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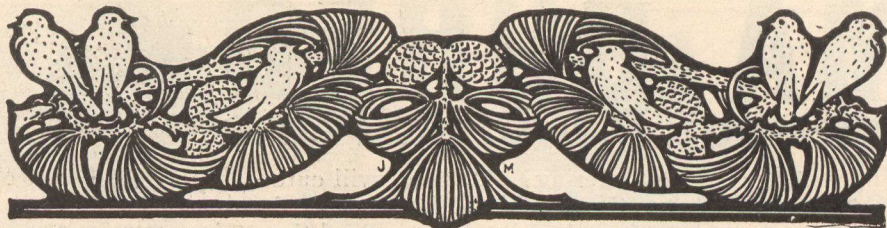
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FOR THE CHILDREN

CURING ROSA MAY.

By E. W. FRENTZ.

ON the morning when Bessie Norton was six years old she came down to breakfast to find a long box, all tied up in pink paper, with a string that was like a little gold chain. The box stood on the table by Bessie's plate, and there was a card on it, with some writing. Bessie could read print, if the words were not too long, but she had not yet learned to read writing; so she ran to her mother with the card and asked her to read it.

"It says, 'For Bessie, with best wishes for many happy birthdays,'" said mother, and then she helped untie the gold string and take off the pink paper.

When at last the box was open, there appeared the most beautiful paper doll that Bessie had ever seen. She had lovely golden hair, curling in little ringlets all over her head, and her eyes were large and blue and her cheeks like blush roses, and with her were all kinds of beautiful dresses. There was a light pink one for parties, with a hat to match, and a plain dark blue sailor suit for every-day wear, and two dainty white ones to dress up in in the afternoon. Each one had a hat to go with it, and there were also lots of dainty lace underclothes, and two hand-bags and a parasol.

Bessie was so happy that she could hardly wait to eat her breakfast. As soon as it was over she took the beautiful doll, which she had named Rosa May, and went with her to the house of her playmate, Nellie Baker, who lived next door. All that day the two played together with Rosa May under the trees, and in the afternoon they gave a party, because, you see, it was Rosa May's birthday just as much as it was Bessie's.

Many other days they played together, too, and Rosa May always had the best of care, and was taken into the house and put to bed at the right hour. But at last there came a day when a band came marching by, playing beautifully, while Bessie was dressing Rosa May. She ran out to the fence, and then followed a little way down the street, and when she came back her mother called her in to supper, and poor Rosa May was forgotten.

It rained hard all that night, but of course Bessie did not know it, for she was asleep. But the next morning she looked everywhere for Rosa May, and could not find her. At last she went out under the trees, and there she found the poor doll, where she had lain all night in the rain.

It was a sad, sad sight. One blue eye was all washed out, and the other was nearly gone. Her right arm was doubled back under her and was broken, both legs were all twisted, so she could never stand up straight again, and in place of her pretty rosy lips there was only a great ugly red mark.

Bessie sat down beside her dear Rosa May and began to cry. Of course she could not help it. No little girl could. She cried so hard that she did not hear the sound of footsteps coming nearer, and she did not know there was any one about until a pleasant voice said, "My, my, little girl, what is the trouble?" The voice came from a pleasant-faced young man, who had a little box, like a trunk, in one hand, and a big light-coloured umbrella and a bundle of sticks under his arm.

Bessie showed him her poor Rosa May, through her tears. He took the doll tenderly in his hands, and said, "Well, well, she has met with a very bad accident, I see, but I think perhaps I can cure her."

"Oh, can you?" cried Bessie. "Are you a doctor?"

The young man laughed. "Yes," he said, "I think I can cure this patient if you will let me operate just as I think best."

"Oh, yes, sir!" cried Bessie. "You can, if you will only cure Rosa May."

The young man took out a little pair of scissors, and then opened his box and found some smooth, stiff white cardboard. Then he took poor Rosa May and cut her head right off! Bessie almost cried right out at this, but the young man was smiling so pleasantly that she did not. He took the cardboard and cut out a new head, just like the old one, and then with a little glue from his box he fastened it on to Rosa May's body, so you could hardly see the place. Next there came out of the wonderful box a bundle of little tubes of paint, which he mixed in a small china pan, and in a few minutes the new face had two big blue eyes and a rosebud mouth and curly, golden hair and a pair of pink cheeks—just as Rosa May had had at first.

By this time Bessie was so happy that she was dancing up and down, and when the young man cut off one arm and both legs of Rosa May she did not mind at all, because she knew he would make new ones as good as the others had been at first. And he did, so that no one would ever have known that Rosa May had ever had any accident or been sick.

Bessie thanked him over and over again. She asked him if he was going to doctor some one else, and he laughed and said no, he was going to paint a picture. As he turned away he said, "You must be careful not to leave Rosa May out at night again, for young children like her take cold, and sometimes you can't get a doctor who knows how to cure them."—*Youth's Companion*.

* * *

AFRAID IT WOULD BE MISSED.

TOMMY learned to swim in Huckins's Cove, an arm of the sea. Consequently, when he went, at his father's invitation, to the swimming-pool of his father's city club he felt cramped somehow and afraid of getting in the way.

After a while that feeling wore off. He began splashing about and doing a few tricks that he thought his father might not know. Suddenly his head and shoulders emerged from the water.

"O daddy," he said, in an anxious whisper, "I've swallowed some of the water! Do you think they'll mind?"—*Youth's Companion*.

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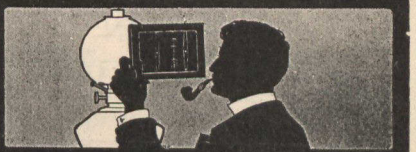
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