

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

know,—that some other things now foretold for them may be similarly verified. We all remember how the Horseshoe Fever took possession of young and old girlhood in the United States and Canada, and of course there was nothing in it, but horseshoers invaded the realms of fancy work a few years ago, figured in scarf-pins, and cropped up in all kinds of unexpected shapes and places. The last piece of cake on a dish, some people say, dooms the taker of it at table to another year of maidenhood or bachelordom, but while nobody puts faith in the amusing fiction, it is not unusual to fine young women, and men too, who daintily shun the proscribed morsel. Teacup divination is a monstrous absurdity, and yet young and old often peer into the collection of sedimentary leaves which are said to be indicative of fate. Charms for warts are openly scoffed at, but it would be safe to wager that some of the readers of these words have heard or known of a resort to them. To open a Bible and find on the page thus disclosed the words "it shall come to pass," or "it came to pass," three times consecutively, in the firm belief that herein is a never-failing answer as to something hoped for, may be the height of folly, but it is indulged in by many anxious to peer into the future. It is sheer weakness, undoubtedly, to drop lead through the ring of a key on Halloween, in the conviction that so the coming events of life may be foreshadowed, but everybody knows somebody who has thus endeavored to pull aside a corner of the veil which hangs before the unknown. Although there is some poetry in the idea that a piece of bridecake placed beneath the pillow, will conjure up the form and features of the coming—man, of course,—she would be bold indeed who expressed implicit

faith in such a fancy, but how many are there who have made such an experiment, and who, being single, will not repeat it when another wedding brings to them another greasy and indigestible lump of flour, sugar, butter and fruit? To carry a potato or chesnut in the pocket, under the firm impression that rheumatism may be thus averted, or cured, seems preposterous, and yet all have heard of otherwise intelligent and wide-awake people who have pocketed the potato and fancied themselves, for a time at asking least, finally and fully rid of the pains and agony. To spill salt, start on a journey on a Friday, enter a house empty-handed on New Year's Day, have nothing new to wear on Easter Sunday, and see the first lamb of the season, tail first, is regarded by some good people as decidedly unlucky. Work started on Saturday will be "long a doing." To cut across a corner is to have fate. When you see the first star of the evening you must wish something uncanny will happen during the day, if you sing before breakfast. If a woman, "you moan or whistle." When two persons are walking together, they must let nothing pass between them. A dropped knife indicates a coming man—a fork, a coming woman—and a spoon an unexpected lady. To spill water upon your clothes, when washing dishes, if you are unmarried, is to insure a drunken husband. To permit a baby to look into a mirror, is to guarantee it a crooked set of teeth. To cut its finger nails is to give it the best possible chance to become a pick-pocket. The howl of a dog predicts death—it ought to be to the dog, and sometimes, happily, it is. Froth on tea or coffee, when the liquid is poured into the cup, means money, but to make some of the money, you must swallow the froth.