

had their own comb, soap and towel, and where do you suppose they carried them?

In the bosom of their dresses.

I cautioned a girl who had opened the front of her waist against putting the wet towel so near her breast, but she only laughed and said "nothin'll hurt me."

"But it is wet and may cause a lung trouble."

"Indeed it won't. I used to put it there all last winter, and it didn't hurt me. When it was awful cold I wore it home and I never even had a cold." As she spoke she folded the little towel, and laying it against her under waist buttoned her dress and went to the hole in the north cloak-box for a glass of lemonade. I told her I was very thirsty and asked for a drink.

"Oh, you have to pay. It's 3 cents a glass."

The colored girl and her little white slave had a bucket full of the beverage—a very excellent article, by the way—which they retailed at the price stated. The ebony vender refused to sell to me till I convinced her that I expected to commence in the hosiery stock as soon as Mr. H. came down. The girl with the wet damask in her bosom drained her glass to the last drop, ate the slices of lemon rind and pulp, and with the help of her finger transferred every grain of undissolved sugar to her mouth. She lapped the mouth of the glass with her tongue and when the boy took it from the ledge it was as dry as could be. I could not get her to confide her salary, but she said: "It ain't nothing like \$5. For two years I only got \$3, but now I have more."

I found a girl named Bessie in the closet-room lying against the wall, the very picture of death. Her face had no more color in it than a china cup, her lips were blue, dark lines increased the brilliancy of her blue eyes, and her hands were cold and clammy. She told me she was "awful sick," but her mother made her come because she didn't want her to lose her place.

"The floor-walker 'ud leave me go home if I ast him, but I havn't any car-fare and I don't want to walk. I lost my tea money and all comin' down in the cars this morning. I was asleep." I offered to pay her car-fare.

"No; if I ride in the air I'll be better before I get to the bridge."

I bought her a glass of lemonade and gave her "tea pennies" for a week, after which we became quite confidential.

"I get \$2 a week here, and give it to my mother to buy meat. Sometimes I ride home, but them's the days that I don't buy tea, cause it costs too much for both. The tea is 3 cents a cup and the car-fare, if you ride both ways, is 10 cents, and that's 13 cents."

Seventy-eight cents subtracted from \$2 would leave a precious small sum for meat.

"The most I ever spend is 50 cents a week. That's how much mother lets me keep out. Oh, there kind of good to us. Last night when it rained Mr. H. gave nickles to the cash girls that didn't have car-fare nor gossamers. But I guess he'll keep it out of their wages pay-day. Some of the clerks don't be good to us. They pull us everywhere and push us when we don't go fast, and we never dast ride in the elevator. The clerks can, but the cash-girls has to walk. They don't fine us if we come late, though, and they do the clerks, some 15 cents and some 25 cents, and if any of us is sick we lose the whole day out of our wages. The one I like most is Miss Gannon; she is awful good; she puts three lumps in the tea, and trusts the girls when they haven't any tea pennies."

A larger girl, possibly nineteen, showed me her odd shoes.

"I'm wearing this one with the tips to break it in. I have to stand all day and my feet are so sore I can hardly bear a new shoe. I got these new ones in June. Oh, they'll last till Christmas I guess. My salary is five dollars a week, but I don't save anything. My mother takes it all for the groceries.