

Fashions of the Day.

My Dear X. Y. Z.: Does a letter on beauty come under the head of fashions? Yes, I believe it does. To answer your inquiry I have to turn back in the file to see what I said about physical culture and "osteopathy exercises." I find that I made a dash at ruined throats and a bold confession of what I was doing for my own neck to restore it to its pristine plumpness and fairness. Perhaps in this connection I should not have used the word "osteopathy." That is really another branch and not exactly what I was doing for that part of my anatomy which is the victim of fashion's high chokers.

It is really a sight of weeping—isn't it? And I suppose it will continue to be because we are such a lazy lot. We fuss and fume with dressmakers, milliners, hairdressers—and I might add masseur and manicurists—to make themselves presentable, and we neglect the first principals of health, youth and beauty, because we are lazy.

It is a practical fact that forty-five minutes in the morning and the same at night devoted to ourselves, personally, will do more than all your columns of recipes of "How To Be Beautiful" and "How To Be Pretty."

I am a long while getting at your throat, my dear, but there is so much to be said in this connection. However, I will answer your question first and branch out afterwards. In the first place, for the yellow and discolored skin a camel's hair face brush should be used with hot water and a pure soap—white castile is always good. This will open the pores and start into activity the tissues that have been compressed by the fashionable stocks. For the discoloration you must try different things. It will take a little time, but lemon juice and peroxide will assist you. If you use lemon juice, mix it with water; if you use peroxide, mix that with water also. In less than a week you will see the difference. The peroxide must be the kind that comes in blue paper covered bottles and is marked Marchand's. It is medicated and is imported, and used by all physicians. The bottles come in two sizes, with wired rubber corks, and you must not be imposed upon by your druggist when he tells you that any other kind is just as good. It is not. Peroxide of Hydrogen, of course, is a bleach, and is also a disinfectant. It is used to bleach hair, but is just as effective for the skin. It will not hurt either hair or skin if it is reduced in strength to one-half water. To get the result on the skin it must be left to dry without being absorbed by the towel.

So much for the skin of the neck. Now about the thickness, and the exposed cords and muscles. The thinness is caused by the collars, and the rest is flabbiness of muscles. Ten minutes, night and morning, devoted to simple exercising of the neck muscles will develop the throat into its former plumpness, as common sense will tell you if you but stop to consider. For the first movement throw the head backward and forward twenty times—not rapidly nor violently—just easily, but as far back and as far front as it will go. Then in the same way from side to side twenty times. After this twist the head around in its socket as far as it will go, each way twenty times. You will be dizzy, you will be sleepy, you will, perhaps, be nauseated until you get accustomed to it, but—in the slang of the day—don't you care. You will in three months have again a beautiful throat.

I hear you ejaculate: "Three months!" Sure. You have neglected it all your life. When nature could not do any more for you it succumbed, and you must work diligently to make up or catch up what you have lost, and then afterward attend to it as regularly as

you do to your bathing.

That brings me back to the personal attention night and morning. Every girl and every woman—every man for that matter—should bring all the muscles of the body into action with a few simple exercises as regularly as they awaken in the morning and retire for the night. This should be done before the bath. To devote forty-five minutes to yourself in the morning is a small part of the day, and then you are ready for anything and everything and glad you are alive.

Here are some simple exercises: First in importance is the liver. Destroy its sluggishness by raising first one arm and then the other above the head, as if you were trying to press the palm of your hand against the ceiling: Do this twenty times and press with all your strength against the imaginary barrier. Then with your toes in a line and your knees firmly together, turn your body from the waist up, from side to side, as far as it will go, twenty times. By this time your heart will be galloping, and it is better to take a quick cold sponge bath, and not tire yourself with other exercises until you get accustomed to it. There is so much to be said about personal attention, but try these liver exercises with the throat and neck exercises, and I will tell you more at another time.

[First publication June 25] 3

NOTICE OF PROBATE OF WILL.

In the County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska:
The State of Nebraska, to Wilhelmine Miller and to others interested in said matter:

You are hereby notified, that an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Samuel Brandt, deceased, is on file in said court, and also a petition praying for the probate of said instrument, and for the appointment of Wilhelmine Miller as administratrix, with will annexed. That on the 18th day of July, 1898, at 9 o'clock a. m., said petition and the proof of the execution of said instrument will be heard, and that if you do not then appear and contest, said court may probate and record the same, and grant administration of the estate to Wilhelmine Miller.

This notice shall be published for three weeks successively in THE COURIER prior to said hearing.
Witness my hand and official seal this 23d day of June, 1898.

S. T. COCHRAN,
County Judge.

By Dudley Cochran, Clerk.

Bad Debts for Charity.

The merchants of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, have conceived an ingenious method of combining benevolence with revenge. They have turned over their bad debts to the Woman's Missionary society of their city, thus relieving themselves of further responsibility for the prosecution of missions and subjecting their delinquent debtors to a series of runs from the eternal feminine.

Pessimism.

The pessimist is a freak. Pessimism is the child of a day or a mood, optimism is the great under current of human life. Pessimism is abnormal. It is a disease of the mind.—Rev. D. H. Overton.

Sure of His Facts.

"It's a great story," said the visitor to the city editor, to whom he was selling information about a coming divorce case. "McSwigger found the co-respondent in his wife's room, and shot at him four times, but missed, and now he is going to sue for divorce."

"But how did you get your information," asked the editor.
"Couldn't help it," was the reply; "I'm the co-respondent."—Ex.

Sensible Constance.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—When Constance was younger she used to ride a wheel and I tell you she'd take nobody's dust.
Mrs. Crimsonbeak—You don't say so?

"Yes, but now she has reached the marrying age she's willing to take almost anybody's."—Vaukers Statesman.

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The pessimist is a person who does not expect to get what he wants, but expects to be disappointed in it if he should.

AFRICA, ENGLAND, GERMANY.

Latter Wants the Forest in the Basin of the Upper Congo.

The object of Germany at the present moment is to connect her eastern and southwestern African possessions, says the Quarterly Review. To do this she desires to possess the forest in the basin of the Upper Congo—a region which is rich in copper. If she could obtain this territory from the Congo state and a narrow strip of land from Portugal she would realize her aim, and if she gets possession of the forests on the Lualaba and the Katanga copper mines her colonies may become to her a great source of wealth. England should definitely make up her mind as to the attitude she will assume toward this policy. If she opposes it Germany will become a persistent enemy. On the other hand, if she supports it Germany should agree not in any way to interfere with England south of the Zambesi and support her heartily in Egypt. The increase of German prosperity at home is also an advantage to us. As Germany becomes richer she will become a better customer and less jealous of the political position. The wages of German artisans must go up and consequently Germany will be less able to undersell us in the open markets of the world. We have now come to a state of things as regards the German empire when we must either come to terms with it or drift into a position which will certainly lead to danger. The Germans, if they are to maintain their possessions beyond the sea, must either be sure of the friendship and good will of England or else they will endeavor to break down her power on the ocean. Since the beginning of this year every corner of the empire has rung with the most violent denunciations of this country. The newspapers, with the almost solitary exception of the Weser Zeitung, have given expression to feelings of bitter hostility. Organs of opinion usually the most opposed have vied with each other in their violence of language. This ill feeling to Great Britain, as we have said, has not been a growth of recent times. It is now strengthened by a growing conviction that the position of England in the world is undeserved, artificial and cannot be maintained if it is seriously menaced. This view has been fostered by distinguished historians and men of letters, who exercise a powerful influence on the youth of the country, on the guides of public opinion, on writers in the principal periodicals and journals who indirectly shape the policy of the cheap newspaper, which is the gospel of the village inn.

A ROMANCE FROM AFRICA.

The story of a Treasure—Ingenious and May Be True.

Englishmen are predatory creatures, and the London papers do not hesitate to express annoyance because the expeditionary force recently sent against King Prempeh found at Coomassie only a meager number of gold ornaments, and hollow ones at that, says the New York Times. The value of the loot taken from the royal "palace" was only about £2,000 and made a poor showing when exhibited in London, as compared with the results of ore 'ous raids. Now a correspondent writing from Accra tells a story which if true—a very large "if"—will make the British officers wish they had not left the Ashanti capital quite so soon. He says: "Some years ago a slave girl of surpassing beauty—of the Ashanti type *beau entendu*—had the misfortune to attract the fickle fancy of a chief, whose head wife tolerated no rivalry. To reproach a husband is generally useless; in Coomassie it is dangerous. The lady, wise in her generation, forebore to risk her head, but sent for the executioner and caused the ears and lips of the too fascinating maiden to be removed, rendering her such an object as can only be seen in savage kingdoms. History does not say if the expedition answered the purpose of restoring the chief's wandering affections to their rightful owner, but the slave girl developed, not unnaturally, into a woman with an undying thirst for revenge. Lately she sought an audience with the governor, and she informed him that the real treasure of the Ashantis lies buried some fifty feet below the soil, in a disused shaft of a mine near Coomassie, and readily undertook to point out the spot. Digging is being vigorously carried on, already more than a fourth of the depth has been cleared, and should the treasure amount to anything like the rumored value, the cost of the expedition will be fully defrayed, making the Ashanti war a record one, as not only bloodless, but free of cost."

A Bargain in Sightseeing.

"What did you give that stranger money for?" said Aunt Eliza as she and Uncle Hiram waited in the station after getting off the train from Hayville.

"That's all right, Liza," said Uncle Hiram triumphantly. "That's a nice feller. I give him \$2, and he's goin' to fix it so we can go out and see the skyscrapers without extra charge."—Chicago Record.

An Important Whistle.

Mother (severely)—Why didn't you come when I called you?

Small Boy—Why, just as you was calling me Tommy Traddles, down street, whistled for me. I couldn't go to both, could I?