



(By Julia D. Cowles, in 'Evening News.')

Once upon a time there lived two fairies named Optie and Pessie. Now, Optie and Pessie were sisters, but you never would have guessed it in the world, for they did not look one bit alike.

Each of these fairies, had a very strange habit of always carrying about a pair of little glasses, through which to look at anything or anybody that interested her.

One day they started out for a walk, taking their precious glasses with them.

They had not gone far when a toad hopped across the path.

'What is that?' they both exclaimed; and both put up their glasses to look.

'Oh, oh, oh!' screamed Pessie. 'It is a great big monster!'

'Why, no,' answered Optie; 'it is a very little thing, and quite harmless, I am sure.'

But Pessie had started to run away, and Optie's words could not stop her.

'How foolish,' thought Optie, 'to run away from such a little thing'; and she stood watching the toad as he hopped away.

The next day they started for another walk. When they reached the edge of the woods, they began to pick up the nuts which had fallen upon the ground.

Suddenly Optie said, 'Listen!' High on the bough of a tree sat a bird singing as though his little throat would burst. Up went both glasses at once.

'What a beautiful bird!' said Optie. 'And how charmingly he sings!'

'Pshaw!' answered Pessie. 'Do you call that little speck a beautiful bird? I am sure I cannot see any beauty in it, and surely its song cannot be worth listening to,' and she went on picking up the nuts and paying no attention to the music which filled all the air.

Optie looked at her sister in surprise. Then she exclaimed, 'I know, Pessie. You looked through the wrong side of your glasses.'

'No, I didn't,' snapped Pessie. 'I meant to look through that side.'

Optie tried to coax her just to try the other way and see how much nicer it was, but Pessie would not be persuaded; neither would she listen to the song.

After a while some boys were seen coming through the woods, and our two little fairies hid behind a tree till they should pass.

As one of the boys went by the tree, his foot struck the pile of nuts which had been carefully gathered, and scattered them all among the grass.

'Oh, dear!' exclaimed Pessie, when they were by, stamping her foot and snatching up her glasses. 'Just see what those great big boys have done; and we will have all our work to do over, for see how far away they have scattered our nuts.'

'Oh, never mind,' answered Optie, cheerfully, as she peered through her glasses. 'They were quite little boys, and probably did not notice them; besides, it won't take long to pick them up again. They are only scattered a little way.' And she set briskly to work, and had half of them picked up before Pessie had smoothed the wrinkles from her face.

And so it always was. If anything pleasant came in their way, Optie always looked through the side of her glass which made it appear as big as possible, or if anything unpleasant was discovered, she would look through the other side of her glass to make it seem very small and insignificant indeed; while Pessie always took the opposite course, and magnified the unpleasant things, but was quite unwilling that the good things should appear as large as they really were.

Of course Optie had a much better time than Pessie; but she never could persuade her sister to look through the same side of the glass that she did, and, finally she gave up trying, and laughingly declared that Pessie really enjoyed her way of looking at things, and so she should let her alone.

Well, when Optie and Pessie grew older and had households of their own to look after, they still used their magic glasses, but by this time they had become so trained in the use of them that they could see people's thoughts and motives as if they were the people themselves.

One morning Optie said to Rainbow, her husband (he was always such a gay little fellow that every one called him Rainbow): 'Now, dear, do remember to go to the Silkspider's before you come home, and bring me some threads for my embroidery.'

Rainbow said he would; but when he came back he had forgotten all about it!

Optie felt a little inclined to scold, for she very much wanted to finish her embroidery that day, but first she took up her glasses and looked right into Rainbow's mind.

'It was a very little forget, after all,' she said to herself; 'not at all worth making any fuss about; and so Rainbow had his favorite supper of mushrooms and honey, and in the evening they both took a walk to the Silkspider's, and the embroidery was finished the next day.'

At another time the little maid who did the housework neglected to set away the pail of water with which she had been washing the glass floors of their home, and one of the small Rainbows fell into the water.

Optie ran to the scene of trouble, and her first thought was, 'What a careless little maid, to be sure!' But when she had looked for a moment at the the pail and the drip-

ping little Rainbow through those wonderful glasses, the whole affair seemed so small that she put Rainbow Jr. into dry clothes in a twinkling and, quietly reproofed the little maid, who inwardly blessed her and determined to be very careful in the future.

At Pessie's home matters were very different.

To begin with, her husband was called Indigo because he was always so very blue—and no wonder! He had found he could not please his wife, try as he would, and so he had long ago given up trying; and as no man can be expected to be happy who has not a happy home, he was just about the bluest man the world has ever seen.

Then there were the little Indigos. The only streaks of real sunshine that ever came into their unhappy lives shone when they were permitted to go on a visit to their Aunt Optie's.

When they were at home, if a dress was torn or a knee worn through, their mother would look through her glasses sharply and declare that it was 'done on purpose to make her more work, when goodness knew she had enough to do, anyway!' and the offending Indigo would be sent to a closet or a corner to meditate upon the great wrong he had committed.

No willing little maid could be found to work for Pessie, although Mr. Indigo had scored the country to find one.

Pessie and her glasses were pretty well known, and people called her 'the cross fairy.'

After Optie and Pessie had used their glasses for a long time, they became enchanted so that Optie's glasses would magnify only the pleasant things and make the unpleasant ones look very small, and if used in any other way would make everything look confused and blurred.

Pessie's glasses, too, could only be used as she had used them, and were worthless if looked through in the opposite way.

One day a magician named Dispo Sition disguised himself as a beggar for the purpose of gaining possession of the wonderful glasses. He went to both Optie's and Pessie's houses, and soon afterward disappeared, and with him disappeared the two pairs of magic glasses!

He took them to his home, and made a great many like them, and distributed them all over the world.

But every one has the power of choosing one of the two kinds, and those who choose the kind like Optie's are called Optimists, while those who choose the kind made like Pessie's are called Pessimists.

Which sort have you decided to wear?

The Reason Why.

(By Lotta Miller, in 'American Messenger.')

CHAPTER I.

'A year of rest from study, reading and all else requiring close observation, early retirement to avoid artificial light, and smoked or green glasses to shield the eyes from strong daylight or sunlight. At the end of the year they will be as strong as ever.'

'Lose a whole year from my studies!' exclaimed Katherine Waybrough.

'It will soon pass,' Kathy, said her father. 'It will never pass!' cried Katherine, with a despairing accent on the word 'never.'

'Nonsense,' said the celebrated oculist, who was also her father's friend. 'A year is a very short time, indeed, young lady. Besides, those who err must pay the penalty sooner or later. You had no mercy on those