

WARTS AND MOLES.

How to Exterminate These Pests of Pretty Faces.

An old monk is credited with saying that the one ambition of woman is a pretty face, and for that charm will she risk life and defy death. When the influence of a pretty face is taken into consideration, it is not hard to believe that most any woman will do anything and try everything to secure it. A pretty face is fortune, and if there is any possible chance of attaining the one or securing the other nine women out of every ten are willing to take that chance. No long ago a man from Barcelona established himself in Chicago, and, securing letters to a few popular families, succeeded in building up a reputation that gave promise of a princely income. He circulated among the wealthier classes and treated women in their own private apartments, and in less than a month had collected \$6,000. He did little mischief, but the torture he subjected his freckled patients to would have made him a valuable adjunct to the Spanish inquisitors. One young woman paid him \$15 an hour for treating the saucy little freckles that dotted her pretty nose. Mademoiselle was tied in a chair and her nose plugged up with bits of sponge saturated with ether. When sufficiently stupefied, the man went to work with a knife and literally skinned her entire face. A solution of diluted muriatic acid was then applied to the raw surface, and the screams of the poor little fool could be heard all over the house. But mamma had decided on her girl's success as a debutante, and she gave directions to her under narcotics for a couple of days.

The next step was to cut the brown pigments right out of the flesh. They came out, too, and the face healed up, but the young woman's constitution has been completely undermined, and neither doctor nor nurse has been able to find out what ails her.

Another patron, who worried her empty little head about meeting eyebrows submitted to a plucking, and as each individual hair had to be plucked out by the root it was fully three weeks before the bridge of her nose was uncovered; but the operation cost her \$20.

The friend to whom she recommended her artist was less successful. She was troubled with a hollow neck, but prided herself upon her satiny skin, which, however, could not be displayed owing to the unsightly depression between her throat and collar. The man applied a suction-pump and undertook to blow out the hollow. An attack was made on one side of the depression, but the result was so far in excess of expectation that the woman was horrified at her deformity and became so obstreperous that Senor Moth-and-freckle-exterminator fled the town, and has never been seen or heard of since. The now sadly adrift belle sought a strange doctor, who treated her for goitre, and kept her so long under a coat of iodine that she is marked for the next ten years with the ineradicable yellow.

The value of good looks must be fully appreciated when women of this century have recourse to this heroic treatment. Verily, there is no such element as unalloyed happiness, and if a woman have fine teeth, good hair, bright eyes, and a patrician nose, there is certain to be a mole, wart, pimple, birthmark, discoloration, moth, patch, hepatic-splot, hives, prickly-heat, or some similar blemish which, although skin-deep, suffices to make her existence a bore.

The worst of the matter is, that as soon as the bête noire is attacked, myriads before unseen present themselves, and the case becomes so hopeless that Miss Speckleface throws away her hand-glass and devotes her wits to the powder-puff and rouge-pot, determined to cover up the blemishes that, like the sins of her forefathers, cannot be eradicated. This is after all, as it should be, for thirty days' fretting are more disastrous to youth and beauty than a bushel of skin eruptions.

There is one foe to beauty, however, which nothing short of a mask will cover, and that is the little wart or mole, made doubly hideous by the tuft of hair, which sometimes grows to be two inches long. That this defect is a thorn in the flesh, any woman so afflicted can testify, and there really is no reason why the irritant on should be endured. Any woman who cares for appearances can certainly take time to pull out the hairs. To be sure, more will grow, but they can be watched and plucked out also as soon as they reach the surface. If this simpler operation is continued—daily, if necessary—the roots will one by one yield, and finally the growth will cease. Now take a piece of strong, fine twine, tie it securely around the mole, and, as circulation is thus cut off, decomposition will set in and in two weeks the annoyance will disappear.

A Modern Prophet.

The test of a science is the ability to predict. We believe the astronomer, because he is able to foretell within the fraction of a second when an eclipse will begin and when it will end. We find by experience that, when he puts certain atoms of matter together, a certain result is sure to follow. Water, for instance, is composed of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. Spiritualism is discredited, because its prophets and mediums cannot foretell. Some of the sciences are so far imperfect that its professors cannot predict with confidence. We know a great deal about the weather, for instance, but the Washington Weather Bureau is often mistaken in its forecasts. Much has been said as to the possibility of founding a science of society; but it is conceded that, as yet, the sociologists have not dared to claim they could read the future. All this is apropos of a person who has appeared in Ohio, who makes a claim that he has discovered the law which shows the variations in the prices of commodities. His name is Samuel Benner. He published a book in 1875, in which he made a forecast of the prices of iron, grain, hogs, and cotton, up to the year 1891. It must be confessed that he has so far proved remarkably accurate. He said the price of iron would be lowest in 1877—that it would advance and be at its maximum in 1881—and that it would then

shrink in value until 1887 or '88. This forecast has not been proved false up to date. According to the hypothesis of this modern prophet of prices, the market value of prices tells the story of the prosperity or otherwise of a given period. When iron is in demand and its price is advancing, there is a business boom under way, and vice versa. Iron is the key to the industrial situation, for when there is work to do tools are required. Now Mr. Benner argues that the variations in the price of iron are subject to a law of periodicity. Panics occur in periods varying from eighteen to twenty-one years. For instance, we had them in 1837, 1857, and 1873, and the next one is due in 1891. The really prosperous years, according to Mr. Benner, are very few. The boom lasts only for a brief period. The intervening years are a record of depressed business and general suffering. If there is anything in Mr. Benner's theory, men in business are justified in engaging in new enterprises when the price of iron is advancing; but they should be careful when the iron industry is under a cloud. —*Demorest's Monthly.*

A Huge Electric Battery.

In erecting the great Statue of Liberty, two things had to be considered that seem very trifling, and yet, if neglected, might destroy the statue in one day, or cause it to crumble slowly to pieces. One is the sun, the other is the sea breeze. Either of these could destroy the great copper figure, and something must be done to prevent such a disaster. The heat of the sun would expand the metal and pull it out of shape, precisely as it does the Brooklyn Bridge out of shape every day. The bridge is made in four parts, and when they expand with the heat of the sun they slide one past the other, and no harm is done. The river sun rises and falls day and night, as heat and cold alternate. The great copper statue is likewise in two parts, the frame-work of iron and the copper covering; and while they are securely fastened together they can move one over the other. Each bolt will slip a trifle as the copper expands in the hot August sunshine, and slide back again when the freezing winds blow and the vast figure shrinks together in the cold. Besides this, the copper surface is so thin and elastic that it will bend slightly when heated, yet keep its general shape.

The salt air blowing in from the sea has thin fingers and a bitter, biting tongue. If it finds a crack where it can creep in between the copper surface and the iron skeleton, there will be trouble at once. These metals do not agree together, and where there is salt moisture in the air they seem to quarrel more bitterly than ever. It seems that every joining of points of copper and iron makes a tiny battery, and so faint shivers of electricity would run through all the statue, slowly corroding and eating it into dust. This curious, silent, and yet sure destruction must be prevented, and so every joint throughout the statue, wherever copper touches iron, must be protected with little rags stuffed between the metals to keep them from quarreling. It is the same wherever two different metals touch each other. Imagine what a tremendous battery the Liberty would make, with its tons of copper surfaces and monstrous skeleton of iron. However, a little care prevents all danger, as provision will be made, of course, for keeping the metals from touching each other. —*The Bartholdi Statue.* —*Demorest's Monthly.*

Moths.

Always in the spring, after beating, cleaning, and a grand airing, take the woolen clothes in while the sun is on them, and put away, with as little folding as possible, in large chests, lined with thick paper, and plenty of gun camphor in rather large pieces among the layers. I hope to see the large wooden chests for storage form part of our outfit as they were of our grandmothers'.

Boxes are much better to keep clothes in than leather trunks are, and a set made of cedar, or lined with the veneers of that wood, built very large to receive clothes without much folding, would be better than cedar closets, especially if there is a dry attic to store them in. One chest for blankets, one for men's clothing, and one for women's, should be part of the family embellishing, and descend as heirlooms after the sensible custom of our ancestors. Furs keep best in the new barrels made from paper pulp, which can be sealed up to wholly exclude moths. If you must store them without any such convenience, beat them thoroughly on the inside, brush the fur well, put into a clean large paper bag which you get from the grocers, with lumps of camphor in the pockets and folds, and paste the top of the bag closely. Keep each article so sealed, in a separate bag, in a box or trunk. This work should always be done as soon as you are through wearing furs and woolens. Moths seldom attack things in constant use, but seize their chance if articles are left in closet or trunk for a fortnight unguarded. Don't leave your winter dresses and the boys' clothes hanging in unused closets or the attic, half the summer. Beside moths, the ants, wasps, and flies will gnaw holes in them, dust gathers, and light fades them. The waste of clothes comes nearly as much from neglect as from use. —*Wide Awake.*

THEY are sowing in some places in the West a "drought-proof" grass, "sorghum halapense," which sends its roots down into the ground after moisture from three to twelve feet. It is proof against freezing, flooding, and continued drought. If cut when the plant is in bloom it makes very good hay, and the roots are greedily devoured by hogs. In rich soil it grows sometimes to the height of ten feet.

I know not which I love the most, Nor which the comeliest bows, The timid, bas' u. violet, Or the royal-headed rose. The pansy in her purple dress, The pink with the tuft of red, O'er the boughs of her boughs, who hangs, Like a bosphorus, her head. For I love and prize you one and all, From the least low bloom of spring To the lily fair, whose clothes outshine The raiment of a king. —*P. Cary.*

Utilizing Waste.

Dirt, it has been well said, is only "matter out of place." The waste of large cities, which occasions so much disease, can be so manipulated as to add to the fertility of the soil and increase the well-being of mankind. The amazing growth of cities in the modern world is forcing upon us the consideration of sanitary problems unheeded by our fathers. It was considered in former generations a simple enough matter to convey sewage through pipes or conduits to some neighboring river or bay; but as the city grew and its sewage increased, the waters became poisoned, and the once healthful shores were made the seat of all manner of foul diseases. The River Thames was at one time a nuisance due to the filth of the English metropolis which was poured into it. The same was true of the Seine in Paris. In both great cities gigantic public works had to be constructed to convey the sewage to distant farm lands. Certain arid and strongly mineralized soils were rendered wonderfully fruitful by the sewage of London and Paris. The sewers of the latter city are among the wonders of the world. An army can be marched to any part of Paris by making use of the underground passages. In this country we have paid far less attention to this important matter than it deserves. Cities with us have grown so rapidly that the requirements of sanitary science have been overlooked in our haste to profit by improvements. It is only recently that Boston has built a great sewer to discharge the foul accumulation of that growing city into the ocean, yet it is admitted that this is sheer waste, as the sewage might be utilized to render fertile great tracts of land west and north of the city. New York City, although surrounded by water, with two swift rivers on either side of it, is most imperfectly sewered. The health maps of the metropolis show large areas where fever and diphtheria claim a steady crop of victims due to dammed-up streams, dishonest plumbing, and imperfect sewerage. The central government has had to interfere also to prevent the reckless citizens of New York from ruining their noble harbor by dumping their garbage and debris into the channels used by deeply laden steamships, whose coming and going enrich that city. Some of the younger communities realize the importance of this matter. Any one who visits the town of Pullman, near Chicago, will notice that the great Corliss engine, which attracted so much attention at the Philadelphia Centennial, is made use of in that artistically laid out city, to pump the sewage to farm lands three miles away. This example is worthy of following. The greatest of modern benefactors are those who are insisting upon the necessity of sanitary reform. He who puts dirt in its place—who rids a neighborhood of a center of fever affection, who improves the plumbing of houses, and thus adds to the general health of the community—is the real philanthropist of our age, the true friend of humanity. —*Demorest's Monthly.*

Heavenly Blue.

All women and painters admire the color known as blue. And this general admiration cannot but provoke comment when it is realized that there is, with the exception of the sky, less of blue in nature than of any other color. It conveys to the mind but one idea, that of purity; and the value of the virtue seems to be shadowed forth in the color. Painters of all ages have delighted in robing loving Madonnas, pale saints, and angelic cherubs in various shades of this wonderful color. There are few blue flowers, and not many blue birds or fishes, while real blue eyes, supposed to be seen every day, are really anomalies in nature which, if possessed, it is not believed would be beautiful.

The Roman love for blue was such that it came to signify "beautiful," and to impurple (for it was called purple or blue) meant to make beautiful. The early Britons evidently shared this taste in conjunction with the Romans, because they tattooed their bodies in blue, and were so proud of displaying them that "beauty unadorned" was the favorite mode of dress among them.

Fra Angelico worked with ardor years and years before attaining the shade of blue that has made his name famous; and when, after much toil, the summum bonum in tints was reached, he thought his time had been well spent.

It is, of course, well known that "blue blood" does not exist, doctors telling us that the veins most perceptible in white, slender hands are gray, red, or green. One cannot discourse of the "green blood of his ancestors," so that nothing remains save to know better than one talks.

But, after all, the sky, the cornflower, and the air are all of this heavenly tint—and are they not three good things in nature? We look at the unfathomable mass of blue and dream of rest therein—we pluck the tiny flower and feel that beauty is grasped—we inhale the pure, sweet air, and are conscious that health comes with it. In the old pictures and poems (why do we separate them when they are one?) blue told of pure, calm love—never of excitement or passion. The Madonnas are robed in blue, the Magdalenes in purple. Marguerite going to church is clothed in a blue kirtle, while Marguerite, tempted and betrayed, is in black or purple. In the hand of a dead baby we may place a white lily and a blue forget-me-not, but never a red rose. Blue, the shade of the heavens, is appropriately intrusted to those who are heavenward-bound.

Fra Angelico worked with ardor years and years before attaining the shade of blue that has made his name famous; and when, after much toil, the summum bonum in tints was reached, he thought his time had been well spent.

It is, of course, well known that "blue blood" does not exist, doctors telling us that the veins most perceptible in white, slender hands are gray, red, or green. One cannot discourse of the "green blood of his ancestors," so that nothing remains save to know better than one talks.

But, after all, the sky, the cornflower, and the air are all of this heavenly tint—and are they not three good things in nature? We look at the unfathomable mass of blue and dream of rest therein—we pluck the tiny flower and feel that beauty is grasped—we inhale the pure, sweet air, and are conscious that health comes with it. In the old pictures and poems (why do we separate them when they are one?) blue told of pure, calm love—never of excitement or passion. The Madonnas are robed in blue, the Magdalenes in purple. Marguerite going to church is clothed in a blue kirtle, while Marguerite, tempted and betrayed, is in black or purple. In the hand of a dead baby we may place a white lily and a blue forget-me-not, but never a red rose. Blue, the shade of the heavens, is appropriately intrusted to those who are heavenward-bound.

Fra Angelico worked with ardor years and years before attaining the shade of blue that has made his name famous; and when, after much toil, the summum bonum in tints was reached, he thought his time had been well spent.

It is, of course, well known that "blue blood" does not exist, doctors telling us that the veins most perceptible in white, slender hands are gray, red, or green. One cannot discourse of the "green blood of his ancestors," so that nothing remains save to know better than one talks.

But, after all, the sky, the cornflower, and the air are all of this heavenly tint—and are they not three good things in nature? We look at the unfathomable mass of blue and dream of rest therein—we pluck the tiny flower and feel that beauty is grasped—we inhale the pure, sweet air, and are conscious that health comes with it. In the old pictures and poems (why do we separate them when they are one?) blue told of pure, calm love—never of excitement or passion. The Madonnas are robed in blue, the Magdalenes in purple. Marguerite going to church is clothed in a blue kirtle, while Marguerite, tempted and betrayed, is in black or purple. In the hand of a dead baby we may place a white lily and a blue forget-me-not, but never a red rose. Blue, the shade of the heavens, is appropriately intrusted to those who are heavenward-bound.

Fra Angelico worked with ardor years and years before attaining the shade of blue that has made his name famous; and when, after much toil, the summum bonum in tints was reached, he thought his time had been well spent.

It is, of course, well known that "blue blood" does not exist, doctors telling us that the veins most perceptible in white, slender hands are gray, red, or green. One cannot discourse of the "green blood of his ancestors," so that nothing remains save to know better than one talks.

But, after all, the sky, the cornflower, and the air are all of this heavenly tint—and are they not three good things in nature? We look at the unfathomable mass of blue and dream of rest therein—we pluck the tiny flower and feel that beauty is grasped—we inhale the pure, sweet air, and are conscious that health comes with it. In the old pictures and poems (why do we separate them when they are one?) blue told of pure, calm love—never of excitement or passion. The Madonnas are robed in blue, the Magdalenes in purple. Marguerite going to church is clothed in a blue kirtle, while Marguerite, tempted and betrayed, is in black or purple. In the hand of a dead baby we may place a white lily and a blue forget-me-not, but never a red rose. Blue, the shade of the heavens, is appropriately intrusted to those who are heavenward-bound.

Fra Angelico worked with ardor years and years before attaining the shade of blue that has made his name famous; and when, after much toil, the summum bonum in tints was reached, he thought his time had been well spent.

It is, of course, well known that "blue blood" does not exist, doctors telling us that the veins most perceptible in white, slender hands are gray, red, or green. One cannot discourse of the "green blood of his ancestors," so that nothing remains save to know better than one talks.

But, after all, the sky, the cornflower, and the air are all of this heavenly tint—and are they not three good things in nature? We look at the unfathomable mass of blue and dream of rest therein—we pluck the tiny flower and feel that beauty is grasped—we inhale the pure, sweet air, and are conscious that health comes with it. In the old pictures and poems (why do we separate them when they are one?) blue told of pure, calm love—never of excitement or passion. The Madonnas are robed in blue, the Magdalenes in purple. Marguerite going to church is clothed in a blue kirtle, while Marguerite, tempted and betrayed, is in black or purple. In the hand of a dead baby we may place a white lily and a blue forget-me-not, but never a red rose. Blue, the shade of the heavens, is appropriately intrusted to those who are heavenward-bound.

Fra Angelico worked with ardor years and years before attaining the shade of blue that has made his name famous; and when, after much toil, the summum bonum in tints was reached, he thought his time had been well spent.

It is, of course, well known that "blue blood" does not exist, doctors telling us that the veins most perceptible in white, slender hands are gray, red, or green. One cannot discourse of the "green blood of his ancestors," so that nothing remains save to know better than one talks.

But, after all, the sky, the cornflower, and the air are all of this heavenly tint—and are they not three good things in nature? We look at the unfathomable mass of blue and dream of rest therein—we pluck the tiny flower and feel that beauty is grasped—we inhale the pure, sweet air, and are conscious that health comes with it. In the old pictures and poems (why do we separate them when they are one?) blue told of pure, calm love—never of excitement or passion. The Madonnas are robed in blue, the Magdalenes in purple. Marguerite going to church is clothed in a blue kirtle, while Marguerite, tempted and betrayed, is in black or purple. In the hand of a dead baby we may place a white lily and a blue forget-me-not, but never a red rose. Blue, the shade of the heavens, is appropriately intrusted to those who are heavenward-bound.

Fra Angelico worked with ardor years and years before attaining the shade of blue that has made his name famous; and when, after much toil, the summum bonum in tints was reached, he thought his time had been well spent.

It is, of course, well known that "blue blood" does not exist, doctors telling us that the veins most perceptible in white, slender hands are gray, red, or green. One cannot discourse of the "green blood of his ancestors," so that nothing remains save to know better than one talks.

But, after all, the sky, the cornflower, and the air are all of this heavenly tint—and are they not three good things in nature? We look at the unfathomable mass of blue and dream of rest therein—we pluck the tiny flower and feel that beauty is grasped—we inhale the pure, sweet air, and are conscious that health comes with it. In the old pictures and poems (why do we separate them when they are one?) blue told of pure, calm love—never of excitement or passion. The Madonnas are robed in blue, the Magdalenes in purple. Marguerite going to church is clothed in a blue kirtle, while Marguerite, tempted and betrayed, is in black or purple. In the hand of a dead baby we may place a white lily and a blue forget-me-not, but never a red rose. Blue, the shade of the heavens, is appropriately intrusted to those who are heavenward-bound.

Fra Angelico worked with ardor years and years before attaining the shade of blue that has made his name famous; and when, after much toil, the summum bonum in tints was reached, he thought his time had been well spent.

It is, of course, well known that "blue blood" does not exist, doctors telling us that the veins most perceptible in white, slender hands are gray, red, or green. One cannot discourse of the "green blood of his ancestors," so that nothing remains save to know better than one talks.

But, after all, the sky, the cornflower, and the air are all of this heavenly tint—and are they not three good things in nature? We look at the unfathomable mass of blue and dream of rest therein—we pluck the tiny flower and feel that beauty is grasped—we inhale the pure, sweet air, and are conscious that health comes with it. In the old pictures and poems (why do we separate them when they are one?) blue told of pure, calm love—never of excitement or passion. The Madonnas are robed in blue, the Magdalenes in purple. Marguerite going to church is clothed in a blue kirtle, while Marguerite, tempted and betrayed, is in black or purple. In the hand of a dead baby we may place a white lily and a blue forget-me-not, but never a red rose. Blue, the shade of the heavens, is appropriately intrusted to those who are heavenward-bound.