



"EVERY NOW AND THEN THEY SIGHED."

"Never mind; you weren't in Timmins' shop when I——" she was blushing now at the thought of having spent a shilling over the little made-up bird.

"I say, Jess, shall we run races?"

"Oh, Tom, you can run much faster than I."

"I mean run races with our books. When shall you be putting any money in again?"

brandy-ball; there are only two remaining."

"Is your tooth easy, Tom?"

"It's just beginning to be fidgety."

"And really I must go and shell peas."

"You will let me see your book, how it gets along?"

"Yes, Tom, and I shall like to see yours, how that gets along."

(To be continued.)

"That depends," said the girl. "I used to bang about the crockery—awful, when washing up the dinner things—and Missus said, if, at the end of the week, nothing was broke I should have sixpence. If I break nothing in next fortnight I shall put in a shilling."

"Is that your wages?"

"Tisn't wages at all; it's an extra. I get my wages every three months."

"I get mine every month," said Tom. "No, I fancy it won't be fair; our books will not run even. Have another

A LONG TIME COMING.

T is an old saying that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. Few, perhaps none, of the dwellers in — Square are aware that within a stone's throw in a back room at the top of one of the old houses in the rear of the square, may be found a brother and sister who are keeping their bit of a home together on eight-and-sixpence a week, the joint earnings of the pair. They belong to a small town in Lancashire, and have seen better days, but drifted up to London after the death of their mother, whose affairs were "all in a muddle," as a consequence of her desertion by a runaway husband. How wearily the hours go by for poor Mary, while Jack is in the city going his rounds with an evening paper. Until the very, very latest special edition has been sold out he cannot think of getting home, and Mary finds it hard to be cheerful. The little bit of sewing which the landlady of the house puts in her way is certainly occupation of a sort, but no wonder Mary's thoughts are often with those far-off days with mother, dear old mother, in their happy country home. And Jack, well,