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### NOW FOR SKIN BLEACH.

FOR FACES GOT ROUGH IN THE COUNTRY.

Hot Baths Will Cleanse the Pores and Purify the Complexion and Good Vaselline Will Have a Softening Effect—Perspiration the Great Bleach.

It was delightful to roam through wood and dale without veils and gloves; to wander along the shore with hat in the hand, the cool sea breezes stirring the soft masses of hair, to play tennis and to row with hands exposed to the sun's brightest rays, regardless of freckles and tan. But somehow, now we are at home again, we look at things from a different standpoint, and wish we had not treated ourselves in such delicious abandon, and naturally betake ourselves to thoughts of repairing damages and getting hands and face down to daintiness of appearance.

There is no such bleacher for the skin as perspiration; hence the efficacy of the Turkish bath. Where this is available very little else is necessary to bring the skin to the exquisite roseleaf daintiness of a baby's, but if an oil rub—sometimes called a Roman bath—is taken immediately after the shampoo it will be found a delightful aid to the process of bleaching. Experience should guide this after-rubbing and much attention be paid to the massage of the face, so that the little wrinkles, which so much expose of the face to the bright light of the sun has produced about the eyes, may be at once displaced ere their footing (crow's footing) becomes a permanency.

A word about the oil to be used in such rubs: Vaselline is undoubtedly the purest and best unguent that can be used, and that which is colorless is generally preferred by women of fashion, despite the fact that physicians generally recommend that which is yellow. The unscented should be purchased and a few drops of one's favorite perfume mixed with the jelly. A woman can thus take her own bottle of vaselline to the bath and will be much better satisfied with her oil rub. If the faint perfume ever rising to her nostrils be one that she likes, I know an unusually dainty piece of womanhood who indulges herself every week in one of these delightful purifying baths, who takes with her in a long bag a sheet, towels, flesh brushes, soap and a rubber cap from home. Even this excess of cleanliness does not prevent the few ills attendant upon the luxury of such baths—i.e., the smells of half-washed damp linen and the steam from the vapor-room; for, as in every other pleasure in life, there are certain disagreeable things in bathing in a Turke.

But there are hundreds to whom Turkish baths are not possibilities for one reason or another, and the fact that they are not absolutely necessary to a good bleaching out will be a fact welcome to them. Steaming the face over a pitcher of hot water, the head and pitcher wrapped in a great towel to prevent the escape of steam is quite efficacious. Even this is not necessary to dwellers in large cities, who have hot and cold water in the house. Simply turning the faucet and letting the water from the boiler run until the steam rises and then holding the face over this until the steam and perspiration drop in great tears into the bowl cleanse the pores of the skin as perfectly as any Turkish bath. Then procure as soft a sponge as one would buy if filling a baby basket for a friend and a piece of pure, good soap. Plunge the sponge into the hot water (remember warm will not do), soaping it well and apply it quickly, carefully and as hot as can be endured to every part of the face and neck. Don't scrub the skin, for as softened as it will be from the intense heat, it will be very apt to peel up, and, besides, scrubbing will not make it one whit cleaner. Simply apply the hot, wet, well-soaped sponge as carefully as if loosening something which had stuck to one's best silk gown. Continue this until the skin is "as red as a beet," showing that all the blood has mounted rapidly to the veins of the face, and then dash up clear, cold water until every vestige of soap has disappeared, and dry the skin with a fine, soft towel, without rubbing. It will take half an hour to do this effectually, but that is only half as long as it takes for the actual process of a Turkish bath and good results may not be expected except with the expenditure of time and patience. Many persons have a habit of going through some such process at night before retiring, and then anointing the face with creams and oils of some kind and sleeping with the face thus besmeared. Others, after the skin has been subjected to a hot bath, proceed with the aid of vaselline, to give the face a good massage manipulation. Indeed, these two things have been much recommended by massagers to soften the skin and remove wrinkles, since the interest in these matters has been so active. But it stands to reason that such a procedure, no matter how given, is ill-advised. The steaming and perspiring of the face should be done after it has been anointed with oil, so as to force out from the pores those particles of dirt which, combined with the greasy matter have plugged them up. It is far the best treatment for the skin to wash the face with hot water at night and devote fifteen minutes to a thorough face massage before retiring, use white vaselline to make the rubbing easy as well as to soften the skin, and in the morning to spend the half-hour steaming the face, thus opening every pore for the skin to breathe through during the day.

If one lives in a city whose atmosphere is surcharged with dust and soot it will be found necessary to wipe the skin with a soft bit of linen anointed with a little vaselline before dressing for dinner, and then scrubbing the skin a moment with a soft brush and soap and water, after which washing off first with hot water and then with cold.

May be it seems a good deal of time to spend on one's face, but fancy if one was forced to wear a delicate white silk gown from morning until night, the same one year in and year out, what care one would have to take of it. Surely the delicate skin, which must last us all our lives and is far finer than a silken fabric, deserves equally good care.

A good washing with hot water and a fifteen minutes' massage with vaselline at night half an hour's steaming and washing in the morning, and a five minutes' rubbing with vaselline and washing hot water and then with cold in the afternoon. When one has done this daily for a month there will be a surprising change in the complexion and such extreme diligence may be lessened. Twice a week will do after getting a satisfactory appearance.

As it is the perspiration which acts as the bleacher to the skin, so it is the oil which is the softener; the rubbing which produces the circulation of the blood; the hot water which acts as a cleanser, and the quick dash of cold

water as a stimulant. Another good old-fashioned way of producing perspiration of the skin, although it is not so effective for the complexion as when combined with steaming, is, after taking a very hot bath, to drink copiously of some hot drink (again I must note that in this case warm is not the word), and lie down under half a dozen covers until head, face and body perspire profusely for half an hour, then after cooling off gradually to prevent taking cold to sponge and wash the face as directed above. This is recommended when the complexion is bad from poor circulation. But "skin specialists" claim better results for this trouble from "the pack," which, after all, is almost the same thing. They put a patient through perspiration begin, then wrap her in a flannel sheet wrung out in hot water; then wrap a rubber sheet around this to exclude the air; then pile on numerous blankets, and leave the poor victim in chrysalis state for a certain number of minutes, after which she stays into a hot bath (temperature 101, which is gradually reduced to 98), and lastly she is put under a cold shower. This is heroic treatment, but, with the outdoor exercise prescribed, is said to make the blood circulate quite as nature intended, and induce clear skin and bright color.

**Embarrassing Situation.**  
A good many thousand people go to Lincoln Park every evening to see the electric fountain, says the Chicago Times. Also a number of visitors do not know just what an electric fountain is. Some folks have rather peculiar ideas about electricity and expect a regular pyrotechnical display by the park fountain.

One evening a crowd of several thousand gathered in the vicinity to see it play, but the dynamos were out of order and the flashes of colored light failed to appear. There was no one to inform the people that the display would not occur and they lingered for an hour of morn in hopes of seeing the exhibition.

Finally it was decided by the engineer in charge to start the fountain without the electric attachment in order to satisfy the crowd and induce it to disperse. A young woman and her beau were watching with great intentness when the full force of the water was turned on and the streams mounted high in air.

"My, isn't that fine," said the young woman.

"That's nothing but plain Michigan Lake water," was the reply.

"It goes by electricity, don't it?"

"Why, there is no color to that water."

"No, there will not be any electric display to-night."

"What did you bring me away over here for, then?"

"I didn't bring you."

"Did, too, and it's the last time I'll be fooled by you, Mr. Jackson!"

"Pardon me, but you have made a mistake. My name's not Jackson."

"Not Jackson. Well of all"—but the young woman never ended the sentence, for she turned to look at the person she had been conversing with and, to her dismay, discovered a total stranger at her side. In the dim light of the arc lamps of the park she had addressed herself to a man that stood by.

Her "beau" was some feet away, gazing intently at the white waters of the fountain.

With a bound she grasped his arm and, dragging him away, the couple were lost in the darkness.

**Democratic Princes.**

The elder two of Emperor William's sons show as yet little of their imperial father's cold and domineering disposition. In their feoffinities they much more resemble their gentle grandfather, the late Emperor Frederick. They are ready to make a comrade of any lad they meet, especially if he shows a lively and dashing spirit, says a writer in Wide-Awake. At Wilhelmshohe, where they lately have been staying, the young princes have had a particularly good time, and they have had their particular little white ponies have a "speaking acquaintance" with everybody.

One afternoon the two little Hohenzollerns were out for a canter, when they came on a peasant lad, well mounted, who was galloping by. The crown prince immediately touched up his spirited steed, and springing forward tried to outstride the country boy, but all in vain. The latter, with the true spirit of Hessian independence and with a loud shout and touch of his long whip, so urged on his beast that he soon shot ahead beyond all possibility of being overtaken by the princes then turning around he waved his cap in the air to the royal lads on the snowy ponies and vanished out of sight. Friedrich Wilhelm was much annoyed to take his discomfiture in perfect good humor and courteous enough to return the triumphant salutation of the stranger with smiles of admiration.

After a long ride the princes were hurrying home when suddenly they encountered an old Hessian peasant woman carrying a monstrous collection of dried brushwood on her back, which so covered her that her figure was scarcely to be perceived. "Ach!" exclaimed Prince Eitel to his brother. "Look you! Fritz, the forest is moving; there is certainly a marchen (fairy) here."

But as they approached nearer the old peasant woman, peering out beneath the dried wood, dropped her load and stood before the boys, her old careworn face all aglow, her eyes filling with tears of loyal affection and her lips murmuring endless blessings on their fair young heads.

The boys, laughing at their childish fears and funny mistake, begged their attendants to be allowed to empty their joint tiny purses into the trembling palm of the poor wood-gatherer, and this done they galloped off to the castle, having proved themselves to be the genuine "marchen."

**A Wonderful Stone.**

A man living near Kingston, Ga., has found a most wonderful stone. While plowing on a sandbar in the Etowah River he saw something shining with the most brilliant of lights just to one side of him. He stopped his plow and went to pick it up. It was a clear, white stone the size of an egg, reflecting in one way all the colors of the rainbow. Turning it over the colors took on the character of a spirit-level following each other up through the center of the rock till as were gathered in one end. The owner has been offered \$1,000 for it, but refused it. It emits a perfectly white light in the dark.

**Stanley's Philosophical Black Boy.**

"When people are not looking at Stanley," says London Truth, "they watch his black boy, Sadi. The other day he incidentally referred to 'damned niggers.' 'Hush!' said some one, 'you should not say such words before ladies.' 'Then I will not say them at all; for what ought not to be said before ladies should not be said before gentlemen,' replied this African philosopher."