

scrutinised with some interest the odd specimen of humanity before her.

"The queer little thing has been put to work too young," thought the rich girl, complacently contrasting her own fair, well-developed person with the uncouth form before her. "Her natural vivacity and spirit have been crushed out of her, or have taken this impudent bent of defying and talking back to her superiors. Poor child, she might have been quite pretty; but she has been made an old woman in her teens. Such claws of hands—and a low shoulder, I do declare!"

Aloud she said, "And what do you know of the firm of Wickins, Wholesale Furriers? Is that where you work?"

"Where I used to work," corrected Pat. "I had a little difference with the time-keeper this mornin'. I was a minute late, and old Vipe wouldn't let me in."

"Vipe?" smiled the lady.

"His name's Vipont," Pat explained; "but he's lean as a snake, and his head looks wet and slippery where he oils it to coax a covering over the bald spot. Lawsy! If he had a coat like yours, that hard green, scaly kind of cloth, he'd be complete."

The lady laughed heartily, feigning not to see the anxious glances her companion cast upon her, nor to hear the scraps of conversation designed to call her attention elsewhere. Here was a novelty in her