

### Moving the "Iron Governor."

"William Allen was known as the 'Iron Governor' of Ohio, not because he had been an iron king or anything like that, but because he had not the slightest sympathy for a criminal, and whenever an application was made to him to pardon an erring one, he was as 'iron' and could not be moved, so he was called the 'Iron Governor.'" So spoke a Chilli-cothian, who came up to visit the State Fair.

"One Thanksgiving Eve he was applied to for executive clemency by the wife of a notorious horse-thief, and one who was serving a third term for that. He sat at his desk, his back turned to the tearful pleader, not even condescending to look at her. She had brought with her a five-year-old girl, who had been quietly watching. Suddenly the child went up to him, and, pulling his coat-tail, said:

"You mean old thing. I want my papa."

"And the 'Iron Governor' snatched her up, kissed her smack in the mouth, and said: 'And you shall have him.'"

"True to his word, later that day the wife and child came away from the prison with the pardoned husband and father."—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

### A Beauty Producer.

A quaint, middle-aged maiden lady said to me once, "If I had my life to live over again, I would be just hansum." I could not repress a flicker of a smile, which seemed to be expected, and was received in good faith, but she repeated, "Yes, real hansum; but it's too late now—you have to begin when you are real little, and never let angry thoughts, nor selfishness, nor meanness of any kind get a-holt of your heart."

Many a time since have I thought of this saying, and watched the faces in the crowded thoroughfares and street-cars, and I am convinced that it is true, and it is such faces that leave a benediction with you and haunt your memory.

In these days of massage and aids to beauty, I believe we think too little of the deep lines and ineradicable furrows traced by the thoughts that are untrue to our better natures. The girl who would never think of exposing her delicate skin to rough winds and driving storms fills full the dark paint pots of worry and peevishness, and leaves lines on her face that cosmetics cannot hide nor toilet water wash away.

A smile lifts all the lines of the face and adds a glitter to the eye that bella-donna cannot even imitate, and aside from the good it does to the beholder, it reacts on the one who smiles, and leaves touches like the brush of the portrait painter, scarcely seen at first, but by and by leaving the face a thing of beauty.

Try it for a month, and let a smile be always ready instead of a frown; then consult your mirror, and convince yourself that this is true. You will find your face growing smoother, the mouth will have a more pleasing expression, the eyes will have a charming expression, and the whole effect will be brighter and better.

Smile? Why, all the massage in the world cannot make you as beautiful as that will, even though the manipulator be genuine Russian or Turkish. I only wish I could advertise as fluently as they, that this great beauty producer might be appreciated, and every one believe in it.

I don't mean you shall grin like a Chebire cat—far from it. A grin is de-liberately put on, like a mask; a smile bubbles up from the heart.

Then smiles are contagious, and besides beautifying your own face, you are adding an effective stroke here and there to other faces, until gradually—well, what? I guess the millennium will come.—Christian Work.



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