

WOMEN'S DOMESTIC, USEFUL, AND LUCRATIVE EMPLOYMENTS.

FROM time immemorial some branches of industrial art have been almost the monopoly of women, on account of their skill in precise and subtle handiwork; and the principle which has kept in female hands a long line of occupations has lately come to be recognised in other directions.

Every public effort made for the purpose of bringing within the reach of women the means of independency deserves our highest commendation and respect, and with it whatever active sympathy it may be in our power to render it.

Those also which, without promising a competency, offer an employment which may assist women of some means to better their condition are highly to be valued.

Among the latter class, we notice a "ladies' tracing office for architectural and engineering plans." Seeing that it is necessary to keep copies of architects' and engineers' drawings, a great deal of labour must accrue from that necessity; and the work being neither heavy nor difficult, but chiefly mechanical, the essentials, neatness, and exactitude being natural to most women, it appears a very desirable channel for their energies. Work of this kind having been done for some years in Manchester and Glasgow by women in engineers' offices prompted the idea of a distinct and independent office in London to be managed by ladies, where work could be sent at any time in small or large quantities. This project met with the kindest encouragement from an eminent engineering firm, who not only gave the promoters of it the advantage of their instruction, but permitted them to occupy apartments upon their premises. This continued for two years and a half, during which time the ladies mastered the technicalities and methods incident to the work, and were then competent to take the supervision of the labours of untrained workers.

Because this employment demands little special education, we may imagine how numerous are the applicants for it, although it has been started scarcely a year. There are more workers than work to be done, as it can only be expected that employers will send work to this office at times of pressure, when their own private staff is otherwise fully occupied; therefore, we think the society must still look forward to a time of struggle until it becomes, as it surely will, known and appreciated by those whose benefit is identical with its own; for not only are we able from personal inspection to speak of the precision and accuracy of the copying, but the firms for whom work is done are ready to testify to the satisfaction given. The premises in which this work is carried on are at 42, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster. The ladies employed are necessarily those who are not wholly dependent upon their own efforts, because they can receive no remuneration for the first three months; and that is considered rather too short a time in which to become proficient. At the end of three months they earn, according to their ability, from 5s. to £1 per week. The hours are from 9.30 a.m. till 5.30 p.m., though occasionally a little overtime has to be demanded.

The Society cannot, of course, hold itself responsible for finding a continual supply of work for those who join its ranks, as the school must depend entirely upon the support of its clients.

It has occasioned disappointment to many applicants who have not been previously given to understand that it is not a living in itself; it can be undertaken only by those who need to do something to supplement their means; and how many of this class there are in London can scarcely be estimated.

The work must, of course, be all done at the office; hence the necessity for those employed to live within a reasonable distance of the spot in which their labours are to be carried on. The office itself is everything that can be desired; though at Westminster, it is in no crowded thoroughfare, but in an airy and secluded position, the rooms lofty, light, and large. This School of Art—as we think we may rightly term it—can, however, only be useful to those, the workers and the worked for, who reside in London, and it remains in the power of the profession to make or mar the venture; but should it prove the success which we predict it will become, there is no doubt that other institutions will be added in the large towns of the kingdom.

THE NEW YEAR'S ROSE.

JOHN CARTHAW stopped before the florist's window, for a rose was blossoming there, unlike any he had ever seen before. It was white as a lily on the edges of its petals, and golden at its heart. It looked like a rose of Paradise.

"I will buy that for Dora," he said.

"It is unique," the florist said. "I have never seen any other like it. I raised it myself, and have tried to grow others from it, but without success."

Half an hour later, a girl with a beautiful face was bending over the rose, with a soft smile on her lips; and John Carthew was standing by her.

"I couldn't think of anything else to bring you to remember me by," he said.

"I don't want anything to make me remember you," she answered, softly.

"I did not believe you would forget me," he answered. "But this rose made me think of you, because it was so different from other roses. What is it? Tennyson says? Something about some one's being 'queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls?' I'm not good at quoting poetry, you know. Every time there is a new blossom you must believe that I am thinking of you."

"I wonder if your thoughts of me will be as sweet as these blossoms are?" she asked, holding one against her pink cheek.

"You can always believe that," he answered, breaking off one creamy bud, and fastening it in her hair. "When I come back from over sea, I know where there is a rose I shall try to win. I wonder if I shall find enough over there to buy it with."

"Oh, John!" she said, earnestly, "the rose you want would be yours for the asking, if the rose could have its own way in the matter. If father could only see that wealth isn't what I wanted to make us happy, perhaps he would give up his opposition to our marriage."

"It is no use to press the matter with him further," John Carthew answered. "I am going away to try and get the wealth I must have before I can win you. It will be a long waiting for both of us, perhaps, and to me it will be a weary, lonesome one, since I may not write to you in all that time."

"I shall be as true to you as if I were bound by a thousand promises, or wrote every day," she said. "I am willing to wait."

Three years came and went. To Dora Grayle they brought changes that she had never dreamed of. She had waited hopefully for the time to come when her lover should return to claim her as his own. She heard from him now and then; he was always working, and slowly he was winning. But the years were very long to her.

The end of the third year brought death into her home. One day her father complained of feeling ill; the next day he was dead, and she was alone in the world.

After the funeral, a fact came to light, of which few had dreamed. The old man had speculated heavily: his estate was bankrupt.

So, at the beginning of the fourth year, Dora Grayle went out into the world with only her hands to depend upon. But she had a stout heart, and she knew John would come back when he heard of what had happened.

She took a room in a poor little lodging-house; and almost the only thing she brought from her old home was the rose her lover had given her. That she would take with her, she said, wherever she went. Everything else she was willing to give up to pay her father's debts. But that was hers, and nothing could buy it from her.

She had thought that she had many friends, before her father's death; but she found out now that those who had been glad to visit her in the elegant home she had lost, quite forgot that they knew the lonely girl who lived up two pair of stairs, in a poor, little house, in a very plain, unfashionable street.

She waited and watched, and the days grew into weeks, and the weeks into months, and the months to years even. When her father died, she considered herself free from any obligation he had imposed, and had written to John Carthew, telling him of what had taken place. She thought he would come to her. But he did not, and was silent. Maybe he was dead. She did not once think that he might have forgotten her.

It was New Year's-eve, and she was unutterably lonely. Suddenly she remembered that she had heard that a child was ill in a lodging-house down the street, and that its mother was alone, and wanted some one to come and sit with her. She put on her bonnet and shawl, and

went out. All at once she thought of her rose. A new blossom had opened that morning: a really beautiful flower; and she said to herself she would carry it to the poor sick boy.

She returned to her room, therefore, and broke off the blossom and one half-opened bud growing beside it. A tear or two fell into the rose's golden heart, as she did this. She had learned to think that rose her friend. Every time it had blossomed she had told herself that her lover was thinking a sweet thought of her.

When she reached the room where the child was, she found that death had crossed the threshold before her, and was standing at the cradle by which the weeping mother knelt.

"He is almost gone!" the poor woman sobbed. "Poor Bennie! What will mother do?"

Dora put the rose in the child's hand. He opened his eyes, and saw the flower; and a smile came over his poor little face.

"Pretty posy," he whispered, and held it against his cheek, lovingly. And holding it there, he fell a sleep for ever.

Dora dressed the child for its burial, and laid the rose upon its breast, between the little folded hands. And all night long she sat there, with the dead baby and its mother, while outside the snow fell soft and white, making the world beautiful for the New Year.

Some friends came, at daybreak, to stay in her place; and Dora went home. She looked at the dead child before she left, and she saw that what had been a bud yesterday, had opened into a beautiful golden-hearted rose to-day. It lay there on the babe's breast, pure as the snow out of doors, the snow that made the world seem like a bride in white garments.

It was growing dusky in the streets, on New Year's afternoon, when she heard swift, impatient steps on her stairs. Her heart beat fast, she hardly knew why. The footsteps stopped before her door. There was a knock.

"Come in," she said, breathing quick.

The door opened, and a man, entering, stood there in the shadows.

"Dora," he said, hopefully, softly, questioningly. "Have I found my rose at last?"

"Oh, John, John!" she cried; and then strong arms were round her, and her happy tears were hidden on the breast of the man she had been waiting for so long.

By-and-by he told her his story. He had received her letter, and started at once for home, bringing the money he had earned in the years of his absence. The ship he sailed in was wrecked, and for months five of the crew and himself had lived upon a little mid-ocean island, from which they were rescued at last and brought, that very week, to England.

"But I am a poor man," he said; "my money went to the bottom of the sea."

"And I am a poor woman," she made reply. "But I am not poor, after all. I have you, John."

"And I am rich, too, for I have you," he said tenderly; "and you were what I was working to win. I have hunted for you for days, up and down this great city, but you had slipped out of sight, and I could not find any trace of you. This afternoon, not an hour ago, I went with a minister, a friend of mine, to a house where a child lay dead, and on the dead baby's bosom I saw a rose; and I knew then that I had found you, or some trace of you. They told me where to come: and I am here to wish you a Happy New Year, Dora, and to claim my New Year's rose, the rose I have wanted to blossom in my heart so long."

And the rose-bush in the window whispered softly among its leaves, that it had done a beautiful deed in bringing two true hearts together, and was glad.

E. E. R.

THE characteristic "go" of the Yankees is illustrated in the following feat, which was accomplished at Carrolton recently:—Mr. J. E. Lawton, miller, undertook to convert standing wheat into bread in the briefest possible time. Cutting began at 3.1 p.m., thrashing (one bushel) at 3.2½, grinding at 3.4½, bread mixing at 3.8, baking at 3.9½, and griddle cake was eaten at 3.12; total time, 11 minutes.

THE ex-Monarch of the Fiji Isles appears to be of a generous disposition. Some time ago he wished the Queen to accept the club with which his ancestors had slain their tens of thousands. The offer, however, was declined with thanks. With a view of expressing his admiration for the Missionary Society, he lately ordered a consignment of seven wives to be shipped to the President. His good intentions were again defeated, for that gentleman declined the extensive concubiality thus thrown in his way, and the order was accordingly countermanded.