lieve that you really long for death at all."

"To that I can only answer that you deceive yourself."

"No, it is you who deceive yourself. What you long for is not death, but change, a change of condition. No truer words were ever spoken than those of Tennyson's:

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Hath ever truly longed for death.

"What you crave under the name of death is forgetfulness. You yourself compressed the whole truth into a sentence when you said, 'To live is to remember.' Your inference was that to die is to forget. It is memory which agonizes you. It is the past which lives in memory that handicaps you, that hangs like a millstone around your neck, and goads you to despair. If you could forget, if you could obliterate the past from your consciousness, you would cease to suffer. Is not that true?"

"True enough, but without significance. A mere quibble. There is no forgetfulness except in death—no Lethe save the Styx."

"That may or may not be so. How do you know, for instance, that there is forgetfulness in death? You ignore the possibility of a future life, the dread of something after death, the undiscovered country. Suppose beyond the grave you preserve your identity, that is to say, your memory, in what respect will you have gained by the change?"

"I must take my risks. This much I do know, there is no forgetfulness in life. There may be in death. I will take my chances. Any change must be a change for the better. I am in hell now, if you must know it. I will take my risks."

"You say there is no forgetfulness in life. But suppose there were? Suppose it were possible for you to obtain total and permanent forgetfulness without dying, without taking those risks, without taking any risk at all? Suppose somebody should come to you and say, See! I have it in my power to bestow upon you total and permanent obliviousness, so that the entire past, with all its events and circumstances, shall be perfectly erased from your mind; so that you shall not even recall your name, nor your language; but with unimpaired bodily health and mental faculties shall begin life afresh, like the new-born baby, speechless, innocent, regenerated; another person, and yet the same: suppose some one should come to you and offer that?"

"It is an idle supposition. The age of miracles has passed."

"An idle supposition? You deem it such? Let us see. Let us consider. To begin with, answer me this. Have you never heard or read, in newspaper, medical report or novel, of a case where, through an accident, a human being has had happen to him exactly the experience which I have just described? A case where a lesion of the cerebral tissues, caused perhaps by disease, or perhaps by a concussion of the brain or a fracture of the skull, has resulted in the total annihilation of memory, without injury to the other intellectual faculties, so that the patient, upon recovering health and consciousness, could remember absolutely nothing of the past—neither his his name, nor his nationality, nor the face of his father or mother, nor even how to speak, walk, eat, but was literally born anew, and had to begin life over again from the start? Surely everybody who has ears has heard, everybody who can read has read, of cases of that nature."

"Oh, yes, I have read of such cases. Certainly."

"Very well. You have read of such cases. So! Now, then, suppose that an accident of that sort happened to you; everything you can hope for from death would be accomplished, and yet you would live. What better could you desire?"

"Ah, but it is not within my power to cause such an accident. It is within my power to die."

"Not within your power to cause such an accident? Not within your power, I grant. But will you say that it is not within human power, not within any man's power? Imagine whatever thing you like, which can happen by accident; will you tell me of any conclusive reason why that thing should not be caused by design? Why man, investigating the causes of the thing, enlightened by his science and employing his skill, should not be able at will to bring that thing to pass? Take this very case which we have been considering: the total obliteration of a human being's memory of the past. A blow upon the head, the result of an accident, can cause it; why not a blow upon the head, the result of man's deliberate purpose? Insanity, smallpox, consumption, deafness, blindness, paralysis—each of these it is within human power to inflict. Why not forgetfulness?"

"I have never heard of its being done. I once read a novel in which something of the kind was related—'Dr. Heidenhoff's Process'—but even in that novel the author had not the audacity to pretend that his story was possible. It turned out to be a dream. But then that was quite a different thing. It was the obliteration, not of the whole memory, but simply of the memory of one particular fact or train of facts. The memory in respect of other facts remained intact."

"Ah, well, that of course it is not within human power to accomplish. Not as yet. I cannot, it is true, cause you to forget any one given fact while leaving your memory unaffected regarding other facts. But the annihilation of the whole memory is a very different matter. You say you have never heard of its being done voluntarily. What does that signify? Because I have never heard of a thing's being done, therefore it cannot be done? No, indeed; non sequitur. Twenty years ago I had never heard of two men five miles apart being able to talk to each other viva voce. Yet to-day the telephone is an established institution. Now here is the long and short of the matter: That same oblivionsness which, as the physicians' case books bear abundant testimony, nature frequently produces through the medium of disease or violence, I—I who speak to you—I can produce by means of a surgical operation."

"It seems incredible," said she.

"However it may seem, it is a fact. What a stone striking you upon the head may accomplish, I can accomplish with my instruments. I can cause a depression of one of the bones of your skull at a certain point, so that when you recover from the effects of the anæsthetic which I administer, you are returned to the mental condition of infancy. You remember nothing, you know nothing. The past is utterly abolished. The future is before you."

"If what you say is true, you possess a terrible power. Are surgeons generally able to do this?"

"I believe—I may be mistaken, but I believe—that I am the only man alive who knows how to do it. I discovered the secret more than 30 years ago. I have never explained my method to anyone else."

"Why not?"

"You yourself have named the reason. It is a dangerous power. I have thought it prudent not to put it into the hands of the faculty at large. For aught I know, however, other men may have discovered it independently."

"You say you can do this. Have you ever done it?"

"I have performed the operation with unvarying success upon 20 dogs, 3 horses, 6 monkeys. Each animal was upward of 5 years old, intelligent and thoroughly trained. After the operation each animal was a helpless cub—had even forgotten how to eat—had to learn all the lessons of its life anew."

She smiled. "Animals indeed! It is a descent from the sublime to the grotesque. Never upon a human being!"

"I did not say that. Yes, once upon a human being."

"Yes? And with what result?"

"With the best possible result. The man was a discharged convict, an Austrian. He was a bad fellow through and through, brutal, thievish, untruthful. Like all of us, he had inherited from his ancestors a million potentialities for good and evil. But his environment had been such as to develop those that were for evil, and to leave latent those that were for good. He was 32 years old and in excellent health. I operated upon him. He came out of the ether as ignorant and as helpless as a babe in arms."

"Well, and then? What followed?"

"Well, you must bear in mind, he, being an adult, had within his cranium a brain which, as an organ, was full grown, was mature. Therefore he learned with astonishing rapidity—almost as much in a week as a child learns in a year. At the end of a fortnight he could walk, feed himself, dress himself, and was beginning to speak. At the end of two months he read without difficulty, and wrote a good hand. What was most remarkable, however, his moral nature had undergone a complete transformation; his vicious instincts had been completely eradicated. In a new invironment, treated with kindness, surrounded by wholesome influences, he became a different man. Now those virtuous predispositions which heredity had implanted in him were vivified, the bad left dormant. At the end of the year he entered as a medical student at the University of Tubingen; and to-day he is one of the oldest and most respected practitioners in Frankfort."

"It is like a fairy tale—it is marvelous," said she.

"Science abounds in marvels no less stupendous," said I.

"But," she added after a pause, "it is dreadful to think that the character and the morality of a human being can be influenced by a mere physical operation like that; to think that the color of the soul may be changed by a change in the structure of the body. It is enough to convert one to materialism pure and simple; therefore to cynicism and pessimism."

"Not necessarily," I objected. "It only proves that while it is the tenant of the body, the soul adapts itself to its hibitation."

"It would seem to prove that the soul is not simply the tenant but the slave, the victim, the creature of the body. Will you describe your operation to me?"

"You would need a medical education to follow such a description."

"Is it anything like what they call trepanning or trephining?"

"But very remotely. A partial fracture and a depression of the bone is caused; but no particle of it is removed."

"What are the chances of the patient's losing not only his memory but his intelligence—coming out of it a simpleton or a maniac?"

"Practically none. It is as safe an operation as any in which the knife is employed. Of course, in all operations which involve the use of the knife, there is a possibility of serious consequences, of inflammation, and so forth. But I know of none in which that possibility is slighter than in this."

"And finally, do I understand that you offer to perform your operation upon me?"

"Has not that been the sole purport of all that I have said?"

"How much time must elapse after it before I shall be able to take care of myself again? Before I shall have gained sufficient knowledge to act as a responsible and competent human being?"

"I should say a year. Perhaps more, perhaps less. But I will say a year."

"And meantime? How am I to be provided for and taken care of? And what—what education will I receive?"

"You will be provided for and taken care of here in this house. My sister, ten years younger than I, the kindest and wisest of women, will be your nurse and your companion. As for your education—it shall be the best which our means can afford."

"Oh, but all this talk is in vain. I have no right to impose myself upon you in that way."

"It is not a question of right. You impose nothing upon us. I have volunteered everything. You are answerable for nothing."

"And I shall be a new woman? As you have said regenerated—as if really born again?"

"Yes."

"What is your name?"

"My name is Benary—Leopold Benary."

"I don't know how I can ever express my gratitude to you, Dr. Benary. There is nothing that I can say. But you will understand it, you will imagine it. Can you, will you, operate upon me here, now, to-night?"

"Oh, you must have some sleep first. I will call my sister. She will show you to a room. Then perhaps to-morrow you will be in a favorable condition."

"It is very late. It would be a pity to disturb your sister. Can you not leave me to rest here, upon your sofa?"

"No," I assured her; "my sister will much prefer to have it as I have proposed." And I went upstairs to wake my sister, Miss Josephine Benary.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

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AN IMPORTANT EXCEPTION.

A Mother's Rigid Rule Causes a Child to Make a Ludicrous Blunder.

Covington (Ga.) Star.]

A good joke is related of a kind sister, belonging to a church not a thousand miles from Covington, who was devotedly attached to her pastor, and piously taught her children to reverence the minister above all men. They were strictly and conscientiously taught that, when speaking of him in comparison with other men or things, he must always be excepted as the greatest and best. This rule was so rigidly adhered to by the good mother, and the children were so punctiliously trained with regard to their high esteem and partiality for the minister, that they never spoke of anyone or anything without always adding the one exception.

Now, it so happened one day that one of the little boys, who was a precocious youngster of six years, was out playing in the fields, near his home, and discovered an immense hog grazing in the pasture, when he became alarmed and ran to the house with all the swiftness his little legs could command. Upon reaching the "paternal haven of safety," and almost out of breath, he called to his mother with all the animation and ardor of his boyish nature: "Oh! ma, ma! I saw the biggest hog down yonder in the field that I ever saw in my life—except our minister." Whereupon it is said the good mother fainted.

NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

An Oklahoma Squatter Who is Likely to Hold His Claim.

Chicago Tribune.]

"So this is my claim, is it?" mused the new comer. "My good man, I don't wish to put you to any trouble, but you're on my patch of ground."

"I am, hey?" said the fierce-looking Oklahoma squatter. "My friend, d'ye see that inclosure staked off thar the other side of the cabin? Well, that's my private buryin' ground, an' it's full of fellers that thought they had a claim on this ranch."

"I see it," replied the visitor carelessly, "and it doesn't scarce me any. I unpired ten baseball games in Detroit last year," he added, with a capacious yawn.

"For heaven's sake, mister!" exclaimed the squatter, his face turning frightfully pale and his knees knocking together, "give me five minutes to pack up my traps and light out."

A Moment of Agony.

First Tramp—Murder! Help! Help!
Second Tramp — What's the matter, Denny?
First Tramp—I dreamt I was wur-r-r-kin! —*Puck.*

HOW TO BE IN STYLE.

Shirley Dare Tells of the Beautiful New Fashions in Dress.

SPANISH COSTUMES IN VOGUE.

Women Who Study Dramatic Art to Acquire Grace of Figure.

HOW TO BE HANDSOME AND HEALTHY

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Let us begin with fashions to have the serious affairs of life over and done with. The new gowns are a happy blending of sense and caprice, so varied in material and trimming that almost every dress at a good private modiste's seems unique and sensible in short skirts, simple drapings and forms which dispense with tight corsets and bustles. The main difference noted as spring wears on and reverse styles appear, is that directoire dresses give way to the beautifully fitted, easy princess gowns, with embroidered or else open fronts, filled with white vests or chemisettes, the straight skirt showing a velvet, embroidered or broche petricoat between the breadths. This style suits the fine figures of American girls better than the directoire, which looks like the mischief, save on very piquant wearers.

Spanish styles are taking the fancy, from the pictures of modern painters, allowing rich color and luxurious fancy. But Spanish styles are not to be attempted in any but the most generous materials. A superb costume for dinner dress seen yesterday in a royale, thickest, softest and glossiest of all silks, in a warm, brilliant, Spanish red, finer than poppy color, with short matador jacket of gorgeous brocade in red, black, gold and green, square and loose as seen in pictures of bull fighters, the crimson sleeve slashed with deep puffs of brocade, and a narrow, straight train of brocade turned back from the hips over the red silk petticoat, which looked thick enough to stand alone, but was almost too soft to rustle. Frills of magnificent point finish throat, bosom and wrists. Directoire dresses require fine, filmy French and Flemish laces, the Spanish style calls for the heavy corded Escurial point, which is rather between passementerie and lace, or for the Spanish point and cut work with its high relief and spidery bars. Three yards of Escurial point needed for a dress front may be had for $33, which is cheap for a life's wear.

SUMMER MILLINERY.

One establishment shows conservative coronet bonnets in fine straw with velvet applique on the low brim, trimmed solely with loops and rich brocade ribbon in the color of the dress, a little thread lace and aigrettes. Flowers are overdone for the tastes of the select, and soft, wide ribbons, lightened with aigrettes and fine grasses or seeds at most, come with the handsomest costumes. Flowery hats for theater, the park drive or the races, but for the street, for calls and picture galleries, something quieter and richer is desirable.

The stylish shops which furnish walking and driving hats for ladies and children as well as gentlemen, coaching hats in satin rough braids have the crown covered with small plumes, from 7 to 13 being required to go around the crown and veil the top. New sailor hats are of plaid straw, navy blue, red and ecru, or green, black and a dash of red, trimmed with ribbon of one leading color and bunches of berries or seeds in another. A blue plaid cactus braid had loops of navy ribbon standing stiff, and sprays of red currants on the blue with very good effect. Derby hats of the finest velvety white felt for riding and driving are shown for ladies, and white Eton caps and Tam O' Shanters for children. Both the new sailor shape with its chimney pot crown and the Eton with overhanging top and visor are as ugly and unbecoming as can be, the latter being the hideous cap seen in Cruikshank's illustrations of Dickens where the small boys seem pressed down by their caps.

CENTENNIAL STYLES.

One thing the Centennial has left us is a revival of quaint and convenient fashions of a century ago, including the lace mittens, ruffles and dress aprons worn as a part of afternoon dress, and the sensible hats and looped petticoats for out-of-doors. A pretty little white cambric cape bonnet with narrow ruffles and the headpiece stiffened with pasteboard slats, was shown in a fashionable shop window under the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the center of a host of expensive foreign novelties.

It was demure as a snowdrop, and recalls the shady sunbonnet which Dolly Madison's precise mother sewed on her small head every morning when she went to school, lest the sun should reach her pretty face. Her complexion won her first a rich husband and then a President, but most girls would consider these honors dear at the price of being shut in a close bonnet every time they went out of doors. A complexion cleared with taraxacum and charcoal, brown bread and wheaten grits can defy the sun to do more than add to its brilliance. But there must be no interruption to the careful diet, for ladies whose faces are rose and white clover usually, say they never omit the coarse fare for two days without having a coldsore or ugly pimples follow.

THE SMALL TOURNURE,

so long talked of, perceptibly modifies the appearance of dresses on the street. Not that there are not plenty of large tournures still worn by women who cling to pronounced styles, and cannot believe themselves dressed except in accented shapes and colors. But the best dressed women no longer wear a half-moon shelf at the back of their skirts, nor do you see every woman who goes out of a car mechanically smoothing down the back of her basque over her prominent drapery. It used to look funny on the suburban trains to see a file of women going through this bit of drill as they went out of the car. Now the dress skirt is fitted as carefully as the waist, the underskirt having straight breadths, gored only over the hips to fit without crease or fold, and the upper skirt of five straight breadths shirred over this. The back of each skirt is left full, a single steel spring run in the underskirt seven inches below the waist, giving all the relief allowed the draperies, and very pretty is the effect.

The long French polonaise worn with this has a pointed belt from the side seams, the skirt laid in very large flat box-plaits at front and sides, showing the underskirt nearly its full length at the seams. This skirt is plain velvet, paisley broche, in palms like the shawls, or the heavy appliques, passementerie panels or corded laces for street wear, the front and back of the waist, top of the sleeves, belt and collar being trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

A PRETTY WRAP.

For cool days the Breton jacket is necessary, in black or dark green, or the soft French grays, with vest of applique or heavy stitchery that looks like braiding. The jacket must correspond with the dress to insure good style, and the bonnet be the darkest point in the attire. For use a black jacket is chosen of twilled cloth, with a variety of vests, in applique, in pleated surah, with square neck outlined by embroidery, and the silk drawn around the neck above this, a white sprigged pique or a silk vest to match any dress which may be worn. Fronts of black cord lace over silk fill such a jacket prettily if a dressier style is wanted. The newest expensive Bretons have vests of passementerie and beading, garnet, gray or black and steel, which are very handsome. With such a jacket, a coronet bonnet of straw or crinoline should be worn, the brim embroidered in beads and a few fine bead aigrettes sparkling along the trimming.

In making over dresses, if too short, trim the skirt off smoothly at the foot and add a plain border a few shades darker or lighter as you fancy, cover with rows of narrow ribbon a quarter of an inch apart, adding vest, collar and cuffs similarly finished. Waists too short only need a width of surah folded round them as a sash to lengthen them stylishly. If the darts have worn out, veil the fronts with lace two fingers wide, laid in a few fine tucks at the inner edge, and turned square below the belt line to suggest a lace vest.

DRAMATIC EDUCATION.

"You would be surprised," said a friend, "at the number of society women who study dramatic art under the best teachers without the slightest intention of ever going on the stage. They do it as the readiest means of acquiring charm of manners and a good presence." The Delsarte system of training, rightly taken, is the finest way of acquiring flexibility of figure, grace of movement and facial control. I have often wished, in observing the gauche motions and tricks of manner in even educated women, that they could, for a few months, have the training a good actress receives. One sees these tricks of face conspicuous in country people coming to the Centennial, and plenty who are not from the country, either. The women smile and they wrinkle up their eyes, their noses, and show their gums and teeth like enraged poodles. A good dramatic teacher would attack these faults at once, and keep criticising them till the pupil was cured.

Delsarte's "decomposing exercises"—attractive name—are really the finest things for acquiring grace and control of the figure. They are, you know, a series of relaxing movements by bending each joint separately, from the finger tips to the hips, differing from calisthenics in being less formal and fatiguing. Delsarte had the fault of a Frenchman, in the passion for formulating theories which afflicts that nation. Formulas seldom do justice to an art, and his rules sound absurd, while their practice is quite another thing. A woman desiring the completest physical and emotional training should put herself under an enthusiastic pupil of Delsarte. Mr. Steele Mackaye, I am told, charges $25 a lesson, but his pupils carry out the training with ability at less rates.

COSMETICS AND OTHER FEMININITIES.

"Three Lively Girls" write to say that bony necks are their great affliction, and have been "thorns in their individual flesh" for some years, and invite me to earn their everlasting gratitude by showing them how to gain round throats. The "Two Es and an A" must think their request forgotten as it has lain unanswered so long, but that is not my fault. S. D. never means to leave a letter unanswered (unless on superfluous hair), though it almost takes a year to reach the end of correspondence. I am not so sure as to the gratitude either, when the "Two Es and an A" learn that the only road to their wishes is careful physical culture, not the semi-occupied life young ladies lead, of which the principal exercise is chattering, which does not tend to round throats. It is a physical fact, that many of our young women actually talk the flesh off their bones, the quick effort of mind and voice being of a most wearing kind. Ask any teacher who has to talk in her school half as much as these girls do, every day of her life.

The first thing they want to do is to provide boxes of the charcoal tablets which come at 15 cents, 50 in a box, and are the most convenient way of taking charcoal. There is a charcoal and pepsin lozenge of English make, which is sovereign for indigestion and the thinness attending, but it is an expensive confection, at 60 cents a quarter pound, though a good many wafers go to a quarter, and it lasts one a month. These charcoal wafers are invaluable for purifying the breath and the blood, so that the food taken affords its best nourishment. Then use filtered water and drink plenty of it. Eat figs, apples and pure candy before meals, and when really hungry, at other times, always brushing the teeth carefully and rinsing the mouth after eating. The corrosive acids formed in the mouth inflame the stomach and waste flesh, and have much to do with the scrawniness of women. For breakfast take hot maple syrup, cracked wheat, not oatmeal, which I repeat is starchy and clogging as usually cooked, fresh, soft-boiled eggs, three if possible, and good coffee, with meats or fish as preferred. At night, on retiring, take a milk punch, or calvesfoot jelly beaten with orange juice and a fresh egg, or a tablespoonful of salad oil mixed with three tablespoonfuls of Bergundy or port, adding a little honey or lemon it liked.

EATING AT NIGHT.

Something in shape of light refreshment before going to bed is the best recipe to gain flesh rapidly. Nourishment taken then is not wasted in exertion, but laid up in the form of tissue which rounds the figure, and is a little reserve of strength for the next day. Women who work hard should always take, if possible, some little agreeable thing to eat or drink before sleeping. A cup of chocolate and Graham wafers, or jelly, or a cup of clam broth will build up the strength better than port wine tonics.

To develop the muscles of the throat and shoulders, and gain a graceful, birdlike flexibility as well, practice turning the head from side to side as far as possible, slowly at first, but never very fast, for that wrinkles the throat. Try this five or ten minutes night and morning, bathing the neck well in warm water and rubbing in almond cream or salad oil before sleeping. A linen bandage, wet with scented oil, worn round the throat nights will nourish the skin and flesh, especially while one is warm with exercise. Singing is, however, the method of gaining round contour of the throat. A woman who does not sing is a mistake, which should be repaired immediately. How seldom we see a singer with a scrawny throat.

INHALING PINE TAR.

If the leanness proceeds from incipient weakness of the lungs, it is well to keep pine tar or creosote evaporating in sleeping rooms, and use fir pillows. Inhalation of refined tar is a notable cure for consumptive indications. A little oil lamp, with a small tripod and saucer over the flame will be all the apparatus needed. The saucer is filled with water and a spoonful of tar, which keeps a very healthful atmosphere in the room through the night. The pure rosin which exudes from green pine trees is the finest for sanitary purposes. There used to be a preparation called Olive Tar, which was far too good to be lost sight of, being a delicate aroma and a soothing remedy for consumption. Its main or only ingredients were olive oil and pine tar. It is a good plan for those who wish to improve their throats to chew pure spruce gum, pine gum, or that of the compass wood of the Western prairies, for the exercise of the jaws develops the throat, and the resinous qualities of the gum strengthens digestion. I don't mean to recommend the habit of chewing gum as practiced by its devotees, but there never was an unsightly habit which had so much to be said for it. Rank dyspeptics with the coating eaten off their stomachs, as the doctors say, find relief to their cravings by chewing pure spruce gum, and all agree that the lungs are better for it. The compound of paraffine and sweet stuff sold for gum has nothing to recommend it.

REMOVING FRECKLES.

"Marguerite" wishes to know what will remove brown spots from the arms, that is, freckles of the worst sort, which common remedies fail to affect. She writes: "Of course I know the only way is to remove the outer cuticle, but the skin on the arms must be very tough, for what I have used has not been successful." If being successful means to take the skin off the arms, Marguerite has every reason to be thankful for her failures. Removing the cuticle would not help the matter, as the pigment is too deep-seated to be taken off by any process short of flaying. Obstinate freckles require a course of medicine to stimulate the torpid liver.

A very good preparation is fluid extract of taraxacum, i. e., dandelion, mandrake and conium, sold for $1 25 a pound bottle. This, with a glass of unfermented grape juice 15 minutes before each meal, and a wet pack or vapor bath weekly, will prove an admirable method of bleaching the skin. It may be aided by a paste of powdered sulphur and lemon juice, spread thinly on the arms and left to dry in the sun. This may be used daily and left on the arms as long as possible. At the same time coarse bread and wheaten grits must be made part of regular diet, or all this effort goes for nothing. Caution: In taking grape juice, acid phosphate, lemonade or any spring drinks, they must be sipped and a little rest allowed after half a glass, to let what has been taken be partly absorbed. Drenching the stomach with glassfuls of hot or cold drinks is a pernicious habit, which will surely derange digestion permanently.

I am always happy to receive inquiries on cosmetic subjects. SHIRLEY DARE.

A PROFESSIONAL TATTOOER.

He Makes $6,000 a Year Marking Pictures and Designs on the Body.

A Hong Kong journal gives an account of a Japanese who has lately set up in that colony as a professional tattooer of pictures and designs on the body. In a room decorated with fans, hanging pictures and scrolls, the visitor or patient is received. In a conspicuous place is hung a notice in the following words: "I do not business if fuddled." Sample books are first produced for inspection and selection; they are filled with colored drawings of dragons, birds, insects and scenes—comic and serious. At the bottom is written the cost of tattooing each, the prices varying from about $3 for three butterflies to an elaborate group for $100.

The operator himself was tattooed all over his body with groups of bright flowers here, the conventional Japanese girl's head there; a female figure with long flowing robes wound round one arm from the shoulder to the wrist, while on the other was a dragon, with every scale carefully shaded. On the breast was a picture of the god of storms, with inscriptions in Japanese characters, and similar representations all over the body, the hands alone being free.

The apparatus consists merely of a small box containing a slab of black Chinese ink, some vermillion and dark red powders, and a drawerful of penholders, on the ends of which were fixed tiny bunches of needles, numbering from three to 50. The customer chooses his design from the pattern books, the operator draws it on the part desired, and then with a large bunch of needles for the heavy black and a small one for the fine lines the colors are punctured in. No blood is drawn and the pain is very little.

A dragon, which would be tattooed for $20, would take five hours, on account of the number of scales. The part is then treated with vaseline to allay the inflammation, and in a day or two the skin would come off. After that the marks would be indelible. The Hong Kong operator tattooed the arm of an English prince, and, in Kioto, was engaged for a whole month in reproducing on the trunk and limbs of an English peer a series of scenes from Japanese history. For this he was paid about $500. He has also tattooed English ladies, and seems to be especially proud of one picture, which was a tiny fan about the size of a halfpenny, on which was a complete landscape with figures well defined. His income from tattooing is about $6,000 per annum.

A HUMAN INTERROGATION POINT.

Questions Asked by a Small Boy Anxious to Know a Good Deal.

There was a youth on a Pleasant Valley car the other day whose mind was of a very inquiring turn. His age was perhaps 6 years, but he could ask more questions in six minutes than Solomon himself could have answered in six years. Here is a partial report of a conversation that took place between him and his mother:

"Mamma, what is that building?"

"A machine shop."

"What is a machine shop?"

"A place where they make machinery."

"What kind of machinery?"

"The kind used in a mill."

"What kind of a mill?"

"Oh, any kind. Don't talk so much."

Silence on the part of the youngster for one minute and 40 seconds. Then:

"What bridge is this?"

"Seventh street bridge."

"Who made it?"

"I don't know."

"Have we crossed it before?"

"Yes, several times."

"How many is sev-everil times?"

"More than twice."

"How many is twice?"

"One and one more."

"Two times?"

"Yes. Keep quiet."

"What is quiet?"

"Still."

"Why must I keep still?"

"Because you attract too much attention. Other people may want to talk."

"Is the water still—quiet, I mean?"

"No, it is running just like your tongue."

"What makes it run?"

"It can't help it."

"Why don't it all run out of the river?"

"More runs in."

"Where from?"

By this time all the passengers were so much interested in the youngster's talk that all eyes were upon him. The mother saw it, became embarrassed, and wouldn't open her lips, although the fire of questions continued steadily until the car reached the post-office. If that boy doesn't become a wise man it won't be his fault, but that of his instructors.

TWO WAYS OF SAYING IT.

Specimens of New York Slang and Refined Bostonian English.

From To-Day.]

In New York.—Sadie Skipabout—He's a terrible sample of a Boston dude, Dolly, to be sure, but I hear he has boodles.

Molly Murrayhill—Yes, but bless your heart, dear, he's such a precious fool! Why he thinks he knows it all, and he gives it to you in the neck whenever you talk to him. Come over to Maillard's and I'll ball you off for a cocktail.

In Boston, Mass.—Miss Priscilla Backbays—Mr. Washington von Bummersville is, assuredly, not precisely geometric in his conformance with our cherished idealisms of perfect social intercourse, which we have been so sedulously educated to reverentialize at their exalted value, my dear, but you must commit your memory to the logically necessary task of recalling for permanent reference the very important fact that he is a native of the municipality of New York, and that his store of mundane wealth is credibly reputed to be almost unqualifiedly enormous.

Miss Puritanica Kingschapel—I thoroughly appreciate the latter fact, Priscilla, and do not underestimate its importance. I perhaps should not be averse to his attentions were it not that he presents so supremely ridiculous an assumption of universal knowledge to one in the course of the most casual and commonplace conversation. Why, if one were to accept him at his own belief of himself, the scope of the wide world preserves no secrets, mysteries nor problems from him; and his comprehension of everything within the radius of human intelligence, natural and acquired, far exceeds the conventional store of useful information that is popularly supposed to be embodied in the encyclopedia. Let us drop in at Jones', dear, and assimilate a bean and a flagon of milk.

A Social Outcast.

Suddsy—Did ye went to de Centennial ball, Winks?

Winks (sadly)—No, Suddsy; I couldn't go—I didn't have no lawn tie!—*Puck.*

BRINGING UP ARIEL.

Gail Hamilton, in the Role of Miranda, Enthuses Over a Baby and

GIVES A LESSON IN PURE LOGIC.

American Mothers Can Obviate the Need of Laws and Jails.

SOME TOOTHSOME HAWAIIAN DISHES

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

There is nothing like Summer Isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea for one who does not know how to cook, because there are so many things here that a statesman or woman is not expected to know, that individual ignorance is mercifully merged in continental ignorance—so I can enjoy the strange new dishes without a pang. Bananas are of course delicious as we know them at home, but here more so, and when cooked more so again. One day Ah Chang fries them; another, we have them sliced with milk and sugar; for desert, baked with nutmeg sauce—another day boiled. Then the taro is excellent eating. It grows under water, shaped like a large turnip, and when cooked is of a lavender color. We have taro regularly for breakfast and dinner, as one would have potato. For dinner it is boiled, and if I must do without either I would let the potato go and take taro. For breakfast we have the left-over taro fried in slices or we pound the boiled taro to a paste and then fry, and I do not believe there is a waiter in the Great Republic who can cook rice as we do—in a great quantity of water, never stirring it, as that makes it less light, and when fully done pour off the water and let it dry.

For breakfast this morning we had it with milk and sugar, in place of mush; also steak, with fried sweet potato, two (delicious) fried bananas, alligator pear, and cakes and syrup. The alligator pear is a most delicate thing with bread and butter. Pepper and salt are all I put on, but many make a regular salad of it. It looks queer, a light green color, soft and oily and very rich. It is not always liked at first taste, but I fell to at once, and the liking grows into a rapture.

ARIEL'S LITTLE AIRS

Ariel has mellensfeed. I believe this is a Micronesean dish, not native Hawaiian. At any rate, she is growing fat on it, and her mouth and chin are my hourly admiration. And oh! to see her creeping! She sits down, rests on hands and doubles her right leg under, dragging the left after her. In this one-sided fashion she scuttles across the floor. Her delight is to get between two rocking chairs and rock, first one and then the other, getting quite absorbed in the work. She can pull herself by the aid of a chair, so as to balance for a minute on her knees. And she chatters to the birds! While sitting playing yesterday she heard the canary on the veranda, and looking through the door she cried: "Ach? Ach?" answering ever time the bird sang. She is as hearty as possible, eating loaves of bread at each meal! I just asked her if she would send her love to Native Land, and she smilingly answers "Dabblerabble," which of course every intelligent American understands. She persists in creeping to the wall and rubbing her hands over the paper, the colors of which rub off badly. I have had to slap her hand quite hard, but she is tough as a knot, for she won't cry, but she will yell at me and struggle hard to get to the paper. To-day she was playing and suddenly remembered the paper. She looked at me, grunted defiantly and scrambled for the wall. I tried to divert her from her purpose, but in vain; so there was the usual scene—defiance, yells and maternal firmness. Mademoiselle gave in quite easily this time, however, and I can see that she begins to reason a little and to understand "No! no!"

She is a veritable will-o'-the-wisp—now here, now there; but her grandfather Ferd wisely writes, "better be so than one of those quiet, flabby, sleepy, soft, easy, mouth wide open, tongue-out babies," which is very nice of him. She stuffs everything she can lay hold of into her mouth, and when I protest back go the defiant little hands behind her and she shakes her head, "Ach! ach!" To-night Ferdinand brought home a roll of dollar coins in a paper, which he gave to Ariel. She succeeded in pulling off the wrapper and then had a gay time with the money. At last papa coaxed her to put one piece in his hand, and after that she took up each coin, slowly turning round to drop it into his hand when he said "Give it to papa" until she had deposited 16 dollars. Then she was sick of it and you could not hire her to pick up another.

A REMARKABLE CHILD.

She doesn't seem like a baby any more. She looks grown up. And it is true, she isn't a baby and her ways are not babyish. She has long spells of thoughtfulness, actual wisdom and she doesn't care for playthings much, but only to work hard climbing up by the help of the low steamer trunk or tugging to open a bureau drawer. No matter how hard she bumps her head she only stops long enough to look around at me and then back again to business. This morning as I was putting in her pin, she clutched it before it was clasped, making a scratch across one finger. She held it up and gravely inspected it, then put it up to my mouth. I kissed it and she seemed quite satisfied. She fell over to-day and made a bump on her forehead, but merely winked hard and resumed her climb up the piano stool. Oh! there is no doubt about it, she is remarkable!

Ferdinand says this will never do, that one must write about politics and society and literature, and that Ariel will be a bore. Our Ariel a bore! To whom, I should like to know? Show me the man who dares say that of my sweet angel, who is a raving beauty and so fascinating to-day when she was playing with the strip of sunlight on the floor, that I put away my book to enjoy her. Politics, indeed! It is I that am bored—that have been bored all my life with man's miserable pig iron and three-mile line inshore fisheries and the balance of trade, and duty on silks—dead, dumb things, that are of no good to anybody, and keep one from nice clothes. Real politics is human beings. Ariel is a political entity. Little, fresh soul, starting out as pure as heaven and as transparent as the sunlight. She is sunlight, showing in every look and lisp how souls grow. And this human soul is the end for which houses are built and constitutions written and laws enforced.

LESSONS IN LOGIC.

Is it any less important, pray, to watch and train a little soul right, when it is beginning, than it is to trounce it and chain it and warp it and bribe it and whack away at it in the pulpit and in the courtrooms and in the newspapers when it has become all hard and dingy and deceitful, and cannot move easily and cannot see clearly?

No. If the Senators and judges and editors and merchants would take a little of the time which they spend in reading their nonsense columns about stocks and what the chances are for some one to be elected, when, if they would wait a few days till the election is over, they would know for certain; and if, instead, they would all sit down on the ground and watch Ariel under the algeroba trees on the little blue and pink crib blanket which I carry about everywhere because she looks so pretty with it for on underground, and just watch and listen as she sits with a tuftful of grass talking to it and her new sunbonnet flops over her face bewitchingly, they would learn lessons in pure logic, they would see developments of pure reason that would stand them in much better stead than their gossipy newspapers and their musty, fusty, dusty disquisitions.

Now I turn to tell you about the fish market, not because Ariel is a bore, but because I can spare the time while that incomparable child, that Master of Arts, takes her afternoon nap.

And to say or to think for a moment that one child creeps just like another shows a lack of observation in Ferdinand which makes him seem more like other men than anything I ever detected in him before. A trained eye, such as Harvard Annex gives to women, would show even a man that children creep as differently as men live.

SIGNS OF CHARACTER.

Ariel's little curling leg is her own charming sign manual, or, as Girton girls say, sign crusculine. Another child creeps on all fours. A third sits flat down and straight up and hitches along. It is character. But instead of watching the dear baby so as to see what the kingdom of heaven is, men will sit and smoke, or go off to their clubs or the banks or the offices, and try to build up the kingdom of this world. And Ariel will not creep much longer!

The consequence is that a whole country is rocking up and down with prohibitory laws and prison idleness and solitary confinement, and things that ought to have been settled when the drunkards and the prisoners were in their cradles. I am a prohibitory law to our baby. She is already beginning to understand that "no, no" means absolute prohibition. The next thing will be to make her understand that one "no" means just the same as two. Then she must learn to say her own no. If all the babies of one generation could be taught this I consider that it would be equivalent at least to the anti-saloon movement. Then when a habit is so thoroughly ground in that it becomes a principle, why it is equal to a Constitutional amendment, and the work is done. All the cost of electioneering is saved and the country has a generation of temperate citizens, temperate not because the bars are closed and the laws enforced, but because they like to be temperate; because it is ill-bred to be intemperate; because it is vulgar not to be self-controlled. And all this is owing to the women who watch their Ariels, and see when the little will lurches into self-will and curb it; see when the pleasantness of enjoyment is in danger of becoming the pleasantness of selfishness and check it; see when courage dares to push itself into defiance and soften it back to courage.

WHERE TO BEGIN REFORM.

I don't suppose we shall wholly succeed, we mothers; but we shall do a great deal better than the State prisons and the laws. If you can't reform a man when he is a baby you certainly can't count on reforming him when he is a grown man. All the good of grown-up reformatories is in their application to the poor creatures whose fathers and mothers did not know how to rear them. They have no reform for the well-reared. If I can't teach Ariel to be a good girl some one else must, but it is of more importance that I try than anything else in the world, and so I just say to the great men who are talking about planting trees for the future and suppressing Mormonism and establishing schools and making treaties for the Northwest passage and the Samoan reefs, that I am doing better work than they, because it is closer work; and