

BEAUTIFUL HAIR: HOW TO GET AND RETAIN IT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



"HUSH, Teddy!" I cried; "pray do not tempt me. I couldn't go to the opera to-night if I had twenty boxes instead of the one you kindly offer me. I've a paper to write this night on the hair, for the Magazine, Teddy, and before I leave this chair I mean to do it. That's all."

Teddy's face was a study as I told him this. It grew as long as my paper-knife, and his eyes looked like O's, while he very nearly dropped the big meerschaum out of his hands.

"If it's in airnest you are," said Teddy, "I tell ye it's a question if the chair 'll stand it, for by this and by that, my friend, you'll be an ould, ould man, before you've finished. The hair! And will you sit there and tell me that the very vastness of the subject doesn't frighten ye at all? Won't ye have to go back for two thousand years before the Flood, to the Garden av Eden, and Eve herself, with her beautiful hair, as you see in the pictures? Won't you have to bring Absolom, and Samson, and Saul, and Solomon himself into it, and all the book-larnin' av the Greeks, and the Persians, and the Arabs, and——"

"Teddy, be quiet!" I roared.

My friend is right—the subject is a vast one. In all ages, in all countries, the hair has been, and *is*, looked upon as not only the covering but the adornment of the human head. The glory of womanhood, the strength of a man, no gift of Nature has received more eulogy from the historian, nor greater flattery from the poet. But in this short paper I mean neither to ascend to the poetic nor to condescend to the eulogistic, but to retain, as far as possible, the dead level of prosy utility. I will endeavour, in simple language, to point out to you not only what you ought to do, but what you should avoid, in order to maintain your hair in the state Nature meant it to be—that of beauty.

Every one, I suppose, is aware that hairs are delicate tubes attached by bulbous roots to the skin—growing, in fact, from *culs-de-sac* in the skin—around which are delicate networks of the minutest of blood-vessels, which supply them with colouring matter and nutriment. Moreover, hairs have sebaceous glands at their roots, which supply them with natural lubrication, and this it is which gives the beautiful glitter, or gloss, to the hair of the young, and those whose capillary attractions have never depended upon shop oils or quack pomades. We never can get along without just a *little* physiology, but that is all I mean to impose upon you this time. The quality of the hair, that is its fineness or the reverse, is often indicative of the mind and constitution of the individual; so, too, is the colour, but this is a matter I cannot at present enter into.

Now, I have no doubt that some, whose toilet-tables are laden with the finest and most delicately perfumed oils and powders, bearing many a long and fanciful name, will be surprised, perhaps even disagreeably so, to be told how few the articles are that can be termed really necessary to perfection and beauty in hair, and further, that those articles are within the reach of the humblest, and that the rich cannot improve them.

To get and retain beautiful hair, you must attend to daily brushing it, occasionally washing it, and periodically trimming it, and striving at all times to keep the general health up to the average. Oh! believe me, Nature is a very generous and indulgent mother. She leaves nothing undone; but we cannot improve upon her handiwork. We can only aid and assist her, and even this we cannot do unless we understand her.

Now, as to brushing. The skin of the head, like that of every other part of the body, is constantly being renewed internally, and peeling off in scales as fine as dust externally, and these are to be removed by means of the brush. But it is not so easy to brush the hair properly as one might imagine. Few hairdressers, indeed, know very much about it. The proper time for the operation, then, is the morning, just after you have come out of your bath, provided you have not wetted the hair. Two kinds of brushes ought to be found on every lady's toilet-table, a hard and a soft. The former is first to be used, and used well but not too roughly; it removes all dust, and acts like a tonic on the roots of the hair, stimulating the whole capillary system to healthy action. Afterwards use the soft brush—this to give the gloss from which the morning sunshine will presently glint and gleam, with a glory that no Macassar oil in the world could imitate. Whence comes this gloss, you ask? Why, from the sebaceous glands at the roots of the hair, Nature's own patent pomade, which the soft brush does but spread. Secondly, one word on washing the hair. This is necessary occasionally to thoroughly cleanse both head and hair. One or two precautions must be taken, however. Never use soap if you can avoid it; if you do, let it be the very mildest and unperfumed; avoid so-called hair-cleansing fluids, and use rain-water filtered. The yolks of two new-laid eggs are much to be preferred to soap; they make a beautiful lather, and when the washing is finished, and the hair thoroughly rinsed in the purest rain-water, you will find when dry that the gloss will not be destroyed, which an alkali never fails to do. The first water must not be very hot, only *just warm*, and the last perfectly cold. Dry with soft towels—but do not rub till the skin is tender—and afterwards brush. Be very careful always to have your brushes and combs perfectly clean and free from grease, and place other brushes on the table for friends of yours who happen to be Macassarites.

Pointing the hair regularly not only prevents it from splitting at the ends, but it renders each individual

hair more healthy, less attenuated, if I may apply the term to a hair; and, moreover, keeps up the growing process, which otherwise might be blunted or checked. Singeing the tips of the hair has also a beneficial effect.

Fourthly, I believe sincerely that those young ladies who are possessed of the sweetest and most unruffled tempers, have always the most beautiful hair. You may laugh if you please, but remember that serene and affable manners can only exist in those who are really in good health, whose bodies are cool, and whose nerves are not on the jar. It is the fevered blood, the bounding pulse, and the irritable nerve that destroy the follicles and induce baldness, and faded hair.

It will be seen that I am no advocate for oils and pomades. My advice, in all cases, is to do without them if you possibly can, for by their clogging nature, and over-stimulating properties, they often cause the hair to grow thin and fall off sooner than it otherwise would. *Let well alone.*

As we grow in years our hair gets grey, and few of us like to be reminded that we are turning old, though I have no doubt such reminders are meant for our good, and ought to tell us that there is some One above who has not forgotten us, and would not be forgotten of us. But is there no beauty in grey hair? Verily, I think there is; and many who read these lines will no doubt agree with me.

It is the soulless man, and the brainless, whose hair never turns grey. I have no respect for that man who, having reached the mature age of five-and-forty, does not show a glint of grey in hair or beard. It is a sign that he has never done much thinking, never roughed it in the world, and never known what sorrow meant.

But some turn early grey. The snows of winter sometimes gather on the brow ere summer's sunshine leaves the heart.

We all know Miss Smallbrain. She is turning early grey. The first grey hair was merely a laughing matter. She kept it on a bit of black velvet and showed it to all her friends, laughingly declaring that she positively found it and pulled it out of her own head. But she does not feel half so merry when, a few weeks after, she finds more of those pretty silver threadlets among her hair—finds, in fact, that they are coming thick and fast—and she positively frowns when Mary, her maid, who is rather outspoken, suddenly exclaims, while dressing her mistress's hair, "Why, lawk-a-mussy, miss, you is actooally gettin' as grey as my grandmother!"

That maiden soon after receives warning. Poor Miss Smallbrain! there is no sign of her getting married yet, though she wants to be, ever so much; but, ah! that tell-tale glass. She no longer lingers lovingly near it, nor smiles into it as of yore. Meanwhile, she buys a stick of *cosmetique noir*. I'm sorry to say she is impeachable with the sin of telling the hairdresser that it is for a friend of hers. That worthy wouldn't smile for a pension, but he knows a great deal about human nature, does that dresser of

hair. But the cosmetique will not do. It is far too palpable, and it isn't cleanly. It necessitates either mysterious nocturnal capillary ablution, or soiled pillow-cases. So she gives it up, and has recourse to a leaden comb. Silvery hairs accumulate, and a particular column of the daily print begins to have a peculiar charm for her, and she wavers long between Mrs. McFuss's renowned hair restorer—which isn't a dye, oh, no!—and Samuel Simple's celebrated hair-dye. It is sincerely to be hoped that about this time that naughty boy, Bertie, who has been wooing her off and on for ten years, comes manfully to the front and takes her out of her misery.

Miss Neuron, another friend of ours—tell it not in Gath, breathe it but in whispers—has a moustache! Whisper again—she clips. Oh! it's a fact. But I shouldn't have known anything about it, you may be sure, if it hadn't been for a little fairy friend of mine—Phemy Fraser, *æt.* 7—whom I found one morning cross-legged on the hearth-rug, as serious as a little Turk, hand-glass in front of her and scissors to lip.

"What *are* you about, Fairy Phemy?" I asked.

"Fairy Phemy," the child replied, "wants to be 'ike her Auntie Noolan."

Well, "Auntie Noolan" isn't so bad, mind you, because she sticks honestly to the good old-fashioned scissors. Yes, "leeze" me on the harmless scissors but woe betide depilatories, one and all! Pray avoid them. Without doing any radical good, or effectually extirpating offending hairs, they often do much harm to the skin. *Epilation* is certainly more effective than *depilation*. For this purpose, Miss Neuron, you must provide yourself with such a tiny, tiny pair of tweezers, and you must choose a bright day, and sit in front of a large bright mirror, and—but there, you think I am laughing at you. I would not be guilty of any such rudeness. So now I will give you a little bit of plain advice, and probably comfort too. Never interfere with Nature. If she has thought fit to supply you with a moust—that is, a slight downy appendage where downy appendage shouldn't be—pray leave it alone. Do not *clip*, it is like clipping a hedge—I fear I've put my foot in it again, but really I am treading on such delicate ground, it is like walking among eggs at five shillings a dozen—what I meant to say was, that if you clip off the wee hairlets, you will only add strength to their roots, and they'll grow bigger and better (?) every month. But to shave is worse.

The only thing to be done is to leave matters as they stand, and to avoid using strong soaps for the face, and always use the very softest of towels to dry with. And now for your comfort, Miss Neuron, remember there are many men, even in this country, who admire a delicate moustache on a lady, and in Arabia and some parts of Persia they positively prefer the downy adornment, and mention it in their love-songs; but whether or not those songs hold good when said adornment turns stubbly, and sprouts upon the chin, I have yet to learn.

One word, in conclusion, about dyes. Avoid them, if you be your own friend. Hair-dyeing is very

satisfactory, as far as *dead* hair is concerned; but on the living head its perfect success is a chemical impossibility. As to hair restorers, those that are not simply stainers, depend upon the action of the light chemically altering and oxidising the application after

it has been used. Their incautious use, I must add, is fraught with great danger, and *trichosis furfuracea* (yes, I know I am using dreadful language, but desperate diseases need desperate cures) and even worse may be the result. And so, *au revoir*.

OUR NIGHT ALARM ON THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.



“AYTHER a goodish location, ain't it?” says the guard, as we steam slowly out of the magnificent “depôt” at Chicago, and see on one side the stately parade of noble streets (with here and there a grisly gap in testimony to the destroying sweep of the great fire) ranked along the slope that overhangs the vast smooth expanse of Lake Michi-

gan, now all ablaze with the glory of sunset; and on the other the grey unending level of the Illinois prairies, upon which those mediæval Conservatives who held the world to be flat instead of round, might boldly have rested the correctness of their theory.

Standing on the platform of one of those splendid “palace cars” which Europe has been so slow to appreciate, I survey the strange panorama; while my friend the guard, deftly slipping a huge “plug” of real “Jeemes’ River” into his long lean jaws, without in the least interrupting his oratory, continues to dilate upon an American’s favourite topic—the enterprise and greatness of his country.

“Guess you’d skurcely think, naow, thet a fire had rubbed out forty-three churches and seventeen thousand houses in that air town, not a twelvemonth ago. We’ve got it a’most fixed up ag’in already, and we’ll have it all fixed up ’fore long. We’re a smart lot in the States, you bet.”

“So it seems, indeed. Now, I was in Constanti-nople the other day, and found the ruins of the great fire of 1870 just as they were two years ago.”

“Just like ’em, the shiftless critters! I’ve got a cousin b’longin’ to a tradin’ steamer in the Levant, and he says it makes him downright mad jist to look

at them Turks sittin’ still all day, and that he never sees one without feelin’ inclined to stick a pin into him, and wake him up a bit. And so I think, too, for it ain’t by sittin’ still thet the world’s kep’ goin’. I know this—I’d sooner, any day, walk fifty miles than *sit five*.”

“I suppose this line’s paying well, eh?”

“You may sw’ar it’s that. Guess we’ve fixed the flint of thet blessed old Panama line, as they talked so tall about a bit ago. This is the railway o’ the future—yes, *sir*. Jist t’other day I met a feller from thar—guess you’ll meet him when you go down—Ezekiel Q. Watnott, engineerin’ agint from Arkansas—and he told me thet, ’stead o’ carryin’ two thousand passengers, mayhap, in one day, they don’t do more’n forty or fifty now, and half on ’em niggers at that. It’s totin’ cargo across as keeps *them* alive—yes, *sir*, thet’s so.”



“We seem to have plenty of passengers on board here, anyhow.”

“Yes, there’s a goodish crowd, but I guess thar’ll be *one less* ’fore long,” says my companion with an air of mystery.