

druggists; and on market days the people from the surrounding neighborhoods regularly provide themselves with this "mothers' comfort," as they purchase other household provisions. About two thousand gallons of Godfrey's Cordial are sold in Manchester alone every year. Mr. F. C. Calvert, at a recent meeting at Manchester, stated that in one chemist's shop in Deansgate, two hundred and fifty gallons were sold in the course of a year; the same quantity in a shop; one hundred gallons in another; the same quantity in a shop in Hulme, and twenty-five gallons each in two shops in Chorlton-on-Medlock. These nurses to whom the children of the factory people are entrusted, are either laundresses or superannuated crones. The more they drug the children entrusted to them, the greater number they can undertake to manage. This consideration acts as a powerful incentive to drug. That wholesale death is the result, is fully proved. Among the gentry in Preston, for instance, the average number of deaths of children under five years old, was 17 per cent.; among tradesmen, about 38 per cent.; and among operatives 54 per cent. Of every one hundred children born among the gentry, ninety-one reach their first year; eighty among the trading classes, and sixty-eight among the operatives. The vital statistics of Preston for six years, shows that no less than three thousand and thirty-four children were swept away before they had attained their fifth year, who, had they been the offspring of wealthy parents, would have survived that period of their childhood."—*Dickens' Household Words*.

Our Fashionable Girls.

Mrs. Swisshelm, of the Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor gives the following matter-of-fact information in one of her admirable "letters to country girls:"

"There are hundreds of girls in every large city who parade the streets, in feathers, flowers, silks and laces, whose hands are soft and white as uselessness can make them, whose mothers keep boarders to get a living for their daughters. These mothers will cook, sweep, wait at table, carry loads of marketing, do the most menial drudgery toil late and early with very little more clothing than would be allowed to a southern slave, while their hopeful daughters spend their mornings lounging in bed, reading some silly book, taking lessons in music and French, fixing finery, and the like.

"The evenings are devoted to dressing, displaying their charms and accomplishments to the best advantage, for the wonderment and admiration of the knights of the yard-stick and young aspirants for professional honors—doctors without patients, lawyers without clients—who are as brainless and soulless as themselves. After a while the piano sounding simpleton captivates a tape-measuring, law-expounding, or pill making simpleton. The two ninnies spend every cent that can be raised by hook or crook—get all that can be got on credit in broadcloth, satin, flowers, lace, carriage, attendance, &c.—hang their empty pockets on somebody's chair, lay their empty heads on somebody's pillows, and commence their empty life with no other prospect than living at somebody's expense—with no higher purpose than living genteelly and spiting their

neighbors. This is a synopsis of the lives of thousands of street and ball-room belles, perhaps of some whose shining costume you have envied from a passing glance.

"Thousands of women in cities dress elegantly on the streets, who have not had a sufficiency of wholesome food, a comfortable bed, or fire enough to warm their rooms. I once boarded in a "genteel boarding house" in Louisville. There were two young ladies and a piano in the house; halls and parlors handsomely furnished. The eldest young lady, the belle, wore a summer bonnet at ten dollars, a silk and blonde concern that could not last more than two or three months; silk and satin dresses at two, three or four dollars per yard, and ten dollars a piece for making them, and the entire family women, boys and babbies, nine in all, slept in one room, with two dirty bags of pine shavings two straw bolsters, and three dirty quilts for bedding; no sheets, no slips, and there on the wall hung the pea green and white satin, the rich silk and lawn dresses.

"These ladies did not work, but played the piano, accordeon and cards; and nearly broke their hearts the week before we were there because another, who I presumed lived just as they did, called on them with a great, clumsy gold chain on her neck. None of them had one, and Miss Labalinda, the belle, could eat no supper, and had a bad fit or sulks to console her for want of a chain. But, dear me, I had no notion of running away off here. I was just thinking how busy you country girls are apt to be in the fall, and this led me to think what a blessing it is that you have something to do and that you think it a disgrace to live idly. It is a greater blessing to live in the country where it is a credit to work, for idleness is the parent of vice and misery. So do not get weary or think your lot a hard one when putting up pickles or preserves, apples, butter, sausages and saucers for future use.

Lake of Alligators in Scinde.

This curious place is about eight miles from Kurachee, and is well worth inspecting by all who are fond of the monstrous and grotesque. A moderate ride through a sandy and sterile tract, varied with a few patches of jungle, brings on to a grove of tamarind trees, hid in the bosom of which are the grisly brood of monsters. Little would one ignorant of the locale suspect that under that green wood in that tiny pool, which an active leaper could half spring across, such hideous denizens are concealed. "Here is the pool," I said to my guide rather contemptuously, "but where are the alligators? At the same time I was stalking on very boldly with head erect, and rather inclined to flout the whole affair, *à la adonco*. A sudden hoarse roar or bark, however under my very feet, made me execute a pirouette in the air with extraordinary adroitness, and perhaps with more animation than grace. I had almost stepped on a young crocodilian imp, about three feet long, whose bite, small as he was, would have been the reverse of pleasant. Presently the genius of the place made his appearance in the shape of wizard looking old Falczer who, on my presenting him with a couple of rupees, produced his wand—in other words, a long pole, and then proceeded to "call up his spirits." On his shouting "Ao! ao!" "Come! Come!" two or three times, the water suddenly became alive with monsters. At last three score huge alligators, some of them fifteen feet in length, made their appearance, and came thronging to the shore. The whole scene reminded me of fairy tales. The solitary wood, the pool