

INDIANS AT THE BATH.

Red Men Who Use Steam and Enjoy a Cold Plunge.

Explosion of the Theory That All Indians Are Dirty and Abhor Water—Columbia River Tribes Have the Turkish System in a Primitive Way.

Indians do wash. That is some of them do. It is a curious fact that the Columbia river Indians believe as thoroughly in the efficacy of the hot-air bath and the sudden immersion of the body afterward in cold water as the Turks or the most advanced believers in the Russian and Turkish baths do.

The Columbia river Indian, says the Chicago Tribune, is a clean individual. He may not have the toilet articles and clean linen of civilization, but his pores are open, his skin is clear and free from spot or blemish, and he is generally a healthy person.

The "bath," or, as the few white settlers on the river call it, "Injun sweat house," is simply a hole three feet in diameter and eight feet long, dug horizontally in the sloping bank of the river. It is usual to dig them from thirty-five to forty feet above low water, as the river generally rises during June and July from thirty to forty feet, and although high water lasts but ten days to three weeks, yet there would be little left of the "bath" if the flood had a chance at it.

The method of taking a bath is as simple as the "bath" itself. Filling the hole with dry wood it is set afire and in a few minutes is burning fiercely. When the wood has burned out the embers are raked from the hole and the bath is ready. Divesting himself of all his clothing the Indian takes an old blanket and, saturating it thoroughly in the river, spreads it out on the stones of the hole and crawls in feet first.

The instant the wet blanket touches the hot stone the hole is filled with steam in which the bather disappears. For several minutes nothing is visible but clouds of steam pouring out of the hole; but after a time that clears away, and within five or six minutes, can be seen the steaming face of the "bath's" occupant.

To witness a "buck" emerge from his bath in the morning one would think it the last effort of a dying man. Too weak to walk or even stand and hardly able to crawl, he manages to slowly drag his body from the hole to the bank down which he creeps or rolls to the water's edge. Then the transformation takes place. If he is able to stand he will wade in until the water is up to his knees, when in he rolls or plunges. In an instant he is up again, wildly waving his arms and bending his chest, and then he plunges in again, repeatedly, until he has disappeared several times under the water, for the Columbia river is ice cold, winter or summer, receiving its supply in the summer from the snow-capped peaks of the headwaters.

With a bound the "buck" is out on the bank, a new man; like a wildcat he springs up the hillside to the "bath," reaches in and picking up his blanket wraps it around him and with step as light and firm as an athlete in training, hurries away to his tepee for breakfast.

The taking of his bath is part of his training, and almost of his religion. From early youth he is accustomed to it, and he practices it to his old age. Winter or summer, whether it be hot or cold, he takes it. While the squaws do not indulge as frequently or remain in as long as the "bucks," they are required by the customs of their people to regularly go to the bathhouse and receive its benefits. They usually do not remain in longer than half an hour, or, perhaps, an hour at the longest, and are not required to take the plunge afterward, usually contenting themselves with dipping their blankets in the water and then passing it over their bodies until they become sufficiently cool to walk up to the tepee to sleep or eat.

Correctly Informed. A lady who has recently returned from a Mediterranean trip says that as the ship was leaving the harbor of Athens a well-dressed lady passenger approached the captain, who was pacing the deck, and, pointing to the distant hill covered with snow, asked: "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?" "That is snow, madam," answered the captain. "Now is it really?" remarked the lady. "I thought so, but a gentleman just told me it was Greece."

SWITCHES AND FALSE FRONTS.

How Human Hair is Prepared in Paris for Export and Home Use.

From an industrial and artistic point of view, says the Annales Industrielles, Paris is the center of the fine manufacture of prepared human hair. Of course, the reference here is to woman's hair, for man's hair is worthless for any industrial purpose. Aside from the houses that manufacture exclusively for the export trade, the city numbers about two thousand hairdressers and five thousand workmen, about half of whom are engaged in the manufacture properly so called. The source of supply of the hair may be divided into three categories. The hair of the first category is furnished by foreign countries, India and China being the largest suppliers. This hair is exclusively black and gray, and comes in boxes, carefully packed.

A light or blonde shade is obtained with oxygenated water or a saturated solution of carbonate of potash. To dye it black it is boiled for a few hours in a bath prepared with a decoction of nutgalls or Campechy wood, in which sulphate of iron is dissolved and into which a little sumac is put, in order to give it a luster and remove the bluish tint peculiar to the hair of the dead. Finally, it is bleached by immersing it in several baths of oxygenated water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. Thus prepared, the Chinese or Hindoo hair is sold to the hair dressers, who work it to their fancy, and afterward sell it at more or less moderate prices. The finest hair, forming the second category, is that of France, and comprises a variety of shades exceeding a hundred. The most beautiful is furnished by Limousin, Brittany, Normandy and Beauce. Some lots are derived from young ladies' boarding schools and from convents. All this is collected by traveling men called cutters, who make their circuit toward spring, and visit the villages of Brittany and Auvergne, on certain market days, the damsels who desire to sell their head of hair get up on a caulk, undo their hair and allow it to fall over their shoulders.

TURKEY'S MUSCULAR RULER. Abdul Hamid Firmly Convinced That He is Destined to Reign Forty Years. The seventeenth anniversary of the accession of the sultan of Turkey to the throne has recently been celebrated in Constantinople. Abdul Hamid is said to be a man of great muscular strength, and it is asserted by the New York Tribune that, although small and slight of build, he is powerful enough to overcome the strongest of his janissaries in a trial of personal strength. He owes this to his regularity of life, the observance of the laws of health and his passion for gymnastics. He is devoted to carpentry, and his palace is furnished with a workshop in which there are many artisans, whose work is directed by the sultan himself. A considerable proportion of the furniture of the royal residence has been made from his designs, and in many cases executed by himself. Abdul Hamid has a firm conviction that he will reign for forty years, and this belief has banished all fear of disease and danger from his mind. He, however, dreads the cholera, because a dervish once prophesied that he would die of cholera morbus. This has been a source of great benefit to his subjects, as every effort is made to prevent the spread of cholera, owing to the sultan's desire to escape being attacked by it.

HE WAS ON TIME. Although He Had to Make His Toilet in the Street Car. One morning recently, says the St. Louis Republic, as a Washington avenue car came dashing cityward with its customary freight of folks on duty's errand bound, the passengers within were surprised at the sight of a young man rushing from a house, bounding across the street and boarding the car, with his hat, vest, coat and collar in his hand.

As he was a fine-looking fellow, and, as far as one might judge by appearances, evidently a clerk employed in some one of the big stores. Once safely landed on the car, he laid his coat, hat and vest on the seat, while he buttoned on the collar and whipped the tie into place. Then he drew from the pocket of the vest he had just donned a comb case and mirror, and leisurely proceeded to fix his hair and mustache. This finished, he drew on his coat, placed his hat upon his head, and, with a quick survey of his person, a few sweeps of the hand to carry away any lint that might have stuck upon his trousers, he glanced about the car with an air of absolute unconcern. He was dressed and on time for the office.

LONG-LIVED CARP. One Old Specimen in Fontainebleau is Over Three Hundred Years Old. When the fish commission, some years ago, began to introduce carp into the streams of this country it is doubtful if they knew what a lasting monument they were building. It is pretty generally known, says the Washington News, that the sluggish and, to fishermen, despicable denizen of the water is gifted with a tenure of life, barring chance encounter with a hook, a big black bass with his back up or other vicissitudes of piscatorial existence, which exceeds that of most creatures, but the actual age that they do attain under favorable circumstances is appalling. There are very few fishermen who haven't a yarn about some wily old trout or bass that has been known to frequent the same pool for many years, but Assistant Secretary of State Rockhill tells of a carp that can give any of these fish points on how to attain a long life. He says that in a pond at Fontainebleau there is, or was when he was last there, a barnacled old carp that had been placed in the pond in the reign of Francis I. As that monarch flourished during the sixteenth century, Mr. Rockhill's carp is considerably more than three hundred years old. To prevent any mistake by future generations the gentleman who occupied the office of commissioner of fish and fisheries for his royal highness placed a metal tag in the carp's fin, and it is by this mark that the fish is known from the others in this little lake.

MASKED BEFORE MARRIAGE.

A Feminine Failing Which is Often the Cause of Post-Nuptial Misery.

There is no doubt that a great deal of the unhappiness of married life arises from the fact that when a man is courting a girl he only sees her "at her best," both as regards temper, looks and everything else. After marriage he is rudely disillusioned and vaguely wonders whether this snappy young woman with untidy hair and perhaps a shine on her nose can be the sweet-tempered, faultlessly-dressed, lovely Angelina of a few months ago. Yes, young man, says the New York Advertiser, she is Angelina right enough, only she has, so to say, thrown off her mask, now she has "got you," and appears in her true colors, which are not quite of so fascinating a hue as those that dazzled your lovesick eyes in the courting period. It is nearly every girl's ambition to get married. She lays herself out to do so, and any little artifice that will enhance her natural charms she has no hesitation in using. She dresses for effect, she poses for effect, she talks for effect, in fact, during this stage of her life she is acting—for every woman is more or less of an actress—and it must be confessed that, generally speaking, she acts her part very well.

After all, it is only natural that she should try to appear at her best and endeavor to captivate mankind, for marriage is the be-all and end-all of a society girl's existence. The worst of it is that she cannot keep this up after marriage. It would be too great a strain both physically and mentally. As it is, heaven only knows what she goes through during the anxious time when she is angling for a fish, especially if it be a gold fish. She molds herself to his likes and dislikes, and outrages her own feelings, until the little golden band on her fingers allows her to breathe freely and declare that "Though he likes living in the country, she detests it, and does not intend to live there." Mr. Newued is startled and astonished. This is open rebellion. Yet when he was courting her she appeared such a meek, gentle creature, as to have no wish or will of her own, quite content to follow in his lordship's footsteps. "What a fool I was to get married," he mentally exclaims, and then in all probability the bickering begins that renders married life one long misery. Perhaps it now dawns on Mr. Newued that when he was courting her she was at her best. A word to men. When you are courting a girl remember she is at her best in every respect, and that she cannot possibly always keep up this high standard after marriage; so grasp the fact that you are not going to marry an angel, but a human being with many faults, perhaps as many as you possess yourself.

BETTING WOMEN IN ENGLAND. One Section Where They Comprise About Half the Race Wagers. A correspondent of the Birmingham (England) Mail says: "I read your paragraph on 'Do women bet?' I should say that instead of being twenty per cent. they are at the very least forty-five per cent. If not in the actual majority. In this immediate district there is a system for collecting bets that beats creation." A bookmaker, who, by the way, is also a license holder, employs five or six men, who, I suppose, go under the name of clerks, each of whom has a round or district, and every day—that is, every racing day—these men call on their respective clients—women, of course, whose husbands are at work earning money to be thrown away. I know more than one case where everything that can be raked together to pawn for the purpose is done, and the winnings, when they have one, go to the bookmaker for a royal boozie.

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