

THE SERVANT QUESTION.

SOME AUTHORITIES ON THE SUBJECT.
From ELIZA JANE.

Dear Mr. Grip:

I take up my pen to rite you these few words hopping they will find you well as they leave me at present. I see the daly papers is discoursing the question of femail servants, and the missuses lays all the blame on us for Im a servant, likewise a femail, and says nothing whatsomever about theirselves. Lor bless you mister GRIP, its oftener the missuses as is to blame than us, and one reason is this, they doesn't know their places, so there; being at one moment quite formiliar and frendly, and the next that aughty theres no putting up with them. You see, Mister GRIP, (write this in them small letters); a good many of the missuses is the first of their family as ever was missuses, and this is at the bottom of a good deal of the difficulty. Ive been in service in England with nobbs as was nobbs and always had been nobbs, and it came nateral to them, but these people here, some of them, that is, what I calls half-an-half gentility, and some of em has been servents theirselves, and thats where the shoe pinches. A lady as is a lady, won't never be nothing else, and wont be formiliar one ninnit and aughty the next. In course this is only one of the reasons why we cant get along, but it is one and no mistake. Its mostly the missuses as makes the trouble for the masters isnt so bad; if the master have risen from you may say next to nothin' he seems to remember it and dont put on so much airs as the missuses, but them wimmen, lor bless you, they forgets as they was servants once theirselves, and—but my letter is too long aready, so good-bye, Mister GRIP, I will rite another time and tell you some of the ins and outs of things and youll see as it isnt us as is to blame.

Yours respectfully,
ELIZA JANE.

From CHAWLES.

MR. GRIP,

DEAR SIR,—I was throan into hagnies of disgust when picking up my paper the hother morning I hobserved the ridiklis statements made concerning *suuvants*, for *suuvants* we har, say what you pless, thoa the reflexhuns and insinuwations was moostly about *seemales* to wich puswasion I don't have the honner to be long bein a male, and thoa I say it, a perdijs fine speimient of the harticle, my carvs and wiskers aving done fearful hexecution amongst the fare seeks and hour young missis hackshly—but let me paws: secrets is secrets.

Hi doant wonder at the difkilty there is of hobtaining *suuvants* in this country, that is of getting good thurredbred mencyals, for the native born Hamerican and Canadian girl has

a *foris pride* about her which perwents her hever bein hadapted to survive, and rele good dummesticks from the *hold sod* who have lived in fambllys where the 'savvor fair' was undeniable, hand ware the cads of ouses was the thing and no mistake, dont like to submit to the imputnent hairs of some of the masters and missises in Canady, who hare, probly, honly some *welthy linnng drapers* and sich hafter hall. Hi ave the hekstream good fortune to be in the suvvice of a gentleman of hexlent fambly and noways connektid with trade, and thoa he *his* a moast consummit hass, I must hadmit, still hes a gentleman who woud be ashamed to know wot coting was wuth per yard.

I mearly rite you this letter to hinform you that the ladies of the *Suvvants* All is not soaly to blame, and to let you know how inegspresibly shoked I am to see the 'O tong' of this orrible country trying to rewin the reputashuns of a moast hamiable clars of society. In conclsioon let me tell you that Ive seen '*feels de chomber*' whos manners was vashly shuperior to those of them as was thare misaises.

Fathefully yours,
CHAWLES NEBRITCHS.THE REV. MR. JINKS,
AND HIS DEBUT AT ST. JUDAS'S.

"Well, well, old fellow," exclaimed Polliwog (the same man who took me to hear the choir of St. Judas practise, a few weeks ago), bursting into my room and throwing himself into a chair, "you'd have died laughing last Sunday morning to see young Jinks, the Rev. Llewellyn Jinks, just out from the old country, and the new curate at St. Judas's, and as short-sighted as an owl, wears gig-lamps, and—"

"Whatever are you driving at, Polliwog?" I interrupted, "it seems to me that you have very little respect for religious matters, and no reverence for the clergy whatever, the way you carry on at St. Judas's. What have you been doing now?" "That's just what I was going to tell you, only you snap a fellow up so," replied Polliwog, as he leaned back in his chair, and exploded with laughter at the recollection of something. "How it occurred I don't know, and every one else in the choir pleads 'not guilty,' though Miss Highsee, our soprano, you know, says that her washerwoman does the surplices and things of St. Judas's."

"Look here, Polliwog," I said, sternly, "unless you are going to try and behave more like a rational being, and less like a drivelling idiot, and endeavor to tell something like a connected story, you had better leave me, as I'm busy. What has all this bosh about wash-crowns and the curate and St. Judas's got to do with me? Are you crazy, or drunk or what?"

"Hold up, old fellow, don't get mad," responded the tenor, "I'll tell you all about it. You know Jinks, Mr. Jinks, the new curate, only arrived last Saturday, and this is his first venture in the clerical line; he's as blind as a bat, and he was in an awful stew about his baggage—luggage he calls it—not turning up; lost it somewhere on the way, with his surplice and everything in it. Well, the old sexton, old Jowls, you know, he's about as nearsighted as his reverence, but he calmed down Mr. Jinks by telling him that there were some spare surplices in the vestry; in fact, there was one come back from the wash that very day, that's Saturday, and he, that is Jinks, you know, could put that on and wear it till his own traps turned up; that is, not wear it right straight along, you know,—by Jingo! I should hope not—"(and here Polliwog collapsed into a paroxysm of laughing, at the end of which he continued)—"but just to wear it during service. This quieted Mr. Jinks, and all seemed serene. Well, last Sunday morning we were all there, the choir, you know, the whole caboodle of us, and the church was

crowded, every one being anxious to see what kind of a being the new curate was; you know, he's a bachelor, and as innocent as a chicken, and the girls put in a big appearance. The rector was taking Mr. Clutterly's duty over at Wensleydale, so the new curate was all alone, and mighty nervous he was about it, Jowls told me. Well,—don't be in a hurry, old man,—the organist was coming to an end of his voluntary, and everybody was on the tip-toe of expectation to see Mr. Jinks, and all eyes were turned toward the vestry door, whence he was to emerge and burst on their enraptured vision; well, well, you'd a-died. Presently the door opened, and in stalked Jinks—Mr. Jinks, I mean—with a face like a peony rose, and his spectacles on, and his surplice, oh, Jerusha!—"(here Polliwog became apoplectic with laughter) "his surplice—how



he ever got it on I don't know, and old Jowls must be in his dotage—but there he came, slap into the Chancel, with that surplice, a surplice with frills and fal-de-rols all down the front, and frills at the wrists, and he looking as innocent as a clam; well, Miss Highsee got as red as a boiled lobster, and every head in the choir bobbed down behind the desk, and I never heard anything like it; everyone was tittering, and the girls blushing like mad, till Bender, our bass, you know, went up and whispered to that old fool Jowls, and he went and whispered to Mr. Jinks, and his reverence made tracks for that vestry door like a dog with a gridiron after it; couldn't get him out for half an hour, and when he did come, as luck would have it, the anthem was 'Robed in white,' and for the life of me I couldn't help singing 'Robe-de-nuit' all the time," and here ensued another burst of uproarious laughter.

"Well," I asked, "how did it happen?" "I'll never tell you," replied Polliwog, "the things must have got mixed at the laundry, and that greery never knew the difference; thought it was some new-fangled kind of surplice, I suppose, adopted by St. Judas's. I guess Miss Highsee knows all about it, though. Well, good-bye, old fellow, I must be off. Tra-la."

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

Nothing so strongly tests a man's veracity as to be summoned to the door and to be confronted with the question: "Are you the head of the house?"