



**A Pretty Morning Dress—Paper Baskets
—The Hair—Cutting the Hair—To
Clean Silk.**

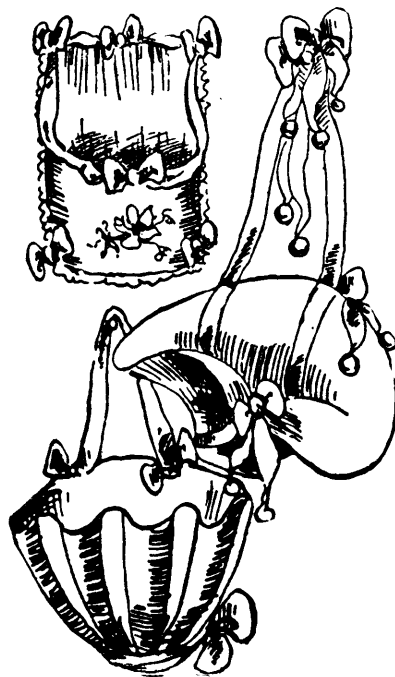
A pretty morning dress in which to go out at the sea-side or any country place is well to have amongst other possessions. White flannel and other white woollen materials are much in favour amongst French ladies, and they are variously made. I give you a sketch of one which is a perfectly sim-



ple, plain way of making up the material. Our English style is arranged more in tailor-made fashion, worn with a blue navy serge yachting jacket. This picture, however, is one of the simplest types of French gowns. Jacket bodices are still worn, and in a variety of designs, but for every day home wear in the country a woollen fabric is quite the most useful. As to coming colours, I hear that they will be quite those of Nature's autumn pictures. We shall follow every variety and shade of brown mixed with dainty flecks of pink or rose. So you who have dresses in russet, tan, coffee, bronze, chestnut or cigar brown beige, and buff, as well as the more pinky shades, such as chocolate and heliotrope browns, may take heart of grace, as your costumes will be quite fashionable for the coming autumn. Of all browns commend me to the dark shades such as *loutre* (seal brown) and deep rich chestnut. Another colour in certain varieties is "dahlia," that glorious crimson purple than which there is nothing richer nor more "comfortable" looking—forcertainly colours do give one an impression of comfort or discomfort. Do you not think so? Could you, for instance, ever feel consoled, or a sensation of pleasure, in looking at the

"greenery gallery" of a mustard yellow?—or a greyish red? I like soft shades as well as decided primary colours, but muddy, dirty ones are to me quite uncomfortable.

Paper baskets are very useful things, but they do sometimes get in the way, and get kicked over; and unless one has a basket very near to one, it does not do, as school-boys say, to "take shots" at it, for it is perfectly certain the paper gets scattered about in transit, and it is ten to one that one misses it. So I give you the designs of three different paper receptacles, which may be hung by their ribbons to the escritoire or writing-table at which one is sitting. I do not wish these to be confounded with those aimless-looking pockets that are to be seen at the sides of lodging-house fire-places, which are generally capable of holding nothing. These are really able to contain scraps of paper, though of course that all depends on the size they are made. The first is a card basket, covered



with Java canvas—or velvet, if preferred—on which a monogram or any design is worked—a flower or arabesque, according to your own taste. It may be bordered with a straw fancy edging if covered with canvas, or gold lace if of velvet. The lining should be of fluted silk, and finished off with bows of ribbons to match the embroidery. The second one is easily made, for you have only to buy one of the cheap sixpenny Zulu hats, and trim it with yellow ribbons (or any other colour you like) tipping each end with a yellow or crimson pompon. The third and last may be made of cardboard, or of straw; if of the former, it would look well covered with brocade, in velvet, or satin, and lined with a contrasting hued silk. If made of straw it only requires a lining, and dainty bows with ribbons to hang it up by. The special advantage of these is that not being elaborate, they can be easily manufactured at home.

The hair is a subject upon which I receive so many letters from anxious enquirers that I am tempted to give it a special place in my letter this week. The majority of my correspondents suffer much from falling of the hair, which they attribute to some fault in the hair itself that can be cured by local treatment immediately. Now I frankly tell you that I am no hair doctor, I am not a hair dresser, indeed I go still further, and candidly admit that I am not even a barber! But I am very fond of finding out the whys and wherefores of things, and if I notice that one remedy is better than another I like to give you the benefit. To go very literally to the root of the matter—in this case, the hair—I need hardly remind you that it is a delicate little bulb that is entirely dependent for its nourishment on the skin in which it grows. If that skin is in a healthy state, it is soft and—well I can use no other word than—loose. There is then sufficient fleshy fatness to nourish the hair bulbs that grow on it. If, however, as often on the head, the skin is tight, and drawn close to the skull, you can understand that the poor little hair plants have no depth of soil, so to speak, in which to grow, and that the land is barren of the nourishing matter that they live upon. This you will see at once must depend upon the person's health, and does not come from outside. If the general health is weak, the whole system sympathises, and is relaxed, the roots of the hair being one of the first things to show the general languor. In fact the skin has not the strength to hold them, and like a fading

plant you can easily pull them out, or indeed, they come out with the passing of a brush through them. Therefore, you will, when first noticing the fall of your hair, see that your health is quite in good order, for if you are conscious of any lassitude which is often occasioned by the spring and autumn seasons of the year, you will know that the cause is inward instead of outward of the loss of your hair. This is why you may locally strengthen the roots of the hair. I always advise my kind correspondents to follow it up with iron as a tonic, taken in any one of the many forms that will suit them—I say this advisedly, as there are few things in which "what is one man's meat, is another man's poison," is more true than in taking iron. If you find the scalp or skin of the head very tight, it is well to manipulate it by laying the hand on it and moving it up and down, at least once a day. Coarse hair is generally strong growing, and will bear what is called "a good brushing," but fine very soft hair is generally the sign of a poor or rather weak constitution, which does not grow such strong hair plants as those that have coarse hair. Hard brushing is fatal to this kind of *chevelure*, which should be tenderly dealt with. Some most estimable people will scratch away at their unfortunate heads with a hard brush, or still worse that terrible abomination of our ancestors, the tooth comb, because they say they have dandruff, whilst all the time this is the very way to worry the skin, and set up an irritation that produces the very evil they wish to avoid. Let them try scratching and brushing any other part of the skin in the same manner, and see what the result will be, and then they will have a good notion of how their scalp is treated. Keep your head clean by occasional washing, and, if the head is very dry and hot, which is often the result of a disordered stomach or much brain work, attend first to your health, and supplement it by using tincture of Cantharides mixed with a third of its quantity of Spirits of Wine or Rosemary. As I have told many of my correspondents, rub this into the roots of the hair at night, two or three times a week. If it leaves the skin of the head too dry, add several drops of Rowland's Yellow Maccassar Oil, and with a paint brush rub in altogether. As to cutting the hair, this is not necessary so much after the age of thirty, unless the ends of the hair split. All girls whose mothers wish them to have fine heads of hair when they are grown up, should have their hair cut short—not longer than on a level with the chin, till they are fifteen years of age. If it is then allowed to grow with an occasional clipping at the ends if they split, a finer head of hair will be the result than if, as a child, it is allowed to grow at its own sweet will. There is a great art in cutting hair, and it is by no means every hairdresser who can be persuaded to do so, because it gives more trouble than the usual way. Besides the ends of the long hair, the short hairs of the head should be brushed up, and all religiously cut, or tipped. Thus, if cutting strengthens the hair, all becomes equally strengthened.

To clean silk is a very necessary thing to know, and many are the recipes advised. Black silk is improved by lightly sponging with ammonia or beer. But if those remedies are inefficient, the following may be found useful. Put into a bottle six ounces of honey, four of soft soap, and a pint of brandy; shake it well. With a hard brush rub both sides of your silk with the mixture. Then rinse it in two or three waters, rain-water preferred; but do not wring it. Fold it carefully in a sheet, and iron it before quite dry.

ST. LOUIS NOT A LITERARY CENTRE.—"This is a strange old city in a literary way," said a St. Louis man. "It has only a few book stores, whose proprietors I contemplate more in the light of patriots than as practical men expecting profits from sales. Very few St. Louisians buy books. They wait for the cheap editions to reach the public libraries and then make a rush for them. And the libraries of some of our homes are frightful to contemplate. Think of a library without a dictionary or an encyclopedia in it. The average St. Louis library is made up in this order: First, a complete set of Dickens' works; second, a complete set of Thackeray's works; third, Motley's history of the Dutch Republic; fourth, Prescott's history of the fifth, Byron in several kinds of fancy binding and gilt edges; sixth, Shakespeare in ditto; seventh, Moore and Scott, ditto. Here the list practically ends, and all the rest can be classed as unknowable miscellany, odds and ends of old trash brought down from generations or received as holiday presents. And the worst of it is, the prime object of a library appears to be the ability to say we have one, for I have noticed that most of our people who have these adornments lock them up and borrow are all critics!"—*St. Louis Republic*.