

she would hear no word uttered against him. She had idolised Mrs. Torrance, and knew that the wife's love for her husband had remained unchanged till death.

"Whatever the master may have done, he loved the mistress, and he's fond of his boy, though I often wish he'd show it in a wiser way," was Sarah's opinion.

"It's my place to uphold him, and not to stand by and hear any tongue wag against the master, whose bread I've eaten for near on eleven years past."

In educational matters, Ralph was "seen to," as Sarah put it, by the Hollingsby curate, to whose rooms the boy went for two hours daily; but his manners were modelled on those of Captain Jack himself.

"Won't Sarah swear, I mean scold, when I get home, Miss Mountford?" said Ralph, as the carriage neared

Monk's How. "Of course Sarah doesn't swear. I only say that for fun, and to tease her when she's vexed. I ought to have been in for dinner at one o'clock, and now it's nearly two, I'm sure. When father's at home I generally have proper late dinner with him as well."

"I suppose Sarah will be wondering what has got you," said Kathleen.

"Yes. I told you I had run away to see father off."

"Would you like to lunch with us Ralph?" asked Kathleen. "We can leave a message at the lodge for Sarah."

"I should rather think so. It would be just lovely. Only," continued the boy, with a dubious glance at his garments, "Sarah will say I had no business to go without being dressed up, you know. Can you wait for me a few minutes, whilst I run in and tell her?"

"Your clothes are all right, Ralph. You only want a wash and a brush up,

which you shall have at the Hall, whilst we are having ours, you know," replied Kathleen, quickly. She had asked the boy to accompany them on a momentary impulse, but was not prepared to drive into the grounds and wait at the entrance of Monk's How until Ralph's toilet had been performed to Sarah's satisfaction.

So the message was left, and, much to Mountain's disgust, the boy instead of being dropped at the lodge, accompanied the girls to the Hall.

"That's the first move," growled Mountain to himself, as he turned his horses towards the stables. "The father came with our young lady to the gates, the other day; the boy is in the house. One more step and the Captain, as they call him, will follow. If I could but—" Here Mountain paused, and whatever he further thought, must be guessed.

(To be continued.)

## AN AMERICAN WOMAN ON THE ENGLISH WORKING-GIRL.



WHEN I first started out in my 'disguises' among the working-girls, I carried all sympathy and pity with me. I had heard the cry of the English working-girl, 'We are underpaid,' and knowing that low wages were

the rule in nearly every department of female industry, I set myself to discover, if I could, why the English working-girl was so miserably 'underpaid.' And in the end, I found that she was not receiving a lower wage than she was worth: that in the majority of employments her wages were commensurate with her capabilities.

"I saw the servant-girl, in her neat black dress and cap and apron, earning from fourteen to thirty pounds a year, with 'beer money' and 'wash money' thrown in. Her wants were few, and, with a reasonable mis-

tress, her privileges were many. I found that, without any inconvenience to herself, she was able to lay by fully two-thirds of her year's wages, and I remembered that young women engaged in the so-called 'higher employments' considered themselves fortunate if, after dressing and living as their position in life demanded, they were able to come out 'even' at the end of the year. Both during my career as a servant and as an inmate of a servants' home, I failed to find a single servant, either in or out of a situation, who had not a snug account at the savings-bank in readiness for a rainy day.

"Then, again, as an apprentice in a fashionable dressmaking establishment where about thirty girls were employed, I found, upon investigation, that the wages received by the majority of my co-workers were what might be called 'low,' ranging all the way from a half-crown to fifteen shillings a week; yet I could not help being impressed with the thought that they were not 'underpaid.' They were simply 'hack workers,' acting only in accordance with the instructions of the fore-

woman, who was herself a genius in her own line, and well worth much more money than she received. She directed the girls to sew straight seams, and they sewed them. Told to stitch in a belt with a marking for the waist-line to show precisely where to begin and where to leave off, they accomplished the task, sometimes creditably, sometimes otherwise. Given the number of inches required in a collar, they could cut it out, and, informed that a bodice required a certain number of buttons and button-holes, they were able to sew them in the required places. But give them the materials and tools for making a bodice and they were helpless. They were not capable of thinking or inventing. They only followed where they were led. To be sure it was well for them that they knew how to 'follow,' but it must be remembered that there were thousands of other girls who could have 'followed' just as well, and that the supply was much greater than the demand."

By ELIZABETH L. BANKS in the  
*Nineteenth Century.*

## VARIETIES.

### ON PILGRIMAGE.

"Since every one who lives is born to die,  
And none can boast sincere felicity,  
With equal mind what happens let us bear,  
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things  
beyond our care.

Like pilgrims to the appointed place we  
tend;

The world's an inn and death the journey's  
end."—*Dryden.*

### GIVING AN OPINION.

A cautious old woman when asked what she thought of one of her neighbours of the name of Jones, with a knowing look replied—

"Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbours; but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then again I don't know; but after all I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of man as I like him to be."

### THE SUPERLATIVE OF NICE.

A board schoolmistress had been giving her class a lesson in the mysteries of forming the degrees of comparison of the different adjectives. She finished the lesson by making them repeat some of the things she had told them.

Amongst other questions she asked, "Now what is the superlative of the adjective nice?"

A little girl instantly put up her hand to show that she knew the answer.

"Well, Mary," said the teacher, "what do you think is the superlative of nice?"

"Jam pudden!" promptly responded Mary.

THE CARES OF TO-MORROW.—It is not the cares of to-day, but the cares of to-morrow that weigh us down.

BE TRUTHFUL.—The essence of lying is in deception, not in words. A lie may be told by silence.—*Ruskin.*

### SHE DID NOT MEAN TO DO TOO MUCH.

"How are you getting on in your new place?" asked a lady of a girl whom she had recommended for a situation.

"Very well, thanks."

"I am glad to hear it," said the lady. "Your employer is a nice person, and you cannot do too much for her."

"I don't mean to, ma'am," was the innocent reply.

HOW TO CURE SCANDAL.—The cultivation of good nature, and speaking of others as we would have them speak of us, according to the spirit of the golden rule, would very soon cure the moral disease of scandal in all who are afflicted with it.

BELOVED OF GOD.—The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor, and the poor who have the magnanimity of the rich.—*Saadi.*