

who wore a dress more than half masculine, and who talked loudly and laughed discordantly, and some of whom, God knows, had faces as hard and brutal as the hardest of their collier brothers and husbands and sweethearts. They had lived among the coal-pits, and had worked early and late at the "mouth," ever since they had been old enough to take part in the heavy labor. It was not to be wondered at that they had lost all bloom of womanly modesty and gentleness. Their mothers had been "pit-girls" in their time, their grandmothers in theirs; they had been born in coarse homes; they had fared hardly, and worked hard; they had breathed in the dust and grime of coal, and, somehow or other, it seemed to stick to them and reveal itself in their natures as it did in their bold unwashed faces. At first one shrank from them, but one's shrinking could not fail to change to pity. There was no element of softness to rule or even influence them in their half savage existence. On the particular evening of which I speak, the group at the pit's mouth were even more than usually noisy. They were laughing, gossiping and joking,--coarse enough jokes,--and now and then a listener might have heard an oath flung out as if all were well used to the sound. Most of them were young women, though there were a few older ones among them, and the principal figure in the group--the center figure, about whom the rest clustered--was a young woman. But she differed from the rest in two or three respects. The others seemed somewhat stunted in growth; she was tall enough to be imposing. She was as roughly clad as the poorest of them, but she wore her uncouth garb differently. The man's jacket of fustian, open at the neck, bared a handsome sunbrowned throat. The man's hat shaded a face with dark eyes that had a sort of animal beauty, and a well-molded chin. It was at this girl that all the rough jokes seemed to be directed.

??

Le mie colazioni per star bene. 32 ricette basate sul gruppo sanguigno
noll risveglio educativo
La mia vita
Gribaudo
Minerva rassegna internazionale
L' asino settimanale illustrato
Giallo al dipartimento di psichiatria
romanzo Editoriale Jaca Book
Riforma medica giornale internazionale
quotidiano di medicina, chirurgia, farmacia, veterinaria e scienze affini
"Il" Novelliere (Supplemento al Diavoletto)
Panorama
Giornale delle donne
L'Italia evangelica giornale delle chiese, delle scuole e delle famiglie
Dizionario delle belle arti del disegno, estratto in gran parte dalla Enciclopedia metodica
Dizionario delle belle arti del disegno, estr. in gran parte dalla Enciclopedia metodica
Dizionario delle belle arti del disegno estratto in gran parte dalla Enciclopedia metodica da Francesco Milizia. Tomo primo [-secondo]
Dizionario delle belle arte del disegno
Venuto al mondo (Movie edition)
Edizioni Mondadori

They took the girl home with them, and three days later the Ffrenchs returned. They came entirely unheralded, and it was Janey who brought the news of their arrival to the Works. "They've coom," she said, in passing Murdoch on her way to her father. "Mester Ffrench an' her. They rode through th' town this mornin' i' a kerridge. Nobody knowed about it till they seed 'em." The news was the principal topic of conversation through the day, and the comments made were numerous and varied. The most general opinions were that Ffrench was in a "tight place," or had "getten some crank i' hond." "He's noan fond enow o' th' place to ha' coom back fur nowt," said Floxham. "He's a bit harder up than common, that's it." In the course of the morning Haworth came in. Murdoch was struck with his unsettled and restless air; he came in awkwardly, and looking as if he had something to say, but though he loitered about some time, he did not say it.

It may as well be explained, however, at the outset, that it would not take much of a sensation

to give Slowbridge a great shock. In the first place, Slowbridge was not used to sensations, and was used to going on the even and respectable tenor of its way, regarding the outside world with private distrust, if not with open disfavor. The new mills had been a trial to Slowbridge,--a sore trial. On being told of the owners' plan of building them, old Lady Theobald, who was the corner-stone of the social edifice of Slowbridge, was said, by a spectator, to have turned deathly pale with rage; and, on the first day of their being opened in working order, she had taken to her bed, and remained shut up in her darkened room for a week, refusing to see anybody, and even going so far as to send a scathing message to the curate of St. James, who called in fear and trembling, because he was afraid to stay away. "With mills and mill-hands," her ladyship announced to Mr. Laurence, the mill-owner, when chance first threw them together, "with mills and mill-hands come murder, massacre, and mob law." And she said it so loud, and with so stern an air of conviction, that the two Misses Briarton, who were of a timorous and fearful nature, dropped their buttered muffins (it was at one of the tea-parties which were Slowbridge's only dissipation), and shuddered hysterically, feeling that their fate was sealed, and that they might, any night, find three masculine mill-hands secreted under their beds, with bludgeons. But as no massacres took place, and the mill-hands were pretty regular in their habits, and even went so far as to send their children to Lady Theobald's free school, and accepted the tracts left weekly at their doors, whether they could read or not, Slowbridge gradually recovered from the shock of finding itself forced to exist in close proximity to mills, and was just settling itself to sleep--the sleep of the just--again, when, as I have said, it was shaken to its foundations.

[Copyright: b1aad827c87f363919d4b41653f3f5d2](https://www.pdfdrive.com/le-mie-colazioni-per-star-bene-32-ricette-basate-sul-gruppo-sanguigno-p123456789.html)