



SCIENCE V. POLITICS.

INTELLIGENT WORKINGMAN.—Ah, ha! and so the Government's going to give \$50,000 towards the transit of Venus, are they, and here's the *Mail* a swearing up and down that John A. doesn't assist emigrants to come out with the public money.

AN ESSAY ON DE GREAT QUESTION OB DE DAY.

BY JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.

"Do you know, Misth W. White, whar I could get a good gal?" Dat am de question ob de period. Dat am de question dat meets me whereber I go with my pail an' brush, an' though dis am de busy season, I'se made up my mind dat dat am question hab got to be met, either roundly or squarely. Hired gals ain't to be had for any money—but dere's any 'mount of 'em to be had for love. Ask de boys if 'tain't so. For love dey will break de kindlin', light de fire, sweep, scrub, wash, bake, an' mind all de babies dat come along all de days of dere life. But dey won't do dat same no longer dan dey can help fur money. Now what am de reason why de gals leab comfortable service, to recruit de crowded ranks ob dressmakers, tailloresses, shop-girls an' sich. It am a fact dat domestic service is de only department in de labor market where de demand greatly exceeds de supply. Many reasons hab with mo or less truth been assigned as de causes ob dis 'markable defection. De endless working hours, de Sunday labor, de curtailment ob liberty, an' de ine'lent familiarity ob de sons ob dere employers, which am intol'ly insulting to a self-respecting gal, dese, an' a great many mo excuses some folks make for de falling off ob de supply ob good gals. I am ob opinion dat de root ob de matter lies deeper dan all dis. It am because de doing ob housework for hire is unnecessarily made to be *servitude*, bekase over an' above de amount ob work done for so much pay, dere am also demanded, and in some cases stringently 'sisted on, an amount ob homage, an' self-renunciation for which no equivalent am offered, an' to which, unless given voluntarily, an employer hab no right. Dere am no doubt dat de spread ob education an' de consequent development ob thought among de workin' folks hab a great deal to do with dis spirit ob democracy and self-respect. De true position of Missis an' gal am dis. I hab a certain amount ob work to be done, an' it am got to be done someway or oder. Fo' reasons ob my own, I cannot, or don't hab to do it, or find it pays better to hire it done. So I get hold ob a gal an' I say to her, look heah, you hab time, strength, ability; for de conscientious use ob dese in my household I'll give you so much wages, board an' lodgin' for so long as we obhose to agree, de usual courtesies ob civilized life to be mutually exchanged as a matter of course. 'Cordingly my cooking is done, my

house kept tidy, my youngsters cared for, an' my mind mighty relieved ob a great many worries an' cares. More dan dis I hab no reasonable right to demand ob de pussen I employ. De work am done, I pay de sum agreed on, an' de gal an' I am quits. Dis is de case with all other labor, why not in dis? But when in addition to dis, I parade de vanity in my nature so much as dat my gal shall curtsy to me, shall allus say Master an' Misses in de possessive sense, shall allus say yes ma-am, an' no ma-am in de bery humblest manner; shall wear a certain kind ob cap to devote her inferior place in de household, shall not be allowed to wear a dress made after de same pattern ob my own; dat my children shall neber on any 'casion be addressed without Master or Miss to dere christian name; fo' de Lawd! is it any wonder dat with growing intelligence an' mo independent thought, de young an' smart gals ob our day an' generation refuse pint blank to acknowledge any such barefaced difference ob distinction. Respect dat am respect an' not hypocrisy, must come spontaneously as de natural result ob admiration for de stirring qualities, de kindness an' ladylike deportment ob de employer. Dis insisting on an acknowledgment of inferiority on de part ob de employer, betrays an amount ob vanity, which am fatal to de existence ob real respect, am calculated to bring ridicule on those who demand it, an' utterly destructive ob self-respect on de part ob those who may under de pressure ob necessity be compelled to tender it. Dis is de great unspoken reason why so many intelligent gals prefer de ill-paid labor, an' long hours ob de seamstress, to de healthy work an' liberal board ob comfortable homes, whar after all dey am "only servants." When de lady ob de house places de hired help on de same footing as de boss does de mason or carpenter he hires to do his jobs, an' which mason or carpenter would neber dream ob giving him any mo homage dan de respect due from one man to anoder, jes kase he needs dere skill an' labor as much as dey need de money he pays them, then an' not till then will de scarcity ob real good hired help cease to be deplored in de land.

CLASSICAL MUSIC.

BY J. L. JOES.

We had adjourned from the dining-room, papa, mamma, Mr. Limereighter and myself. A bright fire glowed in the grate, making the drawing-room pleasantly warm; it was not brilliantly lighted (papa is the least lit stingy about gas), but sufficiently so to be becoming to my complexion, to show to advantage some of our prettiest pictures, and bring out in pleasing effect dashes of color here and there, giving the room a cozy and charming appearance. Papa, seated in his crimson armchair, drawn close to the fire, looked happy and comfortable, while mamma sat opposite to him crocheting. After chatting for awhile, and they had had their after dinner "tea," papa turned to Mr. Limereighter and said, "I have a long article in the newspaper to read, so if you will excuse Mrs. McDonald and myself, I'll leave my little girl (meaning me, though I am five feet five, and came cut last winter), to entertain you." Mr. Limereighter of course didn't want to talk to old people, so hastened to assure papa "not to make a stranger of him, and if Miss Carry would be good enough to give him some music, he would be very well entertained indeed." Papa answering for my willingness to play, I walked over in dutiful obedience to the piano, our guest following me, to turn my music. The instrument was at the end of the room where the light was dimmest, but he wouldn't bear of any more gas, and as I knew I could play without a "glare," I saw how much better the effect would be with a softened illumination. Mr. L. — had brought me a box of

delicious bon-bons which he now presented, and of course I opened it, he insisting on choosing the best of the sweet-meats for me. How handsome he looked, as he murmured pretty compliments and quoted little scraps of poetry appropriate to the sugared peaches, cherries, chocolate hearts pierced with creamy arrows, and plums that had a confectionery bloom as beautiful as that of the natural fruit, and twice as delicious.

"What shall I play?" I asked, as I let my hands glide over the ivory keys in rippling runs, soft chords, and harmonious trills. "Something soft and dreamy, something classic," he begged.

"Ah," I cried delightedly, "I felt that you could appreciate the higher music, I might call it the 'high art of sweet sounds,'" and then I played odd bits from Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, and the Songs without Words. Mr. Limereighter leaned back in his chair the better to enjoy my playing, and we passed a delightful half hour. I played continuously, only stopping now and then to be handed a dainty caramel, hear a compliment, and catch a furtive glimpse of the admiring eyes of my absorbed listener; is it to be wondered that I asked myself can anything be more delightful than this. The subtle influence of music, sentiment, and some hot-house flowers which I wore, seemed to pre-vade us in a delicious atmosphere. These delightful moments were too happy to be more than fleeting, they were rudely broken in by papa, who had finished his paper, crying out, "What under the sun are you playing, Caroline?" Startled immeasurably, I simply answered—"Mendelssohn, papa."

"Mendelssohn," spoke papa, I might almost say he roared, "why don't you call him man gle-seng, if that's the stuff your new master teaches, he won't get many twenty dollars a term from me; play Auld Lang Syne, Whoo Emma, or something that has a tune in it."

"Whoo Emma, Auld Lang Syne!" Kind old soul, little he knew how his words jarred on the feelings of two sensitive souls, bringing them back with painful suddenness to that prosaic world which cannot hear melody without "tune," and harmony unaccompanied by an "air."

Poor papa.



THE GREAT LAGER QUESTION.

By chiminy chraucious! Dot Brewries don't Buldoze me I make my own Lager!!

Fruits of the Redistribution Bill—A Plumb to the Senate.

"I want a litt'e change," said Mrs. R. to her husband yesterday. "Well," was the heartless response, "just wait for it. Time brings change to everybody."