

learn about the profession, miss, and no mistake neither! 'Tisn't all what the people in front see of it, believe me. You ask Clara over there what they paid her for fourteen calls at the Temple, and notices up on the Saturday. Oh, it was different when I first began. Every young lady didn't want to play the lead and rob poor girls of their daily bread. As true as the Lord's above me, I've been twenty-two weeks waiting for this job, and here I am no better than the rest, and just as likely to wait twenty more."

"Don't frighten the young lady," said another, less pessimistic and more vulgar; "she's all right, she is—they want 'talls' for the front row, and she's just the height. I could have gone on last May if I'd a bin as tall as she is; but there, it's always something. Come to that, I shall drive a chariot at the Folly, and a pretty job, too, at sixteen a week and shout your lungs out. Oh, the profession, what it's coming to, I don't know!"

"It's the amateurs as ruins it," said a substantial lady, who obviously suffered much by reason of the heat. "Just think, my dear, here I am away from home at nine, and eleven o'clock's gone and my glass of stout with it. What I'm going to do, I really don't know."

She volunteered other information, both about the number of her children and the importance of those occasions upon which she had caused her husband to make a distressing appearance before a magistrate. Esther Venn, drawing back ashamed for the publicity which was thrust upon