

fixed Vipe, though. I had brought in a bag of chocolates in plain sight, thinkin' no evil. You know by yourself, miss, when you're working all day in the lint, how a chocolate or a bit of gum will wet your throat. How could I think anybody would begrudge me that? As I passed the time-office, up came the little wet head, 'Parcel, miss!' I had to give it over. When I came for it at six o'clock, there wasn't one left in the bag. Now, that's the kind Vipe is! And he knew how many nickels I had to spend on candy. I didn't say much, but I laid low for him. I'm nasty when I'm riled. About a week later I brought in another bag of chocolates. 'Parcel, miss!' he shouts. I hands it over meek-like, too meek for any good if he'd stopped to think it over. He opens the bag and gulps one down before my very eyes. Ha, ha! It was filled with cayenne pepper! Dudley Warner, the cart-boy, got it for me—for you know I can get the kids around the shop to do anything for me. Since then Vipe and I have not been friends. He has been watching his chance. He knew it would come some of these days when I had been on night-work and overslept myself. Well, it came th' smornin'. Say, did you ever see a snake smile? I have, you bet."

During this recital the gentleman had raised an unwilling smile, incited, doubtless, by the lady's peals of mirth.