Every Day.

The dawn grows red in the east,
With pomp and purple of gold,
And curtains of trailing mist
Are in gauzy flims unrolled;
The sun like a painter comes
To illumine the background grey,
And he wields his magic brush,
Though few know it, every day.

The birds awake when the dawn
Draws faint pink streaks in the east,
And the bobolink and thrush
Rehearse for a royal feast.
The robin, the linnet, the lark,
Are songsters gladsome and gay;
The music they make is good,
And they make it every day.

The brook begins with its song
At earliest morning hour,
And the bee its soft drone starts
In the wet and dewy flower.
The sound of all growing things
Is heard in the wind-harp's lay;
The song is of peace and love,
And earth sings it every day.

There are children glad as dreams,
And they fill fair houses with light,
And their voices chime in chords
Of joy from morn till night.
Triumphant the whole wide world,
The children dance and are gay,
The throb of the rhythm is sweet,
And 'tis measured—every day.

There are battles for the right
By men who are brave and true,
And the world will never know
Half the valiant deeds they do;
They make the sorry to smile,
They make the wicked to pray,
They make the brave to dare,
And they do it—every day.

THAT BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

CHAPTER LV.

Laurel felt a dreary kind of pleasure in hearing her husband ascribe to her the only real happiness of his life. It was some atonement for all that she had borne, all that she had suffered. Her heart beat quck and fast beneath her white robe. He went on sadly:

"Never was there a stormier ending to a beautiful, sunny, summer day, never a sadder waking from a happy dream. And it was all so swift and sudden. It was like Burn's poem.

No pause the dire extremes between,
She made me blest and broke my heart.

Ah, yes, Laurel could remember how swift and sudden it had all been—how like a thunderbolt falling from a clear sky. She sat there pale and silent, and listened to her own story told by her husband's lips, and felt a strange, dreary, aching pity for the girl who had loved and suffered so much quite as if it had been another woman than herself.

"We came home at last," he said. "My mother was very ill, and my wife nursed and tended her unweariedly, and with all a daughter's devotion, until she became convalescent. Then the hour of my awakening came. It was so swift, so horribly sudden, I wonder sometimes that it did not kill me."

Ah, she had wondered so often that she, too, had not died beneath the stroke of that cruel fate. But she made no sign, she only sat still and looked at the bowed head before her, and listened to his words.

"The Gordons came down from New York one day quite unexpected, to visit their daughter. I was delighted, Mrs. Lynn, because I thought it would add to my darling's happiness. I thought I would surprise her, so I concealed the fact of their arrival, and led her into their presence full of happiness myself in the prospect of witnessing her amazement and joy."

Mrs. Lynn held her costly fan before her face a moment. She did not want him to see the spasms of agony that convulsed her face. Ah, how bitterly it all rushed over her the pain, the shame, the horror of that supreme moment he was now portraying.

"You are smothering a yawn behind your fan," he said. "Does my story weary you, Mrs. Lynn? It has not developed into a plot for a novel yet, has it? You see I have been telling it in the plainest fashion. I have not embellished it like a story-writer. And, besides, up to the moment of which I have spoken it had not developed any phases of the tragic. It had only been the simplest, sweetest love-idyl that was ever lived."

"It [illegible] perfectly true," she said to herself, with a strange throb in her heart and a strangely throbbing heart.

"But in the moment [illegible] my beautiful wife into the drawing-room at Eden to meet her parents the *denouement* came," said St. Leon Le Roy. "The tragic element entered my story then. Can you guess what happened, Mrs. Lynn?"

"Your wife was properly surprised, and glad to see her parents, I presume," said Mrs. Lynn, with an air of polite interest.

His dark lashes lifted, he gazed at her sadly a moment, then they fell again.

"No one could guess what *did* take place," said Mr. Le Roy. "It was like a romance. You have never written anything stranger in all your novels, Mrs. Lynn. But you must not expect me to describe it to you in the language of fiction. Your own imagination must invest it with all the eloquence it merits. I have been surprised at many things in my life, Mrs. Lynn, but I was never more surprised, never more shocked, than I was in the moment when I led my Beatrix up to her mother. I had expected demonstrations of delighted affection; I beheld only utter dismay and confusion. Can you believe it, Mrs. Lynn? My young wife and the Gordons had never met before in their lives!"

A faint murmur came from her lips, meant to convey surprise. He accepted it as such, and went on slowly:

"Then it all came out. I had been deceived. I had been made the victim of a clever conspiracy. Two beautiful, clever girls had plotted together and the result was this: Beatrix Gordon had never come to Eden. She had gone and married her lover, and she had sent Laurel Vane to us in her place. It was cleverly planned, as I have said just now, but I have often wondered how Laurel carried it out, and escaped detection. She was innocent and transparent as a child. She was frightened always, I know, for when all came out I could recall many things that pointed to the truth if only I had not been so blind. But fate helped it on, and made me the husband, not of Beatrix Gordon, the daughter of the wealthy, well-born publisher, but of Laurel Vane, the penniless orphan child of an author, who, with the genius of an Edgar Allan Poe, had shared all the weaknesses of the great poet, and died as miserable."

He paused. Laurel wondered if he could hear her heart beating in the stillness of that place of graves. It sounded so loudly in her ears, it almost drowned his voice.

It was only by the greatest effort of her pride and will that she preserved her outward calmness.

"It was a terrible discovery for me to make," he said. "I was wounded in my love, in my faith, in my pride. Can you imagine what I did, Mrs. Lynn?"

He had lifted his drooping head, and was looking straight into her face. She looked back at him steadily, almost scornfully, as she replied:

"You loved her so dearly, and she made you so happy, perhaps I should not err if I said that you forgave the girl for her sin."

He crushed back something like a groan upon his lips.

"Do you think I should have done so, Mrs. Lynn?" he asked.

"I do not know how to answer you," she said, and her voice trembled. "From a woman's standpoint, I should answer yes. But men are unlike women, are they not?—harder, colder, prone to harsh judgments!"

"Yes, men, are harder," he said, and was silent until she broke the strange stillness with her strange voice.

"Do you love Tennyson, Mr. LeRoy? I do. I think one of the grandest, most beautiful passages in the book is King Arthur's forgiveness of Guinevere's terrible sin. Do you remember those words:

'Lo! forgive thee as Eternal God forgives?'

"Her sin was not like Guinevere's," he said, hastily.

"And therefore the more easily to be forgiven," she said. "Do you not think your wife suffered for her sin? And, after all, it was for love's sake. And women do and dare so much for love's sake, remember."

"You are speaking as if I did not forgive her," he said. "I had not told you that yet."

"But I fancied it must be so," she said, "because this is her grave."

The shot went home. He shivered, and a hollow groan escaped his lips.

"Would she have died for such a cause?" he asked, and she answered gravely, and with a touch of sadness.

"Women's hearts have broken for even lighter causes."

To herself she said, mournfully: "I should have died myself if it had not been for little Laurie's coming. I could not have lived through these weary years if it had not been for the little child that loved me!"

"*Her* heart was broken then," he said, "for I refused to forgive her, Mrs. Lynn. I was hard and stern and angry. But I never dreamed what would happen."

"What did she do?" inquired the brilliant novelist, with interest.

"She went away that night, Mrs. Lynn, and all search for her proved futile and vain. In a few days after a body washed up from the river—a young, golden-haired woman. They said it was Laurel, my missing wife. You know the rest. This is her grave."

Laurel looked at the grassy mound with a strange dreary wonder over the waif whom they had buried there. She wondered what her name and history had been. "Perhaps as sad as mine," she sighed to herself.

"This is her grave," he repeated. "Ah, Mrs. Lynn, you have a glowing, vivid imagination. Can you fancy what I have suffered? Can you comprehend how the demons of remorse and despair have pursued me unceasingly?"

"Then you repented when too late," she said.

"Too late," he echoed, drearily. "Yes, I repented when *too late*. Ah, Mrs. Lynn, are there any sadder words than those two in the English language?"

"Yes, I think so," she replied. "You remember what the poet Whittier has written?

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

"'It might have been,'" he repeated. "Ah yes, I can testify to all the sadness of those words! Have I not felt it all? Since she died my life has been one dreary penance, one long regret. Ah, Mrs. Lynn, if only I had forgiven her—if only I had not driven her from me by my harshness and my cruelty! I was a fool, and blind. She loved me and made me happy. She sinned through her love, first for Beatrix Gordon, then for me. Her story is the saddest, the most pitiful I ever heard or read. I should have forgiven the child—she was nothing but a child, and she had not been well taught. But it was all so sudden, and I was half dazed by the shock. Ah, well, I have had ample time to repent my haste and madness. The years have been long and dreary enough without my darling. Every time I come here to this quiet grave I whisper to the silent dust beneath:

Oh, to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few,
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Laurel, Laurel, tender and true?

How the sweet passion and sorrow of the words moved her! He was sorry for his cruelty, he repented it all. She said to herself that if she had really been dead in that grave beneath him, she must have heard those words—they would have thrilled even her dust. Tennyson's beautiful words came into her mind:

My dust would hear him and beat
Had it lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under his feet
And blossom in purple and red.

He looked up at her sitting there so fair and young, and so like the dead, and his heart went out to her in passionate adoration. He cried out, hoarsely, in his deep emotion:

"Mrs. Lynn, what do you think? Have I really sinned beyond forgiveness? If Laurel could come back from the world of shadows, do you think she would forgive me for that night?"

"Are you asking me to tell you what I should do in your wife's place, Mr. Le Roy?" she asked him in a low, strange voice.

"Yes, put yourself in her place," he replied. "Tell me, could you forgive me and love me again after the coldness with which I put my wife from me that night?"

"I do not believe I could ever forget or forgive such unkindness," she replied.

He looked at her keenly, with a brooding trouble in his eyes.

"Perhaps you do not look at the subject quite as my young wife would have done," he said, anxiously. "Laurel loved me, Mrs. Lynn. Do not forget that. Would she not forgive me for love's sweet sake?"

"No, I do not think she would. Her pride would be stronger than her love," answered the beautiful woman.

"Laurel was not proud," said St. Leon Le Roy.

"Not when you loved her, not when she was happy," said Mrs. Lynn. "But can you not fancy the sweetness of even such a nature as hers turned to gall by wrong and ruth? I repeat it, Mr. Le Roy, if I were in Laurel's place, if I could come back after all those years, I believe I should be as proud and cold as I was gentle once; I do not believe I could forgive you!"

He sprung up, he held out his arms to her yearningly, his face transfigured by the yearning passion of his heart.

"Laurel, Laurel, do not speak to me so cruelly, do not judge me so hardly!" he cried. "Do you think I do not know you, my darling?—that I have not known you since the moment we met again? That senseless marble lies when it says my wife is dead! You are she, you are Laurel Le Roy!"

CHAPTER LVI.

There was a moment of the most utter silence while St. Leon Le Roy's wild appealing words died upon the stillness of the solemn place.

Mrs. Lynn was struck dumb for an instant by the suddenness and passion of her husband's accusation. She grew ghastly pale—she trembled like a wind-blown leaf, the denial she would have uttered died gaspingly upon her quivering lips.

"You are my wife," he repeated. "There was never but one face, one voice in this world like yours, and they belonged to Laurel Vane. My darling, you will not deny the truth! You did not throw yourself into the dark, cruel river that summer night. You went away and hid yourself from me in the wide world. It was some unknown waif whom we buried in this shaft for you, my own sweet one! That marble cross speaks falsely. Thank God you live, Laurel, to hear the story of my sorrow and repentance! You cannot, you will not refuse to forgive me!"

She sprung from her seat as he advanced, and slowly retreated before him, her eyes wide and dark with terror; she put out her white hands before her as if to ward off a blow.

"You are mad!" she cried, hoarsely. "You are simply mad, Mr. Le Roy! Your great sorrow has unhinged your brain. Come away from this gloomy place of graves into the world again, and I will try to forget your momentary madness!"

"Do you mean to deny the truth?" he cried, gazing reproachfully at the beautiful defiant face. "Is it right to scorn me, Laurel, when I have so bitterly repented the wrong I did you? Is it right to defraud me of my child's love—right to defraud the child of the father's love? Do you think I do not know that your beautiful little Laurence is my own child? Shall I tell you why my mother fainted in your rose garden that day? She lifted the boy's dark clustering locks from his temples and saw the familiar Le Roy birth-mark—the crimson heart that you, my wife, have so often kissed on my temple. I saw her, although I made no sign. Laurel, you will give me my son? You will come home to Eden yourself, forgetting and forgiving all the past, will you not, my injured wife? I will atone for my momentary hardness by the devotion of a lifetime!"

He held out his arms yearningly to the beautiful, startled woman standing dumbly before him with a smile of scorn on her perfect lips. She was terribly frightened when she found he had recognized her, but she had no thought of confessing the truth. All the hard, bitter pride that had grown up in her heart these eight years was at war with her husband's claim. She held her hands out before her as if to ward him off as he came nearer to her side.

"I can only say, as I did just now, that you are mad," she said. "I can excuse you because I know that your brain must be turned by your sorrow. But this must go no further. I will not endure it. There are limits that even my patience will not suffer to be passed. I am nothing to you, St. Leon Le Roy—nothing! As for the child, you have deceived yourself. It is the scar of a wound on the child's temple, not a birth-mark as you think."

He stared at her like one dazed, his arms dropping weakly at his sides. That she would refuse to forgive him he had expected and dreaded, but that she would deny her identity when taxed with it, had not occurred to him. It put quite a new phase upon the matter. She had not staggered his convictions in the least, but she had shown him what ground both stood upon. He was powerless, helpless. There was nothing for him but to bow to her will.

"You deny my charges?" he sad. "You cut the ground from under my feet and leave me without a hope—with nothing but this grave?"

"Yes," she answered, pale as death, beautiful, proud, defiant. "I forgive you for your brief madness. We will never recur to it again. Now, will you take me home?"

"In a moment," he answered. He was busy plucking some flowers from the grave. He held them out to her.

"Mrs. Lynn, will you take these flowers?" he said. "Take them and keep them. They may remind you sometimes of all that is buried in this grave for me—love, hope, happiness."

She took them silently, and they went away from that place of tombs into the busy, beautiful world again. They spoke but little driving home, and then only on indifferent subjects—never on the theme lying deep in their hearts—the love, the remorse, the unsatisfied longing, the fruitless pain of their lives.

But Laurel, when she had reached her own private room, threw herself down on the floor with a great, tearless sob of utter agony.

"Oh, how cruel I am," she cried. "For the sake of my miserable pride, I have murdered my own last chance of happiness?"

CHAPTER LVII.

It was a long while before Laurel recovered her calmness. She had been severely shaken by her interview with Mr. Le Roy. She did not feel half so triumphant and victorious as she might have done. She had repulsed her husband, she had made him suffer all that she had suffered that night when he had renounced her. But there was none of the sweetness of victory in her triumph. She was at war with herself. Her own heart was a traitor. It only ached over the conquest of love by ruthless pride. The triumph was bitterer than the defeat.

When she dragged herself up from the floor at last, with all her misery written on her face, she saw a letter on her toilet-table. It had been brought in by her maid during her absence. She took it up and found that it was addressed to herself, in the delicate, refined hand of Mrs. Le Roy.

An expression of dismay and dread came over the beautiful face.

"Why has she written to me?" she asked herself. "Does she, too, mean to claim me and Laurie?"

She grew very pale at the thought. A dread came over her that they would take her child from her to punish her for her wilfulness and pride.

"They shall not have him," she said to herself, setting her little white teeth firmly together. "I will take my little son and fly to the uttermost ends of the earth with him. I was foolish and weak even to have come here. I forgot many things I ought to have remembered. I forgot utterly that tell-tale birth-mark on my child's temple—the birth-mark of all the Le Roys. I never dreamed that they would suspect me. I thought that grave with my name upon it was an all-sufficient shield for me."

She opened the letter and read it. It was a beautiful, pathetic appeal that brought tears to Laurel's proud, dark eyes. Mrs. Le Roy had recognized her, too. She prayed her to forgive St. Leon for his hardness of heart, and to return to him.

"I do not know whether my son has recognized you or not, Laurel," wrote the anxious mother. "You may remember that he is very proud and reserved. He is silent. He makes no sign. And yet I think he could not have failed to know you. Forgive him, Laurel. He has suffered bitterly and repented sorely. Let me tell him that you are living, and that your beautiful little son is his own child. Let me tell him that you both will come home to us. Ah, Laurel, my dear daughter, I cannot tell you how tenderly my heart goes out to you, both for your own sake and for that of the child. How I love the beautiful, manly little lad! He is the heir to Eden, the last descendant of the Le Roys, my son's son, my only grandchild. All these years you have kept him from us; you have had all his sweetness to yourself. I have no word of blame for you, my dear daughter. I know you were greatly wronged—almost driven, as it were, into the course you adopted. But you will give him to us now, will you not, dear? You will come back to the home you never should have left, you will be the light of our hearts and our eyes, as you were before that fatal night. To-morrow I shall come to you for your answer. I have not told St. Leon of my discovery. I shall not speak to him till after I see you. But I cannot help but hope that your answer will be a favorable one. You would not have come here among us if you had not meant to be kind to us. I remember your gentle loving heart, my dear, and, although you have the world at your feet now, I think you will be the same tender, loving little girl that you were of old. You will come home to us soon—you and my darling little Laurence."

"Laurence, Laurence, it is only of the child they think—only of their heir to Eden," she said to herself, bitterly. "I see through it all. They would endure the mother for the child's sake! I understand! But it shall not be. I will take my boy away. I have cared for him all these years, and I will do so still. They who were so cruel to the mother shall have none of the child's love!"

And when Mrs. Le Roy called next day she was astounded to find that Carlyle Ford and Mrs. Lynn and her son had left Belle Vue the previous evening. None of the servants were aware of their destination. One of them gave the lady a note that Mrs. Lynn had left behind for her. It was brief and cruelly cold.

"I regret that I cannot have the honor of receiving you, as we are leaving suddenly and for an indefinite time," wrote Mrs. Lynn. "I must say that your letter was all Greek to me. You seem laboring under some strange hallucination of the brain. I fear you are threatened with a brain fever. I would advise you to consult a physician. Delays are dangerous in such cases."

Mrs. Le Roy went home like one dazed. he had not counted on such a terrible disappointment. She had staked everything on Laurel's sweet, forgiving disposition. She had made no allowance for a woman's pride.

She went to the library, where St. Leon sat among his books—dreaming, not reading—dreaming of a fair, cold, scornful face that shone on him from the walls of memory—

Passionate, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a gloom profound;
Woman-like, taking revenge too deep for a transient wrong,

He glanced up absently at his mother's entrance, too absorbed in his own thoughts to notice her irrepressible agitation.

"Oh, St Leon," she cried out, distressfully. "Mrs. Lynn has gone away!"

She saw the handsome face whiten its healthy brown. He did not speak for a moment, only put out his hand and drew her gently to him. Then he said in a hoarse, strained voice:

"Well, mother?"

The tone told her more than words. She broke out vehemently:

"My son, did you know, did you understand? It was Laurel, your wife, it was your own child. Can you realize it, my son?"

He answered, wearily:

"Yes, I know, dear."

"You knew, and yet you let her go without a word—oh, St. Leon," she exclaimed, reproachfully.

The dark mustached lips parted in a slight sad smile.

"You wrong me, mother," he said: "I spoke to her. I claimed her and the child. She denied her identity, she laughed me to scorn. There was nothing more for me to say or do."

"You give her up like this—her and the heir to Eden?" she exclaimed, in dismay.

"There is nothing else to do—she denies my claim, and that ends all. I make no war upon women," he answered, sadly, but firmly.

Tears of bitter disappointment crowded to her eyes. She had so counted upon this reconciliation, so longed to have Laurel back—Laurel and the little child who was heir to Eden.

"And the child—will you give him up without a word?" she asked, in bitter disappointment. "You have every legal right to him."

"Granted—but do you think I could take him from Laurel? No, no, mother, she shall keep the little one. We will not disturb her. It may be some little atonement for that night, if we leave her in peace;" then with a weary sigh, "Let us drop the subject, mother."

Sorely disappointed, she acquiesced in his decision, knowing that there was no appeal from his firm will.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Laurel had left Belle Vue in a sudden panic of fear and dread. She was afraid that her bold denial of her identity would irritate the Le Roys into an attempt to prove their charges and claim her child. She determined to put a wide distance between herself and her husband, regretting in her new-born terror that she had ever exposed herself to the danger of being recognized by him.

She did not confide to her uncle the fact that she had been charged with her identity by her husband and his mother. She knew that Mr. Ford sympathized with the Le Roys in their repentance and sorrow, and she knew what his advice would be. She had not confided to him the reason of her sudden flitting. She knew that he was the loving slave of her imperious will, and that she need but express a wish to have it gratified. So the grand home on the Hudson was deserted, and they sought "fresh fields and pastures new," according to Laurel's capricious fancy. If Mr. Ford wondered at her fickleness, he kept it to himself. Perhaps he was not altogether sorry that Laurel was not to leave him yet. His heart-strings were very closely entwined around her and her beautiful child. He would have been lonely indeed without them.

They went to a noted summer resort by the seashore, and Laurel declared that she meant to labor diligently here on a new book she had commenced to write that summer. But the new novel did not grow very fast. The brilliant author was restless and ill at ease. Some days she would devote to her task with a feverish energy and some persistence, often writing far into the night. Again there would be days and days when the manuscript remained locked in her desk neglected and untouched, while Laurel threw herself into the whirl of social pleasure with a zest born of a desire to forget. But neither in work nor pleasure did she find that lethean draught for which her lips thirsted. She was haunted by a voice, a face. She could not choose but remember.

Even if it had been possible for her to forget, little Laurence would not have allowed her to do so. Strange to say, the child had taken a wondrous fancy to the Le Roys, both mother and son. He prattled of them often in his pretty childish fashion, regretting that he could not see them again, and every word was like a dagger in the mother's heart. She knew that it was nature and instinct clamoring for its own in the boy's heart. Sometimes she was almost melted, sometimes she felt keenly the wrong she had done the child in depriving him of his father's love. But her hard, bitter pride was always stronger than her pity and her love.

Little Laurence found a congenial playmate at last, and his regrets for Belle Vue and Eden grew daily less and less. It was a little golden-haired girl of six years old, called Trixy by her nurse, who brought her to play on the sands daily with her little toy spade and bucket. In Laurie's shell-gathering expeditions with his own nurse, the two children became acquainted and were soon inseparable companions and friends. Laurence did not rest until he had made his mother acquainted with the little beauty.

"I cannot understand my feelings when I look at little Trixy," Mrs. Lynn said to her uncle, with a pretty, puzzled air. "The child's face haunts me. In some inexplicable manner she recalls the past. And yet I cannot remember whom she is like."

She was not fated to remain long in ignorance of the resemblance that haunted her so strangely.

She was standing on the shore one day, looking dreamily out at the swelling, foam-capped waves, as they rolled in and broke in crystal spray at her feet, when she was startled by little Trixy's voice, crying vivaciously:

"Oh, Laurie, here comes mamma! Now she can see *your* mamma, Laurie!"

Mrs. Lynn turned toward the children, and saw a fair, blue-eyed woman coming up to them. She gazed in silence a moment, then gave a great strangling gasp of surprise and recognition. It was Beatrix Wentworth!

The past rushed bleakly over Laurel's memory; the past, with all its love and sorrow and shame. The sight of this fair woman brought it all back freshly and with terrible realism. She stood like one turned to stone, as Mrs. Wentworth came up to her, a look of startled wonder on her lovely blonde face.

"Laurel Vane!" she cried, and put out both her hands.

Laurel drew back coldly, all her self-possession returning.

"You have made a mistake," she said; "I am Mrs. Lynn!"

Mrs. Wentworth colored deeply.

"I beg your pardon—you are right," she said. "I was so startled by your likeness to my friend that I forgot for the moment that she by whose name I called you is long since numbered with the dead!"

(To be continued.)

Imposing Upon Hospitality.

Kentucky Magistrate (to prisoner)—You admit that you shot the man?

Prisoner—The man was a stranger, Your Honor, and I asked him if he wouldn't take a drink. He allowed that he would. We stepped up to the bar, and I said.

"What'll it be, stranger?" "A glass of lemonade," he replied, and then I fired.

Kentucky Magistrate—Is the man much hurt, officer?

Officer—No, Your Honor.

Kentucky Magistrate—Give him twenty-four hours to leave town. (To the prisoner) You are discharged, sir.

A pretty spring hat for a young girl is of gray chip, with curving brim, covered with full puff of gray surah, a folded scarf of the same material surrounding the high crown. On one side stand out a dark blue wing, then a fan of the silk and then another wing, giving a harmonious effect.

Beauty, they say, is only skin deep anyway, but many a girl would be thankful if her beauty were only as deep as that.