

this stiffening to the back. When dry, remove the velvet from the board and brush the pile.

The Power of Beauty.

There are few pretty girls who have not heard the catalogue of their charms so often that at last they know the list of them by heart; but are there many who realise to its full extent the power of beauty?

A girl we know has wonderful eyes and still more wonderful lashes, at once the envy of one sex and admiration of the other, and this girl knows to a T for how many partners who write their names on her ball programme the glances of those eyes are responsible. She knows to a hair's breadth when she is within an ace of losing her own way, and those lifted eyes or dropped lashes have been the turning point in her favour. She knows to a nicety the effect they have at a garden party, a picnic, a soiree; she knows that those eyes of hers are responsible for, not one, but a dozen admirers; that those lashes of hers fill her dance card, give her a ready partner for tennis, a companion for boating, an escort for cycling, for the theatre, bring her flowers, wagers her gloves and chocolates—all this she knows, and appreciates her charming features at their full value, or thinks she does. But does she; or is she perhaps doing them the injustice of thinking they can do no more than this? All this is a good deal for a pair of eyes to do, but can they do no more, and has she realised the power of their beauty at its highest and best?

Has she ever tried the effect of those beauty's eyes to urge some good and noble deed; to indicate some road of self-sacrifice; to mirror truth? Have they ever spoken emphatically for the right; pleaded for the innocent; taken up cudgels for the defenceless? Have they ever brought all their true and tried weapons to hold and check the slighting word, to intercept the scornful glance, to parry the dart of envy, the sting of malice, with their generous shield? Has she never felt their power in such cases? Have those wonderful eyes never beamed hope and comfort on a scene of woe and desolation, never flashed joy for another's pleasure, never shed tears for another's pain, never sparkled fun and spirit into a group of shy and tiny children? Have they never enriched a penny to the beggar in the street by a glance of sympathy and compassion that has brought the sun to his heart, the tears to his eyes, and a blessing to his lips? If beauty's eyes have tried their effect in none of these ways, then very little indeed has Beauty realised of the full extent of their power.

There is another girl we know, with the charm of a sweet face, a beautiful and bewitching smile, and this smile is a veritable Aladdin's ring to its fair owner when it accompanies or precedes any request of hers. Hardly less successful is it in gaining for her her heart's desire when her dimples vaguely hint at it as a future reward. There are those who would dare all and everything to win that smile bestowed exclusively on themselves. As a child, when she and her young companions, in their games, have sprung over the flower

beds and knocked the heads off the growing dahlias, to the wrath and disgust of the old gardener, a regular martinet, it is her pleading face and winning smile which has won their acquittal. Later, mother's negative does not get beyond a compromising sluke of the head, while dad's command is merged in his positive fondle and affection, and the demure fair one's smile ripples with roguish laughter, for who should know better than herself (to whom her mirror—and someone else—have whispered it yesterday and the day before, and the day before that) that two ruby lips and two rows of pearly teeth, and two fascinating dimples playing puss in the corner are very irresistible indeed. So she nods gaily to herself, and "gangs her ain sweet gait"—to him—with the smile still lingering round her lips for the success of her wiles.

But has she ever tried what that smile will do to coax a fretful child; has she ever tried how far that smile will help a cripple on his way; has she ever tried the sunshine of that smile beside a sick bed, the youth of that smile on the aged, the frankness of that smile on the mean and suspicious, the sweetness and brightness of that smile on the crabbed and sour of disposition? Has she never smiled kindly and merrily to the little Italian boy over his monkey antics, as she dropped the penny in his cap and seen the eager, responsive light leap up in his face? Has she never seen the effect of such a smile as hers in these and similar circumstances? Ah! then, I fear me, she knows little enough of the power of its beauty.

More About the Breathing Cure.

The "breathing cure" seems to have caught on enormously (says an English contemporary). Wherever one goes now one hears about it and the beneficial results that ensue. I have not quite grasped what this new treatment is supposed to cure, but it seems that a general improvement in health and appearance is the result, and what will we not do to improve our appearance? The fact that we breathe quite wrongly has been impressed upon us as long as I can remember, and one of the principles of the "cure" is to teach us the correct way to draw our breath. Corsets are dispensed with during the lessons, and one of the exercises is to lie upon the floor and to wave your arms and legs about according to the directions of the teacher—undignified but healthful exercise, no doubt. The lady who has inaugurated this new fad claims for it that it has made weakly people strong, lean people fat, and fat people lean, has straightened crooked back and changed the stooping, slouching carriage that is so disfiguring into the graceful erect deportment that Mr Turveydrop invariably

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insisted upon. I have no doubt that "breathing tea" will be all the go this winter, and, as they will relieve the monotony of the ordinary "at home" day, we cannot but feel grateful to the originator of the happy idea.

Love-Making Up-to-Date.

The engagement ring is becoming a thing of the past. True lovers now might meet truth by tattooing, or by bracelets, or "anklets." One might think so to read of the lover who not long ago persuaded his fiancée to have a bracelet tattooed on her arm as a mark of her affection, or of the young woman living in London who wears a golden circle round her ankle which is locked with a lock that can be opened only by her lover.

It is considered quite the proper thing at present for the parties to an engagement to wear rings or bracelets made of each other's hair. An athlete, well known, too, while he was engaged, wore a belt set with costly jewels with locks of his fiancée's hair intertwined.

One of the most remarkable pledges exchanged was that of the young woman and her lover who had diamonds set in their front teeth when they became engaged. When they were married the jewels were taken out and placed in rings. There was a certain amount of pain, which made the pledge all the more remarkable.

There is a story, too, of a famous actor whose fiancée had lost the nail from a finger of her left hand. To her, when they became engaged, he gave a finger nail of gold, inscribed with his initials, and had it put in place by a famous surgeon.

In some countries, Austria for instance, gold bracelets are the proper thing in engagements. But, after all, the good old solitaire diamond engagement ring continues to be the favourite.

Corns.

A corn is an overgrowth of the horny layer of some portion of the skin of the foot, induced by friction or undue pressure in one spot by the shoe. It is situated generally on a prominent portion of one of the toes, more commonly the little toe, but may be on the sole of the foot or even on the ankle-bone.

It begins by an increase in size of the papillae in the deeper part of the skin, and this induces an increase in the production of the scarf-skin, or horny layer. The scarf-skin soon becomes inordinately thick, and, the pressure from the shoe continuing, is pushed back against the enlarged papillae, causing their final atrophy.

This formation of a corn affords a curious illustration of the defeat of nature's will meant efforts to prevent trouble; for the increased thickness of the horny layer is intended to afford protection to the enlarged and tender papillae, a purpose which would be well accomplished did the process stop there. But the friction by the shoe keeps up the irritation, and more and more of the horny covering is manufactured, until, instead of affording protection, it is actually the cause of all the pain.

After a time the spot where the corn is seems to acquire a bad habit, and the formation of the corn will

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