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DEMOCRATIC.

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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PITH AND POINT.

—If one is not on one's guard, lowered fortunes may lead to baseness of soul.

—The days of December are shorter than those of August; but you can never make a schoolboy believe or feel it.

—There are people in this world who love to suffer for the pleasure they derive in moaning.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please by its resemblance to it.—*Shaftesbury.*

—He who is capable of making the nicest distinctions in language is in the greatest danger of saying what he does not mean.

—The esteem of wise and good men is the greatest of all temporal encouragements to virtue; and it is the mark of an abandoned spirit to have no regard to it.

—What is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a good deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good people talk about their neighbors because they have nothing else to talk about to pass the social hour.

—Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive.—*Colton.*

—Unless you are smarter and stronger than the thieves down Jericho way—and I guess may be you are not; very few men are—why, you keep off that road. You stay in Jerusalem, and you'll have more money and less headache.—*Burdette.*

—Woman's work is never done. The reason of this is that she hires a servant girl to do it. This may be a trifle obscure, but the germs of eternal truth are in its bosom.—*Puck.*

—"Of all seasons of the year, Dr. Diagnosis," she said to a young physician who was helping her look at the moon, "which do you most prefer?" "I think I prefer the watermelon season," he replied in a low business tone of voice.—*Epoch.*

—Mrs. Smith (engaging servant)—"Can you write?" Servant—"Yes, ma'am." Mrs. Smith—"Well, here is a card; write my name on it. (Servant writes "Mrs. A. B. Smythe.") Mrs. Smith (looking at it)—"You are engaged."—*Time.*

TO —.

In the glory of autumn we met one day,
And looked o'er the past with sad, dim eyes—
Around us the maple's foliage lay
In the crimson beauty that lovers prize.
Spring and summer had fed the leaf,
Now ripe and beautiful in its fall;
So the soul can mellow in passing grief,
And luminous grow 'neath sorrow's pall.
Only true seekers can ever know
The aureole gleam from spirit fires
That lights with the opal's changeful glow
The spark divine, from our crushed desires.
—Hester S. Dwinelle in Demorest's Monthly.

A BEAR HUNT.

One day Long Dog and I had gone out with a hunting party of young bucks that were scouring the country for buffalo sign in the neighborhood of Pumpkin buttes. The party had divided up and spread out over the country in twos and threes. Long Dog and I and a young buck named Two Knives struck off together up through the cottonwood timber that fringes the river for a width of half a mile or so. Before going far we bowled over a fine buck elk, and started Two Knives back to camp with the carcass. Long Dog and I kept on up through the cottonwoods. An hour or so after parting company with young Two Knives we caught sight of a big silver tip bear on the other side of the river. He was standing on his hind legs, digging the touchwood out of a hollow tree. This is a favorite pastime of bears, and particularly brown bears and silver tips, who have a keen partiality for the big, fat inch grubs that make their home in the decayed cottonwood.

The bear was so absorbed in his pursuit that we had no trouble in wheeling our cayuses around and retreating out of sight without attracting attention. It was about 300 yards from where we stood to the bear, and Long Dog and I both agreed that to pump lead at a silver tip at that distance would be merely a waste of good ammunition.

"What had we better do, Long Dog?" said I.

"Ugh, heap kill," replied the Injun; and pointing down the river, he led the way in an almost opposite direction from the bear. We continued on down to a ford, where a bend in the river hid us from the bear, and crossed over. Riding on up the other side a short distance we hitched the bronchos behind a clump of box alders and proceeded cautiously toward the bear. The immediate edge of the river was thickly fringed with box alders and mountain willows, and through these we at length began to crawl on hands and knees, with the idea of taking the silver tip by surprise at close quarters. With an old seasoned Injun hunter of Long Dog's caliber leading the way, this part of the proceeding was easy enough. He wormed and twisted through the thick willows as slick as a beaver without ever snapping a dead twig. All I had to do was to crawl along in the trail close behind. We had almost got to the point where we had been expecting to be able to use our Winchesters with some certainty when Long Dog halted, and, without uttering a grunt reached back and tapped me cautiously on the back with his moccasin. As the old Injun looked back over his shoulder and raised his finger as a warning for me to lay low, his piercing black eyes glowed and twinkled like a pair of black diamonds with excitement.

Of course, I naturally supposed he was merely worked up some over suddenly catching sight of the bear, perhaps, a little nearer than he had been expecting. Seeing me peer inquiringly through the brush in the direction of the touchwood tree. Long Dog raised one dusky finger, and, without moving another muscle in his body, pointed it toward a clump of willows standing, I should say, thirty feet to the right of the tree, and about three times that distance from us. The space between our ambush and the clump was quite open, and was traversed by a deer path that led up from the water. The deer path led straight through the willow clump, and, following the direction of Long Dog's finger, I saw, in the narrow, alleylike deer path, a long, catlike tail waving to and fro. It was the tail of a full grown mountain lion, an object familiar enough to me, for I had killed a round dozen of the varmint in my time. No part of the lion was visible save his tail, for the willows were thick between us and his body.

Long Dog seemed to comprehend the situation at once, for when I glanced at his finger the next moment it had turned like a weather vane and was pointing in the direction of the bear. With the keen perception of a savage, the old Injun hunter knew at a glance that the mountain lion was lying there watching the movements of the bear, and hadn't the least suspicion of our own presence. Our situation was a thrilling one, even for an old hunter. From where we lay, scarcely daring to draw breath for fear of betraying our presence, we could see one side of the silver tip's big hairy body as he stood up and clawed away at the hollow tree, and on the other hand there was the mountain lion's four foot tail waving to and fro in the narrow deer path like the tail of an angry cat. All of a sudden, biff! went a big tawny object through the air as quickly and noiselessly as if it had been the flash of a shadow. But now the silence, which had hardly been violated at all by the industrious bear at the tree, was broken rudely by a whole woodful of savage roars, youfs, snaps, snarls and stand offs. Under the cottonwood tree stood a big mountain lion in an attitude of defiance, scowling at the bear, which looked anxious to attack him and yet half inclined to back away.

There is always something unspeakably comical about a bear to me, whichever way you take him, and even under the exciting conditions of the occasion the old silver tip seemed to me to wear a clownish look. He stood there a few moments weaving his big lumbering body backward and forward, as though he didn't care a pine needle whether the lion intended tackling him again or not. Yet we could see the blood gently oozing out of the long silvery wool on his shoulder, where the mountain lion had gouged into him when he made the spring; for the tawny shadow we had seen flash through the air was the lion as he sprang on the unsuspecting bear.

A low excited "Ugh!" from Long Dog and another motion of his finger caused me to glance again into the clump of willows. Take my head for coyote bait if the lion's tail wasn't still in the deer path, a-thrashing like fury. Before you could say "whisky" twice, however, biff went another shadow out of the willows, and when I looked for the tail again it was gone. Instead of one mountain lion, as we had first thought, the willows had sheltered two.

And now the circus opened up with savage earnestness. The second lion lit square on the silver tip's withers and well nigh toppled him over. The other one, which had evidently been waiting for his partner to come on, sailed in at the same moment, and I tell you they made old bruin hustle around pretty lively for a while. The three varmints rolled over and over on the ground in a heap, struggling, biting, roaring and clawing away at each other like mad demons. First one party seemed to be getting the best of the fight and then the other. The lions were on top most of the time, however, for the silver tip seemed to think he would stand a better show if he kept down on his back and fought with all four of his paws at liberty. The way he worked those paws was a caution. Once or twice during the first few minutes the lions came in for vicious scrapes that ripped long red gashes in their hides, and they backed off a few paces and uttered dismal howls, as though bewailing their hurts. This gave the old bear a chance to pull himself together, and he stood up and weaved back and forth and moaned, sorrowful like, as though he would a heap rather see his assailants turn around and walk off than come at him again. This was in the early stage of the fight, before the bear had properly got his mad up.

It was a pretty even match, considering everything. A mountain lion can walk all around a bear for quickness, and two of them together are able to make things mighty uncomfortable for almost any kind of an animal. But, on the other side, their hides are right smart tenderer than a bear's, with no wool to speak of; and an old silver tip has more lives than a dozen mountain lions.

After snarling and grinning at each other awhile, "wor-r-r-r! quow-r-r! pssssss! spit! yeaow-r-r! whoof! zippp?!" they were at it again, the bear down on his back a-thrashing and snapping like mad to stand the lions off. The lions, however, badly lacerated as they were in the first two rounds, seemed determined to chew the bear up. They flew at him like twin furies, biting and tearing away with such demoniacal ferocity that more than one guttuaal "Ugh!" involuntarily escaped Long Dog's lips as we lay there and looked on. Ten minutes after the commencement it became very evident that the fight couldn't last much longer. The skin of one of the lion's left side was hanging in ribbons, and the other one seemed to have half its face torn away. Owing to the bear's heavy coat it showed up at this stage of the struggle a heap perter than the lions; but, all the same, it was dyed from head to tail with its own blood. All three were becoming somewhat weaker from the loss of blood, but the silver tip was by far the likeliest looking animal of the three. As the fight progressed he got madder than a hornet all through, and instead of weaving and moaning when the lions drew off for a breathing spell, he took to chasing them around. The lions kept clear of him until they got good and ready to waltz in and on him again, when they made the fur fly for all their teeth and claws were worth.

When the lions drew off for the fourth time, one of them had his belly ripped open and his entrails were dragging on the ground. He soon got so weak that he couldn't keep out of the old bear's reach. The silver tip fetched him a savage swipe over the head that tore away the scalp. He then flung himself on the helpless lion and finished him up in a fine burst of savage fury.

The bear was now boss of the field, but he was growing so weak that he fairly staggered as he moved off after the other lion. This critter had got all the bear fight he wanted for one dose, and was plainly on the point of clearing out. He didn't seem to understand that his partner was a goner, though, and he sat down on his haunches out of the bear's reach, as though expecting the other one to join him.

"Ugh!" said Long Dog, "now kill."

Bang! bang! Long Dog bowled over the surviving lion, and I toppled over the bear. We then strode out upon the field of battle and took in the slaughter pen. The old silver tip staggered to his feet as we moved out of cover, but it was all he could do; another shot laid him out for good. We examined the carcasses with a good deal of curiosity to see which had fared the worst. There wasn't much to choose between them, after all. Beneath the fur there was hardly an inch of sound hide on the bear's body. One of his eyes was torn out, and his tongue was bitten completely in two. He would have died, probably, in less than half an hour if we hadn't finished him off.

As I said, in comparing it with the moonlight scrimmage among the grizzlies at the head waters of the Rosebud, I think this was a little bit the prettiest fight I ever saw in the Rockies, barring none.—New York Sun.

Smoking "Off Color" Cigars.

"I suppose you smoke as much as you like for nothing?" said the purchaser of some cigars to the clerk of a popular cigar stand. "Yes, I smoke a good many good cigars at no cost to myself. You see, the proprietor goes over the stock every morning with me, and we pick out all the 'off color' goods and cigars that have had the wrapper cracked by handling. They are just as good cigars to smoke as any others, but they do not sell quite as readily. These we put into what is called the 'cull box,' and out of this we do our smoking."—Chicago Tribune.

Power from Artesian Wells.

Science Notes and News contained, a short time since, the suggestion of electric lighting from the air—using windmills for the motor. In Dakota, where the artesian wells have such a pressure as to warrant the belief that it is due to gas—since there are no known water supplies capable of furnishing the necessary head—it is purposed to utilize water for the same purpose. An electric light plant is about to be put in at Yankton, to supply 500 incandescent and twenty-five heavy arc lights, requiring about forty horse power. The power is expected to be supplied by an artesian well now flowing, and if the experiment is successful another well will be bored and the capacity of the light plant doubled.—Chicago News.

Novel Precaution Against Cold.

The Chinese sojourning in Berlin during the winter adopted a novel precaution against cold. They assumed ear protectors made of papier mache, the top covered with black satin, the side pieces with blue silk profusely painted with flowers. The inside was lined with fur, which, projecting on the cheek, gave the appearance of whiskers. They also substituted shell or horn framed spectacles for those of steel or other metal.—Chicago Herald.

Worse Than a Second Mortgage.

"Hi, Billy, where's yer kit?" called a bootblack to another of the guild who was minus his accoutrements.

"Gen'l'man's got it back there three or four blocks," with a sly leer.

"Who's got it; a cop?"

"No, gen'l'man, tell yer. He's agoin to hold it till I git back wid de change fo a dollar."—Detroit Free Press.

CARP NOT POPULAR.

They Thrive Well Enough, but Are Not Very Good to Eat.

When the government some years ago began the introduction of carp into this country a great deal of interest was manifested in the project and all kinds of predictions were indulged in. Carp ponds were constructed all over the country and the immigrants took kindly to American water. The prediction that the carp would do well in this country was soon realized, but there does not seem to be much prospect of the realization of the prediction that it will be the future food fish of this country. At any rate, Jerseymen are not taking kindly to eating it. An attempt was made to introduce it into the market at Paterson and the price dropped to ten and eight cents per pound, but the taste of the people was more favorable to catfish and porgies, and the carp were driven out of the market. Those who ate them pronounced them worse than the American sucker, and nobody seemed anxious for a second trial. George Jackson, of Little Falls, was one of the first to catch the carp fever, and he has several ponds full of the various kinds. One day he killed one weighing about four pounds. It was prepared in various different ways, and was found to be enough for a dozen families. Carp boiled, stewed, fried and fixed in different other ways was passed about the neighborhood, but nobody called for a second plate. Then some one suggested that the proper way to eat it was with port wine sauce. The jury returned a verdict without leaving their seats that this was a good way to spoil port wine.

In the upper part of Passaic county there were a number of carp ponds. One night a freshet swept them away and the carp got into the river. Since that time they have multiplied rapidly, and last year large numbers weighing about a half to three-quarters of a pound were caught. This year they are caught in still larger numbers, and the average weight has increased to over a pound, and occasionally one weighing three or four pounds is caught. They have been caught weighing six or seven pounds, but carp of this size are scarce.

The Passaic river, from the Morris county line for several miles either way, is a sluggish stream, admirably adapted for the growth of carp. This part of the river is now literally alive with them, and it takes but a short time to catch a large number. They will take a worm like any common fish, but the largest number are caught on dough mixed with cotton. Boiled peas make a delicate bait, and when boiled string beans are presented to them the carp fairly jump with delight.

After they are caught they are generally thrown away, fed to the cats or used for manure. Very few people undertake to eat them. In some places the carp are so thick that they can be seen at times by the hundred. Then again they stir up the bottom in search of bait, and the water presents a muddy appearance for a considerable distance around. In this way the river is kept almost continually stirred up, so that people living along the banks are complaining of the quality of the drinking water.

What this marvelous increase in carp is going to result in is a question that is troubling some people. Other fish introduced into waters where they do not belong have frequently multiplied so rapidly as to die off by the thousands for want of nourishment, and have thus caused disease, their rotting carcasses being exposed to the action of the sun and the water. If is feared that this will be the case with the carp, and many of the residents along the Passaic river are talking about joining the Knownothing party and putting nothing but American fish on guard.

Anglers having tried the carp and found them wanting in gamy qualities, concluded that their introduction would be a good thing for the bass and pickerel, who, it was thought, would relish the carp to feed upon. But the bass are too intensely American to have a taste for carp, and they let them severely alone and look for other food. Fishing for bass and pickerel is just as good as it has been for years, and the carp do not seem to have interfered with the food supply of other fish. Catching carp is a novelty to an angler, but he soon tires of it, and the result is that they are being let alone, and when caught by accident they are generally thrown back into the water. The carp, consequently, have everything their own way, and are continuing to multiply until they threaten to take rank among the fishes which the English sparrow occupies among the birds of this country.—New York Herald.

A Source of Courage.

There are, of course, many degrees of courage, endless varieties in its manifestations, but my own experience leads me to believe that this virtue in man follows the same natural laws as obtain in the case of horses and dogs. The better bred all three are the greater will be their innate pluck. In the well born man, however, there is found another element of the highest value. The man proud of a brave father, or, still more, of a long list of brave progenitors, even if fate has been so cruel as to give him thin blood and a timid disposition, will feel bound to sustain what is commonly called "the honor of his name." The struggle within him may possibly strain every nerve, but his pride will conquer his weak spirit, and in the hour of trial—aye, even of appalling danger—will enable him to play the part of the hero, and to play it well.—Lord Wolseley in Fortnightly Review.

Disease Among Copper Workers.

A physician of Birmingham, Eng., who has spent long years in observation of what is known as "braziers' disease," or "brass workers' ague," asserts that the trouble is due to acute or chronic copper poisoning. Almost all workers in brass or copper soon begin to show signs of the disease. A green band appears on the neck of the teeth, between the crown and the gum, the edge of the gum itself becomes slightly blackened, the perspiration has a greenish tinge, and even the hair takes on a greenish hue, signs all indicating the absorption of copper by the workmen. Where the complaint is acute, dyspepsia, colic, and nervousness set in, and even deafness and symptoms of locomotor ataxia have been observed.—Chicago News.

Climbing Up the Rigi.

I am not certain whether it pays or not to go up on the Rigi. When the weather is clear you can see three mountain ranges all snow capped, 12 or 13 lakes, 17 towns and cities, 40 villages, 60 odd glaciers, and this in a circumference of about 300 miles. Glorious, I admit, but oh! the discomfort of the descent again! It takes longer to come down than it does to go up, and passengers are jerked, jerked, jerked from apex to base so rudely that life is no longer a pleasure ere we have reached Vitznau again. Out on such cogwheel contrivances for human torture, say I; the old fashioned diligences may have been slow and cruel, but they were Pullmans alongside of these new fangled cars.

Four years ago I climbed the Rigi, mere child's play after doing Pilatus, and I have not grown much older since I said I would climb it again and I did so day before yesterday. It was a warm afternoon. Not a breath of air, and the sun shining full on me for half the distance. By half-past 7 o'clock I had reached the kulm or highest point, and there I threw myself on the earth and saw the sun go down. Then I had my feet and legs well rubbed with liniment, meanwhile eating dinner, and then I went to bed to be called early enough to see that same sun rise again. The Rigi Kulm is the best place I know of to observe the splendid ruddy glow that comes over the great Alpine peaks at the rising and setting of the sun. Unfortunately these effects of light do not last long, but they are marvelously beautiful. Night before last as the sun went down it became first yellow, then dark red and in an instant everything touched by its dying rays assumed the same ruddy tint. This lasted for a couple of minutes after the sun had entirely disappeared, and then suddenly everything turned black and lo! the stars were shining.—Henry Haynie in New Orleans Picayune.

No Chances Against Gamblers.

In 1849 that famous magician, Robert Houdin, was requested by the judge of instruction of the tribunal of the Seine to examine and verify the genuineness of 150 packs of cards which had been seized in the possession of a man who enjoyed anything but a savory reputation. A peculiarity of the cards was that they were perfectly white, and it was impossible to detect the least proof of their having been tampered with or to find the slightest mark upon them. Over his work Houdin spent a fortnight, now inspecting them with the unaided eye, again by means of superior lens. Every individual card of the 150 packs was inspected again and again. He was giving up his work in despair, when, of a sudden, close to the corner of one of them, he perceived a dullish spot. Looking at it closer the spot disappeared, but holding it at a distance from him the spot reappeared. Following up this clew, he ascertained that on every card there existed a spot which, according to its position on the card, indicated the suit and the value of the card.

He pursued the subject further, for the purpose of ascertaining whether a person who plays for amusement only has the slightest chance of winning with a person who plays only to live. The conclusion he arrived at was that there is no such supposed favorable chance, and that the amount of the non-professional's losses is limited only by the magnanimity of the professional.—Boston Herald.

Favorite Beverages in Persia.

The great beverage in Persia is sherbet, which is plentifully supplied, and of which there are many varieties—from the bowl of water with a squeeze of lemon to the clear, concentrated juice of any sort of fruit to which water is added to dilute it. The preparation of sherbet, which is done with the greatest care, is a very important point in so thirsty a country as Persia, and one to which much time is devoted. It may be either expressed from the juice of fruit freshly gathered or from the preserved extract of pomegranates, cherries or lemons mixed with sugar and submitted to a certain degree of heat to preserve it for winter consumption.

Another sherbet much drank is called guzang ebben. It is made from the honey of the tamarisk tree. This honey is not the work of the bee, but is made by a small insect living under the leaves of the shrub. During the months of August and September the insect is collected and the honey is preserved. When used for sherbet it is mixed with vinegar, and, although not so delicious as that made from fruit, it makes an excellent beverage.

Only among the rich and fashionable are glasses used. In all other cases sherbet is served in china bowls and drank from deep wooden spoons carved in pearwood.—Youth's Companion.

Some Facts About Honey.

Starch and sugar when eaten undergo a digestive change before they are assimilated. In honey this change has been made to a considerable extent by the bees. It is partly digested, easy of assimilation and concentrated, and furnishes the same element of nutrition as sugar and starch—imparts warmth and energy.

As a medicine honey has great value and many uses. It is excellent in most lung and throat affections, and is often used with great benefit in place of cod liver oil. Occasionally there is a person with whom it does not agree, but most people can learn to use it with beneficial results. Children, who have more natural appetites, generally prefer it to butter. Honey is a laxative and sedative, and in diseases of the bladder and kidneys it is an excellent remedy. It has much the same effect as wine or stimulants, without their injurious effects, and is unequaled in mead and harvest drinks. As an external application it is irritating when clear and soothing when diluted. In many places it is much appreciated as a remedy for croup and colds. In preserving fruit, the formic acid it contains makes a better preservative than sugar syrup, and it is also used in cooking and confectionery.—American Bee Journal.

The New Zealand government is advertising for qualified persons acquainted with the best systems of dairy farming, and competent to instruct dairy farmers in New Zealand as to the best methods of preparing their produce for the English market.—Boston Budget.

DIMPLES MADE TO ORDER.

A Chicago "Doctor's" Method—A Frenchman's Process—A Bad Job.

The doctor, a pleasant faced young man, said: "I am a regularly graduated physician, and believe myself capable of performing any ordinary operation. Chicago needs a dimple maker and I want to be the man. There's money in it for me and beauty in it for the ladies. The process is practically painless and the after result as beautiful a dimple as the heart of man could desire to look upon or woman to possess. Dimple making is a regular business in New York and other eastern cities. I think I can introduce improvements into the art. I have been to Paris and have studied there under the great dimple makers, and think myself competent. The process is simple. Through an incision made in the skin I remove a small portion of the flesh sufficient to leave a cavity large enough for a dimple. The wound is dressed and nature is left to heal it. No, I don't care to go into particulars, because I do not want to be imitated. The charge will be from $25 to $50, and the time required about one week. The operation itself takes but a few minutes. Of course the healing of the wound is a matter of more or less time."

The first establishment of the business, if it can be so called, in America, was managed by a Frenchman named Le Compte, who introduced it. He had been a barber in his own country, and had learned dimple making as an adjunct to shaving, as the Italians learn how to use the lancet. He was not an expert, but he was shrewd. He knew that doctors of a certain class come cheap, so when he hired a first floor front in one of the old houses on Fourteenth street, New York, before the reorganization of that thoroughfare, he hired a young graduate to help him. This was in 1875.

Le Compte soon became the rage. He early achieved newspaper notoriety from the novelty of his calling, and this helped him. His process was not so simple or so free from pain as the present method. He applied a small hollow cone of silver to the cheek or chin of the would be dimpled. To the open small end of the cone was affixed a tube leading to an air pump. By exhausting the air from the cone the integument and flesh covered by the open flared end of it was forced up, filling the cone. A ligament was then tied around the base of the conical portion of flesh to prevent it sinking back to the level of the face. The cone was then removed and an opening made in the elevated particle of face, and enough of that flesh removed to cause the desired depression, when the ligament was removed. As none of the epidermis was removed, there was usually no difficulty experienced in causing the wound to heal with suppuration. To give the dimple its required shape, a solid cone was inserted in the depression and kept there until the wound had healed by means of a bandage. During this time it was presumed that the more or less fair patient was not at home to callers. Or, if seen, she had a bad toothache or the mumps, or any other complaint causing the muffling of the face.

Le Compte did quite a business at first, but it was soon discovered that his operations left either a scar or a permanent redness behind, which was more unpleasant than the lack of a dimple. He had imitators, of course, and some of them improved on his methods. It was not until local anæsthetics came into vogue that the business received a great impetus. With cocaine a new field was opened to dimple makers and the other improvers and benefactors of humanity. The process was then made practically painless, and establishments, usually as adjuncts to dental offices and manicure shops, were located in Boston and Philadelphia as well as New York.

It rested with a Yankee herb doctor named Swain to reach the pinnacle of the profession. Swain had been an itinerant medicine vender throughout New England, in which capacity he had pulled teeth and performed other minor surgical operations upon the natives of the districts through which he traveled. Becoming acquainted with one of Le Compte's assistants he soon learned all that the Frenchman knew, and he resolved to see whether American ways and newspaper ink would not improve on the methods of Europe. He chose the City of Brotherly Love as the field for his operations, and opened with the glare of brass and the fluttering of dodgers—"health and beauty" parlors, as he described his apartments on Market street. He chose as chief assistant a pretty young Quakeress with a natural dimple of surpassing beauty. She was exhibited as a specimen of his handicraft. He did not confine himself to dimples. He sold powders and rouges and lotions, and had certain infallible recipes for baldness and paleness and redness and all the blemishes, real and imaginary, with which the belles of the city thought themselves afflicted. He soon worked up a good trade, and at one time he is said to have kept two assistants busy dimple making, but an end came to his prosperity.

His method of making dimples was substantially the same as that now practiced. But familiarity breeds carelessness as well as contempt, and one day when the chin of a patrician Philadelphia belle was in the process of dimpling a rusty scalpel was inadvertently used with disastrous effect. In a few days the lower jaw of that beauty was far from heightening her attractiveness. Let a veil be drawn over the picture. Suffice it, her good looks were gone forever, and as she valued her appearance at $25,000 it was rather a serious matter. Swain was brought into court on a damage suit and mulcted for a moiety of that sum. It appeared in evidence that he gave a guarantee to each patient to make a dimple without disfigurement, and as in this case he had failed lamentably in both provisions of his bond, he was charged for the same. That ended his career as a beautifier of womankind.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Machine Made Mortar.

An idea has been developed in Germany in the shape of the manufacture of mortar by machinery in large quantities to be delivered to contractors or individuals as required for use. About 2,000,000 barrels were disposed of in Berlin on this plan alone last year.—New York Star.