

BEAUTY AND DIET.

LAWS WHICH ALL DAUGHTERS OF EVE SHOULD ALWAYS OBEY.

Pickles, Strong Tea and Overdone Beef the American Girl's Diet—Fading and Cosmetics Used to Patch Up Marred Beauty. A Suggestion or So.

Flesh texture and tint perform a most important function in female beauty. To preserve and improve them demands the strictest observance of sanitary laws. A bad skin, lacking tint, plumpness and elasticity, indicates want of goodness in the vital or nutritive system. Diet, digestion, temperature, open air exercise, sleep and tranquillity of mind are absolute necessities to every woman who wishes to keep her youth.

As to diet, it is only necessary to ask what does the average American girl eat? She sits down to a potato and a pickle, three or four cups of strong tea, pie, cakes, sweets and fiery condiments. If she includes beef in her menu it is only after roasting, frying and grilling has reduced it to a state of complete indigestibility. What is the result of such a regime? By the time she is 30, just at the age nature intended her to be as flexible as a sapling willow, her eyes are dull, her teeth yellow, her gums pale, her lips wan and pallid, her flesh flaccid, her skin horny and sallow; in fact, all the swell and gap of her womanhood is either undeveloped or else quenched, destroyed, dried out. What then? To repair these unsightly damages she resorts to padding, whitewashes, stains and beladonna and kohl for her eyes.

These are a ghastly substitute for the barnished glow of health. Once to indulge in artificial cosmetics is to be their slave through all eternity.

THREE SIMPLE RULES.

The once famous beauty, Lola Montez, was heard to say the only real secret of preserving beauty lay in three simple things—temperance, exercise and cleanliness. Peppery soups and stews, game paties, ragouts and spices even moderately indulged in will exercise deteriorating effects upon a delicate complexion. Women who do not restrain their gastronomic propensities will acquire before 30 the heated, blotched face we are wont to associate with "high living," while the firm texture of the flesh and the supple shape will soon be replaced by flabby softness and scraggy leanness.

During my few years of rather broad and variegated experience studying beauty and the habits of its fair possessors, I have known only one who for a series of years accustomed herself to late hours, constant excitement, brain work and constant feasting without erasing every trace of beauty. I saw her looking as dainty as an ivory lily after eight years of such perilous self treatment as I shudder to describe. Physicians consider the case unique.

Women of nervous and sanguine temperament should restrict themselves to a diet of eggs, milk, bread, salads, fruit, light broths and the crustacea. They should accustom themselves to drinking aerated and natural mineral spring waters, avoiding spices and condiments, delicious and tempting as these fiery delights may be. In the matter of diet, the blonde is, by force of physiological tendencies, constrained to stern self denial at table. It is an old saw among doctors that blue eyes, flaxen hair and the pink and white face mean struma. Struma is a rather broad term, but the condition is the same and quite as troublesome. These inflammable temperaments are congestive, catarrhal, gouty, and tea, coffee, underdone beef, oily food, spices, alcoholic beverages and opiates concur to produce a general unhealthy action of the skin in dryness, pimples, blotches and discolorations.

Condiments, malt and spirituous drinks and a structure of iron thicken the blood, giving it color and constituency. The philosophy contained in the advice of the expert in skin troubles to a lady who consulted him in reference to a red nose, upon hearing her habit to be a nightly tippie of whisky and water, "leave out the water and your nose will soon be purple," is as old as it is reliable.

EFFECTS OF TEMPERATURE.

A case which came under my immediate observation was that of an ashen blonde whose skin was as fair and opaque as white lead, and whose hair was unrelieved by one amber gleam. After an attack of typhoid fever, which, by the way, is an effective purifier of the system without being more dangerous than many of the advertised complexion remedies, she was restored by iron tonics and light, and the element these introduced into the blood dyed her cheeks crimson and her new suit of hair a ruddy gold. There are temperaments which are irritated by fish, buckwheat and hot breads. Hives, sore eyes and annoying skin disturbances are the outgrowth of their use.

For the slender, bilious brunette, whose blood is thin and whose temperament is watery, a free diet of underdone beef and port wine should replace the severe regimen of the blonde. Tints, rather than colors, are beautiful, and a blondest of the ruddy type should exercise care in selecting tints. Those containing red wine and iron color the skin to an ugly brick dust, and I can confidently assert a natural aperient is more efficient in correcting all disorders of congestion and circulation, and the evil consequences of indiscretion in diet, than its printed labels claim. When it is necessary to renew the vital energies a two grain pellet of quinine taken every evening for a month will furnish the blonde with strength without increase of pigment.

Not only diet, but climate and temperature, exert a powerful influence upon beauty. The white skins, unmingled with chrome or bronze tints, are liable to disorder from sudden changes of temperature and imperfect ventilation. Strong blazes of sunlight and rude winds are both damaging to this type of complexion. Winter is the season of discontent for beauties ranging in this schedule; the first touch of frost stagnates her already imperfectly circulating blood. She is happiest during the days of profuse perspiration, which is the very queen of cosmetics. Sudden change of atmosphere in a room where the mercury has fallen ten degrees over night has been known to produce a thick red rash on a delicate face. A mild diet and a mild climate are main factors of beauty. Emly in Philadelphia Times.

When Gen. Grant was in Japan the Japanese minister, desiring to compliment him by telling him that he was born to command, tried his hand at the English language and said: "Gee, have you ever seen a man with a beard like yours?"

FISHING WITH THE SALMON WHEEL.

The Latest Scheme Ever Invented for Capturing the Finny Tribe.

The man who invented the Columbia river salmon wheel was a genius. The laziest fisherman who ever baited a hook could ask no easier way of landing fish. And only the fact that it can only be used at certain points on the stream prevents this machine from exterminating the salmon in one season. Imagine a common under shot wheel, with the buckets turned wrong way about. This is set in a high narrow flume near the bank of the river where the current is very swift. From the down stream end of this flume, extended outward at an angle of forty-five degrees, are two upright fences, formed by pickets driven closely together into the bottom of the river, and wired to keep them from washing away. Just above the wheel (which is some ten feet in diameter), at the up stream end, is a platform, from which a box flume runs to the shore.

Now let us see how it works. When the salmon are running, as every body knows, they come up in the Columbia river by millions. The stream is very deep, and a large percentage always succeed in getting to the breeding grounds in safety. When salmon are running up a river they are constantly on the lookout for small streams in which to spawn. Also where the current is very swift they are unable to make headway in the center of the stream, and consequently seek the more quiet water near the bank. Of these two instincts the inventor of the fish wheel took a mean advantage. At the Cascades, for instance, where the water is very swift, he sets his wheel. Here come the fish, hugging the bank by thousands—great black fellows, from two to four feet long, heading resolutely up stream. Nothing can turn them backward. That wonderful instinct of nature which insures the preservation of species is nowhere better developed than in a salmon. Now they are just below that widespread fence. The current, which is rushing through the flumes, and turning the big wheel at a lively pace, attracts their attention. The upper fence, which sets nearly square across the stream, makes quiet water there, and this flow seems to come from the bank. This, to the salmon's mind, is evidently the mouth of a shallow creek. Here is a spawning ground to our liking, and up this little stream we go. So they crowd up between the two narrowing fences toward the fatal wheel. The first fish reaches it, goes with a rush to overcome the current, is caught by a bucket, and up he goes high in the air, while every bucket brings up another and another, till there is a procession of ascending fish. At the top the velocity throws the fish violently upon the platform, from which he shoots down the flume to a great tank on the shore. Here come the fish, crowding each other forward to the busy wheel. None can go under nor to one side. None will go back. And once a school starts for a wheel the owner can consider that he has a title deed to the entire lot.

One wheel will run a cannery. Day and night, while the run lasts, they come flying up the wheel and shooting down the flume in a continuous stream. Fortunately there are but few places on the river where the wheels can be worked with this result. Where the fish can keep in the middle of the river few can be caught in this way. But the men who control these points are making fortunes. As it is salmon are rapidly disappearing from the Columbia. Livermore Herald.

The Study of Greek.

It is the enormous and inestimable value of Greek literature that gives the Greek language a proper right to its eminence as a feature of a collegiate course, and if the Greek literature is to be put to one side and the students are to be taught Greek out of newspapers, then the study of the language had better at once be relegated to the position of a collegiate side issue of no interest or importance except to specialists. We do not doubt in the least that, after a certain fashion, the study of Greek could be made more interesting—more entertaining would perhaps be a better phrase—to a great many students, than it is by the customary hammering away at Homer and the poets. But the young fellow who can't get interested in Greek except through some such device as this had a good deal better let it alone altogether. He can certainly put in his time at college a good deal better in obtaining a reading and colloquial acquaintance with French, German or any other foreign language, than he can by fooling with newspaper Greek. We admit the force of all the Mississippi professor says about the encouragement a student may get by the knowledge that Greek is a living language; but all the same, if he and his fellows let go in the least of the idea that it is a sympathy with antique Greek culture that they are seeking to drive into the heads of the young fellows under their care, they will do the cause of classical culture vastly more harm than has been done by all the attacks of the modernists. Philadelphia Telegraph.

Conditions in Prussia.

Russia employs more men to produce less corn than any other country. When the serfs were emancipated in 1861 a portion of land, from eight to nine acres per head, was allotted throughout Russia to the peasants who occupy themselves with the cultivation of their own ground. Since then the condition of Russia seems to have been growing worse and worse. The amount of territory given up to the serfs by the emancipation act of 1861 was about one-half of the arable land of the whole empire, so that the experiment of cutting up the large properties of a country and the formation of a landed peasantry has been tried there for more than a quarter of a century. No doubt Alexander I meant well toward his subjects; but at present Russia seems to be in the worst possible condition.

An Affectionate Lion.

The superintendent of the animal department out in Woodward's garden tells a pathetic and pretty story about a lion they had out there, says The San Francisco Chronicle. At first he was so dangerous that they did not care to venture too close to him, but by persistent gentleness and kindness the superintendent gradually made the lion so fond of him that it liked to have him go into the cage, and if he'd lie down beside the lion would raise its head, so as to give him a soft place to lie. One day a drunken sailor came into the gardens and began teasing the lion. The superintendent came up and told the sailor not to tease the beast. The sailor replied with an oath, and struck the lion twice. The lion became perfectly frantic with rage, and roared, and bent the bars of his cage so much that the sailor got frightened. If the lion had got out of his cage there would not have been enough left of the sailor for a funeral. At length the lion got some kind of a tumor and was in great pain. One or two slight operations had to be performed, and nobody could get near the beast except this one man. The lion let him cut, and looked at him gratefully all the time, licking his hand when it was over. The tumor grew so bad that a big operation had to be performed and it was with fear and trembling that the superintendent undertook it, for the lion was in terrible pain. The doctors could not go near, but they drew a diagram of the body of the lion, held it up before him as he went on, and made the marks on it where he was to cut. He followed their directions, and all the while the lion lay as still as if he were undisturbed. The last operation did no good. The beast was in such fearful pain that they had to kill him. The superintendent took his revolver and after petting the animal fired one shot through his head, putting the muzzle close to it. The lion gave him a pathetic look, in which there seemed to be a mixture of surprise and reproach, but no anger. It took three shots to kill him, and all the time the beast never took his eyes off the man who was killing him. The superintendent says he was never so curiously and deeply affected in his life, and he could not help crying; even now he feels the tears come when he recalls it, and he cannot forget the lion's pitiful look as his head fell back for the last time.

A County of New Mexico.

There is not a county in New Mexico but has many natural advantages and wonderful resources, but Dona Ana county, in the south central portion of the territory, probably takes the lead. Dona Ana county is a vast tableland 4,000 feet above sea level, 150 miles from east to west and 100 miles from north to south. Great mountain ranges spring up from the vast plain to a height of from 2,000 to 6,000 feet above their level, and from twenty to fifty miles in length, but are seldom more than ten or twelve miles in width. These mountains trend nearly north and south, and are all rich in mineral, some of them containing mines that have been worked for many years by the old Spaniards and Mexicans, and are still producing. Large quantities of gold, silver, copper and galena and other minerals are found.

The plains between these mountain ranges are treeless, but covered with rich, nutritious grama grass, which is equal to the best cultivated provender. It is asserted, for rough feed. This vast tract of tableland is traversed from north to south by the Rio Grande del Norte, which has washed out a valley five or six miles in width. For ages the prolonged freshets—the melting snows of spring and the summer rains—have brought with them the surplus decomposed vegetable matter and rich in mineral salts which impregnate the turbid waters as they wash the mountain sides, the vast plains, and run down the arroyos. These sedimentary deposits are in this way precipitated, and have covered the entire valley to a great depth with the richest of alluvial soils. The waters of the Rio Grande, like those of the Nile of Egypt, are exceedingly rich in this sedimentary material held in solution, and when spread over the land in the process of irrigation, renews the soil and renders the use of other fertilizers unnecessary.—Cor. Kansas City Journal.

The Haunted Hole.

One night about fifty years ago a brutal murder was committed at a lonely place on the high road between Warwick and Stratford-upon-Avon, writes a London correspondent. The next morning the murdered man was found lying by the roadside, his head much mangled, resting in a small hole in the bank. The assassins, two in number, were shortly afterwards discovered and were hanged at Warwick for their crime. From that day to this the hole wherein the dead man's head reposed remains unchanged. No matter how often it may be filled up, whether by the wash of heavy rains or by stones and leaves that boys may happen to cast into it as they pass, it is soon found to be again empty. No one takes care of it. No one knows whether or by whom it is guarded. Fill it at nightfall and you will find it empty in the morning. That is the local belief and affirmation. The place is haunted.

This spot is about two miles out of Stratford, and not distant from the gates of Charleote park. I looked at the hole one bright day in June, and saw that it was empty. Nature, it is thought by the poets, abhors complicity with the concealment of crime, and brands with her curse the places that are linked with the shedding of blood. You will recall that strong line in Tom Hood's poem of "Eugene Aram": "For a windy wind had swept the place, and all the corpse was bare."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Be Kind to the Children.

Wallace says the mind of man is so great that henceforth his "selection" will replace the primal power of "natural selection," so that it is possible the earth will bear only cultivated plants and tame animals; and Frederica Bremer thinks man may possibly create "an amoleled race of animals" of the education of a kind and gentle treatment. With what potency, then, comes this truth to the education of children. Here, indeed, is the richest reward of kindness. And how is it possible to look on a child without being touched by the pathos of its helplessness? How fearful harshness is, or cold neglect, and how dreadful are angry punishments to these little beings who cling to us like clusters on a vine! It is by our good juices they must be ripened, and if the vine be bad, what hope for them? And, as before, I have said that there is great vanity and conceit in unkindness, so the blindness of the love of parent or teacher who rots well in humility. For who can look on a child without awe, or compare its needs and his own attainments without a fear?

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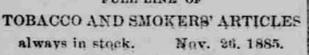
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