

HOW I CAME TO MARRY.

BY NELLIE M. SANFORD.

"So you want to know, Mena, how such a rattle-brained creature as I came to get a husband so dignified, so everything, in short, near perfection, and so different from myself? Not much of a story, so you needn't put on that self-satisfied look, and settle yourself back so cozily in your great arm-chair. I always feel like sticking needles into people's backs when I see the particular look on their faces that yours wears this very minute. Do stop."

And before I could move, up jumped the little witch and shook me till my teeth chattered.

"There, Wilhelmina Martin," she gave me a final settlement. "I've shaken that out of you; and now you look comfortable, and I feel so."

And with face flushed and curls flying, down sat Mrs. Frederick Bond, to give me an account of her courtship and marriage.

"You know, Mena, how I was dragged about from pillar to post every summer making a living dust-heap of myself, advertising my lungs and throat into a receptacle for all the stray cinders and smoke of cars, and at my journey's end stowed away in some narrow hole called a room; and then the tortures of dressing, and company, and flirting, and eating—Oh, it was dreadful. To be sure the bathing was nice. I enjoyed Newport for that—the only thing in all our summer's touring that I did really and heartily enjoy. How hard Aunt Mason tried to make me a belle! and didn't I astonish her one fine morning in June by telling her that I was going to Clayton Hills instead of the usual route. I had the plan all made, and was engaged to teach the district school for five dollars per week. No wonder you stare—only don't look so much like a grasshopper with those long arms pointing out that way. You didn't know what Ettie Forrester was about that summer, did you? Well, it was all my own notion. I thought it would be so nice to teach the young idea, and all that, you know. But dear me, Mena, theory and practice are two different things, and while the school-house looked so romantic five hundred miles away, and the children were so sweet and cherubic, and the spelling-book possessed attractions I had never discerned in younger days, the romance faded out, and left me in a decided matter-of-fact mood before the door of the little red shanty and the rows of snubby children in blue checked aprons and bare feet. However, I suppose I shall astonish you still more by saying I braved it out and taught my five months, and was made a better girl with that contact with the world—by those walks in solemn woods, among the grand old pines; but—mercy, Mena, you needn't think I'm going to be sentimental for I'm not! I had a nice boarding place with a widow and her two little girls. I was glad there was no possibility of my having any one to flirt with. I was afraid I could not resist the temptation, if I had, and I was heartily sick of it. Imagine my consternation when one morning at the breakfast table I met Mr. Bond. He had come up to see his Aunt Mary. What under the sun he wanted to see her for I can't tell; for he hadn't honored her roof with his presence beneath it for seven years; but there he was, eating berries and cream as coolly as if he owned the whole farm. Such dignity! I was awed by his bow, and felt like breathing an iceberg when he addressed me. Then a reaction took place, and 'action and reaction being equal in opposite directions'—as our natural philosophy used to tell us—I laughed in his face at a remark he made concerning the weather. Such an astonished look as at first spread over his countenance! Spying with an amused look deep down in his eyes, and a slight quiver under the dark moustache, I thought there was some fun in him. I wasn't mistaken, either, for for weeks I labored to get off the frigidly, and dig down to where the warmth and love of frolic lay. In vain were my attempts. Dignity forever secured his motto; and weared out, I hoped something would happen to him to startle him out of that everlasting state of propriety. I was in despair; I wished a rattle-snake would chase him, that he'd slip down in the awful mud they live in those regions, and get up covered with the yellow mixture; that he would burn his mouth with the hot coffee and drop the cup—making a splash in that way; anything, so that I could see him unbend; for hadn't he come in and criticised my school, and found me puzzling my brain over a hard example in fractions? Hadn't I actually been obliged to ask his help in one of those hard things in the back of the arithmetic; and hadn't my very best spelling class disgraced themselves and me by their atrocious murdering of their native tongue? There was a beautiful stream running through the village and in the center of the river a little island, not much larger than a good sized dining plate, with one graceful willow drooping its long branches to the water. It was a perfect little arbor and my favorite resort. A boat fastens to the shore the only means of conveyance to the island.

"One night I was walking by the river, thinking of Will Hale, my oldest boy who had been raising particular Cain that day—not a very refined comparison, but expresses the idea perfectly; so, please excuse it, dear. I couldn't decide whether to give him a sound thrashing, to expel him from school, or to try once more the effect of moral suasion."

"Sinful nature and patience tried to the utmost leaved decidedly to the former, while reason and fellow feeling for the boy defended his case ably. As I was sitting in judgment upon the case, and about to pronounce sentence, I was startled to see my boat grandly sailing down stream, and looking up beheld Mr. Bond on the island, leaning forlorn against the willow, and gazing anxiously after it."

"Good," thought I, "now you are in a scrape."

"At the same time, seeing me, he exclaimed: 'Can you tell me how I can get out of this confounded place?'"

"I laughed. I threw myself down upon the grass when I could stand no longer, and laughed till I had scarcely strength to breathe. I was brought to my senses at last by the gentleman joining in my mirth, with:

"Really, Miss Forrester, this is vastly amusing. I know. I can sympathize with your feelings in that particular though I think you have the advantage of position."

"And again he laughed. If he'd kept on his dignity, I should have kept him there all night, as true as my name was Etta Forrester; but he seemed so jolly about it, I took pity on him and started to intercept the boat. The river took a sudden turn a distance below the island, and there carried by the current, was my boat, safely lodged between two huge logs. Just as I came again near him, perched disconsolately under the tree, the ludicrousness of the whole affair struck me so forcibly that I threw down the oars for another laugh. One fell over the side of the boat, and reaching hastily for it, I was capsized. I went down laughing at the horrid expression of Mr. Bond's face. As I was going down the second time—sobber then, Mena—I felt myself grasped in strong arms and dragged on shore. It was some minutes before I recovered consciousness; but when I did I found myself clasped tightly in Frederick Bond's arms, while he was uttering all manner of things, and raving beautifully. 'I'd been gratified—had seen him in a scrape, and knew he loved me; so I rejoiced his heart by letting him know I was alive. And just then who should come along but Will Hale, in a boat—out fishing, the naughty boy, instead of being home learning the rules for next day's arithmetic lesson. However, I forgave him, and tried moral suasion with fine effect; for he turned out the very best boy in the village. I finished my term, and came home, and was married, generally to Aunt Mason's delight, for several reasons, one of which was that Frel was such a good match—she couldn't have asked for anything better—and another, I suspect, is that I'm off her hands and can't horrify her by any more of my daily doings."

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case was there any connection between the color of the ray acting upon the sensitive agent and the color produced there. In fine, the hue observed on the plates of Sir John Herschel and M. Neipce were pale, due solely to the thickness or thinness of the film on the glass, and neither more nor less indicative of a grand discovery than the similar colors seen in soap bubbles or isinglass, and on shells of mother of pearl.

Rumors like that of 1840, based on the easily explainable phenomenon that at first puzzled Sir John Herschel, have been floating about among the uneducated for more than 30 years, and from time to time have found lodgment in the columns of pseudo scientific journals.

It is now universally admitted by chemists and physicists that natural colors can never be produced by the process of photography. There is a broad philosophical reason for this belief. Color has no objective existence. It is simply the brain's interpretation of the rapidity with which the waves of the ray of light beat against the retina. Beats more rapid produce the sensation of the mind known as violet; beats less rapid, that known as red. The violet and the red are nothing but the vibrations of the ether until they reach the optic nerve and communicate to the vibrations which the brain translates. Until collodion, or some other sensitive agent, can be made to vibrate like the optic nerve, and can be endowed with intelligence like the brain, the undulations that fall upon it in a ray of light will remain undulations and nothing more. In other words, it is impossible to photograph color as it is to photograph sound.

Exactly How Heliotype is Produced.

In order to appreciate the full bearing of the heliotype process it is necessary to allude a little to photography and how the ordinary photograph is made. Almost every one has sat for a photograph, and knows there are two steps in the process.

First obtaining an image on a glass plate by means of a camera placed in front of the object; and second, producing its counterpart on a sheet of paper. The glass plate is called a "negative"; its counterpart on paper is called a "positive," and is what in ordinary phrase we designate a "photograph." In both these steps the operator is dependent upon light—both of the results are chemical. The "negative" is produced by light acting upon the sensitive material with which the glass plate in the camera is coated. As soon as chemistry has firmly fixed the light-producing image on the glass plate the plate is placed in contact with a sheet of sensitive paper, and the action of light is again invoked to impress the image on the paper, and produce the "positive," or, as we are in the habit of saying, "the photograph." Now, each one of these "photographs" requires a fresh use of the "negative" and a fresh exposure to light to produce it, thus making the process of production very slow, cumbersome and uncertain.

It is at this point the heliotype process separates itself from chemical uncertainties and betakes itself to the surer ground of mechanical methods. It already has its "negative," as in the photographic process. It now needs its "positive" by rapid and sure means. To do this it must first produce a "positive" plate or matrix capable of mechanically producing other "positives," and thus dispense with the continued use of the "negative" and the continued use of light (which comes only on unclouded days) in every impression. The difference between this process and ordinary photography is that while both start with the same principle, the photographic process employs the "negative" and the indispensable agency of light for any "positive" it makes, while the heliotype process uses the "negative" as the means of producing the "positive," and that "positive" is capable of producing an infinite number of others by the ordinary process of printing with printer's ink on the ordinary printing press. The finest engravings are thus reproduced with an exactness that betrays no difference from the originals.—National Republican.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common a malady, maybe entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

THE MARKETS.

Cash	100	100
U. S. 6's	116	116
U. S. 5's	110	110
U. S. 4's	105	105
U. S. 3's	100	100
U. S. 2's	95	95
U. S. 1's	90	90
U. S. 10's	85	85
U. S. 20's	80	80
U. S. 30's	75	75
U. S. 40's	70	70
U. S. 50's	65	65
U. S. 60's	60	60
U. S. 70's	55	55
U. S. 80's	50	50
U. S. 90's	45	45
U. S. 100's	40	40
U. S. 110's	35	35
U. S. 120's	30	30
U. S. 130's	25	25
U. S. 140's	20	20
U. S. 150's	15	15
U. S. 160's	10	10
U. S. 170's	5	5
U. S. 180's	0	0

SILVER WARE.

A Visit to One of the Largest Factories in the Country—Something About its Manufacture—How to Get Reliable Wares.

"Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co."

Among the things interesting which the LEADER has spread before its readers from time to time, we know of none which we think can prove so pleasing as a description of the manufacture of the silver ware we have learned by a visit to the house of Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co., at Wallingford, Connecticut.

With the steady steps forward and upward in general intelligence and culture the arts are of every age. Men and women learn, as they grow, to appreciate the finer things of life. Precious surroundings, and valuable ornaments. This is observable particularly among those whose hearts are not set upon riches, but upon comfort for the short space allotted to our existence here. Go where you will, and among the cultured you will find the walls adorned with pictures, the lawns with flowers, and no less the table with silver. Domestic economy nowhere forbids it; morality interposes its favor for them, and human happiness, the end of life, is increased by their presence. The attractive home draws strongly upon the affections of the household members, and when you make the house the center of attraction a great good is accomplished. Those who can afford it