

MAKING THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

"Dear me, but she's a fright of a doll; just look, Marsie Bernard, just look at her face;" and Bell Stevens held the "fright" quite out at arm's length, with a contemptuous toss of her rizzled head and a contemptuous look in her eyes.

Marsie looked up for an instant and then down at the ribbons she was twining through her fingers, wondering as she twined, how a doll with wax cheeks and flossy hair that would comb could be a fright, and wondering if she would ever have a doll with such wonderful dresses, all flounced and frilled, such cunning hats and stockings and shoes, and thinking of the homely rag baby, Jessamine, which she had so fondly sung asleep before she came away and tucked snugly in the cradle in the corner.

"The girls have such sweet dolls," continued Bell partly to herself, "and as to clothes, deary me, I am just ashamed for any body to see those frights," and she threw the abused doll down at her side, greatly rixing her head altogether, and turned again to Marsie.

"What kind of dolls are yours at home? Are they very fine?"

"I only have one," said Marsie, softly.

"It is a grand one then, I suppose. I'd rather have one and have it just the nicest kind, you know, than to have all these frights."

Marsie was still for an instant. She would rather not have told Bell Stevens about Jessamine at home; it was very hard to own that her doll was not grand, and was only a rag doll with the plainest kind of clothes. Bell had taken for granted that it was a fine dolly and already was envying it; how easy to say nothing and let her continue to think it fine. But Marsie was too true to deceive; the next instant she was saying:

"Jessamine is only made of rags, and her clothes are not fine at all, but I love her and she is pretty to me."

"Made of rags! I don't know what you mean, but then she has some kind of a fine face?"

"No; nice like your doll's, for it is only of rags."

"Now, Mrsie Bernard, I most don't believe you!"

"Mamma made her and I love her," said Marsie, thinking regretfully of having been ashamed of her.

Bell came and knelt down quite close to Marsie as she sat on the floor, and twining back the long golden curl that had fallen over her face, stooped to look in the blue eyes and see if they were "telling true."

"Hain't she any hate?" continued Bell, "nor any shoes to take off? and has she nothing but rag cheeks, and no wax at all?"

She leaned over and picking up the fright she had cast down, began smoothing the rumpled hair as she asked:

"Why hain't Jessamine fine clothes?"

"Mamma hain't no time to spare; she sews and sews everybody's things to get money for me and Bobbie, and then she is too pale and tired to sew for dolls."

"Hain't she one single flounced frock?"

"No, none flounced, but plain are pretty enough."

Bell was picking up one dress and pretty nick-nack after another and tossing it down again.

"Flaxy has lots of dresses, and so have all my dolls, only I don't think them nice. Is Jessamine as big a Flaxy?"

"Almost, I guess; only not so nice except to me."

"Flaxy has lots of things. She can spare these," holding up some pretty dresses and fancy doll fixings. "I know mamma will not care if I give them to Jessamine. I will run this minute and ask her."

Marsie was too glad when Bell came back to say many words of thanks, but the happiness in her eyes was enough to tell the story.

"But Flaxy is a fright—now don't you think

so, Marsie?" Bell began, again coming back to the original point.

"You have spoiled her a little, but she is sweet, I think."

"Prettier than Jessamine!"

"Jessamine is only rags, you know, so she cannot be pretty only to me."

"How can she be pretty to you?"

"Because I love her, and mamma made her for me."

"That don't make her pretty."

"Mamma says it is our own eyes and hearts that makes things ugly or beautiful."

"I don't believe I know what you mean."

"Why, don't you know when you look at Flaxy if you think about the ugly things she will be ugly, but if you think how blue her eyes are, and how pretty her hair, and try to find the pretty things about her, she will be pretty to you? That is what mamma means when she says things are beautiful or ugly as we make them so by our own eyes and hearts."

"I cannot help seeing that her nose is stubbed and her face all scratched up."

"No, but her face is only a little scratched, and her nose a little speck stubbed, and I'd try to forget about that—forget to hurt for the scratches."

"Oh, I know I do keep hunting for the scratches. Of course, if I did not look close, I could not see them; and after all, she must be a great deal better than a doll made of rags;" and as Bell, after tying around her a pretty ribbon, held her off once more at arm's length, gave her an approving glance, she said very earnestly:

"Marsie, do you know I believe it must make people always happy to be looking only for the beautiful things?"

CHAFF.

A CRUSTY old bachelor, not liking the way his landlady's daughter had of making free with his hair-oil, filled the bottle with liquid glue the day before a ball to which the young Miss had been invited, and she stayed at home!

ASTRONOMY VS. GASTRONOMY.—"Julius," said a Brooklyn gentleman to his colored servant, "don't you enjoy the astronomical phenomena these fine evenings?" "Dunno, sah," responded the darkey; "mush-mellons are my favorite fruit."

A MAN who made it a business of writing obituaries, epitaphs, etc., used to solicit patronage far and near. Hearing of the death of a man in a distant part of the country, and business being a little dull, he made a journey there. Finding the widow of the deceased person, he stated his occupation and asked if she wouldn't like a few lines about her husband. "Lines about him!" she said woefully; "he had all the lines he wanted. If he had had one line less, he would have been alive to-day." "What called him, madam?" "He was hung."

HEARTLESS SCIENTIST.—"Miss Adeline, permit me to ask your acceptance of my hand—"

Gushing Maiden—"Oh, professor, so sad, den—"

Heartless Scientist (continuing)—"My—er—hand-book of the Buddhist psychology and ethnology of the Hindoos."

Collapse of G. M.

"WHEN I wash a little boy," lisped a very stupid society man to a young lady, "all my wealth in life were thentered on being a clown."

"Well, there is at least one case of gratified ambition," was the reply.

SOME of the hotels have bills of fare with the fly-leaf covered with carls of various business houses. An Oregon man recently took a seat behind one of them, when the waiter appeared with, "What will you have, sir?" To the utter confusion of the waiter, he leisurely remarked: "You may fetch me a new set of teeth, in gutta percha; an improved sewing-machine, with patent lock-stitch; and a pair of No. 7 calf-skin French boots." In a moment the waiter replied: "We do not furnish those articles." "Then what have you got them down on the bill of fare for?" retorted the customer.

HOW NOT TO TAKE COLD.

Dr. Beverly Robinson, discoursing upon the subject of "colds and their consequences," gives the following useful advice: "If you start to walk home from a down-town office, he said, and carry your coat on your arm because the walking makes you feel warm, you are liable to take cold. Therefore don't do it. If you should take the same walk after eating a hearty dinner, your full stomach would be a protection to you, but even then my advice would be, don't take the risk. A person properly clothed may walk in a strong wind for a long time without taking cold, but if he sits in a room where there is a slight draft, he may take a severe cold in a very few minutes. Therefore don't sit in a room where there is a draft."

Unless you are affected by peculiar nervous conditions, you should take a cold sponge bath in the morning, and not wash yourself in warm water. Plunge baths in cold water are not recommended, neither is it necessary to apply the sponge bath all over the body. Occasional Turkish baths are good, but those who have not taken them should be advised by a physician before trying them. Warm mufflers worn about the neck do not protect you against taking cold, but on the contrary render you extremely liable to take cold as soon as you take them off. They make the throat tender.

Ladies ought to wear warmer flannel under-clothing than they now do, if one may judge from the articles one sees hanging in the show-windows of the shops. People take cold from inhaling cold air through their mouth often, perhaps, than by any other way. Ladies dress themselves up in heavy furs, go riding in their carriages, and when they get home, wonder where they got that cold. It was by talking in the cold open air, and thus exposing the mucous membranes of the throat. The best protection under such circumstances is to keep the mouth shut. If people must keep their mouths open in a chilly atmosphere, they ought to wear a filter.

Above all, be careful of your feet in cold damp weather. Have thick soles on your shoes, and if caught out in a rain which lasts so long as to wet through your shoes despite the thick soles, put on dry stockings as soon as you get home. But in cold, wet, slushy weather don't be caught out without overshoes. Rubbers are unhealthy, unless care is taken to remove them as soon as you get under shelter. They arrest all evaporation through the pores of the leather. Cork soles are a good invention.

When you go into the house or your office, after being out in the cold, don't go at once and stick yourself by the register, but take off your coat, walk up and down the room a little, and get warm gradually. Warming yourself up over a register just before going out in the cold is one of the worst things you can do. Never take a hot toddy to warm you up unless you are at home and don't expect to go out of the house again till the following morning. In short, make some use of your common sense, and thus emulate the lower animals.

PRESERVING THE EYE.—Surgery can justly boast of a new conquest. When an eye is severely wounded the healthy one is in danger of being impaired by "sympathy." To preserve the good eye it was hitherto the practice to remove the injured one. Dr. Boucheron has discovered that by cutting the ciliary nerves the "sympathy" is stopped, and thus dispenses with the necessity of removing the injured organ. Forty surgeons have thus operated successfully.

THE British Consul at Panama reports that india-rubber has almost ceased to be an article of export from the isthmus, mainly in consequence of the great difficulty and expense of getting at the trees in the remote districts of the interior. Those nearer the coast have been destroyed by the wasteful system pursued by the natives in cutting down the trees to procure the sap.