

cross looking mouth. I 'spose yer think she be handsomer than our dear Miss Dorothy."

"Well, I did not say that; two blacks don't make a white," and Martha laughed heartily. "I never said she was a beauty, and I only wish she heard you describe her. She has a very low mean forehead, not like mine that the gentleman who visited our Institution said was *magnificent*."

"Doth that mean bold an' imperdent?" said Polly.

"Do you think I look bold and impudent?" Martha was on her feet, in a moment, her eyes flashing, and her fists half clenched.

"I thought that wor what yer meant by magnificent, I do'ant understan yer fine Lunnon words," and Polly looked at her companion's angry face, with the utmost innocence.

"You are a poor ignorant creature," re-