

scantly clad girl passing their house with a pail. On one occasion one of these ladies accosted her :—

“Little girl, what have you got in that pail?”

“Whisky, ma’am.”

“Where do you live?”

“Down in the hollow.”

“I’ll go home with you.”

They soon came to a wretched hovel in the hollow, outside the village. A pale, jaded, worn-out woman met them at the door. Inside was a man, dirty, maudlin, and offensive.