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OF THE USE OF POWDER.

EMMA V. SHERIDAN CONFESSES THAT "WE ALL USE IT."

She Holds That Though Powder Has Its Disadvantages, and They Are Serious, It May Not Be Very Bad When Used with Discretion.

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WE ALL use powder, "just a little to take the shine off," and most of us fret over the habit as a more injurious and reprehensible one than it need be. A pure, fine powder is in itself not as injurious as stupid use of it can and often does make it. I suppose we have all heard enough about the "pores" of the skin to be sick and tired of hearing of them. We know "powder fills up the pores," and that death and destruction eventually will result from said filling up, or at least what to the average woman is nearly as bad as death and destruction—a bad complexion. Now, a word in your ear. The pores are bound to be full of something—it should be the natural oily secretion of the skin. When a foreign substance, be it powder or dirt, gets rubbed into the pores, a greater amount of oil is secreted in an endeavor to throw out the foreign substance.

This constant effort makes the pores big, and keeps a greasy look on the surface of the skin. If when our face shines we scrub on a lot of chalk we scour out the pores dry, which is of course bad for them, and leave them full of a mess that presently softens as the pores secrete again into a paste, sticky and ugly, which catches dirt and makes the skin look muggy—a mugginess removed too often by another scrubbing on of chalk. Or the woman scours her face with hot water and badly rinsed off soap, removing the drawn feeling and shiny look left by a scrub on of powder, thus adding a new ingredient of soap to the presently forming paste. Oh, it's a wonder women have any skins at all!

Now I will tell you how to use powder. First your face must be clean. We will start with its first morning washing. The grease or oil put on overnight (let us hope something pure) must be thoroughly removed by hot water, good and hot, and soap too, if you like, and can content yourself with pure castile or glycerine soap. If soap is used the first rinsing must be with hot water and very thorough. You can rub the skin as much as you like, with your fingers first if you are not used to a cloth rubbing—in fact, some skins are too delicate to ever stand a rough cloth rubbing—then rinse with cold water as cold as it will come from the faucet, rubbing well, though gently, in kneading fashion with your fingers, and dry by dabbing with a soft towel, and dry thoroughly, a final rubbing with dry fingers to give a last impulse to the blood, which should by this time begin to course up under the skin. This operation has cleansed your skin thoroughly. The cold water by contracting the surface has closed up the pores after the relaxing of them by the hot water.

Possibly your face feels a bit stretched and dry and uncomfortable. It has so long been used to a layer of greasy paste that you miss it. To counteract this rub on a very little grease—almond oil or perfumed sweet oil is good—a very little; rub it in thoroughly, and if from having taken too much any is left to shine on the skin dry it carefully and thoroughly off. Powder? Oh, yes, I forgot about the powder! Throw away your "powder rag," whether it's a glove, or a piece of chamois, or a top of a stocking—upon that I insist; also throw away your chalk, if that is what you use, or your cheap powder. Use only the best.

Now a powder puff—not the sort you buy in a drug store, but a big soft piece of swansdown sewed on a piece of silk a little bigger than the swansdown piece. Put a drawing cord around the edge of the silk (which extends beyond the swansdown). When the cord is drawn in you have a soft puff, with a pretty bunch of silk to hold on to at the back. Press the puff softly against the powder—both of those I recommend—pack closely in the box so there is no dust and waste, and puff the face all over, two or three times if you like, but no rubbing in. Dust off the lashes and eyebrows, and if the powder shows rub it off lightly with your palms—and there you are! prettier than ever powder made you before, I will warrant.

During the day, if you get shiny, rub the face clean first with a woolen cloth before putting on more powder. In a very little while your skin will begin to get fine and soft and smooth. Keeping it clean and the pores oiled, instead of full of dirt or powder, is doing it more good than the dainty flecking on its surface of a perfumed and non-irritating cloud of powder can counteract.

You will presently find less and less real need of powder, though doubtless you will always use it as a dainty toilet indulgence, and why shouldn't you?

EMMA V. SHERIDAN.

How Mrs. Leslie Succeeded.

Mrs. Frank Leslie is a native of New Orleans, but she has long been a resident of New York. All the world knows that she is a woman of indomitable energy and the rarest business tact. She had been for many years engaged in newspaper work before she became the head of the publishing house which bears her name. The business came into her hands in June, 1881. It was under great financial embarrassment, and at one time for the want of $50,000, the sum necessary to meet immediate obligations, threatened to collapse. Had the help which came dropped from the clouds it could not have been less expected.

A boy of 15 or 16 years of age, who had been in Mrs. Leslie's employ, chanced to see Mrs. Leslie just when she had expended all her resources without avail to raise the money. He inquired how she was prospering, and some impulse seized Mrs. Leslie to confide in the boy. "Badly enough," she said; "if I do not get $50,000 within three days I shall not be able to go on."

"I think I can get it for you," said the boy.

"You!" she asked in astonishment; "how could you command so much money?"

"I know an old couple who have it, and I think I could induce them to lend it to you," he replied.

The money was obtained and the business saved.

Eight years after she sold Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper to Mr. Arkell for $400,000. She now controls four monthly and four annual publications. She attends to all her financial business herself, and is never absent from her office during business hours, except when taking a summer vacation in Europe, or when on a business or lecturing tour. Her publishing offices are on Fifth avenue. She has elegant apartments at the Gerlach, on Twenty-seventh street, where during the winter she receives her friends every Thursday evening.

Of late, fearing that her literary reputation would be lost in her business success, she has been writing articles for various syndicates. These she dashes off in the middle of the night, sleeping before and after.

She is a member of the Woman's Press club, of New York.

ANNA RANDALL DIEHL.

TWO SUCCESSES.

Women in the South Who Are Making a Mark.

In the first magazine in this country, in its most ambitious issue of 1889—the holiday number—there appeared as its fairest attraction a story entitled "A Golden Wedding," by Ruth McEnery Stuart. Mrs. Stuart is a resident of New Orleans, and belongs to the best people of her section. She is a young widow with one child, a son. A picture of her shows an expressive, intellectual face. She is slight and graceful in figure.

Her fame is due largely to her success as a writer of short stories, mainly in dialect, which have appeared in The Princeton Review, Youth's Companion, America, Harper's Magazine and other popular and fastidious journals. She has been particularly felicitous in producing not only the words of her negro characters, but the very coloring of the thought behind the words, and her writings in that vein are pronounced faultless by the most competent judges; added to these rare qualifications is her bold and original conception of plot and situation. There is never a threadbare incident or a hackneyed scene—all fresh, invigorating, stimulating. She has achieved much and will do more, being young, gifted, in love with her art, she will undoubtedly win a place in the first rank of southern writers. She will do good work in whatever field she labors, and admits, in a private letter relating to her stories in the negro and Dago (Diego) dialects, "I have plans for something more ambitious, though I find myself constantly turning aside to deal with the picturesque folk of mixed speech," and readers of "Mingo," "Lamentations of Jeremiah Johnson," "Crazy Abe," and this latest triumph, "A Golden Wedding," will rejoice that she has "turned aside" to sow such sweet and lasting flowers by the way.

Orelia Key Bell is worthy a place here. It has been only a few years since fugitive pieces commenced to fly about in the southern papers signed with the unfamiliar name quoted above. The Atlanta Constitution and The New Orleans Times-Democrat were the first to recognize this new singer. For the most part the poems were in the sonnet form, said to be the highest and most difficult medium for poetic expression. They were strong, dramatic in thought, dainty and quaint in dress, and soon the northern papers and magazines saw their distinguishing merit. The Century has honored Miss Bell with the publication of eight or ten of her poems, and she now finds ready acceptance for all that she sends to the press. Her most extensive work has been the writing of no less than 113 sonnets to a beautiful, accomplished and philanthropic lady of Atlanta, the leader of society as well as the pioneer in many noble charities.

Among her other poems are "Mariposa" (the Spanish idea—"sea-and-rest"—of the butterfly), written in a very arch and musical style; "Blind Tom," on the wonderful, pitiful negro pianist, and "Jo-reeter-Joree," descriptive of a southern bird, reproducing with singular fidelity its weird and striking call.

MEL. R. COLQUITT.

The Fashions of Paris.

All Paris is dancing now, and the great modistes are at their wits' ends to produce something so very novel that no one has ever seen its like before; and perhaps the nearest approach to something entirely new is in the two elegant robes, pictures of which are shown herewith. There is a blending of all the styles and all the epochs since the time of Eve, and they are both as pretty as they are novel. The gown on the left side is of pale pink tulle over glace silk in the same shade, and the skirt is made plain and full all around. Across the front is fastened an enormous spray of roses and foliage of the tea variety, in which pink and cream color are blended.

The under corsage is made of cream colored crepe, as are the full sleeves. The Spanish jacket is of black faille, bordered with gold and jeweled galloon, and finished with a gold clasp.

Another robe made almost exactly like this had a skirt of cream faille with no overdress, and the flowers were embroidered instead of being attached.

The other robe is in princesse form with a rich train. The front of the jupon is of ivory white brocade, trimmed across the bottom with a couple of narrow crepe lisse flounces, and the bottom lifted slightly in feather style with rosettes of mauve velvet. The back of this dress is of Ophelia mauve poult de soie, which is as rich as velvet in appearance. There is a deep bertha of embroidered crepe lisse with a fall of silk chenille fringe, very fluffy and pretty. There are rosettes of crepe and velvet on the shoulders and a spray of flowers lies across the bust.

PARISIAN BALL TOILET.

Berthas more or less pronounced are seen on very many of the evening dresses, and the shoulders of the dress must be cut rather low to make them pretty, and they look very quaint and old fashioned, yet are very much more becoming than the styles lately in vogue, which made the figure look narrow.

For street the dresses give a slender effect, but those for the house and particularly for dancing are made with very ample skirts. With them and the bertha a lady's waist looks beautifully slim.

A New York Newspaper Woman.

Miss Mattie Collins Williams, of Tennessee, is employed on The Commercial Advertiser. She has her desk in the office and draws her regular salary. Before engaging exclusively in newspaper work she carried on a tobacco farm in Georgia and was known as the "Woman Farmer." That she did not give her whole attention to agricultural matters is attested by the fact that she wrote a novel for Mr. George B. Munro, and with the money thus earned lifted a mortgage which had been placed upon her broad acres. She is a very clever writer, having the versatile talent which would make her useful in any newspaper office.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by Howorth and Co.

TASTEFUL CONTRIVANCES.

Holders for Whiskbrooms Up Stairs and Down.

The small whiskbroom, or dusting brush, is the only weapon against the permeating enemy of an orderly housekeeper—dust. Every well organized person should possess one broom for the clothes. This should measure about eight inches, and be made of stout broomstraw, mounted with an ivory handle or in silver; the first may be bought for a quarter of a dollar, the latter for any price one desires to give. It is but safe to add another broom to any room, as servants have a rare knack of using the brush for one's garments to hasten trash into the dustpan after sweeping or to brush up the hearth or freshen a chair, all of which leaves a nice little debris hidden in the broom, to be deposited on one's best hat or coat. Hence it is wise to place two brooms in every chamber; and since they litter up a corner and give an untidy look, it is also seemly that each should have a case or holder for its receptacle when out of use. For the better broom for toilet purposes our cut displays a case simply fashioned of two pieces of ribbon. These may be selected in any colors suitable to the room. Olive green and bronze for a gentleman's apartment, or delicate blue or rose with steel gray for a lady's; or yellow and white, red and brown. Indeed, taste and fancy must govern the choice.

A yard and a half of each ribbon is required. One piece should be of narrow width and the other wide, making together a breadth of six inches. The ribbons are neatly overhanded together, and left open for a space of eight inches at either end. The ends thus left free are knotted together in a full ruche or bows, as shown in the illustration. The band of ribbon is then lapped up on itself to form a pocket deep enough to hold a broom. The sides are overhanded, and the bows or ruches firmly tacked to set in correct position—one at the top to be looped over a nail for the bag's suspension, the other for ornament at one side. This forms a decorative pocket for letters, or photographs as well, and may be enhanced by tiny embroidered sprays over the surface of the ribbon or a rich monogram on the face of the pocket.

HOLDERS FOR WHISKBROOMS.

Since there is apt to be fun in the kitchen, our more homely broom must make a little levity suffice for handsome material. A heavy piece of Bristol board or matmas water color paper, cut into a strip eighteen inches long and ten inches wide, scrolled at the top merely to make it more pleasing to the eye, is decorated with the simple device of a cat's face and small mouse, with the significant words "Time to Dust." The whole thing may be suggested with a little gilt paint or fancy bronze and a small bottle of India ink, a heavy pen serving for the letters and little line work needed. A silken cord to hang the holder and to fasten up the flap to form the pocket, and it is complete. This design, made smaller and garnished with floral decorations, makes a dainty menu card for dinners, as the gentleman's boutonniere may be slipped jauntily through the tiny pocket.

EMMA MOFFETT TYNG.

Fooled by the Turn of a Card.

A number of passengers in the waiting room of a station of the Third avenue elevated railway were amused about noon recently by the peculiar conduct of the people who came up the north stairway from the street. They would stop at the head of the stairs, look through the glass doors at the office, cast a glance full of sympathy at the crowd in the waiting room and then reluctantly go down stairs into the storm. In a few minutes they would again mount the stairs, put down their nickels and rush through the door to catch a passing train. It was noticed that this remarkable conduct was confined to those who ascended the north stairway. A young man who had been waiting for a City Hall train and who suspected some trick went down to the street and returned by the north stairway, when, much to his surprise, as he entered the waiting room he saw hanging from the inside of the ticket office door, which had carelessly been left open, a large white card, upon which was printed in large black letters:

"Manhattan Railway. Traffic Blocked. No Trains Running."

"We thought," said a man who had been deceived by the card, "that there were no downtown trains running until we returned to the street and saw them overhead. We felt quite sorry for those who had, as we supposed, paid their fares and were compelled to wait until the trains started. Do you think we were going to let that ticket seller know that we had been fooled and get laughed at by the other passengers? Not much."—New York Tribune.

A Rescue with Scaling Ladders.

Standing in the street the fireman reaches up and hooks his ladder over the second story window sill. Then he climbs up and, throwing a leg over the window sill, draws up the ladder and hooks it into the third story, and so up he climbs to the top floor, no matter how high the building may be. Here he sits in the window and lowers a cord to the ground, by which a life line an inch thick is drawn up for use in lowering people who may have no other means of escape. It may happen that as the fireman goes up the flames burst from a window directly over him.

In that case he hooks his ladder on a window sill to the right or left, and swings over, pendulum fashion, out of the line of the fire, and there continues his way till above the fire, when he swings back and is ready to care for the people whose escape has been cut off. It is an act that little account is made of by the fireman, but the unaccustomed man would need an iron nerve were he to swing thus at the end of a pole hung sixty feet above the stone pavements.—John R. Spears in Scribner's.

Elastic Accumulators.

A novel form of accumulator has just been produced by M. Emile Reynier. This battery affords in a simple, compact structure a high voltage, and at the same time improved modifications for securing additional solidity and transportability. The essential advantage of this battery consists in its possessing a certain amount of elasticity from its peculiar construction. It has sixteen plates mounted in flexible pockets, and these elements are placed flat, one against the other, and compressed between two end plates of wood by means of rubber spring bands.

This spring arrangement gives to the active solid matter an artificial elasticity which results in large specific power and storing capacity. This is only one of the many important improvements which have recently been effected in the storage battery, and which are gradually bringing that mode of generating electricity to a stage of perfection which will lead to its general adoption for propulsive and other purposes.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Movements about the sick room should not be unpleasantly suggestive. Noiseless slippers are less disturbing than tiptoe tread. The tones of the voice and the expression of the face should be quiet, cheerful and as natural as possible. While the room, except in special cases, should not be darkened, the eyes of the patient should be shielded from direct light.

BUFFALO BILL'S START.

Old Ned Buntline, of Dime Novel Fame, Responsible for His Discovery.

Mr. W. C. Gayler, of New York, for seven years the companion and agent of Buffalo Bill, is at the St. James hotel. Mr. Gayler accompanied the great Cody to Europe, and has been with him in many of his trials, adventures and triumphs. Speaking of the "Messiah" craze among the Indians Mr. Gayler said:

"'Buffalo Bill' owes his name, fame and fortune to the newspapers. He was born out on the prairies, and his father was shot down before his eyes near Lawrence during the 'Border Wars.' 'Buffalo Bill' drifted over the west as cowboy, hunter, scout and soldier. He got his name by a daring exploit while the Union Pacific road was building. He had a contract to supply the workmen with ten head of buffalo a day for meat. One day he dashed into a herd of buffaloes, and was attacked by a hundred Indians who were hunting the buffaloes at the same time. 'Bill' came off victor, and drove the ten head of buffalo into camp and killed them as if nothing had happened. It was daring, dashing, reckless acts like this that won him the soubriquet of 'Buffalo Bill.'

"I have said that the papers were responsible for the popularity of 'Buffalo Bill.' One day Street & Smith, the publishers of The New York Weekly, called Ned Buntline, a well known writer, into their office and said, 'We are tired of these stories of Spanish villains and English lords and French women. They are monotonous. Go out into the west, travel at our expense, take your own time, only find us a man!' That was a lucky day for 'Buffalo Bill.' Buntline wandered over the prairies trying in vain to find his 'man.' One day, while riding along with Maj. North, the only white chief that the Pawnees ever had, that well known character said, 'Buntline, I am not the man you want. Don't waste any more time with me. But I can tell you where you can find your man.'

"He rode leisurely over to a prairie wagon under which Cody was sleeping, kicked 'Buffalo Bill' gently in the back—a fashion the cowboys have in the west—and said, 'Get up, Bill!' That was another lucky day for 'Buffalo Bill.' He was the 'man' that Buntline had been trying to find. His name became famous to the reading public, and a short time afterward he embarked in the amusement business. We all know of the success that has followed his ventures. 'Buffalo Bill' has cleared $1,000,000 in the last five years, and he is worth today a quarter of a million at least. He might have been worth more, but he is a princely liver and a princely giver. He will give a porter or a hackman a handful of gold and silver, and never stop to think of the thanks or the change. No wonder that he is popular with all classes."—Kansas City Times.

Electricity Boring Tunnels.

The new railway which is to connect the Argentine Republic with Chili will necessitate the boring of eight tunnels through the Andes mountains of a total length of nearly ten miles. These tunnels, in whose construction water power and electricity are to be largely employed in a novel form, have already been commenced at twenty points. Since August last a cataract of the Juncalillo river, which has a fall of nearly 600 feet, has been made use of to supply the power in carrying out the boring operations in the tunnels of Portillo, La Calavera and La Cumbre. The Portillo tunnel takes a serpentine course through the massive rock, and its upper end emerges at the mountain side 450 feet above the entrance.

The water of the Juncalillo cataract is conveyed through steel pipes half a meter in diameter for the distance of about a mile to the Juncal station. The boring machines employed in these three tunnels require a force of 1,000 horse power to drive, and this is obtained by converting the water power into electricity. The water, which is carried through the steel pipes, is made to set in motion ten turbines, each of 80 horse power, which are connected with the electrical machines. The electricity thus produced is conducted through strong insulated copper cables to Juncalillo and Calavera. From Juncalillo air pressure machines are also supplied in the serpentine tunnel leading up to Portillo.

From Calavera four 80 horse power dynamo machines generate the electricity for the Cumbre tunnel, where six borers, all working at the same time, are driven by eight air pressure engines. On the Argentine side of the mountains another cataract, near Navarro, has been similarly used for driving four turbines, each of 80 horse power. Owing to the distance of the western smaller portion of the Cumbre tunnel water power cannot there be employed, and the borings are being carried out by hand. Wherever water and electricity can be used the boring operations are performed, it is estimated, fully four times as rapidly as they would be by hand.—Engineering.

Cheap Oranges.

It is certainly very singular that oranges can be bought cheaper in St. Louis than in Florida. Careful buying in cases no doubt causes this apparent anomaly, for some of the cheap oranges here really grew in Florida orange groves. But the very cheapest are from Italy and the Mediterranean, where prices range very low indeed. The freight to New Orleans is trifling now, and some thousand oranges have even been brought as ballast. The rough usage and the long voyage does not improve the fruit, which has to be picked over very carefully on arrival, or the cargo sold in bulk at purely speculative prices, the buyer taking his chances as to the percentage of sound fruit.

If the bulk is all right he makes a big thing of it, but if there is a bigger percentage to throw away than he allows for he may have to submit to a heavy loss. Several of the Florida orange growers show a great lack of business ability, and will sell the product of an entire grove at as low as one-half cent an orange, when they could easily realize from four to six times the amount by judicious shipping.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Graveyard for Three Races.

The strange phenomenon of one spot having served as the burial place for people of three races in three distinct ages of the world's history is met with on a bluff of the Iowa river, some forty miles from its mouth. This thrice sacred bluff is known as "Graveyard Point." It is situated in the northeastern corner of Washington county, Ia., and is the southern terminus of a line of bluffs extending for several miles along the west bank of the Iowa, the summits of which are covered with thousands of curious forms of earthworks, mounds, etc., relics of a race of which the Indians have no distinct knowledge. After serving for ages as a cemetery for the mound builders the Indians took possession of "Graveyard Point," also using it as a burial place. Back in the forties, when white men drove the Indians out, they, too, began burying their dead on the bluff, the same land thus serving as "God's Acre" for three different and distinct races in three stages of the world's development.—St. Louis Republic.

People Who Cannot Count.

The Chiquito language of Bolivia has no numerals. The people cannot even count. Their minds cannot grasp the ideas of number. The Papuans of Torres strait have names only for one and two. The Bushmen of Australia count only to three. A recent traveler on the plains of Gran Chaco, in South America, met a chief who could not count his fingers. This represents pretty well the condition of the human mind in man's lowest state.—Youth's Companion.

The True Study of Poetry.

From early years I was fond of poetry, and I owe an immense debt to the poets, not only because I have found in them the greatest and best of moral teachers, who revealed to me, or confirmed in me, the purest truths on which it is possible to live, but also because they have illuminated many a dark hour and added fresh sunlight to many a bright one by noble lessons set to natural music in noble words. They have helped me to hang the picture gallery of imagination with lovely and delightful scenes, and to take refuge from any storm which might beat upon me from without in that flood of unquenchable sunshine which they had kindled for me within.—Canon F. W. Farrar in Forum.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Putrescine is a poisonous substance that has been extracted from flesh and fish when putrid.

A tea made by pouring boiling water over sweet flagroot will relieve worm sickness in children, and is also good for colic.

A velocity of about six or seven miles a second would suffice to carry a body away from the gravitation of the earth.

Chauncey M. Depew used to be a great smoker, but several years ago he broke the habit and now never uses the weed.

The Princess of Wales is the queen's favorite daughter-in-law, and has always been most affectionately regarded by her majesty.

The Hon. John Hicks, United States minister to Peru, has presented a collection of antiquities from that country to Lawrence university, Wisconsin.

In two of the London clubs where the chief butlers have been in office for forty years all gold and silver change is washed before being given to the members.

Meat that is slightly tainted may be made perfectly sweet by covering it with sweet milk and allowing it to stand for two or three hours.

"In what part of the body is the liver?" asked a teacher while examining the class in physiology, and she was a good deal surprised when the tall boy replied, "South of the lungs."

Salt as a tooth powder is better than almost any other dentifrice. It keeps the teeth very white, the gums hard and rosy and the breath fresh.

A centrifugal machine for making sugar has lately been invented which is continuously draining, works automatically, and is said to accomplish as much as the ordinary machines.

When restored to sight after being "totally blind" for twenty years, Miss Susan Wells, of Newington, Conn., was greatly affected on discovering that a sister's hair had changed from black to white.

Linen should never be put away damp, as it is almost certain to mildew. These spots may sometimes be removed or lessened by boiling the stained linen in buttermilk, or by the use of Javelle water, but it is a difficult and doubtful task.

Forgot Her Left Arm.

Court Councilor Meynert, professor of medicine at the university in Vienna, was prevented recently from delivering one of his regular afternoon lectures, and as the students were already assembled, his assistant, Dr. Anton, undertook to hypnotize a young woman for the instruction of the disappointed audience. The young woman was tall, slender, light haired, and somewhat over 20 years of age. Dr. Anton let his hand glide over her forehead, smoothed her eyelids with his fingers, touched her cheeks with soft, downward strokes, and then commanded loudly, "Now sleep." She slept.

"Your arms are completely crippled," he said, and both arms sank limp to her sides. "What will you do now, poor creature, without any arms?" he asked. The girl raised her bowed head and began to weep and wail so piteously that the students rose in their places and shouted that she must be restored at once to consciousness.

Dr. Anton seized the young woman's right arm, rubbed it smartly, and suggested:

"You are all right now. Your arm is well again." In the same instant the girl raised her arm with a triumphant expression of face. Dr. Anton then aroused her. To his and his auditors' astonishment, however, the girl's left arm still hung limp and apparently nerveless at her side. He had forgotten, in speaking colloquially, to tell her that her left arm, too, had recovered its strength. He touched the helpless arm and exhorted the young woman to raise it, but in vain. She couldn't stir it an inch.

Dr. Anton then explained that the students had before them a case of "post hypnotic crippling," which could be removed only after the girl had been again hypnotized. He was unwilling to exhaust the girl by bringing her immediately under his influence once more, so he deferred the performance of the cure for several days. He said the girl was so subject to influences that the regular ticking of a clock or the monotonous ringing of a church bell would suffice to hypnotize her.—New York Sun.

A Mythologic School.

In the mountains of Greece there was a great cave, and in that cave lived a man who was half a horse. He had the head and breast of a man, but a horse's body and legs. He was famed for knowing more about everything than any one else in all Greece. He knew about the stars, and the plants of earth, which were good for medicine, and which were poisonous. He was the best archer with the bow, and the best player of the harp; he knew most songs and stories of old times, for he was the last of a people half horse and half man who had dwelt in ancient times on the hills. Therefore the kings in Greece sent their sons to him to be taught shooting, singing, and telling the truth, and that was all the teaching they had then, except that they learned to hunt and fish and fight and throw spears and toss the hammer and the stone.

Many of the boys taught by Chiron became famous. Among them was Orpheus, who played the harp so sweetly that wild beasts followed his minstrelsy, and even the trees danced after him, and settled where he stopped playing; and there was Mopsus, who could understand what the birds say to each other; and there was Butes, the handsomest of men; and Tiphys, the best steersman of a ship; and Castor, with his brother Polydeuces, the boxer; and Heracles, the strongest man in the whole world was there; and Lynceus, whom they call Keen Eye, because he could see so far, and he could see the dead men in their graves under the earth; and there was Euphemus, so swift and light footed that he could run upon the gray sea and never wet his feet; and there were Calais and Zetes, the two sons of the North Wind, with golden wings upon their feet; and many others were there whose names it would be too long to tell. They all grew up together in the hills, good friends, healthy and brave and strong.—Andrew Lang in St. Nicholas.

Unearthed Remains of a Dwarf Race.

Capt. J. S. Prescott, who recently returned from Victoria, B. C., describes an interesting experience which he had while north. He was in Victoria at a time when considerable excitement had been caused by the discovery of ancient human remains in some mounds. The little hillocks were dug into and skeletons were brought to sight by the shovel and pickaxes. The discovery was made at a place called Macaulay's point. A workman clearing away what he thought was a natural rise in the ground touched a hard metallic substance with his pick. On digging further the object came to view. It was an iron war weapon shaped like a harpoon, only much shorter and stouter. Curious characters were etched in it, and their lines had survived through centuries.

One of the mounds was excavated and a flat stone was exposed. It had been designed as a door to a sepulcher, for on being raised a grave walled on all sides by tightly cemented stones was seen. In it was a dwarfed body doubled up in a sitting posture, a custom followed by the ancient Indian tribes along the entire Pacific coast. The formation of the skull was like that of a Chinese. The body, though small, was that of an adult dwarf. Several other graves were opened, and the occupants of all of them were similar in anatomical construction and size. In many of the graves rough hewn utensils, evidently used for cooking, were found, together with arrow heads known to have been used by coast tribes extinct for centuries.

At Cadboro bay similar mounds were excavated with like results.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Born That Way.

Dr. Winder, of California, who has been among the Indians for thirty years, says that no white man can hope to equal their physical development. They do not train, but are born that way, and the average Indian boy of 15 can stand more fatigue than an athlete among the white men. Smallpox and bullets are about the only things which can kill them.—Detroit Free Press.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold by Howorth and Co.

SHOULD WEAR BUCKSKIN.

Pennsylvania's Famous Female Trapper and Her Work.

Mrs. Charity Hathaway is the only female trapper and raw fur dealer in Pennsylvania. She is the widow of the late Charles J. Hathaway and she lives on Beemer hill, in Forks township, where she was born in the woods forty odd years ago. Her only son Hiram, is fifteen years of age, and she has two daughters younger than he. Each fall and winter the Widow Hathaway is the busiest woman in the township. Last year she cleared nearly $450 from the sale of furs. The animals from which the greater portion of the furs was obtained were trapped and skinned by Mrs. Hathaway. The rest were bought and shipped to market with those she had gathered.

As soon as the trapping season begins in the fall Mrs. Hathaway begins to set traps for skunks, minks and muskrats. It costs her nothing for skunk traps, because she uses flat stones for that kind of fur. She lifts one end of the stone upright where she finds it, props it up with some slender sticks which look like a figure 4, places a bit of any kind of meat on the trigger and the trap is all ready for the stupid skunk to walk under and get the life crushed out of him, says the New York *Sun*.

If a stranger asks a native of Beemer hill, of Elk creek, of Wildcat hill or of Sparrowhawk brook why so many flat stones are tipped up here and there, the native will look surprised for a second, and then tell him that the stones are the Widow Hathaway's skunk traps.

Mrs. Hathaway says that now-a-days she makes more money out of skunk skins than from all the other kinds of fur put together. For catching minks and muskrats she has to have steel traps, and the traps cost money in the first place, require oiling and care later on and are heavy to lug around. Besides a skunk skin is now worth more in the market than a mink or a muskrat hide. And she would sooner skin a skunk she says, than a mink or a muskrat, because she can do it a good deal quicker and the odor is not at all offensive when you know how to handle the animal and get accustomed to the smell.

After Mrs. Hathaway has set all her traps she starts out the next morning to see if anything has been caught during the night. She goes over the route in the same order that she did when she set the traps, and she takes bait along and two sharp knives. If she finds a skunk under one of the flat stones she pulls it out, resets the trap, ties the skunk to a pole, throws the pole over her shoulder, and goes to the next trap. Whenever she has unusual luck the burden of skunks soon becomes heavy, and in that case she stops at some brook and skins the animals and has nothing but the hides to carry over the rest of her route. To make a complete circuit of her traps sometimes takes the best part of a day, she says. Up to the middle of December Mrs. Hathaway had this season trapped 294 skunks, 27 minks, 43 muskrats and 1 marten.

When the first sleighing comes the industrious widow lets Hiram look after the traps, because he can wade through the snow better than she can. Twice a week she drives all around the country side, and buys up all the fox skins and other furs that the woodsmen have gathered, paying a fair cash price for them. She is an excellent judge of furs, and no one can fool her on the quality of skins that she examines. Mrs. Hathaway is governed in the prices she pays for furs by a printed list of quotations, which a Philadelphia dealer sends her once a month. All the furs she traps herself or buys of other trappers she ships to the Philadelphia dealer every three or four weeks. The skins are stretched, tacked up against the barn and dried thoroughly, and that is all that she does to them.

Last year, Mrs. Hathaway said the other day, she saved $220 over and above all expenses of keeping herself and little family and that she expected to do still better this winter.

There's a patent medicine which is not a patent medicine—paradoxical as that may sound. It's a discovery! the golden discovery of medical science! It's the medicine for you—tired, run-down, exhausted, nerve-wasted men and women; for you suffers from diseases of skin or scalp, liver or lungs—its chance is with every one, its season alway, because it aims to purify the fountain of life—the blood—upon which all such diseases depend. The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dicovery. The makers of it have confidence enough in it to sell it on trial. That is, you can get it from your druggist, and if it doesn't do what it is claimed to do, you can get your money back, every cent of it.

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A town in England, Skiddaw, Cumberland, stands as a unique township of one house and one solitary male adult inhabitant. This man is deprived of his vote because of the fact that there are no overseers to make out a voter's list, and no church or public building on which to publish one if made.

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