

THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE HAIR.

Where could we find a more puzzling question for the present day, than how to wear the hair? And probably the older and the more civilized the world grows, the more uncertain will be the answer, for we *all* acknowledge, that the simple style in which Eve wore her hair, was certainly the most becoming.

If we have a few stray hairs, our aim ought to be to make the most of them, and at the same time to be in the fashion, for who would defy Mrs. Grundy and face the criticism of the critics. To overcome this difficulty hairdressers' establishments are resorted to, and we see displayed in his magnificent show-cases, styles, varying in shades to suit the fairest blonde, to the veriest negro.

Hair, is, no doubt, a great ornament to any one, and becomes in the hands of a skilful artist, a great addition to the personal appearance.

How quickly the styles go out of fashion. Only as long ago as ten years, the waterfall (now so antiquated) was then at its height. This structure is elevated on top of the head by means of a pad, which is covered with hair, and the aid of two or three small boxes of hairpins. Often accompanying the chignon, was a stray curl hanging down beside it, like one of Eve's "wanton tresses."

No one then disfigured herself by cutting her hair so as to hide the beauty of the marble brow, but those who thought that their loveliness would be enhanced, bought their "bangs" by the yard and sewed them on the inside rim of her hat.

Another strange mode was hair-pin curls arranged promiscuously on the top of the head. These mysteries of the art, were sewed on to strips of bonnet-wire, rolled up, and so fastened on with a hair pin.

The most approved hair-color for the present day is perhaps red, and some people (to whom it is worse than death to be out of the fashion) would even go so far as to sacrifice health and life for the sake of appearance—by dyeing.

On account of its being so uncommon, the auburn shade of hair is much admired, especially by poets, who rave about golden tresses touched with red; but to plain practical people, who cannot see as the poet sees, or look through the spectacles of his imagination, these rather suggest a nutritious vegetable than "soft hair on which light drops a diadem." We once heard of a red-haired man saying to a man with a bald head (who shared the prejudice, so common to some people, against red hair) "Where were you, when hair was given out?" The bald-headed man replied: "I was there; but there was nothing but red hair left so I would not take any."

How much more becoming the styles are now. One of the most graceful is the hair being coiled into a simple knot at the neck, or the celebrated French roll, which has again made its appearance in the wheel of fashion, as it revolves surely and steadily.

To make it possible to wear bonnets, the idea has been conceived by some ingenious milliner, to cut away the back of the crown in order to display the fashionable coiffure.

It has been rumored that the hair is to be worn low on the back of the neck, but after being used to growing upwards from the roots for so long, it will seem strange at first to the wearer, to have it suddenly restored to its natural direction.

One of the latest (but by no means the prettiest) styles is short hair. It suggests either one of the following things to the shrewd observer, the penitentiary, the asylum, brain fever, or a desire to be masculine, and from all who attempt the latter, may we be mercifully preserved.

It is popularly supposed that the ladies alone take pride in their hirsute attractions. But could we peep behind the scenes and watch the youth just emerging into manhood, coaxing and encouraging (by the diligent application of bear's grease) the few stray hairs which grace his upper lip: could we catch a glimpse of the modern young man, as fully equipped for an evening party, he looks with ill-disguised satisfaction upon his face reflected in the mirror, and notes how gracefully each particular hair of his well-waxed mustache arranges itself; while his hair has (of course, quite unconsciously) taken on the Beaconsfield curl: could we gaze upon the elderly man in his solitude—how carefully he arranges his scattered locks which still remain to him, that no one may even have a suspicion that he is "thin on top," we would never be tempted to think again that it is only the gentler sex who pay attention to the dressing of the hair.

While all this may be very useful in its place, at the same time we should never lose sight of the fact that the world was not made for coiffures, but coiffures for the world.

HE alone is an acute observer who can observe minutely without being observed. LAVATER.

WHEN you talk to the half-wise twaddle; when you talk to the ignorant brag; when you talk to the sagacious look very humble, and ask their opinion. LORD LYTTON.

THE sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step below the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again. TOM PAINE.