souled, old man always always called her in his heart), he knew there was something wrong with her.

"Well, dear, what is it?" he said, as he placed one hard, bony hand tenderly upon the child's soft hair.

At his kindly voice the sweet lips quivered noticeably, and the dark eyes sparkled with something very like tears. At last, falteringly:

"She threatened to burn this, and I took it and came away."

That was all, but the old man could guess very nearly how much pain and bitterness were expressed in those few words.

He had never read what the book contained. He knew it was a present to Love from some strolling artist, and he knew she was always writing upon old pieces of brown paper, and then copying from them into the book; and he half-divined that it held the sorrowful girl's best and truest life,— that it was the comfort and happiness of her innocent heart.

He offered no words of consolation, but stooped and gently kissed the girl's cold forehead, then went on with his work. Silent sympathy oftener touches the heart than the tenderest words of consolation.

Love sat down upon a bundle of shingles, and watched the old man for a long time, but her thoughts were evidently straying; then of a sudden a bright light sprang into her eyes, and a sweet flush glowed and then paled upon her soft cheeks, as she sprang to her feet, and stepping quickly to the old man's side, gasped eagerly:

"Oh, sir, put *me* in the car, I beg of you! Let me go away from here. Oh, if you only would!"