

BOYS AND GIRLS

Hair-Dressing on the Upper Congo.

The Rev. J. Whitehead, of Lukolela, on the Upper Congo River, writes:—
'I send you a photograph of hair-dressing



A NATIVE WOMAN OF LUKOLELA
AWAITING THE ATTENTION OF HER
HAIR-DRESSER.

and kneading cassava bread in Bongende, a village adjoining Lukolela station. In the picture there is a sample of the lazy native dog lying near the kitchen fire. The husband is sitting on the log, with a native marimba in his hands.'

A Bit of a Shake

OR PETER, THE PEACE-BRINGER.

(By the Rev. T. S. Millington, M.A., in
'The Day of Days.'

CHAPTER I.

'I'd never forgive.'

'It will be a week to-morrow,' said Mrs. Hawkins, pensively—'a week to-morrow since it happened. I'll never believe it was John's fault; and if it had been, Mr. Downe ought to have overlooked it when he went and apologized; but he would not listen to him. What to do I don't know! I never did run into debt; and I won't now, if I can help it; but there's nothing in the house, and the children, poor things, are beginning to pine. I hope John will find a job of work to-day, please God!'

Mrs. Hawkins looked anxiously at the empty cupboard in which she was putting away the breakfast things, and at the little coalplace underneath, in which there was scarcely a bit of fuel left, and sighed deeply. They were poor people at the best of times, and lived only from hand to mouth. How could it be otherwise, the man being only a day-laborer and the children four in number, the eldest of whom was only twelve years old? Hawkins was a steady and industrious man; but he had married young, and had never been able to put by anything against a rainy day. All days were rainy with him, he used to say. Hitherto he had said it cheerfully; and neither he nor his wife ever made a trouble of hard work and poor living as long as they could earn enough to keep things going.

Trouble had come to them now, however, Hawkins had forgotten himself for once. He had offended his employer by some act of carelessness; or by some blunder which he had committed, and had 'answered again' when spoken to. Mr. Downe, a contractor, and a sharp man, who had once been a laborer himself, never allowed any one to 'answer again,' and had 'sent him about his

business'; knowing very well that he had no 'business' to go to; and, as it was the dull season of the year for builders, and workmen were not much wanted, he had refused to listen to his apologies or to have anything more to do with him. Hawkins had told his wife all about it; and she could not but feel that he had been hardly used. It was not to be expected, she said to herself, that a man like John would bear to be spoken to like a dog. He might have made a mistake, perhaps; but it was not true that he had been drinking and did not know what he was about. No, thank God! He was not one of that sort, and never had been. Such accusations ought not to be lightly made; and it was no wonder John denied the charge indignantly and warmly.

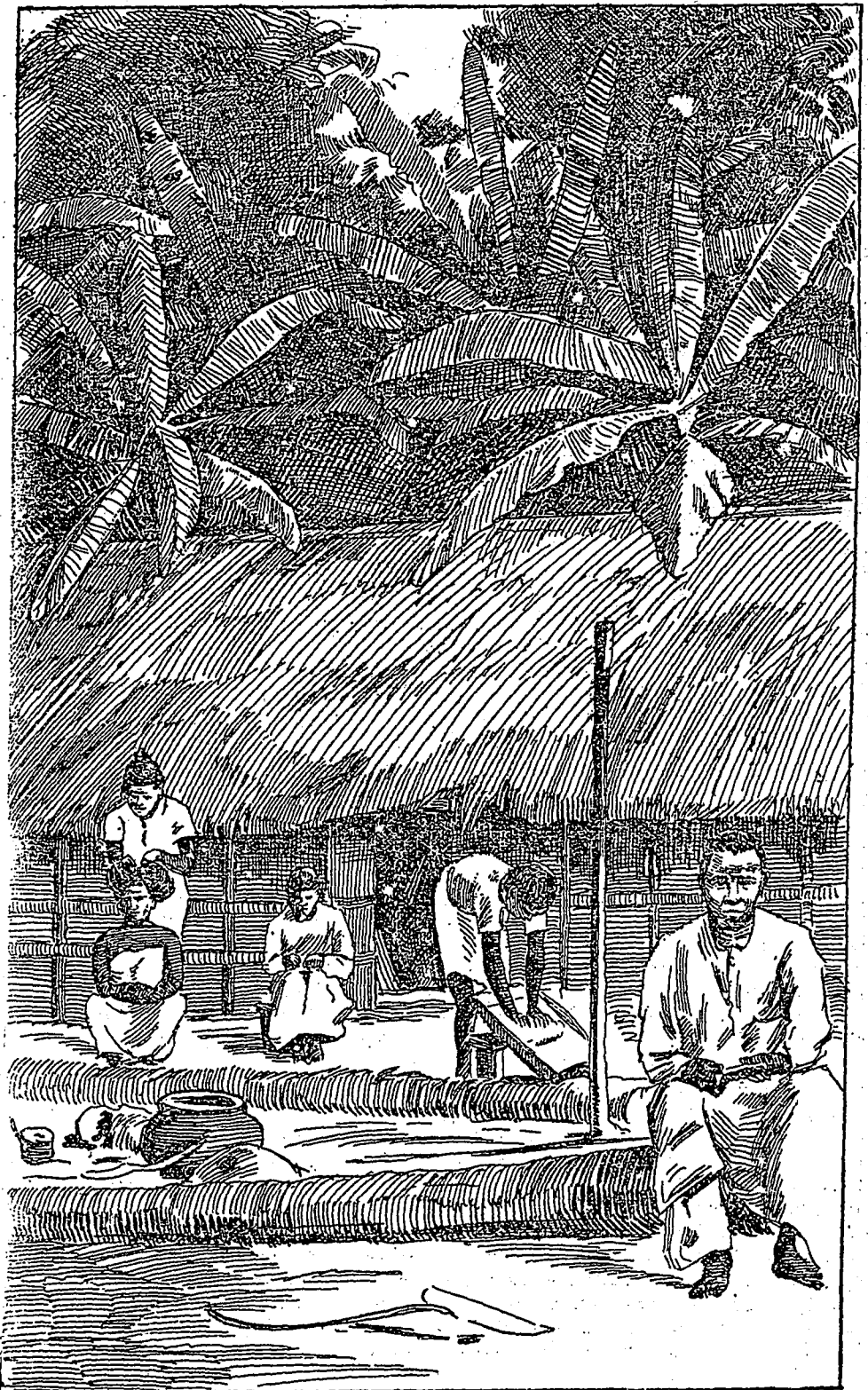
Mrs. Hawkins could not help wishing, however, that her husband had restrained his temper. His employer was known to be short-tempered himself, and therefore the less likely to put up with such a fault in any one else. Was it not written that servants should be subject to their masters,

with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward? It was no use saying anything to her husband just then, for he was as much put about as any of them; but Mrs. Hawkins thought she would remind him of this text as soon as he should have got another place. The mischief was done now. Hawkins had been out of work for a week; the children would soon be wanting bread; and they were in a great strait.

'Are you going out to-day, Mrs. Hawkins?' a neighbor asked, looking in at the door.

'No, Mrs. Fenn,' she replied, 'I've got nowhere to go this morning. I wish I had.' She had earned a shilling or two by charring lately, and her neighbor had looked after the children in her absence. Not very good economy, perhaps, in the long run; but, economy was out of joint just then. 'Hawkins is gone out again to look for work,' she added.

'It's a hard case,' said the other. 'From all I hear, your husband was not much to blame, if any; and if he gave a sharp ans-



HAIR-DRESSING AND KNEADING CASSAVA BREAD, IN BONGENDE.