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death shortly to follow, and started everyone present in a vein of self-examination as to their fitness to die.

There were always sure to be stories of the haunted house. How a door was locked upstairs and the key placed in the pocket, but when the holder of the key came down, the same key that he thought secure in his pocket would come tumbling downstairs after him. The owner of the house was a worker in the "black art." If a farmer lost a sheep, or hog, and went to this magician and paid him well, the fellow would tell him where to find his strayaway.

Unfortunately, all this nonsense did not stop at Hallowe'en, but followed the boy throughout the whole year, and influenced many of his actions. When the boy was at play, he, too, wanted to know what his future would be, and, to learn it, he would take an ox-eye daisy and pull away the leaves, one by one, repeating the following rhyme, a leaf being dropped for each word. Over and over he would repeat the jingle, till only one leaf was left. If the last leaf corresponded to "poor man," then a poor man he would be all his life. He was often confused, for he could not always come out the same: "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief."

If, in playing, the boy lost a copper, he would immediately throw away another copper, towards the place where he thought he had dropped the first. He would find the two together. Sometimes, to his sorrow, he found neither.

If, in running about on the way to school, the boy "took" a pain in his side, he would stop at the first stone he came to and pick it up. Having spit on the under side, he would replace it in the same position as before. This proved a sure cure for the pain. No doubt it was the stooping that effected the cure. Some boys had another remedy that worked as well. They would bend over as far as possible and take nine steps while in that position. It must be nine exactly. On straightening themselves up, the pain would be gone.

One may laugh at these superstitious practices of a bygone day, but before he does so let him examine himself well to see if he has not some still clinging to himself. It is not ignorant people only who are guilty, not by any means. Witness the prevalence of spiritism and astrology. The self-styled cultured man may laugh at another for carrying a charm against rheumatism in the shape of a horse-chestnut, while he himself is wearing an electric belt or electric insoles for the same trouble, which is no doubt just as effective treatment as the horse-chestnut. Every man wears his superstition next to his skin, or just below it.

The belief in spells and omens is, no doubt, what remains of the early crude religion that sought to discover and propitiate the unknown power that ruled. It has now become an effort to get a peep into the unseen, to learn what to-morrow has in store of joy or sorrow. Is anyone more manly for trying to peep through the keyhole? Would he be any better off if he got such a vision as he longed for? If the revelation were of coming trouble, he would believe it as being pure imagination, or the thought of the trouble ahead would drive him to suicide. If the vision were of good, his efforts at self-improvement and growth would be paralyzed. He would say, "It is coming, anyway, so why need I exert myself?" The more of magic in life, the less of true religion.

Mrs. Whoopier.—You tell me, Herr Vogelschnitzel, that my daughter can never become a singer! Is there no hope for her?

Herr Vogelschnitzel.—Vell, matam, you might put her on a diet of canary seed alretty, undt see vat dot vill do mitt her

## Carmichael.

BY ANISON NORTH.

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CHAPTER III.—Continued.

But it is so easy for us to forget the thoughts and emotions of childhood. Looking at life from the eyes of maturity, we never stop to think that the hillocks which appear to us are the Himalayas of the child-world; and so we go on heedlessly, all unmindful of the little feet that must climb, and the little hearts that so often tremble.



I suppose I was not long at the window that evening, for when I left it the green light had not all departed from the fields and the hills, but it seemed to me hours and hours in which I knelt there watching my father and Carmichael, with the cloud from the south-west all shot intermittently with the quick, tremulous glow of lightning, ever rising above their heads, and the low mutter of the thunder growing every moment more distinct. I remember, too, the sickening dread which overwhelmed me lest my father and his enemy should not have left off their quarrelling before it had come very close. Had not Elijah called down fire from Heaven to convince wicked men? And could any of those men of the olden time have been more wicked than this Henry Carmichael, whose blasphemous words were still in my ears? True, there was now no prophet to call down fire from the skies or bears from the wood, but might not the lightning be just a more modern and convenient method of dispensing punishment on occasion? It was comforting, at least, to think that my father had never used such wicked language, and that consequently he stood a good chance of escape; but, then, poor Dick! Was not Henry Carmichael his father? And at the thought of how Dick would feel when his father was brought in all blackened and burned by the lightning, my tears flowed afresh.

At last, unable to bear the suspense longer, I left my post by the window and went to look for old Chris. He was sitting, as usual, when his work was done, at the end of the stoop, and to-night was busy smoothing with sandpaper a new axe-handle that he had made. I crept round behind him so that he would not know that I had been crying.

"Chris," I said, "do you think it's going to be a very bad storm?" It was my usual question when a thunderstorm was approaching, and, had my voice sounded as usual, would by no means have surprised Chris. As it was, however, he drew me around and looked into my face. "Whv, dash it, little girl," he said, "cryin', were ye? Why, no, I think it's goin' to pass right by to the south'ard of us. Ye ain't so scared as that o' the thunder, are ye?"

"But don't you think it's coming right up near to—where father 'n' Mr. Carmichael are?" I said.

He glanced across the field, then, taking up his axe-handle again, began rubbing it vigorously.

"Pity it wouldn't," he said, "'n' give 'em both a pair o' wet jackets! The idea o' two men standin' there vammerin' over what neither one 'll give in to, 'n' nobody knows about!"

"But it's an awful storm. Do you think father 'll be caught?" I insisted.

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