

MISS KATE.

A MEMORY.

The little red station at Rockton was one of the most attractive places in the town. It sat very sedately and humbly enough, yet with a certain air of worldly importance, as if it knew it had "made" Rockton, just at the foot of the steep hills of Meyer's quarry, where great piles of stone stood like grim sentinels high above the little station. Over west, across the single track, was a great jungle of tall grass and elderberry bushes, and sumacs that grew red as the little station itself in the autumn. And beyond that was the creek, winding down to the bridge and then on to Hodgson's mill, whose steady whirr could be heard very plainly on summer days by the village loafers in the little waiting room at the station. It was just like other waiting rooms on the great P. & R. railroad. There were the hard, uncomfortable benches around three sides of the room, and the walls covered with great red and green and white posters announcing fabulous trips for unheard of prices, and admonishing the careless not to smoke, nor spit on the floor. The station was a very dull, uninteresting place to the traveler who waited there for trains. All he could do to amuse himself was to read the posters, to listen to the humdrum tick-tack, tick-tick, tick-tick, from the cozy little office, or the equally humdrum croaking of the frogs in the creek. But, perhaps, as he waited there, he might notice that the station was a rather neatly kept place. And if he were a man he would fall to wondering how the sweet-faced, charming woman who sold him his ticket could manage an important station so well. If he had talked with the road men he would know the station agent at Rockton as the best on the road, and "a v'ry angel besides, sor," Pat, the mail carrier would have told him. The little girl in the blue checked apron who came down very often in summer time to see Miss Kate, thought then that the Rockton station was a

lovely place to play, and that the station agent was the most beautiful lady of all. The little girl always came alone, if she could. She was very selfish and would not share her lady with the other children. If they "tagged along" she would almost feel like running back home, and would wait till they had got tired and gone away, and then she would "visit" with Miss Kate, and fix the flowers she had brought from her own flower bed in the pretty vase on the shelf. Then she would sit very still in Miss Kate's rocking chair, and watch her make the tick-tack go, and look at her pretty white hands and her pretty dress, and her smooth, soft, reddish-brown hair. The little girl thought everything about Miss Kate was just perfect. Miss Kate would show her the funny stones the men sometimes found in the quarry, and give her story-books to read, and let her draw with the funny glass pencil. When Miss Kate was very busy the little girl would go out on the long platform and count the boards, or sit down on the steps at one end and listen for a train, or if she were very, very sure no train was coming she would walk the ties or the rails down to the short railroad bridge and then back again. She liked to play alone around the station.

Very often, though, when the little girl was there, Dr. Jeffry came in, and then she would say "good-bye" very soon, and slip quietly away. She did not like Dr. Jeffry. He was very handsome and good too, her mamma said, and he always gave her some candy when he came to see Miss Kate, but she didn't like him. She told Miss Kate so one day, and Miss Kate smiled and kissed her, and asked her why. She said she didn't know just why, but she wished he wouldn't come down to the station so often. She didn't like him. And Miss Kate smiled and blushed; and the next time Dr. Jeffry came when the little girl was there, he looked at her very queerly, she thought, and patted her on the head, and then began to talk to Miss Kate, so that she went out on the steps and cried. He was always spoiling her