

Like to leave something to the imagination. I'm an idealist. I am.

I'd rayther know eggsackly what I'm in for, returns Miss Potter.

Rorther—you should say rorther—not rayther; it's more classy.

Well, I never.

No, but you should, asserts Mr. Edwards imperturbably.

I speak as me feyther spoke, blurs Miss Potter. If that ain't good enough—

Forther—not fetyher. R-o-r, rorther; f-o-r, forther.

Do I come 'ere for you to teach me to talk inquires Miss Potter, fairly exasperated.

It's about all I kin teach you. You ain't behind in most things.

I should think not, indeed.

Little bit of orl right—ain't you And an obliging feller like me—always anxious to please—

O, 'old me up, Jim. 'E's that tiring. At a short distance a group of hoydenish young women, noisily cheerful, are drinking indiscriminately with some men. A refined-looking woman in shabby black, with a little girl turns aside in seeming disgust as she passes them. 'Yon stay here, Eliza, away from that crew.' She takes a bottle wrapped in newspaper from he chil'd and leaves her gazing longingly

into the warmth and cheer of the bar. A distant door closes upon the woman. Belinda fiiffin waiting patiently in the shadow, looks up as it swings. The refined-looking woman steals noiselessly out bearing a brimming glass in her hand, and beckons to Eliza. She holds the glass to the little girl's lips, gingerly, and not too close, drawing it back on a sudden. Then she raises it to her own, and drinks slowly, lingeringly, watched in her turn by the child. A lawless thirst has awakened in Eliza's eyes; the corners of her small wet mouth shine trembling in the lamplight. The woman, her head half turned away drinks with the long steady gulp, gulp of a parched beast. Impatiently the child puts out her hand; their fingers meet on the stem of the glass—it is almost empty. The woman shakes her off. There is an interminable moment—a pin-point of time,—but crammed with unsatisfied craving for each. Soon only the dregs remain. Eliza snatches the glass. The woman's teeth rattle against it, but now the child has it, and with a snarling sound she tilts up the last drops on her face. The woman laughs. Five minutes later the pair taking the replenished bottle, disappear into the darkness.

But the inn still offers a golden welcome And still Belinda waits.