

## WHO? WHAT? WHICH? WHERE?

WHEN the young *débutante* gets sight o' a beau,  
She scarcely can peep thro' the leaves of her fan,  
Her heart doth so flutter, her cheeks do so glow,  
As she asks all a-trembling: "Who is the man?"

Twenty doth bring her to years of discretion,  
No longer she blushes, but changes her plan;  
With thoughts of the pocket, the place, the profession,  
She questions the circle with: "What is the man?"

At thirty, each day the thought doth appal her,  
That hour by hour her roses grow wan;  
Her circle of lovers grow smaller and smaller—  
She duns each deceiver with: "Which is the man?"

Forty changes her tune, and grown romantic,  
Deems it charming to simper as much as she can;  
Haunts watering-places, streams the Atlantic,  
For the query of life now is: "Where is the man?"



## THE RULING PASSION.

*Professor (to young man who has come to propose to daughter, but has broken down in the effort.)—My youthful friend, you have recited so badly that I must order you back. Write your exercise out fifty times, and come up again to-morrow evening.*

## "SHE COULD COOK."

## CHAPTER I.

SAM SNAPPER had a long head. He wanted no learned wife—he wanted a girl that could cook. He wasn't going to have mathematics served up hot to him, with equations for vegetables. What he wanted when he was hungry was, not Greek or Latin quotations, no indeed—he preferred a properly broiled beefsteak, with a savory pudding afterward. Learning, he said, was run to seed. What is a college-bred girl fit for matrimonially, he'd like to know? He pitied Frank Strettup, for he heard he was engaged to a female college bookworm, and what was to become of the poor fellow, dear only knew.

Unconsciously Mr. Snapper had voiced the unspoken sentiments of the majority of his kind—"Man wants but little here below, but wants that little—well cooked." Inspired by such a sentiment, it was not surprising that

when he asked Miss Mimican one evening whether she played or sang, and was answered coyly, "No, but I can cook," it was not surprising we say, that these words haunted him. "She could cook!" there was a solid fact for a man to grapple on to! He brooded over it till imagination regaled his olfactorys with delicious odors—the savory odors of gravys brown, rich, and rare. Miss Mimican was not rich, she was not accomplished, nor thank goodness, learned—but, she could cook! So one night when the moon gazed sponily down upon the lake, and the stars winked at each other across the chasms of illimitable space, Sam Snapper whispered to Mamie Mimican, "I love you! Come and cook for me!" And she answered in a soft, simmering, sizzling voice, "Yes, I will cook your goose for you!" And still the moon gazed down into the lake, and again the stars winked at each other, for Sam Snapper had got a wonderfully long head.

## CHAPTER II.

Six months had fled, six happy months of good cookery and consequent felicity, and yet, Mr. Samuel Snapper looked thin, and restless, and unhappy. Sam had taken to visiting at Frank Strettup's—and somehow had got terribly dissatisfied with his home. Frank was as happy as a big sunflower. True, he had married a university graduate, one who was an ardent lover of the fine arts, but who was also in the art of cookery—an artiste. Sam had married a woman "who could cook," but never on his table were seen or tasted such *recherche* dishes as those cooked by the fair hands of Mrs. Frank Strettup. When dinner was over at Sam's house all was over. Nothing remained but the commonplace, the unsatisfactory, the irritating, and the degrading gossip. Sam tired of it—he turned for mental rest and refreshment to Frank Strettup's, and on his way home dropped occasionally into a saloon. He had married a cook—and now he had taken a most unreasonable desire for a wife. Debarred by law from such a boon, he deliberately drank himself to death, a victim of good cooking. And so perished a man with a long head.

## MORAL.

She cooketh best, who knoweth most  
Of things both great and small;  
For the same mind that learning grasps  
Can house-keep, cook, and all.

## AN UNFEELING REMARK.

MRS. YERGER—"I believe I will accompany our daughter, Clara, to the ball this evening."

Col. Yerger—"What is your object?"

"When the people see how beautiful she is they will say: 'how lovely her mother must have looked when she was young.'"

"No, that's not what they will say."

"What will they say?"

"When they see you at the ball with Clara they will say, 'See how ugly Clara will be when she gets to be as old as her mother.'"

"Oh, you brute!"—*Texas Siftings.*

Beach, the N.S.W. aquatic champion, has eight children.—*News item.*

If this pathetic statement is sent out in view of Hanlan's departure for Australia, we hope it will have no effect. No doubt Hanlan would fight to defeat such a fatherly person, but business is business.