

HARVESTS OF HAIR.

GIRLS PART WITH THEIR CROWNING GLORY FOR A FEW CENTS.

Jewelry and Wigs Are Made of the Quickest of Crops—Information, Some of It of an Odd Character, From a Man Who Makes Things of Hair.

It was quite by chance that the writer of this article happened on a man who has spent his lifetime in the manipulation of human hair, transforming it into wigs, crowns, frizzettes and all the other kinds of "false" hair and weaving it into watch chains, eyeglass guards, bracelets, as well as mounting it in lockets, rings, pins, earrings and brooches and working it up into all kinds of floral designs and emblems.

"A charming head of hair on a woman," he said, "is a thing of beauty and indeed a crowning glory, but to a hair worker it is of little value. Even the longest hair, before it has passed through the hands of the manufacturer, is well nigh worthless. The hair of a woman's head which is 30 inches in length, for example, would not be worth more than 60 cents.

"I remember a woman coming into my shop one night and offering to sell her hair. She said she was a seaman's wife, and not having heard from him for many months, she was in desperate straits for money. She wanted to know how much I would give her for her hair, which was of considerable length. I refused to cut it off. I wouldn't cut any woman's hair off. It is such a demoralizing, degrading thing to do, and the fact is emphasized when one sees the cause of the sale."

"We got our finest descriptions of hair," continued the subject of this interview, "from France and Italy, whence come all shades of black and brown. France, again, Germany and Spain supply the market with brown, light flaxen and red hair. Gray hair, being found in every parcel, is described as universal.

"On the continent there are regular hair harvests. During the summer time you can see at every fair peddlers surrounded by girls with their beautiful hair piled up on their heads, and they are busy combing out standing in file waiting their turn. The peddler has in his hands a pair of shears, each girl bends her neck, a few snips, and the hair is off, tied into a whip and thrown into a basket standing at the shearer's side. And how much do you think that the girls get for this? A few cents, a gaudy trinket or a bright silk handkerchief.

"Some peddlers travel from cottage to cottage plying their trade, and the same performance is gone through. An average head of hair weighs four ounces. When sufficient hair is accumulated, it is sold to the hair manufacturer, who submits it to a process of cleansing and sorting into various lengths and shades. It is then ready for the wigmakers, who buy it as they require it, paying at the rate of 30 cents or so per ounce for lengths of 10 inches to 12 inches to as many shillings as there are inches for lengths of 36 inches and upward. The greatest demand is for hair from 14 to 24 inches in length. The longest female hair on record is 72 inches."

The tycoon of Japan once confiscated the hair of a whole province and had it woven into a ship's hawser or a quarter of a mile long. Then he discovered that steel ropes were in existence, and now the cable, composed of the pigtails of the unfortunate Japs, reposes before the eyes of the curious in Bethnal Green museum.

The gentleman interviewed possesses a magnificent trophy of hair, in size some 3 feet long by 2 feet high, in the form of a basket of flowers, every leaf, every petal and every stem of which is composed of cunningly wrought hairs from the human head. How long it took to create it, it is impossible to say, but years unquestionably. He has other similar displays, mostly the work of himself or his son, though they pale in insignificance beside the monument of patience in question.

The working of hair into ornaments has gone out of vogue considerably of late years, but scarfing men even now are great lovers of this form of memento. Naturally their favorite designs assume the forms of anchors, compasses and other things nautical.

One day a gentleman came to the subject of the article and desired him in a most mysterious manner to weave some hair, which he gave him, into the form of a serpent. The head and tail were to be of gold, and the tail was to be fixed into the mouth. The serpent was to be in two coils and to encircle a golden heart pierced by a dagger. In order to thoroughly comprehend the design he had to be let into the secret, and this was the explanation which was offered:

The serpent was to represent the nature of a certain young lady to whom the hair belonged and who had jilted the gentleman in question. The golden heart was symbolic of his pure and worthy affection, and the dagger showed how deeply he had been wounded. The tail of the serpent being in its mouth indicated that in injuring her quondam lover she had also bitten herself. The jilted avain was most particular about the execution of the work, set it back twice for alterations and finally refused to have it at all, perhaps discovering the basis of his scheme.—Boston Post.

Caught Their Kase.

The new canon of Westminster was once interrupted by the incessant coughing of his congregation. Whereon he suddenly paused in his sermon and interjected the remark, "Last night I was dining with the Prince of Wales." The effect was miraculous, and a deadly silence reigned as the preacher continued: "As a matter of fact, I was not dining with the Prince of Wales last night, but with my own family. I am glad, however, to find that I have at last secured your attention."

The Fault of the Wheel.

"It was funny seeing papa trying to ride my wheel the other night. He took a notion that it was easy and that it was all fooliness falling off and getting hurt. He had been watching me about 15 minutes, and he asked me to let him take a try at it.

fun, and papa looked like some sort of toy being worked by the motion of the bicycle wheels.

"Down, down he went in perfectly glorious fashion until all at once, quick as lightning, without any warning, the wheel just dashed into a tree and split papa on the head ground. He was awfully hurt. He had to go on crutches all the next day and is limping yet.

"And what do you suppose he said to me when he came tottering back. 'You've got to take that infernal bicycle back tomorrow. There's something wrong with it. I haven't paid a cent for it, and I won't. You can't pay me to take it. Send it back.' Papa says he can't ride if his wheel isn't good."—Atlanta Constitution.

Water Glass.

The eminent chemist, Dr. Grothie, is quoted as declaring that water glass has a great future in store in bleaching, and that in his opinion it will entirely displace soda. Such substances as jute, which formerly could not be bleached without injury to the threads, are therefore capable of being quickly treated in the following manner: The yarn is steeped from 15 to 20 minutes in a solution of from six to eight pounds of water glass to a gallon of water, at a temperature of from 135 to 212 degrees F., and turned about in it a few times, then rinsed in hot, but not boiling water, and finally in cold. It next goes to a weak chlorine bath and will become perfectly white.

Hemp and cotton, instead of being boiled in a strong soda solution for six or eight hours as a preliminary, can be quite sufficiently prepared by from 10 to 15 minutes in the above hot water glass. For 100 pounds of linen yarn from 12 to 15 pounds of water glass are taken, costing about 30 per cent less than the usual ten pounds of 90 degrees soda. After the water glass bath the yarn is rinsed, first in hot, then in cold water, and next given chlorine and acid as usual. All dressing is of course first removed by boiling with milk of lime or by heating with water glass under pressure.

How Does Chicago Like This?

We hear so much nowadays of the false and exotic America—the America of "boodling and hoodlazing," of tyrannical millionaires and a frenzied proletariat; in a word, of the America of Chicago—that it is a comfort to hear a little of the true and natural America—the America of New England, of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia—the America where the same and wholesome traditions of the English race exist in as perfect health as on this side of the water, and where honest living, high thinking and sound learning flourish and abound.

The wild and whirling words of hysterical agitators, spiritual and political, must not persuade people into thinking that Chicago, with its strange and feverish crowd of Bohemians, Italians, Polish Jews, Hungarians and Germans, in the normal American city, or that it represents the permanent and conquering element in American life. It is an ugly enough boil on the body politic and doubtless far from healthful, but we have no sort of doubt that it will pass away and be absorbed into the healthier tissues of the Union. Meantime let us learn to look on the nobler and far more real, if less sensational, side of American life.—London Spectator.

Neander, the Jewish Historian.

The new life of John Cairns, the celebrated Scotch divine, contains a pen sketch of Neander, the great Jewish ecclesiastical historian. Cairns attended his lectures at the University of Berlin in 1843 and describes him as a little man with a face that was pale, sallow and expressionless, a low forehead, and nothing striking in his features but his black eyebrows. He was dressed in a dirty brown coat, blue plush trousers and dirty top boots. As the distinguished man stood and lectured to his students, he penetrated every sentence by spitting so that the floor had to be cleaned when he had finished. And this was the old man who, "for knowledge, spirituality, good sense and indomitable spirit of the finest discretion on moral subjects, was a marvel."

SLEEP REFORM.

The Man Who Tried It and the Way His Scheme Worked.

Colonel Henry Waterson tells a story of an old composer whose life had been given up to hard work and the following wet eccentric ideas, one of which was that the human race slept too much. He had several theories to advance in support of his idea. One of them was to cut down the usual number of sleeping hours by gradation and finally arrive at a state where, by practice, one would be satisfied with a much smaller amount of sleep than one was getting.

ALBERT EDWARD'S EXPENSIVE JOKE.

How He Smashed the Crockery and Furniture of an Elderly Countess.

Albert Edward, prince of Wales, is perhaps the most popular man in England. This popularity is due to his love of sports and all manly traits which are particularly commendable in the eyes of the average Britisher. As a youth his audacity and appreciation of a joke, either as a perpetrator or victim, were well known.

One of his early escapades resulted in her majesty the queen footing a bill for broken crockery and wrecked furniture when the young prince caused in the house of one of the lesser members of the nobility. A rather elderly countess whose quick temper and sharp tongue drove even her servants away from her advertised for a footman. The prince, to whose ears tales of the peculiarities of the old lady had come, resolved to teach her a lesson. He therefore presented himself in disguise at her ladyship's house and applied for the position of footman.

The countess had just finished her breakfast, and pushing her chair back from the table instructed the servant to bring before her the applicant. The prince was thereupon ushered into the room. The countess looked him over from his feet up.

Apparently pleased with the appearance of the prince, she said, "Let me see you walk."

Albert Edward did as commanded and walked backward and forward several times across the floor from one end of the room to the other, now walking briskly at the request of the old lady and then pacing slowly, as she wished to obtain points on this score.

This performance over, the countess ordered him to trot. The dining room still the theater of action, the prince trotted around it several times. When this exercise was completed, he again came to a standstill near the head of the table, where the countess was seated. Her ladyship smiled pleased and was just on the point of asking the young man some questions about himself when he shouted:

"Now see me gallop!"

Grasping a corner of the tablecloth firmly in one hand, the prince rushed around the room, pulling the crockery off the floor in a heap, knocking over the furniture and finally winding her ladyship up in the folds of the cloth. He then bolted for the door, leaving the countess spluttering and shouting and the servants running about in a distracted way to liberate their mistress and quiet her rage.

In the hubbub and confusion the prince escaped. The next day a check from the keeper of the privy purse settled the amount of the damages and likewise established the identity of the mischief maker.—New York Herald.

Some Everyday Mistakes.

Current natural history is sometimes very amusing. An observant country boy can give you more reliable information in half an hour than many of the writers who are accepted as authority. Two examples of the fallacies of the latter have been going the rounds. One was an article on the cricket, which was described as a very dainty insect with a delicate appetite. There is in reality but one that is more voracious, and that is the cockroach. The cricket has a robust taste for almost anything, especially farinaceous matter, and it is very destructive to clothing. A housekeeper had her lace curtains eaten up, and the writer remembers once visiting in a house where the walls had been ceiled and papered. The paper hung loose here and there, due to the crickets that gnawed through to get at the paste that had been used by the paper hangers.

Another story was of the marvelous self control of a man who discovered that a black snake had concealed itself in the pocket of his coat, which he had thrown aside in the field and found again, very stupidly, without discovering the reptile. This of itself was surprising, as it is generally from four to five feet in length and weighs several pounds. The black snake of the northern middle states is as harmless as the toad, and, moreover, is extremely cowardly. Its greatest fault is its destructiveness of young birds—the broods of those species which nest in low shrubs or upon the ground. But a man might carry one in each pocket and come to no harm, if his pockets were large enough and if he did not have the inherent animosity of mankind toward reptiles.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Humming Birds and Flowers.

It has long been known that insects assist plants by carrying the fertilizing pollen from flower to flower, but the fact has only recently been prominently brought forward that humming birds are just as effective distributors of pollen as insects are.

It has been shown that these little birds, which are as fond as bees of the honey of flowers, carry the pollen grains in great quantity, not only on their feathers, but on their long bills also. In fact, so well suited is the humming bird to this work of distribution, without any intention of its own, that the question has been raised whether it may not be the most beneficent of all the unconscious friends that the flowers have in the animal world.—Youth's Companion.

Volcanic.

A Philadelphia lawyer said a very bright thing the other day. He was seated with a group of friends, and they were discussing in a desultory way the leading topics of the day. One of the parties present, Mr. —, persisted in monopolizing more than his share of the conversation, and his views did not at all accord with those of the lawyer. As the men separated one of them said to the lawyer:

saure and was carefully studied by the naturalist. It was supposed that a comet, which had appeared in the heavens and disappeared afterward, was connected in the minds of this imaginative people with the jellyfish. There are scores of phosphorescent creatures in the depths of the ocean, many of which have never been described, some of them being so remarkable that accurate accounts of them would tax the credulity of simple folk.—New York Ledger.

Mme. Feuille Made Worth Famous.

It is not generally known that Worth owed his first introduction to Empress Eugenie to Mme. Octave Feuille, then, as now, one of the most charming women in Paris. Feuille, then at the beginning of his great career, had just won the heart of the empress by writing for her private theatricals "Les Portraits de la Marquise," in which his royal patron took the principal part, but which was so cleverly constructed that none of the other characters was allowed the slightest liberties with the person of the empress. Soon after this Mme. Feuille dined at the Tuileries, and Eugenie complimented her upon her gown and asked the name of her dressmaker.

"Your majesty, it is a man—an Englishman. His name is Worth, and he has only been in Paris a little while," replied Mme. Feuille.

"He knows how to design a woman's dress," said the empress critically. "Must send him here."

So the lilac dress of the playwright's wife made the fortune of Worth.—Paris Letter.

A Man Jerseyman.

"The meanest man I ever saw," remarked the Reflective Lounger, "lived down in New Jersey.

"He was caught out in a thunder-shower one day and lightning struck him right on the pocket. It tore a hole in his trousers and the contents of his pocket rolled out on the floor. They were a match safe, a knife and four pennies. Now, what do you suppose that fellow said when we picked him up and brought him to himself?"

"Oh, something about his miraculous preservation, probably," replied the Stool Pigeon.

Mary, Queen of Scots.

Mary, queen of Scots, was tall and slender, but very graceful in all her motions. Her face does not seem to have been especially beautiful, for she had rather irregular features, but her fascinating manner was irresistible. She had a way of cocking her head a little to one side and of looking sideways at the person with whom she was talking that gave a strong impression of coquetry. She had very small hands and feet and was fond of showing both, often having her gowns shortened in order that her feet might be seen. She always had her own hair cut close and wore a wig to save the time and trouble of hair-dressing.

Catharine Parr.

Catharine Parr, the sixth wife of the much married Henry VIII, owed more to her intellect than to her personal charms. She was not good looking, but had a pleasant face and a world of tact. So skillfully did she manage her troublesome husband as actually to turn him against some of the most trusted of his own officials. Once an order was made out for her arrest, on a charge of heresy, but she got news of the matter, and so cleverly flattered and soothed Henry as to effect a complete reconciliation, and when the officers came to serve the order he drove them out with curses and threats.

Police in Russia.

The Russian godovoy (policeman) is usually a very small policeman indeed. He makes up in department and dignity what he lacks in size. His countenance bears evidence of unbending severity; he is never seen to smile; he is minute, but majestic, dirty, but dignified. His dress is a long kaftan, which the ignorant would unhesitatingly pronounce to be a dressing gown. A sword ornaments the left side, while his legs are encased in huge Wellington boots. On his head he wears a small military cap.

The policeman lives in his own little house about the size of a moderately large dog kennel, one of which is planted at the corner of each principal thoroughfare. Here the little godovoy sleeps and eats his meals and disposes of the spare time upon his hands.—Buffalo Times.

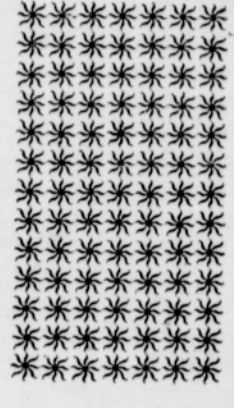
Loved Her Horse.

Clemert Scott, the London dramatic critic, says that he was once threatened with a libel suit for saying that a certain actress who came on the stage on a sedate looking, circus bred quadruped "rode a horse with pink eyes."

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