

THE ART OF TATTOOING.

A Few Years Ago It Was the Bulling Fad Everywhere.

Information Obtained from Sailors and Others Versed in Marking People for Life—The Picture Painted on a Chicago Tar's Back.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

Tattooing is an art practiced in many lands, but has nowhere reached such perfection as in some of the less progressive principalities of the east and in the South Sea islands.

As civilization progressed tattooing became obsolete, and at the present time it is popular only among sailors and foolish young men and women.

In Chicago perhaps half a dozen seafaring men add to their income by practicing tattooing, the operation being performed in much the same way as that in vogue among the cannibals of Polynesia.

English sailors run to the union jack. The Yankee sailor is equally patriotic, the first device with which he orders his back to be ornamented being usually a spread eagle.

White bosoms of the fair victims escaped the needles of the heartless wretches who were growing rich at the expense of their irresponsible patrons.

Fortunately fads never last long, and six months after the craze had first been introduced its followers began to move heaven and earth to rid themselves of the blemishes whose production had caused them so much pain.

At one time tattooed men and women were a great side-show and dime-museum attraction, but their number increased with such astonishing rapidity that the public soon lost confidence in the genuineness of their markings.

The stars and stripes float over many a noble chest, the red, white and blue lending the design uncommon attraction. The flag usually waves proudly and the man who would attempt to haul it down would literally have to walk over the body of its bearer.

But it is not of sailors that I desire to write, but rather about the not insignificant number of young men and women who patronize the professors of the art of tattooing.

If John falls in love with Mary the first thing he will do is to hunt up some tattooer who will "decorate" his arm with a wreath and a heart surrounded by the words: "Darling Mary," or, perchance, he will order an anchor resting on a rock labeled "Mary," or he will be satisfied with a fat heart bearing his sweetheart's name.

John's Mary is a young woman, however, who knows something about the fickleness of mankind, she will be satisfied to treasure her lover's name in her own heart, and there only; for it would be decidedly unpleasant should Henry, or William, or George, or the various other successors of John ever see the ephemerous name indelibly inscribed on an arm which they, poor, misguided fellows, supposed had never encircled any manly form save their own.

John, too, usually regrets the haste with which he had himself marked for life, but in his case it does not make so much difference, for he can persuade his second love that once upon a time he had run away from home, and in the course of his ramblings, being

reduced to abject poverty, had enlisted on board the good ship Flyaway. While taking a cruise around the globe another sailor, whose sweetheart's name was Mary, persuaded him to subject himself to a tattooing operation.

Society buds, as everybody knows, are always doing things which have the appearance of being eccentric, and when a few years ago a leading Gotham belle had her shapely limbs ornamented with a tattooed garter in all the colors of the rainbow, hundreds of other foolish women followed her example.



TATTOOING A VENUS.

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A MASTERPIECE.

pronounced it genuine, while others declared the makeup a "fake." The fact is that while tattooed freaks were paying attractions Chicago turned out a large number of them at short notice. They were, of course, not the genuine article, and their coats of ink had to be renewed almost every day.

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Do You Want to Bet? There's a Hastings street man who always wants to settle a question by betting on it, and his wife doesn't like the habit.

"Why is it, Harry," she said the other day, "that you always want to bet that way?" "Oh, well," he said, apologetically, "I really can't say."

"Betting is only a fool's argument, you know," she continued. "I'll bet you a V it isn't," he blustered out, and forthwith collapsed.—Detroit Free Press.

Meddlergrass instructs a Collegian. "Hello, Hayseed!" called out a rude young freshman to Farmer Meddlergrass. "Young man," replied the farmer, "you attend that college on the hill there, don't you?" "Yes."

"Then let me tell you something that is not taught there. It is unpardonably incorrect to speak of hayseed. That is something which does not exist. Hay is dried grass, and the proper term is grass seed. Just remember that."—Jury.



Little Hendrick has fixed grandma's mirror with a lithographic poster. Grandma (consciously)—"Tain't often I look in th' glass, but 'pears to me I'm holdin' my seventy-nine, goin' on eighty, mighty well."—Judge.

George All Right. Anxious Mother—My dear, I'm afraid George is getting into bad company. He is out very late nearly every night.

Observing Father—Oh! he's all right. He goes to see some girl or other. Shouldn't wonder if he'd announce an engagement soon.

"He hasn't said a word about any young lady." "No; but he's keeping company with one all the same. His right wrist is full of pin scratches."—Good News.

The Correct Answer. "James, how much is four, plus eight, plus one?" asked the teacher. "Don't know," said James.

"Well, suppose I gave four apples to Harry, eight apples to Charlie and one to you. What would it be?" "A cold day for me," whimpered James.—Truth.

The Courtship of a Clerk. Briggs—Did you hear about Miss Grosgrain? She married a dry goods clerk. They met, he woo'd and won her, and so they were married.

Griggs—Why, when did this all happen? Briggs—While she was waiting for the change.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Journalistic Cycles. Mrs. Reider—I see the man who has been exchange editor of the Daily Night for twenty years is dead.

Mr. Reider—My! my! I'm sorry to hear that. Now they'll put some young fellow in his place, and they'll be printing all the old jokes over again.—Good News.

Goodheart's Sudden Change. Returned Tourist—Is Mr. Goodheart still paying attentions to your daughter? "Indeed he isn't paying her any attention at all."

"Indeed? Did he jilt her?" "No, he married her."—N. Y. Weekly.

In a Barber Shop. Barber—If my plan was adopted there would be no more bald heads. Customer—I have tried a number of preparations and they are all humbugs.

"My idea can't fail." "What is it?" "Wear a wig."—Texas Siftings.

A Debasing Influence. Mr. White—"Ain't" and "done it!" I am astonished that a literary man can use such frightful grammar!

Mr. Scribbler—Oh! I know it; but I write so many of those dialect stories for the magazines that I ain't as particular as I ought to be.—Puck.

Does Advertising Pay? First Jeweler—I have had proven to me that advertising brings results. Second Jeweler—What was the case?

First Jeweler—Yesterday evening I advertised for a watchman, and during the night my store was burglarized.—Jewelers' Circular.

Near the Top. "Yes, it looks like him. So he is on the Yale faculty this year. Isn't that a great honor for so young a man?" "Yes, indeed. It's the next thing to being on the football team."—Life.

A Terrible Possibility. Mother (reading)—A machine has been invented that will fling a man fifteen hundred feet into the air.

Pretty Daughter—Horror! Don't let pa hear of it!—Good News.

She Knew Charlie. Tom De Witt—Whom do you think Charlie Mumford had his arm around last evening? Bessie Floyd—Oh! the nearest young lady, I suppose.—Jury.

Two Opinions. Tailor—One of your shoulders is higher than the other. Customer—You are mistaken, sir; one of them is lower than the other.—Yankee Blade.

A Division of Labor. Author—Supposing this play should turn a success? Actor—I will pay you and give it out that I am the author.

Author—Supposing that it should fall flat? Actor—You will be the author. Author—Supposing it should be neither one nor the other?

Actor—The good things will be mine, and the bad ones yours.—Brooklyn Life.

Pot and Kettle. Two old friends meet after a separation of many years: "Time flies," says one, "but after all, you are not so bald as I expected to find you."

"Bald! I should say not. Look in the glass yourself. I've more hair than you have."

"More hair than I have! That's absurd, perfectly absurd! Let's count 'em."—Epoch.

His Grace. Dodgeworth (after a violent waltz)—How do you like my dancing? Bella Donough—It reminds me of the patron saint of the art.

Dodgeworth—Who's that—Terpsichore? Bella Donough—No; St. Vitus.—Judge.

When Every Man's Word is Good. Chappie (his first attendance at a ball, to elderly friend)—What shall I talk to my partner about? Elderly Friend—Her beauty.

Chappie—But if she doesn't happen to be beautiful? Elderly Friend—No matter; she'll take your word for it.—Jury.

Misanthropic. Jones—I take no more pleasure in life. The world is full of thieves and rascals. I don't really believe there's an honest man left in the world.

Smith—Cheer up. When a man acknowledges his own frailties he has already taken a step in the direction of reform.—Texas Siftings.

A Cool Customer. "Do you know Duzenbury?" "Yes." "Well, he is a cool customer."

"What has he done now?" "He lives in furnished apartments, and during the late cold spell he used the furniture of his landlord for fuel."—Texas Siftings.

Mysteries of Manufacture. Cigar Manufacturer—Yes, sir, it's an actual fact that cigar boxes are not made out of cedar at all; they are made out of paper and colored with cedar extract.

Friend—Well, well! Now won't you please tell me what cigars are made of?—Good News.

Had Him Cold. "I hear you fought a duel with Parker." "I did."

"Weren't you afraid to stand up before a loaded pistol?" "Not with Parker holding it. I'm insured in his company."—Harper's Bazar.

Holding Their Own. Tom De Witt—These trousers hold their shape well, Schneider. Schneider—It's all in the making, sir.

Tom De Witt—I thought so. You see, they bagged at the knees the first day I wore them, and they've kept the same shape ever since.—Puck.

He Will Collect the Interest. "Now this is an event of interest to me," exclaimed Stagger, glancing up from the newspaper.

"What is it?" asked his wife. "A company in which I am a stockholder announces a dividend."—Detroit Free Press.

Discovery of a Saint. Scribbler—If there's a saint on earth, it is our religious editor.

Bunsby—What makes you think so? Scribbler—He dipped his paste brush into the ink yesterday, and all he said was: "Oh, pshaw!"—Life.

That Will Please Them. Actor—I have worked hard to please the people. I have tried everything in the business, but they won't be pleased.

Manager—Have you tried going out of the business?—Brooklyn Citizen.

LOOKING FORWARD. Farmer Washington Mundy (to his next-door neighbor)—Say, Jonas, if you don't keep that rain on your own side of the fence I'll sue you for damages.

Don't you see my clothes are hung out to dry?—Puck.

His Wife's Relations. Friend—If you have so much trouble with your wife's relations, why do you live with them?

Intawork—Cause my relations won't have us.—N. Y. Weekly.

True to His Principles. Manager—Colonel, your distillery is on fire. Col. Bourbon—Then let her burn. I never watered my whisky yet, and I ain't going to begin now.—Jury.

All a Mistake. Smithson—Why has Dillard withdrawn his suit against his wife for a divorce? Farrar—I think his lawyer told him he couldn't get alimony.—Judge.

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The Case Not Reached. Mr. George W. Ramsey returned Thursday night from Tazewell Court House, accompanied by Mr. J. C. Rawn, manager of the Gas and Water Company.

These gentlemen were summoned as witnesses in the case of the Norfolk and Western Railroad Company vs. Charles Scott, who claims that the railroad company violated a contract made with him some time ago to furnish cross ties for the Clinch Valley division.

Chief Engineer Coe also went to testify in regard to this matter, but owing to the fact that the case has not yet been reached, he did not return with the other gentleman.

It is probable that the case will be called in a day or two and Messrs. Ramsey and Rawn will then go on to testify.

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