

of the two-handed performance; we are talking of the case where one hand only is used. Now the Japanese proceeds quite differently. He holds out his hand—right or left—and begins to count by laying the thumb upon the palm, after which he closes each finger in succession, from the index to the little finger. Which of those methods is natural and which is topsy-turvy? Try the two, and you will find that the European method involves, in the case of most people, a kind of awkward struggle at the last moment when it comes to opening the digit finger and still keeping the thumb closed, whereas in the Japanese method the closing of the thumb first gives an easy routine, free from any muscular struggle. None the less, the average foreigner, when for the first time he sees a Japanese count with his fingers, exclaims unhesitatingly: "Look at that extraordinary specimen of digital arithmetic! How thoroughly Japanese!"—meaning by "thoroughly Japanese" that it is thoroughly what it ought not to be. Consider, again, the Western and the Japanese fashions of beckoning and repelling. The European, when he wants to beckon, bends his digit finger into the shape of a hook, and agitates it in the most finikin manner conceivable, with the point up. The Japanese turns the palm of the hand down, droops all the fingers and waves them gently. The former motion, the hooking of a person towards oneself, is utterly ungraceful; even a beautiful girl cannot make it pretty. The Japanese motion, on the contrary, is at once caressing and graceful. Which is topsy-turvy? The foreigner, without pausing to reason, ridicules the Japanese method as absurd. And he passes the same judgment when he observes that where he himself throws his hand outwards to signify repulsion, the Japanese merely raises the hand and waves it parallel to the face with the thumb outwards. Ask a lady to make each of these motions and decide which is the prettier. Yet we call the Japanese custom topsy-turvy!

—*Japan Mail.*

"There is a thing sadder than being poor—it is to have been rich;
Sadder than being plain—to have been pretty;
Sadder than being scorned—to have been loved;
And sadder than being unknown—to be forgotten."—*In a French Album.*

QUEER SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT CHILDREN.

MOTHERS IN MANY LANDS.—BAYBERRY.

In Ireland a belt of a woman's hair is placed about a child to keep harm away, and garlic, salt, bread and steak are put into the cradle of a new-born baby in Holland. Roumanian mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to preserve them from harm, while Esthonian mothers attach bits of asafetida to the necks of their offspring. Welsh mothers put a pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children. The knife is also used for the same purpose in some parts of England. Among Vosges peasants, children born at a new moon are supposed to have tongues better hung than others, while those born at the last quarter are supposed to have less tongue, but better reasoning powers. A daughter born during the waxing moon is always precocious. At the birth of a child in Lower Brittany the neighboring women take it in charge, wash it, crack its joints and rub its head with oil to solder the cranium bones. It is then wrapped in a tight bundle and its lips are anointed with brandy to make it a full Breton. The Grecian mother, before putting her child in its cradle, turns three times around before the fire while singing her favorite song to ward off evil spirits. The Turkish mother loads her child with amulets as soon as it is born, and a small bit of mud, steeped in hot water prepared by previous charms, is stuck on its forehead. In Spain the infant's face is swept with a pine tree bough to bring good luck.

"John, dear, I can't wait to tell you what I am going to buy you!" "Darling, what is it?" "Well I'm going to get you a silver card tray, a bronze Hercules for the mantle-piece, and a new Persian rug. What are you going to do for me?" "I've been thinking, Jane, and have quite concluded to get you a new shaving-brush."

Dyer—What is your business, may I ask?
Boorish Stranger—I'm a gentleman, sir.
That's my business.

Dyer—Ah! You failed, I see.

She—This road is very steep. Can't I get a donkey to take me up?

He—Lean on me, my darling!