

POISONOUS COSMETICS.

RISKS RUN BY WOMEN IN TRYING TO BE PRETTY.

Many Devices Resorted to by the Fair Sex—Bleaching the Hair to Give It a Fashionable Shade—Making Up—Terrible Consequences.

"Can I get my hair bleached here?" I asked on entering a well known Chicago hair dresser's establishment. "Certainly," said the smiling attendant. "What color do you wish?" "I am rather undecided between a blonde and the new autumn shade," I replied unhesitatingly. "Yes," had better decide in favor of the red. That is the shade just now, and your hair would take it splendidly. I wouldn't have to touch the ends at all, just here next the scalp, where it's so dark."

QUITE BUSINESS LIKE.

While I sat in another fashionable hair-dresser's shop, waiting for my hair to dry, I idly watched a little woman through a glass partition as she made up her face. She rubbed her entire face with some fine white powder until she looked like a clown at the pantomime; then she took a chamomile skin and carefully rubbed and smoothed it until only the suspicion of the powder was visible. Next she took a small hare foot brush and, dipping it daintily into a box of rouge, proceeded to redden her cheeks. This was then carefully toned down with another dash of white. Then the eyes. She penciled her brows and drew black lines close up to the under lash. Then daintily wetting her finger she drew it over her eyebrows, the moisture emphasizing as it were the blackening process. Then she took a hand glass and regarded herself from all points of the compass. The result evidently was satisfactory, for she came out with a gratified smile. She had gone in the little room a dark skinned, rather tallow faced person; she emerged with the pink and white complexion that should belong to a radiant blonde. This process had been gone through with in plain view of the rest of the people in the room, and with a serious and business-like air that was quite astonishing.

"Do you make up many society ladies?" I asked. "Yes, indeed, though not here. We are sent for and go to their houses to dress their hair and then make up their faces for them afterward. Oh, yes, we have a great many regular customers in the make up line."

"I suppose you have actresses, too?" "Well, not so many. You see, they know how to do their own make up. That's a part of their business just as much as fine dressing; but ladies generally make a botch of it—either get too much or too little, so they send themselves to the theater and have it done for them just as much as hair-dressing or manicuring. There, your hair's done—now better let me touch your face up a little—you've no idea how nice you'd look. Not well—good day."

My Turkish bath attendant tells me that she has seen the frightful ravage which cosmetics and dyes have produced. "I wish ladies would see the results of such allies as I have," she said, "they would not use every vile cosmetic and hair wash in the market."

"I know a lady who had such hair, or at least, her back hair was that color. Her bangs were much darker than her back hair, and the contrast was not pretty. Her hair-dresser suggested doctoring them a bit. 'I don't dare,' she said. 'I have stuff which will do it—positively harmless,' he urged. 'Drink some of it and I'll believe you,' she said, and he complied. She argued that if it couldn't hurt his stomach it ought not her head, and allowed transformation to take place. Nor has she ever experienced any ill results. But it is generally very unsafe to tamper with one's hair. Blindness and insanity are often brought about by this folly. This has been told women again and again, but they pay no heed and rush madly in where angels would fear to tread. There is no risk a woman will not run, no pain she will not suffer, if she thinks thereby she can be made more beautiful."

I know a woman who has used cosmetics all her life, and those, too, of the roughest and most poisonous kinds. Now she is paying for it. Her skin is something terrible to see. Physicians tell her it's her stomach, but she who has never eaten anything but lotions, pastes and powders knows better. She was a handsome woman, too—she had no need of these accessories. Her friends often remonstrated with her, but to no avail. Now she is reaping the whirlwind."

I know of another lovely woman who was sensitive about her freckles. She took some powerful cosmetic and removed them. She never seemed strong after that, and died before she was 33. I know another who would take infinitesimal doses of arsenic. She died with some unknown stomach disease. But the saddest case I know of was one of a most beautiful, dashing society woman. I remember seeing her one night in her sumptuous, glowing beauty, the queen of an ice carnival, surrounded by flatters and admirers. I did not see her again until three years afterward, and then she was being led along the street by an attendant—totally blind from the excessive use of cosmetics—and, worse than that, continually subject to terrible epileptic fits.

These are "awful examples," but true ones, and still in the face of these and kindred warnings women will insist upon painting and powdering and dyeing themselves.—Edith Sessions Tupper in Chicago Herald.

The Victory Gained.

Genington (appearing suddenly)—Once for all, Clara, will you forgive me? I don't bear to give you up for so trivial a reason. Clara—No, Henry, nothing but a very strong will power—a power stronger than my own—would make me change my determination, and (as Henry turns away) heaven knows you've got it, Henry.—Tid Bits.

After the wedding breakfast of Prince Henry and the Princess Irene at Berlin, while the bride was dressing for the journey her garter was cut up and the pieces distributed among her maids of honor, in accordance with an old German custom.

A CHORUS OF STEERS.

Texas Cattle Trained to Bellow "Hail Columbia"—A Unique Concert.

It was now about 5 o'clock and the sun was rapidly approaching the horizon. The bovine orchestra was to perform as usual at 6, or about sunset, just before feeding time. Mr. Hemmway led the way to the home corral, a heavily timbered stockade just over the crest of a hill and about a quarter of a mile from the house. The cowboy band which had ridden out to meet him accompanied the party on horseback. It was a cool but calm April evening, the air balmy with the fresh prairie air and the faint perfumes of wild flowers. As they approached the stockade melodious bellows sounded over the park. Within were just twenty of the most intelligent beasts in the whole herd of 50,000. Brawny, big boned, long horned and muley—some of them—smooth limbs, sleek coats and bright eyes marking them as crack cattle. They moved forward in a leisurely, self contained way and stood looking at the cowboys. Six of the latter dismounted, came inside with their trombones, cornet, French horn, big horn and cymbals. Each cowboy took up a position by a particular ox.

Six of the cattle were now separated from their fellows and led by the horns to skeleton stalls of light poles, constructed so the beasts faced in towards the center of the inclosure and were ranged on the soft grass side by side, near enough to touch the tips of each other's horns. The cowboy with the cornet stood immediately in front of a light brinded heifer that had an exceedingly vicious aspect and was very quick on its feet. The trombone confronted an almost jet black steer that proved to have a high voice of great reverberatory power. The cymbals flanked a red bull, while the other horns were pointed at bright eyed cows that regarded the whole strange scene with an experienced air and anticipatory delight.

The Hemmway party stood slightly to one side, the unofficiating cowboys, to the number of forty or more, in a group near them. Just as the sinking sun reached the horizon and seemed to linger for a moment before saying good night, Mr. Hemmway gave the signal.

The cowboys at once struck up "Hail Columbia," playing that fine old air with much spirit and tolerable correctness. With the first note from each instrument the animal in its front raised its neck, opened its mouth to the widest capacity, and throwing its head back gave prolonged and musical utterance to sonorous sounds which if they were not singing in the human sense, constituted something remarkably like it.

The accord between the instruments and the vocal accompaniment of the bovine chorus was perfect. There was one harmonious volume of sound, that echoed far and wide with singular power and sweetness, carrying through the charmed air strains of the western patriot's favorite song and melodizing in the distance to a grand choral ode.

But the most interesting part of the unique performance was yet to come. When the strains of the horns died away the cowboy performers withdrew and joined the other cowboys. The bovine chorus was left to itself. Mr. Hemmway drew a revolver from his pocket and fired a shot. As the smoke curled up in the fading sunlight, the steers opened their mouths, threw their heads back and in perfect harmony went again through the air they had just finished. The ring and volume and sweetness of their voices were now distinctly apparent. They chanted absolutely correctly and lacked only articulation to be the champion sextet of the vocal world.—John Paul Boeckel in New York World.

The Game of "Fingerhacking."

A tourist in Tyrol watched two hot headed youths, who, having got into some dispute over money matters, had agreed to settle it by a resort to what in that country is called "Fingerhacking." This, or rather struggle, is a simple trial of strength of arm and biceps. The table is cleared, and the two competitors seated opposite each other, with the table between them, stretch out their right hands as to let them meet in the center. Each, bending the middle finger into the shape of a hook, entwines it with that of his rival. At a given signal each begins to pull, the object being to drag the antagonist across the board. Both were strapping young fellows, each eager to show off his prowess, and the fact that they were well known adepts at it rendered the struggle doubly interesting. Victory swayed hither and thither, the most prodigious efforts were made to wrest the slightest advantage from the foe, the subtlest ruses coming into play, the most impossible contortions of the body undergone; and yet the issue seemed as far from decision as at the very outset.

With set teeth, rigid features and bearing breasts, the two young fellows tug and pull, and neither will give in. Their hands are of an angry red, the veins swollen to double their usual size, while drops of perspiration on their foreheads tell of their almost superhuman exertions. Watching the face of one, the observer all at once saw a look of agonizing pain shoot across it. His hand dropped; the struggle was at an end. Poor fellow! his finger is maimed for life; for the principal muscle has been rent in the fierce struggle. His antagonist, by a sudden jerk—one of the numerous stratagems of fingerhacking—has succeeded in unbending his adversary's finger.

One very frequently sees in Tyrol a man with a finger bent nearly double on the right hand. If you ask the cause, you will invariably be told that it happened while "fingerhacking."—Youth's Companion.

John Was All Right.

"Your husband is out pretty late 'o' nights, Mrs. Cally." "Yes, Mrs. Dally; his business keeps him late, you know." "Are you sure it's business? These men ain't to be trusted too far, Mrs. Cally. I speak from experience." "Well, I guess my John is all right." "What makes you so confident?" "Well, he shaves only once a week, and then he grumbles about having it to do. He doesn't give the least bit of attention to his personal appearance; indeed, I have hard work in keeping him tidy. Then he won't put a drop of cologne on his handkerchief, and—" "That's enough, Mrs. Cally. There's no female in his case, that's sure. He's all right."—Boston Courier.

The Czar's Best Engineer.

The Russian imperial household has concluded an arrangement with the engineer, M. Kozell, regarding the great irrigation works which are to be carried out in the extensive territories in the Murgab valley which have been acquired by the czar. M. Kozell, who is of Polish origin, was in 1862 the commander of an insurgent battalion of his countrymen. He was taken prisoner by the Russians and sentenced to death, but succeeded in making his escape to France, where he subsequently carried out several important engineering works. After the war in 1870-71, in which he fought against the Germans, he returned to Russia, and as a punishment for his former rebellious conduct he had to serve as a private in a Cossack regiment for four years.—New York Tribune.

HAIR OF SAVAGES.

HOW IT IS KEPT WITHIN BOUNDS BY THE PROPRIETORS.

Coiffures of the American Indians—Ethiopians and their Kinky Locks—The Asiatics—Head Dressing of the South Sea Islanders—New Zealanders.

Why should savages care for their hair? The question is not easily answered, for savages, apparently, care for so little—according to our notions—in the way of personal appearance that regard for their locks would seem to be the last matter to which they would give attention. But, nevertheless, there is reason to believe that savages have as much concern for their locks than we are apt to believe; and, indeed, no pages of travelers' books are more interesting than those which give accounts of the manners and dress of the barbarous races; for, by means of the hints imparted by travelers' notes, we are able to gather that vanity is as prevalent among savages as among the civilized, and fashion as imperious in her mandates.

Among the American Indians great attention has always been paid to the hair, and well it deserves it, for although coarse, harsh and straight, the hair of the American Indian is of a deep lustrous black, and when properly arranged, is capable of making a very beautiful coiffure. The works on American antiquities give a great number of styles of hair dressing in vogue among the Indians. Among the Shawnees the favorite style was to closely clip the sides of the head in front, above and behind the ears, and allow a straight ridge of hair to grow from the forehead to the nape of the neck, adorning this with feathers, and sometimes plaiting the top into a long cow tail. The Indians of the North Atlantic coast had a habit of clipping the entire head, with the exception of a scalp lock just at the top, though not infrequently the savage bean, instead of clipping, would permanently destroy the growth of hair on all portions of the head, except the apex of the cranium, by pulling out the hairs by the roots and rubbing ashes or some other drying material on the skin to destroy the growth. The Indians of the Pacific coast frequently clip off or pull out the hair on the top and back of the head, leaving a lock over each ear, while in the south it was a practice among the Indians to extirpate the hair on all portions of the head save the back, and leave that for a scalp lock. In all cases, whenever the lock or locks were left, they were always adorned in the highest style of Indian art, sometimes with feathers, occasionally with wampum or beads, and not infrequently their size was increased and their length extended by the use of horse hair.

ETHIOPSIANS AND ASIATICS.

The Ethiopians have no hair, properly speaking, but what answers them for hair is really different from the hair of the white races. If a hair from the head of a Caucasian be examined through a microscope, it is found to be hollow and composed of sections or joints somewhat resembling those of a cane, or in some cases like a ladder with its rungs. The hair of an African is entirely different in this respect, being solid and round, this constituting the difference between wool and hair; but nevertheless, the fact that his wool is solid appears only to endear it to the African, who gives it all the more attention, perhaps because he has so little of it, and divides his scalp into patches, gathering up the hair from each into a circular knot and tying it with a string as carefully as though it were a treasure. In the interior of the Dark Continent the wool of the negroes is frequently long, though never straight, but so difficult is the task of disentangling their locks that much attempt at ornament is made in the African head dresses. Livingstone says that when an African chief makes his toilet, the most he ever attempts in the way of arranging a head dress is to comb his wool up into a pyramidal shape, stick a few feathers in it, and hang one or more strings of beads along the facade, so to speak, of the hanging edifice. The Asiatics have always been famous for decorating their heads. The Mohammedans of old shaved their heads, except a single lock of hair at the exact top of the head, which was left for a practical purpose, the Mohammedan doctrine being that at the resurrection of the dead the Angel Gabriel was specially detailed to attend to the Mohammedans, and he raised them by the top knot. Accordingly, the top knot was left full and strong, in order that the hold might not break, a hole being left in the top of the coffin in order to facilitate the angel's work. The Chinese method of hair dressing is too well known to need description, while in India the styles are both numerous and diversified, many of the tribes of the Panjab being distinguished from each other by their methods of dressing their hair.

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

According to Labcock, Darwin and other authorities, the head dressing of the South Sea Islanders is ornate in the last degree, while not infrequently their styles of dressing their hair are so ingeniously grotesque as to create the impression that the arrangement was solely for the purpose of exciting laughter. Sometimes most of the hair on the head is clipped away, leaving a number of short, round tufts, as though the scalp were planted with short paint brushes. Occasionally the hair is cut away from the forehead and temples, leaving it at the top and back of the head; sometimes the back of the head is shaved, leaving the hair on the top and sides; but generally the entire growth of hair is left upon the head, and as the capillary adornments of the New Zealanders are very long and bushy, the coiffure of a chief generally assumes enormous proportions. One traveler mentions the fact of seeing a chief in New Zealand whose head dress was over three feet in diameter and arranged in long cones, the surface of the scalp being divided into a great number of small circles, and the hair growing in each twisted up and so curled as to form inverted cones, the point being towards the scalp.

But not content with these extraordinary appendages, the South Sea Islanders have a practice of dyeing their hair and in the most extraordinary colors. The natural color of their hair is jet black, but they have a number of pigments, the use of which is well known to them, by which they color their locks red, green, blue, yellow and white, and every variety of color may be seen in the course of a day's walk. But the New Zealand dandy is frequently not satisfied with having his hair of one color, and so will dye it in several, making beads or stripes across his cranium. A recent traveler records having seen a New Zealander with an enormous shock of bushy hair. In front the hair was left its natural color. Next, from one ear across the top of the head to the other, came a stripe of white hair, then a band of red, then a streak of green, then a blue stripe, and this parti-colored savage who resembled, looked down in the circus, was not only the admiration of himself, but of the entire village in which he lived, so that in New Zealand, as well as in more civilized countries, the adage "variety is the spice of life," is perfectly true.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WOMEN WRITTEN ABOUT.

Newspaper Gossip Concerning the Fab Sex—Items of Personal Interest.

The queen of Sweden is a clever cook. Dagmar, of Russia, is very clever with her needle. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's favorite companion is a big black cat. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, the author, is 44 years old.

Mrs. Langtry now owns 5,000 acres of farm land in Lake county, Cal. The ex-Empress Eugenie has developed a tendency toward spiritualism.

The queen of Italy designed one of the prettiest lamps on view at the Italian exhibition. Mrs. Garrett Anderson, England's leading woman doctor, realizes \$50,000 from her practice.

Rev. Carrie J. Bartlett has for nearly two years been pastor of a Unitarian church at Sioux City, Ia.

Miss Clara Conway is the first woman to receive the degree of A. M. from a southern institution of learning.

Queen Sophie, of Sweden, reads the newspapers from every European country after breakfast each day.

Queen Victoria is afflicted with insomnia. She is sometimes put to sleep by having her brows stroked gently with a camel's hair brush.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde is fond of yellowish green—not to say emerald—colored gowns, and looks charming in them.

Mrs. J. A. Ansley, of Decatur, Ga., has a pair of Indian moccasins donated to her grandfather by Gen. Andrew Jackson, who obtained them in Florida during some of the earlier conflicts of the government with the Seminole Indians.

Mme. Modjeska flew in the face of tradition at the Wallack testimonial performance in New York by going mad, as Ophelia, in a sage green gown. It is against all the customs of the stage, operatic or dramatic, for a mad scene to be enacted in any but white garments. Mme. Modjeska, seeing no good reason for this custom, chose to go mad in green, and delighted an audience of 4,000 by the innovation.

Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, who will visit England for the first time this season, has an income of \$1,000,000 a year, but is always in debt. She maintains no house at Paris, but always resides at a hotel. She spends vast sums on horses. Her executive ability is clearly shown by the ease with which she constantly spends more than her enormous income amounts to.

Friends of Mrs. Gen. Logan say that she has recovered almost entirely from the effects of the accident by which she was thrown from her carriage. She will never be able, however, to raise her right hand above her head. She is bound up now in the completion of a memorial room in her house at Washington, in which she has brought together all the mementoes of her husband in her possession.

Women lawyers are becoming a power in the land. Michigan university has already sent out twenty-four young women holding the degree of LL. D. This year a young woman from the Sandwich Islands, Miss Alma Hitecock, will make the twenty-fifth. In England there is a club of woman lawyers. It is mainly a correspondence club, yearly letters from the members being printed and circulated. Mrs. Belta Lockwood and Miss Waugh, from the law school in Chicago, are among the members. The motto of the club is: "All the Allies of Each."

The trousseau of the future empress of China is a-making in Vienna. The principal court dress is of very rich blue velvet. On the front there is an embroidered eagle, the wings of which are ornamented with over 300 small and five very large pearls. The hat to match this dress is of folded velvet; between the folds there are bows of diamonds, so that the head dress has the appearance of a diamond crown. There are besides three gala dresses made of Chinese satin, one of sky blue, one in purple blue and the third of a dark indigo shade. The fronts of these gowns are embellished with mottoes in the Chinese language, worked in gold. One has "Wan-fu" (eternal happiness), another "Wan-shou" (eternal life) and the third "Wan-car" (eternal love).

Imagines Himself a Teapot.

There passed Palatka not long ago a man of forty winters who was an object of pity, and yet, with all that, was somewhat amusing. He was sane on all subjects but one, and that—he imagined himself a teapot. He would put himself into the shape of a teapot by rounding one arm to represent the spout and the other to represent the handle. While in that shape he became very uneasy if any one came near, fearing they might break off the handle or spout. He would not speak, but would make a danger signal with his mouth to represent the escaping steam. Then he would walk around, sway to and fro among those about him, fully satisfied that he was a teapot.—Savannah News.

Progress in the Indian School.

The Pipe of Peace reports great progress in the Genoa Indian school. A genuine native poet has matured seven stanzas on "The Horn," and turned them loose on the tribe. Seventy dresses and an equal number of skirts have been tucked away for the summer picnic season. The seventy girls in the school attend to their knitting with uncommon diligence, and boastfully declare that there is not a hole in the stocking of schoolboys, 100 in number.—Chicago Herald.

Example of Conscientiousness.

The matron at Castle Garden has set a good example of conscientiousness by resigning her position because she had little to do beyond drawing her salary. "Those who aim to work as little for as great pay as possible might be interested in this new interpretation of business."—Chicago Herald.

As Chinese immigration is now prohibited, the Chinese laundrymen of California have combined to advance the price of washing, no longer fearing competition from their countrymen.

The Plattsmouth Herald

Is enjoying a Boom in both its

DAILY AND WEEKLY

EDITIONS.

The Year 1888

Will be one during which the subjects of national interest and importance will be strongly agitated and the election of a President will take place. The people of Cass County who would like to learn of

Political, Commercial and Social Transactions

of this year and would keep apace with the times should

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