

The sanitary duties of private individuals : especially separated and distinguished from the sanitary duties of government ... and to be applied by every one to himself in his own business or position in life.

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Ladies' Sanitary Association.

THE
SANITARY DUTIES

OF
PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS,

ESPECIALLY SEPARATED AND DISTINGUISHED FROM
THE SANITARY DUTIES OF GOVERNMENT AND OF THE
LOCAL BOARDS, AND TO BE APPLIED BY EVERY ONE
TO HIMSELF IN HIS OWN BUSINESS OR POSITION IN
LIFE.

16

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PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION,

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AND BY

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INTRODUCTION.

THE existence of grave sanitary evils is now beginning to be generally understood and admitted. The recognition of them has been slow. But the admission once made, there is no reluctance, in the practical English mind, to look about for the remedy. The only question is, what that remedy should be. It is commonly imagined to consist in Public Health Acts, Nuisance Removal Acts, or other proceedings of our legislative or executive Government; or else in systems of town drainage, the appointment of health-officers, and similar public steps taken by our town councils and local boards. And it is too often thought, that if all these things were done, and perfectly done, sanitary evils would be reduced to their minimum. Thus parliamentary and municipal action are looked on as competent to cure all curable sanitary defects.

But there is another kind of action, stronger than any municipal power, stronger (with respect be it spoken) than any parliament or any government. That action is, our own; our own action in our own place; our personal duties. And just as it is adverse to the bent of the English mind to seek success in life by place-hunting or by making interest, and rather to push one's way by one's own work, so I am sure it has only to be pointed out, that the first great remedy for sanitary evils is with ourselves, and not with governments either national or municipal, and we shall at once act

upon this view, with our usual tendency to self-reliance. *The first and greatest remedy for sanitary evils is, TO MIND OUR OWN BUSINESS RESPECTING THEM, to do our own private and particular duty.* Very proper and very necessary to expect the State and to call upon the local board to do *their* duty in the matter, in return for the taxes and rates of which we are the payers; but first let our own hands be clean, first let us do, or be doing, *our* share in the business. What our share is, I now proceed to state under the following heads. Our private sanitary duties have to be carried out,—

I. In the guidance of our own conduct as individuals.

II. In our legitimate influence on others.

III. In our conduct in the trade, profession, or station in life which we fill; under which head I specially name the position of a householder, of a tenant, of a middle-man, of a landlord, of professions and trades concerned in houses, of dealers in animal food, of manufacturers, of employers, of shipowners and sea-captains, of those in charge of infants and children, and of provision-dealers. Further detail would be endless. The principle, that of the responsibility of personal action in sanitary matters, is comprehensive, and can be applied to everybody, only needing earnestness and honesty of purpose.

W. E. C. NOURSE.

11, MARLBOROUGH PLACE, BRIGHTON,

January 15th, 1864.

THE SANITARY DUTIES OF PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS.

I. THE humblest among us, the lowest person in the social community, has it in his power, even under the most wretched circumstances, at least to do his best to keep himself, and his things, and the place where he dwells, in a clean and wholesome state. It may not be what he would wish ; but it may at least be what he honestly can. Many things may dishearten him, disgust him, throw him back ; but if from his soul he really does all he can, he not only benefits himself, but is also a benefactor to the poor creatures around him ; for they gain both by the example, and by the fact that anybody or anything around them is clean and wholesome.

But, allowing fully for ignorance, and as fully for unavoidable circumstances, most of the poor neglect what they really might do to keep things right. I do not speak of those that lose all heart to help themselves, but of those that could and might, and yet do not. *Some* effort at personal cleanliness, *some* attempt to get rid of dirt and vermin, may always be made. *Something* may

always be done to skin and hair and ragged clothes, even when soap and a brush are wanting, and water itself is scarce. Bedding may at least be aired and shaken, cupboards dusted out and put in order, things that smell bad may be banished, window-panes made clear, and floors, closets, and other places kept clean, with such means as the inmates possess. And, in particular, great sturdy boys might give a little of the time they now spend in street idleness, to try and make things better at home for their father and mother.

The performance of these duties rests with the people themselves, and not with any law that can be made. The same applies to those in more prosperous states of life. No law can compel them, and it rests wholly with themselves, to be clean in their persons, dress, habits, and rooms, to make a right use of pure water, fresh air, light, food, and clothing, and to avoid causes of illness; matters which at present are not always attended to, even by the affluent.

II. But if the affluent, or any others, give way to personal negligence, they must omit their next duty, which is, to use their influence to induce other people to observe their sanitary duties. No one is isolated. From the richest to the poorest, we all have *some* influence on somebody; and we fail in our duty, unless we use that influence to promote such habits in others as tend to preserve health and keep off disease. It is our duty to save our neighbour from harm whenever we can. It is our duty, if he seem to be doing some unwholesome thing, or living in some hurtful

way, to tell him of it. And it is, above all, the duty of those who understand best what brings health and what brings illness, to impart their knowledge to those who do not. It is, moreover, the duty of us all to learn these things to the utmost of our power; the unskilful learning from the skilful, and the skilful always learning more by the investigation of nature.

As to those who not only neglect these duties, but even actually promote their neighbour's living unwholesomely, who encourage him in dirt, and filth, and immorality, and excess, who do anything to make him drunk, or who dissuade him from using known sanitary precautions, their conduct is wicked to a very great degree, for it is directly tampering with human life.

III. Thus much of the general sanitary duties of *all* individuals. I now come to the special sanitary duties which arise out of each person's position, trade, or station in life.

1. One of the most important of them is that of a *householder*. Every master and mistress of a house, from the palace down to the meanest inhabited hovel, owes it to themselves, to all living with them, and to all living around them, to keep the premises they inhabit in a wholesome state, and to do all they can to prevent illness in their dwelling. This, I repeat, applies to every occupier of the very smallest hut or cottage, whether living alone or with other people. No one has a right to keep his cottage or house in such a state as to run a risk of making himself or his neighbours ill; nor has he any right to allow

himself to become ill if he have power to prevent it. For illness is easily set going ; but no one can confine it or bind it down to be of this or that kind only, that it shall not hurt other people, that it shall not spread, that it shall not pass from a mild form into a dangerous one ; in short, that it shall only go thus far and no farther. Therefore, every occupier of a house is bound to see that everything is done within his own premises to prevent and avoid illness. And if this were strongly and honestly done in each house of any town or village, if every occupier took pains to find out the best known ways of preventing illness, and tried to do his duty well in his own place only, a very large proportion of the present amount of illness might be avoided, all the expense, pain, and loss of time of that illness might be saved, some premature deaths might be prevented, there would be fewer people in weak health, more in strong health, and all this without the help of any government or parliament, without the assistance of any town council or local board, and solely by the exercise of English independent self-help and self-reliance, by every one's minding his own duty and his own business. The Parliament can make laws about public health, but it is not their part to show you the way to keep your house clean and wholesome. The local board can apply and put in force those laws, and adopt general measures to make your town healthy, but it cannot clean your house for you or meddle with your private duties. You, and I, and everybody, must do that for ourselves.

As occupiers of houses, then, the first thing we have to see to is *drainage*. We ought to take care that nothing but clean rain-water runs into any open drains, ditches, or ponds. Some of the largest and finest country houses in England are made unwholesome and disagreeable by the sewage from the house being conducted into a pond or ornamental lake, whose exhalations taint the air; and some of the prettiest rural villages are visited by typhus fever or some such malignant disease, simply because the drainage from a cottage or two is allowed to run into some ditch, hidden perhaps by vegetation. In all cases sewage should pass into covered drains. For farming purposes it may be allowed to run off at a distance from any house and to leeward, on a bed of ashes, soot, or peat-charcoal, which may be eked out with bog-mould, sand, chalk, lime-rubbish, tan, or even fresh earth; but a man ought daily to lay on a fresh surface, the heap to be afterwards cut out and carted off for manure.

If the house be drained into sewers our task is easy. We have only to see that the communications with the sewer are perfect and airtight, that they are kept free and clear, and that the sink-holes are plugged or trapped, and the water-closets provided with pans and supplied with water, to prevent foul air from coming back into the house. But we must also see that the bell-traps are kept clear, and in their places, and that there is water in them. I have seen repeated cases of typhus fever, some of them fatal, caused

by the bell-traps being left out. Servants are remarkably careless about this ; and it is as necessary for the master or mistress to see to it, as it is to see every night that the fires and lights are out, and the doors and windows fastened. The poor are also very careless about it, which they would not be if they knew how very poisonous that invisible gas is that comes up through the sink-holes. When the trap is broken or lost, a wet cloth should be folded up thick and laid over the hole, to keep the foul air down till another bell-trap is supplied.

I am not going into the annals of the parish of *Cess-cum-poolton*, but merely, minding my own present business, to point out how important it is to do away with all cesspools, and to have every house and cottage drained. As long, however, as cesspools exist, they ought to be regularly emptied before they get too full ; and when they are being emptied disinfecting fluid should be used, so that you, your neighbours, and the workmen, be not made sick with the smell. A sixpenny bottle of Burnett's or Condry's disinfecting fluid, used according to the printed directions, will generally suffice ; and when such a very horrid nuisance may be abated for sixpence, no one is justified in neglecting to do it.

Those who get their water from a well should see that it is not tainted by the drains and cesspools. All possible communication should be carefully stopped, and a certain distance should intervene. For if a drain or cesspool is near your well, nothing can hinder the water from

being tainted. And tainted water is a frequent cause of dangerous and fatal illness. Even water-pipes may be contaminated by contiguous drains.

It is still a common blunder with workmen to carry rain-water pipes down into drains or cesspools. The effect is, that the foul air passes up the pipe, leaks out at the joints, and is very disagreeable at the spout-head. Dangerous illnesses are often caused by the foul air from the spout-head going in at a window, or by its leakage from the joints into the house. There is but one remedy, which is, to make the rain-water pipe stop short of the drain or cesspool, into which the water from it should run through a bell-trap. Thus the foul air is kept down.

If you can possibly have an air-pipe to carry off the foul air from your drains or cesspool, by all means do so; but the air-pipe ought to stand up above the house like a chimney, so that no one may breathe the air from it. The use of the air-pipe is to relieve the bell-traps and joints of the drains from the pressure of the foul air, by giving it a way to get out; but having an air-pipe does not diminish the necessity for bell-traps and other precautions.

With respect to *water-supply*, the householder's duty, in addition to what was stated just now, is, to see that buckets, boilers, filters, and other vessels used for drinking-water are clean, and so placed that nothing can fall into them, as bits of meat, beetles, or mice, are liable to do. Cisterns ought to be often cleaned out, instead of being forgotten, as they generally are,

for many months. If this be not done the water becomes bad; a black sediment forms at the bottom of the cistern, and dangerous illness of somebody in the house may be the consequence. Lastly, that part of the premises where the drinking-water is kept ought to be free from bad smells. The water-closet should not be supplied direct from the cistern that you drink from. Pure water to drink is of such importance that no pains should be spared to ensure it. If the details now specified be neglected by the private householder, no possible public measure can supply the deficiency.

Clean windows and plenty of light, and strict cleanliness in every part of the house, rest with no lawgivers, but entirely with the occupier of each dwelling, whom you cannot compel to be clean by Act of Parliament. There are no writs for the peremptory scouring of commonly dirty houses. Every one of us must see to these things for ourselves. The poor can do it as well as the rich, for it is chiefly trouble that is required, not money. This is one of the chief points of private duty in which the poor are wanting, and in which the services of the Ladies' Sanitary Association are most valuable, to persuade, to urge, to teach by precept and example, to assist the weak, to encourage the desponding, and in all ways to awaken and aid the poor in striving for the blessings and comforts of a clean home.

But another necessary thing, the frequent, regular, and careful removal of every sort of refuse, is, I fear, neglected by rich as well as poor. The

rich take little heed of matters flung aside in dust-holes, sculleries, knife-houses, and back-yards; matters that decay and taint the air, and insensibly cause illness; illness that is then charged to the account of town councils and dormant Acts of Parliament, instead of to their own carelessness in not looking after the state of their own houses and the doings of their own servants. The poor throw refuse into the streets before their door, or into any corner or closet in the house, or into some alley or back-yard, and are then quite ready to attribute to their dirty neighbours, or to the neglect of their landlord, or to anything, in short, outside of themselves, the bad air and the sordid smells that pervade their home, the failing health of the mother, and the sickly children. Some, in addition, keep goats, rabbits, or other animals, in their houses, or quantities of birds, which taint the air and make the house filthy; or they keep pigs or donkeys just outside, the smell from which comes in at every window and door and is breathed by the inmates. In the country, heaps of refuse or manure, or puddles of foul water, are often close to the doors and windows; and among the substantial farmers and wealthier people, cow-houses, stables, piggeries, and manure-heaps, are often much too near the house. Servants throw dead birds or animals anywhere out of sight, perhaps close under the windows, forgetting how they poison the air in the process of decay.

Now every one of these and similar mistakes, which give rise to a great deal of mischief, obviously depends upon private carelessness, not on a derelict-

tion of duty on the part of any public body, and can only be remedied by the voluntary action of each person. It is true that the law nominally restrains people from throwing refuse into the streets, from having collections of rubbish on their premises which are offensive to their neighbours, and from a few other overt acts, and also that public provision is made for occasional scavenging ; but the bulk of the evil comes of private neglect, and can only be remedied by the act of every private householder. A place for refuse should be appointed for every house ; the ashes, which have some deodorizing power, should be thrown on the heap ; and the whole should be entirely and frequently removed. If any nuisance arise, it is better to burn the animal and vegetable refuse in the kitchen fire. Nothing should be thrown carelessly about, either in-doors or out. No collections of bones or fat should be in the house ; and servants should be looked after. In short, common domestic cleanliness, and the determination to allow nothing unwholesome, are absolutely necessary.

Ventilation is another neglected point. Scientific contrivances may or may not be possible ; but doors, windows, and chimneys, which are the common ventilators of every house, may always be made a proper use of, to let air pass in and out. Chimneys should never be stopped up : a temporary closure may be needed on account of rain or back-smoke, but it should be removed again as soon as practicable. All windows should open, especially the upper sashes. Half an inch or an inch open at the top of a window will keep a

room sweet without perceptible draught. But in these days of plate-glass windows, and large panes without cross-bars, people wont open their upper sashes because of the difficulty of shutting them up again. I have, therefore, designed and had made some strong brass catches, costing $8\frac{1}{2}$ d. a pair, which are screwed to the upper sashes in such a manner as not to interfere with the lower ones, and enabling the upper sashes to be pushed up with perfect ease. These catches can be supplied by the same man to any one requiring them.

When, to save expense, but one sash is made to open, that one should be the upper one. Or, if this cannot be, an open space of an inch may be left above the upper sash, filled in with perforated zinc, and fitted with a little door to shut at pleasure. Air-holes should also be introduced near the tops of rooms; and provision should be made to carry off the heated air from gaslights. If ventilation can be carried further, and made more complete, so much the better. The comfort of doing so is considerable. But if what is already specified were always faithfully carried out by every occupier of a house, the gain in avoiding illness, and in improved health and strength, would be very great. Consumption, and other tubercular diseases, as well as many other maladies, are caused by living in unventilated rooms. This is a matter in which we, as householders, can only help ourselves.

Sometimes a house is visited by an unwholesome smell whose source is doubtful. The remedy is often both difficult and yet urgently needed.

Competent workmen must be employed ; and the best way is, to make an opening as near as possible to the smell, and endeavour to trace it. The commonest causes are, some imperfection in the covering of a drain or cesspool ; a rat-hole communicating with a drain ; a fault in a chimney, admitting the vapour behind the battening ; or, a dead rat or cat. I have known the inmates of houses half-poisoned, and sometimes made very ill, by every one of these nuisances. The householder should spare no trouble to discover and get rid of them.

The householder is most commonly a *tenant*. In that relation it is his or her duty to keep the premises rented in as wholesome a state as possible, and to do nothing to make them become otherwise at any future time, lest he make himself morally guilty of the death or illness of future inmates. There are a thousand ways, quite beyond the reach of any law, in which a tenant may either make his place unwholesome for himself and others, or wholesome, entirely according to his knowledge or ignorance of what makes health and what makes illness, and according to his disposition to carry out that knowledge.

It is the duty of every intending tenant to see that the house, or cottage, or room, that he proposes to take, is in good sanitary condition, and not near any nuisance, such as a stable, slaughter-house, open drain, piggery, cow-house, &c. ; and he ought to refuse to take any place that is unwholesomely situated, not furnished with proper conveniences, or in a wrong state. If such places were

systematically refused by all respectable tenants there would be fewer of them.

But there are tenants who will rent anything ; any hovel, den, or pigsty, that is called a house ; or any cellar, or closet, or corner where human beings can be stowed. To such it is useless to appeal. I can only urge the duty of not offering such places for letting ; and at this point my business, which is that of inculcating private duties, ceases, and the law steps in and prohibits. But to another class a word may be said. To those who care not in what sort of place they put their families, as long as it answers their purpose in earning money, we may urge that life and health are worth having as well as money. The strong man, who is out all day at his work, who gets fresh air and change, and who lives heartily, may not be hurt ; but weak women and tender children constantly fall sick, and often die, from being crowded up together in one room, or from living over stables, or from some other cramped and unwholesome arrangement. Now a different expenditure of this man's means, or a little extra trouble to find a proper room or rooms, or selecting some place a little farther off, or a small giving up of drink or tobacco, or of something not absolutely necessary, might enable them to live where all could be strong and healthy, and yet within easy reach of the work.

Infinite mischief is done by those who rent houses in order to sublet, whether to lodgers or to under-tenants. Such persons are the *middle-men* of towns. And just as in Ireland middle-men and the con-acre system were, till very recently, among

the several causes that helped to ruin that beautiful country, so, in our towns, middle-men are one very principal cause not only of the sin and misery that help to destroy social life, but also of much of the physical suffering and premature deaths among our town populations. They who stand between the landlord and his tenant, between the employer and the employed, between the buyer and the seller—in fact, all who stand between the principals in any transaction—occupy a position that requires to be viewed with great jealousy, and must be circumscribed with careful limitations, lest it come to include too much power.

The house middle-man is both tenant and landlord. As tenant he often holds a lease the conditions of which let him do nearly as he likes, and which, while it lasts, takes away from the freeholder the power over his own property. To the freeholder he just gives what the lease compels him. As landlord to the sub-tenants he lets the premises in detail at the highest obtainable rent, and takes every advantage of his position, and of the position of his tenants, to get as much from them and do as little for them as possible. Or, without any lease, the middle-man often holds the premises by the year from some freeholder who either does not care, or is not in circumstances to care, what his tenant does as long as the rent is paid. The middle-man is subject to certain legal restrictions, not always enforced; but beyond them and his liabilities to the freeholder, he is practically uncontrolled by any authority as to the state in which he keeps his houses: for his under-tenants

are either reckless as to health and cleanliness, or helpless, and obliged to take whatever wretched accommodation they can get. If a middle-man of this stamp chose to fill his post conscientiously, and do justice to all parties, as I hope in some instances may be the case, he might do infinite good, and he might take his full share of the private sanitary duties of individuals; but it all turns on his own sense of right. For those who do so, I say, all honour to them. But the great majority do otherwise; for the law cannot touch them, they keeping just out of its reach; public opinion they care little about, and such a thing as tenants refusing to take their rooms they never know. If, then, you cannot awaken their sense of duty; or if they say, "We must live, and to do as you suggest would swallow up all the profits, so we must go on as we are;" in short, if they persist in the course described, it only remains to make an appeal in another quarter, namely, to the freehold landlord.

The faults and errors of *landlords* cause a vast amount of the evils spoken of. But both those of us who are landlords and those who are not must understand this statement rightly. There are many sorts of landlords, in every rank of life; the nature of their property varies immensely; their power over it varies; and we must take into account all these things, and measure by them the amount of censure due in each censurable case. There are landlords, happily an increasing class, who know and carry out their sanitary duties. There are others who suffer their cottage-property to be in a state unfit

for human habitation or injurious to human health. Those landlords who, having any power to do otherwise, permit their cottages or tenements to be in a state unfit for human habitation or injurious to human health, are, in the exact degree of their misused power, positively criminal. It is mainly by the neglect of landlords that the lower orders of people are compelled or allowed to live in a manner that directly brings sickness and death by its unwholesomeness, and that indirectly brings also sickness and death as results of the drunkenness, debauchery, and vice, often culminating in crime, which come from thus crowding folks together in places inadequate and unfit for their occupation.

Every medical man in the kingdom can recount the many preventible diseases and deaths resulting from unwholesome houses. Thus, out of a list of 4,160 cases of disease, accident, or injury, treated during the six years ending with the 31st of December, 1863, about 700 cases and 49 deaths appeared to have been distinctly caused by unwholesome dwelling-places. If we went into the statistics of hospital out-patients, of parochial practice, or of the general register of deaths (unfortunately there is as yet none of diseases), stronger instances would come out, showing what an amount of illness and how many deaths are brought about by people inhabiting houses which are in an improper condition. And remembering what a sacred thing is human life, it is very frightful to think that so much of it is destroyed, not by the act of God, but by the neglect of man.

But further, every working clergyman, district

visitor, tax-collector, and poor-law officer, in the kingdom, will recount, not merely lives lost, strength wasted, and suffering incurred, from the use of improper dwelling-places; but they will also relate how men and women, driven to desperation by the squalor and filth in which they live, fly from their dirty ill-smelling homes to the gin-shop, and how from this the parents come to indulge in drink while the poor children starve (as I have seen); again, how all common decency, and consequently all morality, is destroyed by over-crowding; how vice, recklessness, and filth prevail in some houses, resulting in moral misery, bodily disease, premature deaths, and much cost and loss to the community; and how these various conditions form a terrible aggregate of human wretchedness, scattered in items up and down among our town and village, ay, and even country populations.

Then things are in a great degree due to the landlords; but before blaming any one in particular, it is necessary to find out what power it is that he possesses and neglects to use. Thus, a set of disgraceful tenements may belong to a man who is merely to blame for having leased them away out of his own power with too great facility, and without making proper restrictions. That is the measure of his fault. He has no right to be charged with more. The rest of it must be laid to the leaseholder, or whoever it is that the landlord's power is given to by the terms of the lease, and to that person attaches the censure of bad landlordism for the time being. And so in other cases; one landlord may possess all the power, another only

part, another very little or even none at all. It takes a great deal of time and trouble to find these things out. But although justice requires that they should be known before particular persons are blamed, and that the blame should be apportioned in accurate measure to the power possessed and misused, that same justice also requires that the blame, when proved to be deserved, should be as severe as public opinion or any other lawful power can make it, and should be in full proportion to the neglect or carelessness shown. For neglect and carelessness, in a case where human life and health are lost by them, amount to a very hideous crime. It is no excuse that the landlord left it to his agent, and did not know : the act of the agent is that of the landlord ; the master should look after his servant, and it is necessary to be particular in doing so, either by inquiry or inspection, or by employing as agent such a man that sanitary matters are certain to be justly attended to. The minority or incapacity of the landlord is no excuse, for the trustees are then bound to do the landlord's duty. That the landlord cannot afford to do what is needful is no excuse ; for, as house property ought to pay 7 per cent. on its value, while money in the funds brings 3, or as, at any rate, the nature of such property is well known, a portion of the rent ought to have been laid aside every year for repairs, instead of using the whole of it as spending income.

In short, as the poor are much at the mercy of the house-proprietors, possessing very little power where landlords possess a great deal, no excuse

can be admitted when the landlord fails in anything that he has the power to do.

As to the divided responsibility, this only divides the culpability, but does not diminish it. Whatever is wrong, whatever is defective, either the ground-landlord must be in fault, or the leaseholder under him, or the tenant under the leaseholder, according to the terms of the covenants made between these respective parties. Somebody is always responsible for drains, conveniences, and repairs. Nothing would tend more to cure the evils in question, than to find out from the agreements in each particular case who that somebody was, and to publish in all the papers the names, addresses, and station of the negligent ; and where no special covenant was made about these matters, nor any restriction to under-letting imposed, then to find out who that ground-landlord was who let the undrained land for building without any thought or care for the poor in the shape of covenants by the lessee to drain, make conveniences, keep the buildings wholesome and in good repair, and not excessively to under-let ; to find out, again, the mercenary leaseholder who, secure and impregnable for his term of years, grasps his profit-rent, refuses to do anything not specified in the bond, and under-lets to some hungry harpy who can but just contrive to pay the rent and live from hand to mouth by parcelling out the rooms to petty lodgers ; to find out, again, the cases of under-tenants, who, with pretensions to respectability, neglect to keep the houses they sublet to lodgers in a decent state ; and so to publish to the world

the full names and addresses of any of the parties so defaulting. If this were done from time to time, things would not be left as they are, lest some names now respected should be blazoned forth as undeserving, and lest other names now only known in tranquil retirement should be invested with a publicity neither expected nor desired. The mere knowledge that publicity might any day be given would have a most salutary effect.

Let each of us who are landlords ask ourselves if we have any hand in allowing the state of things described, or if any act or omission of ours, directly or indirectly, contributes to it. If it does, let us without delay, in the sight of that Being who has declared that he will have mercy and not sacrifice, repair and remedy, in full honesty and self-denying singleness of purpose, our part in these crying evils, which weigh down and crush so many of our humbler brethren. For both we and all belonging to us, as well as those that shall come after us, are vitally interested in the right performance of the sanitary duties of individuals in their capacity of landlords.

To come now to *practical remedies*. It is very difficult to deal with cottage property and little tenants; but a determination to make things right will generally succeed. It succeeds where rents and privileges are concerned; and sanitary defects will prove equally amenable to an application of intelligence and forethought.

(a) Cottage property should be so managed as to pay a sufficient per-centage on all capital outlay. This gives the owner an income to spend, and a

surplus for repairs and improvements. Capital outlay should be distinguished from current outlay. Capital outlay includes the cost or value of the land, of the house and everything standing on the land, and that of additions or substantial improvements; and on this only should rent be charged. Current outlay should be defrayed out of the rent, and comprehends everything which is necessary on the landlord's part to maintain the premises as nearly as possible in their primary state of repair and good condition, and everything in the shape of annual liabilities.

(b) The owner should make proper conditions with his tenants, and should enforce the observance of them. Tenants should be obliged to keep the premises clean and wholesome. It should be clearly understood who is to cleanse drains and cess-pools, and do whitewashing; who is to repair; what animals may be kept, what trades pursued, and what lodgers allowed. Above all, the landlord should perform fully and punctually, and without delay, everything that he stipulates to do himself.

(c) Freeholders should avoid middle-men, and let directly to the actual tenants, thus often realizing a larger profit from their property. Under-letting should be prohibited, except under special circumstances and under close restrictions.

(d) Cottage property should be periodically inspected by some one acquainted with sanitary requirements. The owner would then know the state of his houses, and what they wanted. Things

needful should be done at once, and as economically as possible consistent with efficiency. A small cost will often suffice ; and no expense not actually necessary should be incurred.

(e) Owners should see that every house is fit to live in, with proper family arrangements, good drains and conveniences, wholesome water, and a place for dust. Where no dust-hole can be made, movable wooden bins may be placed outside, to be emptied periodically. Ventilation should be seen to ; all windows should open at the top ; and the house should have some kind of opening through the back wall as well as in front, otherwise the rooms will be extremely unwholesome.

In short, owners, or those who act for them, should take every means to inform themselves how to keep their houses in a wholesome state. There are plenty of good books and pamphlets on the subject, and full information may readily be obtained. It is commonly very easy to point out how a house may be made wholesome by inexpensive improvements. Once known, it becomes the landlord's duty to carry into effect all practicable measures. That he should do so thoroughly must be of his own free-will. No authority or law can supply the defect if he fail. It is a matter of personal duty ; and if in the full sense of the term he minds this his business, he will reap the fruits of doing so in a prospering property, while indirect benefits will arise from the presence of decent inhabitants, making fewer burdens on the rate-payers and on the local charities. Cottage-property requires trouble and work, and the applica-

tion of intelligence, to manage it ; but I believe both it and model lodging-houses may be made to pay. Nor does its sanitary management present any difficulty which cannot be met by activity and good sense applied in a business-like manner.

I will make but this one more suggestion : that no one should seek to become possessed of a very small cottage-property, for letting, unless he have other means besides. For if he does, he will be obliged to spend every farthing of his rents upon himself, and so will be utterly unable to do the least thing to his houses, which must then get into a bad state. A small tradesman, knowing something of building, will sometimes put his savings into brick and mortar, in cottages erected on land rented on a building lease. Or sometimes such a property comes to a destitute widow, or a poor old man, or to some other party who has nothing else to live upon. Such people are the worst of landlords. They cannot afford to lay out a penny, yet must get as much rent as possible out of the property. They cannot afford to stipulate that their tenants shall not live in filth and infamy. All they can do is, to let to the highest bidder. Their tenants may fall sick and die from the unwholesome state of the houses, but they themselves cannot help it : "they must live." I suggest, therefore, that all who can afford it, every one with means and leisure and independence, should make it a point of duty to become possessed of some freehold cottage-property, to be properly managed, made to pay, and let to a decent tenantry. This sort of property would thus be

rescued from incompetent hands, and placed in hands strong enough to manage it ; and thus great social improvements might be effected. Vice, crime, and debauchery, would find fewer resting-places, and honest industry would be able to procure a decent home for money. If those in easy circumstances were to set aside part of their income for one or several years, and invest it in an extent of cottage or model lodging-house property suitable to their means, they might confer an immense benefit on the country without disturbing the investment of their other property. A small portion of the money now spent in racing, pictures, or other costly pursuits, might well be turned in this direction, as might some of the surplus capital of our merchant-princes and others, for which a remunerative outlet is often sought in distant speculations. Only it is important to avoid fanciful or lavish expenditure on cottage-property. It should be so managed as to pay a good per-centage, because it then becomes an example which others will be disposed to follow. Thus I have endeavoured to set forth the important sanitary duties of individuals who are landlords ; duties which rest chiefly with themselves to fulfil, and which, except at a few points, no law or governing body has much control over.

In fact, it is the will and disposition of people that I aim at ; to foster the desire to avoid everything that can injure health or touch sacred human life ; and to induce each person, in his own place and station, to find out and to do his duty in this respect. This may be applied to every profession

and trade ; to the *lawyer*, that in drawing agreements about house-property he should suggest clauses providing for salubrity ; to the *house-agent*, that in his transactions he should keep the same in view, especially as relates to the letting of large furnished houses in watering-places ; to the *lodging-house keeper*, that he should see proper arrangements made for the health of his inmates ; and to the *builder*, particularly of the smaller class of houses, that his plans should provide all the requisites of health, that drains, foundations, and all work out of sight should be faithfully done, that the walls should be so built as not to suck up damp, and that the house should not be too hastily papered and reported fit for occupation, lest the consequence should be death or sickness, of which those who hurried the finishing would assuredly not be guiltless.

Again, these suggestions may be applied to the *butcher*, *fishmonger*, and *poulterer*, who ought not to wait till the law compels them to abate the necessary nuisances of their trades, and then only just do as much as may save them from its penalties ; but they should be at some trouble to find out and put in effect the best ways of avoiding all nuisance, remembering that their own perceptions are blunted by use to smells which their neighbours may perceive very acutely. If this were a question of profit and loss they would spare no trouble in attending to it.

Precisely similar observations apply to the *soap-boiler*, the *candle-maker*, the *bone-boiler*, the *knacker*, the *rag and bone collector*, and to

various *manufacturers*, the *managers of gas-works, foundries, potteries, &c.*, all of whom, if they honestly did their duty, would exercise care and supervision beyond that which the law compelled, over the various processes of their work, to reduce to their minimum the chances of injury to any one's health arising from them.

Employers, again, ought to have regard to the health of their work-people. *Milliners, drapers, tailors, shoemakers, and bakers, &c.*, ought to see that sufficiently large and ventilated rooms are allotted for working purposes, and that the hours of labour are limited as much as possible; and *customers* ought so to give their orders as not to occasion undue pressure in the work-room.

Shipowners and sea-captains ought to see that everything is done on shipboard to obviate every cause of illness either among the crew or passengers.

Managers of schools owe a similar duty to the children who are assembled together under their authority. And *nurses having care of infants or children* are totally unfit for their place, unless they refrain from giving or doing hurtful things to them, such as dosing infants with sugar and butter or with gin, giving them raw fruit, or fingering their breasts, and unless they take common care of their health.

Again, *dealers in provisions, grocers, bakers, confectioners, sausage-makers, Italian warehousemen, and dealers in beer, wine, and spirits*, ought to see that in the wares they sell there is nothing injurious to health, and to see to it of themselves

as a part of their personal duty, not waiting for the compulsion of the law.

In short, every person, in every position and relation of life, in every trade or profession, is bound in duty to see, that in his place, in his occupation, and within his lawful influence, the causes of disease and illness are as much as possible done away with. In this way every one, by his own voluntary act, may contribute to the well-being of the nation. I do not undervalue the power of the law, or the worth of the action of the general government of this country or of the local government of each place: they do things, and carry out measures, of the highest importance, which no private individual can touch; witness the drainage of large towns, and other comprehensive measures: but I do emphatically say this: that each private individual should not expect public bodies to do his private duties; and that he should not attribute every sanitary evil to their neglect, or lay it all upon the local board, but should look to himself, should follow the plain homely English habit of minding his own business, and should take heed not to contribute by any carelessness of his own to the bad influences that, amid vice and dirt, prostrate thousands of our people in debility, in sickness, and in death.

as a part of the law, and that the law is not a part of the law. In short, every power, in every position, and in every field of action, is bound in duty to me, that in his place, in his position, and within his lawful influence, the cause of liberty and justice are as much as possible done every day. In this way every one, by his own voluntary act, may contribute to the well-being of the nation. I do not understand the part of the law, or the words of the nation of the general government, this country is of the local government of each state; they do think, and carry out measures of the highest importance, which no private individual can touch; whereas the drainage of large rivers, and other comparative measures; but I do emphatically say this: that each private individual should not expect public bodies to do his private duties; and that he should not estimate every measure, and to their subject, in law it is upon the local level, but should look to higher, should follow the plain duty of his right of thinking his own interests, and should take heed not to contribute by any contribution of his own to the law influence that would give any other private individual an out-people in society, in justice, and in health.

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THE kitchen clock was striking six as Susan Young opened the shutters one summer morning, threw up the window, and leaned out to enjoy the scent of the flowers. The yard was not much larger than the kitchen, but the children worked and played in it, and made it cheerful—"Bless their little hearts!" as Susan said to herself.

She turned to begin her work by lighting the fire. The sun shone in, and the bright tins caught the light. The kitchen was all in order; and as soon as the sticks began crackling, and the kettle was put on, and the place dusted, she was ready to go to the parlour.

Susan was servant to Mr. Wilson, a clerk in one of the factories of the busy, smoky city of Manchester. But the house was airy, though it was in Manchester, because Mr. Wilson's maxim was "Health is wealth;" so he chose to live in

an airy part of the town, though he paid higher rent than if he had lived in a worse situation, and had to walk a long way to and from his work besides. "What then!" said he, "if I am tired at night I sleep the sounder; and I see my wife and children come to breakfast with healthy faces. As to the rent, we will save in other things. If we were to spend sixpence a day on beer, that would be more than nine pounds a year. We will do without. This pleasant little home, and a thankful heart to the Giver of every blessing, is worth all the beer twice over. We have good water here; tea is getting cheaper, and my wife makes capital coffee. What more do we want?"

He kept his resolution; and as he was blessed with a good wife, he had a healthy, happy home. It was small and frugal, for his salary was but small, but it was not the less happy for that. Susan had lived in this family for five years.

"There's missis gone in to the children," thinks she to herself, as she goes to the parlor door. "Half-past six by that." And as she opens the window and sweeps and dusts the neat little room, merry voices are heard above; splash goes one child after another into the cold water, and little feet are running over the floors. Then they come trooping down with shining morning faces and clean pinafores, Willie and Johnny, and Lucy, the eldest, who

leads down little Emmy. Emmy is Susan's favourite, because she has a sister Emma whom she loves dearly. They must all have a kiss from Susie, and then they bustle out to their garden. Their father has been up and busy over his books since six; he enjoys his evenings with his family, but he is always early at work. The parlour is fresh and bright with wide open window, and breakfast laid when he comes down at half-past seven, and the whole family collects to morning prayers. They are seated to breakfast at eight; the children with their bread and milk, their father and mother with their coffee, and Susan with hers in her nice kitchen.

Mr. Wilson is off to the factory directly, and the mother and children go out soon, for she has to market this morning. Then Susan clears up breakfast and goes to the bed-rooms. They look rather empty and they are very cheaply furnished, but everything is so clean, it is a pleasure to look at them. The walls are painted cream color; the ceilings are spotless whitewash; the floors as spotless as the ceilings. The bedsteads are of iron and without curtains or vallances; and the nice clean bedding is thrown open to catch the air from the wide open windows. The wash-stands, chairs and chests of drawers are all painted white; the crockery is white. This had all cost very little, but it was all that was wanted, and there was not a speck of dust to be seen,

nor was anything left standing that ought to be carried down, nor any pitcher left unfilled with fresh water, when Susan left the rooms after making the beds, and went down to her kitchen ready to take the orders for dinner.

This was the regular way in which the work went on, and Susan had time for needlework in the afternoon; but to-day the regular way was going to be disturbed, as you shall hear.

About twelve, when the children were at lessons with their mother, she sent Susan out on a message. It should not have taken above a quarter of an hour, but one o'clock came, and it grew near two, and still she had not returned. Such a thing had never happened before. Mrs. Wilson had to cook and lay the cloth, and was anxious besides, lest Susan should have met with some accident; but when Mr. Wilson came home at two, she was behind him. Her eyes looked red and she seemed flurried; but she only said, "I am very sorry, ma'am, to have been so long," and made haste to the kitchen. She was not like herself at dinner, and an hour afterwards when Mrs. Wilson went to the kitchen, she was sitting at the table with her face hid in her hands.

"Susan, what is the matter?" asked her mistress; "You deserve that I should trust you, and I believe that you can explain the reason of all this; but you ought also to trust me. Who was that young man that my husband saw

walking with you, and why do you seem so unhappy? I would gladly help you if I could."

"Oh, you are very kind, ma'am," said Susan, starting up; I never thought to see that young man again, and the sight of him brought back so many thoughts of my own home, long ago."

"Is he a relation then?"

"No, ma'am; no. But he was a neighbour's son, and we are of the same age, and we went to school together, and told all our troubles to one another; and when he was 'prenticed to a saddler in our village, it was just the same. Not a day but we saw each other, and my little pet, my sister Emma, was his pet too. She was six years younger than me, and everybody said she was the beauty of the village, and so she grew up. Well, ma'am, when she was eighteen, and he was in good work, she came home from a long visit to grandfather. Every evening John Turner came to see me then. We were to be married in a month."

"My poor Susan!" said Mrs. Wilson.

"I saw how it was to be the very first evening. John had no eyes nor ears for any but her. I told him soon that I would not hold him to his promise to me. Better lose all when the heart is gone!"

"But could Emma love him after this?"

"She was young and thoughtless; but it was worst of all to me that she made light of it, and

besides I never could see that she cared for him. She liked to walk with him and laugh with him, but if he tried to say anything serious to her she would turn it off; and it was soon over, for a few weeks afterwards a young London workman came down and fell in love with her and she with him. He was handsome and pleasant, but I could but wonder she should like him better than John Turner. Now came out John's passion. He accused the other of robbing him of the girl he loved and that loved him, for so he believed she did, and 'I hold you answerable to me that would have cherished her as long as I lived, for her happiness,' he said. His lips trembled and his face was pale as he spoke the words, and he went out without bidding any of us good-bye. He left his trade and his country and sailed for Australia, and I have never heard tidings of him since, till this very day."

"No wonder you forgot everything but this! How did he fare in Australia?"

"He is well off, and had plenty there; but he took a longing to come home, so he came. He wanted me to give him Emma's direction, but I refused at first, and then it came out afterwards. He declared that he does not care for her now, but he wanted to see her once more. He has never married another, he said."

"Is Emma happy in her marriage?"

"I hope she is, ma'am, and believe it too,

but I have not seen her for six years. The last time was on her wedding-day. I can see her now in her light gown, looking a real beauty, so every one said. It was a merry day, but I could not help thinking of him who was alone on the seas. They went to London, and Joseph Spearman, that's her husband's name, has always been in work, and they took nice lodgings, so I heard from her. But troubles came upon me fast after the wedding. Father and mother died both within the year. When I was left alone, I made up my mind to go to service, and came to you, ma'am."

"But you will see John Turner again?"

"If you please, ma'am, he will call next week. I think I will write to Emma. I remember her last letter to me was written seven months ago, after her baby was born. He was her fourth child. I thought she seemed low-like, and I would like to hear of her again."

' Three or four days after this, Susan got a letter in answer to the one she had written, not from Emma herself, but from a neighbour, saying, that Mrs. Spearman was very ill, no one thought she would live, and they did say her husband ill-used her. He had got into bad ways and drank, and they had moved into one room in a court in Clerkenwell. The baby was dead, and all the children sickly. Mrs. Spearman did not want her sister to know, but it was right she

should, and so the direction of her room in Clerkenwell was sent.

“I must go to her!” was the cry of Susan’s heart. “My poor, pretty little sister! Her husband ill-uses her! Would he dare to lay a hand on her? I cannot rest till I see her!”

Mrs. Wilson thought that it was indeed Susan’s duty to go to her poor sister; but she hoped things were not so very bad, and that she should soon get her good servant back again. The next morning, it was a Saturday, Susan was ready to set out for London. Her master paid her wages up to the day, and she had money in the Savings’ Bank, if she wanted more. The children cried, and begged her to come back as soon as she had made her sister and the poor little girls and boy well, and her tears blinded her eyes as she turned from the door.

It was afternoon when she got to London, and walked away from the Euston Station towards Clerkenwell, carrying her little bundle. She had to ask her way several times, but at last got to the street out of which the court turned, and then a woman in a coal and potatoe shed shewed her the court.

Her clean cotton gown and new straw bonnet don’t look much fit for that place! thought the woman to herself.

The court was narrow, and had a nasty gutter down the middle of it; the air was close and

bad; numbers of ragged children were playing about the doors. Susan asked for No. 10, and a boy pointed to it. She went in, and mounted the dirty, creaking stairs. Three-pair front was Emma's room.

Susan stood outside the door, and felt afraid to open it. What should she see when she did? What could she expect in such a place as this?

As she stood, she heard a child begin to cry within, and then a harsh grating sound of a woman's voice called out, "Hold your tongue, or I'll give you the stick!"

That was not Emma's voice. Her voice was sweet and bell-like. She must have come to the wrong door, and must knock and ask. She knocked, and the same harsh voice said, "Who's there? Come, in if you want to come!"

She opened the door. A sickening smell and the darkness of the room confused her at first. Then she saw a little boy seated crying on a floor, black with coal dust and dirt; a girl younger than he standing by him; and very little else in the room besides a small bed against the wall, on which lay a woman, with a little child in her arms.

A woman! with hollow cheeks and large startled eyes, and a tattered black cap hardly blacker than the blanket that covered her. A woman! Susan stood by the door, and as she

stood, began to tremble from head to foot, and had not strength to move. But the woman dropped her child on the bed, opened wide her arms, and gave a faint shriek, and the next instant they were clasped in a long, long embrace.

“Susan! my own sister Susan!”

“Emma! my darling! my pretty, dear sister! why did you let it come to this? Why did you not send for me?”

They might ask questions, but neither could answer. Nothing came but tears and sobs. Susan roused up first. She must not give way. She must try to help. She called the frightened children to her, and they soon came and clung to her when they had looked in her kind face. Then she took the wailing little one in her arms and soon quieted it. “Poor little Polly,” she said, “you do look ill! and this is Susie by me here, and this is Tommy. What were you crying for, Tommy? I know your name, you see.”

“I want my tea,” sobbed Tommy.

“Then you can’t have it yet,” said his mother. “I have no strength to get it. You must wait till Mrs. Larkins comes. She’s a kind neighbour, Susan, that comes in to help me when she comes home from work. I don’t know what I should have done without her.”

“I will get tea,” said Susan; “I brought you

some nice tea and sugar from Mrs. Wilson. Where's the wood to light a bit of fire?"

Susan had tucked up her gown, and was down on her knees clearing the grate in a minute. She found some sticks and matches. There was a mountain of cinders under the grate, and some coals were flung down in a corner of the room. The fire was soon alight. She shovelled up the ashes, and put them in the box where the coals should have been, but she looked round in vain for a brush. Then she took up the kettle to fill it, but there was no clean water in the room, and pitcher, basin, pan, everything was full of dirty water.

Emma lay with her eyes shut, and tears slowly trickling down her cheeks. She could not bear Susan to see her misery. It seemed worse than suffering alone. Susan would not trouble her with questions; so believing she should find water in the yard, she ran down with the kettle and the brimming pitcher, and soon returned with both full of clean water. The kettle was soon on the fire; then she looked round for the tea-things. Tommy had sense to see what she wanted, and shewed her a little cupboard by the fire, where she found some cups, mugs, and other articles, but everything was dirty.

She did not stop to think, but catching up the brown pan, carried it down to empty and cleanse it, and then used it to wash up all she wanted;

drying the things with a clean towel from her bundle, and talking all the while cheerfully to Tommy and Susie, who tried to help by holding things for her or setting things down. She had dusted the table, and now set the tea-things on it and made the tea; then she put on her bonnet to go out, at which both the children began to cry.

"I am coming back, dears," she said; "don't cry, aunt Susan is only going for the milk and bread and butter."

Emma opened her eyes and looked wistfully after her; and a smile really did light up her pale face when in a short while, Susan came back with all she went for. She put the things down and went to the bed to take the thin hand that was held to her; and "Let me wash your dear face with some of this cool water," she said. "There! it refreshes you. Now the hands. Now I have brushed your hair a bit, and you must put on a clean cap; I have one to spare. Oh, you look ever so much better."

But Susan could say no more; a choking came in her throat, for now the face looked like the Emma of long ago, only shrunk and faded. She hurried to the table; the two children were already seated on one chair, looking at the loaf. She supplied each with a good slice of bread and butter, and gave them a mug of sweet weak tea between them; then took a cup of tea and slice of toast to their poor mother, feeding the little sickly Polly herself, meanwhile, with a spoon.

"How nice it is!" said Emma, "I have not liked anything so much for many a day. You have made it all look so comfortable!"

Comfortable! Susan looked round the wretched room, and thought poor Emma must indeed be used to misery if she could think there was comfort here. She was herself suffering so much from the close air that she could not taste the food, though Emma pressed her. She had tried to open the window from the top, but could not; and when she put it up from the bottom it fell again, for the pulley was broken; but not before she had found out that things had been thrown from the room on to the ledge of the roof, that made it worse to open the window than leave it shut, for such a bad smell came in.

The children grew sleepy after tea, and Susan helped them to creep in at the bottom of the bed. This was their place. They lay between the dirty blankets, for there were no sheets; and all she had to do for them was to take off their ragged frocks. She thought of her Manchester children, and how they were washed all over with soap and water every night before their clean little nightgowns were put on.

"Poor little souls!" she said to herself. "Poor little neglected things! No wonder their skins are full of sores, and their limbs so thin. God help me to do something for them; and He is sending sweet sleep down upon them now."

She sat down by Emma, and they remained silent for some time, with their hands clasped together. Susan spoke first.

"What complaint have you, Emma? Have you any doctor?"

"Not now I haven't; I had Dr. Cockle, that has the large doctor's shop near. He said I had a decline. But his physic was so dear, and I don't think it did me good."

"Do you always keep your bed?"

"Oh no, I keep about. I had but just laid down when you came. My back ached so."

"Why don't you go to a dispensary?"

"Jo would not let me. He would have me have a paid doctor."

"Where is Jo?"

"At work. He'll be home by and bye."

"Then he is in work! What wages has he?"

"From twenty to twenty-four shillings a week."

"Ah, then it was true that I heard. You ought to be kept in comfort and plenty with such wages; and he ill-treats you too!"

"Him! who told you lies like that?"

Susan hid her face. A black bruise on her sister's arm had that very moment struck her eyes.

"You can't deceive me, Emma. Oh, to think how we were brought up, and the comfort in our little cottage, and five of us all with schooling,

and never wanting for decent clothes and food, and father with but his twelve or fifteen shillings a week!"

"Oh my home, my dear home! Mother! father!" cried Emma, bursting into tears. "It's the drink that's been our ruin. It's at the public house all the money goes. To pay the half-crown for this room something has to go every week. The bed must go next; and then when all's gone we must go down to the kitchen. They tell me the woman's dying that's there now. It's damp, and has a horrid smell, and a grating over the window, for it's underground. Please God to take me before I have to go down there!"

"He's a villain that has brought you to this."

"No, no! he's good when he's not in drink; and he's a good workman—none better. But the workshop's close and hot, and he wants comfort when he comes away, and there's none here for him."

Susan's conscience smote her. It was not the way to help Emma, to make her hate her husband. It was a blessing she could love him still.

"There is no comfort here, Emma," she said, "let me help you to make it better. Let us try to make your husband like his home."

Emma fell back on her pillow. "It's no use to strive," she said. "What can I do? dragging up all the water and carrying all down. It's no

use. I'm too ill. I've no heart since I lost my poor baby, and the children are always dragging at me, and Tommy's always fretting."

"No wonder in such a place. They are all ill. I will make it quite another thing."

"I have been thinking for you where you can sleep," said Emma, who did not like to hear Susan seem to say she had not done her best. "There's only one bed here; and then, you must not lose your place for me."

Susan said she should not lose it by staying a little while, and she knew she must find a lodging.

"Now you had best go down to the two-pair back," said Emma, "and ask Mrs. Larkins to let you half her bed. You will like her room. Only say I sent you."

Susan went, not expecting to like it very much, and was never more surprised than when Mrs. Larkins opened her door; for it was a little palace of comfort, and she and Mrs. Larkins made friends in a minute. The room was very small, but the window was bright and wide open, and a canary was singing in his cage, hung against the shutter. There was a bed, with checked curtains and a patchwork quilt; a table, and some good chairs against the wall; bright tins and plates on the mantel-piece and on shelves; also a picture of the Princess Royal, another of H.M.S. "Thunderer," also a black

likeness of a young man. Before the fireplace was a square of carpet, and on it a little round table, where Mrs. Larkins was having her tea. All was as clean as it could be, and its mistress as tidy as a woman can be after a hard day's work.

"Sit ye down," said she, after the bargain for a week's lodging had been made. "You say the poor soul upstairs wants nothing more, and you're tired to death; and she put a dust more tea into her brown teapot, blew up the hot cinders, made the kettle boil, brought out some fresh water-cresses, and prepared to give Susan her tea; and indeed Susan was very tired, and enjoyed it much. They talked a great deal about Emma.

"She will never be better as long as they have but one room for them all, and it so close," said Susan. "If she kept it like yours it would be different; but with his wages she ought to have better lodgings."

"Let me tell you, my dear," said Mrs. Larkins, "that wages is of no account if a man goes to the public house; and that unless a woman finds a husband as don't, and that's not one in twenty, she's better without him. Now I make, may-be, five shillings a week, more or less."

"Five shillings! and they have twenty-four!"

"That's it. What I make, I make; and what I spend, I spend on what I want. I should like

more, it may be, at a time, but I do pretty well. My old man—that's his picture you see there—was sober enough, as times went; he seldom drank at all, so he left all these things and more behind him; some I gave to my son, and some I sold. We had six children, and I lost him, poor fellow, at thirty-five."

"You were happy with him then?"

"Yes, yes, I got a fright once or twice that he was going to take to the public-house, but I 'ticed him off it. I kept my place as tidy and cheerful as ever I could always. Then I would say to him, "John," says I, "don't you think if we could save a bit o' money, to buy some more plates to fill the shelf," says I, "or a looking-glass for you to shave by. Then the best of all was a fellow-workman persuaded him to go to a place of worship on a Sunday; it was a nice pleasant walk there, and the children went to Sunday school; and they got that bible there on the shelf, by paying every week what we could spare; and he liked us all to look neat and tidy on Sunday, so he never wanted to spend his money away after that. His own home was pleasanter than the gin-shop, I took care o' that."

"Ah, yes!" said Susan, "that's the way if only Emma could do it. But she's so ill!"

"She's not so bad, if it wasn't for fretting, and if she would go to the dispensary, they'd do her good. That's Spearman's folly about a paid

doctor. There's the best of doctors and medicines for nothing at the dispensary; and as to pay, they don't make *us* pay; but I go to work sometimes at one of the doctor's houses, and cook told me he gets a golden sovereign and a shilling from rich people."

"I will try and persuade her," said Susan, rising to go back to Emma. "But it's not the doctor she wants, Mrs. Larkins; it's fresh air, and wholesome food, and a happy heart." Mrs. Larkins sighed and shook her head, as if to say she thought it a hopeless case, and Susan went sadly up-stairs. She found Emma sitting at the table, wearily leaning her head on her hand. She was listening for her husband; he had promised to come early, she said, because she was so poorly, but Saturday was always the worst night with him.

Eight o'clock came, then nine, and Emma began to cry and moan and complain of Jo, and at last said she was so ill, that she must have some drops from the doctor's. Would Susan light the candle first, not to leave her in the dark, and go for the drops?

Susan went, and as she turned out of the court, almost ran against a man who was reeling into it. There was not light enough to see his face, but a dread came over her that it was Joseph Spearman. She was kept waiting so long in the shop, that twenty minutes had passed

before she got back. As she ran up to the door, she heard a scream, then loud voices of men and a heavy fall. She burst in. Emma was clinging to a chair. Two men were struggling on the floor. The undermost was Jo, the other had his clenched fist ready to strike a heavy blow. Susan clung to the uplifted arm with all her strength, and held it back. The man turned round, and their faces met. It was John Turner !

“Spare him ! don’t harm him !” shrieked Emma. “He’s good to me, when he’s not in drink. Look at me, Jo ! Are you hurt ?”

John rose, but dragged the other up with him, and held him fast by the collar. The wretched man was sobered by the shock, and stared in horror at the two strangers. He remembered their faces. They seemed to him like two ministers of wrath come to punish him. John shook him in his rage, and said dreadful words to him that cannot be written, and then called him a coward that would strike a woman.

Jo held out his trembling hands towards his wife, and she seized them, kissed them, and tried to comfort him. He was shuddering from head to foot. John released him, and he staggered against the wall.

Susan touched John’s arm. “Best leave them alone,” she said, “she will do him more good than we can.”

John followed her out, but stopped again

outside the door. "He was to be answerable to me," he said, "and see what he has brought her to. She is living in a pig-stye, and he must beat her besides. I heard her cry as I got to this door, and rushed in upon him."

"Remember, he was not himself; he was drunk."

"Where's the excuse of that? It makes a man mad to think how the working men of England make sots of themselves, and keep themselves down by drink to be the poor slaves they are."

"Don't slander your brothers. They are not all like him."

Susan turned to leave him as she spoke, but he begged her to let him call on her again, to which she agreed before they parted; and she went down, thankful to lay her head on the pillow by the kind old Mrs. Larkins.

Never had she passed such a wretched Sunday as she awoke to next morning. Jo lay fevered and bruised in body and soul, with racking pain in his head and shame in his heart. Emma nursed him, but was herself half dead. Susan took care of the children, and waited on them all. She borrowed a little food of kind Mrs. Larkins, for she could not bear to break the Sabbath, as her poor sister had got the habit of doing by going to market on Sunday morning, and neither Jo nor Emma were in a state to enjoy a Sunday dinner. Then she tried to teach the

poor children a little hymn and told them the story of Joseph, but they were strange words to the poor neglected little things, who did not know what a "happy Sunday" was.

Susan went to bed weary and hopeless, but when she went up to Emma in the morning, she was surprised to find that Jo was gone to work, and Emma in better spirits, because he had promised faithfully to come straight home.

"We must do our parts, then," said Susan."

"Why, what can we do?" said Emma. "He says he'll come home, and if he don't, we can do nothing to bring him. Hold your tongue, Tommy! What did you wake up for? There will be no peace now, for he'll fret for an hour, and I want to go to sleep again."

"When children fret, it's because they are in some pain or misery, poor little souls!" answered Susan. "They have merry little hearts, and would be laughing and shouting and running about at play all day, if they were but easy and let alone. Get up and come to aunty, Tommy! Oh, Emma! if you could but see my Manchester children! We don't hear a cry sometimes from morning to night."

"Ah! it's well for them with all their comforts. Stop crying, Tommy, or I'll give you the stick!"

Tommy clambered out of the wretched hole he was in, and came crying to Susan. She took him on her lap, and asked him if it would not

be a pity to wake up little sick Polly, and keep poor mother awake too. And he began to wipe his eyes with his sleeve, and try to sob more softly. Susan felt that he was burning hot, and saw that he was in a fever with the bites of vermin. Coaxing and playing with him all the time, she managed to get off his rags, and to wash him all over with soap and water. It was sad to see in what a state his skin was, and she could scarcely bear to put on his dirty clothes again; but he had no others, though "he shall have," thought Susan to herself, "please God to spare me, before many mornings are past."

He was, however, very much refreshed, and a bit of bread that had been left last night, and an apple and a ball, given to Susan for him by Willie, when she was coming away the day before, made him so happy, that he sat down in a corner, and began to talk to himself, and sing in a low tone, now and then, as he played with the ball, and took a bite by turns. Emma had been asleep, but she looked out at him in wonder.

"Well, you *have* a way with children, Susan," she said; "but you always had. I'm sure I can't manage them, and I don't like to beat them, but sometimes I am forced."

"Beating does no good," said Susan. "It only gives them another pain to fret about, poor souls, and they've enough without."

“Take some, mammy!” cried Tommy, running to his mother, and holding his apple to her mouth.

Emma burst out crying. “He’s a good little fellow, Susan,” she said. “They are all good children, but what’s to become of them? They must go to the work-house when I’m dead, for I’ve no hope of Jo. Oh, my poor children! I wish we were all dead, and laid in our graves.”

“It’s no use to say things like that,” said Susan; “and if you go on so, you need not have any hope for Jo. Look what a place you’re in. He’ll never stop in it. I don’t know who would that could keep out of it. I’m going to clean it up, that’s what I’m going to do;” and without waiting for objections, she set to work so hard that Emma could not be idle. Mrs. Larkins lent pail, scrubbing brush and broom. Susan bought soap and the other things. The window was soon bright, thrown wide open, for the horrid dirt on the ledge had been sent running down the spout by a mop and many a pail of soapy water, and the window had been forced down from the top a bit, and Emma promised to keep it so day and night as Mrs. Wilson did. The grate was cleared; dust, cobwebs, and dirt swept off ceiling, walls, and floor; bedstead, floor, table, and chairs, scrubbed; the sheets taken out of pawn with some of poor Susan’s money; the bed made, and Emma

dressed in Susan's clean gown before six o'clock. Then they put supper ready on the table near the window; bread and cheese and radishes, a pint of beer and Jo's pipe. Susan sighed as she put the beer down, for she would fain have spent the money on wholesome bread for the children, but she must not expect too much of Jo all at once. They were all ready for father now.

And father came as he had promised, and was so surprised when he opened the door that it took his breath away. When he could speak, he held out his hand to Susan, and said, "Sister-in-law, God bless you!" He could say no more, but there were many thoughts in his mind as he sat smoking his pipe.

All the week they worked hard. They washed all the clothes and the blankets, and Susan made little nightgowns and mended and made other clothes for the children, and made their poor little skins thoroughly clean in hot soap and water. Their heads cost most trouble, full as they were of vermin; but she used sulphur ointment to them, and taught Emma to make a wash of strong vinegar, called pyroligneous acid, which she got cheap at the chemist's, mixed with water,* and to rub it into the skin under the hair to keep it safe; and she bought little

* A wash made of a teaspoonful of pyroligneous acid in a teacupful of water will keep the skin of the head free from scurf. The acid should be bought of the ordinary strength.

brushes for them, and made Emma promise to rinse them out in soda and water often, and in plain water afterwards, that they might always be clean. It costs some trouble to do all this, but not so much as hearing poor children crying and fretting all day.

They were ready for Jo in wonderful order when Saturday evening came, and well did he reward them. He came straight home and laid his whole week's money before Emma, only short by his daily dinner. She sobbed in her joy, and placed the children in his arms and told them to thank father for her. Susan stood by with glistening eyes, and they overflowed when Emma threw her arms round her, and said, "It's all your doing, my sister."

"She shall tell us how to lay out the money," said Jo. "There's the rent, and food, and we're behind at the grocer's and baker's I know; but if there's some to spare"—

"Trust that there will," said Susan, "and get your Sunday coat out of pawn this very night." He did so, and then took his children, in whom he could now take pleasure, a walk towards the country.

The Sunday morning was a different one to the last. Susan took out her Bible, and laid a number of "The British Workman" upon the table, which drew Jo's attention. Then they got into talk, and at last Jo said he had made up his mind to give up beer altogether.

Susan and Emma were so filled with joy to hear this, that they could hardly speak. Then he talked of the Sunday school he went to when he was a boy, and thoughts of his soul and another world came to his mind. "Well," said Emma, "I hope we shall go to heaven when we die; we must do the best we can." "There is one way, then, for us all," said Susan, "through Jesus Christ; if we feel that we are sinners, and can do nothing to save ourselves, but ask for His mercy and an interest in His death, He will not refuse any of us, for He came to seek and to save them that are lost." That Sunday evening Jo went with Susan to a place of worship, and the hymns and prayers there offered, went to his heart.

Susan spent the greater part of several days trying to find two nice rooms; but everywhere she was disappointed. Either there was close air, or bad water, or a smell of drains, or no conveniences for getting rid of dust and slops. She saw in her search sad scenes of sorrow and sickness, and others of patient industry that did the best that could be done. Dirt and drunkenness always went together. There might be a clean hard-working woman that could not keep her husband from gin, but never did she find a slattern who could.

At last when she was almost in despair, John Turner took her to one of those large blocks of building, called Model Lodging Houses, where

there happened to be a set of two rooms to let. Here she found all she wanted, and took them at once. There was a private door, a little lobby or passage, a scullery with sinks and water laid on, a kitchen, and the range with boiler and oven, a bed-room and every convenience; and the windows looked over a large gravelled square, where numbers of children were at play. True, the rooms cost four and sixpence a week, and were rather far off for Jo; but he had said he would stand this. More than a hundred families lived in this building, all equally well provided with comforts.

It had come to the last week of Susan's visit. She had promised Mrs. Wilson to go back to her place by the night train on Saturday, so she should see Emma in her new home before she left her; for the old room was to be given up on Saturday. She brought about a meeting between John Turner and her brother-in-law, and saw them reconciled. It seemed to her, when she saw them shake hands cordially, that her work was nearly done, and she might go back happily; but yet she felt sad as she thought of it.

She often wondered, too, what John's parting words meant, for he had said, "Spearman, I will not hear of paying back, till a whole year has passed." This was explained, however, while she was scrubbing and polishing up the new

rooms on Saturday morning, when some nice new things arrived to furnish them. John had lent Spearman the money, and she was not afraid of the payment. He would do it easily if he kept his resolution.

How Susan rejoiced over the new bedstead and mattress, and the little bed for the children. That was the best of all! How proudly she placed the table in the middle of the kitchen, and set the chairs round the wall, and filled the shelves with plates, cups and saucers, and jugs, and put the kettle and saucepan, the frying-pan and gridiron, in their places.

"They may sell off all their old things, and only bring in the blankets and sheets and their clothes. Emma has got them all clean and tidy, poor girl, now," thought she. "Where shall we put them?" As the thought rose, in came a man with a pretty chest of drawers and looking-glass. Now it was complete.

She got supper ready, and then waited impatiently for them. They came at last. Emma, with her pale face, carrying her sick child, Tommy holding by her gown, and Jo, with Susie on one arm, and a bundle on the other. Emma could not believe it was true. This beautiful place could not be her home. She sank trembling into a chair. Susan had her arms around her to welcome her, and bid her good-bye, for her time was come.

“She shall have her beautiful colour back by this time next year,” said Jo, as he shook Susan’s hand warmly, and took an affectionate leave of her, “and the children shall be healthy and happy. Only come back to see us, and God bless you and reward you !”

Emma had some parting words to say too. They were, “His home shall be kept as mother kept ours. Come again and see it.”

Susan was kissing the children one after another, and could not stop her tears ; and as she shut the door, and ran down stairs, she heard Tommy’s voice crying to her to come back. At the outer door of the building, she found John Turner waiting to see her to the train. They walked on in silence for some time, till Susan said,—“I thank you heartily, John, for what you have done.”

“A man that has been such a fool in life as I have,” he replied, after a silence of some minutes, “has little right to hope ; but perhaps some day, Susan”—

But Susan had turned away, and he had not courage to say more. Still, she did not forbid him to go down to Manchester to see her again ; so, as he said, “Perhaps some day”—. Let the sentence be finished as each reader thinks best.

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