

"My! only a shilling! Why, look here, I've got eighteenpence in my pocket. That lady who has been staying here a couple of nights, she gave me eighteenpence. If I'd known there had been a humbugging bird to be got at Timmins' I'd have let the beds make themselves, and have run off after breakfast and bought it before ever you got up to Timmins'."

"I do not think it is a *real* bird, *Jemima*; Mr. Timmins told me it was made up. The real birds cost a great deal more."

"I don't care whether it's real or sham. Nobody would know who didn't look into it. Why, *Jessie*, if I had that humbugging bird in my hat on Sunday I don't believe any one would listen to what the parson was preaching; they'd be staring their very eyes out at me."

"Mr. Timmins said—but that I'm sure was humbug—that the bird worn in the hat would be like a corkscrew to the affections of all the young fellows, and one could draw their hearts out like the corks cook has got in the kitchen table-drawer."

"I don't want a drawer full of hearts, nor a pickle-tub neither," said *Jemima*. "But there is *one* I should like to be sure of. Oh dear me!" and she sighed.

"Whose is that?" asked *Jessie*.

"I won't tell you unless you let me have the bird."

"But—I bought it."

"Yes; but it don't become you—a common kitchenmaid. Dear life! what a smell of peppermint!"

"I have been sucking brandy-balls."

"Brandy-balls!" exclaimed the housemaid. "Oh, I love them; I dote on them! Give me one."

"I haven't got any."

"What! eaten 'em all up? That's just like a nasty, low, greedy, grovelling kitchenmaid."

"They were given me. If I had brought them home you should certainly have had them. But Tom——"



"'LET ME SEE!'"

"Tom who? Tom what? Tom where?"

"Tom Nayles gave me some in the road."

"Tom Nayles! Is he fond of them?"

"Loves 'em as far as his hollow tooth will allow."

"*Jessie*!" exclaimed *Jemima*. "Do, there's a darling; do let me have the humbugging bird!"

"But there are no more to be had."

"That is just why I want it. Besides, *Jessie*——"

"Besides what, *Jemima*?"

"I want to make a big impression."

"On whom, *Jemima*?"

"Never mind; I'll tell you if you will let me buy of you that bird. I'll give you eighteenpence for it."

"Eighteenpence! It only cost me one shilling."

"Never mind. I'll give you one shilling and sixpence if I may have the bird."

"Eighteenpence! Here was a chance. *Jessie*'s heart fluttered. What if she were now to be able to fill up her bank book to half-a-crown. Why, then she would have headed Tom in this race, for his book had in it a florin only. Tom had said—Shall we race our books? He had known that she began with a shilling, and had a difficulty in making up that sum. And to be able at one leap to distance him! To be able to flourish her book with sixpence more in it than his! That would be a triumph."