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TO SLEEP.

Come to me now! O come! benignest sleep!
And fold me up as evening doth a flower,
From my vain self, and vain things which have
power
Upon my soul to make me smile or weep.
And when thou comest, oh, like death be deep!
No dreamy hour have I of thee to crave.
More than may come to him that in his grave
Is heedless of the night winds how they sweep.
I have not in me half that cause of sorrow
Which is in thousands who must not complain;
And yet this moment, if it could be mine
To lapse and pass in sleep, and so resign
All that must yet be borne of joy and pain,
I scarcely know if I would wake to-morrow.
—Patrick Proctor Alexander.

THE ABSENT-MINDED SECRETARY.

Never Bewildered, Except in Time of
Battle—Definition of War.

A few days before he went to Georgia to get married Secretary Lamar had occasion to speak of his alleged absent-mindedness. His friends, who say he intended to invite his family and friends to his wedding, but forgot to send out the invitations, recall what he said then.

"It's all bosh," said Mr. Lamar, "to call me absent-minded. I was never absent-minded nor bewildered in my life, except in battle. In official life I can keep as straight and regular as a clock. But I'll own up to getting bewildered in battle. I never knew where I was nor where the enemy were. After I had been in two or three fights, I concluded that I must lay down some definite rule of conduct in a fight to which I could hold myself, for if I did not, I could not tell where my bewilderment might some day take me and my regiment. I decided that no matter what happened I would always go ahead in a straight line just as far as circumstances and the enemy would let me. At the battle of Williamsburg I followed this rule so far that it nearly cost our people the services of myself and regiment. If it had not been for A. P. Hill my first extended acquaintance with the north would have been made from the slender coil of a vantage to be had in a military prison. I charged ahead so hot and so fast that when I halted my entire regiment was through the enemy's lines and in their rear. Hill, however, came up on each side of my regiment and drove the enemy back. As he rode up to me he said: 'Col. Lamar, do you know where you are?' I had to acknowledge a very limited amount of information on that point, and was never more surprised in my life than to learn that I had gone through the enemy's lines. Gen. Hill told me to take my regiment to the rear and let his men go on, but I begged to be permitted to go on, and so my regiment was put in line with Hill's brigades and went on.

"I used to think," Mr. Lamar went on to say, "before I saw much fighting, that the slaughter must be frightful. I could not see how, where so many bullets were flying, there was any chance at all for men to escape being hit. But I soon wondered how anybody was hit at all. My men that day at Williamsburg shot themselves all out of ammunition twice. When we went into bivouac at night I went about asking the boys how they felt. I met one big Mississippian from my own town.

"John, did you fire off all your powder?"
"No," he said, "I tried hard all day, colonel, to do my best, and I didn't fire but twice. All day long I didn't draw lead on a Yankee but twice. I've got my ammunition here, and he tapped his cartridge box.

"You fired twice?" I said. "Did you hit 'em those times?"
"Well, colonel, to tell the truth, I missed one Yank, and I'm in doubt about the other."

"That illustrates war," said the secretary. "A lot of men march out and proceed to create a lot of accidents. The side that can produce the most accidents for the greatest number of consecutive hours wins the day."—Washington Cor. New York Sun.

Eggs From Across the Ocean.

We assume that all friends of the American hen are not aware of the fact that the yolks and whites of eggs are imported separately in immense quantities duty free. This business only began about five years ago, and is assuming larger proportions every year. It is stated that every German steamer brings over dozens of barrels of egg yolks and hundreds of tin-lined, air-tight cases of egg albumen, or the white of eggs. The albumen is consumed chiefly by candy manufacturers and confectioners. It has the quality of making the candy swell up and appear one-third larger. The manufacturers say this albumen "aerates" the candy. It makes it dry and spongy-like, and candy made of it tastes as if it was infused with carbonic acid gas.

Formerly, there was a duty of 20 per cent. levied on egg yolks, but the morocco and kid leather manufacture, working through the grocers, got the duty removed, on the ground that egg yolk was a food product and a necessity of life. Germany sends more of this egg than all other countries combined. The yolks are liquid in form, mixed with about 12 per cent. of salt. A barrel of egg yolks will weigh 500 pounds. The wholesale price of the product is fourteen cents per pound. Indeed, the thrifty Germans manage to ship the whole egg over here, shell and all. The shells are ground and mixed with pipe clay, and the admixture of shells gives the clay a peculiar gloss and finish.—Boston Budget.

The presence of wild geese in the northern part of Nebraska at this season is, according to "the oldest inhabitant," indicative of a short winter.

SOME QUEER OCCUPATIONS.

Odd Ways of Making a Living That Some New Yorkers Have Adopted.

New York has not attained the unique distinction recently boasted by Paris of maintaining a beggar factory for maiming little children, so as to render them objects of pity. Neither has it yet reached up to London in the possession of "necessary stores," wherein every earthly thing in use by man is kept on sale. But, after all, New York is big enough to supply many ingenious persons with very curious occupations. The scheme of our "clean towel company," newly started for supplying business offices with clean towels and soap, we ought not to boast of, since we borrowed their notion from Chicago. We are alone, however, in patiently permitting an audacious Teuton near Chatham square to keep hand organs in mischief by repairing them. He assumes to replenish them with new tunes, but, of course, that is a fiction; for no hand organ was ever heard to play any but bald headed and middle aged music. New York maintains, also, at least one establishment for fitting little children for the stage and ballet.

Two courageous New Yorkers follow the useful but unpoetic business of hanging their fellow citizens. They are not prejudiced in favor of New Yorkers, but are easily persuaded to hang men elsewhere throughout the Union. It is always pretended that no one knows their names and that only the sheriff of this county has their addresses. One is a Hebrew, dubbed "Isaacs," and the other is a German, called "Menzheimer;" but the city always lumps them both under the one name of Joseph B. Atkinson, and under that name they draw their pay. They rig the gallows and finally cut the rope. One other sanguinary citizen, in Twenty-third street, swings a shingle declaring him to be "The Destroyer of Moths."

Four prosperous citizens earn their livelihood as doctors for the lap dogs of rich women. As a rule, the only medicine they use is starvation. They fling the dear pets into barred boxes and deprive them of food for four days, having found out that the usual trouble with pet dogs is that they are fed extravagantly and improperly. Just east of the Bowery, in a tenement house, resides a man whose business it is to rent himself and his Punch and Judy show to children's parties in the brownstone wards. A person on the Bowery keeps six or eight girls busy framing wreaths and pictures of tombstones, whereon are set forth the virtues of deceased New Yorkers. He follows where the death notices in the papers lead him, and works upon the feelings of the grief stricken families.

A rich Italian employs a horde of his countrymen to trim or balance the loads upon the scoops of our street sweeping department. These trimmers save for him all the rags, fat, bone, metal and other convertible refuse flung into the householders' ash barrels. Another man is making a fortune by carrying off all the waste and refuse the city will not remove, such as builders' leavings, dirt from cellar diggings and so on. The builders pay him to take it, and he sells it in the suburbs for filling in sunken lands.

Only one man in town pretends to keep photographs of all the notable persons in the world. There is not room for two in the business. Another citizen sells to public men and corporations clippings from all the newspapers that mention them at five cents a clipping, added to a subscription fee each year. Yet another citizen hunts up coats of arms and pedigrees for all those who think they have been overlooked, or that they may get them from families of the same or nearly the same, names as their own. This is quite English and therefore popular. It is said that the carriage makers are giving away coats of arms like chromos. Lawyer Ed. Price, the ex-pugilist, has a monopoly as the attorney for the Chinese. The laundrymen all seek him when in trouble, and always pay him in silver dollars. The trade in painting black eyes with a mixture of six parts white paint and one part red now boasts several establishments. It is not popularizing the black eye, because it only covers up the scandal without removing the recollection of the accompanying "licking."

One New Yorker has posted himself about all the unclaimed estates in christendom and thus profits by a weakness more generous than most folks imagine. Another New Yorker searches the streets at night with a lantern for coins and purses dropped during the evening. A woman, near the city hall, takes care of the babies whose widowed mothers have gone out to work, and who check them, like umbrellas, in the morning and call for them in the evening. Many women in the east side tenements take care of a baby or two for their neighbors, but this downtown one is, I think, the only regular baby safe deposit company or storage warehouse in town. There is no matrimonial agency or husbands' exchange newspaper here just now. There have been many but all have failed. That scheme is not so profitable as that of a man I met the other day who told me he trained valuable dogs to come straight back to him as often as he sold them.—Julian Ralph in Mail and Express.

To Absorb Vibrations.

To absorb the vibrations from the blow of a hammer when the sound from a work bench is felt in every part of the building, set each of the legs of the bench in a box of dry sand and allow the undulation from this disturbing element to churn quartz for a while, which will not leave vibrating energy enough to pass beyond the floor of the work bench.—Boston Budget.

MUSIC'S EFFECT ON NERVES.

Slow Music Exerts a Calming Influence. How to Rouse the Spirits.

The fact remains that music does act powerfully on the majority of nervous systems, and there is reason to think that the brain is not alone affected. For example, the movement of the lower limbs, both in dancing and in marching, are distinctly influenced by music, independently of the consciousness. When the brain at first participates in the excitement produced it may become engrossed with other matters, and rhythmical muscular movements of the extremities, and in a lesser degree of the trunk, will be continued automatically in harmony with the music.

Direct impressions on the cerebral centers are probably transmitted through the auditory center. Thus monotonous and slow music will exert a calming influence, provided it is not too slow to be in harmony with the nerve habit of the individual, as in that case it may irritate. It is also essential to the success of any endeavor to bring the brain under control of music, that it should first arrest the attention either by its power or sweetness, and then gradually conduct the organism into harmony with itself. A measured cadence of the sort likely to calm the mind is more likely to augment than to allay irritation, unless it begin with a powerful appeal to the brain in a key which accords with that in which the cerebrum is at the moment itself working. This has not, perhaps, been sufficiently well understood in some attempts which have been made, experimentally, to use music as a remedial measure.

So with endeavors to rouse the spirit by music, the opening needs to be plaintive and in the key of melancholy which harmonizes with the brain state of the patient. The attention being arrested and the cerebrum reached through the auditory center, the key must be gradually changed and the time quickened in such manner as to change the brain state. No great progress will be made with the employment of sound, and form and color as remedial agents, powerful as these agents really are, until we dismiss the unscientific idea of "mind," and begin to regard the brain as an organ which, like all other parts of the body, obeys physical laws and performs its functions by purely physical processes.—London Lancet.

The Craze for the Stage.

And yet, every year brings up its group of ambitious young American ladies, tenderly nurtured beings, who desire to "go on the stage." They generally come off again in a year or two, and conclude that plain sewing or school teaching would be paradise as compared to the life of a "lady actress."

If she goes off with a distinguished actress like Modjeska she is not allowed to stop at the same hotel with her; that is not etiquette. She may be allowed to play songs very inferior part, and be hissed for her pains for doing it badly. She is put under the care of the old woman who plays the part of "The Dowager," so elegantly, and finds that her guardian is a vulgar old person who drinks too much. But we will suppose her to be a philosophic and patient girl, capable of living down all these disagreeable elements of the first year; but she has learned, alas! that the play looks better before the footlights than it does behind it; that she has stepped on the wrong side of the illusion. It is not alone that tinsel glasses instead of gold, or that looking glasses are made of muslin.

It is not the rouge or the pearl powder, or the ugly company of ropes and pulleys, dust and dirt everywhere; it is not alone that she must rub her hands with chalk at every movement, else they look black. No. She learns that she has stepped into another world whence all the "fun" of private theatricals has vanished. She learns that she has stepped into another world where all that she learned in her own world goes for nothing. Her refinement and education, her ladylike air and pose, which she thought would fit her for the portrayal of ladylike characters, these are all worse than useless. She has been obliged to raise her voice and discard her manner, for the trainer has pronounced both ineffectual. However, she has conquered her awkward stage walk, and has learned that the stage runs down hill. She has reasoned that the primer of any language is full of difficulties. She says to herself that she will succeed, "that it is weak to be discouraged, that only cowards run away."—Mrs. John Sheldon in New York World.

Size of Mountain Lions.

Mountain lions attain a prodigious size. Specimens are often killed measuring nine feet from tip to tip and weighing not far from 250 to 300 pounds. Many more, measuring from ten to eleven feet, are frequently bagged, and occasionally a monster reaching twelve feet in the clear and perhaps longer is brought down by some lucky and daring hunter. The hide of this animal makes an excellent rug. Scarcely a ranch in the whole Rocky mountain region is without a mountain lion skin on the floor. One cattle ranch on Powder river has every room carpeted with handsome skins of this animal. The hide is a bright brown on the back and rump, but fades away into a soft white brown towards the sides and becomes almost a pure white under the belly. The tail is tipped with white and the head, eyes, ears, nose and features are an exact reproduction of the domestic cat on a larger scale. The feet and claws are like those of "Tom and Maria."—Montana Cor. Philadelphia Times.

SHOOTING AN OIL WELL.

Curious Spectacles Incident to Natural Gas Production—Dangerous Work.

For two hours recently I stood in a bleak wind to witness the process of "shooting" an oil well. This is accomplished by letting down with a strong wire, on a windlass, tin tubes about three inches in diameter and fourteen feet long, filled with nitro-glycerine. Each of these tubes will hold about twenty quarts of the liquid. If the blast is to be made at the bottom of the well, then the first can or tube is let down to rest upon the bottom, but if the stratum of rocks which it is desired to "shoot" be above the bottom, as is frequently the case, then smaller tubes are fastened upon the first charged tube for a support. These may be thirty or fifty feet long, or even more. The lower end of this tube, of course, rests on the bottom of the well, and sustains the charged tubes, which are carefully let down one upon the other until sixty, eighty, or even a hundred quarts are thus deposited. In doing this every movement must be made with the utmost care, and is attended with great danger.

The liquid weighs about four pounds to the quart, hence a great weight must be provided for. On the upper end of the topmost tube an explosive cap is placed. The charge is exploded by dropping an iron slug, called in the nomenclature of the oil country, a "go devil." Cautious persons keep at a good distance. The operator gives the alarm and lets the slug drop. In a well 2,000 feet deep, filled with gas or oil, the weight may be twenty or even twenty-five seconds in descending. If the well is clear of course its descent is more rapid. The first sensation one feels is a heavy thud, like the dropping of a great weight on the rocks. The next a trembling of the ground, and then a rushing roar, followed by a hoarse, weird, prolonged whistle, ending in a slight explosion, and a stream of sand, oil, water, pulverized "go devil," and tubas, and black gas goes shrieking into the air in a dense column 100 feet or more, and all is over.

If the blast is an effective one it is immediately followed by a flow of oil or gas. Often a dead and worthless well will at once begin to flow after the shock. One well near Butler that was dead and thought worthless was awakened to activity by a heavy blast and rewarded the owner with a flow of 700 barrels of oil daily.

A sixty quart blast costs the owner of the well about \$100 including the labor of placing it. This labor, as has been said, is attended with great danger. Sometimes, when the well is full of gas, the torpedo, after descending a few hundred feet, will be driven violently out of the well. In that case it is certain to explode by hitting the timbers of the derrick or when it reaches the ground in its descent. In either case general destruction of everything is certain.

Sometimes, upon the explosion of a torpedo in a well, a large volume of oil is thrown into the air. This is often a sight of surpassing beauty, the oil breaking as it falls into countless drops and each drop becoming a prism to reflect the sun's rays in matchless coloring.

So far the gas wells and oil wells are treated alike.—Chicago Tribune.

A Seven Years' Underground Fire.

A matter which should be of interest has recently been brought to light here. This is the fact that fire has been found smoldering on the 1,000-foot level of the California that has endured ever since a fire broke out in that mine about seven years ago. At that time the part of the mine in which the fire occurred was sealed up by means of bulkheads. A drift now shows that the fire is still alive. The old timbers have been slowly charring, and in places where covered with a great weight of rocks and earth they have been converted into what presents the appearance of a fair article of bituminous coal. This seems to be on account of pitch in the wood.

Some years ago there was brought to this city a piece of pitch pine taken from an ordinary coal pit, one end of which appeared to be genuine bituminous coal. This has been formed where there was no great amount of pressure upon it. When so small an amount of fire as is in the California mine is found to endure for seven years, should we be incredulous when assured by men of science that the center of the earth, once a molten mass of rock, still remains in a molten state after untold ages? How many years the small bunch of fire in the California will still remain alive it is impossible to say. The drift that cut into it has been securely closed, and it will probably be allowed to smoulder on for another term of years.—Virginia City (Nev.) Letter.

Wretchedness in London.

The depth of London's misery was illustrated by two scenes witnessed recently. One was at Billingsgate, where gratuitous distribution of food was being made, and the distributors were wisely entrenched behind iron bars. Brawny men fought and struggled against the bars for sodden pudding and muddy soup until they were torn and bleeding, while women and children, who were unable to get near, sat on the curbstone and cried helplessly. Another was at a dinner given by the St. Giles Christian mission, where the criminal classes were invited to come and satisfy their hunger. At the door scores of honest men, who had never seen the inside of a prison, accused themselves of crimes of all sorts in order to gain admission, only to be ejected by the attendants, who were not slow to discover the story of fraud by the hungry, honest faces and horny hands.—London Letter.

DEATH IN A TURKISH BATH.

The London Case Not Alarming—No Relation of Cause and Effect.

The recent case of death in a Turkish bath, really from excessive drinking, reported by The London Daily News, was recently the text for a long article in your Sunday edition, in which were many reflections based more on imagination than solid facts. There may be danger in sleeping in a temperature of 120 degrees, but it is infinitesimal. Do we hesitate to go to sleep because the night is very hot? By no means. There is, however, great danger in the habit of excessive drinking, whatever the person may do afterward, whether it be going to the Turkish bath or to church, but the bath would be the safest place to go at that time. The habit of the bath is a most laudable one, and is to be encouraged at all times, as it tends to the welfare and betterment of the community—to elevate and not degrade man. It is on the side of virtue and not of vice.

Because some may at times use it to get relief from their excesses is no more the fault of the bath than is the fact that people will sin during the week and go to church on Sunday to get absolution the fault of the church. People are not made weaker or debilitated by the bath. On the contrary, they are made stronger and more vigorous, and more able to use what strength they have. Disease and bad habits most certainly weaken, but the bath never. Let us look a little further, and not hastily say when a man dies that the last thing he touched killed him. There is too much reasoning from the surface. Is the sun to be blamed for bringing noxious air from untrained swamps? If one takes a Turkish bath to-day and to-morrow is attacked with rheumatism or other diseases, is that the fault of the bath? Euphuistically not. It is a fact that persons weakened and debilitated by disease can take one or two baths a day and rapidly recover?

Again, how is it that the attendants have worked in the heat of the bath several hours daily for years and not lost a day from sickness? A fact most prominent in relation to these attendants is that they invariably improve in health and strength after commencing that kind of work. Mr. D. Urquhart, to whom modern civilization is indebted for the revival of the ancient ottoman, or Turkish bath, as it is now called, states, in the "Manual of the Turkish Bath," that the best shampooing he ever received was from a man 80 years old, who had been a worker in the bath since he was 8 years of age. The frequent use of the Turkish bath, instead of being killing, is enlivening and helps to prolong life and increase its vigor. A person who is given to excess in drink and who makes frequent use of the Turkish bath is therefore more likely to live longer than if he did not use the bath. The daily use of the bath has been found in many cases of great advantage to persons in ordinary health. By that means they are fortified against disease and their systems toned up and invigorated. Death has come to man in the pulpit, on the ferryboat, at the table. Is it at all wonderful that it should come to one while in the bath, when he has taken the surest course, by dissipation, to bring that condition about? Rest assured the bath, in and of itself, is not the thing to hasten that time.—Charles H. Shepard, M. D., in Brooklyn Eagle.

Killing Paupers in London.

The business of killing paupers in the London workhouses goes on merrily. Of course no account is made to the public of those who are starved to death, but no less than five cases of death from cruelty or neglect have been uncovered within a few weeks. Epileptics in one institution were allowed to roam about unattended, and one fell into the fire and was cremated. Nurses bound the hands of an old blind woman to save themselves a little trouble, and the poor creature was found dead in her bed with her wrists tied tight together. Injuries by nurses caused the death of a helpless paralytic. An imbecile, very old, was beaten with a strap so that he died. A man, 60 years old and feeble, was given a cold bath, was seized with a chill and died before the two attendants who murdered him could get him out of the water.

The deaths that result from similar treatment that are never heard of must outnumber by scores those which are made a subject of inquiry. Of each fifteen deaths that occur in the city of London, one is in the workhouse, and of each nine, one is either in the workhouse or hospital. The inmates of the workhouse are fed on spoiled meat, decayed vegetables and bread which "would answer well for modeler's clay," as one daring guardian expressed it. Of course, a lot of people are getting rich on the contracts for supplying food.—London Letter.

The Queen Mother's Agreement.

The queen mother of Spain has made agreement with her creditors by which she keeps \$200,000 of her revenue and they take the remaining \$120,000. Her life is heavily insured.—Chicago Times.

An Onyx Quarry.

There is an onyx quarry at Now Sulist, Cal., and 100 tons of it were shipped to New York lately to be made into mantels, bureau tops, etc., while some of it will be worked into jewelry.

The cost of introducing a girl into society in New York and carrying her successfully through one season is estimated at \$1,608.

It is estimated that over 500,000 alligators are killed annually for their skins.

THE ANSWER OF PARIS.

My Helen, with thy grand Greek eyes,
Made by heaven most pure and wise,
Thou dost bid the winds of joy
Whisper thee of long lost Troy!

My Helen, with thy grave Greek lips,
Carved in death's last sweet eclipse,
Thou dost bid the mourn'rous sea
Tell Troy's burial place to thee!

Deep in northern snows two meet,
Two whose love is full, complete;
And beneath a southern sun,
Two whom love hath made as one.

My Helen! Let me touch thy hand
Where love dwells—still Troy doth stand.
—Fannie Aymer Mathews in Home Journal.

THE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT.

How Wealth Tries to Make Assurance
Doubly Sure—Locks and Safes.

It is a long way, in fact, from the simple contrivances of classic times for protecting ready wealth to the coffers and money chests, the secret drawers and guarded treasuries of Florence and Venice. And from them it is still a longer one through the clumsy safes and rude locks of the last century to the present almost perfect treasure vaults, proof against fire or flood, against both sharp edged tools and any charges of powder or dynamite that a burglar may safely use. The present safety vault has of course grown out of the old safe, and is really only a perfected modern bank safe on an enlarged plan. The average safe is an iron and steel box, some four to six feet in height by four feet in breadth and depth. It has a thick door, made in half a dozen layers of unequal size, heavily bolted together, and opens by a combination of movements on an exterior knob.

The safe deposit vault is another big box, also of steel and iron, some ten feet in height and twelve feet in length, built in, like a prisoner's cell, with a heavy wall of brick, mortar and cement, and opening by a door almost a foot in thickness into a larger room which contains it. All that ingenuity can do has been done to make the body of the vault impregnable and to put the secret of the intricate lock beyond chance of guessing. The cell inside is lined with drawers and boxes, each locked and bolted. The whole thing is a safe within a safe, making assurance doubly sure but slightly higher rates for nervous and cautious depositors.

Safe deposit vaults are built by only a few of the large safe makers. The metal used for the walls of the vault is a mixture of iron and steel, melted together at high heat and tempered throughout as finely and evenly as possible. The result is a homogeneous, almost flawless surface, which defies alike the burglar's tools or the flames of a big fire. A wall three inches in thickness is laid on in plates with heavy bolts of the same material, and the whole side is then shut in with a stout covering of fire proof brick and a finely mixed cement. Particular care, of course, is taken with the door, which is the only part exposed after the outer wall is built. The plates are doubled, braced and reinforced, of various sizes according to the layers, over lapping and falling short, but all so piled and blended together that while one holds all will hold and the treasures within will still be safe. The lock combination is made so intricate, too, that it needs one man's mind working all the time to keep up with it.

The demand for vaults is comparatively small now, but the makers agree that there will be a large increase in the number used before ten years pass. People are just beginning to realize what mental relief it is to have one's valuables absolutely secure from accident or theft, and that comfortable feeling is sure to spread even if it entails the building of costlier safety vaults than those we have now.—New York Tribune.

Diffusion of Wealth.

Twenty millions of dollars in a village does not make that village rich if it is all owned by two men; but if that amount is spread evenly all over the village then it is different. Money in the hands of one or two men is like a dunghill in a barnyard. So long as it lies in a mass it does no good, but if it was only spread evenly on the land how everything would grow! Money is like snow. If it is blown into drifts it blocks up the highway and nobody can travel, but if it lies evenly distributed over all the ground it facilitates every man's travel. Wealth is good if diffused, but not if hoarded.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Getting Up False Faces.

A number of men, women and children make a living by getting up false faces, which find a ready sale during the ball season and around Christmas time. It requires no little ingenuity and artistic skill to make these grotesque combinations of paint and cardboard that delight the children, and serve to lighten up the graveyard gloom of the ordinary public mask ball. The best false faces, however, come from France, and are coated with wax before being painted.—New York Journal.

Micrographing Flying Gulls.

An example of the speed with which pictures can now be produced is afforded by a photograph of a number of flying gulls taken at Southport by a local photographer, Mr. Mallin. The various attitudes of the birds are curious. Most of them have the wings spread in the orthodox manner, but some of them are caught in that curious position with the wings hanging down, which, from the shortness of the time during which it is maintained, the eye does not appear to catch. About sixty birds are shown quite sharply and distinctly.—London Times.