NOSES MADE TO ORDER.

WARRANTED TO HOLD COLOR AND TO WEAR FOREVER.

Chat with a Man Who Supplies Unfortunate People with Artificial Proboscides—Fingers and Hands Made to Order—An Artificial Soft Palate.

"The discovery of xylonite has marked an era of improvement in the art of making false noses," said a well known doctor, who supplies unfortunate people with artificial proboscides when accident or the ravages of disease have removed that very prominent feature.

"Before that time," he continued, "we had to make noses out of rubber and paint them to the right color. Rubber is not a flesh color, and when the paint began to scale off the effect was not at all good. A rummy nose was a beauty beside one that needed a coat of paint. But xylonite can be made to take the color very easily, and we get it in all shades of pink, to correspond with the tint of the face. It is light and very hard. It is almost impossible to break it. See here," and he took a blank of the material and dashed it on the floor with all his might. It was not in the least affected.

HOW A NOSE IS MADE.

"For a nose," said the repairer of facial damages, "we find out which way the flesh and blood nose naturally curved. There isn't a man living, I suppose, whose nose was exactly in the middle of his face. We find out from his friends what its proper appearance was, and then we make a wax model as near like life as we can. A plaster cast is made of the model, and then the blank xylonite is heated so as to soften it and pressed into the mold by an Archimedean screw. That forces it into the proper place. It is then polished up and attached either to springs or a sponge cut button shape so it will crowd into the cavity and hold on with enough force to keep it from falling out. If the flesh shall have become sunken around the nose so much as to cause the eyes to have a staring look, spectacles are worn to offset it. Of course you understand that this is not a practicable nose, as the stage carpenter would say. It is for looks only. Methuselah couldn't have worn out such a nose. It will last forever, and that's as long as any one would want it," and the old doctor chuckled at his joke. "A body wants to be careful how he goes into a rough and tumble fight with one of them on his face, for he might get his nose knocked off. He ought to holler: 'Here, you just wait a spell till I put my nose in my pocket.'"

"Do you ever make artificial outer ears?"

"Never had a call for one yet. They could be made all right, but to insert one would be to destroy the hearing, which would be too dear a price to pay for the whistle.

"Fingers and hands, though, are often made. They are the hardest thing to get right. They are made of the same material—xylonite. The joints of the wrists and fingers are made in what mechanics call the universal joint. You often see people on the street who always wear a glove on one hand. That is their artificial hand. The well made hand can close up the fingers so that articles can be held almost as securely as with the natural hand. Usually only one articulation is made in the fingers, as it is very tedious to put in two joints. Artificial feet I have never made for patients, although they would be much easier than artificial hands.

AN ARTIFICIAL PALATE.

"Here is something which might interest you," said the physician, handing the reporter a red flap of rubber, spatulated at one end, like a beaver's tail, and bearing small rivets at the other.

"What's that?"

"That's an artificial soft palate. You know some people are so unfortunate as to be born with a cleft in the roof of the mouth, which interferes sadly with their speech. All sounds which depend upon the breath being excluded from the nose, like 'n' and 'm,' they are unable to pronounce. These sounds are called nasal because they go through the nose. Look in the glass with your mouth wide open, and you will see a little tongue dangling away back at the roof of the mouth. This is the uvula, which is absent in those who have cleft palates. It helps in swallowing as well as in speech. Now, this artificial uvula is not the natural shape, as you see, but is thinned out and spread out like a fan at one end. That is so that it may rest against the muscles which would naturally move the palate. The other end of the piece is riveted to a plate, which is kept in the roof of the mouth either by suction or by springs.

"A queer thing about these cases of cleft palate is that the perception of the proper sounds of letters dies out as the man grows older. A child in whose mouth an artificial palate is attached soon learns to talk as naturally as people whose palates are normal. But those who have passed middle life before they have one put in have, it is said, to learn a language like French, where the great prevalence of nasal sounds compels them to notice their importance. Only in that way do they learn to speak English properly. Talking about palates reminds me," concluded the doctor, "of the old fashioned style of teeth. Before the material of which artificial teeth are made was invented sets used to be carved out of what was called hippopotamus ivory. When I was a young man—I can remember when there were only a dozen houses here—when I was a young man I used to get front teeth for artificial plates from the old Indian burying ground. The teeth were very sound, and I have known them to be in use for over thirty years without showing signs of decay."—Chicago Mail.

A Jog to the Memory.

"There," said an old gentleman, transferring a bloodstone ring from the index finger of his left hand to a less conspicuous place, "I've managed to remember that little errand and the ring can go back to the right finger." "I've a better plan than that," said a bystander. "When I've something important to do I write myself a postal card. My clerks have got used to seeing these missives come in addressed to me in my own hand. Nobody can read the message, for I use a rough sort of short hand known only to myself.

"When I get to the office in the morning with a dozen things to do, there are the postal cards mailed the night before to remind me of any matter that I might overlook. The postoffice is a great convenience. I know a man who habitually posts small packages to his home address simply to save himself the trouble of carrying them up town. That plan, he says, is cheaper and safer than using a messenger service."—New York Press "Every Day Talk."

After Pickett's Famous Charge.

Pickett's division mustered, before the charge, 4,500 men and afterward 2,500. When Pickett reached the Union line and saw his brigade commanders, Armistead and Garrett, down, and turning to the right and left found that he had no supports and stood alone, he threw down his pistols and went back, exclaiming to Lee: "General, my division is destroyed." Lee replied: "I know it, general, I know it, it is I who have lost this battle, help me out of it the best way you can."

PARIS ON A SPRING DAY.

How Her Citizens Disport Themselves While Out Pleasuring.

In front of the Palais de l'Industrie I saw hundreds of carriages and regiments of footmen, and, bent upon pleasure, I penetrated into the interior, which I found crowded with people who were watching red coated riders forcing unwilling horses to leap over artificial rivers and hedges and mock stone walls. And as I wandered through the crowd I noticed that many of the spectators held papers in their hands, on which they wrote something from time to time, murmuring: "One mistake—a quarter of a mistake. Oyster Sauce mounted by the Vicomte de Z." Other spectators seemed to pay no attention to horses or riders, but formed family groups of papas, mammas and bony daughters, who were presently joined by young men dressed in their Sunday best, and extremely voluble in commonplace remarks and formulæ of politeness. These, I concluded, were discreet rendezvous arranged by the kind parents in order to give the young people an opportunity of inspecting each other in view of possible matrimony.

In a central reserved tribune I saw men and women of high degree—dukes and duchesses—pale faced, fine featured, some of them reminding you of Clouet's portraits, with their waxen cheeks so delicately tinted with anæmic rose; these were the decendants of the Crusaders, of the great nobles and warriers, and courtly shoe blacks of centuries ago. Yet other spectators turned their backs toward the arena, and appeared to hang upon the lips of garrulous maidens, blonde like Milton's Eve, blonde like the angels of Dante's Purgatory, blonde like Venus. For, like the charming Florentine poet, Messer Agnolo Firenzuola, our modern Romeos will not admit that woman's hair can be any color but blonde; and so the fair ones are all blonde, and they wear black straw Directory hats, trimmed with tilleul ribbons of the color of fresh linden leaves, and thus look charming in a perverse manner.

Having had enough of the monotony and withered humanity of the Concours Hippique, I strolled toward the boulevards, lined with cafes and brasseries, with their little tables and chairs trespassing over half the footpath. Every place is occupied; gallons of absinthe are being drunk; the sound of discussion and peroration strikes the passer's ear.

Here is a literary cafe. At every table are journalists, dramatists, vaudevillists, poets and incipient Juvenals, from whose lips issue words full of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. So and so has a duel to-morrow; X has made 150,000 francs with his last piece, a production beneath contempt; Y has sold his novel for a fabulous sum, and yet he has not an atom of talent; Z, who is ignorant of the elements of meter, is winning fame by reciting his wretched verses in the salons of Israel. "And Judith Gautier's piece?" asks some one. "Who knows anything about it?"—Cor. London World.

Primitive Mining in Honduras.

During my travels in Hondurus last year, I found, situated several days' journey in the interior, a mine that I was discovered in 1847 by a native who has since continued to work it, but in a slow and inefficient manner. The old miner has driven seven tunnels, or rather levels, averaging each about 70 yards long, about 9 feet high and about 5 feet wide. The distance vertically between the levels is about 20 feet; the several levels are connected by independent shafts about 4 feet by 6 feet, situated at different points, descending from level to level, each an average of say 29 feet. Thus the total length of the seven levels equals a total of 490 yards, and the total depth of the seven shafts of 29 feet each equals 20 feet.

Until the last eight years this native worked his mine for silver only without any assay. He then discovered that he was throwing away much more value in gold than he saved in silver. His only mode of extracting the gold has been, and is, by carrying the ore out of the mine in a sack to a huge bowlder on the surface, in which is cut a concavity something larger than a hat crown in size. Another round bowlder fits into this cavity, and is worked by a wooden handle mortised into its top. The dirt and rock from the mine is rather soft. It is easily pulverized in this primitive manner, then washed and the gold gathered by quicksilver. The magnitude of the work accomplished by this old man during the last forty years, in his poor way, is simply incredible, for he has done it all himself with a single bar of iron. The natives never use powder for mining, but do all their work with a short iron bar. If the work cannot thus be done they invariably abandon the mine.—Col. E. H. Powers in Globe-Democrat.

Picturesque Costume of the Greek.

When the Greek whirls round in his native dance his skirts, which circle and circle, fold within fold, expand like the petals of a thick leaved flower, and remind you of the pictures which we have seen of the dancing dervishes. The same material is continued up above the belt, and is often inclosed in a richly embroidered waistcoat. A loose frock coat, frequently of blue, of the gentle blue, or a short cloak, is the winter garment. Kneebreeches of homespun white wool reach to the knee, while from below a pair of long stockings of the same material, generally white, but often of dark blue, are drawn above the knee and fastened below the knee with a plain black band. The red fez or skull cap, with its black or blue tassel, surmounts the head and gives a crowning finish to the whole of this most natural and picturesque costume.

Of course, there are slight variations introduced, as, for example, the cloak of white unshorn wool or of goats' hair, the cap of greenish gold velvet, and other less important details, but, in the main, this is the native costume, which certainly holds its own against the growing innovations from Europe. For, it may be mentioned, that, though geographically included in the first quarter of the globe, yet the Greeks, and all who live in Greece, speak always of going to Europe or coming from Europe when they allude of the lands immediately west of themselves. It is the rare combination of eastern and western life which gave to Greece its versatility and manysidedness in the past and still imparts to the Greek character and intellect certain attributes which place it without a rival in the society of the world.—Corinth Cor. Boston Globe.

Vicksburg's Bill of Fare.

After the surrender some soldiers picked up in the Confederate camp a burlesque bill of fare, of which the following is part:

BILL OF FARE FOR JULY, 1863.

SOUP.
Mule Tail.

BOILED.
Mule bacon, with poke greens.
Mule ham canvessed.

ROAST.
Mule sirloin.
Mule rump, stuffed with rice.

ENTREES.
Mule ears fricasseed a la Dutch.
Mule spare rib, plain.
Mule liver, hashed.

JELLIES.
Mule foot, etc.

Meals at all hours. Gentlemen to wait upon themselves. Any inattention on the part of the servants will be promptly reported at the office.

THE VILLAIN PURSUED.

A "MASHER" DISCOMFITED BY A LADY'S SELF POSSESSION.

An Incident Which Took Place on a Brooklyn Promenade—A Self Conceited Club Man Brought to Grief—Commendable Feminine Dignity.

Ordinarily the women of Brooklyn are exempt from insult on the street. That universal nuisance, the "masher," is not often seen in this city. An incident that passed under the Rambler's observation, however, shows that there are exceptions to the rule, and that some of our howling swells occasionally transcend the proprieties of gentlemanly behavior in their treatment of the fair sex. The incident occurred on a bright Saturday afternoon. Fulton street, in the fashionable mercantile quarter above the city hall, was crowded. Robust dowagers, blooming matrons and radiant maidens brightened the thoroughfare on both sides. The swish of satins and silks was almost audible above the tinkling car bells. Rich perfumes, exhaled from dainty handkerchiefs, permeated the air. Wonders in millinery floated about like so many miniature flower gardens. The scene was brilliant, enlivening and picturesque.

Suddenly a woman more beautiful than any on the promenade appeared in the throng. She sailed along like the Puritan, the Mayflower or Volunteer amid a squadron of inferior yachts. She was a beauty, and no mistake. Her figure, of about medium height, was admirably proportioned and superbly developed. Her skin, as smooth as ivory or alabaster, mingled the hues of the lily and the rose. Her rich brown hair, brushed straight back from the temples, revealed a perfect forehead. From beneath her pretty bonnet her luminous gray eyes, delicately shaded by sweeping lashes, looked forth in candid confidence upon the surroundings. From the tip of the plume in the bonnet to the little feet that pattered on the pavement this dainty lady was dressed in exquisite taste. Her costume, a dream in old gold and rich brown, admirably became her charming person. Nothing could have been more modest than her demeanor, and yet, by her superior charms, she attracted general attention. Men, and women too, stopped to look after her in admiration. Quite unaware of the sensation she created, she continued quietly on her way. But the villian still pursued her.

CRIMSON WITH CHAGRIN.

Just as she neared the corner of Bridge street the "masher" appeared. Those familiar with Brooklyn affairs would readily recognize him as a well known club man who is largely engaged in the wholesale importing trade. He is handsome, wealthy and well connected. His personal friends number a small army. His reputation has been above reproach in the elevated social circles in which he moves, and he enjoys the delights of a refined home and a large and interesting family. Bounding along at a rollicking pace, he approached the belle of the promenade. In a moment he was walking rapidly beside her. She looked neither to the right nor left. He bent upon her face a gaze of ardent appreciation. Onward she marched without recognizing his proximity. They moved forward side by side for perhaps a hundred feet.

The "masher" turned crimson with chagrin. The lady was as cool and collected as if she had been within the sacred precincts of her boudoir. Suddenly the interloper whispered swiftly in her ear and switched into a side street in order to note the effect of his words. What he said elicited not so much as the responsive elevation of an eyebrow. The lady proceeded calmly and with much dignity on her way. When she reached Macomber square she gracefully tripped across the car tracks and entered a mercantile palace in the neighborhood. Her pursuer, very much crestfallen, slunk into a convenient inn and proceeded to drown his discomfiture in copious libations. Had he learned a lesson that would prevent a repetition of his misconduct?—Brooklyn Eagle "Rambler."

Usefulness of the Phonograph.

The improvements in the phonograph have now been carried to such a degree of perfection that the instrument is practically ready for general introduction. Undoubtedly means will be hit upon from time to time to enhance the value and efficiency of the phonograph, but it stands today, in our opinion, far more practical and complete than was the typewriter when first brought out and placed on the market. Back of all the tall talk and exaggeration on the subject, for which the daily press is chiefly responsible—certainly not those who are introducing it—is a machine of admirable performance, whose utility is so wide and various that it is hard to determine just which work will give it the largest fields of employment. And then, too, aside from the practical use, is the wonder—for wonder it is—that not only can the human voice be registered, but it can be duplicated in countless electrotypes.

We may be wrong, but not greatly, in believing that this century will be memorable above others because it is that which first preserved articulate speech for after time. All poetry, of every age, is full of the yearning, one of the deepest in human nature, for the voice whose gentle greeting could be heard no more; and yet this tender sentiment will be gratified, and each elusive tone and accent now has conferred on it a perpetuity that is not an attribute of even the graven stone or brass.—Electrical World.

Popular Newspaper Literature.

What sort of literature is our popular modern newspaper likely to give us? It would be unfair to ignore the fact that some of our newspapers do exert the best literary influence on their readers and conscientiously subordinate other features of their work to their duties as educators. But the typical modern newspaper, to meet the taste which it has created, must surrender whole columns to writers who aim only at being amusing, and often succeed only in being pert, slangy or scandalous; and it must find or invent "news" items which have about as lofty an influence on the minds of readers as the wonders of the fair had on the mind of Moses Primrose. A continual flood of such matter is not to be offset or corrected by an occasional brilliant editorial or a half column speech by a public man, or a "syndicate" story by a good writer.

And the effects are cumulative. Such newspapers are steadily training a large number of readers to false standards in the only literature of which they have close and daily experience, and the newspapers themselves are as steadily being forced to an adoption of these false standards. In brief, the newspaper of the past, by reason of its lack of opportunity, was compelled to restrict its readers to matter of permanent educational value; the newspaper of the present, through its superabundance of opportunity, is too often training its readers out of all knowledge of or care for educational standards.—The Century.

Never walk under a safe that is being hoisted, if you don't want it to get the drop on you.

ENERGY OF THE SUN.

Amount of Heat Which His Rays Generate—Mechanical Power.

The most satisfactory way of arriving at an idea of the enormous energy of the sun is by measuring the amount of heat which his rays are capable of generating; and further, by our knowledge of the relation which exists between heat and mechanical work, we are able at once to estimate the amount of work which the sun is capable of doing, and also the quantity of energy he must be losing year by year. By suitable arrangements we can cause a certain quantity of his radiation to be absorbed by water or other substance, and note the rise of temperature which results, and as we know the mechanical equivalent of each degree of temperature in water, for instance, it is only a matter of calculation to arrive at a knowledge of the sun's total energy.

Like everything else connected with this wonderful body, figures give us no adequate conception of his energy, and various illustrations have been used by different investigators. Thus, Herschel considered it in relation to the quantity of ice which it would melt in a given time, and states that the amount of heat which the earth receives when the sun is overhead would melt an inch thickness of ice in two hours and thirteen minutes. From this it can be calculated that if the body of the sun were entirely surrounded by a sheet of ice on its surface of more than a mile in thickness, the sun's heat would entirely melt this coating of ice in the same time—namely, two hours and thirteen minutes. Professor Young uses an even more striking illustration. He says: "If we could build up a solid column of ice from the earth to the sun, two miles and a quarter in diameter, spanning the inconceivable abyss of 93,000,000 miles, and if then the sun should concentrate his power upon it, it would dissolve and melt, not in an hour, nor in a minute, but in a single second; one swing of the pendulum, and it would be water; seven more, and it would be dissipated in vapor."

Of course, of this enormous quantity of heat the earth receives but a very small fraction. The remainder, except, of course, what the other planets receive, passes away into space, and is lost forever, so far as can be ascertained, to the solar system. If we estimate in mechanical power what we do receive, we find this to be on each square foot of surface equivalent, on the average, to about fifty tons raised a mile high yearly, or to one horse power continuously acting, to every thirty square feet of the earth's surface. It is by this enormous supply of energy that the whole world is kept alive and active. It keeps us warm, and drives our steam engines and water wheels; it circulates our atmosphere, and brings us rain and snow in due season; it grows and nourishes our plants and animals, and, in a word, is the source of almost every earthly blessing.—The Scotsman.

The French Essentially Home Loving.

Yes, the French are essentially home loving. And their morality, so often impugned by ignorant critics, who find it easier to repeat idle nonsense than to study for themselves—their morality will bear favorable comparison with that of any English speaking nation; of this I am convinced from the depths of my soul. But we are happy, and care not a jot what impression we make. You will never hear a Frenchman ask a foreigner: "Now, what do you think of us?" We never trouble to show our best side to the foreigner. This is what misleads completely so many outsiders. In France, the vice that there is is on the surface for every one to see. It is all open to every looker on; there is nothing hidden. What there is, that you see; no slightest effort is made to hide defects. In comes the Englishman or the American, and forgetting the caerfully hidden vice which exists—and with a vengeance—in his own great towns, cries out upon the immorality of Paris.

I will go so far as to say that in France there is not even so much vice as there appears to be. Let me explain myself. Far from attempting to hide our faults, we, as a matter of fact, often make show of those we have not. The Frenchman is the braggart of vice. Like the Anglomaniacs, represented by Mr. Robson in that charming comedy, "The Henrietta," "each fellow," in France, "wants every other fellow to believe that he is a devil of a fellow, but he isn't." The small jokes that a Frenchman will go in for may be ridiculous in your eyes, and, worse than that, they may, and often do, earn him the reputation of a reprobate. But you, dear reader, when you get a chance, look beneath that boasting exterior, look at the man in his family relations, follow him to his home—ah! there comes the rub—his home is closed to you, and you cannot easily know what a devoted husband, what a doting father, is this same man who is so fond of posing in public as a "jolly dog."—Max O'Rell in The Cosmopolitan.

The Execution of Criminals.

Suppose all the irreclaimable convicts in London executed in silence, secretly, with no possibility of pain, would the announcement of the fact create half the repugnance which the execution of one criminal does now? Capital punishment is just; but something to make the judge and juryman reflect, to make him fear for his own responsibility, to make him search his conscience, in theological phrase, is an indispensable check; and in abolishing pain, and the knowledge of details, and personal action in executions, we, to the extent of human power, take that check away.

It is foolish to assert that this would not be the case, or that men would be equally moved by the bare record of the number of deaths. Who is moved by the registrar general's weekly return, or the return of deaths in a convict prison? Do you suppose that Mary Tudor's martyrs, dying invisible, without pain, without report save that they were dead, would have shocked London into Protestantism? They would have passed, as even now convicts sentenced to labor for life pass, to their doom unheeded, except by the few who make their destinies a study.—London Spectator.

The Fate of a Tragedy.

Wilson Vance, some years ago a bright correspondent, now a wealthy citizen and president of the chamber of commerce of Findlay, O., tells an amusing story of a tragedy he wrote that has never been produced. After the play was finished a certain great comedian of Gotham called upon him and heard it read. The actor was delighted and said if the author could make a comedy out of it he would take it. In a few weeks the tragedy was a sparkling comedy of a high order. The comedian fairly rolled over on the floor with unrestrained laughter and declared the comedy the best he ever heard read. Two days afterward the comedian wanted one character killed in the play, because it might rob him of glory. His wishes were obeyed. Every two or three days he asked to have a character either killed or toned down. Finally he said the play was perfect only he wanted a new female character introduced to do song and dance and banjo business. That was the straw that broke the camel's back. The young dramatist rebelled and declared his comedy should not be profaned in such a way. Negotiations ended.—New York Press.