

Dirk; she fixed her eyes on a little clump of dock-weed at her feet, beside the fence; she looked sick and faint.

"I'll not marry you," said the girl feebly; "I'll not marry anybody. Maybe it isn't the way a girl had ought to feel when she likes a young fellow," added Sip, with a kind of patient aged bitterness crawling into her eyes. "But we don't live down here so's to make girls grow up like girls should, it seems to me. Things as wouldn't trouble rich folks trouble us. There's things that troubles me. I'll never marry anybody, Dirk. I'll never bring a child into the world to work in the mills; and if I'd ought not to say it, I can't help it, for it's the truth, and the reason, and I've said it to God on my knees a many and a many times. I've said it before Catty died, and I've said it more than ever since, and I'll say it till I die. I'll never bring children into this world to be factory children, and to be factory boys and girls, and to be factory men and women, and to see the sights I've seen, and to bear the things I've borne, and to run the risks I've run, and to grow up as I've grown up, and to stop where I've stopped,—never. I've heard tell of slaves before the war that wouldn't be fathers and mothers of children to be slaves like them. That's the way I feel, and that's the way I mean to feel. I won't be the mother of a child to go and live my life over again. I'll never marry anybody."

"But they needn't be factory people," urged Dirk, with a mystified face. "There's trades and—other things."

"I know, I know," Sip shook her head,—“I know all about that. They'd never get out of the mills. It's from generation to generation. It couldn't be helped. I know. It's in the blood."

"But other folks don't take it so," urged Dirk, after a disconsolate pause. "Other folks marry, and have their homes and the comfort of 'em. Other folks, if they love a man, 'll be his wife someways or nuther."

"Sometimes," said Sip, "I seem to think that I'm not other folks. Things come to me someways that other folks don't understand nor care for." She crushed the dock-weed to a wounded mass, and dug her foot into the ground, and stamped upon it.

"I've made up my mind, Dirk. It's no use talking. It—it hurts me," with a tender motion of the restless foot

again
was
more
do."

"I
Dirk.
anoth
no m

Sip
"U
I'm o
loved
true.

En
Sho

The f
and h

The
and s
the li
a cup

Wh
block,
again
head

Irish
shed
shelte
empti
just b
washe
dreari
it.

Sip
nature
She w
sitting
block.

"I
she cri
else.

But
enough
make h