## HER FIRST CONCERT.

### What Christine Nilsson Earned on Her First Journey.

Louis Engel, in his "From Mozart to Mario," writes thus of Nilsson's youth: "In a little hut among tall pines, on the estate of Count Hamilton, near Wexio, in Sweden, the hut consisting of two rooms, belonging to a poor forester, on August 20th, in the year 1843, was born a little sow-headed girl, the youngest of seven children, who never spoke unless especially questioned, but continually sang, trying to imitate the birds or the murmuring of the waters—in fact, obeying an inner impulse to imitate the great models of nature, never having heard anything else. The sjoabohl—hamlet—of Snugge, to which the part of the forest belonged where she had first seen the light of day, was a few miles distant from Wexio, and the highest ambition of the poor children was to be able to get to the fair of Wexio and earn a few pence somehow in that great town of some 1,800 inhabitants. In order to reach that glorious result, little Christine, who had taught herself to play on a small fiddle which belonged to her elder brother—and which you can see any day you please in the magnificent mansion she has built for herself in South Kensington—entered into partnership with her brother, who was already her inferior as a violinist, and they started out together for the celebrated Wexio. * * * On they went, *per pedes Apostolorum*, until they reached, on their way Ljung-by—by means village—where the young violinist accompanied her own voice in the few Swedish national songs she then had heard and retained in her precocious memory. With great pride she relates that this her first open-air concert brought her the treasure of three-pence half-penny, forewarning her of the untold wealth which awaited the children at the town fair. Thither, then, they repaired with all the courage that success, glory and money can give, and arrived a little tired, but hopeful, at the fair. There was suddenly a big audience, who wondered if the violin played Christine, or Christine the violin. When the admiring crowd assembled, it attracted the attention of Mr. Tornerhjelm, the provincial judge, who tried to find out, as every one of us would, what was the matter. Well, fortunately for the great singer, the judge, a man over six feet high, looked over the shoulders of the people at the little girl who formed the centre of attraction, and then he saw and heard, over and above the scraping of the little fiddle, what he thought the sweetest and most enchanting timbre of voice he had ever heard before. A highly educated man, and accustomed to read in the physiognomy of the people who were brought before him their character and probable capabilities, he spoke first to the boy, then to the little girl, and then and there laid the foundation of the great prima donna's fortune by the present of untold wealth—a sixpence. Christine, already frightened with the responsibility of carrying her Ljung-by funds, suddenly grown rich beyond her expectations, with great firmness insisted on their immediate return to the only place where so much money could safely be invested or deposited—their father's hut.

"Yo[illegible], in one of Christine's [illegible] little skirt, which did [illegible] the ankle, the toilette de jour of her first concert, minus the least bit of shoes or stockings; and the cherished portrait of two bons paysans Suedois—father and mother—in a rich gold frame, which cost more than a long series of concerts at that time could have brought her.

"Although not quite so rich as she became hereafter, she returned with the first money earned from her first success in public to her father, who saw, real and alive, 9½d, the produce of two concerts in his daughter's hand. Strange as it may appear, the great success and the great financial result remained for a few days without any further consequences; when, just as a second artistic journey was contemplated, the above-mentioned judge, who naturally had had some difficulty in unearthing the whereabouts of his small prima donna, came straight upon her father and asked him would he allow his honor, the Provincial judge, to take temporary possession of the youngest child, and if she were found to be so intelligent and gifted as she was supposed to be, to give her the education which would, perhaps, make the name of little Christine somewhat better known? The father referred to the mother, as every well-bred father will; and the mother with that abnegation that makes of motherly love the only reliable, never-to-be-found-wanting love in the world, instantly consented to separate herself from her beloved child—a youngest child to boot—so long as that sacrifice could do the child any good. This little preliminary arranged, the first important step in Christine's life was made."

### Oiling Boots and Shoes.

The efficacy of oiling depends much upon the way in which it is done. In the evening brush the shoe clean and then warm it with lukewarm water, rather to moisten than to clean it. Set it where it will dry slowly. It should not be perfectly dry the next morning, when the oil is applied, but feel damp, not wet, however. The best mixture for oiling shoes is made of one-half of neat's-foot oil—be sure you get the genuine article—one third beef tallow, and one sixth of castor oil. Mix thoroughly over a gentle heat. Depend upon the rubbing rather than the heat to get the oil—to express it differently, two parts of rubbing to one of heat. If the shoes are pegged, as farmers' shoes usually are and always should be, get the oil in well between the uppers and soles; it will prevent the sole pulling loose or the leather breaking away from the pegs. Shoes worn at farm work should be oiled at least once a week. It requires only a few minutes to do the work and it is decidedly profitable labor.

—"What is the matter with my little wife?" Her dainty head falls on his shoulder, and between the sobs that shake her slight frame, she says: "Wi-Will, I fe-feel so b-a-ad; I wanted to-to make some bi-bi-biscuit this noon, a-a-and got the wa-wa-water and s-a-a-l-t and ye-ye-yeast, but there's something mi-mi-missing, and I can't think wha-wha-what it is." Mr. Youngman smiled quietly, and clasping his young wife to his watchpocket, he placed his lips to her ear and whispered:

## LADIES SHAVED BY LIGHTNING.

### A Simple and Painless Operation to Remove Moustache from Fair Faces.

The permanent removal of hair from the face of a lovely or unlovely woman has heretofore been considered an impossible achievement. To make the hair grow on the bald pate of an elderly gentleman has always been a doubtful experiment, some asserting that it can, others that it cannot be done, but the eradication of the hair was considered impossible. Now the removal of hair, even a big moustache, an imperial and whiskers can be taken off without leaving a trace or scar. Moreover, when properly performed by an expert electrical surgeon or surgical electrician, whichever you choose to call the operating doctor, not a hair ever grows there again.

Yesterday I saw the operation performed by Dr. W. H. King, and was enlightened at the same time as to how the electrical current was applied and made to do its work. In the first place, a pretty young girl of about 19, who was the subject of the operation, took her seat before a large window in the doctor's operating chair. She was a little nervous at first while the doctor was changing and arranging his galvanic battery. A fine needle, made especially for the purpose, was carefully inserted into the skin of the young lady's upper lip, just where the first hair to be eradicated grew.

"The needle is now in the hair follicle itself," said the doctor. "You see, she has not flinched. It has given her no pain to indent the needle, for it is too sharp and fine to be felt. Now, I will connect the needle with this negative pole of the battery, just so, while this positive pole is connected with this flat piece of metal, an electrode, placed on her cheek. It can be placed on any part of the body, the object being simply to complete the electric current."

"Ah! it stings!" cried the young girl, but she did not move.

"It is more or less painful," continued the doctor, after a little soothing attention to his patient, "according to the location of the hair on the face and the nervous sensibility of the patient. Look here; now there is a little frothing around the needle. I will withdraw it and——"

He withdrew the needle and lifted out the hair without giving the young lady any pain. Quickly inserting the needle in another follicle he repeated the operation, and this time the patient only gave a slight shiver. She smiled and said:

"It is less painful, or I have become accustomed to it. Go on, doctor."

The operation was continued, the operator taking out from about five to ten hairs every minute. This was continued for thirty minutes, the length of time allowed by Dr. King for each sitting, both patient and physician needing rest after that length of time. While the operation was going on I interviewed the doctor thus:

"How long has it been since this operation was performed?"

"Dr. George H Fox, some eight years ago—I think it was in 1878—read before the New York State Medical Society a paper on the subject of the permanent removal of hair by electrolysis. Since then most of the electricians in this city have been making use of Dr. Fox's process. With only slight variations, the operation is practically the same as that first described by Dr. Fox."

"Is it a difficult or dangerous operation?"

"Neither difficult nor dangerous in the hands of a good electrician. It requires fine eyesight, a good light, a steady hand and nerve, and great patience on the part of the operator as well as the patient. If operated by a skilful surgeon it can be performed in about as many sittings as will be required to take out from 100 to 250 hairs a day. One sitting a day, half an hour long, is all that a judicious operator will allow."

"Will not some of the hairs grow again?"

"Yes, a few. If the operator has skill and experience there will probably be a growth of from 5 per cent. to 10 per cent. of the hair removed. If a tyro performs the operation perhaps 30 or 50 per cent. will return. Then it will be only necessary to repeat the operation."

"Is the operation frequently performed?"

"Yes; as it becomes known it is more frequently called for, and the practice is on the increase."

"Does it leave a scar?"

"Not unless the hair is coarse and deep-set. Then there will be marks that will not disappear under a week, perhaps, and perhaps in a few days. If the hairs are fine the electrolysis will not cause more than a slight redness, which will disappear in a few hours."

The young lady who had been operated upon seemed willing to have all the hair removed in one sitting. About one-half had been taken off, or "lifted out," as the doctor expressed it, before she rose from the chair, but Dr. King said that he never permitted a patient to sit for the operation longer than half an hour. So she reluctantly put on a veil to hide the half mustache which remained on her pretty face. Of course she promised to return next day for the completion of the electrolysis, and of course she kept her promise.—*New York Sun.*

### Mesmerizing by Telephone.

A professor of mesmerism who visited Portsmouth recently was interviewed by a local reporter, who, after questioning him on a variety of matters, asked whether he had ever succeeded in casting a mystic spell over a subject who was at a distance. "Yes," was the professor's response. "At Glasgow I was successful in mesmerizing by telephone. I had previously experimented on some young men, and I instructed them to place themselves at a telephone in the office of Messrs. Lipton, who are large butter and egg merchants. I was in Messrs. Currie, Thompson & Co.'s office, and gave them directions by wire what to do. I think expectation had a good deal to do with it, but, at all events, they all went off into a trance, and eminent physicians in Glasgow satisfied themselves of the genuineness of the phenomena by running pins needles into them."—*Court Journal.*

In making a boring for natural gas at Omaha, Neb., at a depth of 511 feet the drill penetrated a 7-foot vein of bituminous coal. There is great rejoicing in consequence, and the probability of finding gas is increased by the presence of the coal.

## DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA.

### Where Columbus Obtained Intelligence of the Great Western Land.

How could Columbus help knowing about the Norse discovery and where all the records were kept? asks a writer in *Time* on the discovery of America. The man with whom he is known to have conferred there, Bishop Magnus, of Skalholt, had previously been abbot of the monastery of Helgofell, the place where the oldest documents relating to the land Columbus was so eager to reach had been kept, and which also happened strangely enough to have been the very district whence the Norse voyagers sailed. Commended to this bishop, as Columbus undoubtedly must have been, and brought in contact with a frank, open-hearted, extremely hospitable people like the Icelanders, what could prevent the crafty Italian from possessing himself of the fullest particulars concerning the previous voyages of discovery? The Swedish historian, Holmberg, calls attention to the fact that Columbus must have met the descendants of those who first made said discovery, and so obtained fresh intelligence concerning the great land in the West. The Icelanders have always been celebrated for having the best memory of any people in the world; even now, as related by Samuel Kneeland, an American author, who, in company with Bayard Taylor, Cyrus Field, Eirikr Magnussen, and other distinguished gentlemen, visited Iceland at the time of her millennial celebration: "The common people are well acquainted with their own and other national histories, ancient and modern; they know all about the early discovery of America by the Northmen five centuries before Columbus, while very few of us, until recently, knew any more of Iceland than we did of the South Pole or the wilds of Africa." Accordingly, it is not to be supposed that the Icelanders, only 130 years after the last voyage, had lost interest to such a degree that the Vinland voyages had ceased to be the subject of conversation. Besides, here was a foreigner from the south, entertained at their social hearth, and eager and curious, as no man had ever been before, to hear all that could possibly be said about these voyages. How could those upright folk comprehend his design, the extent of the advantage that his mercenary mind coveted? He succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes; kept his visit to Iceland a profound secret, never divulging it except in those few guarded words to his son, and as his part of the reward for the discovery of the new world claimed to be made admiral of the seas and countries that he was about to discover, this dignity to be held for life and to descend to his heirs; to be made viceroy of all the continents and islands; to have a tenth part of the profits of all merchandise, whether pearls, jewels, or any other things that might be found, gained, bought, or exported from the countries that he was about to discover, etc. As for his adopted country, "the Spanish sovereigns," in Irving's graphic words, "in the midst of their rejoicings, lost no time in taking every measure necessary to secure their new acquisitions;" in short, they applied to the Pope.

### Wit of the Week.

A Disappointment.—An English lord who visited America was at a dinner given in his honor. A little daughter of his host who was too well bred to stare, but who eyed him covertly as the occasion presented itself, finally ventured to remark, "And you are really and truly an English lord?" "Yes," he answered pleasantly, "really and truly." "I have often thought I would like to see an English lord," she went on, "and—and——" "And now you are satisfied at last?" he put in laughingly. "N—o," replied the truthful little girl, "I'm not satisfied. I'm a good deal disappointed!"

Infelicitous Quotations.—Fair widow "Yes, that is my husband—the best, the kindest, the cleverest of——" Jones: "Ah, yes, my dear madam. As the divine Wordsworth says:

The good die first;
While those whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the sockets!"—*Punch.*

A Poor Living.—Jenkins: "What does Dawdle do for a living?" Johnson: "Nothing! He lives on his wife!" Jenkins (sympathetically): "Poor devil! I don't suppose he ever gets a decent meal."

Nothing if Not Critical.—Coster (*apropos* of Young Gent's enormous button-hole): "Yes, it's a very fine *plant*, but I can't say as I thinks much of the *pot*."—*Fun.*

Circumstantial Evidence.—Edwin: "I've just found a shot in my bit of the partridge!" Angelina: "How odd! So have I. Poor thing—they've had to shoot it twice!"—*Punch.*

"Do you believe in female physicians?"

"Yes, for ladies. When I call in Mrs. Dr. Pillsbury to see my wife she talks scandal about the neighbors till Clara is perfectly cured and in the best of spirits."

Fogg—Isn't Miss Spookendyke a very musical young lady?

Fenderson—Not at all.

Fogg—Oh, then you haven't heard her sing?

Fenderson—Oh, yes, I have; that's why I say—not at all.

### The British in Borneo.

The British company which took possession in North Borneo about three years ago are making rapid progress, commercially speaking. They have nearly 1,000 miles of coast line, and have established sixteen settlements, with Sandakan for the capital. At the latter point there are extensive wharf improvements, and the exports of Sandakan alone last year amounted to $401,640, as compared with $263,000 for the previous year. The imports comprised manufactures, machinery, etc., and the exports, camphor, wax, gum damar, elephants' tusks, gutta percha, india rubber, hides, opium, sago, pearls, rattans, tortoise shell, tobacco, trepang and timber.

BOSTON *Gazette*: Mr. Irving Bishop was offered $10,000 in cash if he could tell where the $25,000 of which the Southern Express Company was robbed were secreted. Mr. Bishop could not do it. A good many speculators would pay him handsomely, too, if he would tell what plans are shaping in the heads of Jay Gould and Cyrus W. Field.

## CHANGED COLOR.

### A Blonde Victim of "Addison's Disease" Becomes Black.

In Rising Sun, Ind., on Sunday morning death brought to a close a case which has attracted keen interest and widespread attention, not only among the medical fraternity of that section, but also of Cincinnati, whither the patient came a short time since for treatment. The name of the man was Stephen E. Seward. He died of Addison's disease.

The remarkable feature of Seward's case was the gradual supervention of the discoloration of the skin, which, although originally of fair complexion, eventually gave him the appearance of a perfect type of a full-blooded African.

The nature of this case was not comprehended until he visited the clinic of Drs. Ransohoff and Whittaker, at the Ohio Medical College, on Sixth street, two months ago, when the case was recognized as one of Addison's disease, or "bronzed skin." Seward was a single man, and at the time of his death 28 years old. He came of very healthy stock, both of his parents being still alive, and his ancestors have all reached a round old age. He was employed up to six months ago as a laborer on his father's farm. He was a man of fine physique and great strength, and up to that time had been able to perform an immense day's work. About that time—six months ago—he began to notice that even a couple of hours' exertion in the field was followed by an unaccountable sense of weariness. Within two months after the beginning of his disease this inconvenience had increased to such an extent as to unfit him for his work. About this time there was a gradual change in the color of his skin. Before this discoloration began he was a blonde, of fair complexion, light hair and gray eyes. In the beginning his face became the color of ashes. He grew darker and darker, until at length he became a pronounced black, large quantities of the coloring matter being deposited on the skin of the face, neck, shoulders, hands and forearms, and subsequently in all parts of the integument. The mucous membrane of the lips, tongue and of the mouth participated in this discoloration. The physical appearance of the patient did not otherwise indicate the gravity of his disease. The muscles retained their development, and there was but little emaciation. In the last four weeks a rapid change for the worse set in, and death resulted in a little over six months after the inception of the disease. This was an unusually rapid course, for, as a rule, patients who suffer from this disease linger for from two to five years, but always with the grave as the inevitable. Altogether not more than two hundred cases of this peculiar disease could be collected from medical literature. The disease is one of comparatively recent recognition, as no well-marked case is recorded previous to 1823, when Louis Louis, of Paris, discovered the first known instance. The name by which it is generally known—Addison's disease—was given it after Dr. Addison, of London, who in 1855 collected eleven cases, only four of which, however, strictly belong to this category. It was Dr. Addison who first recognized the fact that the peculiar discolored condition of the skin is due to a diseased condition of the suprarenal capsules, minute bodies situated above the kidneys, the physiological character of which has not yet been established.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

### Saved by Shaving.

Jonas Moore, a sick, broken-down miner, started in a steamship from San Francisco for Panama, along with 100 other wretched miners as miserable as himself. Death was at work among these "returning Californians," and again and again the steward would bring the commander a message similar to this one:

"Captain, that man in No. 30 is dead."

"Dead!" repeated the captain. "Get a sack, put in a bushel of coal, bring the body into the cabin that we may read the service over him, and bury him."

"Ring the bell for the passengers to attend the funeral services," was the next order. The burial service of the prayer-book having been read, the body, with the sack of coal tied to it, was placed on a plank and dropped into the sea.

One day the steward announced that "the man in 65 was dead." It was Moore's room, and the captain went in to look at the body. The dead man's face was covered with a dirty, grizzly beard.

"Why, it's too bad to bury a man in this condition," exclaimed the captain. "Call a barber, and let him shave the man. I won't read the service over such a savage-looking object. I'll give the fellow a decent burial."

The barber came and began to shave the corpse. Perhaps the barber scraped the face a little roughly, for Jonas opened his eyes. The barber continued to shave, and charged the resuscitated man $5 for the operation.

"What do you think?" whispered Moore to a friend. "The barber charged me $5 for that one shave."

"Cheap," answered the friend. "That shave saved your life."

Moore grew better, reached St. Louis, and lived there for many years.—*Youth's Companion.*

### Garibaldi or Jersey.

Will the Garibaldi waist displace the Jersey from the place which it has occupied for seven years, or is it possible for two garments so entirely unlike in effect to exist together? The new Garibaldi is very long, and the wearer might as well have no belt as to wear the cestus of Venus under its drooping fullness. Around the neck and wrists are plaits forming a cuff and a species of yoke, and the shoulder strap of the old Garibaldi, its collar and wristband, are left off. The color is a vivid red, which should be carefully chosen, for there are some scarlets among the flannels of this season that have a painfully vulgar effect, while others are exquisite in hue. The English version of the Garibaldi opens at the throat over a plaited chemisette and has a wide plush collar and plush cuffs.—*Boston Transcript.*

A small and reckless boy of Ann Arbor, Mich., tried to mount the footboard of a moving locomotive, and fell directly in front of it. He had sense enough to lie perfectly still, and the locomotive passed over him without doing any damage.

## LATE SPORTING NOTES.

### Baseball.

Dilworth, the pitcher, has been signed by the Binghamton Association.

John B. Munyan, of last season's Binghamtons, has signed with Bridgeport.

The Syracuse *Courier* acknowledges that the Stars as now organized are inferior to the Rochesters.

Charles Alcott, of last year's Star and Oneida teams, is an applicant for the position of International League umpire.

The International League will, no doubt, be sadly disappointed in its expectation of receiving full recognition by the Board of Arbitration, even though it is a strong ten club league.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Bridgeport, Waterbury, Hartford, Danbury, Newburgh, Kingston, Poughkeepsie, and Holyoke compose the new Eastern League.

President Spalding, of the Chicago Baseball Club, to-day wired President Von Der Ahe, challenging the St. Louis Browns to play a series of seven or nine games in April next for the world's championship.

The Oswegos have braced up and are looking for a manager for 1887.

Binghamton has refused London's offer for its franchise in the International League. Green, who pitched for Oswego, has been signed by Binghamton.

### Turf.

The bay trotting gelding Starlight was sold at auction in New York on Tuesday to Henry Kemp, of Cornwall, Ont., for $550.

Three years ago the trotter Phil Thompson, while being driven around the first turn at Fleetwood Park, stumbled and fell heavily. Ever since it has been almost impossible to get him to trot around that turn at any speed. Last Tuesday he was started in a race against Kenilworth for a cup, and was beaten in 3 02½, 3 00½, 2 59½, though able ordinarily to beat 2 20. Every time he was asked to go by the spot where he fell he would shy and break, and it was all that his driver could do to keep him from bolting.

### Miscellaneous.

The arrangements for carrying out the challenge from the Clyde for the America's Cup next year are in active progress. The Scotch yacht which is to contest for the cup is now in hand, and will be named the Thistle. She will be completed in ample time for the New York yachting season, and the race will take place some time during the autumn.

Hanlon has offered to match himself and George Bubear, the English sculler, in a double-scull race against Teemer and Hamm if Bubear will come to America. Teemer and Hamm challenged any team in England, either on Thames or Tyne, before leaving for America.

Before Sheriff Hamilton, at the Small Debt Court of Edinburgh, on the 17th ult., Colin McLeod sued the International Exhibition Association for £4 4s. He asserted that he won prizes at the Exhibition Highland games to the above value for dancing—a second prize valued at £2 2s for the Highland Fling, and a second of the same value for the Ghillie Callum. He was published the winner of these prizes, he said, but was afterwards disqualified on the ground that he was a professional. He stated that he was at one time a professional piper, but was an amateur dancer, and only a beginner. The Sheriff said this was an amateur meeting, and there was piping in some of the competitions. If it was the case that pursuer was a professional player, he thought that was sufficient to disqualify him. For the defenders it was stated that a dozen men were disqualified for the same thing. The Sheriff held that pursuer had not proved his claim.

## SCRAPS.

A Lucknow schoolboy named McKay stabbed another named Boyd, in the throat with a jack-knife, and the school board is investigating the affair.

Two men of Philadelphia wet a load of slate so that it looked like coal and then sold it to an unsuspecting citizen, who thought he was lucky in buying it for $4.50.

—Omaha man—"Dear me, Chatterbox, will you ever stop talking?" Miss Chatterbox—"Yes, when I'se grown up." "You are sure you'll stop then, are you?" "Oh, yes, 'cause then I'll have a little girl of my own, an' I'll let her do the talking."

A woman in Camden, N J., who had been ill long, and whom the physicians were unable to cure, sent for a man who was an earnest believer in the faith cure. He found her lying on her bed, and apparently very near dead. After asking her in regard to her faith, and having received satisfactory answers, he prayed with her and then left, assuring her that she would recover. This was early in the day, and by night it is said that she was walking around in as good health as need be, and she has not suffered since.

A New Hampshire woman, aged 80 years, when asked recently how she had kept herself so vigorous and healthy, replied: "By never allowing myself to fret over things I can not help, by taking a nap and sometimes two every day of my life, by never taking my washing, ironing, and baking to bed with me, and by oiling all the various wheels of a busy life with an implicit faith that there is a brain and a heart to this great universe, and that I could trust them both."

Young shoots should not be allowed to remain longer than one year on the tree. If pruning is followed up while the pocket-knife is all the tool needed, pruning saws and axes will be little needed.

The State inspector of factories in New York reports that as a rule wages in factories are fair throughout the State, women earning from 75 cents to $2 per day in exceptional cases, men from $1 to $1 50, and children from 25 to 50 cents.

Tramp—"Please, mum, don't shut the door; I am utterly destitute." Lady of the house (kindly)—"What do you want?" Tramp—"Anything you please to give, mum. I'll leave it to your generosity. Lady (sweetly)—"Come in and I will tell the stable boy to give you a bath."

William Short, an Indiana burglar, was recently sent to the penitentiary, and a few day after his one-legged brother John was arrested in Lafayette, and in his wooden leg were found a gold watch, a valuable necklace, three bracelets, five diamond rings, and other jewellery, in all worth $1,500, part of the proceeds of William's skill in his profession.