

WAX FIGURES.

THE METHOD OF MAKING LIFE-LIKE MANIKINS.

The Melted Wax is Run in Molds, Just Like Candles Are—Then the Sculptor Models the Beautiful Show-Window Ladies.

TWO ladies were looking in a show window the other day, admiring an imported hat displayed on a revolving figure. The pretty wax lady, dressed in her Sunday best, turned complacently round and round with a self-satisfied stimp, her features were faultless, her hair done in the newest twist, and the feathery creation of an imaginative foreigner crowning her improbable head was the finishing touch to an impracticable whole. Both model and hat belonged just where they were—under glass. Imagine the flesh and blood, everyday woman, with a turned-up nose, wind-blown hair and a mole in the wrong spot, trying to be consistent in that hat!

"It's no use," sighed the more practical of the two women. "You couldn't expect me to look like anything in a real French hat! That's a French figure; of course, it has the proper air and style to it!"

She was right about the hat, but she was mistaken about the figure. It was an American as she was. Those "French figures" are made right in this city and generally by a German, writes Frances M. Benson in the New York Recorder. They used to be imported at considerable expense, but now we import the makers instead, and they are kept busy. I can tell you. The three principal branches of their work are for museums,

outlines are re-reversed and the figure comes out right side again. The wax comes in bulk, in a pure white state, and when melted is tinted only in the groundwork or flesh color. For the delicate coloring of a hair

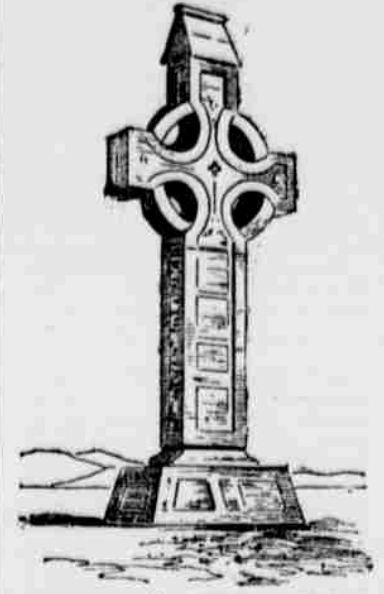


SEWING IN EACH HAIR SEPARATELY.

store beauty, the wax must be the faintest pink; for a man's face it is darker, and for an Indian or mulatto darker still. The melted wax is thin as water, and when poured into a mold fills it completely. Curiously enough, when it cools it solidifies to such an extent that there is barely two inches thickness of the wax, and it is perfectly uniform and as smooth as satin on the inside. The face side, however, from the contact with the plaster mold, is rough, and has to be scraped with a knife, the little airholes filled with wax by a hot iron, and the whole surface polished with fine sandpaper. Then the smooth, bald-headed figure is handed to a hairdresser, who has a bunch of human hair and a stick with a needle in the end of it. This needle is an ordinary sewing needle, with half of the eye broken away, leaving

A Plymouth Rock for the West.

California also has her Plymouth Rock. It is the spot where the first recorded church service was held on the Pacific slope, more than three centuries ago, and it is to be marked by a memorial, the gift of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. The me-



CALIFORNIA'S MEMORIAL CROSS.

morial is to be placed about three-quarters of a mile from the lighthouse on Point Reyes Peninsula and will have the following inscription:

Consecrated October 25, 1833, by the Church Missionary Council as a memorial of the service held on the shore of Drake's Bay about St. John Baptist's Day, June 24, A. D. 1579, by Francis Fletcher, Priest of the Church of England, Chaplain of Sir Francis Drake, (Chronicle of the Service.)

The design is a copy of an ancient Celtic cross, and the stem is to be richly carved after the manner of the early Celtic Christians. The principal device above the arms on the face of the cross will be the "Book of Common Prayer." On the reverse will be the arms of the Episcopal diocese of California and three inscriptions reciting that it is a memorial of the first Christian service on the coast, of the first use of the "Book of Common Prayer" in the country, and one of the first recorded missionary prayers on the continent.

The sub-base will be seven feet high and ornamented with Runic designs, each facade presenting a cross like that of the main shaft above it.

The Oldest Postmistress.

There are, according to a recent computation, 6335 women postmasters in the United States, Pennsylvania having 463, the largest number, Alaska having only one. In this position women have won highest praise for the excellence and accuracy of their work and the conscientiousness with which it is executed, says the Boston Journal. They are almost always popular, both with their patrons and with the Government Department, simply because, working with all their tact and business ability, they are courteous and try to please the people they serve. They are sometimes the



THE OLDEST POSTMISTRESS.

most important persons in their own towns, and, without reading the postal cards that pass through the office, are well informed regarding what is going on around them. Miss Martha E. Stone, of North Oxford, Mass., is the oldest woman postmaster in the country. She received her commission April 27, 1857, from Horatio King, who was then First Assistant Postmaster General. There were then only two mails a day at North Oxford, but since that time the business is nearly quadrupled. Miss Stone has always had the office in her sitting room. She assisted ex-Senator George in compiling the history of "Davis Genealogy," and also Judge Learned, of Albany, in compiling the genealogy of the Learned family. From the Learned family, which was one of the wealthiest and most influential in Oxford, Miss Stone traces her descent, as she is the great-granddaughter of Colonel Ebenezer Learned, one of the pioneers of the town, which was settled in 1713. Miss Stone was for nineteen years a teacher and has also served on the School Board.

A school boy at Abilene, Kan., has a four years' lease on acres of ground near town. He expects to get through high school and make money enough off the land by 1897 to take him through college.

In India 25,000,000 acres are made fruitful by irrigation. In Egypt there are about 6,000,000 acres and in Europe about 5,000,000. The United States has about 4,000,000 acres of irrigated lands.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

One spider thread is composed of several hundred separate filaments.

It is now quite possible to see the larger sun spots without glass or lens of any kind.

A factory chimney forty-eight feet high, composed of paper, has just been erected at Breslau. It is said to be absolutely fire-proof.

The hornet's nest is sometimes two feet in diameter. The outside layers have a small interval between each, so that if the rain should penetrate it is soon arrested.

The density of things at the center of the globe is so great, that, it is reckoned, if a block of steel four feet in cubical dimensions were placed there it would be reduced to a nine-inch cube.

Frogs are mainly juice. If they try to make more than a short journey away from moisture, in a drought, they will perish for want of water; and then their bodies will dry away. The frog's bones are so soft that he scarcely leaves any skeleton.

Frogs and toads lay numbers of small eggs. They are dropped in the water like fish spawn, in long clusters or strings. The Surinam toad carries her eggs soldered together like a honeycomb on her back. The Alpines carries them between its legs rolled up in a bunch.

Barnacles, beside fastening themselves to ships and piling, have been known to fasten themselves to a species of fish, and which are known as bullheads. Specimens of this fish have been found completely encrusted by this little animal, sometimes to such an extent as to cause death.

The sound of a strong brass band cannot be heard at a greater distance and the report of a musket is scarcely perceptible at a distance of 20,000 feet. In the Arctic regions, when the spirit thermometer marks 40 degrees or more below zero, Fahrenheit, a common conversation may be carried on by persons separated from each other by upward of 7,000 feet.

According to Mr. Tegetmeier the rabbit in Australia has been forced by his environment to alter his European habits. The forepaws of some have a ready become adapted for climbing trees in search of the food which they can not find on the ground, and others have begun to litter on the bare earth. The Antipodean rabbit also enters the water and swims very well, both during his migrations and when he is pursued.

It is computed by leading physiologists that since one-third of a second suffices to produce an impression on the brain, a man who has lived to be 100 years old must have collected upon the folds of his brain matter at least 9,467,280,000 impressions. Or, again, take off one-third for sleep, and we still find not less than 6,311,520,000 indentations—memory's finger marks—on and in the brain. This would give 3,155,760,000 separate waking impressions to the man who lives to be but 50 years old.

What the Dog Knew.

I happened one day to be in a Tennessee mountain town when an election was taking place, and there was one fellow who was doing more talking than anybody else and getting into repeated rows. He was followed everywhere by a shepherd dog, and late in the evening I found him on the edge of the town in a most dilapidated condition, the result of a fight with the wrong man. The dog was trying to lead him home.

"Well," I said, "what's the matter?" "Fightin'," was his brief response. "You look it," said I, quite fearlessly, for I felt safe under the circumstances. "That's a good dog you have. Do you want to sell him?" "No, siree," he replied, brightening up a little. "Here Carlo," he said, and the dog faced about and sat up. Then he put him through a lot of difficult tricks, apparently forgetting all about his own battered condition.

"Why," I exclaimed, "blamed if he doesn't know as much as you do." The man looked at me aggressively. "More, mister," he said, "he knows enough to keep his mouth shut."—[Detroit Free Press.

Long Way Off.

"Let me see," said Brown to Jones: "isn't this Jones that we were just talking about a relative of yours?" "A distant relative," said Jones. "Very distant?" "I should think so. He's the eldest of twelve children and I'm the youngest."—[Youth's Companion.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

CHOKED BY MASKED MEN.

THREE HUSBANDS BRUTALLY TREAT A 70-YEAR-OLD MAN. ERIC.—Bartholemew Crowley, a farmer 70 years old, living four miles east of Erie, was choked to insensibility by three masked men, because he refused to reveal the hiding place of money supposed to be in his possession. His daughter, Mrs. Carey, was first brutally treated, but the robbers left her in a barred room while they poured oil on Crowley, threatening to burn him alive and continued to search the house. Mrs. Carey jumped from a second story window to the ground, sustaining serious spinal injuries, but reached the house of neighbors to give the alarm. The house of Mrs. John Crowley, nearby, was ransacked and no one being there, the furniture ruined with an ax, but the thieves secured only \$2.51 in cash. Three suspects arrested by the Erie police have been released.

BIG FIRE AT PARKER.

SEVERAL BUSINESS HOUSES DESTROYED AND \$30,000 DAMAGE DONE. PARKER.—Fire started in Clint Elder's billiard hall and before it was subdued it had destroyed T. J. Blair's stationary store, Mrs. Wilkin's millinery store, Durbin Mobley's gents' furnishing store, Knight's barber shop, the postoffice and Mrs. White's restaurant. The property owners sustaining losses are: Henry Bohem, Mrs. Wilkin, Mrs. Featherston, Mrs. Elder, Henry Surk, Mrs. Wallrobinstein and Mrs. E. M. Parker. The loss is about \$30,000, with \$12,000 insurance.

PHILADELPHIA NEWS.

PHILADELPHIA.—The weekly statement of the banks in this city for the past week show an increase in the reserve of \$423,000; due from other banks an increase of \$107,000; due to other banks a decrease of \$232,900. The deposits increase \$314,000; the circulation increase, \$23,900 and the loans and discounts show a decrease of \$97,900.

AWARDED \$250 DAMAGES.

BEAVER.—The case of Lawrence Dillworth et al. vs. the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Railroad Company resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff for \$250. When the company changed its route it shut off the water supply of the plaintiffs, who were operating the paper mill factory at Beaver Falls.

DOGS DESTROYING SHEEP.

HOLLIDAYSBURG.—Blair county farmers are troubled by the onslaughts made upon their stock by roaming dogs. Farmer R. L. Walker, of Duncansville lost 23 sheep—slaughtered by a pack of dogs.

At Hazelton while Albert Sponeburg, wife and child were driving across the Pennsylvania track, they were struck by a freight engine. Mrs. Sponeburg was instantly killed and the husband badly injured. The child escaped without a scratch.

THREE hunters discovered a band of counterfeiterers in a cave in the Laurel Hill mountains, near Greensburg. The counterfeiterers got away, but the hunters confiscated their tools. A hunt for the counterfeiterers is being made.

SUNDAY evening while Mr. and Mrs. William Sell, of West Derry, were out walking their house was set on fire and destroyed by one of their five little children upsetting a lamp. Neighbors rescued the children.

GEORGE FRASER, a wealthy farmer living near Pleasant Unity, was swindled out of \$5,000 by the farm buying and tin box game by two unknown burglars.

A DISEASE that is puzzling the veterinary surgeons has broken out among the horses in the vicinity of Mt. Pleasant, and many animals have died.

MICHAEL MILLER, employed in the mines near Ansonia, was instantly killed by a fall of slate. He was about 39 years old and unmarried.

THE \$1,700 raised a year ago by employees to help start the Withered iron plant at New Castle will be returned with 5 per cent interest.

MAX BAISINGER was fatally crushed by a fall of limestone near McClellandtown while mining under the face of the stone.

EMMA BLOOM, a domestic employed at the Kromer House, Scottdale, fell from a second-story window and was fatally injured.

J. M. BEECHER, a New York jewelry salesman, was robbed of \$1,000 worth of diamonds at Erie Saturday.

SHIPMENTS of anthracite coal through Philadelphia up to date show an increase of 92,133 tons over last year.

BURGULARS robbed the hardware store of S. W. Bortz at Greensburg Sunday night of a lot of valuable goods.

At Meadow Lands Sunday night Mrs. John Edwards drove a burglar from the house with a hot poker.

DAVID G. DOUGHERT, Associate Judge of Adams county died suddenly Sunday night. He was 45 years old.

RALPH BRONDS of Uniontown, aged 13, has died of lockjaw, induced by a blow with a stone on the jaw.

GEORGE SHELTON, aged 16, of Connellsville, was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun.

The soldiers' home at Erie has its full quota of inmates, 493, at present.

At Dunbar 150 coke ovens were fired.

Fortune in the Field.

Recent experiments point to the growth of a new and profitable industry from the prolific scrub growth of the Florida forests and fields. It has been proved that the leaf of the saw palmetto can be ground into a pulp which makes an excellent article of hollow-ware for domestic and other uses, and the present experiments are expected to prove the adaptability of this material to the making of all kinds of paper. For some time past the peculiar cabbage-like substance in the top of the cabbage palmetto has been used with the tender tops as well, as a fiber in the manufacture of parchment. It is now proposed to obtain cheap paper fiber from the ordinary scrub plant. Some of this pulp has been successfully worked up into pails, tubs, basins and other hollow-ware. The supply of saw palmetto is practically inexhaustible in Florida. Millions of acres are covered with it, and when cut down to the ground it grows up again two or three times a year. A crop that grows without cultivation and in such very large quantities bids fair to have "millions in it."

SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

THE OLD 55th.



A Graphic Sketch of One of the Hoosier Regiments in Kentucky.

PERMIT a few words from one who was a member of Co. C of the 55th Ind. regiment. This organization was composed of odds and ends from different parts of the State, called out to guard prisoners, to guard prisoners at Camp Morton. I do not mean that the men were "odds and ends," but the "company." We were mustered into service on May 27, 1862. Early in July Co. Morton addressed the regiment and stated that there was urgent call for troops in Kentucky, and while we had enlisted to guard prisoners, he would beg that we would consent to go to the front. He gave any who might not desire to go the opportunity of stepping to the rear. Only two of Co. C did. I do not know how many of other companies, but not many. We at once proceeded to Kentucky, and in two days were being hurried from Louisville to Frankfort, Ky., where it was expected Morgan would make an attack that Sunday p. m. As our train pulled into Hagdad, a few miles from Frankfort, we discovered that great excitement prevailed, and we were hailed with joy by some of our own relatives, citizens of the place.

We reached Frankfort late in the afternoon and were marched to the Statehouse grounds, where the loyal ladies of the city had provided a fine lunch for the whole regiment. Scouts reported that Morgan was advancing and Lieut-Col. John R. Mahon, commanding the regiment, led us out and up the long hill on the Louisville turnpike at double-quick.

As we started we were well loaded down with all sorts of "comforts," rolled up in and upon our knapsacks. We had not gone far, however, before the baggage was loosened and the knapsacks were chasing each other down the hill, and when they were never seen by the owners again.

After reaching the top of the hill we marched a short distance and were drawn up in line of battle in the woods on the right of the turnpike, expecting every moment to be attacked by twice our number. The elements seemed to conspire to make us fearful, for the sky darkened and thunder and lightning played havoc with our feelings.

After waiting for some time we were ordered to lie down in line of battle till morning. News then came that the batteries crossed the Kentucky River above us, and was hurrying toward Georgetown.

For some time we were kept busy chasing these bold riders, but never overtook them except a rear guard. To Georgetown, to Paris, to Winchester, to Lexington, we went, but nothing more than a skirmish was the result.

During the latter part of August we were at Nicholasville where we learned of Buell's rear movement and Bragg's advance. Our rations consisted mostly of roasted ears gathered from the field, when we received orders to march toward Cumberland Gap, where Kirby Smith was entering Kentucky. We marched all night watching the Kentucky River and reached Richmond about 9 a. m., exhausted and hungry, but drew rations in plenty, though not of the choicest kind.

Here word reached us that Kirby Smith was marching from Big Hill, and a fight was expected soon. Our time had expired, but Gen. Manion urged us not to leave him, as we were the only drilled men he had, except a portion of the 18th Ky. Cav.

We consented to see him through, and on Aug 29 the picket firing announced that the fight was on. We were marched out on double quick toward the firing and during the afternoon captured a small field piece, which gave us great satisfaction, as we supposed that was only the beginning of our achievements.

On that night we lay in line of battle and a little after sunrise we resumed the march, as we supposed, to victory and glory. We had not proceeded far when our batteries opened out upon us with grape and canister. The fighting was sharp and the loss heavy. Several regiments just organized in Indiana and Ohio stood by us nobly, but ere the night came our men had been routed and a retreat was on.

Our loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was heavy and many poor fellows, whose term of enlistment had expired three days before were killed or maimed for life.

Back we went to Lexington, thence to Maysville and by boat and rail to Cincinnati and Indianapolis where we were paid off and sent to our homes. For some reason no discharges were made out and given to the men. So far as I know, not one of that regiment has ever received a discharge.—Geo. W. R. Keas in "National Tribune."

A Good War Story.

One of the best army stories I have heard for a long time was told by a Johnstown veteran of the Forty-fifth regiment who was here at this reunion recently. The hero of the story was a Jew. The veteran announced that he was going to the sutler's quarters, some two miles away, to make some purchases. The Jew, Conn, lying in his tent, heard this, and calling the veteran in said: "I give you 50 cents, you buy me tobacco." The 50 cents was handed over. The veteran made his trip to the sutler's quarters, but could get no tobacco. Instead, he bought 50 cents worth of cigars, all of which, except two, he gave away to the boys and one of those left he himself smoked. The remaining one he carefully wrapped up in half a dozen papers and handed them into the tent to Conn. The Jew spent some time getting all the wrappers off and was almost paralyzed when he found it contained a single cheap cigar.

Wise Advice.

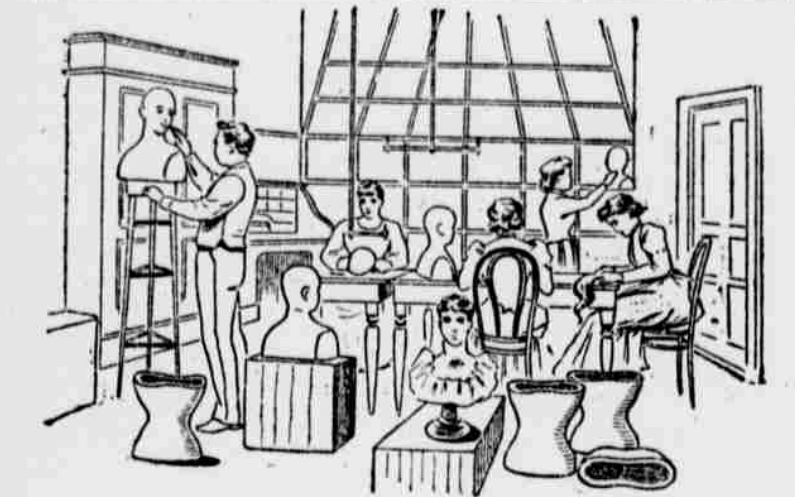
In the "Life of Rowland Hill," by Mr. Charlesworth, published in London some years ago, there are many anecdotes of that remarkable man. At one time when Mr. Hill was preaching for the benefit of a charity, a note was handed to him, the writer of which asked whether it would be right for a bankrupt to contribute to the good cause.

"No," said the preacher, after he had read the note: "but, my friends, I would advise you who are not insolvent not to pass the plate this evening, as people will be sure to say, 'There goes the bankrupt.'"

JONES KNEW HIS WEAKNESS.

Somebody challenged Jones to fight a duel, thinking to scare him.

"Well, it's a go," replied that cheerful lunatic, "but only on one condition. You know how near-sighted I am? Well, to make things equal I insist that I shall be placed ten paces nearer my opponent than he is to me, for the fellow's got an eye like a hawk."



IN THE WORKSHOP.

retail stores and churches. Museum work is the most difficult, because it must be as nearly exact in likeness as possible; waxen images for cathedrals are purely imaginative, and the least troublesome, but the most profit comes from the stores, which freshen up their show windows annually and change their exhibition ladies from delicate blonde to plump brunette or back to rosy Auburn as Fashion's dictates. The museums, by the way, frequently have their own sculptors and workmen on the premises, and make their own figures, so that when anybody becomes sufficiently noted or notorious, and the crowds are sufficiently curious, all hands go right to work from a photograph, and have a home-grown celebrity ready in a jiffy.

Up a flight or two of bare stairs there is a sculptor's studio and workshop, scattered over two entire floors. The sculptor himself is a typical German. Everything is white with plaster of Paris, and plaster casts stand around like tombstones, while disdressing inanimate heads and limbs and half figures are shelved in rows or scattered around promiscuously. In a baby's bathtub, right in the center of the floor, floats the prettiest, pinkest, plumpest baby's foot and leg you ever saw, cut off half way above the knee, and you turn away from it only to encounter a dimpled arm and hand, with the tapering finger pointing straight at you from the nearest shelf. The sculptor sits unmoved by his big apron and is modeling a child's head out of clay. Sometimes he works from a living model—a professional pouter—sometimes from a photograph, sometimes from his fancy, according to the needs of his customer.



MAKING THE MOLD.

When this child's figure is completed it is to be one of a Christmas group in the show window of a big dry goods house, which is already working on its display, and it is to be an ideal Santa Claus child. When the clay head is finished, it is given to a young man, who puts it on a pedestal, and with a broad, flat knife, covers it with plaster of Paris in two sections, being careful to grease the edges, so the front and back sections will fall apart readily when the plaster is stiff enough to come off. This plaster cast faithfully copies every outline of the clay figure, even to the tiniest curve, and when the melted wax is poured into it the

a little fork to catch the hair with. Maybe you thought these dummies were wigs pasted on, but let me tell you that each hair is put in separately and quickly, and poked in to a depth of half an inch, so that when finished the hair can be combed and dressed as readily as if on a human head; more so, if anything, for it won't come out. The eyebrows, eyelashes and—on occasion—whiskers are put in in the same deliberate fashion, and are as real as they look.

The next process is to burn out the eyes and mouth with specially shaped hot irons. Glass eyes come by the box and peary teeth, such as dentists put in separate sets. An eye is impaled on a stick and inserted in place, while drops of hot wax from the outside holds it in place temporarily; the teeth are also put up through my lady's throat and occasionally get loose from their moorings and rattle in my lady's head. They are finally got into place and a thin coating of wax put on the inside of the head with a brush holds them there, and the lady is ready to have her cheeks and lips painted, and the fashionable shadows put under her eyes.

This finishes her as to head and shoulders. The part of her anatomy that is not to be exposed to public gaze is, I am sorry to say, something of a sham. Pasteboard is cheaper, lighter and more durable than wax, and when it is to be covered up answers the same purpose. However, the pasteboard outlines are just as faithfully carried out. The molds are thoroughly greased and layer after layer of heavy paper well soaked in paste are pressed carefully into them, and when dried this paper is as firm as one thick piece. This pasteboard dummy is lined with strong cloth and a thin coating of plaster of Paris, and, while light, is so tough that it is hardly possible to break it.

The Father of Expositions.

The originator of National expositions was Napoleon. He began in 1798 a series of National expositions, which continued at intervals of from four to seven years until 1859. They were intensely National in their spirit. A gold medal was offered at the earliest of them to the manufacturer who should deal the hardest blow at English trade. At the French Exposition of 1840 this spirit still survived so strongly that the Minister of Commerce publicly declared that a proposition to admit foreign exhibitors and their products "could only have emanated from the enemies of France." To England, as a Nation, and largely to the late Prince Consort's personal influence and exertions belongs the honor of organizing the first great exhibition in which merely National lines were overstepped and an international scope given to it. The exhibition of 1851, held in the Crystal Palace, London, which, in its day, was one of the wonders of the world, was the first truly large and comprehensive international enterprise of the kind.—New Orleans Picayune.