

and fatiguing journeys now step in. Thus the gathering of a plant scattered over the fields gives employment for nearly three months to all the women and children in the above populous districts who are not otherwise engaged, and greatly alleviates the hardships which their smiles would often have to endure."

As regards the amount of traffic to which the dandelion gives rise, the authorities of two railways have furnished exact statements of the quantities carried. On the Bohale line, from the 8th January to the 26th April, 72 tons 17 wt. were forwarded to Paris; on that of Saint Etienne, 101 tons 1 cwt.; the Monitre Railway estimated to have taken 100 tons, and that of the Rhone 25 tons; so, without taking other lines into account, these four alone carried about 300 tons of dandelions to Paris, the carriage of which by passenger train came to £1,200 in three months.

The dandelions consist of two kinds, the green and the blanched; the former comprises about three-fifths of those carried, or about 240 tons, and their value may be taken at £1,920; the blanched, which constitute the remaining 60 tons, may be set down at £1,080, and the total value of both classes at £3,000.—*Scottish Farmer*.

SERVANTS AND MISTRESSES.—Almost every man I ever met with was, as regards servants, either a tyrant or a goose. See how much better we can manage our men servants. Too many women are naturally bullies, and dearly set to hold the rod over their weaker sisters. Hang it, I say, make the usual allowance for human nature, and you will find servant girls as good as any other class of your fellow-creatures, and a good deal better than many. Look at what the poor things have to put up with—squalling children to irritate them, tyrannical and exacting mistresses hunting them about from pillar to post, worrying their powers work out of them. Do you remember the story of Mahomet's youth, how it was said that the angel took his heart out of his body, and hanging all the black spots of blood out of it, so that it was pure ever after? I fancy we want each operation to be performed with the best girls we engage. We expect to get an all-work, or a nursing or cooking angel for the cheap rate of seven—nine—fifteen guineas per annum, instead of what we do receive, a being like ourselves. Hang it, my sister, get hold of a young girl, sometimes she is in her duties—slow, stupid—how do you like the cause of it? You can't look into that heart. Perhaps she has mightier things to do even than you and your seven guineas. Perhaps she has subjects on her mind for which she would pitch you and your coppers to wind. She hasn't cleaned your breakfast as well as usual; perhaps she had other things to think of. Don't say she ought not to, she is human, you know. Perhaps the

butcher's boy has been fickle—i.e. is but a butcher's boy you see, but she loves him—she is a woman she loves him, and she would see you and your breakfast-room at Hanover for one of that butcher boy's unctuous smiles. Now do not blame her for that; you can't, you dare not do it. Who knows what tears have blinded her eyes and prevented her scouring your stewpans as they ought to be scoured—perhaps a sister has come to shame—perhaps a brother shot dead in some battle of which we read with pride—perhaps she is ill in body as well as in mind; she has to do her work, nevertheless, and to stem the torrent of your wrath, if she does not perform it well. It's no easy matter to work regularly, in the teeth of illness, of sorrow, of anxiety, of jealousy. I should like to see you scouring stewpans, or dusting furniture as regularly and accurately when your lover had turned you adrift, or your father had lost all his property. I should like to see if you could devote the whole of your attention to the legs of chairs and the cobwebs in the corner, never straying in thought to the faithless man or the ruined father, even though you did see hanging up in the future the tempting prize of—seven guineas. Ladies should take more interest in their servants, not regard them as washing, ironing, wringing, nursing machines of an inferior quality; and then the servants themselves would learn to regard their mistresses as something more than mere paying machines, to be avoided and dreaded except on the pay day. Look here—you engage a young girl, age sixteen, face pretty, manners good, just give her credit for possessing a heart and a temper, the "feelings, affections, passions," which Shylock claims for his Jewish brethren. Measure, if you like, her temper and feelings by your own, allowing liberally for the difference in station, which will be in her favour, keep them steadily in mind, and then you ought to be a good mistress. No followers allowed, perhaps you say. Hang it, if you lay down such a rule you try to do what fleets and armies have been unable to do—bar the gate against love. It's a credit to be in love. You don't suppose she intends to sell her life for your miserable seven guineas, do you? You don't suppose that she gives up the hope of dusting a kitchen of her own, and sitting by her husband's fire, for the sake of your cast-off garments and perquisites? The life even of a servant girl is too valuable for that. Here, where's that book, "Companions in My Solitude;" what does "Helps" say about that? Here it is, page 113. "What does a lady mean who lays down such a law in her own household? Perhaps she subscribes to some abolition society, which is a good thing in as far as it cultivates her kindly feelings towards an injured race. But does she not know that by this law as applied to her own household she is imitating in a humble way one of the worst things connected with slavery?" Further on