CHARMS OF UGLY MEN

Case of John Wilkes, the Famous London Alderman.

HE WEDDED A NOTED BEAUTY

And He Was So Homely That His Looks Frightened the Children In the Streets—Bailly, With a Face Like a Horse, Won a Famous French Beauty.

There was perhaps as much truth as boasting in the statement of John Wilkes, the famous London alderman and champion of British electors, "Ugly as I am, if I can have but a quarter of an hour's start I will get the better of any man, however good looking, in the graces of any woman."

Of Wilkes' abnormal ugliness there was never a question, for is it not recorded that the "very children in the street ran away affrighted at the sight of him?" And yet his powers of fascination were so great that "ladies of beauty and fashion vied with each other for his notice, while men of handsome exterior and all courtly graces looked enviously on."

There were, it is said, few beauties of the day whose hand Wilkes might not have confidently hoped to win, and when he led Mary Mead to the altar he made a wife of one of the richest and most lovely women of her time. "'Beauty and the Beast' they call us," Wilkes once said to his friend Patter, "and I cannot honestly find fault with the description."

Jean Paul Marat, whose name will always be associated with the evil history of the French revolution, was notoriously the ugliest man of his day in Paris. When this reputation reached his ears Marat is said to have remarked, "But why limit my supremacy to Paris?" And indeed the restriction was much too modest.

And yet in his earlier years, when he was the most popular of court doctors, his very ugliness seemed to exercise such a fascination over aristocratic ladies that they crowded his consulting rooms in order to catch a glimpse of and to exchange words with him under the flimsiest pretexts of imaginary ailments. The studied indifference with which he treated alike their charms and their flattery only made them the more insistent until he declared to a friend that he would have to fly from Paris to escape the persecution of his fair admirers.

Bailly, mayor of Paris at the time of the reign of terror, is said to have had a face almost exactly like that of a horse. His appearance was, in fact, so abnormal, so monstrous, that children shrieked and women fainted at the very sight of him, and yet his wife was one of the most lovely women in the whole of France—so lovely that as a girl she was known as "the beautiful angel."

That there is a powerful fascination for some women in extreme ugliness is proved by innumerable cases in which women who have been richly dowered with physical charms have fallen madly in love with men of almost repulsive appearance.

A London paper records a remarkable case of this kind in 1817, when Lady Mary X. married Mr. Mudford, a London attorney.

Lady Mary was a girl of peerless charms, the most beautiful of all the court ladies and the favorite toast of the world of aristocrats. She might—for her birth and fortune were almost equal to her beauty—have chosen her husband from among dukes, and even more than one royal prince sought her hand in vain.

To the consternation of society, she married Mr. Mudford, not only "a pettifogging attorney," but a man of almost unnatural ugliness of face and with a deformed hand and foot. Singular, too, as it may appear, her married life was one of unclouded happiness, and to her dying day, nearly forty years later, she never seemed to have a moment's regret for her choice of a husband.

Still more remarkable was the story told of a most beautiful heiress with an attachment for one of the freaks of a traveling show, and she persisted in marrying him in spite of all the efforts of her friends and relations. This singular object of her affections masqueraded under the title of "the man monkey, or the ugliest man in the world," and he had an excellent claim to the title.—Exchange.

An Awkward Text.

A butcher of a certain village, being a devout Christian, whenever he sent a business note invariably accompanied it with a text.

A certain lady, wishing him to kill some of her pigs, sent him a letter to notify him of the fact, to which he sent the following reply:

"Dear Madam—I will call on Friday to kill your hogs without fail. Yours, Mr. B. N. B.—'Be ye also ready.'"—London Graphic.

He Had Noticed.

Father (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at the table)—Well, John, you see, when I have finished eating I always leave the table. John—Yes, sir, and that is about all you do leave.—London Mail.

Sure!

"De man dat don't do nuffin' but look out for No. 1," said Uncle Eben, "is purty sure sooner or later to attract attention to hisse'f as about de smallest figger in de 'rithmetic."—Washington Star.

The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.—Ruskin.

REDI'S EXPERIMENT.

Out of It Grew the Great Fabric of the Germ Theory.

It was a fixed belief of the ancients that many living creatures could come into existence in a spontaneous fashion, to which allusion has often been made. The true beginning of the germ theory arose out of a ludicrously simple observation made by Redi, a Florentine physician, about the middle of the seventeenth century. He debated with his confreres in Florence the question of the origin of the maggots appearing in decomposing meat. The old view held, of course, that the maggots were bred within dead and putrefying substances. Redi, taking a piece of meat, covered the mouth of the jar in which it was contained with a piece of fine gauze. He beheld the flesh flies, attracted by the smell of the decaying meat, coming to deposit their eggs, after the manner of their kind, in the decomposing substance. The gauze, however, kept them from effecting this natural object, with the result that the eggs were laid on the surface of the gauze and the maggots there hatched out, while the decay of the meat went on uninterruptedly without a single maggot appearing in its substance.

On this childishly simple experiment the great fabric of the germ theory of today was founded, for if the law of universal parentage applied to the case of maggots and meat it was clear, argued Redi, that it must apply universally. Subsequent experimentation proved the words to be true, and so today, when our attention is focused upon germs or microbes so minute that we might accommodate many hundreds of thousands of them on the surface of a postage stamp, we again come face to face with Redi's first principle that each germ could only have sprung from a preceding and parental organism.—Brooklyn Eagle.

MISTAKES IN TITLES.

"Love's Discourses" Has Nothing to Do With Cupid's Pranks.

It is interesting to collect certain of the instances of mistakes in regard to the titles of books. Thus the old farmer who asked for "Edgworth on Irish Bulls" got no doubt something he did not expect, and the dainty youth who applied for "Love's Discourses" did not really wish a volume of sermons by Christopher Love. If application is made by messenger, mistakes of a different sort may occur. An excitable boy once asked for Bishop Cocks and Hen's "Earnest Communicant;" he meant Bishop Oxenden's. Similarly by Warne's "Moral Cookery" he meant his "Model Cookery." A maid forgot all about the title of the book she had been sent for except that it was "something like tomato soup." She was served with "Red Pottage."

It may have been a fault of pronunciation on the part of the purchaser who asked for "rubber bands" that he received a copy of "Robert Burns," but it was certainly the bookseller who was at sea who referred an applicant for "Vega's Logarithmic Tables" to the "funiture department." In cataloguing booksellers frequently err. Thus Mr. Medan, the Oxford scholar, who wrote a grammar and dictionary of the Swahili language, had those works catalogued as "Madam Swahell's Grammar" and in the line beneath, "Do. do. Dictionary." Recently, too, a book of Mr. Lucas', "A Swan and Her Friends," giving an account of Miss Seward, "the swan of Lichfield," was classified as "Annie Swan and Her Friends."—Manchester Guardian.

That Settled It.

The commissioners in lunacy were nonplused. The man on whose mental condition the courts had appointed them to pass seemed perfectly sane in spite of all testimony to the contrary. His every action, his every remark was rational. They were about to give up in despair when matters took an unexpected turn. "Oh, doctor, permit me to return the umbrella I borrowed from you last week," said the patient.

And then, at the thought of earning their fees with no qualms of conscience, the learned men decided that any one who would voluntarily return a borrowed umbrella should be placed under restraint.

This simply proves how trifles will ever mold our destinies.—New York Times.

He Followed Directions.

Red tape leads one to curious lengths. A writer in the Columbus Dispatch tells of a street railway car that picked up a young heifer on its fender and carried it some distance through the street.

In making out the required report to the superintendent the employee wrote in answer to the query on the blank form, "What did the victim say?" "She was carried along on the fender and then rolled off and ran away without saying a word."

The Way Out.

"Think, love!" said Mrs. Gobsa Golde. "I ordered a dinner gown, and that tiresome dressmaker has sent me a traveling suit."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" Gobsa Golde demanded.

"The only thing is for us to go abroad again," she sighed.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Amiable.

"They say Thelma's husband is a very amiable man."

"Amiable! I should say so! I have known that man to laugh at a joke when he was taking down the stovepipe."—Baltimore American.

It is impossible to make your conduct perfect, but it is easy to make it better than it has been.—Atchison Globe.

ROBERT ADAM.

He Created a New Era in English Architecture.

Robert Adam (1728-92) was to English architecture what Benvenuto Cellini was to that of Italy. He was architect to the king, beloved at court, a member of parliament, and it was said of him that he "could not help adorning all that he touched." Those of the English people who dwell in Adam houses prize them as rare jewels.

Adam introduced into English architecture a lightness, delicacy of touch and charm of proportion which it had never before possessed and which gave his name to that splendid period of architecture the style of which lasted over a century. Everything in a house, from the panel in a ceiling to the vases and gilt wood tripods and branches for lights, from hangings at the windows to a woman's hairpin holder, Adam designed himself.

Adam got his rich, beautiful and distinctive style from the ruins of the Emperor Diocletian, at Spalato. As a finish to interiors he conceived the idea of using figures in relief upon walls, colored and adorned according to Raphael's Stanze painted flat upon the walls of the Vatican. His idea was as bold as its result was beautiful. He also adopted Pompeiian styles of decoration.

"Adam was artist as well as architect, and his walls, ceilings and interior adornments are marvels of harmonious colors," says an architect. "He employed no less personages than Angelica Kaufman and Zucchi to paint many of the panels and medallions let into his ceilings, and it was his habit to have carpets woven to match the pattern overhead and harmonize with the color there employed. The keynote of Adam's style is 'movement' combined with perfect artistic fitness, and it is peculiar for its grace and stateliness."—New York Tribune.

QUITE FOGGY.

It Must Have Been Pretty Thick Back In the Old Days.

"Yaas, it's foggy—quite foggy," said Hezekiah Torpyhue, filling his pipe and puffing vigorously on the stem. "But it ain't nothin' to the fog we had back in seventy-nine. By gorry, boys, but that was a fog, an' no mistake! Why, it was so thick that when I went out to the barn one night to feed the animals I had to git three o' the farm hands to come along behind me an' push me through it."

"Yaas," said Hiram Wigley, the egg king, "that was some fog. I remember that there seventy-nine affair very well, but it warn't a marker alongside o' the two we had in seventy-eight, when me an' Joe Sillsbee had to take a plow to cut our way through to the henhouse, an', by ginger, when we got there we found the hens a-settin' on it instid of on their nests, an' some of 'em laid eggs right on to it like as though it was made o' hay, b'gosh!"

"Yaas," put in old Granther Snoggs, the village patriarch, "them there two fogs was dandies, an' everything you fellers says about 'em is gospel trewth, but fer real fog ye'd oughter been around here back in my young days. I tell ye they was solid, them days. Why, we boys used to set on the fence down in front o' the little chapel an' make fog balls outen 'em an' peg 'em at people as they went by. Seems to me I ain't seen no fogs sence that time that we could make snowballs out of. Have you, Bill?"—Chicago News.

The Laborer and His Hire.

At a conference in New York of foreign missions boards reference was made to the increased cost of living of missionaries home on leave, which made it harder for them to get along than if they stayed in their foreign field of labor.

"Why," said the speaker, "a missionary must travel decently, and that reminds me of a story of Mr. Spurgeon and a fellow clergyman. The two were just starting on a railway journey and Mr. Spurgeon's friend showed him a second class ticket.

"'See,' said he, 'what good care I take of the Lord's money.'

"'See,' said Mr. Spurgeon, bringing out a first class ticket, 'what good care I take of the Lord's servant.'"—Youth's Companion.

The Don's Opinion.

Fashion is as inexorable in men's as in women's dress. The undergraduate is perhaps the most telling example of this. It was so even a century ago, when Oxford led the way in adopting the new nankeen trousers that were to supersede tight breeches and top boots. Just about that period a don of Trinity met an undergraduate arrayed in all the splendor of the new fashion. "Young man," said the don severely, "you will come to no good. You wear nankeen trousers and keep a dog." The young man afterward became Dr. Sumner and bishop of Winchester.—London Chronicle.

Interested.

He was telling his wife about a small game of poker in which he had lost 43 cents.

"It was the worst game I ever played," he exclaimed, still angry over it, "and I got so mad I couldn't see."

"What did you do then, dear," she asked sweetly—"go it blind?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Caught.

She—Did you hear they were going to tax bachelors? He—Yes, but they'll never get it out of me. She—It is nice of you to put it that way, but I must speak to mother first.—Illustrated Bits.

What is not necessary is dear at a penny.—Cato.

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