

Forgive and Forget.

Oh! forgive and forget, for this life is too fleeting
To waste it in brooding o'er wrongs we have met;
It is better, far better, to smother our anger,
To teach the proud heart to forgive and forget.
In the path we must tread, leading down to the valley,
Are crosses and trials to lift and to bear:
And the chalice of life from which we are drinking
Of bears to our lips drops of sorrow and care.
But life is so short, be it sunshine or shadow,
That we cannot afford to brood over a wrong;
Let us lift up our burdens and bear them on bravely,
We'll lay them down shortly, it cannot be long.
Then forgive and forget! If the friends you love fondly
Prove themselves to be false and unworthy of trust,
Deal with them kindly, for they are but mortals,
Erring, like us, for, we, too, are but dust.
Deal with them tenderly, pity their weakness;
We know every heart hath its evil and good;
We all have one Father in Heaven, hence are brothers,
Then let us forgive and forget as we should.

The Alionby Ghost.

In all the village of Saxenholme there was no one more unlikely to be the heroine of a romantic adventure than poor, plain, little Margaret Henderson. However, she was modest, sweet-tempered and moderately clever, and girls of this kind will always find some admirer as long as sensible men exist. Not that at the time my story commences Margaret had a lover; on the contrary, she had always been too busy to entertain an idea at once so pleasant and so extravagant.

Indeed, there was not much room for extravagance of any kind in Margaret's home. Her father was the only village schoolmaster, and his salary was eighty pounds a year—not a very great income when there was a large family to support out of it. And unfortunately Margaret's eldest brother, who ought to have been a great help to the family, was a great trouble—a genuine human black sheep indeed, who had, however, finally taken himself away to foreign pastures.

Margaret had been his only friend when he was at home, and it was generally believed that even in his self-imposed banishment he kept up a regular correspondence with his sister, but there were no proofs of this, and Margaret never in any way alluded to him.

But no ill fortune lasts forever. By dint of hard and persevering efforts Margaret at length acquired an education which she thought might warrant her advertising for the situation of a governess. This application brought her an answer signed, "Alice Selby, for Lady Alionby." Alionby castle was in a distant shire; it looked almost like going into a foreign country to Margaret, but, upon the whole, she preferred it so.

So Lady Alionby's terms were at once accepted, and a week afterward she found herself standing alone at the gates of Alionby park. The stage-coach had dropped her and her small trunk there, and after waiting in the lodge a quarter of an hour a quiet old lady, driving a low pony-phaeton, called for her. She introduced herself as "Mrs. Selby," and after some slight apology for not being there when the coach arrived she remained silent.

The castle stood on a slight eminence, and was surrounded on three sides by dense woods; the fourth was open to the wild beating of the Atlantic on a rough, rocky coast. The entrance hall struck Margaret as peculiarly dark, vast and chilly; but they passed quickly through it to a small parlor in which a coal fire was brightly blazing. Here, over a cup of tea, Mrs. Selby, in a few words as possible, explained to Margaret what she was expected to do, and what she was expected not to do.

In the first place it was evident that Lady Alionby might be a myth for aught Margaret would be likely to see of her. "She receives no visitors and has a peculiar dislike to strange faces," said Mrs. Selby; "and as the left wing of the castle is set apart for her use you will be required on all occasions to avoid it."

"And my pupil?"
"The right wing is placed at her disposal and yours; it is ample enough to render any trespass upon the center of the castle unnecessary."

"Will not Lady Alionby give me some directions about the education of the child entrusted to me?"
"She is satisfied to leave it to your discretion. Every week I shall examine what progress has been made." There was a strange air of authority about the little old waiting-woman, and Margaret was half-inclined to resent it; but she was somewhat awed by the peculiarity of her position, and the strange stillness and isolation of the life into which she had dropped.

Perhaps Mrs. Selby wished to test her patience and self-restraint, for she sat in silence and impassiveness until the day was quite dead, and there was

no light of any kind save the dull glimmer of the red coals in the grate. Then slowly, and with a deep sigh, she lit a candle, and said, "Come, if you are rested, I will take you to your rooms and your pupil."

Margaret followed her in a queerly indifferent mood; all her interest and curiosity seemed to have evaporated. "So soon," she muttered—"so soon have I caught the dream-like feeling of the place." Through long marble halls, cold and dark, they passed, until they reached the eastern wing. Here there was a broad flight of handsomely carpeted stairs, which led them into a suite of splendid apartments. The first seemed to be a kind of library and music-room; the second, a parlor of great size, and very richly furnished.

But Margaret's attention was at once fixed upon a child who was lying in a graceful attitude on a rug of long white silky wool. The fire glowed over her white cheeks, and made strange glancing light in her silken dress, and tipped with a rosy hue the little white sandals of the tiny lady. She looked curiously up from her book as the two women approached her, and when Mrs. Selby said, "Julia, this is your new governess," she stood up and examined Margaret with a frankness that had in it something extremely charming.

Evidently the scrutiny satisfied her. She laid her daintily-mittened hand in Margaret's and said: "You will do. I shall like you, I know. Mrs. Selby, you may go away now."

Mrs. Selby smiled at the small lady's air of authority, but took with apparent pleasure her dismissal. Then Margaret drew a chair to the fire and sat down, determined to await patiently the next move in this strange life drama.

Julia seemed to have also the same intention. She sat on a stool in front of Margaret, studying alternately the fire, a picture in her book, and then the face of her companion. There was something uncannily premature in the elf-like child, even her wonderful beauty had an intelligence about it boldly at variance with the baby frock and sicken sandals.

By-and-by the child stepped lightly across the rug, and laying her open book on Margaret's knee, said, gravely: "Do you believe Robinson Crusoe ever saw that one—naked—footprint on the sands?"

"No," answered Margaret, boldly.

"I do," said the child, with a positiveness that defied contradiction.

"Did you ever read the Castle of Otranto?"

"Yes."

"You don't think the castle was haunted, eh?"

"Certainly not," answered Margaret, with a still more decided emphasis.

"Oh, but it was! This castle is haunted too. You will find that out; all my governesses do," said the weird little woman, nodding her head mysteriously.

Margaret was so confused and astonished by the calm assurance of this assertion that she could think of no commonplace that was strong enough for contradiction, and half afraid of her eerie companion she asked, "When do you go to bed, my lady?"

"When I get sleepy. I am not sleepy to-night. Last night I heard some one walking about in the next room at this time. I want to see if they come back again."

"They? Whom do you mean?"

"I don't know; do you? Alison says they are my ancestors. What are ancestors?"

By this time a creeping feeling of fear that she could not quite control took possession of Margaret. She glanced cautiously behind and around her; even the strange shapes that the spider-like legs of the furniture took in the dim corners of the large room filled her with a vague, unreasonable terror.

"Oh, you are frightened!" said the child, in a voice that was half scornful, half indignant.

This imputation Margaret stoutly denied; but in spite of all her efforts to appear indifferent she perceived that the keen mental sight of her pupil had measured her weakness and despised her for it.

"Touch the bell."

Margaret obeyed, and almost immediately an old woman appeared.

"You may put me to bed now, Alison. I am very much disappointed," and, with the shadow of a courtesy she disappeared with her attendant through one of the many doors communicating with the parlor in which they were sitting.

It was not a very pleasant beginning, but better came of it than Margaret hoped for. The dreamy, superstitious child found a kindred spirit in her teacher. They soon fell into a course of reading which was as new and fascinating to Margaret as to the child. The library was ransacked for weird stories and poems, and the little lady delighted in nothing so much as in hearing her governess read or recite such morsels of haunted literature as the "Ancient Mariner."

One night they had stood at the window watching the great waves of a rising storm lash themselves into foam

and spray among the rocks. The wind wailed pitifully; the rain beat against the window-panes—it was a dreary night.

Suddenly she became aware of a draught of colder air, and the next moment of an influence altogether strange and unfamiliar. The child opened wider her great dark eyes, and slightly nodded at Margaret. In a few moments her lips parted, and she said, slowly, "Look up."

Margaret obeyed her mechanically, and saw—yes, she was sure she saw—a wild white face peering in at them, as a lost spirit might gaze longingly into some paradise he never could enter.

From this time forward Margaret was kept in a constant and restless uncertainty. The strangest things were continually happening. If she left a book that she had been reading open at one place, the mark would be removed to some other part that generally in some way or other referred to conversations which she had believed to have only been heard by Julia. The child's clothing was changed and removed, her curtains parted, and in the halls and corridors outside their usual sitting-rooms fitting footsteps were often distinctly audible.

Nor was Margaret personally free from annoyance. During her walks with Lady Julia she was often certain that the materials of her work basket had been rearranged, and on one occasion a letter which she was writing to her brother was taken away, and during her absence the following day mysteriously restored.

She began now to strongly suspect human agency in all these annoyances, and a dreadful fear entered her heart; perhaps, for some wicked reason or other, the people around the little Julia were desirous of utterly unnerving and destroying the child's mental powers. It was possible that such a wicked design accomplished might place the inheritance in other hands.

"If there is any conspiracy against this innocent child I shall discover it," she said, almost angrily. And forthwith dismissing all idea of supernatural influence or interference, she set herself, with a patient will, the task of meeting this disturbing ghost, whoever or whatever it might be.

Early in the spring Julia had a dangerous fever, and Margaret drew very near the child in this crisis. As soon as it was possible to move her the castling was deserted for a time, and rooms in the center of the castle were appropriated to the invalid and Margaret.

But though she moved cautiously and kept constantly on the alert, she could not see anything tangible enough to accost. Frequently she heard rapid stealthy footsteps along the corridors, and one night when the sick child had suffered a dangerous relapse slow, heavy footfalls were distinctly to be heard in the room above them all through the long hours of that anxious night.

It might be a week after this, Julia was recovering again, and Mrs. Selby had watched her until after midnight in order that Margaret might rest awhile. Then she resigned her place to the governess. But a singular feeling of unrest possessed Margaret. She could not sit still; she glided up and down the room, and frequently looked out of the window and into the long corridor that went by the room.

There was a large oriel-window at the end of this corridor, and in its curtained recess a cushioned chair or two.

As the waning moon began to rise above the horizon this recess became perfectly distinct in all its details, and Margaret noticed particularly that over one of the chairs was a shawl or garment that looked in the wan cold light as if made of some soft and snowy white texture and color.

When she looked again the shawl had been removed. She sat calmly down and reasoned about this event, and in about half an hour again examined the window recess. The moon shone full into it now, and reclining motionless in one of the chairs was the figure of a man. Without daring to think she advanced cautiously toward it. The figure never moved. She stood at its side; she examined the wan handsome face; but the man was evidently in a deep sleep.

Margaret then returned to her room and wrote:

"I have watched you sleeping to-night, and felt a great pity for you. If I can help you, return to-morrow at the same hour. You may trust me."

"JULIA'S GOVERNESS."

For Margaret was now certain that some wicked plot involving both the child and the man was in progress, and she was resolved to defeat it.

The next night the moon was later, and the oriel was in shadow, but there sat her visitor. He had, then, noticed and understood the note she had laid within his hand. She cautiously approached him and he rose to meet her. An hour afterward the pale moon touched with a strange light the eager listening face of Margaret, and the pale handsome man, who seemed very unwilling to part with her.

Then a rapid and beautiful change

came over the grave plain governess. Her face grew almost pretty. She started the still rooms with snatches of song. The child grew rapidly well in the new vitality around it. And one thing was noticeable: Margaret grew gayer as night approached; even Mrs. Selby saw this and began to watch her with a curious look of suspicion.

Still it was not until the middle of August that the mystery was solved. One warm still night, when the heavy odor of the honeysuckles filled the air, Margaret, having seen Julia in the first dreamless sleep of childhood, stole quietly through the deserted chapel of the castle into the thick shrubbery that surrounded it. There the ghost of the corridor was waiting for her, and Margaret was clasped in his arms, and kissed and caressed as beloved women have always been kissed and caressed by their lovers.

Perhaps they had much to talk about, for Margaret staid much longer than usual, and when she reached again the old chapel Mrs. Selby suddenly confronted her.

"Miss Henderson, whom have you been to meet?"

"Lord Richard Alionby."

"Ah! You know, then—"

"I know all, my lady; even more than you do."

"Whom are you addressing?"

"Lady Alionby, Lord Richard's mother."

"What a traitor my son has been!"

"No, my lady, you wrong him."

"How did you discover Lord Richard?"

Then Margaret truthfully related all her fright, and the way in which suspicion of a mortal presence had come to her. She described their first meeting in the corridor. "Your son," she said, "weary and lonely in his long confinement, did me the honor to feel interested in my life. He watched me, and being jealous of some unknown person to whom I wrote he stole my letter and thus discovered that the brother with whom I corresponded was in the service of Colonel John Chaloner."

"What is it that you say? Speak quickly. Does John Chaloner live?"

"My lady, I have given Lord Richard this night a letter from him."

"Margaret! Margaret! Then my son may look the world in the face again? He is not a murderer!"

"He is waiting to tell you this."

"But come with me, Margaret—we have evidently one interest in this matter." So for the first time in her two years' sojourn at Alionby Margaret entered the left wing of the castle. It had been for six years the unsuspected residence of a supposed murder. So long ago, in a quarrel with his Cousin Chaloner, Lord Richard had shot, and it was supposed killed, his opponent. Chaloner did not die, but utterly ruined in credit and reputation, when he had found himself recovering, he had persuaded his relatives to circulate a report of his death and provide him with the means of commencing life again in Burmah.

What the result might be to his cousin he had not cared to contemplate, but certainly, until Margaret wrote to him, he had never imagined a punishment equal to six years' imprisonment and remorse. The general idea had been that Lord Richard had fled to India, or, as some said, to Central Asia, and that Lady Alionby was striving to atone for her son's wrong by adopting and educating John Chaloner's daughter as the heiress of Alionby.

But the fashionable world had now a genuine sensation. First the return of Colonel Chaloner with a large fortune from Burmah, and a few days afterward it was authoritatively stated that the Lady Alionby had reopened her London mansion in order to celebrate the return home of Lord Richard.

Greatly to the chagrin of many fine matrons Lord Alionby returned with a wife, "an exceedingly plain person," as the Duchess of Courtney said, disapprovingly. But the "exceedingly plain person" cares very little for such criticism. She is the idol of her husband's heart, and the mistress of one of the finest homes in England.

How Sailors Pull Teeth.

Sailors often suffer from the tooth-ache and have to bear the pain as best they can until they reach the shore. One day a captain seeing a sailor's mouth in a bad condition, asked the cause. The poor fellow had suffered so long with a bad tooth that his patience gave out. Then he took a chisel and a hammer and found a comrade who was willing to cut off the top of the tooth for him. That same voyage the captain was caught by an aching tooth, the pain from which became unbearable. The remedy of the sailor had proved so much worse than the disease that the captain was unwilling to try the chisel. His contrivance for extracting the tooth was ingenious though intricate. He fastened a long wire to a bullet, which he placed in his pistol with the wire hanging out. Securing the wire to the aching tooth, he opened his mouth as wide as possible and fired. His ingenuity was rewarded, for the tooth followed the bullet into the air.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Red snow is a one-celled spherical plant, green or red in color, which may be increased by division, and is propagated rapidly in water or melting snow.

In a year the number of respirations is, in most persons, over 9,000,000; and 125,000 cubic feet of air carried through the lungs purifies 5,000 tons of blood.

In a uniform temperature timber will endure for ages. The wooden piles on which Venice and Amsterdam are founded remain sound because of the constancy of the conditions to which they are exposed.

Water insects carry air into the depths of the water by holding it under the wings or legs, or by the minute hairs which cover the body. This frequently gives them the silvery appearance of a globule of mercury.

There is a species of acaci in South America whose bark yields twenty per cent. of tannin. Unfortunately it is gathered by the profligate method of stripping the bark as high as a man can reach, and then leaving the tree to die.

A curious electrical phenomenon was recently witnessed during a thunder-storm in France by M. Laroque. The tallest of a group of lilies was enveloped in a diffuse violet glimmer, forming an aureole around the corolla. The light lasted eight or ten seconds. On its disappearance the pollen of the flower was found to have been scattered, evidently by the electric fluid. It is not stated that the lily was otherwise injured by the remarkable manifestation.

A physical map of Japan has been made which is indeed remarkable. It is 300 or 400 feet long, and is made of turf and rock bordered with pebbles, which look like so much water. Inlets, rivers, mountains, etc., are reproduced in this model. Latitude and longitude are indicated, and the position of cities. Ingenious devices illustrate also botanical studies. This map is at the School of the Nobles in Tokio, and is constructed in the court behind the school building.

Influence of Newspapers.

A school-teacher, who had been a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes as follows:

I have found it to be a universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and of all ages who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are:

1. Better readers, excellent in pronunciation, and consequently read more and understandingly.

2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires of others, as the newspapers have made them acquainted with the location of the important places, of nations, their government and doings on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians, for having become so familiar with every variety of style in the newspapers, from the common-place advertisement to the finishing and classical oration of statesmen, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and constantly analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts—more clearly and correctly expressed.

6. Those young men who have for years been readers of newspapers are always taking the lead in debating societies, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness.

Great in Death.

The lives of the truly great are simple and void of ostentation. Love of display no more enters into the daily life of a genuinely solid man, a profoundly intellectual man, than does water into the composition of pure wine. Men of genius and men who do the thinking for the world dwell for the most part away and far removed from the showy things of fashion. They have no time to enter into the business of trifles or to mingle in the pastimes of the butterflies, that love novelty as a moth doth the glare. Simple in all things their simplicity is perpetuated to the ending of life, and even in their entombment no mocking display comes to disturb their going out from the dwellings of men. What more simple life can be well imagined than that of Longfellow—than that of his friend the poet-philosopher Emerson? And yet they were great men. The world pronounces them such, and over their newly-made graves two continents stood in mourning. Not only in their works is contained the wisdom they wrote, but in their lives as well, and not the least important lesson to learn is the simplicity attending their peaceful, unostentatious funeral in the quiet country churchyards of Cambridge and Concord.—Our Continent.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

An ostrich egg is considered equivalent to twenty-four eggs of the domestic hen.

Ants, always waging war on each other, are said to distinguish friend from foe by the odor.

Assassin, assassinate and their derivatives come from hashheesh, the Arabian word for hemp.

In 1866 certain seeds which had been brought from Brazil in a fleece of wool germinated after four hours' boiling.

Analyses of pumpkins show that the rind of the vegetable is nearly three and a half times as rich in albuminoids as the flesh.

Paper made from strong fibers can now be compressed into a substance so hard that nothing but a diamond can scratch it.

The largest human skull has a capacity of 114 cubic inches, being about twice the size of the smallest adult human skull.

A proposal has been made to treat yellow fever patients by artificial cold in order to kill the poisonous germs of the disease.

An English fishing boat landed a halibut weighing 187 pounds, in whose stomach was found a fine salmon weighing twenty pounds.

An American anatomist maintains that owing to the diminution in hard knocks and butting the human skull is becoming thinner.

A strip of land bordering the Mediterranean, 100 miles in length and five or six in breadth, is the raisin-producing territory of Spain.

In Western China the mountain Omi, which has a "halo" and which is in height 11,000 feet, is almost exclusively inhabited by Buddhist monks.

The art of iron smelting was known in England during the Roman occupation, and steel working was practiced there before the Norman conquest.

The common synonyms for the Devil, Old Nick, Scratch and Harry, are all derived from Finnish or Scandinavian terms—Nickel, Schrat and Hari or Herra.

Arkansas has a mineral spring whose waters turn as red as blood when bottled, and Kentucky has an oil well from which refined petroleum, all ready for domestic use, profusely gurgles.

It is a curious fact that there is now running in Alsace a petroleum refinery which is supplied by wells dug by hand to the oil bearing rock, instead of being bored as is done in this country, and the whole industry of producing and manufacturing has been in the hands of one family and successfully conducted for over one hundred and fifty years.

A Hint for Sleepers.

A plenty of breathing space round one's bed, remarks the *Christian Union*, can be only an advantage and benefit; and it is suggested that some of the "morning dullness" and actual headache so often complained of may be traceable to sleeping close to the side of the room and breathing all night the air reflected from the wall.

A physician was lately called to prescribe for a young lady. There was "nothing the matter" with her she declared, "nothing but a terrible headache." Every morning she awoke with a headache and it lasted nearly half the day. It had been going on for months—ever since they moved into their new house. The doctor tried all the old remedies and they all failed. Biting and archery were faithfully tested, study and practice were cheerfully given up. Nothing did any good.

"Will you let me see your bedroom?" asked the doctor one day, and he was shown up into the prettiest little nest imaginable.

Nothing wrong about the ventilation. The windows were high and broad, and were left open every night, the patient said. The bed stood in one corner against the wall.

"How do you sleep?" says the doctor.

"On my right side, at the back of the bed, with my face to the wall. Lou likes the front best."

"She does!" says the doctor. "So, do I. Will you do me the favor to wheel that bed into the middle of the room and sleep so for a week? Then let me know about the headache."

The middle of the room, indeed! And there were the windows on one side, and the two doors on the other sides, and the mantle with its Macrame lambrequin on the fourth side. There was no place for the bed but just where it stood, in the corner.

"Never mind, sacrifice your lambrequin," urged the doctor; "just for a week, you know."

The lambrequin was sacrificed, the bed moved where it had free air on both sides, and the headache disappeared.

The editor who was asked by a "bashful subscriber" if he could tell him "the first step toward matrimony" and replied "mis-step," was either a punster or a horrid old bachelor.—Newtown Herald.