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Making Love to the Cook.

BY EMILY B. SWANDER.

"Hear me, Minna; you shall. I will not be trifled with any longer."

"You surely would not accuse me with trifling; I have simply avoided you because your addresses are distasteful to me."

"O[redacted]

family."

"And yet, Minna, I want you for my wife. You have education and refinement, and how you came to occupy so singular a position is certainly puzzling; but I feel assured you have chosen it from no mean motive. I do not desire to pry into the secret; but I do want to raise you out of it, and place you where your heart and mind will be at home."

For answer she hid her face in her hands and sobbed bitterly, while he endeavored to soothe her with all the endearing names at his command.

"I do not doubt your good intentions, Mr. Sarle, and yet, would you take the advantage of your mother's absence to make love to her cook, as a compliment to me! I cannot view it as such, however; you may not believe a person in my position capable of propriety or scruples."

"You are talking like a woman now; your words come only from the tongue. Your heart tells you when a man loves as purely and earnestly as I do you, he does not stop to question 'proper hours,' especially when the occasions are so rare, that are blessed with your presence, when I can see you."

"Oh! what a pretty speech; that is too much for the cook's head to bear. I fear if I do not leave you on the instant, sour muffins will season the compliment for your to-morrow's breakfast. Good night."

"Not so fast, you aggravating, but charming creature," said he, holding her by the hands and compelling her to look at him, by the magnetism of his earnestness and fervor.

"Drop this bantering, Minna; shine your true self once more, like the sweet woman that lighted and brightened the sick room during those weary weeks of my suffering. Ah, Minna, while mother was dosing in her big chair, and you were reading to me, I was reading another story far more interesting, and studying the beauties that flashed around your assumed character, and proved you to me a gem that I longed to possess; tell me, Minna, did your heart remain untouched, did no tenderness for the sufferer help you bear the vigils that made you the dearest woman on earth to me?"

"Of course I felt very sorry for you."

"Really? how good of you; probably you would have condescended as much for a dog had he been brought to you with a broken leg. Good night."

"Be patient a little longer, Mr. Sarle, and the time may come when we can meet as friends, and your society will not place me in a doubtful light should others see us together. The necessity for labor is past—but enough for this evening; retire now, and believe me, when I tell you, were it not for your good opinion and show you how sincerely I appreciate your noble heart, I should ere this gone as I came."

The next day mother and son were holding an animated conversation, wherein Minna's name and merits were discussed, Madam Public-opinion, as usual, adding her weighty influence, in favor of the mother.

"My son, what will people say? you cannot have it in your heart to humiliate me so. If she is of good family, why does she not teach? Who with any pride or self-respect would degrade herself to the position of a cook?"

Just then an elegant private carriage stopped before the door. Two ladies and an old gentleman alighted.

"May I bring them in here? they seem so—so gentle; I do not like to take them in the dining-room; they want Minna," she added hesitatingly.

"In here, and call Minna," commanded Mr. Sarle, before the frowning mother could reply.

One moment, and with a cry of joy too happy for any expression but tears, Minna rested in the close embrace of the waiting ones.

Murmured expressions of endearment; German pet names and kisses fell on the tearful girl, while mother and son looked on in silent astonishment and enjoyed the scene with sympathetic eyes. "Oh! Mrs. Sarle, they have come, my dear ones! and I hold my loved mother again to my heart, and my father and sister. Oh! God! I feel too happy after crushing the hunger longing in my heart so long, Mr. Sarle," she said, blushing through her tears as she looked at him. "My parents cannot thank you in your tongue and language, but their daughter will bear you in her soul to the Most High in gratitude for having found one man that is worthy of bearing the name as it should be bourne."

"You must dispense with your cook this very day, Mr. Sarle; had I known my dear ones would have been here so soon, I should have given proper notice," she added, laughing, "but I hope to see you at our house. My father tells me he has settled here; his agent has made all arrangements; and our house is ready, and they wait to take me with them."

Sans further ceremony, the ex-cook departed in her own conveyance. This explanation arrived early next day:

"A little less than three years ago, there lived, in a beautiful villa on the Rhine, a happy German family, consisting of father, mother and two daughters, the youngest not sixteen, myself and sister two years older. My too indulgent parents loved us too dearly to send us, as is generally the custom, to some establishment for the education of girls. We had teachers at home; we were taught music, languages and everything to fit us for the society in which we moved. At the same time, my good mother was one of those practical and sensible German ladies that does not consider any girl educated unless housewifery is one of her accomplishments. We were permitted to choose that part which suited us best while quite young. I, you can imagine, spent many hours out of regular study with the head cook of our family, taking a delight in every new invention for the palate and often preparing some delicate dish to surprise the good mother."

"We had a teacher of French who visited the house twice a week. He was a young man of decided beauty and loveable manners; at least the susceptible girl of sixteen thought him so; in short he won my fancy, I will not say my heart, for what child of sixteen, brought up as I had been, knew the value of such a possession?

"In romantic fervor I appealed to my parents to receive my lover as their son. They understood the cowardly creature and endeavored to make me see his unmanly conduct; but willfully blind, I cast myself into his arms when next we met, determined to leave mother and home for his sake.

"I packed everything of value I possessed, and left home one dark night to meet him and become his wife. We were married and sailed for America, immediately. My husband requested me to send my certificate and address of some New York hotel to my father before we left. This I did, also a tear-blotted letter, begging them to write me, and relieve my heart of the reproach it deserved for this step, without their sanction.

"I was as happy during the trip to New York as my conscience and the loving attentions of my husband permitted. Expecting to hear soon after my arrival, I smothered the home-sickness that of course would come. Being left alone so much amid the hum of a thousand voices and not one familiar face in a great hotel, my husband absent, seeking as he told me, some remunerative employment, I did not question in the silence of my heavy heart what should detain him into late hours of the night while the days were so long—so very long—to poor solitary me.

"Two months went slowly by, and no news from home, when one evening my husband came to me in a state bordering on madness, wild with drink, no longer cloaking his natural self for purposes known only to him.

"'Write to your Dutch relations and make them disgorge some of their money, for I'm not going to support you!' His words were spiced with oaths and adjectives that were like whiplashes to my soul. They drove youth and love out of my childish nature, and developed a defiant womanhood, scarcely safe for my ignorance.

"I had made a friend of the housekeeper; that is, she had frequently been in my room while I was not well when we first came to the hotel. I went to her and told her my situation: she advised me to remain quiet, my husband would wake up filled with remorse, for his conduct had been a little excited with wine.

"Oh! I felt the truth of his words; he was tired of me; it was not me he wanted unless money kept the charm over him.

"But what could I do without money or friends so utterly a stranger in a strange land. I went back to the man I had learned to scorn in a little short hour, but he did not consider it worthy of a word of regret. I was silent; he became brutal, when one day I found a torn letter that he had carelessly dropped. It was from dear father. The portion still readable proved that he had sent a check on some bank for my benefit, and urging me to come home; if I needed more money to write, with expressions of warmest love and regret for my ill health; also expressed a desire to hear from me in future. So my husband was a villian out and out. He had written to my parents, received money, and yet let me wear my heart out in longings for one dear word from them.

"One whole year this man had thus deceived me; do you wonder that my nature rebelled and my tongue uttered the scorn I felt. His words passed over me harmless; I decided to act for myself. Again I appealed to the housekeeper, who proved my friend since the first trouble.

"I was fortunate; she gave me a letter to her sister here in your village, with the advice: There you can live, and after a time become free from the persecutions of your husband.

"I came, was kindly received, and soon after was engaged with your mother as cook. The first news I received from home told me of their troubles. My father had meddled with politics, and our home had become unsafe shelter. They were about to sail for America, and waited but for news from me.

"I wrote without delay, and the result was, the best of parents have sold all their possessions in the old country, and are now settled in this beautiful village.

"My father's agent bought Judge Nelson's lovely place, where I anxiously await a greeting from thee and thine."

"Married!" Mr. Sarle seemed to feel that this one word was more powerful to keep them apart than time or distance. "Oh, why did she not tell me, for I love her, mother? I feel as if life had not one gift to make it valuable now."

"She will not have any difficulty in freeing herself from the man, and then, if she is so necessary to your happiness, you can renew your proposal."

"Marry a divorced woman?"

"And why not, my son? Their natures were divorced by a law higher than human. God never sanctioned so unsuitable a marriage; and it were a crime to force the least blamable of the two mistaken ones to wear the chains, nor should it exile her from the affections that beautify woman's nature, or condemn her to a loveless existence."

"'Tis not the divorce itself I look at; but the thought that another man lives that once claimed the same relation to my wife would almost drive me to put a ball through his brain if I should ever meet him."

"Not at all probable that you will ever be put to the test."

"I will see her once more. You will go with me, dear mother, and if she does care for me, I shall wait and help to free her—and then——"

Judge Nelson's place, now the home of Minna, was a most comfortable and elegant mansion, and there attired in rich but quiet style, her blonde beauty enhanced by her surroundings, Minna received her guests.

The romantic story of the ex-cook only added to the admiration Minna created, but her sly preference for Mr. Sarle convinced him that he might some day claim her.

"Minna, have you taken no step toward your freedom?" he asked her one day as they wandered through the extensive grounds around her home. "You tell me nothing, and still you must see that I am all impatience?"

"I am divorced; do you think I would permit myself the happiness of your daily society as the wife of another? Or should I admit the mockery of crape over the heart that can but rejoice over its freedom? The man is dead. I can say it calmly and without feeling, for his vices led him to his death, in the haunts where congenial spirits charmed him."

Shall I tell the reader more? Those who have not experienced the sweetest moments of life, the consummation of the rights of true love, have not yet lived at all.

STOMACH AND BRAIN.—If it is all true—and we suppose it is—that the stomach and the brain are so intrelated that the condition of one organ defines the state of the other, then the man who teaches us the proper laws of cookery must be regarded as a benefactor of his species.—One of our leading literary journals recently declared that more good food is wasted in this country than anywhere else on earth, and the fact is admitted by all who have had the opportunity to break bread at European tables. It is a proverbial saying that a Frenchman will get three courses out of a bone, and the economies of the German are almost equally famous. The dense populations, the low wages, and the distinctions of classes in Europe compel the people to make the most of what they possess. There is very little waste, and hardly any trace of the tendency to dyspepsia which is so peculiar to Americans; and human life is longer and happier in consequence. Our people, bent upon getting through the world in a hurry, and generally careless of their diet, might learn something from the Englishman, and Frenchman and the German, and even from the stolid Indian of the Far West. Better methods of cooking, less haste in eating, and smaller consumption of unwholesome articles of food, would not only lengthen the average term of life in this country, but also, by giving the American stomach better treatment than it now receives, improve the quality of the American brain. We therefore, welcome the anti-dyspeptic cook as one of the most useful of our public instructors.

A young man in San Francisco, found an old deacon he knew "bucking the tiger" in a gambling hell. "What!" he exclaimed, "deacon, you here?" "Yes," was the reply; "I am bound to break down this evil institution."

[From the New York Observer.]

THE WAYS OF THE TYPES.

BY IRÆNUS.

Instead of complaining of the many errors of the press, you would admire its wonderful correctness if you would make a calculation and ascertain the number of types that are to be taken up out of little heaps and set in the right order, with the proper spaces, points and marks, to fill such a sheet as this. Recollect that each letter is picked up separately by the fingers, then set the right end and the right side up, then put into its row, and so by as slow a process as that of the ant in building its house, the work goes on until the line and the column, the page and the paper are full. It is a marvel to us now after seeing the process these thirty years that so few blunders, rather than that so many are made.

Yet your compassions will be kindled by reading of the mishaps that happen in spite of all the precautions we take. And these precautions are many. When the setter of type, who is called a compositor and his work composition; though I always thought the writer was a compositor or composer, and his work composition; but when the setter up of the type has completed his work, an impression of it is made, which is called a proof, and this is first read in the office and corrected, and if the author wishes to read it for himself a revise is taken and sent to him. Authors are rarely good proof-readers.—They are thinking of the *sense*, as they read, and do not observe the typography, unless something glaring occurs. Last week I wrote a sentence in which the word *editors* occurred; it was printed *elders*, but as it made sense I did not perceive the blunder when I read the article in proof. The proof reader must compart every word with copy, and his duty is done if he makes the printed word the samegas the written. But he does more than his duty; if a word or an expression appears to him to be what the author did not intend, or a positive error, he marks it and calls the editor's or author's attention to it for revision. Printers become good spellers. Their habit of putting words together letter by letter, and reading the type, compels them to be accurate. Last week the heading of my leader came to me spelled differently from my way of writing it. I looked it up in the dictionary expecting to convict the printer of taking improper liberty with copy, but he was right, and the blunder was mine. "I've seen an end of what they call perfection here below," and have learned to be very charitable over the mistakes of others, having very great need of the same indulgence. But the miseries of authors are great sometimes, which they suffer at the hands of the printers.

Dr. Bethune, my dear, good friend, the splendid orator and genial companion, whose succession in the apostolical line was illustrated by his being in the line of fishers of trout, as well as of men, made a speech in the Broadway Tabernacle at one of the anniversaries, and had the pleasure of reading in the paper of his own church the curious and incomprehensible sentence, "Dr. Bethune remarked that while men were idle the devil "sawed trees,' he had said 'sowed tares.' This was probably a blunder of the reporter however. Some reporters use a shorthand system in which all vowels are omitted, and in writing out their notes they supply the want. In this case the knight of the pencil wrote "swd trs" and not being familiar with the Bible, he wrote it out sawed trees, as the notes stood for one as well as the other.

"At a meeting of the American Scientific Association, in Providence, the friends of the late Rev. Dr. Wayland were considerably surprised to read in a newspaper report of the proceedings, that after one of the evening sessions the doctor gave a "billiard party." The types should have pronounced it a *brilliant* party.

"Dr. Kunze, a Lutheran minister of New York city addressed a communication on a vexed question to the New York *Gazette*. In his letter he adverted to the Gregorian style, and mentioned Pope Gregory. The *Gazette* printed "Tom Gregory." The venerable doctor hastento his friend, and after remonstrating on the injury he had done him, requested the *erratum* to specify, instead of *Tom* Gregory, *Pope* Gregory XIII. Again an alteration was made, and the *Gazette* requested its readers "for *Tom* Gregory to read *Pope Tom* Gregory XIII." Only one more attempt at correction was made when the compositor had the typography so changed that it read "Tom Gregory the Pope." The learned divine, with a heavy heart, in a final interview with the editor, begged him to make no further improvements, as he dreaded the loss of all the reputation his years of devotion to the subject had secured to him.

"Rev. William Jay preached a sermon before the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, and was requested to permit it to be printed. The permission was given. The text was from Job ii. 4: "Skin for skin; yea all that a man hath will he give for his life." When the proof-sheets of the sermon were sent to Mr. Jay for correction, he found the text printed thus: "Skin for skin; yea all that a man hath he will give for his *wife*." Instead of correcting the error in the usual way, he wrote on the margin, underlining the word wife, "That depends on circumstances." A "Book of Blunders" has been made in which these and others are recorded.

I was sitting in the office of the Newark *Daily Advertiser* with Hon. Wm. B. Kinney its editor, Chief Justice Hornblower and others, when the paper fresh from the press was handed to us. A trial at which the Chief had been presiding was reported and I read aloud:

"The Chief Justice gave an order to squash the indictment."

"Squash!" cried the Chief, in wrath. "Squash! put in pumpkin; pumpkin the indictment."

When Dr. Gildersleeve was the able editor of a religious paper in Richmond Va., he was giving a graphic account of the funeral of a young man whose sudden death had filled the community with intense and general sorrow. And in describing the reluctance of the sympathizing crowd to leave the grave in which the deceased was laid, the little letter *r* getting out of the word *friends* into the word *spot*, made him say, "disconsolate fiends stood riveted to the sport."

Some years ago I was printing an article in the New York *Observer* in which a comparison was drawn between preachers of the English pulpit and the American. The writer had expressed the peculiarities of each, and with much emphasis, as the result of extensive observation and comparison; he wrote that "American ministers pay much attention to manner, and the British preachers pay very little." Whether he was right or wrong in his opinion, the types made him say that, "American ministers pay much attention to manner, and British preachers *pray* very little."

If we step out of the newspapers, which are so hastily printed as to be readily excused for some errors of the types, into the region of books, we find these errors of the press forming one of the most curious chapters of literary history. The Bible itself has fared the worst of all.—In England the printing of the Bible is regulated "by authority" and the text is preserved with great care from errors of the press. Early editions of the Bible and some later ones, have shown sad blunders, and many copies command high prices because of queer blunders in them. These are too well known to be repeated. The first Oxford Bible was printed in 1675. An Edinburgh copy of the New Testament of 1694 is entitled to the palm for being the most erroneous in its typography, and is the more valued by collectors on that account. In Mark 6:35, we read of the deaf mute that "his *eyes* were opened, and he spake plainly." Barker's Bible of 1631 a Bible printed in Cambridge, reads in 1 John, "Love another" for "Love one another." Baskett's folio of 1717 is known as the *vinegar* Bible because that word is used for *vineyard* in the parable. The word *wife* is misprinted strangely in so many editions as to make it probable that care not carelessness caused the blunder. A Scotch Bible of 1791 reads in 1 Kings "the dogs *liked* her blood," instead of *licked*. They probably did both.

There are no Bibles in the English language more correctly printed than those of the American Bible Society. But they are not perfect. Only a day or two ago we met with the word *she*, printed where *he* should be. And some thirty-five years ago when Prof. Bush was proof-reader of the Society, he suffered an edition to go out with this verse Gal. 4:27, "the desolate hath many more children than she which hath a *hundred*," instead of a *husband*.

The Book of Common Prayer was made to say "We shall be hanged," instead of "changed" in the twinkling of an eye.

But these must suffice as examples of the Ways of the Types. The subject is inexhaustible.

A STRANGE STORY.

Not far from Agra, in Northern India, is a mission station of the Church Missionary Society, connected with which is an orphanage with several hundred children, now under the efficient care of the Rev. E. G. Erhardt. The region around is infested with wolves, by which, every year, numbers of children are devoured. But in two instances, at least, instead of being killed and eaten, the children have been taken alive and nourished with it, if not by these beast. Whether the story of Romulus and Remus be a myth or not, this is an actual reality, for the children themselves have been captured from among the wolves and brought to the orphanage above mentioned.

They were both boys, and apparenty of some seven or eight years of age when taken. They were found at different times, the last one in March of the present year. Some hunters, smoking wolves out of a cave, were startled when the wolves appeared, by the appearance among them of a creature looking strangely human, but runing rapidly on all fours like the wolves, though not so rapidly as they. He was caught with difficulty, and there was no mistaking that he was a child of human parentage, but with the habits and actions and

APPETITES OF A WOLF.

The hunters brought him to the orphanage, where he was received and cared for. Through his physical form and features were sufficient to shew that he was a Hindoo child, there were no other indications about him of anything human. In all other respects, in the language of Mr. Erhardt, a perfect animal." He had no speech but a whine. He would wear no clothes, tearing from him everything of the sort whenever put on. He would eat nothing but raw flesh, and when he drank he lapped the water with his tongue. Left to himself he would hide in some dark spot during the day, from which he would come out at night and prowl about the enclosure, picking up bones, if any were to be found, and ravenously gnawing them. It at first seemed impossible for him to walk erect, but after much difficulty he was taught to do so, and also to use a fork and spoon, and to drink

LIKE A HUMAN BEING.

Though treated with the utmost care and with great patience and kindness by the Christian hands and hearts which received him, he pined away and died after he had been in the orphanage a little over four months. In all this time he could not be made to utter a word; he was never known to smile, nor show any signs of joy, or shame, or gratitude. But Mr. Erhardt, who gave me this account, assured me that his face looked more intelligent than the average of Hindoo children, and that his color and features indicated that his parentage must have been in a family of high caste.

The other boy, I myself saw a few days since at the orphanage, where he was brought about six years ago, having been then captured, much as was the first mentioned boy, and having shown precisely the same habits as belonged to him. He has not yet spoken a word, but has exchanged the whine, which was at first his only utterance, for sounds expressive of pleasure, and apparently also of gratitude. He no longer prefers raw flesh for food, but eats bread and fruits with ravenous avidity. He walks erect, but with

A STRANGELY AWKWARD GAIT,

throwing out his hands with every step. His hands are perfectly formed but he uses them awkwardly. A piece of bread tossed to him from a little distance, which he was eager to get, he could not catch, but let it fall clumsily to the ground. He wears clothes, to which he was, as at first, averse as the other boy. His forehead is low, but his face would hardly be called dull, and certainly not idiotic. His eyes have a wild and restless, but not an inquiring look. His jaws are not protruding, and his teeth are well formed and thoroughly human. On his left cheek are scars bearing plainly the marks of teeth, where he must have been fearfully bitten. He has been taught to do some kind of work, but not faithfully.

He seems to loose all desire to escape; he mingles freely with the other children, among whom he has his favorites. When the boy first mentioned was brought to the orphanage, this one was made to understand that he must teach the other how to eat and drink and walk, and much of the improvement of the younger one in these respects seemed due to the efforts of the older one. The inference from these extraodinary instances is strangely at variance with many affirmations now current. It does not point in the least to man's derivation from the lower creation, but exactly to the reverse. If we only look accurately and think closely, we shall find much more evidence, but in nature and in history, that the lower creation is man's descendant rather than his ancestor.—Letter from India by Prof. Seelye.

A STRANGE SECT.—A Michigan exchange tells us of a strange sect which has its abiding place at Battle Creek, in that State. It is called the Seventh Day Adventists, and its members look for the coming of the Saviour very soon, but do not fix any precise date—wherein they are wiser than the Millerites. They are wealthy as a community, and noted for strict integrity and the scrupulous cleanliness of their dwellings. They believe in the water cure, and their establishment at Battle Creek is the resort of invalids from all parts of the country. They have a publishing-house, tract-house and stores, and are as fond of making money as if they did not expect to go to heaven for some time, and are under the absolute charge of one woman, Mrs. White.

☞ Few people realize how many acres are unoccupied in the Great West. There are eleven Territories, two or three of which are twice or three times as large as all of New England, and it is a small Territory that is not at least ten times as large as Massachusetts. Colorado is thirteen times as large as Massachusetts, while Dakota and Arizona are half as large again as Colorado. The eleven Territories contain over one billion and a quarter acres, exceeding by nearly two hundred thousand square miles the aggregate territory of all the present admitted States of the Union. The Territory of Alaska contains 359,029,600 acres.

HOW TO COMMENCE BUSINESS.—There are many young men who are in the habit of excusing their idleness and inefficiency with the plea that they can do nothing without capital. The lack of means is the ready reply they make to every appeal to action. They imagine that they possess in themselves all the perquisites to success except capital. If they only had capital to their other imagined virtues, they would do great things in the world; they would astonish the natives with the boldness and brilliancy of their enterprise. They would become immensely rich, and lay the world under perpetual obligations to them by the magnificence of their benefactions. This is the way they think and talk, and they roll the vain-glorious idea over in their minds until they come to imagine that the world is an immense loser by their poverty. These persons forget one important fact—that all capital is the product of labor. That all rich men in this country were once poor.—That nearly every personal fortune they can enumerate is either the product of its owner's toil and skill, or the representative of his father's toil and skill. How did the makers of these fortunes get along without capital? Had they spent the vigor of their youth in idle and foolish lamentations over their poverty, they would have lived and died poor, and left nothing but an inheritance of honesty behind them. Capital allied to labor and skill can work wonders in the war of material enterprise. But money is not the only indispensable thing to young men. There are other kinds of capital besides accumulated money; brains, muscle, industry, honesty, diligence, truth, fidelity, skill, tact, education—*all these are capital*, and all of them have a commercial value, which the owner will be able, sooner or later, to command in the market.—Provided with these, any young man in this country may make more than he needs to spend every year, and yet have something at the end of each year to invest as money capital. If he needs money let him go to work and make it, and thus give proof of his ability to use it profitably and judiciously. If we go into any prosperous agricultural district, we find the capitalists are those who have made their fortunes without any outside aid. They did not waste their time in repining at their poverty, and in silly dreams of what they could do if they had the money to do it with. They went boldly and resolutely at work; they toiled and thought and planned, and kept toiling and thinking and planning patiently, until at last they grasped the fortnmate moment, and succeeded.

A DISGUSTED GROOM.—A woman's determination to part her hair at the side broke up a wedding at Bangor, Me., last week. The company had all assembled, the clergyman was in his place, and the groom proceeded up stairs to escort his chosen one to the altar. The lady was splendidly dressed, but in arranging her had adopted the "new style." To this the young man objected in the most decided terms, saying that it looked too brazen and "fast;" that the hair of a bride should be parted modestly in the middle. A sharp war of words followed, which resulted in a declaration on the part of the angry youth that he had taken a firm stand; that the hair muss be re-dressed or he would never look upon it again. To this the girl replied that he might leave as soon as he pleased, and leave he did, much to the disgust of the people who came to partake of the wedding supder and were turned out of the house without it.

AGE BEFORE BEAUTY.—It is just possible, that in this present rage for the antique, we may forget the ugliness of many of our prizes in our satisfaction with their age. While the best friends of social art are ever reaching out in all directions for ideas, old or new, of artistic truth and beauty, we shall indeed have cause for regret if the ancient monstrosities which are daily paraded before us as "old" and "rare" and "real" shall be allowed to influence the growth of popular taste. Let us esteem ugliness if we please,—because it is curious, valuable, unique, historically interesting, or for whatever reason there is ground,—but do not let us try to make people think that it can take the place of beauty, even of that beauty which is modern, and not at all rare.—*Frank R. Stockton; Scribner's for April.*

☞ At a recent audience given by the Emperor and Empress of Japan to the American and Russian Ambassadors and their wives, the appearance of the Empress is thus described. The Empress was attired in a dress of heavy brown silk, with overdress of crimson wrought with gold. She had her hair dressed very tastily, puffed at the side, drawn back from the forehead, and low, while stiff at the ends and fastened with ribbons. The sleeves of the overdress wide and full, and reached nearly to the floor. Her face was white with powder, her lips vermillion with paint, eyebrows not to be seen, having been pulled out, while the teeth were blackened to the utmost."

☞ The Elmira Farmers' Club commenced with six members, now it has a fine hall where are files of all the newspapers and library of 1,000 volumes.

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