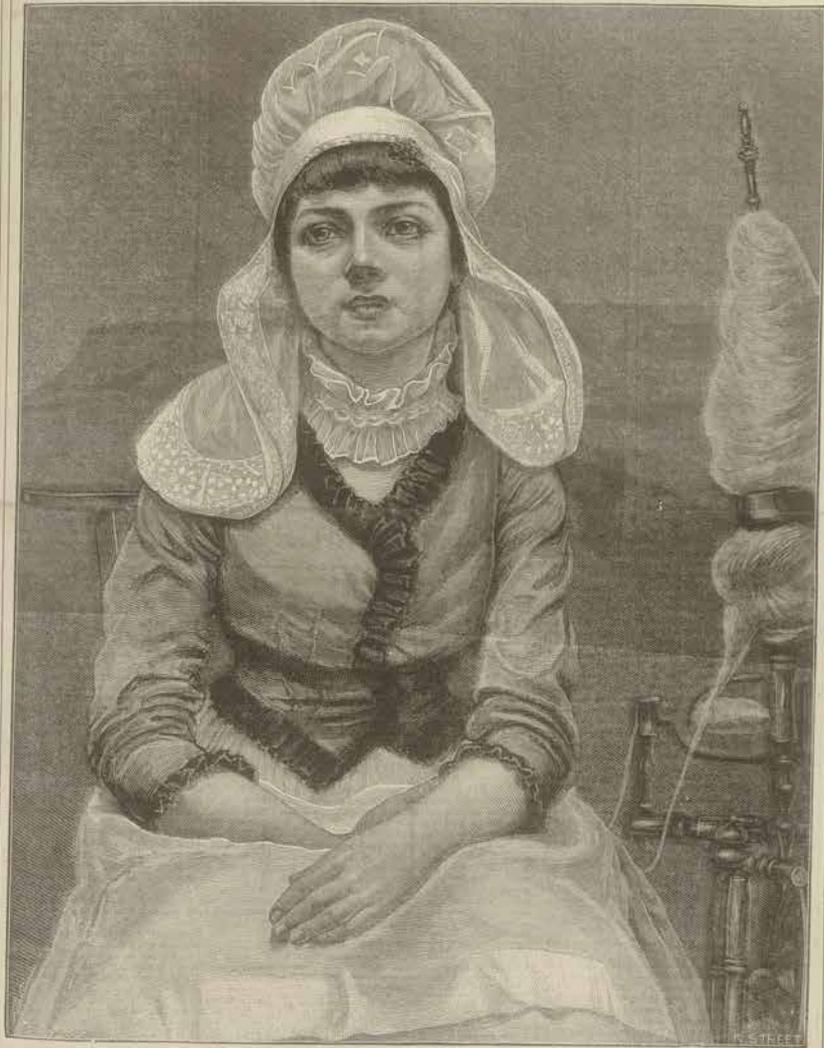


THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.



## Two Girls.

"HIT this one, Jessie?" she asked a night for a walk, she said—

"I'll come, Annie, after church; but indeed I'd rather go to parties; and you know mine always expects us to go when we've an extra evening out."

"She'll never know, and we're not promised to go every Sunday evening," though she seemed to follow the suggestion, as she proceeded quickly down the street.

Service was over, and the two girls were standing in an aisle side by side, the stream of people pass on, while they were discussing which way they should take for their evening stroll. They had only an hour, for the clock had just struck eight, and by nine Mrs. Tomlin, their mistress, always required for servants to be in the house, unless on some special occasion when extra leave had been granted.

"Can you tell us the name of this church, miss; we're strangers in these parts?"

Tearing Jessie faintly standing by her side two young men, with the appearance of respectable mechanics, the tone and manner of the speaker was respectful, and she replied readily. A few more questions and answers, and the two girls moved on towards further consideration, taking their way towards the fields, which lay some half-mile from the church.

The young man proceeded in the same direction, gazing around them with the evident curiosity of those to whom everything is sight and new. It was Jessie who answered their occasional remarks, and in her turn gave them voluntary information of the surroundings and neighbourhood.

When the girls turned to go home, the young man turned aside, and still respectfully asked if they might accompany them home. "A momentary hesitation ruled in recent years, but the good girl took her way towards, saying, "Good-night," only when in sight of Beccot Villa, as Mr. Tomlin's residence was named.

Jessie Vincent and Annie Dyer had been for some years householders, as kitchen-maid and nurse, and as a dress-maker, respectively. Tomlin, a well-to-do retired merchant of simple means, was a well-ordered household, the mistress ruling with kindly strictness, but no undue severity. To Jessie Vincent was a place after her own heart, and indeed she had good hopes of soon encircling the neck—was it for little half-worned sabbath—as chief of the kitchen department. She said Annie had been school-fellow, and when at an early age they had obtained places in the same family, it was to both a life of home life transplanted to the changed routine of the busy town. Jessie, though the younger, was of a more fiery and more active than her friend; but by her vivacity, and pretty face and manner, she had lately more especially won notice and approval. She had made a good impression now with her mistress. Her hair, sturdy body, quick wit and obliging manners, was the very thing to recommend her as one present to leave about to open the door, and call at tidings and under Jane, the household homeward, she soon became familiar at her work, and gained much appreciation. More slowly and quietly Jessie too soon her place in the household. Good will to her sometimes, and Mrs. Tomlin's "Emma" was no exception to the rule; but Jessie soon learnt to know that a gentle answer is more often still, a ready and kind heart at a crisis, or hurried moment, is sufficient to turn aside the threatened storm. Before a year was out, cold had been blown to declare that Jessie was worth her weight in gold, and to her mistress she had pronounced the new kitchen-maid to be "worth half-a-dozen of them chattering girls that was always meddling to everybody's business sooner than their own."

As time went by Emma felt herself growing more and more fond of her little to get through her duties. The two years were old, rather more than less, and as she was wont to remember, "if any of them's been spent in real hard work," it only fit that what more of the same should be in her case. "So" and yet she was able to give up the work, which was as natural to her as her daily bread. But gradually she introduced into the service of her art. At first she let her enter only the outwearing the stairs, grates, and such small matters; but after

a little the pins, tarts, and cakes, were given into her charge to be made under supervision and control; the cream and jelly, and the more delicate tarts, in which her hand delighted itself, were delegated to the light, quick fingers of the younger woman.

It was not without surprise that one day, when Mrs. Tomlin came into the kitchen to order dinner, inquired whether that of the evening before had not been a success, and in the answer of approval being given, and one dish especially being commended, she pointed to Jessie, who was in the back kitchen preparing vegetables, and said under her voice—

"She did it all alone; I wasn't a yard off, but I was far better suit, and did nothing at all but at still and in fact. Now, don't you say how I might have liked to see, and you still troubled with Miss Edith's, and all that for this company a word." "No," says I in reply, "I wish 'I' do it, and not a word will be the wiser," and so the did without a complaint.

That was a month or so before our story opens, and in the meantime cook has listened at last to the advice of those around her, and is looking about for a little cottage, not too far away, where she may make a home for herself and an orphan niece, who she can be relied by the family to which she is so strongly attached, and by whom she is valued for her long years of faithful service. Her success has not been small, but cook made her head and neck with mysterious satisfaction when the question is asked, though she concludes no further answer to the lady.

Autumn has changed to winter, and winter to spring, of which the bright days were already shining into an evening, when again one evening, Jessie and Annie, as before, were standing together on the doorstep ready to go out. This time it is a week night, and it is Jessie now who is pleading earnestly—

"Don't go, Annie, oh, do come with me instead. I wish it isn't your day."

"Come with me, I don't think you do. Two of my company, and there's none; I've heard that too often to make that your wish," with a light—then more slowly, "I wish it's real good of you, Jess, and I've forgot what you've said. I know it's all right, and I don't mean no harm, but everybody can't be as strong as you are. We've got to be a good many more, but you know, it's very well for you. No's not good and let you to wander about by yourself, and Jess would be a bit odd to expect us to do that. Never mind me, I'll be all right, never fear. And with that she was gone.

Jessie sighed and it was with a slower step and graver face than usual that she went to meet her lover.

For Jessie was engaged now to Ned Wilson, one of the young mechanics whose girls had met that evening—which had proved so successful—which we saw them weaving their way to church. That chance meeting had been followed by many others, but so straightforward and merely plain was the behaviour of Ned and his companion, Sam Lane, that even quiet Jessie had fallen in alarm; and, romantic as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that six months after, she was herself the promised wife of Ned Wilson, while the other couple speedily followed the example which so came under their very eyes.

The two young men were carpenters, who had come to Hanley on a job, and finding work plentiful had taken to their own means, and engaged, as usual, being clever hands, with one of the principal employers of the place.

With Ned and Jessie she courtship had been quiet and uneventful; their happiness was too deep to render doubtful, or perhaps possible, the small joys and lovers' sorrows which are generally supposed to be the accompaniments of such a state of affairs. Jessie was well looked at at the Tomlin's, and Ned and she had determined to wait a full year before settling down, and in the meantime she was anxious to get household items and such things as she might properly belong to the woman to purchase and to look to his heart, or having a well-learned house to which to take his wife. They were other than all men of the nature to marry in haste and repent it afterwards. They trusted each other fully, and could walk not long after each other, and indeed what weaker argument can be used for happy unions. If there be a chance of

The medical profession are now conducting the Census of the British Empire, and the results are being published in a series of reports, and it is generally supposed that the results will be very interesting. The Census of the British Empire is now being conducted by the Census Office, and the results are being published in a series of reports, and it is generally supposed that the results will be very interesting. The Census of the British Empire is now being conducted by the Census Office, and the results are being published in a series of reports, and it is generally supposed that the results will be very interesting.

wearing whilst still in the pleasure and esteem of old ladies, she does not much more the certainty of this being the case in the more honest and constant intercourse of married life? After having made up her mind, and made a resolution to do so, she now the woman whom she thought to make his wife, Ned spoke to her as a man should do, honestly saying, that he must marry her, and in the answer, if she could care enough for him to give him her truth and love—

He spoke out in manly fashion as soon as he knew his own mind was fixed, not leaving her in doubt as to his intentions, meanwhile fully-daily round her, and she was now the woman whom she thought to make his wife, Ned spoke to her as a man should do, honestly saying, that he must marry her, and in the answer, if she could care enough for him to give him her truth and love—

But if their love ran smoothly and quietly, conducting might in the married course, it was otherwise with Annie. She was pretty and vivacious, and had attracted much attention amongst the various young men whom she met at Hanley. Of these, one was superior in station and education to the rest. He was the nephew of a master tailor, and was now only leaving his trade as a journeyman, which would one day probably secure to the large business which the latter carried on, his uncle having no children.

Being under the acquaintance of Sam Lane, Annie had frequently met Alfred Hatten, and had even taken one or two walks by appointment with him.

However, having looked up Sam, for the time being Alfred received no attention, and indeed, seeing how matters stood, he made an attempt to court the lady.

But shortly after his engagement his work took Sam away for many two months. During this time, however, Alfred, looking up Sam, for the time being Alfred received no attention, and indeed, seeing how matters stood, he made an attempt to court the lady. But shortly after his engagement his work took Sam away for many two months. During this time, however, Alfred, looking up Sam, for the time being Alfred received no attention, and indeed, seeing how matters stood, he made an attempt to court the lady.

Two months passed by, and Sam was coming back in a few days. It was the Sunday night before his arrival, and Annie, as was now usual, turned off to the fields with Alfred on one of the strolls, from which she did not venture to frequently to absent herself. She had not yet mentioned Sam's speedy return, and now she uttered the announcement in a careless, half-sneaking tone.

"Is the last week well? have for some time, so we'd best make the most of it," she said.

"What do you mean? Why should it be the last?" was the rejoinder, with scarcely concealed anxiety.

"Well Sam's on his way on Wednesday, and I guess he'll not be late for you and me; it's a queer one, but I'm the rejoinder, with scarcely concealed anxiety.

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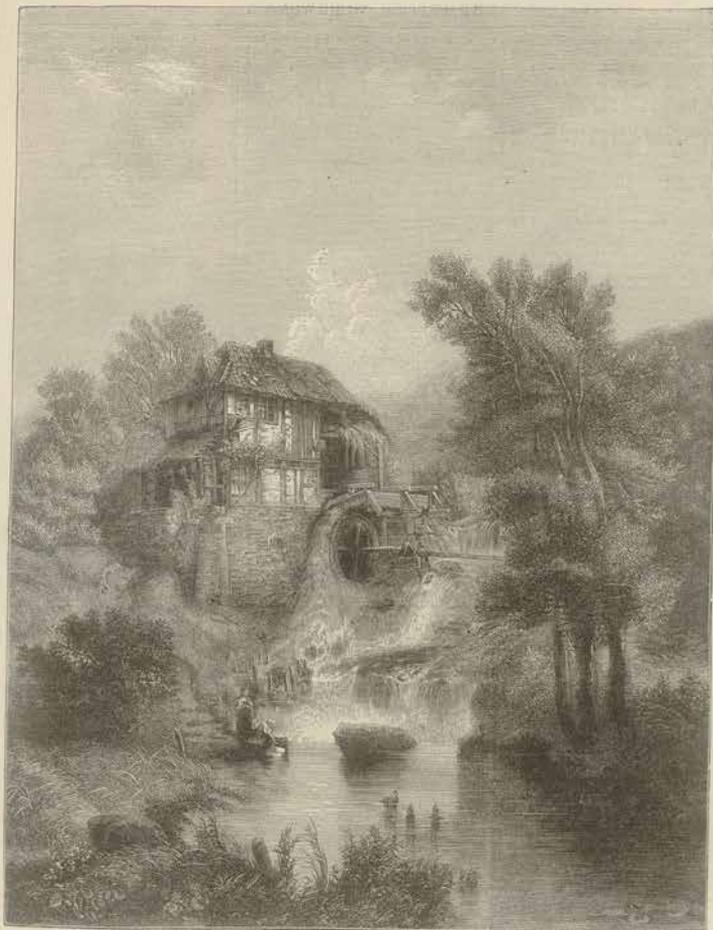
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"HE LOOKED UPON HIS NEW MILL-WHEEL."—See Page 52.

### A friend in Need is a friend Indeed.

OW then, Bobby and Alice, come and sit down and we will have tea. Papa told us not to wait, and he will be here directly."

It was Mrs. Harvey who spoke, and she was the wife of the newly arrived visitor of Fowles, a village situated in

a very remote part of an agricultural English county. The furniture had come the day before, and stood about the house, wrapped in its cloths and awnings, only just enough being unpacked for the immediate wants of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey and their two children. It was a wet day, and the journey had been a long and cold one, and it must be admitted that the little party was rather forlorn and out of spirits, and the dining fire in the grate was the only external comfort that they had as yet discovered. However, after some delay, tea had been got ready, and here it was

on the table, giving plentiful promises of steaming cups, warm toast, and plenty of fresh eggs ever yet given it. Mrs. Harvey was glad to see the children brighten up, visibly as they ate and drank, and the headaches which fatigue and worry had brought on were almost gone by the time she had finished her first cup.

"Weren't you piping hot?" asked little six-years-old Alice.

"Is not papa hungry?" said Bobby.

"I am sure he is, darling," answered Mrs. Harvey

"and I cannot imagine why he does not come, for he only went round to be stable to see that our good old Nanny was made comfortable and had got some tea as usual."

"Shall I go and fetch him?" said Alice.

"There he is!" cried Bobby, as a decided step was heard coming along the hall in the direction of the parlor door.

"Why, William, how tired you must be," said Mrs. Harvey, "I am so tired that we began with you—the tea must be getting cold."

Mr. Harvey was a strong, cheerful looking man, and he laughed a laugh that it would do you good to hear, it was so pleasant and healthy and wholesome. He was occasionally one of those ministers of God who are "at hand in the Land," and wherever he went the light brightened and the shadows left some of their gloom.

"I am coming directly, Caroline," he answered, "and I am so nervous that I shall not notice whether my tea is cold or hot—only give me plenty! But first I want you to step into the kitchen for a moment. I should like to introduce you to one of our parishioners who is really worth your knowing."

"Already? My dear William, I have no time."

"I will answer for it that he will not notice the want of any; if you will receive him with your usual anxiety, that is all we ask. He looks a fancy to me at once, and now we are on good terms as if I had known him for years."

"Is he an old man?"

"Middle-aged, I should say."

"Shall the children come?"

"Yes," said their father, with twinkling eyes, "if they will be sure not to make a noise."

Accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Harvey went out, followed at a respectful distance by Bobby and Alice, who could not quite tell what to make of it, and who were somewhat shy of strangers at all times.

The kitchen was the least comfortable room in the house, for the best cupboards and shelves with which it was fitted up were a furnished book, and the stove which had lately stood in front of the house fire before which Bessie the cook was kneeling in the act of making some fresh toast for her master.

But behind Bessie, and a seat was visible when the party entered the kitchen.

"Where is your purchaser, William?" This time it is one of your jobs—yours are only making fun of us!" cried Mrs. Harvey, glaring round at the chairs and tables.

"I assure you, my dear, I am perfectly serious, and if you will take the trouble to walk round to this side of Bessie I will introduce you in due form to our new friend."

Mrs. Harvey walked round as directed, and there, gazing straight into the fire, sat a large sandy cut, with his tail curled round his paws, and an expression of contentment and of a modest sense of his own worth. His coat was somewhat rough, as if from exposure to the weather, but he was a very handsome fellow for all that, and with a kindly disposition, for so soon as Mr. Harvey called him he trotted towards him and began rubbing round his legs and paws.

"What a lovely!" said Mrs. Harvey, laughing, "I am glad to find that your friend has four legs instead of two, for I am sure we are none of us in company trim."

"Let him come in to tea," cried Bobby, timidly making up to the cat, and stroking his back. But poor man, who was not used to children—the last visitor having been a single man—walked off under the dresser, and retired, leaving Bobby's professed grandpa, and would have nothing to do with Alice.

"Never mind," said Mr. Harvey, "he'll soon make friends with you both. Now come back to your tea, and afterwards I will tell you the story I have just been hearing about him from Sally Gibbs, who has been helping Bessie settle in."

The meal was soon satisfactorily ended, and the little three drew round the fire, cheered and comforted after their wearying day, listening to the tale.

"Now, papa!" cried both the children at once, Alice sitting on the rug and peering up at her father with large trusting eyes, and Bobby curled up on a chair with his feet under him.

"When I came back from the stable," began Mr. Harvey, "I found that Sally had just looked in to make sure that we had arrived safely, and that Bessie

was not in want of company, as I asked her how things were going in the village. 'Very well, I believe, sir,' said Sally, 'but they are a cranky lot at the best, and I wish there was more like that pretty creature' of yours as sits there; I hope as you'll make him yours."

I said that I had not bargained for talking to any live stock, but I did not suppose there would be any objection. 'Just your own word he does,' answered Sally, 'if I may make so bold as to tell you.' So Sally told her story, and I wish I could repeat her very words, for she was quite dramatic and made a much better tale than I can of it.

It seems that Sandy, or, to give him his full title, Alexander the Great, Mr. Smart's kitchen cat, led a short time before his master died he had disapproved, and no one knew who had become of him. He was frequently called for in vain, but all to no purpose, and there was a general fear that he had been on a straggling expedition into the woods, and had not caught in a trap.

"Poor boy!" Mr. Smart said to Sally, when he left her in charge of the house. 'I am afraid he is dead, but if he should turn up, mind you see to him, and get him a good home if Mrs. Harvey does not want him.' Every morning Sally came up here to see that all was right, but for a while fortnight there was no trace of him, either here or elsewhere.

At last, one day, as she and her niece were sitting at their dinner, they heard a cat's voice outside their cottage, and on opening the door, in walked poor Sandy, a most deplorable object. He was muddy and wet, and so thin that at first Sally could scarcely believe that it was really he. She let him in, and shutting the door, put some warm milk and a morsel of milk.

To her great surprise, he would not touch either, but ran joyfully to the door, and moved to go to let out so presently, that Sally was obliged to open it for him. He ran quickly off, and disappeared round the corner of the garden, and in a few moments appeared again, and another cat in his former plight, *Alan Almond!* Sally, who had been watching to see where he went to, let them both in, and—some people would not believe it, but Sally's word is not to be doubted—Sandy lay by purring, while the stranger cut out and drank the portions Sally Gibbs had put down for him!"

He had actually, when far more hungry and cold and necessitating than you can see when you come here this afternoon, given up his meat and drink to a suffering friend! Afterwards, of course, he had his share, and he ate it with a hungry appetite, when satisfied that there was enough for both.

When Sally and Bessie took possession of the empty loaves, Alexander soon laid and settled in to his old ways, but his friend had not appeared again.

"That is Sally Gibbs's story. Shall we send Alexander the Great to another house, or shall he go to your house? What do you say, wife?"

"I would almost as soon turn away a child," cried Mrs. Harvey, "I am certain that very few people really know what is amiable—what powers of reason and affection and non-fulness. My feelings, I hope you will give up to be."

"The friends of every friendless beast."

Believe the children went to bed, they ran some more into the kitchen, and where Sandy lay, at Bessie's feet, curled up in a circle, with the warm rays of the fire lighting up his yellow coat.

"Good-night, Alexander," said Alice. "You shall stay here, and be our cat."

And he did stay with them, and has never gone out wandering again, and his story is told to all their visitors as I have told it here.

L. DING.

He looked upon his sleeping room, Stirred by the evening air, And over whom his sleep and care

Were parted by the door, and he

His well-filled garden seat he viewed, Where on a sunny day he sat,

Big plums were bursting through their skins, Just ready down to fall.

The miller's thoughts rose up to God: Loving his every law,

"I might have made my garden not But for Thy grace," he said.

Now, through the flower-rows just close by His house with approval,

And in her arms their year-old boy She gleefully upraised.

A ray from God's fair-haired eye Was touching by her side,

"Tun, tender, tune in to your tone," The pretty creature cried.

Then turning as to look the way, She trotted out before;

Fall cherry was the sight that lay Within that open door.

The table for their evening meal, Covered with cloth of snow,

And spread with all the simple still That rustic homestead knew.

The luscious-made bread, both brown and white, The butter pearmost yellow,

And also filling a dish plain Of ham well dried and salted.

Clear honey in its native comb, The produce of their bees;

And what the miller loved full well, His wife's unrivalled cheese.

A frothy jug of pure new milk, Just got straining bright,

Glad hearts within, and all around The golden evening light.

Then as each stool beside their chair Set in its well-worn place,

They sat and sundry things they said, With reverence and grace.

Who has not found her memory Assured her hidden power,

By bringing long past scenes again Into the present hour?

How roses that had long been mute, Friends that we once have mingled in,

In some far distant day,

Are all around us once again, Just like a little scene of yore,

Passing like summer aist away, Leaving, like it, no trace.

There'd be a time long years ago, Our miller was a boy,

When not a second his new fair home Was any sign of joy.

Tall nettles stood where roses now Looked through the window pane,

And—sham to tell it—were stuffed Ere a summer could be seen.

No man could trust his drunken Joe! One day he'd burst the door,

And there he'd be the dam so low It could not turn the wheel.

The garden was a wilderness, No fence around the field,

And not an atom of wholesome cheese The half-starved mice could yield.

And as to profit from his trade, Or murther from his mill—

Each day he made his miller went by Another's purse to fill.

He let his credit go down to, Muddled his foolish head,

While with his millmaster and friends To care his store he led.

One day he rode off to the town, Said he had business there;

FOUR PAGES see LITTLE WOOD.—The KENNEDY who was the first poet in the world, was a son of the first King of the Britons, and was called King of the Britons.



