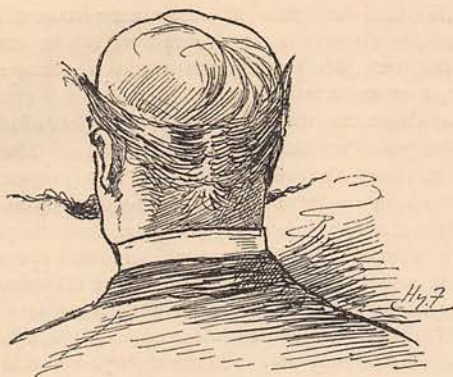


IMPRESSIONS OF A NOTICING EYE.

CHARACTERS IN HAIR.



THE MILITARY.

IF we might judge from the Penny Awful, and even from the Shilling Shocker, there is a moral fatality in hair. The dark-eyed woman with the "wealth of raven locks" is a fiend of deep plots and machinations, bent upon the destruction of the heroine with the golden hair—or we believe the approved form is now the "gold head"—and the violet eyes. About one thing the world has made up its mind, or, at least, the world of superficial observers, who have a sheep-like tendency to keep together; and that one thing is, that a strong-minded woman in fiction ought to be a brunette, and that a sensitive, tender, gentle creature is to be depicted as a blonde. This is on a par with the old melodramas, where the heroine always wore white, and came on the stage to slow music. The heroines of our hearts did not appear crossing our life's scene to slow music—did they? Nor were they gifted with sympathy, tenderness, and sweetness according to the colour of their hair. The world of melodrama and of nine-tenths of our fiction is not the world we live in. As a matter of fact, the real golden hair is a gift as rare as the voice of a *prima-donna*; and the "wealth of raven locks" goes often with the softest of natures—those sensitive, and yet unselfish, beings of whom we might say that wonderful word of praise that it took Madame de Staël's genius to invent:—"She was more a woman than all the rest of women."

If the colour is not to be taken as an index, the habitual appearance is a safe guide to at least a few points of character. Our faces carry with them the story of our lives, though it be written in hieroglyphs unread; to some extent we ourselves have made them what they are; not the features, but the expression, is our making, formed unconsciously all our life. In just the same way, it is not the hair itself, but, so to say, the expression we have given to it, that tells the tale. White, black, or grey, brown, ruddy, yellow, ashen, or flaxen—what matters it?—our hearts and our ways are not coloured to match. Curly or straight—how could we help it? But our care and our carelessness,

our work and our troubles, have given it an appearance of its own, which is part of our individuality; and therein are the secrets of character.

For examples, let us take a few types of men and a few types of women—*Place aux dames!* of course. The most easily recognisable classes are: the self-loving, whose thirst for admiration shows itself in an affected arrangement, and sometimes an artificial transformation of self into a golden-haired heroine; the tasteful, whose delicate sense of fitness and beauty is unwearied in making the natural coronal look its best, without any affectation or falseness of colour, but who, once having arranged it, carry their beauty unconsciously, clearly forgetting it; the artistic, whose hair is always a studied setting for the face, and no disguise to the shape of the head; the strong-willed self-assertive type, who adorn their heads in some manner audaciously original, fearless of ridicule and ignorant of humour; the impulsive and generous, whose tresses are often astray, and whose elf-locks are apt to stand up or slip loose like truants. These are not to be confounded with the disorderly, whose nature shows infallibly in their hair; for the wild heads of generous and impulsive folk may be of the order "tasteful" too. Or they may belong to the commonplace multitude who make life-long efforts only to keep their hair out of the way. This commonplace multitude has exceptionally precise members, to whom flatness and smoothness mean perfection—law-abiding and orderly in all things, from the paying of the bills to the exact smoothing of a hair, and with precise notions of all duties in their own (and all their neighbours') lives, down to the pinning of the said hair extremely tight. They are unemotional, primly-set pieces of human machinery, excellent in many ways; but poor human nature fears their criticism, and they are of a style of beauty that makes the blood of an artist creep. One more type closes our notes on what the antiquary called Woman-kind. Who has not noticed the vulgar devoted to



THE VULGAR.



'UMBLE.

cheap display? They are a legion whose curl-papers are public, and whose locks are like the Eastern flower that only unfolds when the day is late.

There is less of artificial style about a man's hair, and habit fixes its form more; it is a better index. We cannot mistake the stern order, or, so to say, the sense of discipline in the hair of the military man.

Nor could it be possible to mistake the coarseness of the vulgar nature, even if one caught only a glimpse of the back of that cropped and thick-necked head, boastful of gloss made out of oil enough to trim a lamp.

A different kind of sleekness lies upon the "umble 'ead," that is held low, with a shrewd purpose of getting on more easily in the world than less hypocritical folks.

A certain amount of energy is inseparable from hair on end—not on end through carelessness, but through a quality of its own by which it refuses to be put down.

Probably there is some heat of temper indicated by



ENERGETIC.

these irrepressible, fly-away, half-curling locks; but in another type good-humour is predominant. It is shorter on end, and it gives the bluff and surprised look inseparable from Tommy Traddles and kindred spirits.

The commercial man, if he have time for such small ambitions, during his early years may try to emulate Apollo; but his waves and curls are too precise; their very precision betrays him.

Far different is the artistic or poetic effect of a sense of beauty and an inclination to negligence. The man who is always buying and selling is too exact if he studies appearance at all; the artist-nature shows more careless curves; he is always thinking how things look—not what he and the rest of the world are worth. The bushy artist, well known in comic illustration, is being supplanted by a younger generation, less luxuriant-haired, less given to velvet and Bohemianism. His bushy tastes partly indicate his opinion that hair is the natural ornament of the human head, and partly his habit of not bothering himself about prosaic conventionalities. Indolence and ardour alternate in his soul; the lazy times are the fallow seasons of that rich



COMMERCIAL.

ground. "I shall never do anything good again!" the artist has sighed, and presently he does better than ever; but his hair and beard have thickened during the fallow season, and really he reflects, he looks the better for it, and keeps his bushy aspect in his after-glow of energy. At this point a question meets us, which we must leave unanswered. What is the connection between harmony and hair? and why must a musician have long weedy locks, if he means to draw from his audience "tears such as angels weep"?

There is a time when most men let their hair grow long: it is when age is coming. If they are not of the bald and clipped section of humanity, they enrol themselves then among the luxuriant-haired. Why? For no other reason than that white hair is the glory of age. A French proverb says that the head of the fool never whitens. To some extent, it is true; but the converse is more often the case. The fool will not let his head whiten. He dreads the appearance of his silver glory, and does all he can never to get it. But the whiteness of a noble head—how doubly it ennoble it! Many songs have been sung to raven tresses and



BENEVOLENT.

to golden locks ; many painters from Titian downward have tried to persuade the world of the beauty of the shades of ruddy brown ; but let us give praise to the pure whiteness that comes at the end of life. Strangely enough, it seldom belongs to a woman ; it belongs to manhood, to wisdom, and it comes earliest to those self-denying men who have striven with an earnestness that doubled the hours of life, and who have entered with intense zeal into the struggles and sorrows

of other lives. The fine face, with its deep lines marked by years of striving and of sympathy, could have from nature no covering more perfectly in harmony than that white glory of old age, even if it has come (as it often does to them) twenty years too early. We have been noting a type that has worn itself out in personal energy for his fellow-man ; but a vast amount of easier-going benevolence is crowned with the grey shades. Mark the easy curves of these quiet locks, and perhaps, if we relied on phrenology, we might add, mark the shape of the head that moulds their course.

In some rare cases, silver hairs come early, enhancing youthful looks, and showing under dark eyebrows the brilliance of bright eyes. However it happens, the possessors are no common-place mortals ; and nature's freak teaches us why the eighteenth-century ensconced itself in a wig, and why my lord pays a tax to dignify his flunkies by powdering their heads.

Doubtless, in their respective countries the negro's wool, the Chinaman's pigtail, the bald crown and gummed tufts of the Japanese, all have their characteristics too. But one thing is common all the world over concerning hair. It is the one part of ourselves that can be given away : the treasure of the lover, the only thing the mourner can keep as a positive portion of what was once his living love. Ah ! what intense meaning these little shorn locks possess, whether they remind us of the absent or of the dead ! They tell their tales—love-stories, life-stories. Nothing else could speak as they speak to our heart. There is character for us in our treasures, even if we can read no such token in the every-day world around us.

WHAT TO WEAR: CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.

FROM OUR PARIS AND LONDON CORRESPONDENTS.

I.—FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.



THE favourite materials now worn in France are many of them quite new in design ; but a popular arrangement I recommend to the notice of people in England who wish to have a variety without undue expense, is of skirts made in either plain coloured velvet, plush or habit cloth, which may be diversified

by several bodices and over-draperies. A dark red, green, or blue velvet skirt would look well with foulard or embroidered cashmere (which has been well worn

thus during the autumn), or with any of the plain or fancy woollens. Plain colours as a rule are confined to the skirt ; the upper portion is mostly a combination of well-assorted tones, the collars and cuffs matching the petticoat, when it is velvet. Red is a most popular tint, and dark ruby skirts are worn with a happy mixture of lighter shades for drapery. This is completed with red stockings, a red bonnet, and, where the weather admits, a small red umbrella, intended rather to keep off the sun than the rain. Our English corduroy, and a French make of the same material, are greatly used for petticoats, and stand wear and tear.

The embroideries on the cashmeres this year are very elaborate, and, moreover, very beautiful. Most of the designs are Oriental in style, and recall the fine Indian shawls, which I consider are more appreciated in France than in England. Velvet appliqués are also introduced in the same stuff, but not in contrast ; they either match the foundation, or are of a lighter shade of the same colouring. With gowns so richly wrought the make is simple ; the embroidery is seen plain