

LIVING PICTURES.

The Strange Manner in Which People are Tattooed.

A Professor of the Art of Decorating Human Bodies With Curious Designs.

Philadelphia Press, June 13.

Stephen Lee is a rosy-cheeked, keen-eyed little man who bustles about sailors' lodging-houses along the wharves and generally leaves a mark behind him in the form of a bright-colored tattoo on the brawny arm or chest of some seafaring man. Sometimes these designs are so elaborate in their execution and the seaman's time so limited that the tattooer works all through the night and follows the man to his ship the next day, putting on the finishing touches when the vessel is dropping down the river.

His favorite resort, however, is a little shop on Front street below Christian, where seamen, and mechanics, and Knights Templar, and now and then a woman go to be tattooed, while a rabble of curious spectators clamor at the door for a sight of the operation.

"When did you settle here?" a Press reporter asked yesterday. "After the war," began tattooing twenty years ago and have done little else ever since. Soldiers lying in the hospital used to have the name and date of the battle in which they were wounded tattooed on their arm. A woman whose husband was a zouave had the picture of a zouave picked in red and blue on her shoulder and then followed the army till the end of the war. I have never done any women since then, although they sometimes come here. If I tattooed them they would want it off the next day and I should have to tell them that it never would come off."

"There is then no way of removing it?"

"No. Some say that human milk will take it off, but that is not true."

"Are most of your customers seamen?"

"Oh, no. A good many Knights Templar have the Masonic sign of their lodge put on their arm; doctors and mechanics come too, but they seldom want anything on their bodies. Yes, I do a good deal on some men. There is one common seaman, a Swede, who has stayed here every night he has been in port for more than a year. I have put two goddesses and eagles of arms on his chest, a mermaid on his side, thrown in several birds here and there, and when he comes back with 'The Sailors' Return and the Flag of Nations.'"

"I have made nearly a hundred original designs (here the tattooer pulled out of his pocket several leather-covered books filled with drawings), and the customer always chooses for himself. Sailors take an anchor and rope coil where only one figure is desired, but mechanics usually ask for a goddess. I charge from \$1 to \$3 for putting them on, and an ordinary design takes about an hour's time. No, the operation is not painful. I take a small stick, just like this, with a bunch of sewing needles tied to the end. There it is—give me your arm—only a pricking sensation, sometimes it bleeds a little, and then I prick harder so (the reporter's arm was held by the little man like a vice), because the blood carries the ink away with it. Here are two colors in a saucer at my elbow, and I dip the needle points in from time to time and go on in this way—what's the matter? it won't leave any mark on you now—following with the needle points the figure I have drawn on the flesh with a soft lead pencil. Imported Temple soap ink and Chinese vermilion are the only colors I use. The India ink comes in dark blue sticks as long as your finger like licorice, and costs \$2.50."

"You have tattooed some mysterious characters, I presume?"

"Yes, a good many who have curious things put on their bodies and have very little to say about it. A fine gentleman came here one evening not long ago and asked in a few words if I would tattoo him that night. I asked him what he wanted put on, and he said: 'I will show you if you are ready to begin now.' He threw off his coat, bared his arm and I tattooed there a broken cross, a bleeding heart pierced with a knife, and under it some writing was in cipher. He never spoke during the operation and I have never seen him since. He paid me at the door and drove away. The body of a man who drowned in the Delaware about a year was not at first identified. Sergeant Sayre sent for me to look at a tattoo on the dead man's arm. I at once recognized it as my work and happened to remember the man. His wife was sent for and at once identified the body. The tattoo was Faith, Hope and Charity."

"Have you any experience with circus men?"

"The Australian tattooed man, who has been traveling with the Forepaugh show, was finished in this shop. His name is Harry De Cursey, and he was a jeweler's clerk. My partner, Hilderbrandt of New York, found him, and we were pushed to have him done in time for the opening of the circus season. I worked four months on his body and legs. The Washington monument in Baltimore is tattooed on his breast, besides several flags and cannons, a sailing lion, and a broken dagger. Vines creep up from under his arm, while on his back there is a frigate in action, two rising suns, three goddesses, and the sailor's return. Dancing ballet girls ornament his legs. The work took four months and cost him about \$400, but he makes \$40 per week as a showman, besides expenses, and as a clerk he got \$10 or \$15. DeCursey first exhibited in this city last April. Several showmen wanted him, and one of them came running to me on Sunday night to know how much it would cost to tattoo another man in the same way. The arrangements were made. This second man was Fred Taylor, a brass finisher, but I have not yet finished him."

num's agents got him years ago, and he was sent to Barnum at the showman's expense. The Burmese tattooed him, I know, because I know their work; but it was not done as a punishment, and Costentenus is as much a Greek as you are. I remember one day a sailor-faced Californian found me in the Sailors' Home at Lombard and Front streets. He carried the worst piece of tattooing I ever saw and told a queer story about it. He had been running, he said, on the Klamath river and Upper California. One day he fell in with a band of Klamath Indians, who gave him Jameson's weed to smoke. This brought on a heavy sleep and when he woke he found himself alone in the mountains, like Rip Van Winkle, and tattooed with two half moons, which curled outward from the corners of his mouth and covered his cheeks, the points of the ellipses meeting on the bridge of his nose."

"Do you believe the story?"

"No. Most likely the Californian, who called himself Powell, had stolen the glass and tattooed himself. Such cases are common and are usually very badly done. I finished the moons for him and put on four or five stars in vermilion on his chin and forehead, then he went back to California."

"Your business must be quite profitable."

"Well, I don't make as much as I might, but quite as much, in fact, as the tattooer to the emperor of China, who gets \$700 for every performance, but I have made \$40 in one day, and the business is good enough for me."

FREAKS OF LIGHTNING.

Two brothers named Bowen, ploughing in a field near Clarksville, Ark., were instantly killed by lightning. Every bone in their bodies was broken.

At Lynn, Mass., lightning entered the house of Mrs. Charles Hawkes, ripped up the carpets, upset the furniture, and set clothing in the closet on fire.

The Rev. J. B. Evans and his son-in-law, of Rockville, Pa., were killed while planting corn, as was also Chas. J. Swallow, aged 45, of Dunstable, Mass.

Henry Klosman, a carman of Pittsfield, Mass., while on his way to the depot with a load of goods, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. The wagon was demolished and the packages of goods opened.

Mrs. Alexander and her three children were instantly killed at their home at Haldersham, Ga., and John Lamme, of Calhoun county, Ky., aged 20 years, was killed while standing beside a crib with arms folded.

The first death by lightning ever recorded in Nevada occurred May 21, in Virginia City, the victim being a Chinaman. In the same storm a bolt chipped out forty tons of rock from a cliff and sent it down the mountain into the valley.

In a storm in La Salle, Ill., one man, thirteen head of stock, and a large amount of farm machinery and stock were destroyed by lightning. John Jourdan of Sangreets, New York, lost three fine calves that were killed while standing under a tree.

Robert Burns, living near New Hampton, Iowa, while planting corn, was struck by lightning, and instantly killed. John Fry while herding cattle near Williamsport, Pa., had just reached a tree of shelter when a lightning flash struck him dead.

During a recent storm at Troy, N. Y., Jacob Thersduenof went to the telephone to answer a call. As he was replacing the receiver on the hook, the lightning struck his hand, mauling it terribly and paralyzing his arm. He was otherwise injured, but will recover.

While Frank Patterson, a bachelor residing on Big Creek, Kansas, was cooking his breakfast his clothes were peeled from him in an instant and he was hurled naked upon the floor. The same bolt passed out of his heels through the floor and killed five chickens. Patterson will recover.

There were twelve horses in a barn in Bloomington, Illinois, when it was struck by lightning. A \$5,000 stallion, the only animal of value, was killed. It is said that the owner, who was a very pious man, resigned his church membership and has become terribly profane, declaring that Providence was against him.

ful to me in whatever I tried to do for our soldiers. He recognized and cared for the little things I have succeeded in doing; and when there came one great undertaking (referring to her making a record of the missing), so great as to appall a woman with its seeming impossibility, yet which the entreaties of many survivors forced me to attempt; when other officials said, 'It cannot be done, he, the head and heart of it all, said, 'I will help you. And he smoothed my way, and made it all possible and plain. When the task was ended, and I came back to Washington feeling deeply the obligation I owed to him, he was not here to receive my grateful thanks. He had gone beyond all that. It was a sad little burden to carry around with me unburdened and unshared, but I have carried it. At home and beyond the sea, wherever I have been, it has gone with me; and I have come to-day to ask you, as his representative, to accept that burden of thanks for him. 'I felt my tears flowing before I had finished, and I remembered that I had failed to control them, but when I glanced up at the secretary I saw he was weeping too. He reached out his hand, and said: 'I do accept your tribute of thanks—for my father; and then I came away.'"

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

How a Farmer's Daughter About to Return to Fatherland Suddenly Induced to Remain in a Husband's Land.

Love at first sight is such a rarity now-a-days that when one meets with a genuine case of 'got up and got' with Cupid on the box seat, and Hymen in the harness, it is worth recording. Catharine Pfeiffer was on Friday last the bride in a hasty marriage, which, contrary to the general rule in such unions, was the result of an honorable, old-fashioned love in which the traditional tiny smiter of hearts, with accustomed impunity, walked right through the portal of a young man's affections without ever waiting to knock. Catharine is the daughter of a German farmer. She possesses that kind of beauty which only accompanies robust health; tall, graceful, with robust cheeks, soft eyes and a smiling mouth. The girl's manners are simple and in accordance with her rustic education, and there is a charming absence of impudence about her which is also a mark of her nativity. For nearly a year she has lived at Peoria, Ill., and the city, becoming tired of life in such a dreary city, determined to go to her home in Bavaria. She bought an order for a passage across the ocean from the agent of the Hamburg line and then came to New York city to await the sailing of the steamer on Thursday. In the forenoon of that day the girl visited the office of the Hamburg line at No. 61 Broadway, to change her passage order for a regular ticket. As she stood among a throng of frowny emigrants, her fresh, girlish beauty was especially made remarkable by contrast. While Catherine waited, Mr. John Koehler, a German tanner from Norwich, Conn., entered the office, and, presenting a letter of introduction from a prominent business house in that city, began to transact some banking business. Koehler is a fine type of stalwart German manhood, clear eyes, bronzed face, firm tread and body as straight as an arrow. At this time he was a bachelor. Suddenly his eyes alighted on Catharine. It was just at a moment when she was drawing a lock of hair through her dainty fingers, and looked especially bewitching.

She looked and conquered. While he looked their eyes met and a mutual confusion followed. The bachelor was caught. Without waiting for any introduction the pair advanced toward each other and commenced a conversation to the astonishment of the clerk at the counter. When the tanner told Catharine that her smile was so sweet that she must have a little angry imprisonment, her heart also only blushed and cast her eyes down. A moment later and the four clerks employed in the office were peering from a convenient screen at the pair, who were now seated cozily—she demure and modest and he urging his suit with commendable ardor. Suddenly the couple discovered that they were being watched, and started to leave the room. The clerk in charge, fearing that some emigrant swindle was about to be perpetrated, called Mr. Koehler back and asked him what business he had to take away a young girl who was evidently a stranger to him. "Oh, that's all right," said the tanner, laughing until he showed a row of pearly teeth, "Catharine and I are going to be married right away. I love her and she loves me. You know who I am and that I would not do anything wrong. I would invite you to the wedding, but we want to devote all our time to getting acquainted, and guests would be decidedly in the way." It was a clear case of "two a company and three a crowd." The clerk withdrew his objection and congratulated the pair, who marched off arm in arm. On Friday they returned to the office. Catharine's third finger was adorned with a heavy gold wedding ring, of which she seemed very proud. The clerk was introduced to Mrs. Koehler by her husband, who handed back his wife's ticket, saying, "She will not need this. America is good enough for her now. When you get ready to refund the money you can address it to Mr. and Mrs. Koehler, Norwich, Conn."

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Abraham Lincoln's Son.

President Press. Miss Barton related an interview she had recently had with Secretary Lincoln. "I wished to see him because he was Abraham Lincoln's son," she said, slowly and softly, "and I went to his office desk, handing him my card as I approached him. 'I have no favor to ask of you, Mr. Secretary,' I said, when he had risen and the conversation had opened, 'except that you will take from me a little memento I have carried about with me for many years. I know President Lincoln well. He was good and kind and help-

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