

BUT ONCE.

We pass this way but once, dear heart!
Musing above the birch log's flare,
The booming of the mighty mart
Borne to us through snow-laden air.

A TRUE HEART.

The tide was out, and Jess was raking
for clams. He had his back to the shore,
and Marty Hines, coming down, bareheaded,
and barefooted, from the little brown

that ain't fit to have any women folks to
lord it over," soliloquized Jess, as he re-
visted his book. Jess had had no women

to the Hull Harbor road," said Ben Jess-
up, the blacksmith, "an' prob'ly he's half
way up there by this time, so if it's some

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