

BUYING A DOLL.

(By Emma C. Dowd.)

Ruby did not want to stay alone in the big store while her mama went across the city on business; but mama said it was best, and Ruby knew that what mama said was true. So there she was, perched on one of the stools in front of the doll-counter, and mama was already out of sight, and was going farther away every minute. Ruby would have liked to cry, only she felt that she was too big a girl to show such weakness in a public place,—she was four years old last summer! So she made up her mind to be very brave, though she could not help wishing that the woman who sold the dolls would not look at her so sharply through her glasses.

There were no customers at the doll-counter until a little girl came near where she was sitting, and said to the saleswoman that she wanted to look at dolls. She was a very pretty little girl, with curling brown hair and a hat and coat which Ruby thought were the handsomest she had ever seen.

"It must be a nice doll," said the child, "for I am going to give it to my sister."

"Do you wish to buy an expensive one?" asked the saleswoman.

The customer said that she did.

Several dolls, at a dollar and a half apiece, were laid on the counter. The little girl looked them over, but did not appear to be suited. Others were brought out, at various prices, the prettiest being marked two dollars. This the child fondled, patting its cheeks, and smoothing its yellow hair. She laid it down, and she took it up again, swinging it gently in her arms, as if she were getting it to sleep. Finally she asked:

"Have you any nicer than this?"

Then the woman went to a drawer, and brought out a box. Carefully she unfolded the tissue wrappers, and lifted out the doll,—a beautiful doll all in pink silk and lace, with pretty boots and hair ribbons to match her dress.

The little girl's eyes shone, and eagerly she took Dolly in her small, kid-gloved hands. She held the little beauty a long time, but at last laid her down with a sigh.

"The price has been six dollars," the saleswoman said, "but I will let you have it for five."

The child shook her head sadly, and walked along in front of the show-case. "How much are those?" she asked, pointing to a box of little undressed china dolls.

"A penny apiece," was the reply. "I'll take one," she beamed, and while the woman wrapped it in a bit of paper she pulled from her glove the shiny cent that had been hidden in her moist palm.

As she skipped happily away with her purchase, Ruby looked on in astonishment. Then she saw that the saleswoman was smiling. She met Ruby's gaze and she laughed outright.

"That was funny—wasn't it?" she said. "Awfully funny!" Ruby answered.

Then the saleswoman brought over the five-dollar doll, and showed it to Ruby.

Mama came soon after, and found Ruby and the saleswoman talking merrily together.

On the way home mama heard all about the little customer that spent so much time examining beautiful dolls—only to buy one that cost a penny.

It is out of the commonplace soil of daily work that the flowers of love and sacrifice spring to beauty.

Faith is the gift that saves mankind; hope is the gift that cheers mankind; and love is the gift that makes man kind.—Roman World.

TAILS AND THEIR USES.

A cat never actually wags its tail. Why should it when it can purr? But, nevertheless, it seems to serve the same purpose in permitting a temporary expenditure of excess nervous energy when the animal is under great strain. For instance, when carefully stalking a bird or man, as in the case of a kitten or a lion, the tip of the tail is never still for a moment—ever curling and uncurling. We may compare this to the nervous tapping of the foot or fingers in a man. When an angry lion is roaring his loudest, his tail will frequently lash from side to side, giving rise among the ancients to the belief that he scourged his body with a hook or thorn which grew from the end of the tail.

When a jaguar walks along a slender bough or a house cat perambulates the top of a board fence, we perceive another important function of the tail—that of an aid in balancing. As a tight-rope performer swings his pole, so the feline shifts its tail to preserve the centre of gravity.

The tail of a sheep seems to be of little use to its owner, although in the breed which is found in Asia Minor and on the tablelands of Tartary this organ functions as a storehouse of fat, and sometimes reaches a weight of fifty pounds. When viewed from behind, the animal seems all tail, and when his appendage reaches its full size it is either fastened between two sticks which drag on the ground, or it is suspended on two small wheels.

Take another of our animals, a fierce little weasel, clad in summer in a coat of brown, in winter turning white, but always with a jet black tip to the tail. The ermine, as it is incorrectly called in its winter coat, has an easy time of it sneaking on the mice and birds upon which it preys, but when a hawk takes after it in an open field, or an owl in the moonlight, it would have but short shift with all its sinuous leaping were it not that the black tail tip is so conspicuous that it constantly attracts the eye and allows the pure white of the body to be confused with the spotless snow. Then realize how true this is, and how valuable must be the pencil tuft of black hairs to this little vermin who spends his life in hunting or being hunted.—*Outing Magazine*.

KING WINTER'S SONG.

Oh, I am the friend of the boys and girls!

I am the fellow they love
When there's plenty of frost on the earth below,

And plenty of sun-hine above.
To me they look for the frozen pond,
All ready for skate and slide;
To me they turn with their sleds so swift

For a coasting hill so wide.

I deck the trees with a fringe so bright
That they glisten in sun or shade;
And I scatter my snowflakes in the air
Till they fill each valley and glade;
And, climbing up the mountain top,

Each shrub and tree I crown,
And I spread the whitest of covers o'er
The ground so barren and brown.

On a sundial which stands on the Brighton pier these words are inscribed: "Tis always morning somewhere in the world." Why should we grow so weary of life when clouds hang low and the sun will not shine? The morning sun will drive the mists away. Balmey breezes will glow softly from a land of fragrance and flowers. They will make us forget the chill and damp of these low lands. Hurry across the valley to the hills beyond.—*Methodist Recorder*.

BABY'S WELFARE

MOTHER'S CHIEF CARE

The one chief desire of the mother is that her little ones shall be healthy, bright and good natured. Every mother can keep her children in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, teething troubles, and the other little ills of childhood. Mrs. E. LeBrun, Carillon, Que., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets have been of great value to my baby. I have used them to regulate her stomach and bowels and for teething and always with the best of results." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PECULIARITIES OF THE NUMBER SEVEN.

What is it that makes the number seven a favorite? From the earliest times this numeral has held a peculiar significance in all things. It is the favorite number with gamblers. There are so called seven wonders in the world. Shakespeare divides the human life into seven ages.

Hippocrates says that the septenary number, by its occult power and virtue, tends to the accomplishment of all things, and is the dispenser of life and the fountain of all its changes. In ancient times a child was not named until it had been born seven days. And the teeth are first cut in the seventh month, and are renewed in the seventh year.

In olden times many philosophers wrote treatises on the number seven. It was supposed to have magical properties for good, and it is the one number below ten that neither begets nor is begotten.

Another writer divides the human life as follows: At three times seven a man reaches a competent age in the eyes of the law; at four times seven he is in full possession of his strength; at five times seven he is fit for the business of the world; at six times seven he becomes grave and wise; if he is ever destined to; at seven times seven he is in his apogee, and from that time he begins to decay; at eight times seven he is in his first climacteric; at nine times seven he is in his grand climacteric, and at ten times seven he has reached the allotted span of life.

This number plays a prominent part in events in the Bible. The creation took six days, and on the seventh there was rest. On the seventh day of the seventh month a holy observance was ordained, and the Israelites feasted seven days and rested seven days. Noah had seven days' warning of the flood, and the seven years of plenty were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat beasts, as were the seven lean years by seven lean beasts. We speak of the seven heavens, and the seventh son was supposed to be endowed with pre-eminence wisdom. In short, there is no other number which enters into the Bible so often as seven.

The Japanese will never sleep with their heads to the north, but their dead are always buried that way.

It has been stated that Iceland has the greatest number of centenarians per capita.

The Lyre bird of Australia is the largest song bird. It is about the size of an English pheasant.

Sugar is to be found in the sap of nearly 200 plants and trees.

The average depth of the English channel is about 110 feet.

Given plenty of water, a horse can subsist 25 days without food.