

The Album.

My photograph album? Certainly,
You can look, if you wish, my dear;
To me it is just like a graveyard,
Though I go through it once a year.
Any new face? No, indeed. No.
I stopped collecting some years ago.

Dearest Jeanette, look well at the book;
It is full of histories strange;
The faces are just an index, dear,
To stories of pitiful change—
Drama and poem and tragedy,
Which I alone have the power to see.

Ah! I thought you would pause at that face:
She was fair as the poet's lay,
The sweetest rose of her English home;
Yet she perished far, far away,
In the black massacre at Cawnpore
She suffered and died—we know no more.

And that? Ah, yes, 'tis a noble head!
Soul sits on the clear, lofty brow;
She was my friend in the days gone by,
And she is my enemy now.
Mistake, and wrong, and sorrow—alas!
One of life's tragedies—let it pass.

This face? He was my lover, Jeanette;
And perchance he remembers to-day
The passionate wrong that wrecked us both
When he sailed in his anger away,
Heart-sick and hopeless through weary years.
At length I forget him—despite these tears.

That handsome fellow? He loved me too;
And he vowed he would die, my dear,
When I told him "No," 'tis long ago;
He married the very next year.
That one I liked a little, but he
Cared much for my gold, nothing for me.

Brides and bridegrooms together, dear,
And most of them parted to-day;
Some famous men are quite forgot,
Some beauties faded and gray;
Close the book, for 'tis just as I said—
Full of pale ghosts from a life that's dead.

Hindoo Women.

THEIR BEAUTY IN YOUTH—THEIR CLEANLINESS AND SIMPLICITY.

The Hindoo women, when young, are delicate and beautiful, so far as we can reconcile beauty with olive complexion. They are finely proportioned; their limbs small, their features soft and regular, and their eyes black and languishing; but the bloom of beauty soon decays, and age makes rapid progress before they have seen thirty years. This may be accounted for from the heat of the climate and the customs of the country, as they are often mothers at twelve years of age.

No women can be more attentive to cleanliness than the Hindoos; they take every method to render their persons delicate, soft and attractive; their dress is peculiarly becoming, consisting of a long piece of silk, or cotton, tied round the waist, and hanging in a graceful manner to the feet; it is afterward brought over the body in negligent folds; under this they cover the bosom with a short waistcoat of satin, but wear no linen. Their long black hair is adorned with jewels and wreaths of flowers; their ears are bored in many places, and loaded with pearls; a variety of gold chains, strings of pearls and precious stones fall from the neck over the bosom; and the arms are covered with bracelets from the wrist to the elbow. They have also gold and silver chains round the ankles and abundance of rings on their fingers—frequently a small mirror. I think the richer the dress the less becoming it appears, and a Hindoo woman of note always seems to be overloaded with finery, while the village nymphs, with fewer ornaments, but in the same elegant drapery, are most captivating—although there are but few women, even of the lowest families, who have not some jewels at their marriage.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."—Village Doctor (to the grave-digger, who is given to whiskey): "Ah, John! I'm sorry to see you in this pitiable condition again!" Grave-Digger: "Toots, Sir! Can ye no' let a' little fau't o' mine gae by? It's mony a muckle ane o' yours I ha'e happit owre, an' said naething aboo it!"—Punch.

The Uses of an Enemy.

Always keep an enemy in hand—a brisk, hearty, active enemy. Remark the uses of an enemy:—

1. The having of one is proof that you are somebody. Wishy-washy, empty, worthless people never have enemies. Men who never move never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried, nothing ever runs against him. To be run against is proof of existence and position; to run against something is proof of motion.

2. An enemy is, to say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will magnify your faults. The benefit of that is two-fold; it permits you to know that you have your faults, and are therefore not a monster, and it makes them of such a size as to be visible and manageable. Of course, if you have a fault you desire to know it; when you become aware that you have a fault you desire to correct it. Your enemy does for you valuable work which your friend cannot perform.

3. In addition, your enemy keeps you wide-awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch—namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He keeps off noises, excludes lights, adjusts surroundings, that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may not sleep. He stirs you when you are napping. He keeps faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing he will have you in such a state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next, and the mental *qui vive* must be worth something.

4. He is a detective among your friends. You need to know who your friends are, and who are your enemies. The last of these three will discriminate the other two. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend nor enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say or chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is much easier to assent than oppose, and especially than to refute. But your friend will take up cudgels for you on the instant. He will deny everything and insist on proof, and proving is very hard work. There is scarcely a truthful man in the world that could afford to undertake to prove one-tenth of all his truthful assertions. Your friend will carry you enemy to the proof, and if the indifferent person, through carelessness, repeats the assertions of you enemy, he is soon made to feel the inconvenience thereof by the zeal your friend manifests. Follow your enemy around and you will find your friends, for he will have developed them so that they cannot be mistaken.

The next best thing to have to a hundred real friends is to have one open enemy. But let us pray to be delivered from secret foes.—[Sunday Magazine.

One's Friends.

Money can buy many things, good and evil. All the wealth of the world could not buy you a friend, nor pay you for the loss of one. "I have wanted only one thing to make me happy," Hazlitt writes, "but, wanting that, have wanted everything." And, again, "My heart, shut up in the prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to."

We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? A friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face, and have it out. Quick, before love grows cold. "Life is too short to quarrel in," or to carry black thoughts of friends. If I was wrong, I am sorry; if you, then I am sorrier yet, for should I not grieve for my friend's misfortune? And the mending of your fault does not lie with me. But the forgiving it does, and that is the happier office. Give me your hand and call it even. There! it is gone; and I thank a kind heaven I keep my friend still! A friend is too precious a thing to be lightly held, but it must be a little heart that cannot find room for more than one or two. The kindness I feel for you warms me toward all the rest, makes me long to do something to make you all happy. It is easy to lose a friend, but a new one will not come for calling, nor make up for the old one when he comes.

Proper Exercises.

When we talk about exercise, we are very apt to forget that it is a many-sided word. We use it as if it referred merely to the movement of the muscles. It is necessary to health that all our powers should be exercised, and the continued disuse of any one of them results in its partial or total loss. If anyone should lie in bed for years, without the slightest ailment, one would lose the use of the limbs; and this is equally true of quite different faculties. All our powers grow by use. If we neglect to cultivate the habit of observation, we might as well go through the world blindfold.

We lose our faculty—what artists call our "touch"—by neglect of practice on other things beside the piano. The man who seldom reads, reads slowly; the woman whose writing is confined to an infrequent letter to some absent child, spends more time over that than does a practised writer over a dozen pages of manuscript. In the realm of the emotions it is the same. Benevolence is largely a matter of habit. So is affection, self-control, gentleness. If, then, exercise in its largest sense is of so great consequence, we at once see the importance of apportioning it to our own personal needs.

If our occupation is sedentary, we need to plan for walks and rides, and active games, to keep our muscles lithe and serviceable. But if our employment gives us enough muscular action, it is not one whit less important to our health of body that we should plan for mental exercise—for employment enough of memory and our reasoning powers to keep them from rusting. And, in either case, that life must be a dwarfed and unhealthy one that does not provide for our spiritual faculties—for worship, and charity, and patience, and magnanimity. Exercise of soul, mind and body, can alone bring us to the stature of the perfect man.

Good Talkers.

The first requisite of a good talker is genuine social sympathy. A man may not say, out of some selfish motive, or some motive of personal policy, "Go to! I will become a good talker." He must enjoy society and have a genuine desire to serve and please. We have all seen the talker who talks for his own purposes, or talks to please himself. He is the well-known character—the talking bore. The talker who gets himself up for show, who plans his conversations for an evening, and crams for them, becomes intolerable. He lectures; he does not converse. There is no power of a talker so delightful as that of exciting others to talk and listening to what his own inspiring and suggestive utterances have called forth. Genuine social sympathy and a hearty desire to please others are necessary to produce such a talker as this, and no other is tolerable. Social sympathy is a natural gift, and there is a combination of other gifts which constitute what may be called *esprit*, that are very essential to a good talker. This combination includes individuality, tact and wit—the talents, aptitudes and peculiar characteristic charm which enable a man to use the materials of conversation in an engaging way, entirely his own. Every good talker has his own way of saying good things, as well as of managing conversation based on his *esprit*.—[Dr. Holland in Scribner's for October.

The Uses of the Potato.

In France the farina is largely used for culinary purposes. The famed gravies, sauces, and soups of France are largely indebted for their excellence to that source, and the bread and pastry equally so; while a great deal of the so-called cognac, imported into England from France, is the produce of the potato. Throughout Germany the same uses are common. In Poland the manufacture of spirits from the potato is a most extensive trade. "Stettin brandy," well known in commerce, is largely imported into England, and is sent from thence to many of our foreign possessions as the produce of the grape, and is placed on many a table of England as the same; while the fair ladies of our country perfume themselves with the spirit of potato under the designation of *eau de Cologne*. But there are other uses which this esculent is turned to abroad. After extracting the farina, the pulp is manufactured into ornamental articles, such as picture frames, snuff boxes, and several descriptions of toys, and the water that runs from it in the process of manufacture is a most valuable scourer. For perfectly cleansing woollens, and such like articles, it is the housewife's panacea; and if the washerwoman happens to have chillblains, she becomes cured by the operation.