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send to the brutal frankness of the Northern worker. At first it had enraged him, but after a time he had grown callous to it, and accepted it as it was meant. It was insolence—brutal, overbearing insolence, with physical menace behind it.

"What name?" he asked, coldly, "Barton. Happen I may give thee cause to mind that name, yoong man. Mak' cop it wife's medicine this verymoment, look ye, or it will be the worse for thee."

Montgomery smiled. A pleasant sense of relief thrilled softly through him. What blessed safety-valve was this through which his jangled nerve might find some outlet. The provocation was so gross, the insult so unprovoked, that he could have none of those qualms which take the edge off a man's mettle. He finished sealing the bottle upon which he was occupied, and he addressed it and placed it carefully in the rack.

"Look here!" said he, turning round to the miner, "your medicine will be made up in its turn and sent down to you. I don't allow folk sh the surgery, Wait outside in the waiting room, if you like the cut of him a good deal better than it was the publicant of the said of the could have none of those qualms which take the edge off a man's mettle. He finished sealing the bottle upon which he was occupied, and he addressed it and placed it carefully in the rack.

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"Aye, sir, you have it theer—you have it theer," said the fat, red-faced publigation, and in a fine, an'they'll yark the thick 'uns —yark 'em out o' their skins."

For a moment the absurdity of the thing drove every other thought out of Montgomery's head. But then there came a sudden revulsion. A hundred pounds—all he wanted to complete his education was lying there to his hand—if only that hand were strong enough to pick it up. He had thought bitterly that morning that there was no market for his strength, but here was one where his muscle might earn more in an hour than his brain in a year, But a chill of doubt came over him.

"How can I fight for the coal-pite" said he. I am not concerned with them."

"Eh, lad, but thou art," cried old Purvis. "We've got it down in writin, and it's clear enough. 'Anyone connected with the coal-pite.' Dr. Oldacre is the coal-pit club doctor. Thou art his assistant. What more can they want?"

art his assistant. What more can they want?"

"Yes, that's right enough," said the Cantab, "It would be a very sporting thing of you, Mr. Montgomery, if you would come to our help when we are in such a hole. Of course, you might not like to take the hundred pounds; but I have no doubt that in the case of your wimning we could arrange that it should take the form of a watch or piece of plate, or any other shape which might suggest itself to you. You see, you are responsible for our having lost our champion, so we

mouth:
"Aincha hunghy?"
"Yeh."

"Yeh."
"So my. Less go neet."
"Where?"
"Sleev go one places nuther."
"So dy. Ika neet mo stennyware anchee?"

"So dy. Ika neet mo stennyware. Canchee?"

"Yeh. Gotcher money?"

"Yeh. Gotcher aptite?"

"Yeh. Gotcheors?"

"Yeh. Gotcheors?"

"Yeh. Gotchoors?"

"Yeh. Howbout place crosstreet?"

"Nothin' teet there. Lessgurround corner."

"Thattledoo zwell zennyware. Mighta thoughta that 't first. Getcher hat."

"Ima gettinit. Gotcher money?"

"Yeh. Did' cheer me say I had it? Allready?"

"Yeh."

"K'moa."—Chicago Tribune.

Toe in seven of British landowners is a woman. In all, there are about 13,000 women who own land in England and Wales.

DESCRIPTION OF THE STREET