

Then she asked Lucy to come, and showed her into a parlor with neat paper furniture.

Lucy asked her about the singular trees and flowers; and the doll told her that they were painted by children, and that was why they were so queer. Then she asked Lucy if she would like to see some of the other ladies; and presently in came a troop of paper dolls, all gayly dressed, and all with waists smaller than their legs, for that is a point on which they pride themselves. Lucy noticed that some of them kept close to the wall, and sidled along gracefully, without coming forward.

"Why do they do that?" she asked. "Hush," said the doll. "It is very sad. They were made without any proper backs, merely plain cardboard. They are very sensitive about it, so we never notice it. It is strange to think that makers can be so inconsiderate."

Lucy felt uncomfortable; for she had sometimes painted her dolls only in front to save paint, and she never thought of their minding. Looking up, she saw one of her own dolls standing against the wall, gazing at her with reproachful eyes, although her mouth was smiling hard; for that was its nature. Lucy went up and whispered in her ear, "You shall have a back tomorrow, the very first thing!" Then she asked, "Where are your sisters?" and the doll, whose name was Gardenia, said that Lilybell's dresses were all torn and that Seraphina was in the hospital with a broken wrist.

"She is very delicate, you know," said Gardenia, "and the baby got hold of her yesterday."

"But how did she get here?" asked Lucy.

Lucy did not understand, but she asked meekly if she might visit the hospital and the doll who had opened the door for her offered to go, since Gardenia "was a little tired." So Gardenia stood against the wall, and looked very proper, while Lucy and the other doll (who was named Perrette) went into a room full of white paper boxes in which lay the sick dolls. Some of them had lost arms and legs, and some were suffering from a suffusion of paint in the face; but the most frequent complaint was a crack or break in the waist. They found Seraphina suffering a good deal, but looking very lovely, with one arm stretched out on the tissue-paper coverlet and the other curved in her own graceful way. She had been nearly broken in two, and now had a piece of strong cardboard gummed against the small (the very small) of her back.

"Poor darling!" said Lucy, affectionately. "Does it hurt very dreadfully?"

Yes, Seraphina said it did hurt; but she added, with a sweet smile, "It is the penalty one must pay for being extraordinarily delicate!"

"It is too bad!" said Lucy. "The next dolls I make shall have large waists, as large as mine!"

But at this both dolls cried out in horror.

"What!" they exclaimed. "Would you destroy our delicacy, our chief pride, the sign of our aristocracy?"

"But if you break in two!" said Lucy.

"We can always break gracefully," said Seraphina; "and it is unquestionably the most elegant thing a doll can do."

Just then a doll looked in and told Lucy her mother was looking for her, and she had better go home. She wished to stay longer; but she ran through the Public Garden and climbed down the rose-vine and plumped into bed again, and there was mamma standing by the bed holding a cup of broth and not looking the least bit surprised.

"You don't know where I have been said Lucy."

"Oh, yes; perhaps I do, said mamma. "Take your broth, my dear, and then you can go off again."

Lucy knew what mamma thought, and she wanted to explain, as soon as she had taken the broth, what had really happened; but just then mamma seemed to grow very large, and then very dim, and then she was not there at all, and then—it was breakfast time. —Laura E. Richards in Youth Companion.

### A WISE OLD HORSE

The horse belonged to the late J. Lane, of Frescombe, Gloucestershire, England, and the anecdote was told by Rev. Thomas Jackson.

Mr. Lane, on going home one day, turned the horse into a field to graze.

A few days before this the horse had been shod, but had been "pinched" as the blacksmiths call it, in the shoeing of one foot; that is, the shoe was too tight so as to hurt the foot.

The next morning after Mr. Lane had turned the horse into the field to graze, he missed him. "What can have become of old Sol?" asked he. The name of the horse was Solomon. He was so named because he was wise.

When Mr. Lane asked where old Sol was, Tim, the stable boy, said: "I think some thief must have got him; for I cannot find Sol in the field or in the cow yard."

"What makes you think that a thief has got him?" asked Mr. Lane.

"Well, sir," said Tim, "the gate of the field has been lifted off the hinges, and left on the ground."

"That is no proof that a thief took the horse," said Mr. Lane. "I think that old Sol must have done that himself. I will tell you how we can find out. We will look at the gate, and, if there is a mark of Sol's teeth on it, we shall know he has let himself out."

So they went to the gate, and there, on the top rail, was the mark of a horse's teeth.

"Now, why should old Sol want to get out of this nice field, so full of grass and clover?" thought Mr. Lane.

"Perhaps," said Tim, "the blacksmith can tell us about him."

"I will drive over to the blacksmith's shop and see," said Mr. Lane.

So Mr. Lane drove over to the blacksmith's shop, which was a mile and a half off, and said to Mr. Clay, the blacksmith, "Have you seen anything of old Sol?"

"Why, to be sure," said Mr. Clay. "Old Sol came here today, and told me I had made a bad job of it in putting the shoe on his right forefoot."

"What do you mean, Mr. Clay?" asked Mr. Lane. "A horse cannot talk."

"O true, he did not say it in words; but he said it by act as plainly as I can say it. He came to the forge where I stood, and then held up his foot and looked at me, as if he would like to say, if he could, 'Mr. Clay, you are getting careless in your old age. Look at that shoe. See how it pinches my foot. Is that the way to shoe a decent old horse like me? Now, are you not ashamed of yourself? Ease that shoe at once. Take it off, and put it on in a better way.'"

"Can it be that old Sol said all that by his look?" asked Mr. Lane, laughing.

"All that and more," said Mr. Clay. "He stood still as a post while I took off the shoe. And then I put it on so it might not hurt him. And, when I had done it he gave a merry neigh, as if to say, 'Thank you, Mr. Clay,' and off he ran. And now if you'll go back to the field you will find him there eating his breakfast."

So Mr. Lane laughed, and bade Mr. Clay good morning, and back to the field he drove. And there he found Tim putting up the gate, and there in the field was old Sol eating grass, and as happy as could be. Was not Sol a wise old horse.—Child's World.

A little girl of seven was out having tea with a friend when a lady visitor called and took some notice of her.

"And have you any little sisters at home?" the lady asked.

"No," answered the child, and after a moment, added, thoughtfully, "but I have two brothers at home—and they have a sister—and I'm it."

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Truro, N. S., April 5, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Currah.—Your very kind letter was received yesterday. In reply to your question about my health, I am thankful to say that I am very well. As I have never given you a statement of my case you may be interested in it.

For several years I have suffered untold agony. This suffering was continuous, but I would have violent attacks every few weeks, each attack lasting several days. The first Sunday in November, I felt the pain increasing and so did not go to prayers. The rest of the family did go, and soon after the forcing down pains seized me and I had to remain on the floor until their return. I was in great pain all night and was very sick for a whole week.

Then Mrs. L. came to see me and told me of your wonderful medicine. I got my husband to send for it right away, as I was too sick to write myself. (My doctor could do nothing for me.) I have used 5 boxes of **ORANGE LILY**, have had three months of good rest, and am now well, never better in my life. I have not had the old pains since. I often ask my husband if it is myself that is going around and doing my own work. I can scarcely believe it. It brings tears of joy to my eyes. I could shout it to all the world. I cannot speak enough in its praise.

Your friend, MRS. E. H. F.

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