

there are noses and noses. I mean by this that there are degrees of excellency in the eyes as there are degrees of excellency in all the works of nature. The standard of beauty in the eye, beyond certain effects, is largely arbitrary. It depends a good deal upon the individual fancy.

I have already in one of my silhouettes quoted from one of the charming sermons of that polished and scholarly churchman. Bishop Jeremy Taylor, and cited the case of the Greek painter who attempted to create an ideally beautiful face and head. He chose the most beautiful features from the faces that in his opinion were the perfect faces. He fancied the eye of Chione, the hair of Pegnium and Tarsia's lip, Philenium's chin and the forehead of Delphia, and set all these upon Milphidippa's neck and thought he should outdo both art and nature. But he did not succeed so well as he had hoped. When he came to view the proportions he found that the lip he considered perfect in Tarsia was not in accord with the chin of Philenium; that Chione's eye and Delphia's forehead were not intended the one for the other, and that while alone the hair of Pegnium was the perfection of hirsute adornment, on Milphidippa's neck it cut a very sorry figure. And the Greek found that he could not make a beautiful face, but that what he hoped would be beautiful was in fact quite ugly. Nature works differently. The most captivatingly beautiful face often has imperfect features.

It has always struck me that the color of the eye has much to do with the moral character of the person. Perhaps that is an awkward way of expressing the idea. Perhaps it would be better to say that the degree of one's character is somewhat reflected in the color and expression of the eye. Why is this so? Is there a physical or psychical reason for it? Does nature in its inscrutable workings decide first upon the character of the child and then watch it with a certain color in the iris? The pupil of the eye, if it is closely examined, will be found to be a rare object. There is more meaning in its shades, in its gentle coruscations, in its quick transitions, in its enlargements and contractions than one would believe until he has looked thoughtfully into it. It seems to be directly connected with the soul.

It is the pupil that grows large under the influence of certain emotions and then contracts under the workings of others. Through this pupil we look into the soul. No woman loves as she should love unless this sensitive part of the eye grows large and then recedes under the working of her rhapsody. The pupil, so far as the relation of the eye to the character is concerned, is really the whole of the eye.

And so, I think, although others may not agree with me, that the most beautiful eye is that in which the pupil is the most sensitive; where it is most responsive to the operations of the spirit back of it. I love to look into one of those sensi-

tive eyes. To me they seem like the summer sky which now is filled by the effulgent light of the sun and anon is temporarily darkened by a passing cloud. If this kind of eye is in the socket of the skull of an emotional woman, you may expect to see a lovely and a changeable character. Not by any means an inconstant one, but one that reflects the moods of the spirit as plainly as the clear blue sky shows the passing cumulus.

A man or woman with this eye never deceives by either look or word. Their natures are frank and true. This eye I should call the emotional eye, because it is always accompanied by a strongly marked emotional nature. And it is for this reason that this eye is generally the eye feminine. Not that all women have this eye, but that a few men have it. We find in the poet, in the musician, the artist and the dreamer. I should not look for it in a business man. A woman with this kind of eye will love you with great intensity. If occasion demands the change she can hate with a like fervor. But there is a great deal of constancy in a being with this eye.

But my silhouette on the eye is becoming too abstract. Let us confine it to the concrete. There are various degrees of gray eyes and blue eyes, and black eyes and brown eyes and some green eyes. All of these colors mean some special characteristic. Poets rave over the blue eyes. In three cases out of five where an apostrophe is addressed to the eye, or where an imaginary heroine is created, she has blue eyes. I never could understand this predilection for eyes of blue. True, they are very pretty and generally are accompanied by a pretty complexion. But in the light blue eye I see nothing particularly striking. It may make a pretty eye, but it seems to me that the blue eye has a superficial expression which is not always attractive. There are blue eyes which are so deep in the color that they are beautiful, and when these are fringed with long lashes they make a rare eye. But these are not the ordinary blue eyes. The average blue eye is not magnetic. The hard blue eye is different itself.

The black eye is the eye of intensity and passion. There is no half way business about it. It is not so intelligent as the green eye, the gray eye or the brown eye. But it is soft and dreamy, and amatory. The man or the woman with the sloe black eye goes to extremes. It is all softness or all fierceness. The sloe black eye is not so expressive as the others, because there is none of the delicate traces of color lines which we see in the other ones. There is a blankness to the iris of the very black eye which detracts very much from its beauty, and while under the influence of emotion the coal black eye may change somewhat; it never can be beautifully expressive because the color shadings are all lost.

The brown eye is a delicious eye. It is soft and tender, dreamy and intelligent, but more delicately

sensuous than intellectual. It is a wonder that more poets do not address their ravings to the brown than to the blue eye. The brown eye bespeaks the genuinely tender nature. The possessor of it seldom goes to extremes. There are few violent agitations of the disposition, although I have seen brown eyes that were accompanied by a genuinely satanic character. There is no rule without its exception, and it is not fair to the brown eye to make this one a standard of judgment. The brown eye is an eye to pin one's faith to. It is the sunny nature and the generous that looks through the brown eyes.

But the best eye to me is the gray eye. And if there is a fleck of hazel in it, or better yet, a touch of violet's hue, it is the more effective. The gray bespeaks the constant nature. It is the trustful eye, the intelligent eye, the eye that eloquently portrays the responsive, the sympathetic, the loyal character. There is, in the expression of the gray eye, an indefinable essence, or aspect, which fascinates and holds the attention and commands the confidence. The steel-gray eye is the eye of cruelty. But the soft gray eye, with its pure and expressive look, who does not say that it is beautiful? And who can deny that the violet-gray eye, an eye that is so seldom seen, is not really ravishing? But, as I have written, the beauty of anything is the proportion of the object to the fancy. And there will be many whose fancy is so different from mine that they will not agree with the words that they have read on the eye.

DRESSING THE BOY.

"Elijah, my dear, will you dress Willie this morning? I'm in such a hurry, and it won't take you but a minute or two."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bixby, cheerfully; "I'd just as soon dress the little chap as not. Here, my little man, come and let papa dress you. I'll have you as neat as a pin in a jiffy."

Willie, aged four, comes reluctantly from playthings, and Bixby begins.

"Now, let's off with your nightgown and—keep still, my dear, or I can't unbutton it. There now, we'll sit still, child. What makes you squirm around like an eel? Where's your little shirt? Ah, here it is, and keep still! Put up your arm, no the other one and—can't you keep still half a second? Put up your other arm and stop hauling and pulling so! Now, let's—come here, boy! What under heaven do you mean by racing off like that with nothing on but your shirt? Now, you come here and let me put the rest of your duds on. Stand still, I say! Put your leg in here! Not that leg! There you go squirming around like an angle worm. Now, if you don't keep still, young man, I'll—stop pulling at that chain, and—here, Mary Ellen, you'll have to dress this wriggling animal yourself. I couldn't do it in ten years. Go to your mother, sir!"—*Time.*