

# HAND HIEROGLYPHICS.

## A Female Palmist Discovers on Her Trade That Smacks of the Mystical.

Cleveland Herald.

Chairvoyants and fortune-tellers are usually untrustworthy persons, steeped in quackery and ready to take advantage of the superstitious side of human nature. A reporter met one of the class yesterday, and was astonished in the course of conversation, at the information the woman possessed on the subject of palmistry. Not in a mood to have his future life mapped out, the reporter talked to her solely in search of information. He got some very interesting matter for his pains. The woman was enthusiastic on the subject, and claimed to be infallible. She grew indignant when the reporter referred to palmistry as a pastime, and said: "No, sir! It is not a pastime, but a deep science, founded on principles created by Heaven. Show me a man or a woman's hand and face, and I will tell you his or her nature and qualities."

"Is it a difficult knowledge to master?"

"No; comparatively easy, though time and experience render the work of the palmist truer and more thorough."

"Are there fixed rules?"

"Yes, and they are not intricate ones. I don't know but I am divulging my trade secrets, but I have enough interest in palmistry to overcome your doubts. Hands are divided into three kinds—those with tapering fingers, blunt, square-tipped ones, and fingers that are spade-shaped, with cushions of flesh on each side of the nail. The taper-fingered hand belongs to poets, artists, persons of contemplative moods and with quick, sensitive minds that turn to the ideal rather than the real. The blunt-fingered, hand belongs to the sensible, matter-of-fact, well-balanced class of humanity, such as the successful business and professional man or scientist."

"You have taper fingers and are something of an idealist," said the palmist, glancing at the reporter's busy fingers. The reporter had to own up.

"The spade-shaped fingers to my third class are possessed by men and women of strong passions, who love creature comforts, and have what I call material instincts."

"The joints on the hand are points that are very important in the study. If the top joint is longest it speaks broadly of idealism and lack of practical ability, making the possessor of the hand a dreamer. If the second joint is longest it denotes a keen, well-balanced mind, and if the lowest joint exceeds in length the person who owns the hand is a utilitarian, with strong passions. If all three joints are equal, a well-balanced mind is here."

"By my rules you will see that the first or topmost joint means the spiritual nature, the middle, mind or intellect, and the lower joint the body of the person. These rules may be thrown aside in the case of an uncommon hand. In that case the aid aids us and a conclusion can be reached by this means."

"How do you read the lines of the hand?"

"That is the finest work of the whole. Two hands may be widely different, and their lines and shape may contradict the tales told by the fingers. Then only the instinct that comes with the true grasp of art can aid the palmist. To learn the chief lines of the hand is an easy matter. They are, first, the life-line, which runs round the base of the thumb, the head line, which begins alongside of the life line—sometimes running into or joining it—and crosses the middle of the palm, and the heart line, which crosses the hand somewhat diagonally near the base of the fingers."

"The lines that run round the wrist are age lines, each meaning thirty years of life. If the line of life be strong, deeply tinted and runs nearly unbrokenly to near the wrist, it is a sure sign that the owner of the hand will live a long, healthy life." The reporter looked at his hand, and may have laughed, for the operator first looked "nettled," and secondly at own the hand, and said: "Your days will be filled with sickness and will not be long." The scribe counted a knock down for the palmist, looked innocent and listened as she resumed her talk.

"If a spot or star lies on the life line it means that an eye or both will be lost, and every obstruction or cross on the surface means a misfortune graded as to the size. Have you wavy lines at your finger's ends? No! Then you'll not die of drowning."

"How about hanging?" asked the Heraldite.

"There is no especial line or mark for that," suspiciously, "but," warningly, "I can tell from general signs."

The questioner did not press the subject, and the lady went on: "A crescent-shaped mark below the little finger line denotes hereditary insanity, and a well defined short line, joining the line of life, indicates early or late marriage, according to the length of the line."

"Shall I become a Benedict?"

"No sir! You will not!" emphatically. The reporter looked solemn, and was impressed with the words. He was already married. Resuming, the lady said: "If there are lines on the side of the hand below the little finger, the number of times married are indicated. The lines extending down between the third or ring finger and the little finger to the line of the heart number the loves of a life time." The interviewer's hand was extended, and the interviewer answered:

"Your loves will be four and short." The reporter figuratively hunted his sole again. "One line says the love will be single, long, and unalloyed. A long, well-defined line of the heart promises intellectuality. Yours is not long. If it extends over the sides of the hands, craft, meaness and calculation is indicated. One can not be possible without the other. In a good hand, if this line be forked or doubled at the end it is a sign of reticence or aliveness. With a bad hand it means deception. A faint, short line shows stupidity. I said the line of the heart ran from one side of the hand to the other at the base of the fingers. If that is

long, the hand belongs to a person who is affectionate. If short lines run down toward the main line, affection will only follow respect; and if the lines run up, passion and impulse are the unprinciples of love.

"Inconstancy follows the broken line of the heart. All these signs may be neutral, in which event a skilled palmist only can read them correctly. The left hand should be looked at for the signs of honor, wealth, loves, misfortunes, life's length, and health—because most unuse. Pale and wide lines tell of the absence of qualities that should be there. With a pale, wide line of the heart cruelty is allied, and clear ruddy lines of the left hand tell of a disposition like unto the mother's—physically and mentally."

"These are all the signs" went on the explainer, "but understand me clearly when I say that physiognomy and palmistry go hand in hand. Unless an operator studies both, he or she can never be successful. The eyes furnish me above all with my guide posts when I get a neutral hand. Quiet eyes, that embarrass with their repose, signify self-command, that may be coupled with complicity and conceit if other signs are present."

## Personal Matters.

Alphonse Karr was lately a guest at a dinner of some homeopathic physicians at Paris; when, after toasts had been honored to Hahnemann and to the great lights of the science now living, he was asked to propose a toast. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have drunk the health of many physicians, but there is one toast you have forgotten. Permit me to repair this omission. I drink to the health of your patients."

Senator Hill, of Colorado, started out in life as a professor of chemistry in Brown University at Providence, R. I., and a few years ago went to Colorado to assay ores. One day a miner came to him with a nugget. Hill saw that it was gold. He wormed the location out of the man and made haste to get possession of the mine. It has made him a millionaire. Knowledge is power. So says the man who was juggled out of the mine.

Prince's Louse took with her to England a rare and beautiful collection of Canadian birds. There are eight cases, containing about 120 varieties. Three cases are devoted to the different species of the duck family, and contain forty birds. Another is devoted to grouse, of which there are seventeen specimens, representing nine varieties. The prince's own case is filled with small birds of brilliant plumage.

Speaker Carlisle is a very pale man, with brown hair, no whiskers or mustache, and with clean-cut features, indicating a very nervous organization. He is of the Greek type, having a long, straight nose, a handsome chin, prominent enough to indicate firmness, without obstinacy. He parts his hair on one side and brushes it in such a way as to give his head rather a square appearance. He does not dress usually, but neither does he dress well.

Mr. John Platt Bailey, of North Salem, Winchester county, N. Y., has brought suit in the Supreme Court against Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., for \$1,600 damages. It is alleged that Mr. Grant kept a vicious horse, and that on March 1st last the horse inflicted personal injuries upon Mr. Bailey, from which he is still suffering, and from which he never expects to recover. The horse complained of is one of the Arabian stallions presented to General Grant by the Khedive of Egypt.

A Mr. M. F. Wallace of Hillsboro, Ohio, had wooed and won as he thought, the heart of Miss Mary Barrett, and then went to California to make his fortune. A few days ago he returned to wed his betrothed. Thursday of last week was set for the happy event, and the minister and guests were assembled. In conversation with his affianced, Wallace mentioned that he was afraid his fortune was not sufficient to support her in the style she had been accustomed to. The lady replied that she had provided for her self for some time, and she supposed could still do so, and if he didn't want to marry her he could go. Forthwith he went. This sudden termination of the affair afforded the surprised guests plenty of opportunity for gossip.

Little Nellie Arthur, the president's daughter, has joined a Christmas club in Washington. About forty young people of both sexes are members of it. The object of the club is to make a merry Christmas for many poor people—poor children who scarcely know what the word means. The children solicit donations and prepare lists of the ones to be helped. When the president learned of the mission of the club he readily gave his consent to Nellie's joining it. She is now one of the leaders and has secured many donations by her pleasant smiles and pretty manners. The president has made a liberal contribution, and the club is becoming very popular.

## He Had Him, Bald-Headed.

From the Boston Traveller.

They were two solid citizens. One was bald, but rejoiced in a fine luxuriant beard. The other had a heavy growth of hair on the head, but was very bald to his chin. The bald-chinned citizen was a very talkative individual, whose conversation was rapid and incessant. Meeting the bald-headed citizen one day in a company of gentlemen, he opened fire on him touching the baldness of his scound. "What do you suppose," said he, in his rattling, vivacious way, "what do you suppose, neighbor, is the reason that you have no hair on your head, and so much on your chin?" "Well," said the other, very deliberately, "scientists say that men who work with their brains create such a heat in the scalp that the hair is worn off." "That sounds like a likely theory," chimed in the loquacious citizen. "Yes,

it does," returned the other, "and I think your case is a striking illustration of its probability. Now you have plenty of hair on your head, but none on your chin, which just backs up the scientific theory, because all your work is done with your jaw—there's nothing done on top."

## General Notes.

Mrs. Marion Haaland writes to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat in regard to her last story, "Judith." In so doing she breaks a rule adhered to for thirty years—that she would not reply to critics. She expresses regret that her favorite character in the story, a sprightly girl, should have married a rascal, to die wretchedly, but adds that the episode was true history.

The paucity of marriages in Jamaica, says Sir Anthony Musgrave in his recent official report on the condition of that island, is much to be deplored. An "intimate connection" with the observation the Governor notes the fact that the annual proportion of illegitimate births is more than 58 out of every 100 born.

Will Carleton's first poem, "Betsy and I Are Out," got into the waste-basket of the Toledo Blade, to which paper it was originally sent, but it was afterwards fished out and published one day when there happened to be a scarcity of "copy." All good things have to go into the waste-basket in order to achieve fame. All of Tennyson's poems are placed in the waste-basket and seasoned before publication.

Philadelphia has a Sunday Breakfast Association which gathers in the outcasts every Sunday morning, warms them up with a hearty breakfast, and then talks the gospel to them.

A Paris paper states with utmost serenity that a noble redskin who had been converted to Christianity was sent to be educated at Etou. Having been soundly birched he lay in wait for the master who had inflicted this distasteful punishment and scalped him, an incident which "created a great sensation about forty years ago." The story reaches its climax in the announcement that this young Indian, who had for a long time been lost sight of, has been identified as Sitting Bull.

Life, in its latest installment of its missionary articles on "American Aristocracy," describes an American gentleman who has very properly refused to loan his pictures to the horde of lower-class sympathizers, who wish to disgrace our chosen city with a statue of Liberty, which some misguided French persons, thinking we took some pride in our form of government, have offered us. What do we want with that bronze effigy? or with what it represents? or with the compliment and sympathy it expresses? Pah! If England, now, our dear old mother country, whom we aristocrats are dreadfully sorry our grandfathers harassed—if England will only give us a colossal image of George III.—oh, here is something we could and would worship, gild and sing psalms to.

"An allegorical representation of the north wind!" exclaimed the gruff old man of practical ideas, as he looked at the artist's work in clay. "Oh, no," he continued, "a young woman with such a pretty and sensible face would never go out of doors in the winter with her neck so unprotected, her head uncovered and her back hair all loose and allow the north wind to blow her tresses all over her face. Now if you want an idea for an honest representation of the north wind take the head of an old chap like myself, with a big bald spot on his crown and his hair short and bristling. Have his coat collar turned up well under his ears, and bury his chin in it. Let his hair fly in the wind while his hair turns stiffly to the front his eyes meanwhile filled with an anxious glare as he watches the fugacious headgear. Why, my friend, with such material as this you might work out a representation of the north wind so effectively that some people would wonder if the bald spot itself were not an effect of the north wind's vigor!"

Not the least important report of the recommendations of the president's message is that relative to the preservation of forests. Attention has frequently been called to the wastefulness of stripping the waters of the country's rivers of their natural protection, and it is generally admitted that this same denudation is an important factor in the floods and low water of western streams. The suggestion in the message is the reservation of certain public lands in Montana for a forest preserve. The region is unsuitable for settlement, but includes within its borders the sources of many of the tributaries of the Missouri, Columbia and Saskatchewan rivers. By preserving the forests on these feeding streams it is thought the agricultural future of the land in the main streams will be secured. It is simply a matter of withdrawing from the public sale a tract of little value except for its wood, and vigilantly guarding it from speculation. The effects could hardly be apparent for many years, especially as the land to be protected is now but sparsely settled. A successful experiment by the nation, however, might lead to more vigorous state action in the same direction. The New York chamber of commerce already asks that the state should appropriate and preserve the Adirondack forest, lest it should be stripped of its timber, and the Hudson, Mohawk and other rivers, which take their rise in that wooded mountain region should be dried up.

Since the advance in duties on crockery July 1, the American potters have advanced the prices on common white ware, which the masses use, the duty on which is 55 per cent. ad valorem.

# NED'S STOCKING

It was a disreputable looking affair, as it hung over the heap of rags Ned called his bed. Any one but Santa Claus would have been dismayed at the yawning gulf which might once have been the toe, where only a narrow bridge separated it from the gaping heel; but the jolly little man only laughed in his sleeve, thinking what a sharp fellow Ned was to select this one; for such a stocking wouldn't hold trifles anyway. But you and I know that Ned could do no better, and his companion was in a yet more hopeless condition. If any one asks us who Ned is, I am afraid we shall have to confess that he is only a little Arab, and if he doesn't "silently steal away" it is not owing to any defect in his street education. Such training is not usually conducive to either mental, moral or physical health; in the latter item Ned did not lack anything, for he was hearty and robust as a young Esquimaux; quite too hearty, he felt sometimes, when his breakfast or supper had been scanty for often the supply was not equal to the demand. Morally he was not like other boys of his class; tenacious of his own rights, and I am sorry to say, somewhat inclined to be tenacious of the rights of others; for he had no very clear idea of the relative position of men and iem. His code of honor was short and comprehensive: "An eye for an eye, and two teeth for one."

Mentally Ned was not an imbecile; he possessed a large share of native shrewdness, which perhaps stood him in place of a liberal education. Ned could read a little, of which acquirement he was very proud, and delighted to get a crowd of boys around him (forlorn little objects like himself) and read to them the news of to-day, or even several days ago, it mattered not to him or them—spelling his words painfully as he went along making the most ridiculous blunders, which, however, were received with unmoved gravity by his hearers. Ned lived with his father, or rather took care of him, for he, poor man, was such a slave to appetite, he was seldom seen in a condition to take care of himself. On rare days he would keep sober and work diligently at his trade, for he was an excellent mechanic; those days were rare, in another sense, for then they would have a grand supper together, and this father would sit beside him in the evening, smoking his pipe, and telling sweet stories of the old home and the times when they were all so happy—the time before he had been drunk by the galling chain which the houndard bears, the dear old times before his wife died of a broken heart.

There was a nestful of little ones then, but one by one they had gone to join the mother, and Ned and his father were left alone. Best of all, Ned liked to hear of their Christmas festivities, while he was too young to remember the nice dinner, the church-going, the merry games, the hanging of the little stockings, and once a Christmas tree. It was like a fairy tale to Ned, or something which had occurred in some other stage of existence. Thinking of these things, he resolved that not another Christmas eve should pass without giving his stocking a chance.

"Most anything would come handy," he silyoquized, looking dubiously at his ragged clothing and torn shoes; "I ain't always in full dress now, owing to the pressure, an I can't afford to wear patent leather boots till times is a little easier."

So it happened that the glad Christmas came again and poor ragged Ned, although he had no part in the gladness and good cheer, could stand afar off, shivering and looking on, happy as a king, and like a true philosopher, getting his share in seeing the enjoyment of others.

That night after he had hung that "once-upon-a-time" stocking and gone contentedly off to the land of dreams, the landlord's agent opened the door and stepped in. Some matter of business which he had forgotten during the day, brought him up to the third floor of the tenement house where Ned and his father lived or rather stayed. Mr. Henry saw his blunder and saw something else at the same time. He knew who the boy was, having some times employed him to do errands. Now he stepped softly forward and surveyed the curlew. There was brown-haired Ned curled up in his rags, sleeping quietly, with a flush of red glistening through the "brownness of his cheeks;" there was the wretched stockings, and the ragged shoes stood side by side upon the floor. Mr. Henry was a soft-hearted man, too much so, perhaps, for a landlord's agent and he winked very fast as he stood looking at them, while something besides a smile shone on his face.

"Poor little fellow!" he said to himself, and, obeying a sudden impulse, he shut the door gently, went swiftly down the stairs, and hurried away to his happy, comfortable home.

What he said and did there on this particular occasion no affair of ours; we will only remark in passing, that he had a boy who was a year or two older than Ned who would outgrow his jackets.

When Ned opened his eyes the next morning he looked toward the stocking and—well, as he expressed it, "he hadn't any faint to find with Santa Claus' way of doin' things" but he laughed a gleeful, happy laugh at the picture before him. There, underneath the stocking, reposed against the wall, with its hat drawn over his face, a something which represented a boy about his own size, (which might be a mince pie) and a nice roasted chicken, wrapped in a clean cloth. Inside this suit of clothes there was another rather more worn, but all whole and clean; a pair of half-worn boots stood beside the image and the stocking was running over. Filling the awful rents were other socks, soft and warm; then came a few apples and oranges, like the red and gold of sunsets; a top, a pocket-knife and a wonderful, wonderful picture book, the like of which he had never dreamed of possessing; last but not least, a cake of toilet soap. Ned looked at it curiously

and said to himself with arch gravity, "I guess I'll put that away for Sundays." Mr. Henry had his own way of doing things, and he looked after Ned and gave him employment. More than this he looked after the wretched father with such an energy and kindness that he really had to reform. I want to say, for fear it may not be clearly understood, there is a moral in this story.

## Possum Hunting in Georgia.

Americus Recorder.

In a barber shop one day last week, while several gentlemen were waiting to be shaved, conversation turned on good things to eat. After discussing various dishes, Joe Roney, who is considered a connoisseur, and who had taken an active part in the discussion, said:

"Well, boys, you can talk about nice things to eat, but the best thing in the world I ever tasted was possum, hedged in brown gravy and sweet potatoes, with sugar on them." Mr. Walt Farlow invited us soon after to go out to his plantation and assist in a genuine old fashioned possum hunt, with an hour or two for the squirrels thrown in. The first night's experience was a tame one; we got into a dry place of wood and struck but one possum track, but we got that possum.

The next night, between eight and nine o'clock, we started out. Down the road we went, stopping long enough to get a few handfuls of good lighter, and then into the forest. Scarcely fifteen minutes had elapsed before a bark was heard, succeeded a few moments later by another, and another. A trail had been struck. The voices of the dogs grew more frequent until at length a long continued bay from the ring-leader announced that the possum was treed. A few moments' walk brought us to him, but the scene around the tree baffles description. With bark after bark, the dogs circled around, trying in vain to climb up the sapling. A few blows from the ax pronounced the tree down, and the next moment the possum was in the jaws of the dogs, forty feet away. He had started to run as soon as the tree fell, but the dogs ran too quickly. As soon as they had a taste of him they were satisfied. It is remarkable, but a possum dog will never eat a possum or the bones of one.

The same scene was repeated twice more, varied by long tramps through swamps, cotton and corn fields. The small hour of the morning had arrived when we went to bed, but we consoled ourselves with the thought of the feast we would have next day.

On a big dish in the center of a table, brown and fat, the possum looked good, but it was better than it looked. It was meat fit for kings, but which anybody could have for the trouble of the hunt. It was the first possum we ever ate.

Joe Roney was right. There is nothing that will beat the possum.

## WAITING TWENTY YEARS.

A Romantic Episode in the Lives of Two Lovers.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

At Coalton, Pa., a romantic episode in the lives of two lovers is at present exciting great interest in that vicinity. William Craig, a young farmer, and Mary Barker, the 18-year-old daughter of William Barker, also a farmer, were to have been married on Christmas Day, 1883. On the evening of the 7th of December, in the above-named year, there was a social party at Farmer Barker's house, and among the guests was a young man from this village. Miss Barker danced with him twice in succession, and young Craig reproved her for such marked attention to another, and told her that he did not wish her to dance again with the young man in question. This aroused the spirit of the young lady, and she replied that she would dance with him or anyone else she chose, and as many times as she liked. Craig, then informed her that she might do so, but that she wouldn't see him again for twenty years. To this she tauntingly replied that "he couldn't stay away from her twenty hours if he tried ever so hard." Craig went home, and the next day he was missing. He lived with his parents, who were unable to find any trace of him. Miss Barker vowed she never would go into or receive company again until he returned. As years passed by and no traces of the missing son were received, his parents came to look upon him as dead. Miss Barker, however, had a singular faith that he would come back some day. She kept her vow as to living a secluded life, and few people ever saw her after the night she had quarreled with her lover.

Last Friday evening, which was the 7th instant, a stranger knocked at the door of old Mr. Barker's house and asked to see Miss Barker. He was a large, fine-looking man about forty years of age. He was admitted, and when Miss Barker appeared he held out his hand and said:

"Mary Barker didn't I tell you that you wouldn't see me again in twenty years?"

It was William Craig. He had returned to his parent's home in the afternoon. Both his father and mother were still living. The secret of his arrival was kept, and when he appeared in so dramatic a manner in the presence of his old sweetheart she fainted in his arms.

Craig's disappearance and long absence was that he had gone straight to Philadelphia after leaving home, and there enlisted in the army under an assumed name. He served until the end of the war, and was mustered out at Philadelphia. He loved very much to return home, but he permitted his determination to remain away twenty years to control him, and he went directly to Nebraska. There he took up a tract of land and went to farming, remaining there until the twenty years were up. He resolved to time his return and the meeting with his old sweetheart, if she was still alive and unmarried, at as near the hour of his leaving her as it was possible to do. He came back with an ample fortune, and found matters much as he had left them. The wedding that did not come off twenty years ago will be celebrated at the approaching Christmas.