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NEWS IN GENERAL

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

PERSONAL BEAUTY.

There are many good people who have an idea, not exactly that beauty is a snare of the evil one, that it is the affair of a "wighty wanton with a velvet brow," but that, at any rate, it is undesirable, and an affair of no consequence. "What matter about a few freckles? I would much rather see you concerned about your behavior," says the reproving mother. "If you thought as much of your books as you do of your looks!" says the lately graduated elder sister. "Ah, my child, beauty is but skin deep!" says the old grandmother, unaware of the retort which some one has made, that so long as we have skins, that is deep enough. But it is to be doubted if all these anxious monitors do not make a mistake. It does not at all follow that the young person cannot be concerned about her freckles and her behavior too; nor that she disregards her books because she regards her looks; nor is there any reason why beauty being only skin deep, one should not take care to preserve the skin.

For, after all, beauty in its varying degrees is a great factor in life, and probably always will be, since it has a power that, it is to be regretted, is not always allied to intellect and virtue too, and that possibly one day will be so allied. For since it is not to be supposed that the directing power of the universe makes mistakes, or allows to no purpose such a trait as the love of beauty to be one apparently every where prevailing, it is very evident that this directing power has a distinct determination towards beauty, and manifests it through that natural selection which has made the beautiful animal always the object of preference and struggle, so that beauty should be, as it has been, perpetuated and handed down, perhaps with some ultimate intention of its universal possession in the future. That beauty is beloved of the divine idea in inanimate forms no one who looks abroad on hill and sea can doubt. Why should it be of less value, then, in the personal form?

Thus it may be intended that all the various kinds of beauty shall be united in one at last—the beauty of intellect, which is apt to be associated in our minds with a good deal of severity and sculpturesque outline; the beauty of goodness, which may belong to a pudgy person with a snub-nose, but which irradiates a sallow skin and a dull eye with a glow which exceeds and outlasts that of rose-leaf color and sparkling glance; the beauty of expression, without which the beauty of charming line and tint is very shortly more than valueless—worse, because it usually does mischief which is regretted only when it is too late for

regret to be of any use. Probably the wise mother and sister and the pretending grandmother are all thinking of the facility and evanescence of this latter sort of beauty, and are all waiting the cultivation of goodness and expression, and are aware that when these two forms of beauty are added to the other the beauty becomes irresistible.

The truth is that much of the pleasure that comes to us in this world, whose Creator has made it so beautiful, comes to us through the eyes, and, on the contrary, we are displeased and pained by the unlovely. Why, then, should one be indifferent about giving this pain and displeasure? We should certainly be to blame, by general admission, if we were indifferent about it in relation to our town, our church, our dwelling; why not, then, if we are indifferent about that other temple, our spirit's dwelling—ourselves? Is it not positively a duty to make ourselves pleasant to the eye, to add to the agreeableness of life for others in this way, to foster and develop such elements of beauty as we may possess, to take care of the blooming skin, the fine hair, the wholesome teeth, the erect figure, to cultivate that intellect which shall clarify that interest which shall brighten, and that goodness which shall illumine, and thus make, even in the face of what is otherwise positive ugliness, beauty bloom in a barren place?—Harper's Bazar.

CÆSAR DONE UP.

There are husbands who, among their male companions, like to have it supposed that they are just a little tyrannical at home. One such man, who had two or three friends at his home one evening, remarked as they were chatting together comfortably at a rather late hour:

"Yes, I do what I like at home. My wife she has to bend to my will, I can tell you. In my own house I'm a regular Julius Cæsar."

His wife came into the room in time to hear this last sentence. The tyrant of his household looked a little uneasy, but the wife neither frowned nor, apparently, paid any attention to the remark. But, after a moment, she remarked very positively:

"Gentlemen, it is late, and Julius Cæsar has got to go to bed."

Whereupon the husband arose, stammered his excuses, and retired, leaving his guests to find their way out as best they could.

It was in another household that the husband once remarked to his wife:

"You know, my dear, that I'm the head of the house."

"You may be the head as much as you like," said the wife, "but I'm the neck."

"The neck? Oh, yes, you may be the neck if you want to, my dear."

"Very well. It's the neck that turns the head. Fill that coal scuttle or I'll break your jaw"—Sun-

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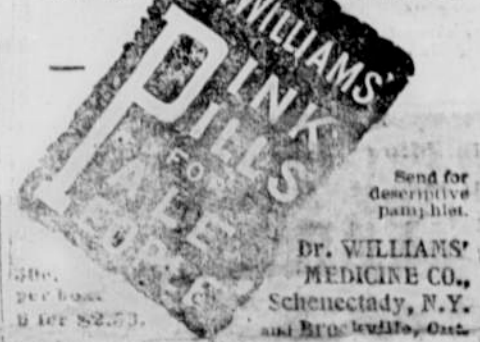
My Welcome

Loved His Dove.

Percy Aaris, an upholsterer, came to Portland from Spokane, leaving a wife behind him. In this city he met a buxom Miss Love and loved her madly. And Miss Love, so it is said, loved him back again. But the course of their reciprocal admiration was troubled some time since when Miss Love learned, that her lover was already provided with a wife. She became indignant at what she termed trifling with her affections, so to quiet the troubled waves Mr. Aaris applied for a divorce from Mrs. Aaris. Mrs. Aaris in some way got wind of this and arrived in town one day this week. Her appearance "broke the lovers up" and "dished" the divorce proceedings so badly that Aaris withdrew the papers.

Thus has a cruel wife and hateful court robbed another girl of some her woman's husband. When this thing end?—Sunday Well.

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