











A Queer Profession.

My ordinary profession is surgical dentistry, but I have made a special study of facial defects and the best means of obviating or hiding such blemishes.

"After that we had a good many applications for artificial features. Some we managed to patch up pretty well and others by no means so well.

"A man came in one day to the office looking a frightful object. The center of his face was hidden by black patches, and it was evident his nose was gone.

An accident occurred to him some time ago which would have had serious consequences, and which considerably startled some companions who were with him.

"You were saying, Doctor," remarked the visitor, "you had far superior appliances of recent years; will you not explain them to me?"

"Certainly. Firstly, I have celluloid which can be made to more closely resemble human flesh than any other substance.

"Very simply. I place a spring in the chin and false nose springs on either side to a skull-cap worn on the back of the head.

many ladies become my patients for that operation.

"Talking of noses, I was reminded of a curious freak of nature this morning. A boy of nine years of age was sent here by his mother to have a tooth pulled.

The Ocean Pilot. A pilot is a man who has made himself thoroughly acquainted with certain waters where navigation is dangerous, and who directs vessels in safety through those bad places.

But these fine schooners and the brave men they carry are rarely in port. Their time is spent far in the offing of the harbor, cruising back and forth in wait for incoming ships, and the New York pilots often go two and three hundred miles out to sea.

The storm may be howling in the full force of winter's fury, and the waves (spraying mountains high) as we say, but the pilot must get aboard by some means.

Now the pilot is master—stands ahead of the Captain even—and his orders are absolute law. (He inspects the vessel to form his opinion of how she will behave, and then goes to the wheel or stands where best he can give his orders to the steersman and to the men in the fore-cabin who are heaving the lead.

Vanadium, discovered in 1801 by Del Rio, existed up to 1867 as one of the most of chemical curiosities. (At that time a Russian chemist made some experiments with it, and found it so superior to the sulphide of copper that it grew into demand.

When they want to be a little better in Kay West they have turtle egg scallads and cook 'em in five styles.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Moses Taylor was the richest man ever hid in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn. The next richest man buried there was Stephen Whitcomb.

Courtney, the orsman, has accepted the challenge of William Elliott, of England, for a race with any carman in the State of New York for \$1,000.

The year without a summer was 1816. Edible were killed by freezing weather in June that year in the New England and Middle States.

Dr. Schlemmer lives in princely style in Athens, in an imposing marble palace. It is said that his servants have classic names, and at the family table classic Greek is spoken.

Waking the dead has for centuries been and still is practised in one of the northern Scotch counties. A house with a corpse in it, becomes, for the two or three days between death and burial, the rendezvous of the neighbors.

The terrible power which the appetite for intoxicants has over its slaves is vividly illustrated in the following incident: One wintry afternoon a trembling man entered a tavern in New Hampshire, carrying a small package of clothing.

The drunkard staggered back. A gentleman then said: "What will you give me for enough to buy two glasses of gin? I see you have a good pair of boots on your feet. Will you give me your boots for the ten cents?"

The next morning he was found in the barn frozen to death.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Superstitions About Cats.

In Ireland it is considered highly unlucky for a family to take with them a cat when they are moving, more especially, too, when they have to cross a river.

According to the reports presented to the Old Catholic Synod of Switzerland the Church is supported by the State in nine cantons and has an official existence in forty-two parishes.

The Rev. Dr. George Washburn, President of Robert College, Constantinople, writes to the Independent that "there is less interest in foreign missions in America than there has been at any time during the last thirty years.

Mr. Henderson, in speaking of this superstition, tells us that an old north-country woman on one occasion said to a lady, "It's no wonder Jock—his lasses marry off so fast, ye ken what a brow black cat they've got."

Three little boys yesterday broke into a car of the Reading Railroad, which was standing outside the depot at Broad and Caldwell Streets, and committed sad havoc among its contents.

The Lowell Courier states that "It turns out that the singer engaged to take Conly's place in the opera company has a voice like a bell, not like a bull, as nearly all the papers have printed it.

A medical man in New Orleans, who is fond of his little joke, called on a colored minister and began to catechize him. "Why is it," said he, "that you are not able to do the miracles that the Apostles did? They were protected against all poisons and all kinds of perils.

By a slip of the pen an editor the other day wrote, "the Satan of Turkey," meaning the Sultan. As John Chinaman would say, it's "allee samee."

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The graduation of a Japanese young woman at Vassar is an event of unusual significance.

The largest university is Oxford, in England, in the city of the same name, fifty-five miles from London.

The Baptist Weekly, under the caption "Take Your Religion with You," says: The summer exodus from our cities has commenced; many families are already in their country homes.

Whenever the editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer feels like investing in mining stock he walks himself down into the press-room and lets one of the boys feed him through and fold him up and deliver the remains to his sorrowing family in a coffee-sack.

A German shoemaker, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the articles: "Der poots ish not quite done, but der beel ish made out"—N. Y. Post.

Under the heading of "Un Pickpocket Distingue" the French journals publish the following story: "At the Chateaux races a skillful pickpocket, with an open countenance, whipped from the hand of a lady a richly embroidered mouchoir which she was carrying.

An old Scotchman attributes the disappearance of ghosts from the Scottish moors to the custom of "laid-draiking" at social meetings. It is said that a man to see a ghost really worth seeing about.

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Some Fearful Figures.

"That is a finely colored pipe," we remarked to a well-known gentleman of Macon yesterday, as he sat on the curb-stone at one of our hotels, puffing wreaths of smoke from a well-known meerschaum.

"What did that tobacco cost you?" "Ten years ago Durham was shipping his tobacco in barrels instead of bags, as at present, and I paid \$1 per pound to 75 cents, and then 60 cents, but averaging the price at 75 cents, the 400 pounds cost me \$300 for the eight years, or \$37.50 per year."

"Sixteen barrels. I drank a quart per day. I was paying \$12 per week at a certain hotel in Florida, and the bar-keeper has boasted on several occasions that for many and many a week I paid him \$1 a day for whisky, ginger brandy, etc., which makes, with the board, just \$40 per week! Now sixteen barrels at \$100 per barrel is just \$1,600, but that does not cover the cost to me, as I paid 25 cents a drink for lots of it. I calculate that my whisky for the eight years cost me fully \$2,000, if not more."

The nervous system of this gentleman does not seem to have been impaired by this excessive use of tobacco and liquor. He holds that but few men could stand it, and when his hands commence to tremble he will cease to smoke.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

When a child is born we may imagine that it tries to conceive what kind of world it is about to enter. Myriads of kinds of worlds are possible or conceivable. But which is to be the kind that it is to enter? The child's nerve-particles are in a perfect chaos, with not a nerve-process or an idea formed, but only a general disposition of its nerve-particles, which is to modify the nerve-processes and the ideas that it is to acquire, and to thus give it a distinct individuality by addition to the individuality that the peculiarity of its experience will furnish.

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