DOMESTIC SERVICE.

Badenoch Arms. Her patient had talked to her of Robina, and had shown her Robina's farewell letter, and the nurse had asked to be allowed to show it to the Infant-mistress, as she knew she had taken interest in the lost girl. The mistress of the public-house had given permission, and had said Miss Soutar could keep the letter if she liked, together with two or three other trifles which Robina had left behind her.

The pitiful little parcel lay on Miss Soutar's table. The old nurse had said that the innkeeper's wife did not seem to like to destroy them, and did not seem to want to keep them. And indeed that might well be the description of anybody's feeling towards such relics.

There was a little, dirty, ill-used birthday book. Robina's name and an old date were written on the fly-leaf, and scattered through the pages were other MacTavish names, painfully written in poor, faded ink. Then there were a few childish scrapbooks—records, thought Morag, of Robina's first situation. Then girls' Christian names only, in showy flourishes—Kathie and Maggie and Nellie—and then men's names (Nigle names), written (perhaps not always by their owners) in vulgar levity, with all sorts of notes of exclamation or interrogation, mocking the quaint little verses of poetry assigned to each date. And the book smelled of beer and tobacco.

Then there was a silver finger-ring, with "Mizpah" engraved on it; an old marker of perforated card, worked with the words, "To my dear sister," and sewn upon a piece of tartan ribbon; an old valentine, whose strongly-indicated folds showed that it had lain by for years—it was a picture of a windmill and a church, with a couple hand-in-hand, apparently walking from the one to the other; among its border of hearts and forget-me-nots was the printed inscription, "For my Sweetheart," but on the back, in clumsy, laborious writing, were the lines—

"The lily's white, the violet's blue,

The rose is sweet, and so are you."

Then, last, fresh and new, beside its battered surroundings, there was Morag's poor little Christmas card. Robina had not cared to take the "Best wishes" that had reached her on the very eve of her flight.

Miss Soutar let Morag read Robina's letter to the publican's wife. It ran—

"Don't be frightened about me. I'm all right. I'd got to go, and there was no use making a fuss. I'll fall on my feet. I've made my bed and I must lie on it—and not such a bad bed either! Don't be surprised if I come back in a carriage and pair. I won't pass the Badenoch Arms without stopping, and then that wouldn't look at me now will then say I always had my good points."

"That is all that the newspaper-man founded his story on," said Miss Soutar, and the Badenoch Arms people did not contradict him, for the romance and the mystery brought custom to the house. The nurse says the newspaper-man himself is one who is always hanging about the bar, and has a long score. And very likely that paragraph has turned a dozen silly girls into barmoids, or would-be barmoids. By such base breath the public weathercock is blown!"

Morag Henderson carried away with her from Nigle two gifts. The one was from Miss Soutar, and was a small, strong album, with Miss Soutar's own photograph therein. The other was a dress-piece of light-grey merino. That actually was bestowed by Mrs. Cay. It had lain in that lady's wardrobe for six years, having been presented to her by one of her sons' wives, when she was only a prospective and propitiatory daughter-in-law. Mrs. Cay considered it too "light" for her own wear. But Morag knew nothing of all this, and was highly gratified by this tardy mark of approbation.

"Be sure and show it to your Aunt Rebecca, and tell her that I gave it to you," said Mrs. Cay, "because she will be pleased to know that I must have been satisfied with you!" In her own heart she added, "Rebecca Henderson can't call me stingy, after that."

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

AS REVEALED IN

THE PAPERS SENT IN FOR COMPETITION CALLED

"MY DAILY ROUND."

This competition has done much to dispel many erroneous notions which have been tenaciously held for many years concerning domestic service generally, and the bond between mistress and maid particularly, and if for nothing else it has done good service; it has cleared the atmosphere and given us a chance of seeing things as they are, and we thank the competitors, one and all, for the honest, fearless way in which they have put their daily round before us.

It is the fashion to think that between mistress and maid there is an ever-existing antagonism, and that the old-fashioned servant, living for many years in the same situation, has died out: the majority of our competitors tell quite a different story—for example:

"I am a general servant and have been with my present mistress for twenty-three years."

"I came to my mistress twenty-two years ago. Sons and daughters all grown up but were all babies when I came to this my first situation. My mistress does all she can to make things pleasant for me."

"Mistress is a true friend; have been here seven years."

"I have been here ten years; I do the washing, baking and gardening. Mistress very kind."

"I have been here seven years and a half; it is my first place. Mistress is very kind, a true friend."

"The five years I have spent in this house have been happy ones."

"I have been here at the age of 16 and have remained for over 13 years."

"I am working housekeeper, have been in my situation nine years and hope to remain here until I retire to my cottage which I have had built."

"I have been here seven years; my mistress says I have been a comfort in her home."

"My mistress is always most kind and studies our comfort; have been here five years."

This is the tone and length of service of
the majority of the two hundred and twenty-two servants who sent in papers; some few found fault with the mistresses for being thoughtless, flippant, and late in giving orders, the result, I believe, was the happier they
seem; they are up at five in the morning, and at
work the whole day; this is usually the case with dairymaids, kitchenmaids, farm-
maids, and household maids.
A farm-servant says:  "I never worked so
hard in my life and have never felt better in
health."
A mixture of general servant and dairy-
maiden. Mr. Elysho said:  "My daily round is
so very busy one; there is hardly a moment
day all that can get some quiet and leisure."
Here is the work of a for I get here every day
up at six. The kitchen, and while the dust
is "pitching" gets the sitting-room in order,
prepares breakfast, feeds the poultry, three
hours at the kitchen, three hours at the dairy,
and three hours at the little girl.
After breakfast she cleans away and goes to
the dairy, where she makes every-thing clean, and then goes upstairs, makes the
beds and keeps the rooms in order. After
a while at the kitchen she cleans the kitchen, as diner is over and she has washed up, she
goes out to feed the ducks, chickens, and
Turkeys; she then cleans the knives and
makes herself tidy, then gives them the little girl
lessons, including music.
When she has prepared tea she goes out
to look up the eggs and give the poultry supper. After tea she washes up and helps in the
darling. It is now about six o'clock, and she
can sit down to needlework until it is time to
get the children's supper; she then bathes
them and puts them to bed. This makes a
supper at nine o'clock. After this meal she
lays the kitchen-fire for the morning, clears
away the supper and goes to bed. In the
summer she is much busier, because of the
heating and a greatly-increased number of
poultry. She finishes up by saying:  "Mine
is a very busy day, round, I have very few
idle moments, I am generally happy. I have
such a kind mistress, and I like her very
dearly."
The most unsatisfactory position appears to
be that of 'lady-help,' she is supposed to go
to the drawing-room not to the kitchen. One
says:  "When we have a party I sit and chat
in the drawing-room for a short time; this is
one of my worst trials, because when I am with the
way, because I am sure some of them look down on me,
I cannot stand it; the servants too are
jealous of me."
And another says:  "The
want of respect and consideration is very
marked, and I feel that a 'lady-help' is, so
to speak, all 'help' without the 'lady.'"
One thing has struck us very much in
looking through the papers, which is the late
hour at which servants as a rule rise; consi-
ering the enormous amount of work to be
done before eight o'clock, this is allowed for it seems to us so little; it seems
that something has to be omitted, either the
toilette, or the prayers, or the work.
The principle which governs domestic
service nowadays appears to be "Forbear-
ance on all hands." Servants claim to be
considered as flesh and blood with the failings, desires and longings which belong to human beings, which is quite
right.
Mistresses, on their side, expect to be
faithfully served for the wages asked and
received, and it seems to us from the papers,
that the modern idea of service, and that servants
are parting with many of the prejudices which
used to form a barrier between mistress and
maid, and thus it will be possible to have
happy home-life both upstairs and down.
The Aspirations of Servants.—Some girls
desire to bring sunshine into the lives of those
with whom they are connected, to cheer the
homes of those about them, to make the
room a home. Many of the competitors are
communicants.
Phrases.—In some parts of England the
competitors speak of "mashing" the tea,
"infusing" the "broiling" the carpet, "pitching" the dust and "making out" the
lights.
A few of the competitors are laundresses,
and it is interesting to learn something of
their work. One says, "I am what is called
a packer and sortor in a steam laundry. I
start work at seven in the morning and keep
on till four o'clock, and go to bed. When the work is first brought to be washed
I am to sort it into different lots and see if each has our mark on it. When all is
sorted I go into the packing-room and sort
the clean clothes putting them into the
different racks. The racks are square places
provided for the different families washing.
About eight girls are employed to do the
packing and sorting, and between sixty and
seventy in the laundry.
"I live close to my work and go home to
dine; only half the time allowed I practise
the harmonium."
Another says—
"Commenced work in the laundry at the age
of thirteen, and have worked at it for eleven
several years. Work in the laundry is arduous
at all times if carried on to any extent but as
with most work in getting used to it grew to
like it. We have no machinery but a wringing
machine so it all has to be done by hand;
neither do we use any chemicals nothing but
the best yellow soap and soda. Flannels and
coloured pieces must not be put into soda
water as it would cause them to shrink and
turn colour. Sunday is a day of rest sweet
and welcome to us as to all bakers. Laundry
work is in fine weather to be a dull, hard,
monotonous kind of work; this I think
depends upon whom we live and have to
work with. I do not think a young girl
should be kept entirely to laundry work as
she is kept from learning so many things
that are necessary to domestic life. After
a hard day's work in the laundry one does not
feel to want to sit at needlework in the
evening if there is an hour to spare before
time for the hands feel so stiff and
awkward; after washing therefore a good
book is very nice."
Another:—"I am a laundry-maid living at
a boy's school where there are sixty-five
persons. With help three and a week I
wash and iron for fifty-six of them house
and table-linen included. I begin each
morning at seven then the heavier things we do
through a machine, scrub them and do them
together at the end of the day; after washing then we
put them into the copper. Some people object to the scrubbing
by the hands though I have none to do but I believe if a
person, especially a young woman, has a will and has
work and has set times for different things
and comes to them she will find work as easy
again."
"I am head of three laundrymaids in a
gentleman's private cottage laundry. We
are all ourselves and the house is our own.
We finish our days work at half past eight
and have supper at nine; there is then an
hour we can spend as we please in reading
or music. We cannot be out after nine
without permission from the steward and
must not go out for a night without
permission of the mistress。
Our work does not leave us much time to
go out except on Saturdays and Sundays.
Wages 25s. 1Ls. 14s."
Ironer in a collar factory says:—"Ironing
though seeming simple to an onlooker is
really a profession of its own and requires
a large amount of skill; the way to iron has to be learned—iron the materials the right way of the threads, to give due and not too
soil it and last not least to be able to give
a good and entire finish to it and show that
it was ironed by one who is thoroughly
able to handle the work properly and lightly so as not
to iron too hard."
"The materials for our work consists of an
ironing slab, ironing clothes, and ironing
ironing. The stone slabs are supplied to us
gratis by the firm while we have to pay for
the blanket and calico, the former costs a
shilling and the latter is supplied to us at two
pence a yard."
Another collar-ironer says:—"Old unused
heaters are called 'trills.' It takes about
two hours to iron twelve collars. We pay
each week eighteenpence for heaters. The box irons are rubbed first
on a piece of old calico which has a piece of
Japanese wax tied in the corner; this cleaning
prevents the box iron from sticking to the wet
starched work. By nine o'clock we ought
to finish off about a gross but this is not
always the case and that depends upon different
topics and what we have read."
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

"MY DAILY ROUND."

A COMPETITION FOR ALL GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.

HE present competition seems to stand out from all others in its intense reality and significance; for it is not simply a matter of superior knowledge on any given subject, but rather a vivid living picture of some hundreds of girls dwelling in all parts of the empire, engaged in every variety of work, and performing their daily round before our eyes, and they have placed the pictures so graphically and minutely before us that, after regarding them with great care, we seem to be quite familiar with every class of work, whether it be that of the tailor, the weaver, the domestic servant, the teacher, the cow-girl, the turnip-clipper, the nurse, the shop-girl, the dairymaid, or the farm-servant.

The papers, four hundred and eighty in number, are all so good that it has required the greatest care to select for the prizes. Of course they are not all equally grammatical or equally well written, but there is an amount of earnest care bestowed on each quite wonderful, when one thinks of the little leisure these girls have. The tone of the papers is remarkably good.

The characters of the various competitors, all unconsciously, come out strongly in their papers, and it is amusing to notice their little peculiarities cropping up during the one day they have permitted us to see them as they are.

We think our minds may be at rest on one point, viz., that domestic servants will not fail victims to the new disease which a New York physician has been explaining to the world—a sort of mania, mental derangement resulting from early rising, and which has been described as "mutilating mania."

The aspirations of the girls may be seen in the way they spend their small amount of leisure, and their descriptions of life are so fresh and interesting, that it has been determined to give some extracts from the papers in one or two short articles.

As there was some little misunderstanding among the competitors as to whether the papers were to be written on foolscap sheet or page, the length has not been allowed to disqualify the competitors.

For graphic description of "My Daily Round," for presenting it clearly before the understanding, and for creating an interest in it to those who read it, the following have been selected for prizes and for honourable mention:—

PRIZE WINNERS.

FIRST PRIZE, £5 5s.

"Ivy," Tailoress, Gravesend, Kent.

SECOND PRIZE, £4 4s.

"Viollet," District Nurse, Amblecote, Westmoreland.

THIRD PRIZE, £3 3s.

Eliza Hall, Cardboard-Box maker, 2, Brick Street, Derby.

FOURTH PRIZE, £2 2s.

"Viollet," Factory-girl, Florence Street, Glasgow.

FIFTH PRIZE, £1 1s.

Heather, Turnip Clipper, Highlands. (Please send full name and address to the Editor.)

Honourable Mention:

1. Mary E. Wills, Apprentice to Artist Photographer, Oswestry, Salop.
2. Clara Trace, Corset-Maker, Eastville, Bristol.
4. Adelaide S. Notton, Dairymaid, Newport.
5. E. E. Whaley, Tie-maker, Pekham.
6. J. T. McCorm, Weaver, Glasgow.
7. Rose Fox, Cotton-weaver, Belford-Leigh.
9. Mary Blacklock, Farm Servant, North Tyne.
11. Eileen Walrond (Viollet), Cheddar Cheese Maker, Beaminster.
13. Alice Meek, Peeler, Millers.
15. S. A. Wallken, Cotton-weaver, Lancashire.
16. Florence Abbott, Cook-General, Kent.
17. Nellie Webster, Servant and Housekeeper, Kerrieruuir.
23. Elizabeth Rennkauff, Dressmaker, Camberwell.
25. Beatrice May Draper, Cook, Southsea.

Should any of our hand-working girls care to have another competition of this kind we will gladly arrange for it if a few such girls would let us know by letter or post-card.

THE EDITOR.

MY DAILY ROUND.*

My occupation is that of a tailor's assistant. It is by no means what (if I had had my own way) I should have chosen. It was always my ambition to be a teacher, but Providence willed it otherwise. I have felt inclined at times to be somewhat discontented with "my daily round," but as I grow older I see more and more plainly that my path has been marked out by Him who never makes a mistake, and who is too wise to err, too good to be unknown. I am twenty-five years of age, and work at home with my only sister, whom, both working together, I shall have at times, to include. Our united efforts support the home, and we live with our widowed mother, who does the housework and gets our meals.

We made overcoats, jackets, and waistcoats, but our principal work was wincosats. We have to do as well, what is always a nuisance in the busy time, alterations and repairs. Sometimes during the day a jacket will be sent to have the sleeves shortened, or a vest wanting a new back, or perhaps the buttonholes want reworking. This may not sound much to do, but often it puts the day's work entirely behind-hand, and we are unable to finish what we could easily have done had we had no hindrance. Our hours of work are various. We have our busy, very busy, and slack time. During the busy season we reckon to work from half-past six in the morning till half-past seven at night, and when very busy we often work from 5 A.M. till nine or ten at night. We continue very busy from Easter till after Whitsuntide, about eight weeks, and those eight weeks seem like eight months. Often by the end of the day we get so tired that we can scarcely hold our needle for very weariness. I have often said I should like to count the number of stitches I make during one of those days out of curiosity. Our slack time commences in October and November, but our quietest season is after Christmas, during January, February, and the beginning of March. At this time we have some very quiet weeks indeed, but we have ever proved the truth of the Scripture which says, "The Lord will provide," and then we employ ourselves in making our underclothing and dresses. The payment for our work varies with the kind of vest we have to make, but on an average we are paid about 2s. 3d. each.

weekly wages are scarcely ever the same, but on reckoning up I find we earn on an average 29s. weekly. We are employed at three shops, and although it is rather a hard push in the summer to satisfy them all, we find it only too easy to do so in the winter. Two of our employers are exceedingly kind to us. One especially. For instance. A few weeks ago, my sister, whilst pressing, burnt a forepart of a vest. She took it at once to the shop (I must say, somewhat in fear and trembling), but our employer was most kind over it. He said he never blamed anyone for an accident, and was only angry when he knew these things to happen through carelessness. This same master has shown us how to improve many little things in connection with the work, which has been most helpful, and I am sure such masters as he lose nothing by their kindness. One of our employers is a man very hard to please. He seldom, if ever, gives encouragement and is a man of very little patience. However, everyone has to take the bitter with the sweet, and I cannot help feeling thankful we have two kind masters to one the contrary. If during the busy season we are unable to do the amount of work required, or one of us should be ill, it is a serious inconvenience and loss to the firm. At that

* This essay is printed exactly as written, without any correction whatever. We hope to print the remaining prize essays next month.—Ed.
time every tailor and tailoress is fully employed, and we have known it to be most difficult to get an extra "hand" during the busy season.

I have said that our principal work is waistcoats, and of these we make many different kinds. There are livery-vests, made of hard fawn or blue cloth, dress-vests for evening wear, clerkmen’s, made to button to throat with a small stand collar, also double-breasted, bound, ordinary tread, corduroy, as well as white and fancy vests for summer wear. An ordinary busy day’s work to us would be to make four vests, and such a day’s work I am going to describe. We were roused one bright summer’s morning at six o’clock by mother knocking overhead, and although we would fain slumber on, we must get up at once if we are to finish our day’s work in good time.

We commence work about half-past six, having to make a bound vest, a fancy black, a grey tweed, and a youth’s blue serge. My sister does all the fitting-up, pressing, etc., whilst my work is principally machining and hand-sewing. First of all the four backs are taken from the vests and given to me to machine. This gives me employment for a short time, while my sister is binding the waist, cutting buttonholes marked, and vests ready on the machine. Everybody knows that getting work ready for the machine is a part of the actual machining, and so we get the weights of the vest to be bound ready for binding, so that while I am sewing the braid on these by hand, more work can be ready for me.

For an hour and a half we are both hard at work on the pockets, sewing on the weights, pressing open the seams, binding them ready for stitching, then stitching them across with silk or binding, as the case may be, pressing them again, and then basting the weights down ready for the pockets to be sewn. They are not all quite as forward as this, however, when we hear what is always a most welcome sound—a call from mother that “breakfast is ready,” and we are usually quite ready for it.

During the busy time we never take more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to breakfast, then up to work sharp again, if we are to be ready by half-past ten. Now, feeling better for our meal, we finish our pockets and get the canvases basted in, and then I can say good-bye to the machine for two hours at least, for I have twenty or thirty to go, and take me five minutes each. I get rather tired of sitting by the end of that time, and a bit tired of the ticking of the clock, and that in the meantime the canvases have been pored and stay-taped; also several facings sewn round, and the seam pressed open ready for me to put in my hand, and do, being very glad of the change. When this is done the vest to be bound is ready for binding, and now I sit down again until dinner-time.

This takes me an hour to bind, and then comes the buttonholes, all of which I have to work. These I work in the four vests straight off.

There are, as a rule, seven buttonholes in most vests, six for the buttons and one for the watch-chain. Sometimes, however, customers prefer not to have a chain-hole, and I must confess I prefer it too, for when one has a considerable number to work right off, one less is a consideration. I can work a button-hole in half an hour, but that is my quickest. I have often tried to work them in less time, but have never succeeded. I keep on at these until dinner is ready, about one o’clock. Then we just sit there and work, and return to work at once. This sounds rather hard, perhaps, that we should have no rest, but sometimes I begin to think it feels hard, the thought of those days when we have only too much rest to do, and then I cannot help feeling thankful that it is necessary to return to work immediately after dinner.

The afternoon is as a rule very quiet, except for a short time just before two o’clock, when we usually have a visitor. This is a friend of ours, a milliner, and dinner hour she runs in to see us, and her visit, although short, is often a nice little break in the day’s routine. I must say, however, that we do not care for many visitors in our workroom. They hinder us far more than one would suppose. We have found again and again, that to finish a fixed quantity of work in a day, the whole thought and attention is wanted, and this cannot be given when there are people about. I am usually sitting all the afternoon. I finish my buttonholes a quarter to four, and then find that one of the canvases is pressed in, and the lining basted in ready for me to work. All the time I have been at work my sister has by no means been idle. She has had to get the foreparts ready for me to work the buttonholes. The edges of the grey tweed, fancy black and blue serge, have had to be basted, pressed, double-stitched with silk, and many more things have had to be done, scarcely worth mentioning, perhaps, but which takes more time than one would imagine. And now I am busy filling the linings in. These take two hours in each, and I get about four filled in before tea. This is rather a hurried meal, but a cup of tea greatly refreshes us, and we feel all the better for it.

After tea whilst I am finishing the linings, each one of which has got ready for me, my sister commences basting in the backs of those that have been filled, then machining, and getting them in a condition for me to put the armholes in before tea. This is rather a humdrum, but a cup of tea greatly refreshes us, and we feel all the better for it.

And after this I am finishing the linings, each one of which has got ready for me, my sister commences basting in the backs of those that have been filled, then machining, and getting them in a condition for me to put the armholes in before tea. This is rather a humdrum, but a cup of tea greatly refreshes us, and we feel all the better for it.

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THE GIRL’S OWN PAPER

through them. There is no other light in the room, for the light-bright has long since gone, sputtering out, so hardly anything is visible.

It is cold too, and cheerless. And what a long time it will be before the servants stir and someone comes in with the morning cup of tea or chocolate. Slumber still seals every eye in the house, and she would not dream of depriving anyone of her rest. That would be selfish, she thinks. So will lie and count the weary minutes till grandfather’s clock on the stair-case grunts out the hour of night.

How she wishes she could only get off to sleep again! She longs and tries, on this side and on that; but all in vain. The very pillow has hardened its heart against her, and the attempt to sleep only sets her brain on fire and unnerves her with a disagreeable train of thought to another.

Happy birds begin to sing—if she is a dweller in the quiet, green country—sparrows, lark, cocks crow in the distance, and every sound near or afar tells that God’s world is awakening to the joy and gladness of another day.

But she—“Oh, dear! oh, dear!” she says, half aloud. “Will it never, never be morning?”

Now, reader, if this paper of mine does not do other things, it will at least, if nothing else, show the convalescent or the weakly, who awake between the dark and the daylight, it will not, I think, be written in vain. Sleep, you must know, is essential to all of us; but it is life itself to the invalid. The strong can do with probably only five hours, if the work of the day has been performed out of doors. We should also remember that while some people can sleep more in three hours than others can in ten, and seven hours of genuine slumber does anyone more good than a dozen if the sleep be indifferent and disturbed by worrying dreams. You see, one cannot sleep healthily unless blood almost completely departs from the brain, leaving no more in the millions of tiny, hair-like branching blood-vessels, than is sufficient to carry on a species of organic life.

The most perfect form of sleep we are acquainted with in Nature is probably that into which the trees fall during the winter. Yonder, for example, is a great symmore nodding in the breeze just outside my window while I write. It is leafless and bare and unconscious. When summer winds rustles its bonnie branches, and summer sunshine glitters on every leaf, that tree was conscious of a feeling of gentle warmth if nothing else, and had anyone lopped a limb from it, though incapable of feeling pain, the wound would at least have felt cold. But now the tree is wrapped in deepest slumber. It seems dead and yet it is alive, and already buds are beginning to shoot out on every twig. The life is there to be natural. By-and-by the sap will return, and it will once more awaken.

I have told you of the tiny blood-vessels of the brain. They are elastic as to their walls, and small though they be, they are supplied by nerves still smaller.

Note this now: If the tone of the body and nerves is well and the heart is strong enough on both sides; if sufficient open air exercise is taken every day; if sufficient food and no more is taken, and if the mind is easy and free from care and anxiety, then bad sleep is a sheer impossibility.

But during illness of some kinds, and especially during convalescence, the body is weak, and the nerves which increase the contraction of those tiny blood-vessels, and are thus the motor force which compels the expulsion of the blood, have greatly lost their power, and it is to sleep that the body and mind resort.

At that hour of the morning then, between the dark and the daylight, the body is at its weakest, the heart at its feeblest point. It is sick and tired, and at this time the limp of life is more apt to flicker and go out than at any other period of the day or night.

And now I stand face to face with the question, how is the fitful sleep of the invalid or convalescent to be rendered more healthful, and that weary early waking prevented? Manifestly by strengthening the muscles and nerves, and so restoring the balance of nature to yourself.

Your doctor may well be trusted with the medicinal treatment of your case, but I want you to remember that your doctor cannot be always with you.

Besides, while drugs that tend to tone the liver and elevate the constitution do much good when skillfully administered, narcotics or sleeping draughts are as a rule worse than useless.

Your mainstay is food.

Food that can be easily digested. Food before going to sleep. Food, not dull, dull food, that can be taken early in the morning between the dark and the daylight.

This enables the convalescent to get a firmer hold of life; it tones the nerves and restores resiliency to the brain capillaries.

If one has a nurse—well and good; but convalescents seldom have. Therefore—and I wish I could put it in stronger language—the midnight snack or the little early morning meal should invariably be placed near at hand the night before. Have what you like. That is the rule, and I would not even forbid a spoonful or two of wine. But an egg with a morsel of bread and butter, washed down with a mouthful of milk, is excellent. So is milk pudding, blanc-mange, arrowroot, or bovril with toast. The bovril can be kept hot over a night-light.

The food that is tasty is more likely to digest, because it excites the flow of the salivary glands. Contrary to the generally received opinion, a morsel of cheese is some-

It may interest you to hear a little about my work, so I will give you just a short sketch of my work for one day. I am a district-nurse, and we have a cottage in a country village in a small cottage in a country village. I am a district-nurse, and we have a cottage in a large village in a large village in a large village. I am a district-nurse, and we have a cottage in a small village in a small village in a small village. I am a district-nurse, and we have a cottage in a large village in a large village in a large village.

Usually I rise at seven, and help with household work until about ten, attending to patients who are well enough to come to me to their homes attended to. It is impossible to work just to time, but I always try to be ready for the doctor and to have my meals ready about five o’clock. My first patient to-day was a boy to have a very badly-cut finger dressed. Then I went to see an old-year-old baby, having an abscess to be dressed.

My first visit was to an old woman very ill of bronchitis. I washed her and made the bed, and also dressed her bad leg, in the meantime getting to know all about the night she had passed, and giving hints as to her food, and anything likely to be a comfort to her.

My next visit was to a poor old man, who, unfortunately, had got a bed-sores before I was sent for to attend him. I found him very weak and very weary. So whilst I was washing him, and dressing his poor back, we had a chat. I told him of a dea old patient I once went to see in a workhouse infirmary, and him to bed, with his face covered by the sheet; and asking him why he had his face covered, he said, “Oh, it is nice to feel alone sometimes in this big world, but God is so good, he is taking away a little at a time to make us glad to go sleep.

My next patient is a poor little motherless girl of seven, who was badly burnt three months ago; it was a dreadful bad case, and took me several hours daily. Now she is doing so well, the dressing only took about twenty minutes to-day. Whilst I am preparing the dressing she always cries, but as soon as she is dressed she is quite good; and as I put on the last bandage, her face beams with pleasure to think the dressing is finished, and it is again. To-day I had to admire a beautiful doll, which some kind friend had sent her.

I always enjoy a little play with the sick children if possible, and indeed many of the children seem to think I go just to amuse them—one little sick boy saying to his mother, when it got to evening and I had not been in to see him, “Oh, isn’t nurse coming to play ball with me to-day?”

My next visit was to a poor woman with rheumatic gout. I bandaged her poor painful hand, and gave her a little medicine as possible, and also sent for the doctor, as she was looking worse than when I had seen her the day before. I was also called in to see a neighbour, who had a sore throat.

My next patient was a boy with a carbuncle on his neck; his mother had been dressing it with a slice of raw bacon! It was most inflamed and painful, so I bathed it well with hot water, and applied a water dressing; I also ordered him some cool-liver oil, and was very pleased and surprised when he told me he liked it!

It was now one o’clock, so I was glad to go home to dinner. Almost before I had finished dinner a girl came with a badly-crushed finger. She was seen to the doctor the day before, and he sent her to me to have it dressed daily until well.

Then twenty minutes’ rest in an easy chair, with an interesting book. Out again at 2.15 to another part of the parish, where I had a patient, a young girl, who had been in bed a month, and who was delighted to be told she might come down to tea.

My next patient had varicose veins, which I had to bandage; I also gave her a sister a bandage (part of my work being to teach people to help each other). I was then asked to go and see a neighbour, whom I found in bed with influenza; I did nothing at all except give her a few simple drugs. Then off to another part of the parish to see a poor man, an incurable case, who was going to be moved to the workhouse infirmary, some miles away. I wished him, and made him as
MY DAILY ROUND.

I think district nursing one of the happiest things a woman can work at, and very healthy work; the long walks unde the harm a nurse may get by working in close, stuffy, sick rooms. And it is such a happy feeling to think you have made a few poor sufferers a little easier.

I declare the statement in this paper to be true.

"VIOLET."

District Nurse,
Westmorland.

THIRD PRIZE ESSAY (53 38).

DEAR READER.—I am going to write you a few lines about my own work, for I feel that working girls of our day ought to know more about each other, and have a feeling of fellow sympathy and love one for the other, especially for those girls who are poorer than ourselves and who perhaps have to work a great deal harder — indeed money for that purpose.

Now I want you to suppose for a little while, that you are going to view the place or work-shop, in which I pass a larger part of the day, I suppose ten minutes. A ten minute walk will bring me to the work-shop, you ask what it is, well it is Card-board Box Manufacturing, and these works cover an area, of 2,500 square yards, frontage with street yards frontage to the street, and will be found one of the most complete manufacturers of its kind in the midland counties, they are well lighted and properly fitted up for the making of boxes.

Now we will go inside, when we get inside the porch you see two doors, one leads to a neat room or office in which the master receives his friends, or persons who come about the work, that is not the door we want so we will go through the other one, this brings us into the part of the work-shop which I work in. Before we go round, I must tell you that not only boxes are made, but bobbins, pattern-cards, stars, &c. in fact all cardboard goods in immense quantities. All the bobbins and pattern-cards are made for the silk mills, pattern-cards are so called, because of the many patterns of silk or cotton card that is fixed on them. Now I want you to suppose you are anxious to see how boxes are made, about sixty girls are engaged in making the boxes, First of all on Monday morning at 8 Oclock, at which time we start work, and the girls to their respective corners, the desk, and work is given them in their books according to which orders are in, suppose a girl as in her book a Gross of small square boxes which are used for holding reels of cotton. She would first of all get the cardboard for the boxes, which would be cut the required size under a 12 inch guillotine, they are then passed to the scorer which slightly indent the board, the corners are then cut out by a corner cutting machine, when the box can be bent to the required size; it is now ready for the girl to take it to the table and fasten the corners together either with strong paper or linen, paper is required to cover the box and for this she goes to another machine and gets all she requires for covering the box and lid, this process go on day by day, but of course different payment is made according to the size and quality of the box. One shilling ten pence is earned by nine shillings and sixpence per gross. It is very interesting to see the girls at their work.

Now for the patent folding boxes which are made by the machines, this is entirely a new department in box-making, and is the latest adaption, to the needs of our manufacturers, who send out their goods in boxes, but often have not room for the bulky article known as the ordinary lidded box. Folding boxes have many advantages, they are stowed away as compactly as the boards of which they are made, before manufacture, for instance, 3,000 folding boxes 12 in by 6 in by 5 in occupy no more room than a gross of ordinary lidded boxes. Therefore the handiest for use, and in less time than it takes to write, they are removed from the shelf, and goods inserted. The works are personally superintended, they have their work cut out for them, and fitted up with a great variety of the latest machines invented for box making.

Let us see what one of the patent folding box works look like, the cardboard pieces are cut and grooved to size, in the cutting or grooving machine, at one operation, this groover is a large machine, which, when passing the boards through its rollers and grooves the corners and across, which then can be bent into the shape required. Thence to the stamping machines which forms the shaped and tacked in ends; the box before going under this machine is perfectly flat, except for the groover marks. And finally the box goes to a most ingenious wire stitching machine, which stitches both the edges and sides of the box forming it into its right shape, this machine does its work with admirable precision; three stitching and three stitching turn out about 3,000 boxes per hour. They are then all washed in soda, glycerine, soap, Fullers earth, borax, butter, wine bottles, egg powders, sweets and many other things beside. I will mention at this part, that the younger girls work these machines and are paid from 25 6d to 35 per week, and for this they work from 8 am to 7 pm, we have one o’clock till two O’clock for dinner, and tea is at 5 pm.

Tea, milk, and sugar is found by the master for which we all pay two pence per week. The tea is mashed altogether in a large urn, which is always washed and cleaned. If you were to come could be in the shop at half-past 4 o’clock in the afternoon, you would perhaps be interested to see the way in which the tea is served out. First of all two young girls take mugs round to each girl at her table, these mugs belong to the works, and are provided for the use of the work people, while the two younger girls take the tea round, the tea is being mashed by an elder girl who deals it out to the other two girls, into milk cans which they take round, and all every mug with tea, then directly the check is up, all the boxes are a quite and pleasant half hour. Then the same girls that took the tea round, collect all the mugs after tea, and wash them up ready for the next day’s use.

But I must not forget to mention my own work, which is in making reels and bobbins, these machines are such work is simple and easy and can be learned easily, both the reels and bobbins are made for the use of silk, cord, braid and velvet ribbons, of which I converse you often see in the milliners shops; there are many different sizes required both in bobbins and reels, first of all I will tell you how I make the reels. A large quantity of cards are cut at one time, under the guillotine of which I have mentioned to you before, the card board for reels and bobbins is mostly stronger than that which is used for ordinary boxes. When the cards are all cut I take them to another machine, which cuts the square corners off the cards, then I go and get the pegs or small pieces of wood, whatever size I require them then I get a wooden frame made for the reel to fit in, with three holes in it. I then put a peg in each hole, fix a card on each side of the peg, and tack them to the pegs. A reel is simply three pieces of wood, put together with each other, with a card each side tacked to the pegs, for these I get 6d per gross which takes from one hour and a half to two hours in making.

Now I will tell you how the bobbins are made I have five different kinds, they are all made the same way, only the cards are cut in different shapes and sizes, but most of them are round cards. Now suppose the card is 4 to 8 inches round, this I take and punch a hole in the centre, with a punching machine, then I punch two round pieces of wood pulp, or thick soft, white cardboard, about one or two inches round, which are tucked to the card with this, I then make a square iron block with a small piece of round narrow iron in the centre, on which I fix the wood pulp and cards, for these I get three half pence for a gross of cards, which I can make in an hour. The cards that I make are finished by the box hands, they put a narrow gilt edge of paper round the cards, and fix them on to a tube which forms the bobbin, and finally they are put into boxes made for them.

I cannot explain to you much about box-making in its self, as I don’t make them, but I am expecting to leave the work soon which I have told you about, and go on a box table. We have a strict, but very good master, who will have his work much better and to everything clean and in perfect order. So on Saturday the girls clean their tables and floor, of course the room is swept every night by four of the young girls, but on Saturday it is done very well, and the girls that sweep, clean and polish the tea urn and cans, blacklead two stoves which the girls hot their dinners in during the week, all the mugs are washed again, and many other things are cleaned, the sweeping girls as we call them, get 8d or 9d each per week, which they collect from each of the elder girls for sweeping under the boxes.

There is nothing more left for me to tell about the work, I hope you will not find it dry, but work is often dry and hard to us, I think I would sit with another, and obey our Heavenly Masters commandments, and have love one for another. Our daily round would become a pleasure instead of a labour, and we could say in the lines of the dear old hymn.

Labour is sweet, for thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for thou hast cared.

E. HALL.
I declare the statement in this paper to be true.

E. H. Hall, Derby.

* * * These essays are printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of any kind.—Ed.
MY DAILY ROUND.

I think district nursing one of the happiest things a woman can work at, and very healthy work; the long walks under the warm sun may get by working in close, stuffy, sick rooms and it is such a happy feeling to think you have made a poor sufferer a little easier.

I declare the statement in this paper to be true.

"VIOLET."

District Nurse,
Westmorland.

THIRD PRIZE ESSAY (33 38).

DEAR READER,—I am going to write you a few lines about my own work, for I feel that working girls of our day ought to know more about each other, and have a feeling of fellow sympathy and love one for the other, especially for those girls who are poorer than ourselves and who perhaps have to work a great deal harder for their money for the same work. Now I want you to suppose for a little while, that you are going to view the place or workshop, in which I pass a larger part of the day, I mean the ten minutes that a walk will bring me to the workshop, you ask what it is, well it is Card-board Box Manufacturing, and these works cover an area, of 2,500 square feet, well ventilated with many yards frontage to the street, and will be found one of the most complete manufactories of its kind in the midland counties, they are well lighted and properly fitted up for the making of boxes.

Now we will go inside, when we get inside the porch you see two doors, one leads to a neat room or office in which the master receives his friends, or persons who come about the work, that is not the door we want so we will go through the other one, this brings us into the shop, where the work is done. Before we go round, I must tell you that not only boxes are made, but bobbins, pattern-cards, stars, &c. In fact all cardboard goods in immense quantities, and the bobbins and cards are made for the silk mills, pattern-cards are so called, because of the many patterns of silk or cotton cord that is fixed on them. Now I am sure you are anxious to see how boxes are made, about seventy six girls are engaged in making the boxes. First of all on Monday morning at 8 o'clock, at which time we start work, the boxes arrive from the boxes to the table and listen to the corners together either with strong paper or linen; now paper is required to cover the box and for this she goes to another machine and gets all she requires for covering the box and lid, this process goes on day by day, but of course different payment is made according to the size of the boxes. These shelling box work is nine shillings and sixpence per gross. It is very interesting to see the girls at their work.

Now for the patent folding boxes which are made by the machines, this is entirely a new department in box-making, and is the latest adaption, to the needs of our manufacturers, who send out their goods in boxes, but often have not room for the bulky article known as the ordinary lidded box. Folding boxes have many advantages, they are stowed away as compactly as the boards of which they are made, before manufacture, for instance, 3,000 folding boxes 12 in by 6 by 5 in occupy no more room than a gross of ordinary lidded boxes. Therefore the handlest for use, and in less time than it takes to write, they are removed from the shelf and goods inserted. The works are personally superintendent, they are arranged in every care and fitted up with a great variety of the latest machines invented for box making.

Let us see what one of the patent folding boxes looks like. The cards are cut and grooved to size, in the cutting or grooving machine, at one operation, this groovers is a large machine, which, when passing the boards through, breaks them down and cuts across, which then can be bent into the shape required. Thence to the stamping machines which forms the shaped and tucked in ends; the box before going under this machine is perfectly flat, except for the groover marks. And finally the box goes to a most ingenious wire stitching machine, which stitches both the sides, the front, and the back of the box into its right shape, this machine does its work with admirable precision; three stamping and three stitching turn about 3,000 boxes per hour. The boxes are then used for tea, gelly powder, soap, Fullers earth, bonbons, butter, wine bottles, egg powder, sweets and many other things besides. I will mention at this particular part, that the younger girls work on these machines and are paid from 25 to 50 per week, and for this they work from 8 am to 7 pm, we have one oolock till two Oclock for dinner. In bringing the tea, milk, tea, sugar and bread is the master for which we all pay two pence per week. The tea is mashed altogether in a large urn, which is always open on the door. If you could be in the shop at half past 4 o'clock in the afternoon, you would perhaps be interested to see the way in which the tea is served out. First of all two young girls take mugs round to each girl at her table, these mugs belong to the works, and are provided for the use of the work people, while the two younger girls take the tea round, the tea is being mixed by an elder girl who deals it out to the other two girls, into milk cans which they take round, and all every mug with tea, then directly the clock ticks five we all have a quite and pleasant half hour. Then the same girls that took the tea round, collect all the mugs after tea, and wash them up ready for the next day's use.

But I must not forget to mention my own work, which is in making reels and bobbins, these materials are very light work and can be learned easily, both the reels and bobbins are made for the use of silk cord, braid and velvet ribbons, of which I creeping often see in the milliners shops; there are many different sizes required both in bobbins and reels, first of all I will tell you how I make the reels. A large quantity of cards are cut at one time, under the guillotine of which I have mentioned to you before, the card board for reels and bobbins is mostly stronger than that which is used for ordinary boxes. When the cards are all cut I take them to another machine, which cuts the square corners off the cards, then I go and get the pegs or small pieces of wood, whatever size I require them then I get a wooden frame made for the reel to fit in, with three holes in it. Then I put a peg in each hole, fix a card on each side of the frame, and tack them to the pegs. A reel is simply three pieces of wood, one of each, with a card each side tucked to the pegs, for these I get 6d per gross which takes from one hour and a half to two hours in making.

Now I will tell you how the bobbins are made. I have five different kinds, they are all made the same way, the only cards are cut in different shapes and sizes, but most of them are round cards. Now suppose the card is from 4 to 8 inches round, this I take and punch a hole in the centre, with a punching machine, then I punch two round pieces of wood pulp, or thick soft, white cardboard, about one or two inches round, which are tacked to the card with this machine, like this make a square iron block with a small piece of round narrow iron in the centre, on which I fix the wood pulp and cards, for these I get three half pence for a gross of cards, which I can make in an hour. The cards that I make are finished by the hands, they put a narrow gift edge of paper round the cards, and fix them to a card in a tube which forms the bobbin, and finally they are put into boxes made for them.

I cannot explain to you much about box-making in its self, as I don't make them, but I am expecting to leave the work soon which I have told you about, and go on a box table. We have a strict, but very good master, who will have his own work. I am always good and clean, and everything clean and in order perfect. So on Saturday the girls clean their tables and floor, of course the room is swept every night by four of the young girls, but on Saturday it is done very well, and the girls that sweep, clean, and polish the tea urn and cans, blacklead two stoves which the girls hot their dinners in during the week, all the mugs are washed and polished again, and many other things are cleaned, the sweeping girls as we call them, get 8d or 9d each per week, which they collect from each of the older girls for sweeping under their beds.

There is nothing more left for me to tell about the work, I hope you will not find it dry, but work is often dry and hard to us, I think I could work with one another, and obey our heavenly masters, commitments, and have love one for another. Our daily round would become a pleasure instead of a labour, and we could say in the lines of the dear old hymn.

Labour is sweet, for thou hast toiled.
And care is light, for thou hast cared.

ELIZA HALL.

I declare the statement in this paper to be true.

Eliza Hall, Derby.

* These essays are printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of anything.—Ed.
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

MY DAILY ROUND.

FOURTH PRIZE ESSAY (2s. 6d.).

NELLIE, get up at once, or you will be late, and the first words that greet my ears as I awake to-day. Late I echo as I jump out of bed and look at the watch hanging on a nail on the wall. Clocks are not depended on in our house, they are always behind time, therefore, I am not in the habit of getting up at seven. I am ready for breakfast, about a quarter past seven, being the youngest, I am sent for the milk, my big sister makes the breakfast. When I bring the milk we all sit down to breakfast. How I enjoy a cup of tea in the morning. At twenty minutes to eight I am ready for the road. It is raining. Dad, tells me to put on my old waterproof. I glance at it hanging in the lobby, shall I put it on, I wonder, its rather shabby, but then, it will keep me dry. As I stand wondering whether to don it or not, I hear a voice saying Nellie, if you don't hurry up you will be locked out, so I snatch up my umbrella and ran. Hurry along the street, but it is so wet that I am compelled to take the car. I see one comming laden with passengers, as it does not stop until it reaches the station, I pick up courage and run after it.

Now, I knew my hat was reclining gracefully on one side of my head. I knew my skirt was flapping in a most unbecoming manner. But I run on and try to look as if it were the most pleasant thing in the world, to run after a train, especially when one is short of wind. I find every seat occupied by men, while up above the centre stands double row of ladies. One man who thinks he is somebody orders the ladies to stand up a bit, while he takes up the room of two. The car reaches the cross and I jump out, and proceed on my way to the warehouse. Girls are hurrying from all corners, and as they shake the water off their cloaks they exclaim, delightful morning delightful weather we are having. The warehouse is on the top floor, so we have to climb three flights of stairs. I can assure you there are plenty of groans heard on all sides. One suggests that the master ought to have a hoist for the girls. And the other says, with the head of the girls, when petition when it is brought out, but all nonsense is stopped when I voice exclam's you are all locked out. Then there is a rush for the door, but alas, too late the door is shut and about six of us are on the wrong side of the door. For a moment there is perfect silence. But something must be done with try knocking gently on a gentle kick but it is of no use, we will need to sit on the stairs for an hour. I look for a seat and find a chair minus a back and a leg but it is better than nothing, but I am only allowed one half of the chair. Nera White insists on taking the other half so let her have it after a bit of a struggle. I had thought for some time that I would be locked out. I can't I would not spend a half penny on a car, you no room to talk said another if you had come away from home without your breakfast you would have something to grumble about. But all things come to him that wait's, and at last the door is opened as the clock strikes nine. The forewoman looks at us reproachfully over her spectacles, but not out of us has the courage to meet her gaze. Our warehouse is full of angles and corners, at one end are the steam machines, in the middle of the room, the foreman stands and talks. And then you turn a corner and the trolley machines meet your view, It is a trolley machine, I work. I think steam machines are unhealthy. When I take off my hat and jacket and start my machine, I am asked on all sides if I was locked out, and if it was nice to stand outside. I disdain to answer them, and call on a message of my own. It is to take up my work. One does not need to call more than six times on a girl, she comes at last and carries my work and my book to the mistress. I receive a dozen blouses. I send the sleeves and stitch round the cuffs and the collars, then the bodices come next, I expect Mr. Editor, you will know what put for the, so I won't go into details, but a blouse has to go through six pair of hands, before it is ready to go down to the saleroom. We work nine hours a day, from eight O'clock to one, and from two to six. To blouses I am doing just now are perfectly plain, but that is something unusual, for I generally get samples to do. What we have been working of late are all other size and style, and the most round about the most to do, we have to be so carefully and not soil them. The hours are rather long but we make them slip by. We have always plenty of singing and jokes among ourselves. We stop at five minutes to get our boots on and our hats and jackets. I go home for my dinner unless it is very wet. A good many of the girls cannot get home so they have to be content with a cup of tea. I get back again at two O'clock and start work, another four hours pass and we stop for the day. I am home about half past six and have tea then the dishes are washed up and any sewing that is to be done. My Sister and I make our own dresses, so I have always plenty to do, but still I manage to read and I get many a scolding for putting aside my work, and lifting The Girls Own Paper.

I declare the statements in this paper I love it true.

VIOLET.

Glasgow S. S.

FIFTH PRIZE ESSAY (1s. 6d.).

I AM sixteen years of age, and for three years I have been working in the fields. I get ten pence per day and I take my meals and sleep at home, and I am not in the habit of getting up early, only when the day is very wet. Just now I am clipping turnips, that is, pulling them up and cutting off all the roots, stalks, and dirt with a curved knife, leaving them then in rows for the cart to take to the farm. This is the hardest work I get all the year, as there is a great deal of frost and snow during the time of clipping. My companions in the field are three old Highland women who have no language but Gaelic, having lived in the Highlands here all their lives, and as there is a great many turnips it takes us four nearly all winter to clip them. In the winter I am out at eight in the morning till six in the evening getting from twelve to one for dinner, but in Spring, Summer, and Autumn I must be out at seven in the morning to six in the evening during haytime and harvest I am three or four hours later and sometimes the farmer gives us our tea in the field but I get the same wages as usual. When the turnips are finished I help to plant the potatoes and after that comes the sowing of the grass. I have to carry corn to the man who is sowing, in May I am putting the peats in small heaps to dry, in June I am bowing the potatoes and turnips, in July and part of August I am at the hay, in the end of August and part of September I am at the harvest I have nine sheaves to gather and tie them up in July and August I am sometimes thinning turnips then I am maybe a day at the hay and another at turnips in the beginning of October I cut down the thistles that grow in the grass and parks and then the men begin to dig the potatoes and I keep gathering to one man when they are finished, the clipping of the turnips begin that is my works and I like it well though it is very cold in the winter now I will tell you what I do when I am in the house on a wet day. I rise at six and help Mother with the breakfast and get the children ready for school, then I put on a pot of potatoes for the

hens and pig, then I wash the dishes, and make the three beds. Then I feed the hens and pig, then I clean the kitchen and help Mother to set the table ready by washing potatoes and cutting up vegetables, after dinner, I wash the dishes, tidy the kitchen, and put on another fire for the animals, then I sew or knit for a while, and I feed the animals again, and I get plenty of peats and water for the evening, then the children come from school, and I have to get their dinner ready, then I sometimes go to work in the milks to cows at the farm, and I get supper ready, after supper I wash the dishes and tidy up things, and sew or knit and help the children with their lessons. As so to rest at once, there are no amusements here at all but I don't weary as I am used to it now the only young people on the farm are my sisters and myself I think I have told everything I know & I declare this to be true.

HEATHER.

* These essays appear just as they were written—without correction of any kind.—En.