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His First Love.

I remember
Meeting you
In September,
Sixty-two.
We were eating,
Both of us;
And the meeting
Happened thus:
Accidental,
On the road
(Sentimental
Episode),
Was gushing,
You were shy;
You were blushing—
So was I;
I was smitten,
So were you
(All that's written
Here is true);
Any money?
Not a bit.
Rather funny,
Wasn't it?
Vows we plighted—
Happy pair!
How delighted
People were!
But your father—
To be sure—
Thought it rather
Premature;
And your mother—
Strange to say—
Was another
In the way.
What a heaven
Vanished then!
(You were seven,
I was ten.)
That was many
Years ago—
Don't let any
Body know.

—*Chicago Telegraph*

Sleep.

When the evening shadows creep
Stealthily,
Hiding every hill and dale,
Hiding all things with their veil,
When the shining day doth die,
Sweet is sleep.

When the evening shadows creep
Stealthily,
To the baby in her nest,
Longing for her quiet rest,
Hushed by loving lullaby,
Sweet is sleep.

When the evening shadows creep
Stealthily,
To the weary heart and brain
Bringing tranquil peace again;
All our cares and sorrows fly—
Sweet is sleep.

OVER THE SNOW.

Hark the herald! angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

rang out from the choir, and the organist, a slender, pale-faced girl, with grave, beautiful brown eyes, joined in the anthems, all her soul in the triumphal words:

Joyful all your voices rise,
Sing the anthems of the skies;
With the celestial hours proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

It was the last of the rehearsal. The choristers threw down their books, only too glad to get away. The organist alone remained, to play over once more a new voluntary.

"Good night Miss Englehart." "Good night, Miss Katherine!" "Good night, Katie, and a merry Christmas eve," were the cries, as, one by one, men and maids left the choir, and went down the stairs and out into the bright, white Christmas night.

Miss Englehart's smiling lips and gentle brown eyes answered them all. A moment and she was alone, only the white, piercing moonlight streaming through the painted oriel over the altar, and the one dim light below. A flare of gas lit the organ loft, but this she lowered, and, with rapt face and dreamy eyes she played over and over again the jubilant new voluntary. She might have gone on for hours—she was quite capable of it—but a piteous yawn from the boy at the bellows recalled her from heaven to earth.

"Oh!" she said, stopping suddenly, with a half laugh, "I had forgotten you, Jimmy. Well, I won't play any more; and here, take this for your Christmas box."

Jimmy jumped up and seized the proffered greenback with glistening eyes.

"Thanky, Miss Kate—merry Christmas, please ma'am," cried the boy, seizing his cap. "Ah!" she's a brick, she is," said Jimmy to himself, as he clattered down the steep stairway. "Nobody among all the singers ever thinks of the boy what blows the bellowses, 'cept her. Don't I just hope she won't marry that long-legged rooster that 'scorts her there sometimes, and leave the choir for good."

Still a few moments longer lingered Miss Englehart on her knees; then she, too, hurried down the stairway and out into the shining coldness of the starry December night. High and white and cold lay the Christmas snow. No "green yule" this to make fat the kirkyard. Cloudless and blue spread the sky, filled with sparkling Christmas stars. Could that night, too—long ago, when the shepherd watched his flock in the great Galilee hills, "and the glory of the Lord shone around them," have been one whit fairer than this?

"Katie."

With a greatstart the girl came back over eighteen centuries, from Bethlehem to the town of Southport. A tall man bent startled up in her path, and spoke her name.

"You, papa!" the girl said, in doubt and surprise, the color that had arisen to her face fading out.

"I—Katie." He drew her hand under his arm with a laugh. "Did you think it was Harry Hatton? Well, it is almost as good, for I have come to talk to you of him."

Miss Englehart looked up—a sudden trouble in her brown, tender eyes.

"I thought you had done talking of him, papa," she said, a tremble in her voice. "I thought yesterday had finished the subject forever."

"Let me see. What was it I did say, yesterday?" says Mr. Englehart, blandly. "Ah! I remember! that my stiff-necked, doting old client, John Hatton, had made up his senile mind to forgive his runaway daughter and disinherit Harry. Under these circumstances, I very naturally told you that you were to meet Harry no more. You're a good girl, Katie—a very good girl!"—Mr. Englehart pats paternally the little hand on his arm—"and at any sacrifice to yourself you would have obeyed me, I am sure. My dear, it affords me great pleasure to inform you the sacrifice will not be required."

"Papa!" the girl cries, her whole face lighting up, "you will let me marry Harry, poor as he is. Oh, papa! I am not afraid of poverty—not afraid of work; neither is Harry, and—"

"Oh, pooh! my dear, pooh! nothing of the kind. My opinion on that point has never changed, and never will. No, no; it is something infinitely better than that. Old Hatton died suddenly last night, before making the proposed new will, and all is Harry's."

Katherine Englehart uttered a faint, startled exclamation.

"And the old will, leaving all to Harry, stands, and his only daughter is disinherited and left out."

"Left without a stiver, my dear, and serves her right, say I. She ran away with a worthless scamp, against her father's will, and, like all fools, has paid the penalty of her folly. She supports herself and her five children by sewing so I have been told, and you know what sort of support that means. Serves her right, I say again. John Hatton has done what it was his duty to do—what I would have done in his place—cast her off and left her to starve with the pauper she chose."

In the moonlight the face of Miss Englehart grew white as the snow itself, but she walks on and does not say a word.

"However," cries her father, cheerfully, "that is not what I want to say. Rose Hatton's case need never be yours. All is Harry's, and, except his poverty, I never had any objection to Harry as a son-in-law. So when he comes to wish you merry Christmas, my dear Katie, I give you leave to name the day."

A strange light comes into the brown eyes; a strangely resolute expression sets the pretty, soft-cut mouth.

"Is he coming to-night, papa?"

"You will find him, I have not the slightest doubt, at the house before you. It would be hypocrisy for him to profess any grief for that old skinflint uncle, and Harry is no hypocrite.

"You have seen him since his uncle's death?"

"Certainly, Katie, and was the first to congratulate him. 'I trust you withdraw your objections to my suit now, sir?' he says to me, in his haughty way; 'I am John Hatton's heir after all!' A trifle hot-headed is Harry, but a good fellow in the main—oh! a very good fellow! I have no doubt, Katie, he will make you an excellent husband."

"He means to keep this fortune, then?" his daughter says, and says it in so odd a voice that her father looks at her, puzzled.

"Keep it? What do you mean? What should he do but keep it? By George! I should think he did mean to keep it—a cool hundred thousand, if a dollar! May I ask what you mean by the question?"

"Not now, papa, please; I will see Harry first," she answers, in the same strange voice—a very quiet voice, though it startles her father.

"Look here, my girl," he says, sternly. "I know you of old—know your high-drawn Quixotic notions about things in general, and points of honor and conscience in particular. I warn you, don't let us have any of them here, if you want to be Harry Hatton's wife. The lad has come fairly by his fortune—let him keep it in peace."

They are at the house with the last words—words harshly and menacingly spoken. They go together into the parlor, and there, as Mr. Englehart has predicted, they find young Hatton alone. A tall and proper fellow, this Harry Hatton, with a handsome face, and eager, happy eyes.

"At last," he cries, coming forward, both hands outstretched, "just as patience was ceasing to be a virtue. Thank you for bringing her, Mr. Englehart. Come to the register, Katie, and warm those cold little paws. Has our stately papa been telling you the good news?"

He draws her forward, eyes, smile, all alight with love and joy. Last night he was in despair—last night this cozy parlor had been forbidden ground. Sorrow and weeping had endured for the night, but joy had come with the morning. This time yesterday he had been a beggar, and Katie had been refused him—to-night he was a rich man, and Katie might be his for the asking. Papa Englehart, after a genial, father-in-law sort of a nod, had slipped away and left them together.

"Why don't you speak, little girl?" cries jubilant Harry, "or has the power of speech been frozen within you? Wish me merry Christmas, Katie, and congratulate me on my capital fortune."

She looks up at him with eyes full of wistful love.

"I wish you a merry Christmas with all my heart, Harry; but congratulate you on what?"

"Why, hasn't the dear old dad been telling you? Then wonders will never cease. Oh, pshaw! Of course he has told you that my uncle is dead?"

"Poor old Mr. Hatton—yes, I know he is dead."

"And all is mine, Katie, all. And next April the old house shall have a new mistress, and Harry Hatton shall have a sweet wife. Why don't you speak? Why don't you smile? What is the matter with you to-night?"

"Harry, you mean to keep this inheritance?"

"Keep it?" Harry looks at her in wonder. "By Jove, what a question! What should I do with it but keep it?"

"Resign it to Rose Hatton—Mrs. Andrews now—to whom it rightfully belongs."

"A most likely idea, and quite worthy of Katie Englehart. I have had poverty and hard work for seven-and-twenty years, and now when the golden shower falls in my arms I am to resign it to Rose Andrews and her drunken brute of a husband! No, no, Katie; in the nineteenth century men keep all they get, and they ask for more."

"So I perceive," she says, quietly, though she is trembling as she stands. She draws a ring off her finger and lays it on the table before him. "Our engagement ends to-night, then, Mr. Hatton. Here is your ring."

He stands gazing at her, utterly bewildered.

"Katie," he exclaims, "you don't mean this?"

"I mean it, Harry. If papa had let me, I would have been your wife in your poverty—oh, so gladly—and worked for you and with you with all my heart and soul. Even now that you take the portion of that woman—worse than widowed—of those children, worse than fatherless—I would die first."

The gentle eyes flashed, into the pale cheeks an indignant glow leaped, and the soft, tender voice rang out as he had never heard it before.

"But this is all nonsense, Katie," he cried, impatiently; "sheer nonsense! ask your father"—a smile crossed Katie's lips—"ask anybody if this money is not fairly mine. Rose Hatton, a headstrong, obstinate schoolgirl, elopes with a scoundrel who only seeks her father's money, and she is disinherited, as she deserved. I am his sister's son, and to me what she resigned has fallen."

"Your father forgave her before he died, and would have made another will if another day had been given him."

"Look here, Katie," says Hatton, still impatiently; "I will seek out my cousin Rosie, and if she leaves her beast of a husband, I'll provide for her and the little ones. Will that satisfy you?"

"Rose Hatton," Katie answers. "She was proud and obstinate, and she would die of starvation sooner than accept as charity what is hers by right."

"I knew Rose Hatton," Katie answers. "She was proud and obstinate, and she would die of starvation sooner than accept as charity what is hers by right."

He comes close and stands before her, his eyes flashing angrily.

"Do you mean either otherwise than resigning you or my uncle's fortune?"

"You must."

"If I resign it, I am a pauper as before, and your father will order me from his doors. You will not disobey your father, so in either case I am to lose you."

"I love you, Harry," she says, with a gasp. "I would wait—"

"Thank you," he says with a short laugh; "that is poor consolation. You are a woman, and waiting may be easy to you. I am a man and don't choose to wait. Since I must lose you in any case, I'll not lose my money as well. Good night, Miss Englehart; I wish you a very merry Christmas."

"Harry!" she cries. But he is gone—gone in a fine fury, banging the street door after him—and it is her father, white with passion, who stands before her.

* * * * * *

Twice the Christmas tide has come and gone—twice the joyful anthem of "Peace on Earth, to Men Good Will," has sounded down the stately aisles of St. Philip's, and the time is here. Once more it is Christmas eve; once more altar and pulpit are wreathed with evergreens; once more the voices of the choristers rise to the vaulted roof; once more the slender, pale-faced, brown-eyed organist sits at her post, her white fingers evoking wondrous music from those pearl keys. But the face has a graver beauty, the dark eyes a sadder light than of old, and for the silk and sables of other days her dress is deepest mourning, plain of make and poor of texture.

The last piece is sung—something grand and old, and triumphant; and "good night, Miss Englehart," one and all cry, as they flutter away and down the stairs. She smiles her farewell, but lingers after they have gone, as is her custom; and as her hands float over the keys, and her eyes rest on the music, she is thinking of another Christmas eve, three years ago, and of her father and lover who stood by her side that night.

She has lost them both—the lover then, never to hear of or see since; the father one year ago. A great financial crisis had come—had involved shrewd lawyer Englehart, and swamped him. He had broken down under the blow, and in less than three months after he was dead and buried. He had never forgiven Katie her refusal of Harry Hatton; he did not forgive her even on his deathbed.

"If you had not been a fool with your scruples and whims," he had said to her, bitterly, "you need not have been a beggar to-day. Harry Hatton is married long ago, no doubt, to some wiser woman, and when I'm gone you may earn your living as best you may."

They had buried him, and Katherine had earned her living bravely and well. For years she had played the organ of St. Philip's as a labor of love. Now it became a labor of necessity. Her salary as organist and half a dozen pupils gave her all she needed, and life went on, somehow, and Christmas had come again.

She dreaded Christmas—the old pain and struggle seemed to come back afresh. She did not regret what she had done. Better loneliness and poverty than ill-gotten gain—better lose her lover forever than become the wife of a man capable of wronging the living and the dead. She had lost him, but she had not ceased to love him. While she deplored his sins, her pure prayers followed him in his reckless wanderings over the world.

She left the organ at last, and slowly quitted the church. Unlike that other Christmas, no moon nor stars shone. White, soft, ceaselessly, the snow fell. She put up her umbrella and hurried home the home of a boarding-house—took her belated and solitary supper, and ran up to her own little sitting-room. A fire burned in a grate, and her piano—sole relic of former splendor—stood open with some new music upon it. Before sitting down to her long practice she went to the window and looked out. All the world was white and still and ghostly, and faster and faster the snow was falling. As she stood the tall, dark figure of a man opened the gate and came plowing through the snow to the front door.

"One of the boarders," she thought, "belated as I was. How cross Mrs White will be!"

She left the window and went to the piano. Before she commenced her practice, and unconsciously, she began softly to sing the old anthem:

Hark the herald! angels sing
Glory to the new-born king.
Peace on earth—and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Then she stopped, conscious that the door had opened, and that the intruder did not advance.

"Come in," she said, "and shut the door, please; there is a draught."

She stopped with a low cry, but he took her at her word, shut the door, and came forward.

"I have come back, Katie," he said. "Will you forgive me and shake hands?"

He took both hers without waiting for leave, and held them fast.

"I only reached America yesterday," he went on. "All these years I have been in Europe, trying to forget you and be happy, and I had neither forgotten you nor been happy. You were right, and I was wrong. I have come back to tell you so, and to ask you if you have forgotten me."

"Forgotten you?" she repeats, almost with a sob. "Oh, my Harry! my Harry!"

"I am no longer rich," he says. "Rosie and the little ones are at the old homestead, and the drunken husband has drunk himself to death. I tried to palter with my duty, Katie, before I went away—I sought out Rose and proffered her a portion of her father's fortune. She was proud, as you told me she would be, and refused it with scorn. 'I am poor,' she said, 'almost starving, but I will not take as a favor from you, Harry Hatton, that which is my right. Keep all, or give all.' I kept all, Kate, and, if I could have forgotten you, might have kept all to the end. But I love you so well, my Katie, that I ask nothing but you for the rest of my life. We will be poor, but we will be together. Say you forgive me, Katie; you have not said it yet."

She said it then, holding him close, her happy tears moistening his already damp coat-collar.

"You and I are to spend Christmas with Rose," he says, presently, that first transport over. "She's a jolly little soul as ever lived, in spite of all her troubles, and right glad to have done with matrimony forever. Who knows but that, after eight years of it, you may echo her sentiment?"

"I think I will risk it, though," said Miss Englehart, looking at him, handsome, and big, and brown, with adoring eyes. "Oh, Harry! to think I did not know you, striding through the snow up to the gate. I was just thinking, with ever so little of a pang, that no gift would be mine this year, while all the time the best and dearest of all Christmas boxes was coming to me over the snow."

"Christmas has brought you your lover, and New Year shall bring you your husband," said Harry.

And New Year did.

Odd Statistics.

A Detroiter has been for the last two years collecting and arranging statistics of an odd nature, and if his book is ever published readers will find nothing dry about it. He goes right to business on page one by estimating that the number of lickings received by the average boy up to his fourteenth year at 125. This includes the spanking process during infancy.

Out of every 100,000 people in this country 19,000 get up cross in the morning, but only a hundred or so remain in that condition very long after breakfast.

Out of 50,000 men only 700 will put up money on a bet. The rest will crawfish around and finally back water on their assertions.

Only ten women out of every 500 who start out on a journey by railroad consult a railroad map or have the least idea of the direction they take. Four hundred and ninety-eight worry about their baggage; 497 are certain they took the wrong train; 490 wish they had never started.

The risk of being bitten by a dog is greatly overestimated. Out of every 1,000 big and little dogs only two care to get up a row with the human race, and those two are ready and willing to die.

The number of men who can put in a more pleasant evening down town than at their own fireside is on the decrease, and the number of wives who are taking a little extra pains to make home more pleasant is on the increase.

Out of every 1,000 men who get mad and swear they will see a lawyer about it only fifteen carry out their intentions.

Only one woman in 5,000 pays the firs price asked for a bonnet, and only one milliner in a 1,000,000 expects her to.

The time occupied by the average man in buying a full suit of clothes is just one-fourth the time occupied by the average woman in buying a single pair of stockings.—*Erie Press.*

A Strange Recovery of Speech.

The East Portland (Oregon) *Telegram* gives the following account of the manner in which one of the mute inmates of the insane asylum near that city suddenly recovered his speech: For years Mr. Armstrong, a dumb inmate of the asylum, has plodded along, attending to his duties as a trusty, faithful man, being unable to speak a word. On Sunday last the inmates were given a romp in the handsome grove, which is surrounded by a high wall, in order to sun themselves. One of the inmates, a rather wild individual, imagined he was a squirrel, and away he went scampering up one of the tall fir trees to its topmost branches, and would neither return to solid ground for pleadings or threats. As usual, Armstrong was near at hand and volunteered to go up and bring him back. He had climbed about thirty feet from the ground when a limb broke and down came Armstrong bouncing among the branches, finally sitting down upon the ground like the hammer of a pile-driver. The wardens expected to see him killed or knocked senseless, but they were doomed to astonishment as Armstrong sprang to his feet and burst out in a volley of profanity that would have put a trooper to blush. He kept up swearing without intermission for at least ten minutes, while everybody was transfixed with astonishment. He had recovered his speech and to-day can talk as well as any person, and to say that he is delighted in consequence of his fall is drawing it mildly.

GILYAKS AND GOLDI.

Curious Habits of the Natives of Siberia.

The Gilyaks and the Goldi are the two tribes found in the greatest numbers on the Lower Amur. The length of territory over which the Gilyaks wander extends from the mouth of the river to a village called Tomboffsk or Gorin, situated 350 miles from Nikolaefsk. I tried to learn their numbers, but was not successful, their arithmetical ideas being very vague. I asked, for instance, a Gilyak, who had been a chief man of a village in which the missionary was killed, what was its population, to which he replied that they had sixty men, more women, and the children they had not counted. Mr. Collins, twenty years ago, gave their villages as thirty-nine, with an estimated population of 1,680. The Gilyaks differ both in language and in many of their habits from all the other tribes of the Amur. In form they are diminutive, usually below rather than above five feet, their eyes elongated, the color of the skin like that of the Chinese, hair black and not luxuriant, with little on the face. In intellect they are very low. They do not learn the Russian language, nor do the Russians learn theirs; and I believe they have no written signs whatever. Their diseases are rheumatism, diseases of the eyes brought on by hunting in the snow, and syphilis, the last having been originally brought by Manchu merchants. In hereditary cases it is no doubt aggravated by their filthy manner of living. They are said never to wash, and though constantly on the water they never, if possible, get into it. A telegraphic engineer told me that he one day gave a Gilyak a piece of soap, which he put in his mouth, and after chewing it to a lather, pronounced it "very good." Their habitations are better than might be expected. The walls are of timber and mud, and underneath the floor of the interior of the wall is a broad divan, which is heated by fire at either end. On this they sleep. In the center of the building is a platform, under which, in winter, the dogs have their habitation, and sometimes also a bear. Suspended from the roof are sledges, harness, tackle, hunting weapons and hundreds of pieces of fringed fur from which medley is emitted an odor anything but like that of a spring nosegay. Their mode of traveling in summer is by boats, which they propel with oars, pulled not together, but alternately. In winter they travel by dogs and sledges. They eat surprisingly little, and subsist almost entirely on fish. A piece of salmon a foot long and two inches thick will suffice a Gilyak, I was told, for a day, and when traveling the same amount serves for a dog. They have little notion of a Supreme Being. "What is your religion?" I asked of a Gilyak. "We have none," he replied. To another I said, "Of whom do you pray?" "To the skies," he answered. They are commonly said to worship the bear, and some members of this tribe have a cage in which a bear is confined and fed. From time to time he is brought out to be made sport of, and once a year each village takes it in turn to provide one of these animals, which is killed with much ceremony and eaten. I asked them more than once whether it was true that they worshiped the bear, but this they always denied. So far as they have any religion at all, it is that of Shamanism, the chief feature of which seems that when they have any object to deprecate or advantage to crave they have recourse to a Shaman priest, who performs certain ceremonies and incantations, there being usually connected therewith the drinking of Chinese brandy to the intoxication of the whole party. They make rough idols of wood, which they use at their ceremonies, and in sickness they are worn about their persons as charms. I asked one Gilyak to show me his gods, but he at first hesitated, saying that he found them useful in sickness. He changed his mind, however, and after my leaving his house sent some after me for sale. One feature of their religion struck me as curious, which was that they did not call in the aid of a Shaman at times of joy or thanksgiving, as at a wedding, but only when they had something to get or something to fear, as in sickness or at death. I visited two Gilyak villages, and was much interested in this miserable people.

Both Gilyaks and Goldi are alike in that they purchase their wives and they treat them as proprietary chattels. In the case of a dwelling which was a continued mortification to his wife and daughters, resisting all their entreaties to rebuild, so fully was he convinced that if he were so to do his death would soon follow. This superstition is not an uncommon one among old people.

"Say your prayers, child; you'll have seven years trouble," once said a lady to the writer, when the latter had broken her doll's looking-glass. The augury was fulfilled, but as four of those seven years were of the late civil war, the trouble was by no means confined to the unlucky looking-glass shatterer.

Country folk—some in jest, some in earnest—translate the voice of a chicken cock crowing at the door into "Stranger coming to-day," and we remember an old lady who invariably made preparation for company when she heard a note was sounded upon her premises. In thirty years, she declared, the sign had never failed.

The same old lady had as a pet a cat as black as any which ever figured in tale of necromancy. "Keep a black cat," she used to say, "when the hue of her livery was commended on, "keep a black cat and you'll never lack for money." She was wealthy, but a few miles off lived an old black crone, mistress of a cat as black as her own, who (the negress not the cat) had the credit of witchcraft and who, in spite of her reputed connection with the devil and the ownership of the cat, had hard work to keep soul and body together.

There are a thousand and one superstitions strung upon the thread of our every-day lives, and which meet us at every turn. Few of us are weak enough to let them influence our action, yet most of us remember them unpleasantly now and then, while very many of us, did we own the truth, have one or more omens which we would prefer not to encounter.

"I cannot bear to have my left eyelid quiver," said a lady of cultivation and average intelligence "Of course, I believe there is nothing in it, but then I can't help feeling when it does so, as if trouble were coming."

Plenty of people who ought to know better are firm believers in the superstition that it is unlucky to place the shoes which one has worn during the day otherwise at night than with the toes pointing to the door and cannot sleep in peace unless they have done so. Years ago the belief in the evil omen of spilling salt was so prevalent that it was ridiculed by Addison in the *Spectator*; but the superstition still holds its own. The evil may be averted by throwing a pinch of salt over the left shoulder, a charm which is clearly a relic of the old heathen ceremonial of casting rice in the air and pouring libations on the ground as a proprietary offering to unseen spirits. Among the signs which are supposed to foretell death are the ringing in the ear, known as the death-bell; the death-watch (a peculiar noise caused by a small insect cutting its way through wood), or a portrait falling from its place on the wall, and each of them has more than once given nervous persons a fit of the blues.

When the eyes of a corpse refuse to shut they are ghastly enough in all conscience to give color to the superstition that they are watching for some one who is soon to follow, and if a horse chances to stumble near a graveyard its rider may be excused if his sensations thereat are none of the most pleasant, even though he is not so foolish as to consider it an actual death warning.

SUPERSTITIONS.

How Certain Little Occurrences in Every-Day Life are Regarded—Their Influence Upon the Week—Persons who are Induced by "Omens" to do Foolish Things.

Walking down Chestnut street recently in a pouring rain a handsomely-dressed lady was seen to stop suddenly, and stooping on the wet pavement pick up carefully a common pin.

Accidents sometimes occur to the feminine toilet which render a pin, for the instant, one of the most valuable of possessions, and the natural supposition was that such a one had befallen the lady in question. But no, she had merely dropped the pin into her purse and quietly went her way, while we recalled the rhyme from Mother Goose, more thrifty than practical:

See a pin and pick it up:
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all day.

The superstition is a common one, shared by all classes, and doubtless originated in past ages when pins were scarce and valuable. We often hear it quoted as an instance of Stephen Girard's economy that he was never known to pass a pin without picking it up, but the question is an open one whether the fact was due to motives of thrift or simply to the old superstition.

This is the season of building, and it is curious to observe how, when a lad-der is erected against a wall, many persons—in fact, the majority of passers-by—go round it, out into the street, rather than pass under, although danger of life or limb from so doing there is absolutely none. And of those who sturdily walk under probably more than one remembers uncomfortably the ill luck which is said to attend the act.

The evil repute which attaches to Friday is well-nigh world-wide. Among sailors the prejudice against this day is especially prevalent.

In order to disprove and counteract it in some measure a wealthy English shipbuilder once built a vessel which was begun on Friday, finished on Friday, christened "The Friday" and launched on Friday. It was with difficulty that men were found to man her, but tempted by high wages a crew was at last obtained and she set sail on Friday. Unfortunately for the success of the experiment she was never heard of again.

The last two omens regarding Sunday must have originated in the days when it was a penal offense for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, and when Melchisedec Jones was put in the stocks for calling on his sweetheart one Sabbath afternoon.

There are intelligent and well-educated people whom nothing can induce to try on a mourning garment when not in black themselves.

The writer has heard a lady upbraiding herself with the keenest remorse on the death of her sister, because a few days previous she had tried on a black crape hat belonging to a friend visiting at the house. To reason with her and endeavor to prove that any connection between the two events was impossible, comforted her but little—and to-day it is probable that none of the family would upon any consideration do the same thing again.

Every one knows the origin of the custom of burying the dead with their feet to the east, a custom universal among Christian nations, and adopted at first that as the Lord is to come in the east the dead may arise and stand with their faces to him in the resurrection. The usage of centuries has rooted this custom so deeply that it is little wonder that when it is departed from the superstitious shade their heads and prophesy that no good will come of it.

Probably insurance agents are the only people who have any idea how many men, sensible in other respects, are kept from insuring their lives by the fear, either on their own part or on that of some member of their families, that the act might shorten their lives, and there are sober business men who die and leave their estates to endless litigation rather than make a will, because of the vague fear lest thus "setting their house in order" hasten the day of death.

From the same fear men refrain from altering or adding to an old house, and we have known a man prominent in his neighborhood, wealthy and otherwise liberal to his family, who year after year lived on in a dwelling which was a continued mortification to his wife and daughters, resisting all their entreaties to rebuild, so fully was he convinced that if he were so to do his death would soon follow. This superstition is not an uncommon one among old people.

"Say your prayers, child; you'll have seven years trouble," once said a lady to the writer, when the latter had broken her doll's looking-glass. The augury was fulfilled, but as four of those seven years were of the late civil war, the trouble was by no means confined to the unlucky looking-glass shatterer.

Country folk—some in jest, some in earnest—translate the voice of a chicken cock crowing at the door into "Stranger coming to-day," and we remember an old lady who invariably made preparation for company when she heard a note was sounded upon her premises. In thirty years, she declared, the sign had never failed.

The same old lady had as a pet a cat as black as any which ever figured in tale of necromancy. "Keep a black cat," she used to say, "when the hue of her livery was commended on, "keep a black cat and you'll never lack for money." She was wealthy, but a few miles off lived an old black crone, mistress of a cat as black as her own, who (the negress not the cat) had the credit of witchcraft and who, in spite of her reputed connection with the devil and the ownership of the cat, had hard work to keep soul and body together.

There are a thousand and one superstitions strung upon the thread of our every-day lives, and which meet us at every turn. Few of us are weak enough to let them influence our action, yet most of us remember them unpleasantly now and then, while very many of us, did we own the truth, have one or more omens which we would prefer not to encounter.

"I cannot bear to have my left eyelid quiver," said a lady of cultivation and average intelligence "Of course, I believe there is nothing in it, but then I can't help feeling when it does so, as if trouble were coming."

Plenty of people who ought to know better are firm believers in the superstition that it is unlucky to place the shoes which one has worn during the day otherwise at night than with the toes pointing to the door and cannot sleep in peace unless they have done so. Years ago the belief in the evil omen of spilling salt was so prevalent that it was ridiculed by Addison in the *Spectator*; but the superstition still holds its own. The evil may be averted by throwing a pinch of salt over the left shoulder, a charm which is clearly a relic of the old heathen ceremonial of casting rice in the air and pouring libations on the ground as a proprietary offering to unseen spirits. Among the signs which are supposed to foretell death are the ringing in the ear, known as the death-bell; the death-watch (a peculiar noise caused by a small insect cutting its way through wood), or a portrait falling from its place on the wall, and each of them has more than once given nervous persons a fit of the blues.

When the eyes of a corpse refuse to shut they are ghastly enough in all conscience to give color to the superstition that they are watching for some one who is soon to follow, and if a horse chances to stumble near a graveyard its rider may be excused if his sensations thereat are none of the most pleasant, even though he is not so foolish as to consider it an actual death warning.

If a door opens without apparent cause the Germans have a saying, which has come across the water to their American descendants, that a spirit has entered, and the cold, nervous shiver which most persons have felt more or less often is held to result from footfalls over the future grave of him who experiences it.

There are sick nurses who, at the bedside of the dying, never fail to open door or window that the parting soul may pass out. The superstition is, I think, of Scotch origin, and the reader will remember Meg Merrilies at the dying bed of the gypsy, chanting:

Lock—and strife—
Come death and end life.

Tragic stories are related in various parts of the country, as home and abroad, of evil resulting to the unlucky guests at dinner parties of thirteen. Many intelligent and educated people harbor this suspicion. Bismarck, it is said, refuses under any circumstances to sit down to a table with the fatal number, and a prominent business man of New York is reported to owe his start in life to the ready tact with which he suddenly remembered a pressing engagement, when the failure of two invited guests to appear at a dinner given by A. T. Stewart reduced the number present to thirteen, to Mr. Stewart's evident annoyance. All of us number among our acquaintance wives who never remove their wedding ring, and who, were it to slip off accidentally, would surely expect some dire misfortune.

"I should think his ears would burn," is a common remark when a person is made the subject of a continued conversation, and "so many stitches you take upon you, so many lies will be told about you," is as frequently quoted when a rent is hastily sewn up without changing the torn garment.

In nearly every land the moon is the subject of numerous superstitions. She regulates the changes of the weather—phases must be consulted in soap-making, in killing meat, in planting, in dozens of the common pursuits of life, and to see the new moon through trees over the left shoulder, with no money in the pocket, is thought to be terribly unlucky.

Should a coal pop out from a wood fire and burn a lady's dress the event foretells a suitor for her heart and hand, and if two spoons come together in the sugar dish a wedding in the family is to be expected with equal certainty.

"Sing before breakfast you'll cry before supper," and "Blessed be the bride the sun shines on" have passed into familiar adages.

Swallows building in a chimney bring good luck to the house, but not to the dwellers therein if the birds be molested.

Killing a cat by many is a dire misfortune, and he who does it is doomed through life to failure in everything he undertakes.

If a strange cat adopts a house voluntarily as her home she is believed to bring good luck to the household.

Numbers of intelligent people keep a pocket-piece of gold or silver for "good luck." "The devil dances in an empty pocket."

And others, generally old people, would not for much leave a horseshoe found lying in the road without picking it up. An old horseshoe brings good luck, doubly so if found by the owner. Horace Greeley kept always a rusty horseshoe over the door of his sanctum, and the more or less decorated horseshoe which plays such a part in modern ornamentation is simply the revival of an old superstition.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Corns.

Corns consist of layers of thickened epidermis—the transparent coating that protects the sensitive true skin beneath. This epidermis is in constant process of formation from the true skin, and is as constantly being thrown off in minute particles.

It is as destitute of feeling as the nails—as also the scales on the legs of fowls and on bodies of fishes—which are only modified epidermis.

Corns are among the "excrescences" of civilization. A higher civilization, however, which shall conform the shoe to the foot, instead of the foot to the shoe, will know of them only as we know of the crushed feet of the Chinese women.

A thickening of the epidermis having been caused at the points of special pressure, this inflames still further the skin beneath, giving rise to successive layers of thickened epidermis, which cannot be thrown off like ordinary scarf-skin.

Between the vital force beneath, and the pressure of the shoe above, the central portion comes to have the hardness of nail. If a splinter is left in the finger the flesh above and around it will die, and new skin be formed below, which will in time lift the splinter out. But when one of corns, nature's efforts are thwarted by the persistent pressure from above, which constantly enlarges the corn from below.

The first step toward relief is to secure a shoe anatomically correct in construction. Meanwhile remove the pressure from the corn in whatever way may be possible.

A pointed knife run down carefully between the layers will easily take out—for the time—the central core. Sometimes it can be picked out with the nail, after soaking the feet three successive nights in warm water. The soaking swells the core and like posts lifted by the frosts, it seldom returns fully to its place. But the cores always fill up again, the only permanent remedy is the removal of the cause.

A Curious Affliction.

William B. Ferguson, of East Springfield, whose peculiar and dreadful malady was fully detailed in these columns a few years ago, is now passing through the period of frightful spasms which recur at this time every year. It is now twenty years since Mr. Ferguson was first attacked with this unknown disease. During this annual season of horrible suffering the paroxysms come on regularly at seven o'clock in the evening and continue, with slight intervals, for about three hours, leaving him prostrate and exhausted. Precisely at seven o'clock the next night they recur, and so on for three or four weeks, when they suddenly stop and leave him for another year. When in these spasms the muscles become rigid as bars of steel, and the body is thrown into frightful contortions. No known cause for the malady has ever been assigned, and although Mr. Ferguson has spent large sums of money in search of medical assistance, no relief whatever, even of a temporary character, has ever been found. A few years since he spent a week in Cleveland at the medical college, and the faculty and all the leading physicians of the city for several nights witnessed his spasms, but none of them had ever seen a similar case or could diagnose the disease.—*Erie (Pa.) Dispatch.*

At a ball at Schwarzenburg, Saxony, a young man entered, having what appeared to be a cigar in his mouth. He went to the chandelier as if to light it, and a terrible explosion ensued. The lights were extinguished, the walls partly gave way, some of the dancers were covered with blood, and the young man was blown to pieces. He had killed himself by means of a dynamite cartridge.

A French physician claims to have established two facts—that widowers commit suicide more frequently than married men, and that the presence of children in a house diminishes the tendency to self-destruction in both men and women. The physician probably does not mean the presence of other people's children.

VIGILANTES.

How They Put Down Border Ruffians in a Missouri River Town.

For the past three months the business men and respectable citizens of Pierre have been secretly organizing a vigilance committee to protect the interests of the town, and to rid the community of roughs, cut throats and garroters that infest that lively little town. The committee is well organized and drilled. They have a captain and assistant, and all provided with breech-loading shotguns and heavy revolvers. The organization numbers about two hundred of the best citizens of the place, but it was not until last week that their services were called into requisition.

A little over a week ago a character named "Arkansaw," and the man was killed the "Kid" last summer, with a gang of followers went over to East Pierre and began making themselves a little too numerous with their pistols. Arkansaw would occasionally pull out his pistol, cock it, and request some peaceable citizen to come to him, and if the least hesitancy was observed in complying with his request the result would be a volley of pistol shots, after which Arkansaw would put his revolver back in the holster and resume his search for another tender-foot. Sometimes a shot or two would take effect, but that didn't matter; it only gave a little spice to his performances. His entire gang was composed of desperate characters, and on one afternoon last week they succeeded in creating terror wherever they made their appearance.

After creating all the disturbance they could, and taking a prisoner away from a United States deputy marshal, they went to West Pierre, with the avowed purpose of returning and cleaning out the town. They did return, but were met by 200 vigilantes, and two hundred shotguns staring them in the face, and were requested to turn immediately and never show themselves again in East Pierre. The request was complied with on Thursday night Arkansaw and gang got on the warpath, and each one strapping on three or four revolvers, the entire outfit, about 150 outlaws, cow-boys and bullwhackers, went over to East St. Pierre to "clean out" the boys, as they termed it. It was about ten o'clock when they got up, and went directly to the dance-house, now and then shooting out a light in some house as they passed by. They shot everything—windows, lights, men, horses, and all had to take it.

Every minute would be heard the sound of the pistol. Suddenly those that took no part on either side, heard the loud "bang," "bang" of the shotgun and heard the tramp of two hundred vigilantes marching in line, bearing down upon the roughs. In a moment it seemed as if a terrible cannonading was going on, and old soldiers say it sounded very much like a pitched battle. The gang was driven to the river, flying in every direction before a determined fire from the vigilantes. Arkansaw, a little braver than his men, hesitated, then made an attempt at resistance. But in hesitating he sealed his own doom, for almost in a moment fully fifty shots were fired, and the cut-throat brigand Arkansaw fell to the ground riddled with bullets. A review of the ground showed three dead, four wounded, but none others were killed.—*Deadwood Dakota Press*

Called Him Gould.

One morning, not many days ago, a number of Texans sat around the stove in the office of a hotel in San Antonio, roasting their heels and talking of Mexican raiders. A New York drummer entered the place, registered, and was asking about breakfast, when one of the men approached him and said:

"Hello! Mr. Gould. My name's McThomas; got your letter and was looking for you."

"Hello, Mac," replied the drummer, who saw it was a case of mistaken identity, and offered a chance for fun.

Every bo