

the mills. A great interest in the condition of the factory people has taken possession of her mind, and she requests permission to become an active partner in the firm. This is smilingly denied her, but as a silent partner she visits among the people and does her best to raise and assist them. The gentleman to whom she is engaged has not the least sympathy with her in these pursuits, and she soon discovers that she does not love him, and breaks off the engagement. Miss Kelso devotes her life and her wealth to the improvement of her people, and is amply rewarded by seeing much good accomplished. The book, though not very powerfully written, contains a number of striking passages, and is of well-sustained interest. Sip Garth, the factory girl who first awakened Miss Kelso's interest, is a finely drawn character, and is almost as much the heroine of the book as the "silent partner." Many efforts were made to remove her from factory life, but unsuccessfully.

"I told you it was no use," she said, shaking her head at Miss Kelso, half whimsically, half sadly, too. "It's too late. What am I fit for? Nothing. What do I know? Nothing. I can weave; that's all. I'm used to that. I'm used to the noise and the running about. I'm used to the dirt and the roughness. I can't sit still on a high stool all day. I don't know how to spell if I do. They're too fussy for me in the shops. I hate babies. It's too late. I'm spoiled. I knew I should come back. My father and mother came back before me. It's in the blood."

Perley would have liked even then, had it seemed practicable, to educate the girl; but Sip shook her dogged head.

"It's too late for that, too. Once I would have liked *that*. There's things I think I could ha' done." Sip's sullen eyes wandered slowly to the plunging dream and the solitary dreamer behind the china-closet door, and, resting there, flashed suddenly. "There's things I seem to think I might ha' done with *that*; but I've lost 'em now. Nor that ain't the worst. I've lost the caring for 'em.—that's the thing I've lost. If I was to sit still and study at a grammar, I should scream. I must go back to the noise and the dirt. Catty and me must stay there. Sometimes I seem to think that I might have been a little different someways; if maybe I'd been helped or shewn. There was an evening school to one place where I worked. I was running four looms twelve hours and a half a

day. You're so dull about the head, you see, when you get home from work; and you ache so; and you don't feel that interest in an education that you might.

"Sometimes," added Sip, with a working of the face, "it comes over me as if I was like a—patchwork bed-quilt. I'd like to have been made out of one piece of cloth. It seems as if your kind of folks got made first, and we down here was put together out of what was left.

"Sometimes, though," continued the girl, "I wonder how there came to be so much of me as there is. I don't set up for much, but I wonder why I wasn't worse. I believe you would yourself, if you knew.

"Knew what?"

"Knew what?" echoed the factory-girl. "Knew that as you know no more of than you know of hell! Haven't I told you that you *can't* know? You can't *understand*. If I was to tell you, you couldn't understand. It ain't so much the bringing up I got, as the smooch of it. That's the wonder of it. You may be ever so clean, but you don't *feel* clean if you're born in the black. Why, look here; there was my mother, into the mills off and between her babies. There's me, from the time I run alone, *running* alone. She comes home at night. I'm off about the street all day. I learned to swear when I learned to talk. Before I'd learned to talk I'd seen sights that *you've* never seen yet in all your fine life long. That's the crock of it; and the wonder; and the talk in the mills—for a little girl to hear! Only eight years old—such a little girl—and all sorts of women working round beside you. If ever I'd like to call curses down on anybody, it's on a woman that I used to know for the way she talked to little girls! Why did nobody stop it? Why, the boss was as bad himself, every whit and grain. The gentlemen who employed that boss were professors of religion, all of them."

"But I've tried to be good!" broke off Sip, with a little sudden tremor of her bitter lip. "I know I'm rough, but I've tried to be a good girl!"

Miss Kelso's efforts were, of course, little appreciated by the fashionable circle which she had deserted; but her friends came at her invitation to one of her re-unions.

It was a stifling July night, and closed a stifling day. Mrs. Silver, in the cars, on the Shore Line, and swept by sea breezes, had suffered agonies, so she said. Even in the close green dark of Miss Kelso's lofty rooms, life had ceased to be desirable, and the grasshopper had been a burden, until dusk and dew-fall.

"In the houses from which my guests are coming to-night," she had said at supper,