

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

THE VICTIM OF TATTOO.

His Mature Sufferings for His Early Offense Against Taste.

Recollections of the Tattoo Fever. The Difference of Standpoint Between Fourteen and Forty. Indelible Afflictions.

There is one illicy peculiar to extreme youth that the mature man of the world regrets with greater bitterness than any of his sins, however scarlet and that is his mania for having himself tattooed.

He wonders, as he thinks it over from the settled standpoint of forty years, how he could ever have been such a fool. Why he should have planned and conspired and suffered in order to have his person disfigured, under the hallucination that it was being beautified he cannot now understand.

There is something sad as well as ludicrous in his recollections of the days when he had his epidermis indelibly illustrated. He recalls the anxious thought he gave to the subject, the days when he talked it over with admiring chums who were far in advance of him in exterior decoration, and whose legs and arms, and hands and feet, were covered with every device known to tattoo artists.

And after he had decided to take all risks and have it done, he never thought he gave to the style of picture and the motives which were to be put upon him. Tattooing being perpetuated by seafaring men, most of its designs are of a maritime character.

The mature victim of tattooing gives a snarl of pity to his early self as he remembers that one of the arguments which lured him on in tattooing depravity was that once on the design could never be taken off. This peculiarity which then seemed so admirable has been the grief of his manhood. He was not content to have his arms and legs illustrated, he let the tattooer's fancy have full swing on the back of one of his hands.

He resorts to gloves whenever it is possible to do so; but when he dines among fair women and brave men the anchor on his hand chains him to earth as nothing else could. How can he soar with that indelible proof of early vulgarity before all men's eyes? He manages this most delicate and delicate of his boyhood through a long and esthetic life.

His horror of the embellishments on his hand is largely enhanced by the knowledge that his arm is covered with mottoes and the flags of all nations. In his green and salad days he took a great fancy to the motto of Chevalier Bayard, "Without fear and without reproach," and had it put on his arm indelibly.

In his days of love-making he tells his sweetheart how much ashamed of his Indian ink decorat. as he is; grows confidential and bemoans his boyish folly, then tries to laugh about it in a mischievous way.

When he sees another man all scrawled over with maritime emblems, he is made as diabolically happy as a tame parrot when he sees one of his own kind, native to the forest, ensnared. For the time it seems to relieve him of his own misery.

He doesn't mind what other men think or say about his disfigurements, but he is miserable when he remembers how women hate such things. And there is no help for him. His sins, his weaknesses, his follies he can conceal, but this honest stamp of boyish idleness goes him worse than any other lash. It cuts into his vanity, not his conscience, and any wound in that tender locality is very painful and slow to heal.

He exaggerates the hideousness of the decorations on his epidermis. Really other's scorn, give them a thought, but he can't realize that. He is the great figure in the universe in his own opinion, and anything like a blot upon his fair exterior is a continual menace to his peace of mind.

Perhaps it is a heart with a dagger through it which ornaments the back of his hand. This being the case, he is compelled to hear a thousand witless witticisms about wearing his heart even more conspicuously than upon his sleeve.

He would be willing to go back and live his life all over again if he could, just for the sake of going through it without those hateful marks upon him. He sighs as he remembers that they will go with him to his grave.

The man who dyes his hair goes smiling through life unconscious of the figure he cuts, and never losing a wink of sleep on account of wounded vanity. Even the man who wears a wig, the corpulent man and the man with queer eyes are cheerful and apparently without a fragment of worryment on their minds, while the man with a few foolish dabs of pigment on his hand or wrist spends hours in self-torture over what is simply looked upon as the record of a childish fancy.

There are, in all probability, very much more objectionable pictures on his soul, but he gives them no particular attention. They neither disturb his sleep nor distress him when he is awake. He would gladly exchange the tattooed heart on his hand for eight or ten of them and think it a great bargain. Curious, isn't it, that a Memish on his body should seem so deplorable to a human being, while the freckling on his soul is of no moment to him; but of just such contemptible stuff are we men made.

BOSTON, Sept. 30. ESSON OLIVER.

The Lost to Sight, Just as Dear.

[Eugene Baister.]



Secretary: "My master wishes to know why the expenses of the kitchen were not less during his absence at the seaside?"

Cook: "Please tell the master that one being absent doesn't make any difference."

Ben. Butler and "Old Hutch."

There was an incident in Gen. Butler's recent reception at Chicago which was not set down in the original programme. It occurred in this wise: Upon the general's return from his speechmaking he was waited upon in his hotel parlor by several gentlemen, among them Mr. E. Z. Hutchinson, a prominent member of the board of trade, but familiarly known as "Old Hutch."



"You do that again, sir," he roared. He revolved like a top whirled by an urchin, and as he faced "Old Hutch" that sinister eye of his was blazing with wrath.

"You do that again, sir," he roared, "and I will strike you across the head with this cane"—the cane meanwhile revolving round Old Hutch's head in a beligerent manner. Evidently fancying that this was one of Butler's jokes, Old Hutch repeated the operation with still more emphasis, and prepared himself for an affectionate recognition.

Old Hutch's intentions, of course, were purely honorable, but this boisterous and offensively physical way of approaching a gentleman by bounding on his back door is not pleasant. Of course Old Hutch may excuse himself by saying that this is the



common way on the board, where friendly feelings are illustrated by hearty thwacks on the back, and an unusual degree of personal esteem is indicated by pushing your friend's hat down over his eyes, but the etiquette of the board is hardly a proper code to follow in paying respects to a presidential candidate. Even under the most favorable circumstances few people enjoy a thump in the back when not expecting it, even though they may not have seen the thumper for forty years. It hurts the back, and it is a challenge to personal dignity, and Gen. Butler was on his dignity as a presidential candidate when Old Hutch thwacked him.

She Ignored Him.

"Let's go and call on Miss Jones," said one dude to another. "Now, don't think I like her," replied the other. "Why not?" "She's quite bright, I think." "Because, don't you know, I took her driving last evening, and when her sister asked her if she had had a pleasant drive, don't you know, bah Jawve, she said, 'Yes, it was such a lovely horse.'"

Vandalism in the Lane Kill Club.

The dastard who entered Paradise hall the other evening by way of the roof, and carried off three skulls of Oliver Cromwell, may never be brought to punishment in this world, as he left no clews behind, but he will certainly catch it red-hot in the next. The club has now only two skulls of Oliver left, and these will be carefully locked in the big safe and preserved to posterity.

The Wrong Man.

"Pa," asked a little boy, "which saint was it that said 'Take a little wine for the stomach's sake?'" "St. Paul, I believe."

Progress: An Altona burglar went into a woman's room and hid under the bed. Of course he was found. A burglar who has no more knowledge of his business than a dog has of his name would be hung straight off on general principles.

Offices to Rent.

THE LARGE AND AIRY UPSTAIR OFFICE in the Spruce Block, just completed, on Fort Street, are now offered for rent. For terms apply to WM. G. IRWIN & CO.

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Cups, Saucers, Dishes, Bowls, Plates, Jugs, Ewers and Basins, Tea Pots, Coffee Pots, Parian Figures, Flower Stands, Bouquet Holders, Billiard Chalk, Fancy China Ware, Granite Ware, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

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Cases Meal, White Corn, 10 lb. bgs. Cases Meal, Oat, 10 lb. bags. Cases Wheat, Cracked, 10 lb. bags. Cases Medium Bread. Cases Niacas. Cases Ex. Soda Crackers.

Cases Tins Coffee, Roast & Ground. Sks. Green Coffee. Cases Spice, Ass'd, all sizes. Chests Japan Tea, 1 lb. papers. Chests Japan Tea, 1/2 lb. papers.

Casks Whittaker's Star Hams. Casks Standard Hams. Crates Whittaker's Star Bacon. Crates Standard Bacon.

Cases Fairbank's Lard, 3 lb. pail. Cases Fairbank's Lard, 5 lb. pail. Cases Fairbank's Lard, 10 lb. pail. Cases Standard Lard, 5 lb. pail.

Cases Whitney's Butter, in tins. Half Bbl. Butter, Pickle Roll. Qr. Bbl. Butter, Pickle Roll. Half Firkins Butter, Gilt Edge. Qr. Firkins Butter, Gilt Edge.

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Boxes Currants. Drums Citron. Mince Meat, pails, Almones. Mince Meat, tins, Cuttings.

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Cases Mixed Pickles. Cases Horse Radish. Kegs Soused Pig's Feet. Kegs Spiced Lamb's Tongues. Kegs Chocolate. Sacks English Walnuts. Sacks Soft Shell Almonds. Bales Wrapping Paper extra quality. Sacks Texas Pecans, extra large. Dozens Broom's. Cases Fresh Eggs. Cases Laundry Starch. Sacks Raw Peanuts.

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The main entrance is on the second floor, to the right of which are the elegantly furnished parlors. A broad passage way leads from the main hall to the dining-room. These apartments open on to broad verandas, where a magnificent view of the Nuuanu Mountains may be seen through the wealth of tropical foliage that surrounds the balconies.

The fare dispensed is the best the market affords, and is first-class in all respects. Hotel and cottages are supplied with pure water from an artesian well on the premises. The Clerk's office is furnished with the Telephone, by which communication is had with the leading business firms of the city.

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