# **Abacus 3 Hematology Analyzer Service Manual**

They did not look like women, or at least a stranger new to the district might easily have been misled by their appearance, as they stood together in a group, by the pit's mouth. There were about a dozen of them there--all "pit-girls," as they were called; women 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. Linux?????! ???????????Linux?????Top1???????Linux????? ??????Linux???????????????Linux?????????????????? ??????????! inux?????????????????????????????????! inux???? 7777777777777 ?????????????????????! inux??????! inux??????????????\$hell?Shell ????Linux??????????????????nano??????FHS ???????parted?????????? iconv ?????ACL??????software RAID?????SFI inux???????????????????? #???? GOTOP Information Inc. Chinese edition of After you'd Gone. Alice lost John. Their love didn't die with his death. But Alice may have chosen to end her own life. The novel is nominated as one of

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