

LOSING THE HAIR.

Some Theories and Speculations About Baldness.

A Matter Which Has Puzzled Even the Doctors.

In these degenerate days there are a great many men whose heads are bald, and the consequence is that a large proportion of any community will be found to be interested in the subject of hair, on the principle, presumably, that most of us are given to thinking about and placing a high value upon what we haven't got and can't by any possibility obtain. When a man once loses his hair it is gone forever, and about that time he is not unlikely to begin to inquire what is good for the hair, what causes baldness and whether it is best to have the head shaven or singed—all too late.

A question that often arises and is seldom answered twice in the same way is as to why the hair falls out on the top of the head and not at the back and on the sides. The old-fashioned theory, that baldness occurs within the lines marked by a man's hat, and, as no body has ever offered conclusive proof to the contrary, that explanation may be the correct one.

The case was stated the other day to two very intelligent barbers. One of them thought that the reason why baldness occurred at the top of the head was that the brain came closest to the surface there, and this being an age in which many brains are kept going at high tension, the abnormal amount of blood thus carried to the cranium produced a kind of fever in the upper scalp. Fevers, as is well known, often result in the falling out of the hair.

The second barber gave variety to the discussion by enlarging upon a notion that he had formed from the observation and reflection of many years.

"You will notice," said he, "that the first hair a baby has comes in on the top of the head and falls out before the child is many weeks old. The hair that comes to stay grows thicker and stronger on the sides and at the back, and I have an idea that the growth on the top of the head is always the weakest from infancy on to old age."

"But how do you account for the fact that women do not grow bald as men do?" queried a skeptical listener.

"Account for it? I don't have to account for it," replied the ready-witted second barber. "It isn't so. Why I used to work in an establishment where they had nine chairs in the men's department and eleven in the women's, and I want to tell you that I learned some things there that the average man and the average barber, too, for that matter, doesn't know. If you could appreciate as I do the number of women who have false hair so artistically arranged that nobody can tell it from their own natural tresses you wouldn't ask why men grow bald and the other sex doesn't."

Hairdressers have their pet theories on this subject as well as barbers, and some of them are very plausible. But if you should ask a doctor who was not ashamed to confess his ignorance, the chances are that he would tell you that he didn't know much about it.

—New York Advertiser.

Odors of Flowers.

A matter that has not attracted the attention of vegetable biologists to any serious extent is the variable character of the odors of flowers. It has been noticed that mignonette, when growing in our gardens, is sweeter at times than at others, and that the common wood honeysuckle, *Azalea nudiflora*, certainly scentless as a general thing, is often quite fragrant. Of this latter point Mr. W. F. Bassett of Hammon, N. J., remarks:

"It is generally understood that the white swamp azalea is the only fragrant one, the general understanding is in error. *Azalea nudiflora* in Massachusetts is as sweet as the common garden pink and the fragrance is nearly the same. It seems a little singular that they should be generally destitute of fragrance in the Middle States. Has climate anything to do with it, or is it the result of natural selection and evolution of different specimens in the different localities? We have just received Luther Burbank's list of 'New Creations in Fruits,' and note that he offers a new calla especially because it is fragrant, and remarks that the common calla has no fragrance except occasionally an odor of muriatic acid or mushrooms. I had supposed the common calla to be one of our sweetest scented flowers and that its odor is peculiarly delicate. Is it possible that open-air culture of the

climate and soil of California have changed it?"

Mr. Harlan P. Kelsey of Kawana remarks on the sweet odor of *Azalea arborescens* of the mountains of North Carolina, while Mr. Willard N. Clute of Binghamton, N. Y., observes that in that locality the common *Azalea nudiflora*, so often scentless, "perfumes the whole wood."—*Meehan's Monthly*.

Indian Treatment of Small Pox.

Indian Jim was an aristocratic Indian, and was extremely proud of himself and his get-up. From some unknown source he had procured a blue-cloth officer's uniform, resplendent with brass buttons. Strange to say, it was a good fit, and if he could only have parted with his sombrero, moccasins, and his everlasting blanket which he carried over his arm, and had his hair cut, he would have been a fine representative of an American soldier in animated bronze. Of about medium height, superb physique and dignified bearing, he was far superior to the average type of Indian. He looked not a day over forty-five, but confessed to sixty.

Indian Jim was sitting in my shack one day, and while regaling himself with coffee and biscuit, told me the latest news of the reservation. Small-pox had broken out among them, he said. I asked what treatment they employed in cases of this kind, and he gave me a graphic description of it.

A tepee is erected close to the bank of some stream, and made as snug as possible. Then a hot stone is rolled into the centre of the tent and water poured over it. The patient is shut up in the tepee, and subjected to this primitive steam-bath. When he is almost suffocated, the tepee is thrown open, and the patient makes a dash for the stream and plunges in. I asked Jim if the same heroic treatment was resorted to in winter; he said it was.

"Don't many of them die?" I inquired.

"Mos' die," was the laconic reply. —Home and Country.

The Use of Dust.

Without dust there would be no blue firmament; the heaven would be blacker than we see it on moonless nights. On this black background the glowing sun would shine out sharply, and the same sharp contrast of intense light and deep shadow would characterize the surface of the earth. There would be nothing to subdue this sharp contrast but the moon and stars, which would remain visible by day. The illumination of the earth would be similar to that which we observe when looking at the moon through a telescope; for the moon has no atmospheric envelope, and, consequently, no dust in suspension.

It is due entirely to the dust that we enjoy our soft, uniformly diffused daylight, for which our eyes are specially adapted; and it is the dust which contributes so much to the beauty of the landscape. But, while the foregoing explains how the dust makes the whole vault of heaven light, it does not explain why it is chiefly the blue rays of the white sunlight that are reflected and only to a small extent the green, yellow and red rays. This is dependent on the size of the dust-particles. It is only the finest of them that are borne by the air-currents into every stratum of air, and it is only these fine, widely diffused dust-particles that are of any significance in this connection. —Leipzig Gartenlaube.

Marking Track Deceit.

There are now in use many devices for marking defects in the roadbed or rails of a railway, and of these not the least ingenious is employed on the state railroads of Bavaria. The instrument used, which is placed under the car is so adjusted as to be exceedingly sensitive to jars or percussion, and is fitted with a receptacle containing a red or blue liquid. The apparatus works automatically, and its action is based on the fact that every depression or break in a line of track causes a shock of greater or less intensity in a car passing over it. Whenever a shock exceeds a certain degree of intensity a squirting device is brought into operation, and the colored liquid is projected over the roadbed, leaving a tell-tale mark of from one to seven feet in length, according to the nature of the flaw. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Thirst for Knowledge.

Farmer Tabbets—Hang that cow! I always have to club her to make her stand still.

Little Nephew (from the city)—Is that the one that gives wapped brains? —Chicago Tribune.

DAINTY AND NEW.

THE LATEST NOTIONS IN FEMININE APPAREL.

The Hat of the Hour—New Parasols and Their Odd Handles—An Inexpensive Hat Pretty Sofa Cushion.

THE English walking hat is the hat of the hour. This season's shapes are almost universally becoming. The very latest English novelty has a broad brim which curls up slightly at the sides. The rather high crown shows a deep dent in the centre. These hats come in both coarse and fine straw in shades of brown, dark blue, black, white and butter color. When trimmed simply with a band of ribbon they sell for \$1.39.

Perhaps the walking hat which is considered the most chic at present is in this shape, with the broad brim in black and the crown of butter color. This is trimmed with a wide band on



THE NEW ENGLISH WALKING HAT.

black moire ribbon and a bunch of black feathers at the side. Hats of blue straw with a white crown are also much the vogue.

For the woman whose face does not require a broad brimmed hat there are



DAINTY BODICES.

jantry walking hats with narrow brims which turn up lightly at the crown. All the walking hats are much in favor of the broad shouldered type of tailor-made girl.

INDIA SILK DRESSES.

Skirts of India silk dresses made by Worth are in three tiers, neither flounces nor overskirts, but in triple pointed layers, the lowest pointed to the foot in front and back, the uppermost gathered slightly to the belt. These layers are very short on the sides, and by way of trimming a zig-zag band of white guipure embroidery edges each of them. The whole is mounted on a tulle foundation skirt covered smoothly on the sides with India silk, and edged at the foot with a ruche of satin ribbon, three inches wide, held in triple box plaits. This dress is prettily shown in navy blue India silk, with cross dashes and lines of white, trimmed with clear white insertion in points and a navy blue ruche.

FANCIES IN PARASOLS.

Any girl who has a penchant for odd bits of bijouterie can have it thoroughly gratified by buying parasols by the score. It seems as if the manufacturers had determined to see how funny they could make parasol handles. They certainly succeeded to perfection. Just imagine a young man



holding a parasol over the summer girl while "rocking" with a fierce-looking parrot head staring at him from the end of the handle! But what is more to the point, a couple of love-making young folks may be carved on the handle. Queer Dresden shepherd-

esses and hobgoblin figures are also seen.

HOW TO MAKE AN INEXPENSIVE BUT HANDSOME SOFA CUSHION.

A sofa cushion can be made from the attached design. First draft your



THE CUSHION.

pattern. A long thin design looks best on an article of this kind, as it spreads over the material, making it look elaborate. Draw the pattern on paper and transfer it to your goods by rubbing charcoal on the opposite side of your drawing; lay the pattern on the material to be used, pinning it firmly to prevent slipping, the charcoal side of course being next to the cloth. Trace the pattern with a sharp lead pencil. Lifting the paper, a faint outline will be seen. Trace over this with some bright lead (red or blue is best), so that the pattern will be plain, and not rub off. Do not make or stuff the cushion until you have embroidered your pattern.

Another way to make the design is to cut the leaves and flowers out of colored material, sewing them on the goods, being careful not to show the stitches. Still another pretty way is to embroider them on. This is a far less expensive way of obtaining the design.

These pillows may be made from almost any material. One of the prettiest was made of pale pink china silk; the leaves were cut from pale green silk and the flowers embroidered in pink, shading off from red to white. Of course a pillow or cushion of this kind will come quite expensive. The side that is to rest on the sofa can be made from any lining that matches



THE WHITE LADY.

White was never more in vogue. Waite moire made up with point lace seems really no prettier than white Japanese silk made up with imitation Valenciennes, and not a bit more dainty than white batiste with delicate Hamburg, or, if it comes to that, then book muslin with only a ribbon belt, or a sash of itself. In wools there is white broadcloth with white satin linings and facings, combined with butter color guipure. This is bleached burlap with white souchou braid and nothing over it, and as each woman does the paying she may do the choosing, but one is about as pretty as the other.

THE SKIRT-TRIMMER AGAIN.

One result of the new fussy styles in skirts is the revival of the post of "skirt-trimmer." Once this individual was a person of great importance in all dressmaking establishments, and commanded good salaries. For nearly five years she has been kept in the background with really little to do outside the field of evening gowns. Now she will come to the front again. To be a good skirt-trimmer is not at all easy, and a woman with the training and plenty of bright ideas and fancies will find a market for all she can devise.

SUNBONNETS REVIVITED.

There has been a quaint revival of the old-fashioned sunbonnet this summer. As, with most of these revivals, it has been modified and much improved, having no "slats," as of old, being made with a pretty material as to color and fabric, and finished by a little frill, edged with narrow lace, about the face. These are only worn by rather small children, but are usually very becoming to them.

In A. D. 42 the Nile failed to rise because of the lack of rain in the heart of Africa, the crops failed, and over a million people perished in Egypt.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

Daring Exploit at Donaldsonville.

After leaving the Rappahannock, I was ordered to the United States steamer *Princess Royal*, fitting out at Philadelphia. She was a captured blockade runner and had been transformed into a man-of-war. She had a very heavy armament. It consisted of six six-inch guns, two sixty-pounder Parrott rifles, and four twenty-pound howitzers. We were ordered to the West Gulf Squadron, commanded by Admiral David G. Farragut. We had a rather pleasant passage to New Orleans. Shortly after our arrival there, we were ordered down the river to the Rio Grande, to look after some vessels said to be loading with cotton from Texas. We were there and found a large vessel, named the *Sir William Peel*. Most of us felt sure she was in American waters, but our captain was a very conservative man, and would not set without being sure she was in our waters. So her position was laid down, and Lieutenant (now Lieutenant-Commander, retired) E. McKay and myself were landed at Boca Rio Grande, with orders to go to Matamoras, Mexico, and have the question decided as to the position of the *Sir William Peel*. The enemy from the Texas shore watched all our movements closely and carefully. We were given a little house to sleep in for the night, by the Alcalde. We were informed by some Mexicans that the last Yankee officers who slept in that house were captured by the Texans, taken across the river and shot. This was pleasant news to go to sleep on—quite an opiate, indeed. We concluded to stand watch and watch during the night, and to start bright and early next morning for Matamoras. We were disturbed but once during the night. We thought a party had come over from Texas, but were driven back by the Mexican coast guard. We started next morning in a coach drawn by four wild mustangs. A Mexican held each one by the head until the order was given to let go, when they all jumped quickly aside, and the mustangs bounded on wild runs. We had relays about every eight miles during the same performance took place. At last we arrived safely in Matamoras, having been followed on the Texas bank the entire distance by the enemy. We found that the *Sir William Peel* was in our waters, but that we left her quietly slipped her cable and dropped over into Mexican waters. Thus we lost a nice sum of prize money, which prompt action would have given us.

As the day wore on, while we were ordered to return to New Orleans. Upon reaching that place, we were sent up the Mississippi, with orders to attack any batteries we might find and silence them, and finally take our station off Donaldsonville, at the mouth of Bayou la Fourche, in a section of a smaller fort we had there, called Fort Butler. The garrison consisted of 125 sick and convalescent soldiers, and were subject to constant attacks by small parties of the enemy. These attacks were supposed to be only preliminary to a grand attack soon as the enemy could muster the force. We had a lively fight just before we reached Donaldsonville. The enemy had embourasped in the levee at College Point, and they certainly gave us a very warm reception. Their shot entered one side of us and went out of the other. The vessel's sides were constructed of one-fourth-inch iron, and this was all the protection we had. We fought them for about two hours, when we succeeded in silencing them. On our arrival at Donaldsonville, we were informed that the enemy was massing troops, and the commandant of Fort Butler, Major Bullard, informed our captain that he was daily expecting an attack. I spent most of my time on the shore. I had a speedy little black horse, and used to get as near the enemy's pickets as possible, for the purpose of getting information. In this I was greatly assisted by a gallant young officer, Acting Ensign (now Lieutenant-Commander, retired) E. McKay. He was then a mere boy, but utterly fearless. He too was mounted.

About that time the enemy sent in a flag of truce and demanded the surrender of the fort. This demand was, as a matter of course, refused. We were then ordered to days in which to remove the women and children from the town. I went ashore without giving anybody information as to what I proposed doing. When ashore I disguised myself as a refugee from New Orleans and a prisoner aboard the gunboat. I watched my chance and ran through our own pickets. They promptly fired on me, and I narrowly escaped being shot. The enemy's pickets received me with open arms. I told my story and was then asked as to the number of men, guns, etc., in the fort and on board the gunboat. I was perfectly aware that the enemy knew the exact number as well as I did, so I told them the plain truth in the matter. This, naturally, gave them all the confidence in me. I remained with them all day and most of the next night. I began to fancy they were losing confidence in me. I had already found out when and how they were to attack us, and thought it good time to get back, if possible, as a refugee from New Orleans and a prisoner aboard the gunboat. I lay down to sleep at "taps," and as soon as everything was quiet I edged away from the place slowly and carefully. I had a presentment that if I remained till morning, I would be found out. I got safely away and rapidly increased my pace in the direction of Plaquemine. Shortly after daybreak, when, I should judge, about three miles from the river, I saw a party of the enemy approaching from up the river. I made my way as quickly as possible toward the river. I saw now that discovery was inevitable, or at least I thought so. Sure enough the party struck inland, and I felt safe for a moment, but nevertheless ran like a deer for the river. I suppose I was within a mile of it when I heard the enemy in pursuit. I checked the horse some good distances in advance of them, and my heart was made glad by the sight of a gunboat. I made frantic signals, threw off my boots and most of my clothing and plunged into the water. I never saw a boat manned and shoved off so quickly. But as quick as they were, the enemy had reached the levee and blazed away at me. The gunboat promptly fired into them and dispersed them. I was quickly taken into the boat and pulled aboard. The gunboat proved to be the *Winona*, Lieutenant-Commander (now Rear-Admiral) Gregory. I was completely exhausted and had to be assisted in getting aboard. The surgeon of the ship, Dr. Arthur Mathewson, gave me a good stiff dose of brandy which greatly revived me. He took excellent care of me, and soon made me as good as new. I told my story, and the *Winona* took me down to Donaldsonville and set me aboard of the *Princess Royal*.

Captain Woolsey reprimanded me severely for taking so great a risk and then complaining so highly on my performances. I told the whole story, how and when the enemy would attack, etc. I was not, it appears, missed from the camp, and the party I met on my escape was composed of guerrillas from the river; otherwise the plans of attack would probably have been entirely changed.

The next night at twelve o'clock, just as I had predicted, the enemy made the attack, and a fierce one it was. Our guns were loaded with grape and canister, and we played havoc with the enemy. We kept under weigh all the time, and not only kept firing into the attacking party, but also over the fort into the reserves. The *Winona* came down and joined in the fight. It was here and bloody, and lasted a little more than four hours. The fort had a wooden stockade, three inches thick, pierced for musket firing. Our men would put their guns through and fire, and the enemy would fire back through the same holes. A party headed by a young Texas lieutenant, approached the stockade with axes and endeavored to cut their way through. Our grape and canister riddled them, and the next day we found eighteen bodies in one heap and the stockade partly cut. Others of the enemy waded down the Mississippi river and seized the broken bricks with which the fort was surrounded and threw them into the fort. We captured all the men who entered the river. It was the hardest fight up to that time I had ever been engaged in. Our loss was comparatively trifling, while that of the enemy

was very great. Our ship was full of prisoners, some of whom recognized me, and their language to me was unparliamentary.

I received great credit for my exploit. Captain Woolsey, in his official report, stated that the information which led to the overwhelming defeat of the enemy, "I am indebted to—," who was out for three days on his own horse and on foot, reconnoitering in and about the enemy's camp." I received a letter from the gallant old Rear-Admiral Andrew A. Harwood, in which he said: "I perfectly remember your capture of Captain Charles Lawson, of the 55th Virginia Cavalry while attached to the Potomac Flotilla, then forming part of my command. Your gallant conduct on that occasion has been eclipsed by your exploit at Donaldsonville. It deserves a place, however, on the list of your gratuitous, patriotic services."

This was the only position we held between Fort Hudson and New Orleans, and it was of the greatest importance that we should keep it. I knew we could not hold out against the force about to attack us, unless fighting under some advantage, and that is the reason I took the risks I did. —*Tran's Blue and Gray*.

A Government Puppy.

Apropos of the distribution of seeds from the Department of Agriculture, which was under discussion in the House recently, Representative Tucker, of Virginia, told a story. He said that down in Appomattox County there lived an old farmer to whom he had on several occasions sent packages of seeds and shipments of fish from the Fish Commission, with which to stock the creeks and ponds on his place. One court day, when the Representative was in town, his farmer friend approached and in a confidential way said: "Tuck, you've sent me seeds and fish two or three times, and I am very much obliged to you for them, but there is one other thing I wish you would do if you can."

"What's that?" asked the Representative.

"Well, I want a thoroughbred hound pup for my kennel, and I thought maybe you folks up at Washington could send it down to me just as well as not, if I only asked for it."

"Why, certainly," responded Tucker. "It will give me great pleasure to send the pup to you, and as soon as I get back to Washington you may look out for him." The Representative said that, so far as he could see, there was no reason why the Government should not go into the business of supplying the constituents of Congressmen with dogs to improve their breeds as well as seed to improve their crops and fish to add to their food supply. "So," he continued, "I hunted up a thoroughbred hound pup, had him nicely crated, prepaid the express charges and sent him down. And you can bet that constituent is sold for Tucker." —Washington Post.

Strong and Gentle.

Emperor William I. of Germany possessed an iron will, and at the same time had a great gift of popularity—a most happy combination for a ruler.

At the close of the French War he dictated to his private secretary an address which he intended to deliver to the German army. The final sentence ran thus:

"But do not forget that we must all be grateful toward Providence; for Providence has willed that we should be the instrument destined to accomplish what are such great events in the history of the world."

The secretary, having his own ideas, as even the secretaries of emperors and kings cannot help having, wrote: "Providence has permitted."

"Stop," said the aged emperor; "do you imagine that I could have supported the burden of this war if I had not entertained the firm conviction that Providence willed it? Write the word as I dictated it."

With all this faith in himself—that is, in his divine commission—he preserved those simple and human qualities which in a strong ruler never fail to win the favor and even the homage of the people.

A young gardener was showing him over the grounds of his favorite retreat at Habelsburg. The Emperor noticed that the youth was embarrassed and seemingly preoccupied, and by and by demanded the reason.

"Your Ma'esty," said the boy, "in half an hour I am due at the barracks at Potsdam."

"That was enough. In a few minutes the young soldier was in uniform, and the Emperor took him post-haste in his own carriage to the drill-ground.

Nature's Laboratory.

The cream of tartar tree belongs to the category of plants yielding ready made products. They are members of the genus "Adansonia." The height of the tree is from forty to seventy feet, while the top is over one hundred and eighty feet across. A Venetian who has left us the most ancient description of the tree, tells us that in 1454 he found one at the mouth of the Senegal with a circumference of one hundred and twelve feet. The tree is very disproportionate, as may be gathered from the fact that Gregory—after whom the Australian species is named—saw one eighty-five feet in circumference at a height of two feet from the ground. The acid is found in the farinaceous pulp surrounding the seed, and has at all times been highly esteemed by travelers, who mix it with a little water in order to make a refreshing beverage. The bark of the tree contains a remarkably strong fiber which in some parts is made into ropes, in others woven into cloth. A bitter principle, to which the name of "Adansonin" has been given, is extracted from the bark. It appears in the white needles of a small similar to that of aloes or gentian, and is extremely bitter in taste. It is interesting from the fact that it is the only product known up to the present that has an antagonistic action to the Strophanthus arrow-poison, a deadly poisonous seed used by the natives on the west and east coasts of Africa, to insure their arrows inflicting a fatal wound.