

In mountainous regions of Europe, the hardy mountaineer wishes you "*Gluck auch,*" as you prepare to ascend. The meaning embodied in this phrase is "Luck in ascending." Perhaps the Esquimaux, of all peoples, combine the most theories and principles in his salutation. Living in a climate whose severity has made it impossible for Dame Fashion to pay more than one visit, the style of dress, of course, is unchanged, and the fur costume is always *au fait*. Here it would be dangerous as well as inconvenient to lift the hat—a bearskin hood—and as the nose is the only organ capable of withstanding the attacks of Jack Frost, it is left exposed, and of necessity becomes the medium through which the warmth and expression of feeling consequent upon meeting or parting is manifested. Another reason may be that a gentle friction occasionally is necessary to keep up the circulation, and still another, the firm belief that all things should be useful as well as ornamental; and so, all reasons combined, we find in a handbook of Esquimaux etiquette that we are required to rub noses with them. I have no doubt but that to them may be traced the origin of our modern word, "snubbing." Coming down to the everyday method common among gentlemen of England, France and Germany, we find a similarity of style. Monsieur, to whom personal appearance is the most important question, naturally inquires, "*Comment vous portez-vous?*" ("How do you carry yourself?") and accompanies his question with a bow executed with the grace of a Beau Brummel. The Englishman, gruff, self-important and to whom questions of commerce and politics are only worthy of attention, abruptly lifts his hat and bids you "Good morning, aw," until six o'clock in the afternoon. Notice the meeting of the two. Is it not a reminder of Waterloo each time? Mein Herr, phlegmatic and slow, considers creature comforts as one of the most desirable of earth's joys, asks, as a matter of course, "*Wie befinden sie sich?*" ("How do you find yourself?") and immediately loses himself in a profound meditation.

Mademoiselle and Fraulein are exceedingly demonstrative, hug each other rapturously, kiss both cheeks, chattering incessantly. The American and Canadian Miss embrace,

exclaim, question and crush all in one breath.

In the pages of history and romance are the records of greetings and good-byes which will ever be memorable as peculiarly significant of the career of those using them. When two of the proudest monarchs of France lay dying, in their last words might an epitome of their lives be said to be given. On a wave-fettered isle, dying amidst the grandeur of a tropical storm, lay the exiled Napoleon. As the crash of the heavenly artillery rolled along the sky, and the lurid blaze flashed o'er his face, his dying fancy reverted once more to the days of military splendor, and with the murmured words, "*tete d'armee*" ("head of the army"), he is dead. And how fearfully prophetic the words of Louis XIV., when, turning to his courtiers, he sighed, "After me the deluge." But saddest of all is the farewell of King Daniel to his son Absalom. In the little chamber over the gate-way he is alone with his beautiful dead, and amid the solemn stillness he bows himself and wails—

"And now, farewell, 'tis hard to give thee up.  
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee,  
And thy dark sin! O, I could drink the cup  
If from its bitterness I had won thee.  
May God have called me like a wand'rer home—  
My lost boy, Absalom."

In the leave-taking employed to-day there is a beautiful tribute to the English language in our word "good bye," an abbreviation of "God be with you." The variety of forms in which it is used is amusing. Standing at the street corner are two gentlemen. After a few minutes conversation they prepare to part, and forthwith one brings his hand in violent collision with that of the other and there they stand and shake and shake. This demonstration is usually very conspicuous about election time. Then there is the man whose warmth of feeling can only be expressed by so many pounds avoirdupois being brought to bear upon your flesh. But for laughable blunders we of course have to look to the Irishman or Dutchman, and we think the latter placed himself at the head of the list when he pathetically remarked, "And if I don't see you again—Halloo." But how endless the variety of feelings in which the parting words are uttered.

"Good bye" falters the mother to her