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MISCELLANEOUS.

AT PARTING.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
Not for the night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his palm with thine. How canst thou tell
How far from thee

Fate or caprice may lead his feet
Ere the morrow come! Men have been known
To lightly turn the corner of the street,
And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years
Before they looked in loving eyes again;
Parting at best is underlaid with tears,
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure true
The hand of him that goeth forth, unseen,
Fate goeth, too!

Yea, find then always time to say
Some earnest word behind the idle talk,
Lest with thee, henceforth, night and day,
Regret should walk.

MY UNCLE'S FROG POND.

Dump, splash, spat! Plump I went right into the middle of a great frog pond that skirted my uncle's farm at Hollowell. I hardly know how it happened, but the lumbering stage-coach which had taken me from Upton, where I left the cars, had run against a stump on the up-hill side of the road and tilted over, throwing me against the door, which article treacherously opened, and out I went into the mud and mire.

Nevertheless, I fell feet foremost, but with such force that I settled more than ankle deep in the mud, and all efforts to extricate myself proved unavailing. At last I sat plump down in the water and mud, and yielded to my fate, not with a very good grace, however, for I looked daggers at the innocent frogs as they spun swiftly from the water on all sides, in their terror of such a harum-scarum object as had invaded their precincts.

My back was toward the coach, and I dared not look around for fear of toppling over backward. I was determined I would not call for help if I never got out; so there I sat, biting my lips with vexation, for my beautiful green traveling dress was ruined with slime and mud, and I could feel the dirty water dripping down over my face and shoulders from my delicate and costly French hat. Added to my other mishaps, came the consciousness that I was sadly neglected by my companion of the stage, a tall, handsome gentleman, possibly thirty years of age, with a noble, classical brow, and eyes that gazed serenely and calmly up from their depths, and a voice so musically rich that I had kept him in conversation all the way from Upton, for the sake of listening to its melody and gazing into his intellectual face. I was in love, deeply, permanently. In love with a stranger.

Our conversation was broken off most unceremoniously when my head came in contact with the coach door. This was what vexed me, to think that he had left me sitting there so long. My great love was evaporating; and when I heard the low laugh that followed the coachman's exclaimation of "There she is, now, in the middle of the pond!" I was really angry. He was certainly laughing at my misfortune.

"Please to let me be, sir, I don't wish for your assistance," I said, angerly, as I felt a pair of strong arms around my waist and a warm breath on my cheek. "Let the coachman assist me." But the arms were clasped more tightly about me, and I felt myself drawn slowly from the mud. Vexed and mortified, I struggled to free myself but in vain. At last I stood on the hard ground, dripping and cold.

"Sir, unhand me instantly," I said, as I felt my feet on terra firma. The hands were instantly unclasped, and a pair of dark eyes gazed sadly at me.

"Maggie, what have I done to merit this!"

I was astounded. How could he, a stranger know my name? Maggie Martain stood before him, sure enough; but who was he? I looked at him again, but was still at fault.

"Who are you, sir?" I cried. "I never saw you before."

"Never mind now, Miss Martain. We shall meet again."

When the stage stopped in front of my uncle's house, and this time dumped me out into the arms of my aunt and cousins, I was as much at a loss as ever.

"Mag, cousin Mag, we are so glad you've come," and Lottie and Kittie grasped me and drew me up to their room. I made suitable apologies for my uncouth appearance, and told Lottie and Kit in confidence of my new acquaintance.

We talked that night till the small hours crept on us unawares, and our lips began to droop.

"You remember Phil Sanders, Mag?" Lottie asked, abruptly. "Kind-hearted Phil?"

"Phil Sanders? Certainly.—Don't you know we used to be sweethearts before we moved to the city? I wonder what has become of him? He was a good-hearted boy, to be sure, and handsome, too."

"Philip has become a great man. He has gained a wide-spread fame at the bar. Why, Mag, he's the star out west. Why, he's——"

"Cupid's tugging at my heart-strings," I sang, interrupting Lottie. "That's enough, for heaven's sake, don't praise him any more! I'm sick of him already."

"Well, you will have a chance to become sicker, perhaps. He's coming to see us next week."

"Next week? How provoking! I had made up my mind to have such delightful times while I am here, and now that spoiled puppy will be here to destroy all our fun. I wish I hadn't come just yet. But let's improve the time until he comes. Now for a program. Rambles in the beautiful groves for the first day; a visit to aunt Eldon the second; a fishing party the third; and what for Friday?"

"A horse-back ride," Lottie said, eagerly. "Pa promised Kit and me the horses some day this week, and we'll go on Friady. But pa's got but two horses, so we'll have to think of some plan for one for you. I have it. Pa's got the promise of Phil Sanders' black pony that he sent home when he was out west so we'll get that. Now that's settled, let's go to sleep." And Lottie yawned drowsily.

"But it's not settled yet. Who shall ride the pony, Miss Lot?"

"I shall, of course. I'm smaller than you or Kit."

"No, madam. Phil's sweetheart will ride that pony, or none at all. Friday then our ride comes off. But it's an unlucky day, Lot. What if we should get thrown into the frog pond? I should hate that pony to his dying day, if we did."

But Lottie was fast asleep when I concluded, so I dropped asleep, too.

The cool morning air coming in at the window, from a beautiful bed of lavender and pinks and roses, awoke and refreshed me exceedingly.

The day was spent in rambles, and laughter, and gay conversation. I was getting sick of the city, for out at Hellowell there was so little bustle, such pure fresh air, and such enchanting groves and delicious streams. No starch and polish spread on thick with silver knives as in the city. The visit to aunt Eldon's was a pleasant thing, and the fishing party came off with plenty of fun. Friday morning arrived at last. It was a clear, beautiful morning. Trees and shrubs and meadows were spangled with sunshine, while the air blew fresh from the pine groves laden with a thousand sweets. We three were in ecstasies.

The coal black pony which Phil had christened Bruin, was brought, and I sprang on his back. He was a beautiful beast, with a high shining neck, loug flowing mane, and shining, silky hair. Off he went with a steady lope. I was delighted. Over hills and through groves we rode, chatting gayly. I cast a side-long glance at the frog pond as we passed it, and Lottie and Kit laughed merrily.

"Look out and don't let Bruin throw you in there, for your frog champion would not come to the rescue to day." Lottie exclaimed as we passed it.

"Never fear for me. Bruin and I are too good friends for a sudden separation. I shall ride him ten years from now, see if I don't, when I come to visit you and Phil."

It was near noon when we turned our horses homeward. Bruin had been quite gentle going out, but during our return he became restive and skittish. We had reached the cross roads by my Uncle's farm, and just ahead of us was the detestable frog pond. I looked sideways toward it, and Bruin looked sideways toward it too. We were full abreast of it, when splash went an enormous frog out into the middle of it, and dump, splash, I went in after it. Bruin and I had parted company. The jump that sent me headlong frightened the girl's horses, and they commenced a stampede toward home. This time I lost my temper. I was vowing vengeance on Bruin mentally, and striving to clear the mud and water from my eyes, for they were completely blinded, when, just behind me, I heard a voice exclaim, sternly, "Whoa, Bruin! Whoa, sir!" The blood rushed into my face. I had surely heard that voice before. Suddenly I felt myself in a powerful grasp, and the next moment my feet were on the turf, free from the pond.

I looked at my cavalier. He was my companion of the stage, with the least bit of a smile on his handsome features.

"How can I thank you?" I cried; and then I stopped, embarrassed, for I thought of the figure I cut, my very face covered with mud. "I believe you are my guardian."

The stranger only bowed, and looked around for Bruin.

"Where is that wicked beast? What a fright he has made of me!" I said.

The stranger smiled.

"I have seen as bad a fright before."

"Last Monday, I suppose, you mean. This frog pond is the bane of my life. I mean to coax uncle to have it filled up. But where is that wicked beast?"

"There he stands, Miss Maggie, waiting for you to mount again."

"Never, sir. He shall never throw me again. I shall go home on foot."

"Then I shall accompany you."

"With pleasure. My uncle will be happy to see you and thank you."

"Then let me lead this unruly beast of yours. Where did you find him?"

"He belongs to an old friend of mine. I was in love with him until he dumped me into the pond."

"Bruin, here Bruin! Come here, old boy! Why were you so naughty?"

"He knows his name. I must have spoken it," I inwardly thought.

I was a pitiable object, but I bore up bravely all the way home.

"What! Philip Sanders!" cried my cousins, whose horses had carried them home, and who now, accompanied by uncle, were at the front gate setting out in search of me.

"Philip Sanders!" I said, eagerly.

"None other, Maggie."

My uncle's family had not heard of Philip's arrival, although he had been my companion in the stage so long ago. I suspect he kept away on purpose, intending a surprise. But Bruin anticipated him.

When I went back to the city, Philip was my companion. We were married shortly after. Bruin never cut another caper with me, although I rode him ten years after, as I had predicted. We visit uncle's once a year, but I never leave there without visiting the old frog pond, and gazing reverentially on its green surface, for it first gave me back the sweetheart of my school-girl days.

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"Astronomy was the basis of the religion of the Egyptians, and cards were mathematically constructed, and had symbolical references to time, planetary motion and the occult calculations and mysteries of the magi. What x, y and z are to algebra, are cards emblems of heliocentric astrology.

"The fifty-two cards correspond to the weeks of the year. The twelve court cards to the months and signs of the zodiac. The four suits represent the four seasons—spring, summer, autumn and winter. Thus hearts, in the first quarter, symbolize spring, also love and friendship.

"Clubs, in ancient times, represented a clover leaf or shamrock, but this particular suit has been given the name of clubs at a later period, and is emblematical of summer, also knowledge, learning, religion, heat, temper, quarrels, and lawsuits.

"Diamonds, in the third quarter, stand for wealth, power and trade; and spades, in the fourth quarter, symbolize winter, cold, darkness, hardship and death."—Chicago Tribune.

The Value of a Character.

The captain of a large steamer was once filling up his crew for a long voyage when a seaman came up and said:

"I want to sail with you, sir."

"All right, my man," replied the captain. "Where have you sailed before?"

"P. and O., sir, to Australia."

"What countryman?"

"An Oirishman," was the ready response.

"Well you must get a character."

The discharge was obtained, and as the Irishman was presenting it another seaman came up and said he wished to join.

"What line were you on before?" asked the captain.

"Cunard, sir."

"What countryman?"

"English, your honor."

"All right. Go forward."

Shortly after, as the two were swilling the decks in a heavy sea, the Englishman was swept overboard, bucket and all. Unmoved, Paddy finished his job and then went to the captain's cabin.

"Come in," responded the officer to his rap. "What's up now?"

"Do you remember Bill Smith the Englishman and Cunarder?" queried Pat.

"Certainly, my man."

"You took him without a character?"

"I believe so; what of that?"

"He's gone overboard wid your bucket."—Chicago News Record.

He Joined the Band.

A gentleman, who had recently united with a very strict sect, was invited to play in a brass band. Determined on doing nothing to bring discredit on his brethern, he called upon his pastor, and asked:

"Brother Higgs, can a man be a Christian and play in a brass band?"

"A brass band?"

"Yes, Brother Higgs."

"Cornet or trombone?"

"Either."

"Nice fellows in the band?"

"Yes, first rate."

"Then Brother Jones, the danger is not so much of your falling from grace, as it is of the fellow doing so who passes through the fiery temptation of hearing you practice."

Specimen Cases.
S. F. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.
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