AN AMERICAN WOMAN ON THE ENGLISH WORKING-GIRL.

WHEN I first started out in my "disguises" amongst 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 employment 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,' though the wants were few, and, with a reasonable mistrust, 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 servant's 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 a week to fifteen shillings a week; yet I could not help being impressed with the thought that they were not 'underpaid.' They were 'underworkers,' acting only in accordance with the instructions of the forens, 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.

"I suppose 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.)

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 grieve 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 who asked what she thought of one of her neighbours of the name of Jones, with a knowing look replied:—"Well, 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."