

CURIOSITIES OF LOSING AND FINDING.

This washing is best done at night, so as to avoid a chill afterwards.

Ladies' hair to be kept in health should be carefully brushed and combed every night, and arranged loosely in a net. As to head-dresses for night use, every one must use her or his own judgment. I believe in keeping the head cool, and the sleep is often more refreshing when nothing is worn.

Splitting of the hair at the ends is caused by over-dryness and improper nourishment, and in reality points to a feeble state of constitution. Use some tonic, such as iron and quinine, or cod-liver oil with malt extract. Live well, take plenty of exercise, the morning bath, and use in this case hair oil.

It is worthy of remark that the first sign of failing hair-growth in ladies is the falling off of *short* hairs. Take the trouble to measure the combings: if a quarter

of these are less than six inches long, something is wrong. Attention must be paid at once to the general health. Some change in that must be made, and cooling medicines and tonics taken.

As to local treatment, nothing is better than rubbing in a weak solution of bicarbonate of soda in distilled water three times a week; on the alternate days use a little oil: this for many months. Be careful to dry the hair with a soft cloth, else the colour may slightly change.

Brief and imperfect though these hints are, I sincerely hope many persons may be benefited thereby. The subject is a very extensive one, and difficult to condense.

One word in conclusion: beware of quack remedies, and trust as much to health of system as anything else to keep the hair beautiful.



CURIOSITIES OF LOSING AND FINDING.

"Losing is seeking—Finding is keeping."



WHETHER this old couplet can be classed under the title of "proverbial folklore" or not, I am not prepared to say; but, used as it was used in my school-days, it had all the force of an oracle. Many is the time that I have known a transfer of property effected under

its authority. One boy had lost his knife or top; another (and stronger) boy had found it; the mystic formula was pronounced, and the transfer was complete—not, let us hope, without one healthy result: that of making the loser more careful for the future.

And, indeed, there is something fateful and solemn about the saying. It appeals to our common experience, and expresses briefly some of our deepest feelings. Spoken of our most precious possessions, it tells the story of many a life.

Of losings there are more sorts than one. Those which result from carelessness are vexatious, but those which result from over-carefulness are more vexatious still. To spend hours in searching for that which one has elaborately concealed in some forgotten nook; or, in the agonies of that modern torture known as a "spring-clean," to miss a wanted paper from that corner of the study-table on which one had placed it; or to have one's sanctum of ordered disorder invaded by the demon of tidiness: these are the things to test one's self-control, if not to shorten life and turn the

hair grey. Over-carefulness causes loss of many things, and of time also.

But a little care and a wholesome order are great time-savers and strength-savers. Shelves kept for certain books, pigeon-holes for certain papers, cupboards for certain properties, days and hours for certain occupations: the man who so orders his life will do more, and do it better, than a much stronger man who is disorderly and irregular. It is Adolphe Monod who on his death-bed utters a most solemn warning on this head; and I am quite sure that I myself could do ever so much more than at present were I only more methodical.

Lost often means mislaid, and mislaid only for a while. Whether it is worth while at once and diligently to seek for what is lost will depend, of course, upon the value of the object. But it is wonderful what a little system and perseverance in seeking will do.

Not long ago I was in a certain company, of which one member amused the rest by telling stories of seekers finding; and some of these may well interest a larger circle than that there gathered.

"Two of my brothers," said the story-teller, "were walking in Switzerland, and on arriving one evening at their halting-place, the elder, who was also purse-bearer, found that his pocket-book, containing some sixty pounds, was missing. The money was in circular notes, not easy of negotiation; and a companion in travel, a German, whose acquaintance they had made on the way, at once offered to lend them any sum they might require, so that the inconvenience promised to be only temporary.

“But for all that, they did not like the idea of losing the pocket-book, to say nothing of its contents, and they determined to seek for it. It was now dark, and a slight rain was falling; but nothing daunted, they set out with a guide and good lantern, along the mountain road. Some five miles they plodded, scanning the ground the whole way, until they came to where they remembered having taken off their coats to lay them on the mule's back with the rest of their baggage. Just there they found an envelope addressed to one of themselves, which quickened their search; and in another minute the rays of the lantern revealed the pocket-book, lost no longer, nor to be lost again. It was sodden a little with the rain, but the notes were safe; and their return to the inn brought them greater triumph than their departure on such a wild goose chase—as their search expedition was deemed—had given them shame.”

Quite in keeping with this was the conduct of another member of the same family, who, having lost a pocket-compass, a tiny trinket, in the Peak Cavern, went in search of it the next day, and found it several hundred yards from the entrance. Party after party had explored the cavern between the losing and the seeking: the cavern path is wet, and muddy, and narrow: the chances against finding the trinket were “all Lombard Street to a China orange,” and yet the lost was found.

Even more remarkable, as it seems to me, was the story told by the same talker (a parson, by the way) of a lady of his acquaintance, who, being with her family at Hayling Island, lost a very valuable cameo brooch. She and her children searched high and low for it, but found it not; and vexed, if not saddened, at the loss of that which was a present from a dear friend, the erst possessor of the brooch returned home. When, the next year, the summer question was mooted in family council: “Where shall we go this year?”—the answer was again given in favour of Hayling Island. The first morning after their arrival, when mother and children reached the beach, almost the first discovery was that of the so-called “lost” brooch. Among the pebbles, above high-water mark, the jewel had rested, unharmed by winter storm or summer sun. If losing was seeking, finding has been keeping; for to this hour that cameo can be seen in possession of her to whom it was first given, fresh from the skilful hands of the Roman workman. Articles of jewellery, of course, are generally small, and therefore the more easily lost.

“A friend of mine,” the talker told us, “sleeping for one night in a hotel, stuck his diamond breast-pin into the bed-curtain, rose hurriedly to catch an early train, and left it there. He hardly liked to trust the honesty of the chamber-maid, and left his loss untold. He spent a twelvemonth or more at Malta with his regiment; and, returning on furlough, went to the same hotel, asked for the same room, and found his breast-pin where he had left it.” That does not say much for the cleanliness of the hotel, I hear some one saying. Perhaps it does not, but it says

something for the sharpness of the pin-wearer. There was wit as well as luck in his method.

Here is a story of pure luck. A lady, a spectacle-wearer, went shopping in the West End. On putting her hand in her pocket for her “eyes,” preparatory to choosing a dress, she missed them. Her husband, who professed to know her ways, was sure that she had never brought them. She was as sure that she had. He was rightly punished for his injustice by having to bear, unaided and alone, the responsibility of the choice of colour and material. The choice made, he went on his way to the City, the wife on hers to her home. Of frugal mind, she chose an omnibus as her mode of conveyance, and sitting meditative, as the vehicle bore her homewards, she fancied she recognised it as the same which had carried her townwards. She searched the straw at her feet, and found her spectacles, unbroken.

If losing be seeking—and to prove the use of seeking for that which is lost has been the object of this paper—there is not seldom a finding without a seeking. Of such finding take this as an illustration. (You will please to observe that it is still the clergyman who is talking.)

“A friend of mine went into a hosier's in Bristol to buy a pair of driving gloves. Selecting a pair which he thought likely to suit him, he asked, and was granted, permission to try them on. He tried them on, bought and paid for them, and then asked the tradesman whether he had ever had complaint made to him of the loss of a ring in his shop. The fact being that the little finger of the buyer's left hand had now upon it such a ring, which it had unwittingly withdrawn from the recesses of the glove, and which, doubtless, had been left there by some former would-be purchaser. The shopman, however, answered that no such complaint had been made; and the purchaser of the gloves left the shop with the ring in his possession, leaving behind him his name and address, in case the loser of the ring should ever turn up.”

Somewhat like this was the loss sustained by an officer in St. Helena. He missed his ring, and searched for it high and low, but found it not. Suspicion fell upon his batsman, or soldier servant; but there was nothing to justify it, and in the end the man was cleared; for on being ordered home the officer turned out his drawers, and, throwing many things away, was surprised to hear an old kid glove strike sharply on the floor. He picked it up, and there, in its little finger, was the missing ring.

The suspicion which often falls on innocent people when valuables are lost is one, possibly the worst, part of a loss. Some fifty years ago a lady sat in her room with her child on her lap. Clutching as children do at anything, the child gave a sharp jerk to the long gold chain which the lady wore, and broke it. The chain fell to the floor, but was picked up, and taken to the jeweller's to be mended. When brought back it was considerably shorter than before, and its owner went at once to the jeweller to complain. He, worthy tradesman, was indignant at the bare thought of dishonesty being imputed even to his workmen, and per-

mitted himself the use of some very forcible language in his repudiation of the charge. The owner of the chain could not maintain the charge, but she felt, all the same, that she was being robbed. Years had passed away, and the family had emigrated to America, when the servant one day brought to her mistress a piece of gold chain which she had shaken from a long-haired mat. The chain had been snapped in two places, not only in one as had been supposed, and the wearer had picked up only the longer portion. The shorter piece had got entwined in the mat, and remained there for a dozen years.

No great harm was done in this case, but in another of which I am cognisant, the mischief was irreparable. At a sale which took place on the death of the rector of a parish near Chester, a piano was knocked down to a tradesman of the city. On being tuned and repaired, two costly rings were found beneath the keyboard. The finder communicated with the rector's widow, when the following sad story came to light. Eleven years before, a lady staying at the Rectory had lost these very rings. She had evidently taken them off while playing, and laid them on the

piano, and they had then somehow slipped in under the keys. Suspicion, however, had fallen upon a maid then in the service of the family, and she was sent home. Her father, a small farmer, was terribly upset at the disgrace which had fallen upon his name and family, and refused to receive her. The poor girl went away from the neighbourhood; in fact, she disappeared. On the finding of the rings, every endeavour was made to find her, but in vain. Advertisements were even inserted in the public newspapers, promising her a considerable annuity, but with no result. Unjustly suspected, she had hidden herself from all her former belongings, and was never heard of again. And who can wonder if she sank beneath the weight of a lost character?—who can blame her if her thoughts of her employers and of their class were hard and bitter?

Who can hear such a story without a resolve never lightly to harbour suspicion? It is surely more likely that I should be mistaken than that my neighbour, however poor, should steal. My neighbour's character is, at the least, more precious than the costliest trinket ever made.

THE GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER.



HOUGH we say, with a certain degree of sadness, that the summer flowers are now visibly on the wane, the same cannot certainly be said of our work in the garden this month. For, in addition to the carrying on of our fruit harvest and our general garden routine, we find ourselves towards the end of September commencing what we will call our annual garden change: namely, stripping our borders to a great extent of many of their flowers, and stocking our greenhouse for the winter. And further, we find it occasionally necessary, when this is done, to undertake a yet more laborious garden change, and one perhaps that we have been intending to carry out for some time past as soon as the season for it came round. Of these two changes, then, we shall first of all have something to say this September.

Now, it may have happened that, from pressure of work in August, we were compelled to postpone the taking of cuttings from our open beds until the present time. If so, not a day longer should this operation be put off, as should—what occasionally occurs—a gloomy and semi-wintery September set in, your young cuttings will not root so readily, or will very likely afterwards damp off and fail altogether. It is better, therefore, to have your stock taken not later than by the end of August. And then, again, it may be borne

in mind that a large variety of our bedding-out plants—or rather, cuttings from them—can be preserved without all the nursery care of greenhouse temperature. Calceolarias, petunias, verbenas, and many fuchsias, for example, will do well in an ordinary pit; or we have seen many such plants preserved in this way: the young cuttings are planted out under the protection of a rickety and worn-out cucumber frame, care of course being taken to place it in a good sheltered situation, while in a period of intense frost any pieces of carpet, or some sort of additional protection, could easily be thrown upon the glass. In taking cuttings, use plenty of sand; four or five geranium cuttings can readily be stowed into one large flower-pot. But avoid getting over-stocked at this time of the year, for there is a great temptation just now to multiply our stock of any particular favourite. In filling the greenhouse then at this time, see that your tenderest plants are placed as nearly as possible in the warmest places: have the tallest plants and those that want most light on your middle and top stands, and the whole stock of cuttings in one place together, where you can most easily manipulate them. Camellias, as much as anything, can do without artificial heat: they merely want protection from frost, while the constant proximity or a sudden exposure to much fire-heat will make them cast their buds: a very annoying, but by no means uncommon catastrophe, to which under these circumstances you are liable between the present month and January. Nor must we, when speaking of our annual garden change, neglect to