

THE SAVAGE BEAUTY.

Pretty Girls of Foreign Lands as Seen in the New Exhibits of the National Museum.

FAT MAKES A HOTTEST BELLE.

Anklets Weighing Four Pounds Adorn the African Charmer, and Hideous Scars Cover Her Arms.

EAR HOLES USED AS CIGAR HOLDERS.

A Japanese Lady Who Can Dance on a Silver Dollar, and Some Tattooing Freaks.

WASHINGTON, August 23.—The National Museum has just received a large collection of articles from the wilds of Africa.

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Every tribe has its different idea of beauty. I took a sketch to-day of the Hottentot Venus, who is considered the most beautiful woman of the African tribes to which she belongs.

The Hottentot mothers stuff their babies with fat in order to make them fat. They force milk into their mouths, and they force so many geese and they were trying to make pate de foie gras of them, and many a young girl is whipped by her mother because she will not eat till she is fat.

In India women often wear bracelets from the wrist to the arm, and I have seen at Beaux-artes women whose black skins are covered with a cotton dress consisting merely of a sheet wrapped around them, and which all told could not have cost more than 25 cents.

In the hill tribes of Burmah the women wear great bands of brass around their necks, and it is said that one woman will sometimes carry as many as 30 pounds in this way.

The Indian girls punch holes all along the side of their heads, and they wear these earrings in them. They also screw rings into the roots of their noses, and the blacker the skin the more anxious the women seem to be to ornament it.

Not a few of the women of the world ornament their feet, and in India girls often wear bells on their toes. I have seen hundreds of them tramping along in their bare feet, and making a rattling noise, in the words of the old nursery rhyme, "as they went along."

There is one thing in dressing a young Kafir that is de rigueur. She must have a coat of grease every day before she can go out of the tent. She oils herself until her black skin shines like patent leather, and she then goes to bed.

and the foot or ten breaks at the instep. It is terribly painful and it results in making the woman cripple. It takes away all the beauty of the calf, and there is a pound of flesh on any one of these 120,000,000 Chinese women below the knee. I have a photograph in my possession of a Chinese woman's foot. Her skin has been covered with flesh, and yet her face is fat and her arms are plump.

The Japanese girl is always well dressed and she wears one of the most picturesque costumes of the East. She believes in paint and powder and knows as much about hair oil as her American sister.

The Venues of Japan and Burmah are the most beautiful. They have their hair as white as ours. Their forms are as plump and their eyes as bright and their smiles as winning.

After the sore is healed a bigger wire is put in. This is followed by a bigger one, and so on. This is followed by a bigger one, and so on. This is followed by a bigger one, and so on.

Some realistic representations of hideous Battle Scenes. Helen Journal. "I saw one of the grandest sights I ever saw in my life on the Fourth," said General Brimble.

There are some good things in safety purses now, says a writer in the Pall Mall Budget. They can be laid down without any fear that the contents will disappear.

My pen cannot do justice to the grandeur of the panorama of the lakes and valleys of Switzerland as they unfolded themselves to my gaze at a glance.

One of the chief dangers in mountain climbing is of a party ahead of you dislodging a stone which rolls down with frightful speed.

Swallows as Carriers. Pall Mall Budget. Some experiments made the other day at Dunkirk certainly proved that swallows are not only writers and more sure in their flight, than carrier pigeons, but that they can also—without hinder all that has been said and written to dispose the fact—be made as tame as any other birds.

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UP AN ALPINE PEAK.

Ascent of Craggy Mount Pilatus, Overlooking Lake Lucerne.

BEAUTIES OF A SUNRISE SCENE.

The Panorama of Fair Switzerland as Seen Through the Clouds.

INCIDENTS OF THE PERILOUS TRIP.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. VENICE, August 9.

HAVE climbed my first and last mountain, one of the Alps, really being enough for me for a life time. It is now a week ago since I made the ascent as well as the descent of Mount Pilatus which is only 6,900 feet high, and my bones have not yet resumed their normal condition but feel as if I had a severe attack of rheumatism.

I told the host to awaken me at 4:30 in the morning to see the sun rise, that being the regulation time for tourists in a mountain inn. I have seen Niagara Falls and the Eiffel tower, but nothing can surpass a sunrise on the Alps viewed from a mountain side the lower the better.

The most awe-inspiring things about a climb up the mountains are the merciless rays of the sun beating on you while toiling up its base and the Arctic coldness when you get to the top.

There are English and American girls by the score. They can always be easily known by their hats, generally black, with a brim only visible with a telescope.

For the first 2,000 feet up the mountain the heat is intense. A shed garment after the fashion of the Indians would be useful here. Several thousand feet higher I could see the goats skipping nimbly around, and from my position I wondered they could not tumble down into Lucerne.

There were 250 of the Crows altogether, the first place they made their faces of blue clay and white feathers, rendering their appearance perfectly frightful. It is truly wonderful the way they got up the mountain.

Three of my English friends who had stouter legs than mine had already arrived, and were getting away with some English ale and strawberries. I succeeded in unearthing some prehistoric sausage.

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LIFE OF THE LOWLY.

Fannie B. Ward's Pen Pictures of the South American Indian.

RAISING CROPS AMONG STONES.

The Universal Wagon is the Sling, and They Use It With Skill.

AFRAID OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. LA PAZ, BOLIVIA, July 1.—Many of the Indians of Peru and Bolivia are independent farmers in a small way, a tolerably large lot of people, as Indians, peaceable, industrious and contented.

There are two palatial hotels at the summit, and the prices are palatial also. My companion and I could have a room with two beds for \$2 each, and the usual European charges for candles, services, etc., would run the bill up to several dollars; but the lower you are on the mountain the less the charges are.

The wonder is that anything can be raised on this cold and breezy plateau, not only on account of its elevation, but because of the deep layer of small, round stones that literally cover the face of the earth and must be removed by the hand of man.

In order to cook them properly, according to the notions of the people, they must first be soaked in warm water, and then ground in a mortar. Now and then, however, a break in the cloud, could be discerned the shining Lake of Lucerne underneath.

During my stay on the mountain top I was witness to a terrible accident. Two Austrian men arrived on an excursion. A wall runs around the hotel premises on the mountain summit, and on one side the mountain slope is very abrupt.

Whenever a man, woman or child of Indian blood starts out to drive a llama, sheep or other animal, he or she does not look back and fear, but rather a better guard, while the sole weapon of offense and defense, is the sling.

As a rule, the women are superior to their lords in intelligence, and earn the larger share of their own maintenance.

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STAND FAST.

CRAIG-ROYSTON.

A NOVEL DEALING WITH COTEMPORARY LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. BY WILLIAM BLACK.

Author of "A Princess of Thulé," "Sunrise," and Many Other Stories of the Highest Reputation on Two Continents.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens at Flossy with George Bethune and his granddaughter, Mairia, on their way to the residence of Lord Musselburgh. The old gentleman is of a noble Scotch house and claims to have defrauded of his property rights. Now he is engaged in preparing for the publication of a volume of Scottish ballads, and Mairia is just budding into womanhood and feels humiliated.

On a certain still, clear, moonlight night a dogcart containing two young men was being driven away from the little town of Mendover, out into the wide, silent country. The driver was Lord Musselburgh, and he seemed in high spirits, talking to his companion almost continuously, while he kept the stout little dog going at a rattling pace.

"I am more pleased than I can tell you," he was saying. "Quite a triumph! Why, you took it as a duck takes to water. Of course there's something in having a responsive audience; and you can always get a noble band of patriots to cheer your proposal for a progressive income tax when not one in ten of them has an income tax to pay. I'm afraid they weren't quite so enthusiastic about your scheme of compulsory insurance; indeed they seemed a little disapproving and offended; the Champion of the Proletariat was playing it a little low down on—oh, but a heavily increasing income tax—oh, yes, that was splendid! they saw the Rothschilds caught at last, and had visions of a land in which there shall be no more poor-rates or police-rates, perhaps not even water-rates or rabbit-rates. But it was your unconfounded coolness that surprised me—no beating about the bush—walking straight into it—and without preparation, too—"

"Yes, and so it is when you have acquired the knack of forgetting yourself!"

Lord Musselburgh went on, though it might have been hard to say what half-mocking bravado intermingled with his apparent enthusiasm. "And that's where you would come in. You would be the emissary, the apostle, the bearer of the fiery torch. You've done very well with the prospectus of Mendover; but any man having to wake up England, Canada, Australia, and the Cape to the necessity for making the Mother Country one for all invulnerable, in the interests of peace and universal commerce. Why, I must become eloquent about it myself. They cheered your graduated income tax; but what would they say to this? Fancy what could be done if every man in this country were to pledge himself to give a year's income! We don't ask him to go out and have his legs or his arms amputated, or his head shaved; we only ask for a year's income! We don't ask him to give up himself and his children and his children's children. If there is any patriot in the country at all, who would say no? And then when the time comes for the real defense, and when there is a floating mass of iron that could be sent at any moment to form a wall round any of her dependencies, then, I suppose, there might be a patriotic assemblage in Westminster Hall; and you and I—as the instigators of this great national movement—but my imagination stops short; I don't know what they will make of us."

He himself had to stop short, for he was passing through a wide gateway into the grounds surrounding the Bangor, and there, in the distance, were the trees of the park under the over-shadowing trees. Presently they had drawn up in front of the long, low, rambling house; and here were the windows, and an open door, and

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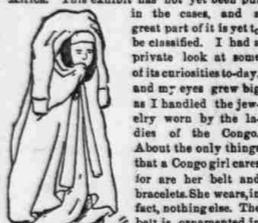
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AKOREAN BEAUTY.

Every tribe has its different idea of beauty. I took a sketch to-day of the Hottentot Venus, who is considered the most beautiful woman of the African tribes to which she belongs.

The Hottentot mothers stuff their babies with fat in order to make them fat. They force milk into their mouths, and they force so many geese and they were trying to make pate de foie gras of them, and many a young girl is whipped by her mother because she will not eat till she is fat.

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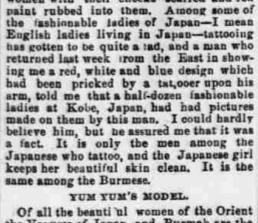
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Not a few of the women of the world ornament their feet, and in India girls often wear bells on their toes. I have seen hundreds of them tramping along in their bare feet, and making a rattling noise, in the words of the old nursery rhyme, "as they went along."

There is one thing in dressing a young Kafir that is de rigueur. She must have a coat of grease every day before she can go out of the tent. She oils herself until her black skin shines like patent leather, and she then goes to bed.

Two of the most beautifully formed women I have ever seen were introduced to me by the curator of the African exhibit, from a picture in the possession of the Museum. They were young Kafirs dressed in the most primitive of costumes. They have high shoulders, broad hips, plump forms and long, lithe limbs. Their hair is curly and their noses are flat and I am told that in the dress they had a part of their beauty. Mothers think that it is the only beautiful nose and they press down upon the noses of their babies to spread out their nostrils.



YUM YUM'S MODEL.

Of all the beautiful women of the Orient the Venues of Japan and Burmah are the most beautiful. They have their hair as white as ours. Their forms are as plump and their eyes as bright and their smiles as winning.

After the sore is healed a bigger wire is put in. This is followed by a bigger one, and so on. This is followed by a bigger one, and so on. This is followed by a bigger one, and so on.

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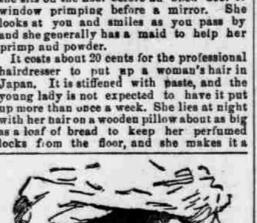
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CHINESE WOMAN'S FOOT.

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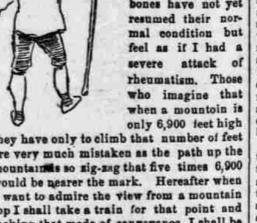
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THE MOUNTAIN HOTELS.

There are two palatial hotels at the summit, and the prices are palatial also. My companion and I could have a room with two beds for \$2 each, and the usual European charges for candles, services, etc., would run the bill up to several dollars; but the lower you are on the mountain the less the charges are.

The wonder is that anything can be raised on this cold and breezy plateau, not only on account of its elevation, but because of the deep layer of small, round stones that literally cover the face of the earth and must be removed by the hand of man.

In order to cook them properly, according to the notions of the people, they must first be soaked in warm water, and then ground in a mortar. Now and then, however, a break in the cloud, could be discerned the shining Lake of Lucerne underneath.

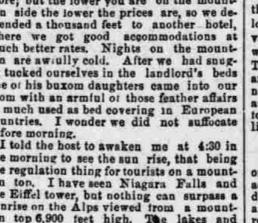
During my stay on the mountain top I was witness to a terrible accident. Two Austrian men arrived on an excursion. A wall runs around the hotel premises on the mountain summit, and on one side the mountain slope is very abrupt.

Whenever a man, woman or child of Indian blood starts out to drive a llama, sheep or other animal, he or she does not look back and fear, but rather a better guard, while the sole weapon of offense and defense, is the sling.

As a rule, the women are superior to their lords in intelligence, and earn the larger share of their own maintenance.

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AN ALPINE SURPRISE.

The mist, with the mountain peaks jutting out like dark, bare, striking resemblances to an ocean studded with islands. The sharp peak of the Jungfrau, clothed in its eternal snow, towered above the other peaks.

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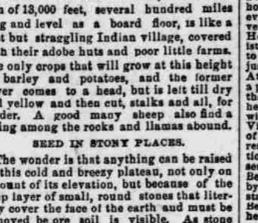
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