STONE THE WOMAN.

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free!
Draw back your skirts lest they perchance
May touch her garments as she passes;
But to him put forth a willing hand
To clasp with his that led her to destruction
And disgrace. Shut up from her the sacred
Ways of toil, that she no more may win an
Honest meal; but ope to him all honorable
Paths, where he may win distinction.
Give him fair, pressed-down measures of
Life's sweetest joys. Pass her, O maiden,
With a pure, proud face, if she puts out
A poor, polluted palm, but lay thy hand in
His on bridal day, and swear to cling to him
With wifely love and tender reverence,
Trust him who led a sister woman
To a fearful fate.

Yes, stone the woman—let the man go free!
Let one soul suffer for the guilt of two—
Is the doctrine of a hurried world,
Two out of breath for holding balances
Where nice distinctions and injustices
Are camly weighted. But, ah, how will it be
On that strange day of final fire and flame
When men shall stand before the one true
Judge? Shall sex make then a difference in
Sin? Shall He, the Searcher of the hidden
Heart, in his eternal and divine decree
Condemn the woman and forgive the man?

RAY'S ONLY LOVE.

Or, What Thanksgiving Brought.

BY LILIAN IRVING.

The opening exhibition of the Art society was crowded that day. The long room, with its wealth of painting and statuary, seemed a temple fit for the gods, and the public, in all their various ways, were enjoying it. For the public of our period are much concerned with things artistic, and take art exhibitions as a natural part of their daily bread, an inalienable right of their inheritance.

Ray Converse was sauntering dreamingly about the room, passing a few idle hours, more for the sake of passing them than for any very absorbing appreciation he felt just then for the treasures of art surrounding him. Once he had cared for these things so much. He thought of it now half-sadly, half-amused, as we sometimes turn back to look at our past selves as at another individual. That was in the days he had known Genevieve Kelsey. He had cared for her, too, with that silent, abrorbing, passionate devotion of his which was a part of his nature. She did not herself realize the depth of his love though she was more near to responding to it than she knew, till Ralph Eveleth came in her way and had seemed to strangely fascinate her. He was a handsome man—a man of society, who seemed blase with the world, who was accustomed to have his own way, and who had run the whole scale of enjoyment—perhaps of dissipation. Yet he was refined and gentlemanly, and—only the all-seeing eye could tell how—he and Genevieve Kelsey seemed strangely attached from the first.

When Ray Converse first found that he could not win this fair woman he let go all the strands that had made life beautiful to him and went out to the far West. He had been roughing it there for 10 years. During that time life had been one stern reality to him. Yet, with its gleams of finer things, he learned to love the symphony of color when the sunset fires burned low in the west with such tints as never an artist's brush had caught, the purple hue that stole softly over montains and plains enfolded him in its hush of peace. The stars that shone above him were not purer than his life, nor colder; for no woman's touch could send his pulses thrilling. How could it, after he had known Genevieve Kelsey?

It had been a fancy of his to pass the Thanksgiving of this year at home among the quiet Kentucky hills, and now, within a few hours' journey, he was detained in St. Estavenne by missing a train. Ah! he little dreamed what destiny meant when she sent that train without him.

The city life surged about him with its bitter-sweet memories and associations. His thoughts strayed unaccountably backward. Some spring of memory was touched, and long-silent melodies flowed forth.

His half-dreaming thoughts were suddenly arrested by a face, before which he paused in sudden eagerness. It was a medallion, a woman's face wrought in marble. There was no mistaking that face—the sight of which thrilled and touched him with all the old nameless magnetism. He turned to the catalogue, but the number was only entered as "A Sketch," but he knew it was the face of Genevieve Kelsey. In almost less time than it could be told he was on his way to the studio of the sculptor who had modeled the sketch. Some sudden prophetic instinct stirred within him and impelled him with a wild eagerness of hope. In all these years he had not heard of Miss Kelsey. He did not know, he did not want to know, anything of the old life, since she would now make life bright for him. He had taken if for granted, indeed he had vaguely heard, that she had married Eveleth, and further he never inquired. But some intuitional hope, for whose existence he could not account, hurried him out into the chill gray of that November afternoon. The brief glow had already faded into the dull twilight, and the gas was lighted here and there as he hurried through the crowded streets. A chill wind sprung up from the east. A city, like an individual, has her own moods and tenses, and if one lingers long within her gates one comes to individualize her. St. Estavenne had changed to Mr. Converse since he entered it that morning, and he journeyed on with but one thought in his mind. Was he near Genevieve Kelsey? He felt that consciousness of presence which is to us all an ever-old, ever-new miracle.

The picture of that night when he had seen her last came vividly before him. By the right of his own love he had entreated her to tell him if there was no hope, if she were irrevocably pledged to Ralph Eveleth, and she had given him all her confidence.

"I know all his faults," she had said, "but I love him."

"But, my darling, he is so utterly unworthy of you," he replied, thinking of her happiness before he thought of his own. "Oh! my love, you will have a hard life if it is once linked with his. If he were worthier of you than I, I could give you up. If I could bear it all for you—your pain without mine—God knows I would. But it will come to you alone, love, when you are his wife, and I can have no right to comfort you. Perhaps there will come a time when you would even rather have my tenderness than none."

Genevieve looked at him almost uncomprehendingly.

"Why, I love him," was all she said, and he saw her again as she sat there in the deep embrasure of the window seat—a petite, dainty woman, "made of spirit; and fire, and dew," with some subtle charm of her own that no words could catch. Her beauty depended much upon expression—glaring, fading, luminous, evanescent—as cloud pictures, yet marvelously lovely with vivid lights gleaming in the the thoughtful eyes and lips, whose glow of coral rivaled the rose tints of the sweet, spirited countenance, framed and shadowed by clouds of soft-falling dusky hair, among whose soft tresses his fingers had caressing strayed.

In those days he always thought of her as the one fair woman who was to make life fair to him, and through all the dreary years that followed his love for her was so strong that it held him always high and pure. Perhaps, after all, he had been hasty in thinking she had married Mr. Eveleth, he thought, with a wild gleam of exultant hope. Why had she ever cared for Ralph Eveleth? The question came again to his mind, and was as unanswerable as it had been when he first asked it 10 years ago. In fact, her friends all asked this when Miss Kelsey seemed to be drifting on to that fateful crisis of her life.

Even those who did not know her very well felt it would be to her one life-long tragedy; not, perhaps, in outer trial, but in inner endurance.

An ordinary woman might have been very happy as the wife of Ralph Eveleth. Even a woman of superior endowments, if her nature were strong and self-centered, and if not too fine a fiber, might have found life satisfying to her at his side. But Genevieve was not a strong woman. She was just a gifted, sensitive, highly-wrought girl, with infinite possibilities in her nature—both ways. A woman of a singular earnestness of purpose, of a clear brain, of a warm, loving heart. Delicately responsive as was her nature, to every surrounding influence, she could not live her highest life with Ralph Eveleth. She was too receptive, too generous, too sympathetic not to be tinged by the color of the atmosphere in which she lived.

Mr. Eveleth was not wholly a bad man—indeed, he had many elements of superiority. He was a man of rather brilliant intellect, but fatally weak in moral power—a man to always do the thing that at the time seemed easiest without much care how it affected his own future or that of others. He lacked steadfastness and energy of purpose.

Miss Kelsey was a new revelation of womanhood to him. He had not the delicacy of insight to fully appreciate her rare gifts, or to comprehend her tender sweetness, but he admired her brilliancy, and resolved to win her for his own.

But there were depths in her nature he had never sounded—chords whose melodies his touch could never waken. There were forces all undreamed of by him. Some day, Ray Converse had then said, these forces would stir and demand their fruition, and in that day the tragedy of living would come upon her.

And so it was that he had trembled for Genevieve's future when he saw her gravitate to Ralph Eveleth. He did not think that her higher nature consented to it. And in that he was right, for she went on as one borne by an irresistible fate. But the crisis in her fate came sooner than Mr. Converse could have foreseen.

There had been some kind of an early promise between Genevieve Kelsey and Ralph Eveleth which he went out into the world and held lightly, and which she held sacredly in her heart. She was so true in her nature that she only measured him by her own pure constancy. In those years her strongest tie to him, perhaps, was her consciousness that he had need of her, and it was in this perfect unselfishness of her nature that the trouble came. For the love of one willl not make sacred a bond that demands for its perfection the love of two. In these first days of sunny sweetness she did not question much of life. She was satisfied in being. Vague desire touched her at times, as she watched the sunset fires burning low in the west, and the artist's creative fire stirred in her. But its forces were to wait for other years.

At times she was a curious compound of undeveloped impulses and powers. The unrest of genius was upon her, and touched and swayed her with its half heeded upliftings. She had a vague consciousness of waiting for some touch that should crystalize the half-real dreams and half-dreaming realities that made up her life; some event that should interpret her to herself.

The event came. Ralph Eveleth's letters suddenly ceased. A silence that neither thought nor words could break fell between those two who had promised to walk the paths of life together.

For months Genevieve Kelsey wrestled singly and alone with a sorrow that was as the very depths of the dark valley to her. It seemed as if her strength could no longer avail, and she yielded for a time to the constant, dumb anguish of patience.

Then came other days. Youth and hope are strong, and the forces of her character asserted themselves. It was then that that rare courage and sweetness that characterized her, rose to determine and shape her life. It was this subtle fineness and strength of her nature that Ray Converse had felt in her, and which had always so appealed to him. In many ways he knew her better than she knew herself. In his heart he always carried her sacredly, and he consecrated to her the deepest reverence of his nature. Half unconsciously he sometimes felt that the time would come in her life when she would have need of him, and he held himself pure and strong above his pain for this time.

So absorbed was he in all the scenes in which memory had carried him backward that he reached the studio of which he was in search with a feeling of surprise.

The crimson curtains were closely drawn, and the sculptor sat alone among his marbles. These men touched common ground at once. St. John had all the keen instincts that are the birthright of every artist, and he understood the silent intensity of Mr. Converse's feelings when he asked who was the subject of the artist's sketch.

"It was modeled from the face of a young lady friend of mine—Miss Kelsey," politely replied St. John, and the face of Mr. Converse grew luminous.

"Will you permit me to ask her address, sir? She is an old friend of mine," he said, and, penciling the number and street St. John gave him, with a hearty clasp of the sculptor's hand he bade him good-evening.

"Genevieve has never married Eveleth," was his one thought; "please God she may be my Genevieve yet."

Miss Kelsey sat alone that Thanksgiving eve. The east wind had kept its promise, and a cold rain had set in—one of those dreary, dripping, despairing rains, that have no begining and no ending—so Genevieve had said to herself, as her thoughts kept rhythmic time to the measured beat of that despairing storm. A vague restlessness had taken possession of her that evening. It was a new thing for her to yield to it. Eight years of life, crowded with work, had somewhat modified the old girlish enthusiasm of her nature. For it was eight years since Ralph Eveleth had drifted out of her life. She had grown to look calmly at the old sorrow and comprehend that it were best; to feel that she had grown stronger and purer, and that it is but a moral degradation for a woman to love what is unworthy of her love. She thought of the words:

> She can not look down to her lover; her love, like her soul, aspires.
> He must stand by her side or above her, who would kindle its holiest fires.

For two years she had trusted Ralph Eveleth; she had hoped against hope; she had believed in him and suffered by him as only a loving woman can suffer. Unasked her heart made all th excuses for him. She placed him always in the mental perspective of a good light. She was patient and tender, and at last when the bitter knowledge was forced upon her that it was all in vain, that the man she loved had no existence save in her own idealization of him, she had felt that life, in its best sense, was over for her; she was not much given to the consolation of poetry or philosophy, but in all those dark, despairing days a line of Mrs. Browning's haunted her:

> And having missed some personal hope,
> Beware that thus I miss no reasonable duty.

In work and in living in other lives Miss Kelsey strove to forget the past—no, not to forget—but to overlay it with earnest, genuine living. She would not be warped or harrowed by suffering—God had made her too noble for that.

Of the silent intensity of the love Ray Converse had for her she had never fully realized. Absorbed in her thoughts of another she failed to comprehend all he had endured, when he felt that for her happiness he must leave her. Afterward she had cause to know how tender and steadfast was his love, and sometimes it rested her to remember it. She thought how happy must the woman be whom his love enfolded, for that he had married she never questioned.

Now she knew that the highest love of her life had never been given to Ralph; that he had not the power to call it from her.

These eight years of her life in St. Estevenne had been years of earnest work in her art. Two days in each week she received her pupils in painting; others she worked in her studio. This last year the silent intensity of her nature had found expression in a book which had met a success that surpassed her highest expectations. This book was the inevitable outgrowth of all she had lived through, for to the artistic nature expression is a necessity. Nothing could have more conclusively proved how she had outgrown her love for Mr. Eveleth than her power to write this book, with its rare analytical characterization. All that had died in her heart lived on in her brain with added force.

Miss Kelsey wondered why life looked dreary this evening. She had become quite the center of a charming circle of people, all of exceptional gifts and culture, and both artists and authors sought her continually. The innate joyousness and elasticity of her nature shone through the earnestness of real rank like a light through alabaster. The woman was still as fresh and simple as the child. The years of discipline had perfected her character into rare loveliness, and her manner had a nameless magnetism, felt by all. One could not know Miss Kelsey without giving her the poet's tribute:

> All hearts grew warmer in her presence,
> As one who, seeking not her own,
> Gave freely for the love of giving,
> Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

But to night life looked dreary to Genevieve, and she faintly wondered what she should do all the long, lonely winter so near at hand, thinking with a despairing thrill of pain that life had grown colorless, and she could not endure it any longer. To this there succeeded a state of repressed excitement. The rose-flush deepened in her cheeks, and there was a new sparkle in her eyes. She felt the presence of unknown happiness.

There came a ring at the door, and a voice in the hall. But she sat quite still on the low seat in the south window, where the faint odor of the ferns breathed a subtle fragrance. The footsteps came nearer. There was a knock at the door.

Miss Kelsey could not herself have told what followed. She only realized half an hour later that Ray Converse was beside her; and his arms enfolded her, and that his eyes were bent low upon the pure, patient beauty that sorrow had chiseled in her face. There was more than the girlish loveliness of feature and color. The girl's eagerness had not faded, but the woman's power was there—the woman's longing and earnestness—for Ray had told her what his coming meant. He held her in his arms, and kissed again and again the tender, clinging lips—the flushing, paling face; and he told her the story of his years of love in words of passionate intensity. He told her how, when all was dark, the thought of her was still the inspiration to live not unworthily of her, and now that his need of her must be met, and they would go out together into the joy and fullness of a new life that should be a perpetual Thanksgiving. And Genevieve listened to the words that thrilled every chord of her being; listened as only a woman who has suffered and triumphed and loved can listen to the words that first satisfy her heart. Ray loved her; what more could she ask?

"And now my darling," he said—"my own patient, loving little girl—you will promise to be mine to-morrow. I can not part with you again, dear. Life is too short to lose one hour of its happiness. Let to-morrow be, indeed, the Thanksgiving of our lives."

"There was a quiet, beautiful bridal the next day. No one knew just how it came about, but all the circle of friends who had held Genevieve so dear grouped in the pretty studio where she had wrought out so many lovely fancies and there were flowers and music and tender kisses after the sacred rites were said, and the light of an ineffable peace was on the face of the lovely bride, and perhaps there were never purer prayers than those that followed Genevieve Converse by all who loved her and who knew what Thanksgiving brought her.

In November.

Oh, mark how through the lattice-work of brown—
November's trees—the lights of gray skies shift!
Nor birds may sing, nor any shadows sift
Below the sunless gables of the town.
Now brooks run tawny, and a purple crown
Of elder-tops the marish hollows lift.
While haunting twitters from the thickets drift,
And hollow pipes the gale across the down;
And memories like voices fill the gale—
The joy of harvests and the hope of springs,
And songs, though felt, unsung, and griefs that pale,
And loves that flush, and hopes that lift on wings,
And sunlight on the silent winter hills,
Thrilling anew the heart that sorrow thrills.

L. Frank Tooker, in Scribner's Bric-a-Brac.

The Atlanta Constitution says: "The fact that Texas suicides are resorting to morphine shows that the refinements of civilization are gradually spreading over the whol country."

ON HAND.

The Mysteries of Palmistry Made Clear.

An Interesting Volume On a Lost Art—Mysteries of the Hand.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Mr. Robert Allen Campbell of this city has written a book, and, unlike the generality of books written in St. Louis, it is readable, reasonable and scholarly. He has chosen a recondite, an occult subject, but one which he understands thoroughly and treats lovingly and knowingly. His theme is palmistry. Not such palmistry as the gypsies practice, but a chiromancy, remarkably like physiognomy, a means of telling the present character, rather than the future fate.

Fortune-telling by the inspection of the hand is universally practiced by the gypsy women of our day, among whom it is at once a traditional and an exact art. While it is true that these wanderers, like other mortals less traduced, will often "let a dollar blind the eye or quicken the sight," and so read a "bonny fortune" to warm the heart and thus open the purse of their victim, it is still undoubtedly true that two or more experienced gypsies—when there is no object in deception—will, without any consultation with each other, read substantially the same fortune from the same hand. Notice I am not claiming for them any ability to foretell the future—or even to recite the past—but simply that they work by uniform and well defined rules, which enables any number of experienced gypsies, though separated and non-communicating, to see in any certain hand the same peculiarities, and to read from it substantially the same fortune and fate. That is, their art is, when fully understood, an exact one. Whether it is a truthful one, or whether it has in it any elements of truth, as a foundation, is entirely another question.

In the beginning of his argument, which is strictly a pari, the author notes some common coincidences of inward thought and outward form, which he introduces as follows:

> The body hath the features of the mind,
> Because the mind hath veiled itself therein:
> The outward and the inward worlds are like,
> As like as any act is to its thought—
> As like as matter can to spirit be.

They correspond in truth as words to thoughts. The soul is constantly developing its body of flesh. Every outline and peculiarity, not the result of some objective opposition or injuring accident, is the result of the character and development of the inner man. The color and contour of the cheek, the texture and luster of the hair, the depth and light of the eye, every expression of the face, each and all correspond to the features of the soul, and this is true because they are each the incarnation of some affection or thought.

The innocent smile of the child's mouth, the restless wanderings of the eye, the curl of cherry lip, the pure and peaceful face of age, the flushed countenance, the agitated air, all have their meanings, and are each the expression of some inner character or experience.

Like a great many other sciences, palmistry will meet some logical objections, and while the course of reasoning adopted by Mr. Campbell is from the theory to the facts, rather than from the facts to the theory, the author has at least the a pari satisfaction of knowing that many of the greatest truths we know were stated long before they were demonstrated. He says himself:

Just here the proper and pertinent question may be asked, "Is there any reason why the hand should index the mind?" The simple answer is, there is no known a priori reason why the hand should index the mind, any more than there is a reason why the sense of touch should be connected with nerves rather than with the blood vessels. It is only known as a fact, learned from observation and experience. Having the statement of this indexing once made, however, we find innumerable facts and abundant illustrations to confirm the truth.

There is one thing very certain, that if there is anything in chirmancy, one strong manifestation of it is exhibited in shaking hands.

Every one of ordinary perception has been more or less interested in noticing the different ways in which people shake hands. There is more of individuality exhibited in the performance of this common ceremony of social courtesy than in any other unstudied action of ordinay life. All have experienced the numberless and divers sensations which are received through this customary method of greeting. Comparatively few, perhaps, have fully analyzed or connected them clearly with the subtle sources.

One in this salutation seizes the hand with a hard, cruel grip, and tosses it off with a spasm of turbulent energy that leaves the the other physically pained and mentally discomfited. Another lazily extends an inert palm, and with a weak, listless touch makes pretense of conforming to the conventional requirements of the occasion, but with a dead apathy and carelessness which at once disappoints and exasperates a more earnest nature. What happens when two such persons meet is not known, perhaps because neither have the sensations to feel, the perception to notice, or the energy to record the negative nature of the impression. A not uncommon character is the selfishly receptive absorbant, who holds out a willing hand, expectantly still, to receive whatever greeting is bestowed, but which never once offers a generous pressure or responds to a hearty clasp. Then there is the affected reaching out of the finger tips, as if to say, I graciously condescend to a common custom—or to an inferior person—but a touch is all I bestow or allow. After meeting these, or any one of numerous other repellant types, how gladly the noble nature meets the firm, hearty clasp of a morally magnetic hand, all sensitive of reception, and bounding in generous strength of health and heart which imparts a thrill of kindly kinship and instantly puts the two en rapport with the best characteristics of each other, and so brings them into comradeship with the rich personality of all that is noblest in humanity.

Having thus examined hand-shaking, which is really no part of palmistry, we pass on to the proper subject of the book and review some of the occult facts there brought into the full glare of the nineteenth century day. But first:

The difference between the two hands must be carefully noted, and the meaning and value of the variation should be kept constantly in mind while deducing the person's character.

The right hand points out the direction in which the individual is traveling, and the progress made in the modification of original intendencies and abilities into actual character.

The left hand indexes the person's natural inclinations and peculiarities, which, in a greater or less degree, have been modified in the direction shown by the right hand.

In case of left-handed people this rule is reversed. In short the passive hand exhibits the character from which the person is growing; while the active hand indexes the character as developed.

As to hands themselves:

Minutia, finish, elegance, work, belong to large hands. Magnitude, grace, generalities are the characteristics of small hands. Persons wiih small hands see the whole, themass, and work for the grand effect, and hence with a long, free, graceful stroke and with independent rapid motion. The person with large hands sees the parts, the factors, and works with an eye to the perfection of each one, with an exact and calculated stroke, and a careful, steady motion.

The medium-sized hand, the one in fair proportion with the body, is the one that will naturally do or delegate the doing, as judgment or necessity may designate as best.

James B. Eads, who originated the great tubular steel bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis, and who secured the aid of capitalists to build it, has very small hands.

Henry Flad, who worked out the details of construction, and who calculated the details of strain and tension, has very large and very effective hands. The former conceived the grand idea, and, both as an engineer and as an organizer, dealt in comprehensive statements made up of golden generalities, while the latter filled these general plans full of the needed sinews and nerves of detail.

The hands of several other prominent men are described but no words on paper can tell just how these typical hands of typical characters look. In the future edition of this remarkable work, if the author would illustrate or give photographs of the hands of people whose character is well known, the work would gain great additional value.

These photographs should be all made, of course, upon the same scale and should be large enough to show all the eccentricities of the hands pictured.

Coming from the general to the particular, we leave the hand and arrive at the most important element therein, the thumb.

In idiots, who are guided by impulse only the thumbs are small and often withered or deformed, and are usually concealed beneath the overclasping fingers. Intants and feeble-minded persons in closing the hand double the fingers over the thumb. In both cases, however, as intelligence dawns and as there is any exhibition of will or choice, the thumb asserts its supremacy by doubling over the fingers. When the premonitions of an epileptic fit come on, the thumb becomes inert, and during the spasm the thumb is usually hid in the palm, under the fingers. When the great darkness of death settles about the glazing eye, the fingers shut over the thumb and bury it.

* * * * * * * * *

One thing may always be certified, the person with thd three phalanges of the thumb full and strong, and equally developed, will be no ordinary individual. Such a one will always be forcibly intelligent and effective. Rarely, however, will such a one bear a character of unmixed good or evil. Such a thumb always belongs to one of marked power, and usually to one who, whatever his general character, has great physical strength, sensuous keenness, and dominating tendencies—great temptations, clear and decided plans, indomitable perseverance.

As to the fingers:

Short fingers appreciate and love magnitude, grace, generalities; they see the mass, judge of the whole, and afterward perceive, examine or appreciate the parts or particulars.

Long fingers, on the contrary, are characterized by minutia, elegance, finish; they perceive the details, understand the parts individually, and from them appreciate or estimate the mass or general effect.

Smooth fingers signify perception, intuition and rapid determination. They want clear statement, illustration, testimony and metaphor.

Knotted fingers tell of logic, argument, the why and wherefore, and thus and therefore. They demand premises, syllogisms and deductions. The first knot suggests order in ideas; the second, order in material things.

Tapering fingers show the rule of the ideal, and love of that ideal sensously expressed.

Stubbed fingers, the same size at ends as at the palms, will indicate in good hands the superior manipulator; in poor hands the plodder.

By far the most important part of the science of palmistry is in the lines with which every hand is webbed.

The palm of the hand is traced with lines These lines play an important part in all systems of "hand-reading." The ancients studied the lines of the hand long before they paid any attention to mounts. The gypsies now give their palmistic divinations mainly from the lines. These lines have, like the mounts, been dedicated to the principal deities, and, in later days to the planets. These names, as well as those of a more strictly fortune-telling character, are not only inappropriate, but most of them are misleading. The names adopted and used in this work will, it is hoped, be somewhat an index to the real meaning and value of these "signatures" of man's life, health, impulses and peculiar mental endowments.

Besides several well defined and prominent lines, the palm usually presents numerous less conspicious lines and marks. Even a slight examination of any pair of hands, will show, as elsewhere stated, that the lines in one hand are not like those in the other; a careful comparison will often prove that no one line is exactly like its fellow—in the other hand.

The line of life is the broad, well-marked line beginning between the thumb and the index finger, and running around what is called the ball of the thumb to the wrist. This line is the most important one on the hand, and the manner of ascertaining the exact ages of different parts of the line is thus told:

Take a pair of compasses, set the fixed point on the middle of the root of the index finger as a center, extend the movable point to the middle of the root of the third finger. Draw the arc of a circle and mark this distance off on the vital line. That part of the line between the east edge of the hand and the point thus marked will represent the first 10 years of the life. Next, extend the movable point to the division between the third and fourth finger, and this distance marked off on the vital line will denote the twentieth year of life, and hence the space between the first and second markings will be the life between the tenth and twentieth years. The movable point extended to the middle of the fourth finger—to the edge of the hand at the root of the little finger—to the percussion of the palm where it is touched by the impulse line—will respectively give, when marked off on the vital line, the thirtieth, fortieth and fiftieth years. Measure off on the percussion of the hand below the impulse line, two-thirds of the distance between the root of the little finger and the impulse line, extend the movable point of the compass to this point and mark the distance off on the vital line for the sixtieth year. For each successive 10 years take two-thirds of the distanre given to the next preceding decade. Cuts or breaks in the vital line suggest sickness or injury at the age shown, according to this measurement, and the division will repay close attention and careful study.

Of course, the character of the line through each of these epochs shows the character of the life at that age.

And in fine:

The character reader must always bear in mind that the hand is considerably changed according to the person's condition. Exact results depend upon close observations and nice discriminations. The true reading of the hand, therefore, will be manifest only when the person is in a normal condition of body and mind.

The attempt to read a hand when first ungloved is usually unsatisfactory. It is then either pale from continued pressure, and consequent lack of blood, or else livid from congestion, occasioned by binding at the wrist or palm. In either case it is somewhat inert from compression of the nerves. It, therefore, requires a little time, after ungloving, for the vital forces to regain their normal control, thus restoring to the hand its natural features and complexion. Neither is the hand of one just waked from sleep a plain page to read; and even more indistinct is the hand of one dull and drowsy from recent over-eating, merry or excited from drinking, or much heated from unusual exercise. Quite as indistinct, but in the opposite direction, is the hand of one who is weak from fasting, wearied from exertion, depressed by grief, or exhausted by mental or moral anxieties.

How the Old Soldiers Looked.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean, November, 13.]

It is not often that people have an opportunity tos tudy, in one group, such men as Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, Schofield, Pope, Washburne, and Oglesby. Those present at Haverly's last night had such an opportunity, and it is certain that quiet observation of the men named was to many in the audience a source of peculiar enjoyment. Grant has not changed much in general appearance, but shows some change in manner. He came upon the stage in his old, diffident way, but once on, seemed very much at home. It was noticed that while he listened closely to all speeches, he was particularly alert and full of interest whenever Sherman spoke, and that he turned round so as to face Oglesby, until that gentleman flung an unexpected compliment at him. He showed special interest in Judge Gresham's discussion of the war question, and seemed much gratified when Sheridan was called to the front. Sherman has aged more than Grant, and the stoop in his shoulders increases that old-fashioned fatherliness of manner, which gave him, in the army, the name of "Uncle Billy." He kept time vigorously with foot and hand during the singing, and the reference to Sherman's bummers caused him to smile.

Platonic Love.

[London Truth.]

A real friendship with a charming woma to whom they must not make unlawful love, with whom they are on their good behavior both in manners and morals, and who, without being pedantic or advanced, can talk to them of things beyond the last new novel or the last court ball, is the best antiseptic that men can have. Society in excelsi is one thing, but the intimacy of the domestic circle is another; and these friendly cups of tea round the sofa might be exchanged for many other things by no means so improving. A man who loses this privilege for vanity or jealousy neither knows what he throws away nor was worthy of what he had. And really it is hard on the best kind of woman to suppose that if she loves her husband and looks after her children, she has therefore, no desire for or right to any other interest; or else that if she has an interest in any one beyond her immediate family she is, therefore, dissatisfied with her life and only looking for a lover to supplement its deficiencies. For ourselves, we think differently. Without believing in transcendentalism or superhuman platonism, we do hold to the possibility of a real friendship between the sexes—where the woman is wholly pure and the man moderately wise.

Flowers as a Disinfectant.

Vick's "Illustrated Floral Magazine'n gives the results of some experiments of an amateur chemist who nas been investigating the effects of vegetable perfumes on the atmosphere. He finds that they exercise a positively beneficial influence, by converting the oxygen of the air into that powerfully oxydizing, and, therefore, purifying agent, ozone. The essences found by him to produce the most ozone are precisely those which usage has selected as the most invigorating, such as cherry, laurel, cloves, lavender, mint, juniper, lemon, fennel and bergamot, several of which are ingredients in the refreshing eau de cologne. Anise, nutmeg, thyme narcissus and hyacinth flowers, mignonette, heliotrope and lily of the valley also develop ozone; in fact all flowers possessing a perfume appear to do so, whereas those having none do not. This interesting intelligence will be gratifying to all, especially to lovers of flowers, and the cultivation of those lovely disinfectants of nature should be promoted in all marshy or foul places.

An Extra Crazy Tourist.

[Cincinati Enquirer, Paris Letter.]

One of the saddest sights in Paris at present, is an in ane American who tramps the boulevards incessantly, and is constantly to be met at the restaurants where his eccentric behavior and wild appearance throw the guests into consternation. He knows enough to order what he wants, to eat like a gentleman, to pay the bill and fee the waiter; but his excited utterances, wild eyes and cadaverous physiognomy make of him a real skeleton at the feast. The burden of his fearfully painful talks, sad as death at a wedding march, is the groaning and blood curdling plaint: "I know what murder is! Three brothers, two sisters, all assassinated in America." I was breakfasting at a restaurant this morning when he came in. The proprietor, knowing him and preferring his room to his company, tried to eject him. He was for fighs instantly, and hastily produced a passport on which I saw Uncle Sam's protecting eagle.