

# Sierra County Advocate.

VOL. IV.

HILLSBOROUGH, SIERRA COUNTY, N. M., APRIL 3, 1886.

NO. 6.

## STOCK BRANDS.

**J. W. Jewelling's Mark and Brand.**  
Brands and ear marks used by J. W. Jewelling for branding their cattle, horses and for horses one triangle on left shoulder.  
P. O. address, Hillsborough, N. M.

**S. S. Stalley's Brand.**  
Brands used by S. S. and J. H. Stalley for branding their cattle, horses and for horses one triangle on left shoulder.  
P. O. address, Clonide, N. M.

**Grayson & Co.**  
Placed on left of cattle.  
P. O. address, Hillsborough, N. M.

**Thomas Abernethy.**  
Horses branded in either shoulder, on either side. Any branded horse, same brand, have sold.  
P. O. address, Las Palomas, Sierra Co., N. M.

**Secundino Dominguez.**  
Brand used on cattle and horses.  
P. O. address, Grafton, N. M.

**Joseph Franklin.**  
Horses branded on left side or left hip. Same on cattle with the addition of ear mark, left ear being split and under left.  
P. O. address, Grafton, N. M.

**Herman Grobe & Fred Shaw.**  
Cattle branded with ear mark on left side; also one-third of each ear cut off. Brand on horses above on left shoulder.  
P. O. address, Grafton, N. M.

**John B. Alley.**  
Brand for cattle; first on shoulder, second on side, third on hip.  
P. O. address, Grafton, N. M.

**Pueblita Candelario Chaves.**  
Stock on left hip and ear mark on both ears.  
P. O. address, Hillsborough, N. M.

**Mary Yapple.**  
Brand for stock; ear marks cropped to the right and angle bob to the left.  
P. O. address, Hillsborough, N. M.

**Welly & Minox.**  
Ear mark in swallow fork right ear.  
P. O. address, Hillsborough, N. M.

**John Sullivan.**  
Brand on stock; ear mark in a hole through left ear and new lip on right ear.  
P. O. address, Hillsborough, N. M.

**James M. Grover.**  
Brand for stock used on left hip and back, near the shoulder. Ear mark under slope in each ear.  
P. O. address, Lake Valley, N. M.

**Felix Gonzales.**  
Brand used for stock on the left side.  
P. O. address, Hillsborough, N. M.

**W. F. Ornbaum.**  
Brand used on the left side of cattle; split on right ear; one-half left ear cut off.  
P. O. address, Hillsborough, N. M.

**B. N. Greely.**  
Five-inch on left side; side of both ears cut off and a notch in under side of right ear, near the head.  
P. O. address, Lake Valley, N. M.

**William Cotton.**  
Stock brand used on right side.  
P. O. address, Hillsborough, N. M.

**Houghton & Bove.**  
The above is also one of our brands for stock on the left side.  
P. O. address, Hillsborough, N. M.

**Howell & Read.**  
Horse brand same as on left hip. Other brand M F and new lip split ears. Ear marks, crop and split both. Other ear marks as above.  
P. O. address, Hillsborough, N. M.

**Esperidan Tafaya.**  
Brand for stock used on right side.  
P. O. address, Hillsborough, N. M.

**Francisco Apodaca.**  
Branded on right side of horses and cattle.  
P. O. address, Hillsborough, N. M.

**Jose Tafaya y Garcia.**  
Post-office: Cuchillo Negro, New Mexico.

**Canuta Tadilla.**  
Brand used on left hip of horses and cattle.  
P. O. address, Hillsborough, N. M.

**Rafael Olguien.**  
Brand used on horses, mules, burros and cattle.  
P. O. address, Hillsborough, N. M.

**Antonio Bpez.**  
Brand used on horses, mules, burros and cattle.  
P. O. address, Las Tolomas.

**Ohmen, Wolf & Ohlsen.**  
Cattle brand used on left side.  
P. O. address, Hillsborough, N. M.

**Helen V. Sanson.**  
Cattle branded on side. Ear mark: Circle on left and right ear.  
P. O. address, Fairview, Sierra Co., N. M.

**T. M. Monroe.**  
M on both sides. Strip both ears.  
P. O. address, Fairview, Sierra Co., N. M.

**H. A. Ringer.**  
IR on either or both sides. IR on right side, IR on left side.  
P. O. address, Fairview, Sierra Co., N. M.

**W. J. Worden.**  
P. O. address: Las Palomas, N. M.

**Sierra Land and Cattle Company.**  
The brand is used on the left side in the following manner: S on shoulder, L on side and C on hip. Brand on left side across the rump. The rump mark is used in place of the ear mark as recorded in book "A," p. 18, Sierra Co. records.

**Samuel Gregg.**  
Brand on Indian Creek, eight miles south of Lake Valley. Brand on left side of cattle and on either side of horse stock.  
P. O. address, Lake Valley, N. M.

**James Knight.**  
JK connected on left thigh.  
P. O. address, Lake Valley, N. M.

**B. F. Parks.**  
This brand used on the right side of cattle and on the left side of horses.  
P. O. address, Lake Valley, N. M.

**J. B. Bowman.**  
Cattle branded on the left side; horses branded on the left side and a few branding on right side.  
P. O. address, Plumas, Sierra Co., N. M.

**Lake Valley Land and Live Stock Co.**  
On cattle, horses and mules the figures 99 on the right hip. An sheep and horse an under half crop in the left ear.  
P. O. address, L. V. & L. S. Co., Lake Valley, N. M.

**Ruben Shiver.**  
P. O. address: Fairview, Sierra Co., N. M.

**H. E. Grobe.**  
Brand at and around White Rock Spring.  
P. O. address, Lake Valley, N. M.

**Perkins, Sharon & Co.**  
W on left shoulder. P on left hip.  
P. O. address, Fairview, Sierra Co., N. M.

**William Cotton.**  
Used on right side. Ear mark: Round hole in each ear.  
P. O. address, Lake Valley, N. M.

**J. W. Tate.**  
Cattle branded on left side. Horses on left hip. Some cattle on the rump marked and branded.  
P. O. address, Grafton, N. M.

**J. W. Slater.**  
The above is used for a ranch and road brand. Cattle branded on left side. Some cattle now on the range are branded thus:  
P. O. address, Grafton, N. M.

**S. B. Moss.**  
My mark and brand used on cattle and horses; cat- le branded on right hip, horses on left shoulder. Some cat- le branded thus: P. O. address, Grafton, N. M.

### THE DISAPPOINTED.

There are songs enough for the hero,  
Who dwells on the heights of fame;  
I sing for those who miss their aim,  
For those who miss their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence  
For one who stands in the dark,  
Who knows that his best, best day  
Has been passed from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,  
The eager, anxious soul,  
Who has with a heart that is weary  
Almost in sight of the goal.

For the hearts that break in silence  
With a sorrow all unknown;  
For those who need companions,  
Yet seek their way alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers  
Who share love's tender pain;  
I sing for the one whose path  
Is strewn with thorns and rain.

For those whose spirit comrades  
Have missed them on the way,  
I sing with a heart that is weary  
Almost in sight of the goal.

And I know the solar system  
Must somewhere be kept in space  
A prize for that spent runner  
Who lingers on the race.

For the Plan would be imperfect  
If it were not for some sphere,  
That paid for the toll and talent  
And loved that are waste here.

—224 Hester House, in Good Cheer.

### JIM CHURCHILL.

#### The Life, Love and Death of a Brave Man.

It was dusty, hot and badly vent- iled indoors, although out of doors a cold rain was beating cheerlessly against the car windows, and the damp, raw wind was as fresh as the brown hills and ice-covered marshes it blew over. It was an accommodation train on one of the trunk lines in the central part of this State and therefore a better condition of affairs could not have been expected. No matter how cold the weather or wet, it is always hot and dusty on an accommodation train. The colder and wetter it is outside, the hotter and dustier inside, and the more unpleasant it is the slower the train bumps over the rails, the more frequent the stops it makes, the larger the crowd of on-coming passengers, and the greater the throng of go-ers-out. At Palatine Bridge the train evened up another stop. On the snow- ed platform of the railway station there were gathered a few shivering would-be passengers, eager to barter one condition of discomfort for another almost equally as disagreeable and impatient at the delay, for who ever knew an accommodation train to be on time? Among them were a man dressed like a farmer and two little girls—the elder less than six years old and the younger her junior a year or so—both fresh, smiling, dimpled faces and sweet, prattling voices, which even the most staid and stodgy old stick- ily dust, the plashing rain, the smoke, the heat and the crowded load of ill-tempered passengers could not cloud or silence. They came into the car where I sat. The farmer and the younger child found a vacant seat in the window, and in a moment was to let the other climb over the parcel by my side next to the window, out of which she gazed into the rain and through the blinding clouds of smoke which covered the soggy fields with an intensity of delight that was unaf- fected by the rain ought to have felt latered, had it had sense enough to feel anything.

"I guess love to ride on the cars, don't you?" she asked after the train had resumed its tiresome journey.

"Sometimes," I replied.

"I do all the time. My papa is an engineer."

"Then you ride a good deal?" I ven- tured.

"Not very much," she answered with a little sigh of discontent; "not as much as I want to. Since mamma went away, papa won't let me, and grandma always cries when I go on the cars."

"Ah!"

"Didn't you know that? You know my papa?" she remarked with such confidence in my knowledge that I was almost ashamed to say that I didn't.

"No, neither the gentleman," inter- rupted the farmer as he turned half around in his seat and faced me. "She is a big talker."

"She doesn't bother me in the least," I made haste to say. So, reassured, the little maiden turned her face again to the window, and in a moment was too much absorbed in the fleeting panorama to remember anything but the passing pleasure.

"Her father was an engineer on this road—Jim Churchill. Ever heard of him?" continued the farmer after a short pause. "No, well, I ain't sur- prised. Yet he deserved to be known more'n lots of men that gets their names before the public. Jim and I was schoolboys together up the country near Palmyra. We was both raised in the same township, and we used to think when we was men we'd be part- ners, and so we was almost. Jim was bigger'n me, stronger and a year or so older. I was always a runt among the boys, and if it hadn't been for Jim I'd probably been looked every day in my life. But Jim wouldn't stand nothing of that sort. He was as brave as a giant and he never allowed any one to be imposed upon while he could pre- vent it, and when the boys learned that he meant what he said they let me alone. So we grew up together like two brothers. He loved me because I was weaker than he was, just as a father loves a baby, and I just wor- shipped him. I'd a-died for him, stran- ger, just as easy—if he'd only said the word. You ought to have known Jim Churchill. One Jim Churchill would make up for a half a million such fellows as me and the ordinary run of folks."

"When we was about sixteen years we had our first trouble. She was the prettiest girl in the county, and she was just as sweet and good as she was pretty. She was the domineer's daughter, and when she came to school Jim and I both set our caps for her at the same time. Funny, stranger, how a pretty girl will come between old

friends. Two men can live like twins a whole lifetime, but just let a pretty woman come in and they will fight like brothers-in-law over a will. When little Phillis came to school, and Jim and I ran races to ask to see her home or to fetch her to singing school or Sunday night meeting, then, stranger, we knewed the first trouble of our lives. Somehow we grew cold like, and before that year was ended we did not speak. One night Jim and I met at her house. I was seventeen then, and Jim was over eighteen and as big as a man. He had a beard, almost, and he was as handsome as a picture. He didn't know I was there, or I don't think he'd called. I had been there about an hour, and just before the knocker sounded Phillis had told me the old story we all of us love to hear so well, and I felt as happy and light-hearted as a lark. When Jim came in and saw us sitting in the little parlour he seemed to know just what had happened like a flash. For a moment I thought he'd do something he'd regret some time. His face got so black and sullen and his eyes got ugly. Phillis saw it, too, soon as I did.

"Jim," said she, her voice trembling just a little, "Jim, I want you and Bob to shake hands and be friends."

"Then I got up and held out my hand; though, I tell the truth, I felt sort of nervous."

"She went on, her voice getting stronger and her face getting sweeter and sweeter, 'I want you to love Bob again just as you used to, because—because—I love him so much. Won't you, Jim, for my sake?'"

"I wish you could have seen Jim just then, stranger. I never saw the good in a man but so hard with the bad and come out ahead in all my life before or since, and never expect to again. He stood there by the open window just as if he'd been carved out of stone. I didn't know whether he'd heard what she said or not, but he was about to take back my hand. Jim took it in both of his so hard I almost dropped. Then he threw his arms around my neck, kissed me on my lips, fopped down on a chair, stranger, and cried like a baby. Phillis, that little woman, cried too, and there we all wept with our arms around each other crying like women and not any of us knowing what we were crying about.

"That settled things with us. After that we was brothers, just like we used to be. Well, it's a long story, and I can't tell you all of it, but I'll tell you so I'll tell you short. When I was twenty-one I was married. Jim was our best man, and my oldest boy is named James Churchill Brown. About a year or so later Jim married. She was a crimple and supported her mother do- ing sewing. But it was just a day, and royal princess Jim couldn't have treated her any better. After he got on the road he built her a little house near us and there they lived and there these little tots came into the world. About a year ago a little boy came to me, and he was crying and crying, and so, and when he went back to where he came from he took the little mother back too, and these little ones were left behind. Jim never lost heart, though, but the blow nearly killed him. He stood up under it as brave as a lion, and he was just a day, and from his face, except that he didn't smile the way he used to, that he knew what sorrow was. One evening last week—it was an off day with Jim—he and Phillis was out walking by the creek that runs through my meadow by the road. It was just a day, and my little boy was running on ahead playing in the snow when they came to the railroad crossing. Just as they got there Jim heard a whistle. It wasn't time for the regular train, so he wasn't watching out for danger. It was a special train, and he was con- sidering the curve like lightning. My little Jim was playing on the culvert. Phillis heard the whistle, she saw the boy on the track, she heard the rattle of the engine just as if it was a dream. Then she gave a little scream and fell down on the road in a faint. "East Creek," called out the conduc- tor, as the train stopped again in the storm.

"Oh, Uncle Bob!" cried the little maiden by my side. "Look out the window. There's Aunt Phillis and cousin Jim and there's grandpa and grandpa and there's grandpa and grandpa black wagon that let 'Look! Look!'" she continued, as the farmer gathered together his charges and started for the door. "They are putting a black box in the wagon, and Aunt Phillis is cry- ing awful hard."

"Yes," replied the farmer as he brushed away a tear from his eyes. "Yes, that's Jim Churchill, stranger, in that box."—Benjamin Northrop, in N. Y. Graphic.

### LEGAL NOISE.

What the Law Allows and What It Con- sideres a Nuisance.

Every good citizen is interested in knowing how much noise the law will compel him to endure at the hands of his neighbors without redress, and many citizens who are not good will doubtless like to ascertain how much noise they can inflict upon their neighbors without fear of punishment. Several decisions bearing upon these points have lately been made by the courts. One broad principle well established in the law of noise, both in this country and England, curiously illustrates the serious bent of our Anglo-Saxon nature, and that is the sharp distinction drawn between money-making noises and those which are made in the pursuit of pleasure. The law is tender to a steam engine or a boiler maker, and will allow them to disturb a whole neighborhood with im- punity, but it is severe upon a brass band or a game of skittles. The good citizens must be very wary about play- ing bowls or skittles in populous places. The Italians order this matter differently, and restrain blacksmiths, boiler makers, etc., within somewhat closer limits at the time and place, whereas they allow musical merry- makers to make night hideous or beau- tiful, as the case may be, without any restraint whatever.

The dog, in English and American jurisprudence, stands upon the border line, because he may be considered in either aspect—as kept for use, when a watch dog, or for pleasure, when re- garded merely as a companion or an ornament. Here, however, we run against another principle of the com- mon law, according to which dogs are privileged for farmers. For instance, it is unlawful for a farmer to shoot an- other's dog who has eaten his sheep, provided it be the animal's first of- fense of that kind; for the dog who is young in the sin of sheep-killing may repent and lead a respectable life thereafter; but if he has already been convicted of the crime, then it is law- ful to shoot him. In other words, as Lord Mansfield once said: "The law allows every dog in England one bite at a sheep."

It has, however, been held that "the noise produced by a dog barking in the night is a nuisance, and that a man can't take it off with all the lines he can draw. He has to build it out with putty or dough. An actor can't en- large his mouth nor diminish the size of his ears with putty."

"To take off the grease paints coons butter is generally used. It is applied over the points, and the whole is rubbed off with a dry towel, after which the face is washed with water. False noses of paper are seldom worn any more. Dough, putty and cotton, shaped and made as the wearer wills, is the rule nowadays. Hollowing of the face is made by rubbing paper ashes on the cheeks, and the eyes are sunken by putting red paint on the upper eyelids.

"Burnt cork artists have the easiest make-up used on the stage. All they have to do is to get a few corks, burn them completely, grind them on a mill, move the grit and apply damp. They paint their lips with rouge and they en- large their mouths by rubbing off the cork about a half inch on each side. They seldom moisten the cork with any thing except water, as grease and things like that would make the cork stick into the skin. Grease paints and cork never hurt the skin if properly ap- plied."—Philadelphia News.

### PRINCE BISMARCK.

A Glimpse at the True Character of the "Man of Blood and Iron."

Since the accession of Bismarck to the highest position in the nation, next to the monarch, he has greatly exalted the power and position of Prussia, but it has been at fearful cost. To carry his purposes he has muzzled the press, defied the representatives of the people, and with an iron hand ruled like a despot. Fearless by nature, he has confronted every kind of enmity and opposition at home and abroad. There is no need to follow closely his career since he became the chief adviser and prime minister of William I. Bis- marck's prominence as a statesman has somewhat obscured his merit as a soldier; but he himself always believed that the army was the place for which nature designed him. When the Emperor invested him with the highest military order in his gift, he addressed him in the following terms: "Truly at many a grievous time you have shown the highest courage of the soldier, and you have also thoroughly and completely proved at my side in two campaigns that, apart from every thing else, you have the fullest claim to conspicuous military distinction." It is astonishing that Bismarck has been able for so many years to sustain the burden which has been laid on his shoulders. Nothing but an iron constitution could have borne all that has been thrown upon him. Six feet two in his boots, seventy years of age, but straight and un- bent by weight of years, in weight from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds, he has been and still is a model of manly strength and vigor. Of late years there have been times when he has been compelled to beat a retreat for a season from the arena and to leave office to recuperate and re-establish his health. He has always been a great eater, and deep drinker, and a heavy smoker. Prince Bismarck, in the course of such a distinguished and elevated career, has become one of the richest men of Germany; but no one has ever accused him of availing himself of his position to acquire wealth in an improper manner. Most of his property has been the gift of the nation.—From Chas. Loebe's "Life of Bis- marck."

### STAGE MAKE-UPS.

Secrets of the Dressing-Room as Revealed by a Theatrical Man.

"See here! I have a letter from an amateur asking me to give him direc- tions how to make up for an old man, and I don't know any better way than telling you every thing about it and let- ting you tell everybody." Thus spoke Jerry Taylor, stage manager of the Walnut Street Theater, to a reporter.

"When a star enters his dressing- room," said Mr. Taylor, "he finds the contents of his dressing-case or make- up box spread out before him on a table, in front of a glass that is hung between two lights. He has ready in his hand sticks of grease paints of all colors, and cosmetics, pencil brushes, spirit gum for sticking on noses or whiskers and a hare's foot. Now, sup- pose he is going to make up for an old man. He takes a stick of flesh-colored grease paint, warms it slightly and rubs it all over his face, just the same

as a scene painter 'sizes' his canvas before painting the picture on it. Then if he is going to make up for some his- torical character he has a picture of the original before him and he must line his face according to it. Otherwise he goes to work and makes the face his- torical. After the first coat of flesh- colored paint he covers his cheeks and lips with vermilion. He next draws two short lines wide apart at the top and almost converging between them. These lines are put on with Indian ink applied with a pencil brush. Crosses feet with three little lines at the outer corner of the eyes give them the old wrinkled expression. Two parallel lines on each side of the face, one beginning near the inner corner of the eye and the other beginning at the base of the nose, each about half an inch long, with an ordinary face and slanting downward, give the lengthened expres- sion to the face. A line across the chin, blended downward at the ends, completes the lining required with an ordinary old man's face. Different old men characters must, of course, be given different expressions about the mouth, and these are made with lines to suit the expressions. To make himself look as if he was a couple of weeks without a shave, is the simplest thing imagin- able. All he has to do is to burn a new-paper and rub the ash over the face. The barber puts the lather, and he will have a strong, two weeks' old black beard. He can tone that down by rub- bing in ground chalk.

"To make the arms thin, a line of brown or green grease paint run along the veins will make a fat, rotund arm look like that of a shriveled old woman. For a young man or hero character the same ground work is laid on; vermil- ion or rouge is applied to the lips and cheeks with a hare's foot. The eye- brows are blackened with India ink, and a thin line is drawn on the under eyelid, extending from the inner cor- ner of the eye to a little beyond the outer corner and right under the hair line of the lash. In blacking the eye- brows the ladies frequently use the soot of gas smoke, collected by holding a piece of glass over the lamp, and one of the best colors and the least harmful.

"For a snub nose a small line drawn over the nose and another drawn under the point of the same organ will give it a beautiful snub, but if he is the unfor- tunate possessor of a nasal snub he can't take it off with all the lines he can draw. He has to build it out with putty or dough. An actor can't en- large his mouth nor diminish the size of his ears with putty."

"To take off the grease paints coons butter is generally used. It is applied over the points, and the whole is rubbed off with a dry towel, after which the face is washed with water. False noses of paper are seldom worn any more. Dough, putty and cotton, shaped and made as the wearer wills, is the rule nowadays. Hollowing of the face is made by rubbing paper ashes on the cheeks, and the eyes are sunken by putting red paint on the upper eyelids.

"Burnt cork artists have the easiest make-up used on the stage. All they have to do is to get a few corks, burn them completely, grind them on a mill, move the grit and apply damp. They paint their lips with rouge and they en- large their mouths by rubbing off the cork about a half inch on each side. They seldom moisten the cork with any thing except water, as grease and things like that would make the cork stick into the skin. Grease paints and cork never hurt the skin if properly ap- plied."—Philadelphia News.

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