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THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Oh, for one hour of youthful joy,
Give back my twentieth spring;
I'd rather laugh a bright hair'd boy
Than reign a bearded king.

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life, all love and fame.

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling said:
"If I but touch thy silver'd hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped."

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wish'd for day?"

Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind;
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
"The man would be a boy again
And be a husband too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years!"

Why yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys,
I could not bear to leave them all,
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!

The smiling angel dropp'd his pen,
"Why this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laugh'd—my laughter woke
The household with its noise—
And wrote my dream when morning broke,
To please the gray-hair'd boys.

FIVE.

'If there is one thing that I like more than another—,' soliloquized Five, thinking himself unobserved.

We heard him, for all that, for he sat just outside the cabin, under the shed, watching, between the whiffs of his pipe, the drip, drip from the shingles, while the four of us dropped away at draw-poker inside.

The 'bar' was flourishing just then; men were drifting rapidly into Tuolome, attracted by the report of rich diggings, and there was hardly a square inch on the bar that was not staked off with a claim. The one-streeted town was bustling, the cloth-houses, stores and saloons, with the usual loafers, were drawn up in dress parade along the thoroughfare, in which pack-trains meandered to and from the outer world. The half-doors of the 'Bella Union' and the 'Blue Wing' continually swung open, as the boys went in and out for their hourly comforts. The devotees of the gaming table revelled over the cloths, and empty pouches and ringing heads were the morning bulletins.

Our cabin stood a little withdrawn from the main street, the home of five of us for many months. Those days are past and gone, when Jack used to toss his steaming slapjacks up the chimney and delftly catch them on the outside—those days of almost unvarying pork and beans, with a very semi-occasional touch of fresh beef.

We knew quite well each other's history, as far as general points went—all save that of Five, who was an enigma. Of him the only tangible and discoverable mark was a blue '5' worked between his thumb and forefinger—and so he earned his title. A spare, nervous little man, with a black, sweeping moustache, a care-worn countenance and restless eye. The force that draws men together in pioneer times is inexplicable. 'Sim' had been a minister; had slipped from grace, and floated to the gold country. 'John Bunyan' was a broken down merchant from Troy, fond of his tipple, and a master hand at a story. Brannan had last come from Calcutta, where he had been a missionary, he said; but he thumbed a Jack too well for that. This was before the era of genteel clergymen. Five and I, a runaway from home, made up our household.

Five, we used at first to ply with questions, but gaining nothing by our trouble gave it up. His only companion was his dog, a brindle, sulky, snappish brute, with a stumpy tail. His faithfulness and love, withdrawn from every one else, centered in his master. Five's chief solace was his violin.

When others sought saloons he took his violin and whiled away the hours with touching melodies, soft, dreamy airs of home, or anon, wild, wailing strains that thrilled the soul. Many a time have I seen a knot of rough fellows hanging around our cabin at evening, listening to the music as the quiet air bore it swiftly to them, and thus Five's violin was a minister of comfort to many a lonely man. He would rarely play when asked, and then only some ditty like the 'Wrecker's Daughter,' or 'Tom Ligbee's Snake,' which would put fits into a fellow's heels—reserving for his communion the strains that were so benefitting to all. And in this way he found a companionship that compensated him for a lack of friends. He was commonly set down as a musical Portugee, but the sequel will show that the conjecture was far from right.

Hot! hot! terribly hot, were the summer days, and I, unused to hard work, dropped my shovel one burning afternoon, and went up to the shanty tired out and disgusted. I was surprised to find Five at the house and in his bunk, for he had gone out with the rest, and was always a steady worker.

'Sick, old man?'

'Yes, lad, very sick, dead sick. Bruce lie down!'

For the dog at his head growled viciously as I put my hand on Five's forehead and found it almost blistering with fever.

'Not so bad as that, old man, you're good for many a day yet. Have a drink?'

'I don't mind—something—cool, cool.'

I fetched a pan of water, and he drank it, saying:

'What are you doing here at this hour of the day?'

'I'm tucked out, Five, and had to give it up.'

'Well, I am obliged to you,' and he sank back into his blankets, and fell into a deep slumber.

The next morning he was right again, but after he recovered he seemed to open his heart to me, and often in the dim, uncertain hours we talked of men and things.

I heard his soliloquy, as I said before, and not long after, tired of the cards, went out to him.

'Well, old man, what are you mourning about now?'

'I can hardly say, lad, but mostly of home.'

'Then you have a home?'

'To be sure.'

'Well, we always had our doubts about it.'

'I don't know how much of a home it is now, but I had a wife and two children and a mother-in-law, which last was p'ison, and I hope has bolted into another and better world. You see it's hard navigatin' in a shoal place; and a mother-in-law is the shoalest thing I've struck. Have you been married?'

'No.'

'Don't you ever marry any one but an orphan then.'

'Why so?'

'I'll tell yer my experience. I came from Rhode Island, and anciently was a captain, and have sailed the purtiest creature that ever skimmed the water. I got on well till I met a little blue-eyed girl from Maine, and thought she would do to cast anchor with, which I did, and we were as happy as two barnacles on a sunny log, till her mother came to live with us; arter that the compass had a continual variation, and things got to be no better in short metre. That ar' mother-in-law, she tried to be bo's'n, and first mate, and had her eye on the captain's cabin, and we was in mutiny all the time. I told my wife I would pension off the old hulk and drag her into a safe harbor, and then she and me and the babies, which there were two of them, would go off sounds and try blue waters all alone. But the wife would not. I am told that wimmin think they can allus get husbands, but they never can have but one mother—so they stick to her. Blessed if I see what they wants of any mother after they gets a man to fill the bread-locker and buy 'em new studdinsels. So I bought a little house with my savings, and put 'em all in, and when the gold news come, I came out here. I tell yer if there's a cranky mother-in-law on the quarter deck the ship won't keep her course. Everything goes sousen by no'th, as the devil steered the windlass, and the captain is like a monkey on the lee back stay. I gave 'em everything but my fiddle and dog, and come out here. P'raps when I [redacted] birds and [redacted] think I can be happy again. And if she will only call me 'father' once, I want nothing more,' and the old man brushed a tear away with his sleeze.

This was Five's story, sad to him, and when the fellows were disposed to jeer at him for his oddities, and I told them that his heart was almost broken by troubles at home, an unconscious pity was felt for him forever after.

The mines did not tempt me to remain long there. The road to furtune was rugged and steep, and it was long after that I bade adieu to California and returned to civilization, to tell wondering auditors stories of the distant land. Five was the last to say goodbye, and even Bruce came and licked my hand.

Twenty years is a lifetime to many, a weary waste to some. Where once a few scattered houses stood I find to-day a thriving city, a wealthy people. Forests of ships line the wharves, and white sails fluttered over the bay where once the occasional steamboat ploughed her bustling way. The broad acres where rancheros drove their herds and called it waste land, the hard-fisted sons of toil have dotted with thriving farms, and the railroads join their forces as a leverage in the aid of progress. The Colonel and I had been ranging up and down the San Joaquin Valley, running out the lands, and worn with struggling through quicksands and sloughs, had sought shelter gladly from a pelting rain that set in at nightfall. A very wonderful valley—this San Joaquin! Three hundred level miles by seventy-five between two mountain ranges, and along the western side the swirling river winds, wide down from the bold Sierras come ice-cold streams to join its tide. Myriads of browsing sheep and cattle trim down the luxuriant grass, and miles of fields are budding into a promising harvest time.

The cabin stood near the foot of this natural elipse, where four shepherds dwelt, whose sheep and lambs were now ensconsed within the corrol, which ill-protected them from the cold rain. Three of the men were inside the hut, coaxing an obstinate fire into a blaze, the fourth sat alone near the door, the bright coal in his pipe shining like a fiery eye. The Colonel was soon engaged in a series of yarns in which I had no particular interest, and so I left them and stood in the doorway.

'Looks as if it was going to clear up, sir.'

'Ef you ain't got much regard for the truth, that's so.'

How easily he 'coppered' my sentence.

'Young feller, I kinder thought you said that for want of suthin' to say. Look at that pilin' o' clouds, don't they look wet?'

I was obliged to confess that they did.

'Well, I said so because I wanted it to dry up, to let us go on.'

'That's more like it, p'r'aps.'

'You must have a very lonely life here.'

'Well, it ain't exciting, but folks can be as lonely in a great city as anywhere here on the plain. After a man has been through them things he gets to be contented any where. I put it down that living in cities is onnatural and bad. A man's going to have hisself for company three quarters of the time, and he has to take good care of it, and when he dies he's got to play a long hand anyway, and don't git no chums in his six-by-two.'

'Still, I think the pleasure of living is in having good friends.'

'So I thought when I was young and foolish. Experience is everything, young feller. Which I don't mean book learning, but facts which I knocked into by hard bumps. It makes me laugh to read them books which is printed at the colleges, which says as how we are advanced in education. Why down in Australia there's tribes of Indians that can holystone them all. They've got a weping they calls a boomerang, which is only a bent stick, but them niggers will jerk it into the air until you can't see it, and whiz! it comes back and hits anything they want, before or behind 'em. Them learned beggars can't do nor explain that. Them niggers have trained their eyes to look into muddy water, and can see fish to spear 'em—and train porpoises to catch fish as well. So much for eddication.'

'You have been in Australia, then.'

'Of course, or I couldn't tell you of this. But it's time to turn in. Come, Bruce,' and here a dog that I had not seen before, answered his master's call and followed him into the room. As they came to the light I thought I recognized the dog (a grandson of one, I afterwards learned,) and on scanning the man closely I found he was Five, my old mining friend.

'Why, old man from Toulomne, don't you remember me?'

'Can't say I do.'

'Don't you remember our camp in early days, and Sim, and Brannan, and Bunyan and me?'

A cloud of recollection seemed to pass before his eyes, and at last he exclaimed:

'Is it possible that you're the little 'un?'

'Yes, I am.'

'Well, this is surprisin, to say the least. I am glad to see yer. How's all the folks?'

'I'll talk to you to-morrow, old man; 's too late to spin yarns now;' and we all lled up in our blankets, and soon everything was quiet.

Still, dark and rainy was the morning when at an early hour we were aroused by the sound of voices, and conquering a disposition for one more nap we arose and made ready for the fragrant coffee and buiscuits, prepared by the busy hands of 'Wacks,' who sang to his toil:

My love she is handsome,
She is not very tall,
And I do think her behavior
It does exceed all.

My love she is handsome,
Her hair grows down,
And she is the bright morning star
That lops around this town.

Five silently swallowed his breakfast, slipped quietly from the house, opened his corral, and followed his sheep out to pasture. The air was filled with the bleating of the hungry animals, and the baby lambs frisked after their dams, lending their feeble notes to the chorus. I went out, too, and soon came up with Five.

'Old man, I hardly expected to see you again, and here.'

'Yer may say that. It is funny to me sometimes.'

'Where have you been all these years?'

'Shifting.'

'In this country all the time?'

'No. Seein' you made me kinder trembling like about the girls, and brought back old times, I'll tell you where I've been. Arter you left the diggins, I struck it rich for a while, and had a good lot of dust in the locker; and thought I'd steer on home to see if that mother-in-law hadn't died, and how my babies was. I went down to 'Frisco, and went home by steam to Providence—but didn't find much Providence in it, you bet. Nobody knew me there, which onest I knew everybody. I suppose I had changed in them years I was gone. I wouldn't break in upon my wife, so I went to a hotel and cast anchor. Very curious man, they thought me, askin' questions 'bout everybody.'

'Did you find your family?'

'I found she was married to another feller.'

'Did they think you dead?'

'I suppose so, as I didn't send any dispatch while I was gone. She was rich and happy, they said, and had a good husband, but the mother-in-law hadn't yet pegged out. I couldn't help feeling mean till I heard the last; but when I found she was livin' with 'em, didn't make no more sighs.'

'But your children—you surely made yourself known to them?'

'Not as the roads are. There was only one I cared for, my little Maggie, my blue eyed darlin', and I found where she played in the park, and spoke to her one day. I knowed her by her sunny hair, and she had a little dog on the end of a spun-yarn. She had the same pretty ways, though she was a heap grown. Once I walked up to her when she was alone, and I says to her, 'Good mornin', little lady. 'Good mornin', sir,' says she, a little timid like, for I suppose I did look mighty rough. 'What is your name, little lady?' 'Maggie,' said she; 'and this is my dog Pug.' Bless her heart! I did want to clutch her to my heart and ask her to kiss me just once, and ask her if she knew me.'

'Why didn't you?'

'Well, I thought I'd better not. I asked her where she lived. 'Over in the big house,' says she. 'Is your father and mother there?' My father is dead in California. Mother and Emily have got a new father, but I have not.'

'"I've been in California,' says I, swallowing something like a loaf of bread in my throat. 'You,' says my Daisy, 'and did you see my father?' I have been in many a tight box, my young fellow, but that was the hardest deal I ever had. 'No, little lady,' says I, 'but are you happy here?' 'Yes, sir,' says she, 'happy as I can be till I get to heaven and see my father. Do you think he's waiting for me there?' 'I hope so, darling; any rate he will be. Won't you kiss me just once?' The little thing looked at me straight with her shiney eyes. 'Your little girl may kiss somebody from California some day. Are you going back there?' 'Yes, little lady, I shall go to-morrow.' 'Wait here then a minute.' And she darted away over to her house and disappeared in the garden. In a second she was back, and in her chubby hands were beautiful flowers, violets, pinks and morning glories. 'Will you take these with you and put them on my father's grave, if you can find it? He may be lonely there.' 'Yes, lassie,' says I, almost heart-broken, 'I'll take them with me as you wish. And I couldn't help catchin' her in my arms and kissin' her hard and faster. And then without another word I left her standing there with a world o' wonder in her eyes, and got my dunnage from the hotel, and back I came. Excuse me, I must turn them sheep. Here, Bruce!'

The poor old man could hardly speak, and I stopped until he came up to me again.

'Do you see this?'

He took from his rough shirt a little packet fastened round his neck by a cord. He unwrapped this and there lay a bunch of faded flowers.

'I told the little lady I'd put them on her father's grave, and I've worn them on my heart ever since.'

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

SAVED BY "OLD CORONATION."

It was—I don't remember the precise year—but it was when I was about seventeen years old, and when I lived in the New England village where I was born, and from which I had hardly ever been away.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, the only holiday that New England knows much about, and about which the rest of the world knows so very little. For three nights before, the cold had been very severe for that time of the year, and the newly formed ice on the pond was as smooth and as clear as a looking glass. What were we all to do the next day, "the gladdest merriest day" of all the year, besides to go to church and eat the feast that had been so long in preparation?—That was the question asked by my strong and earnest older friend, who had come from Boston to spend his Thanksgiving day.

"Skate, of course," I answered.

"But why not try the ice to-night?" he asked.

I could see no reason, and so we bound on our skates and flew, as it were, over the glassy surface of the pond to the cove about which were piles of pine tree boughs. Once there, we conceived the idea of how grand it would be to skate back to the village, collect together the women and girls, take suitable provisions for a pic-nic, place them all in sleighs and on hand sleds, draw them to this place, and eat a supper on these rocks, amid the glare of the burning tree tops. We were not long in carrying out our plans, for almost every house had its sleighs and skates, and those that were destitute of either united with some of the neighbors. An hour, and the little lake was covered by the merriest skating party that it had ever witnessed. And then the jests, the supper, the bonfire, the songs, the merry making! I shudder to think of such boisterous sport, with an impending death so very near! The sport was over at length; the apples eaten, the cider drank the songs sung, the stories told, and the once great flames among the resinous pine, needless were now smouldering beneath the limbs, or lingering in the stumps and roots. It was nearly time to go. And so the company was breaking up into little knots as we came.

"Tie all the sleighs and sleds together" my strong friend shouted, the last to leave the spot. The order from our leader was soon obeyed. Each little vehicle was ranged from ten to twenty feet apart, according to the length of the ropes or leading lines which we had; and three or four skaters were stationed between them. Then, two much longer ropes were stretched from either side of the long line, of which some twenty or more skaters took hold. With a shout and whoop, such as Indians give when rushing to battle, we started on the ice. The line, first straight or waving a little where the poor skaters were, soon took the form of a crescent; and, with a clamor of voices and the grating of skating-irons, we sped over the ice.

My strong friend and I were soon on one of the side ropes, and we held the place nearest the sleighs. We had not proceeded far before I perceived the ice was bending up in front of us, and I could distinctly hear it crack among the noise of the skaters. I spoke not a word but looked intently into my companion's face. I only thought so long as we kept in motion as we were then doing, we might pass the terrible danger. But I knew very well if the true state of affairs was discovered, a panic would spread along the line, some skaters would drop out, and then the sleighs and their precious burden must sink to the bottom.

I cannot forget the horror of that moment—a moment that seemed an age. I was faint myself, but I only shuddered lest some skater should fall. I could not speak for fear, but I almost feared lest the other voices should stop, and the cracking of the ice should be heard by the women, who would be sure to scream.—My thoughts were on God; my eyes were fixed on the face of my friend. I was fairly drawn along up the curving ice, that seemed to rise before us every moment. Cold sweat was on my forehead, but I could not loosen my hand from the rope to wipe it off. My friend noticed I was lagging—I who was so expert a skater. His eyes caught mine, and by that sort of intuitive language that we sometimes have in time of great dangers, he became aware of our dreadful situation, heard the cracking of the ice, and felt it rising in front of us.

What did the strong man do? Flee like a coward from the dangers he had brought us to, and escape to the land?—Did the alarm seize him that had overpowered me? Far otherwise. Raising his voice so that it could be heard above the din of the skaters and the merry voices of the women, he shouted:

"All sing, so that we can keep better step; all sing Coronation." And without lowering his voice he sang:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

The order came so unexpectedly that few joined in singing the first verse; but when he came to the next stanza almost all the voices were heard. I felt a sort of relief when the soprano, alto, tenor and bass voices all struck the words:

"Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call!

but I feared the time when the bass should be left to carry a line alone.

There were but three or four bass voices in the whole company, but my friend was numbered among them. I saw he husbanded his breath for this as a strong man saves his strength for some great effort. Nevertheless, I could hear alternating with the musical words,

"Extol the stem of Jessee's rod."

the crack-crack-crack-crack-crack-crack of the brittle shell that was between us and eternity. It was a wondrous relief when four parts instead of one, and a hundred voices instead of four, took up the words which seemed like an anthem of praise,

"Extol the stem of Jessee's rod,
And crown him Lord of all."

We were now approaching the middle of the lake where the water was the deepest, so deep that no line in the village could reach the bottom, and where the ice must be the thinnest, because it is the last to freeze there. I knew this; but I felt that now we were going with such rapidity, there was no new danger so long as there was no break in the song.—I singled out a tree upon the shore we were trying to made, and calculated if, at the rate they were singing, there were verses enough to last until we reached it. I feared lest the leader might omit a verse, as was sometimes done in a church, and there might be a space over which we might pass in silence, or rather in a silence, made dreadful by the cracking of the ice.

I had no cause. There was indeed that awful crack-crack-crack of the ice distinctly heard during the singing of each line of every hymn; but it was either that I had become used to it or that it was indeed more faint than it was before, that it failed to affect me as it did at first. So too, there were little breadths of ice to be passed over, after the singers had closed the verse:

"Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of All."

But our momentum was then such that I knew we could reach the shore in safety which we soon did.

On reaching it there was some boisterous noise that marked our starting each one untying his own sled or sleigh, and joining the little party with which he came. But of the peril through which they had passed, the danger from which they had been rescued, not one had the slightest intimation. For my friend and myself—the only ones who were aware of our wonderful deliverance—we were left alone. And there, on that rocky beach, with the stars above us, we sank upon our knees, our arms entwining each other's necks. It was a silent prayer we offered; an offer of thanks to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift." Not for us alone but for all those who had been brought out of peril. Then we rose, and hand in hand, walked to our homes.

The next day was Thanksgiving; we entered into no boisterous mirth. We kept our secret to ourselves that day, but during all the time since then we have not mentioned the affair to each other.

But once, long after this, when we were in the church together, and the preacher gave out "Coronation," I noticed that he did not sing, but grasped my hand in his, while the tears flowed from his eyes as though he were a child.

HINTS ABOUT HAIR.

The present fashion of arranging ladies hair with the profusion of ornamental coils, puffs, and frieses, is exceedingly detrimental to the natural growth of that "crowning glory." The head is overheated with false hair, and the weight of the *coiffure*, which comes upon one spot on the top or crown of the head, drags the hair out, and causes the round bald spot so frequently seen when ladies are *en dishabille*. The large number of hair-pins necessary to fasten the ornamental hair in a manner to give it a natural effect are also injurious to the scalp, breaking off the hair where they are pushed in, and often getting tangled in its meshes, so when withdrawn each one will have a snarl attached. In the fashionable mode of hairdressing, the natural growth is an insignificant part, sometimes more in the way than otherwise, for all the show it makes in the pyramid that is heaped up in such luxuriance; it is, therefore, neglected and left in a most careless condition. None would ever suppose that long hairs were the growth of years, observing how, in many instances, they are tangled and ruthlessly pulled out. Unless women have a large coil of natural hair they ignore it entirely, and strive to hide what little they possess by rolling it in a small knot on the back of their heads, to be covered by the switches. The state of the majority of ladies' hair at the present time is truly lamentable. The front locks are broken and burnt off with crimping and curling with hot irons.—The bald spot on top it fast widening its circle; the scalpy head, which is "never seen," is left undisturbed from shampooing, and the hair, which should be silky from brushing and free from snarls, receives no attention save the rough handling necessary to tuck it out of sight.

No one can be neat in person with a dusky scalp or carelessly kept hair. A little hair when in fine order, is always beautiful. Even if very thin, if it is soft and glossy, and evenly parted on a clean white scalp, it is more attractive than the crimpy, frizzled, half-scorched hair, of which we see so much now-a-days. There are occasions when ladies have not the time or inclination to dress their heads with false hair. It is then that the real condition of their hair is seen.

It is a very pleasent comfort for most persons to have their heads combed, brushed and gently rubbed by dexterous hands. The mother, when fatigued at night, is greatly rested and the headache charmed away by the tender hands of her daughter carefully brushing and arranging her hair. There are many men who derive much pleasure from having their heads shampooed at home, and anticipate the Sunday afternoon's combing as one of the luxuries that cannot be purchased at the barber's. It is an accomplishment that every girl and woman should possess—the knowledge of combing and caring for the hair in a grateful and agreeable manner. Women who selfishly proclaim that they "have no knack of combing any one's hair," and never allay a headache or promote another's comfort by shampooing his hair, are deformities.

Gray hair always betrays the care the head has received through life. In observing the white heads conspicuous in a congregation, there will be found a marked contrast between those that look as if they were brushed and kept in a silvery, silky, shining condition by the loving hands of some daughter or grandchild, and those presenting a shock of grizzly hairs, looking as if they might have been combed with a three-legged stool.

The hair should be thoroughly washed with warm water and Castile soap at least once a month. The color of the water, after the first rinsing, will expose the necessity of this hairbath. To wash and dry the head in a thorough manner without pulling out the hair or causing discomfort to its possessor is an art. Snarls should always be brushed out. Combs in long hair are usually more or less destructive. Soda or borax, which is so generally used in washing the hair, is highly injurious. It destroys the nutrition supplied to the scalp and dries the hair, causing it to break and become unmanageable. To preserve the hair in good condition it should be brushed every night until it is soft and glossy. Rubbing the scalp with a little bay water or weak spirits of any kind will keep it white and free from dandruff. Fine-tooth combs should never be used for scratching or cleaning the scalp. They were never invented but for one purpose.

"False" or ornamental hair should be carefully kept to be endurable. The habit of some persons of laying their coils upon the bureau, or hanging them on the gas-fixtures at the side of the glass, on removing them from their heads at night, is extremely untidy, as they become dusty and uncleanly from this exposure. Switches can be kept in good order for a long time, if well brushed and placed in boxes when not in use.

SEWING ON BUTTONS.—It is bad enough, says the Danbury News, to see a batchelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside of a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has always depended upon some one else for this service, and fortunately for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand, or runs a needle under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then that the man clutches the needle around the neck, and forgetting to tie a knot in the thread commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully, draws the thread after leaving about three inches of it sticking up for lee way. He says to himself, "Well if women don't have the easiest time I ever see." Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but in spite of a great deal of patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of that button, and finally when he loses patience, his finger catches the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect for his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time when coming back with the needle he keeps both the thread and the button from slipping by covering them with his thumb, and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very carefully and judicious manner, but eventually losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening, and comes up through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things, with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances about the floor and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After awhile he calms down, and puts on his pants, and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.

☞ It is suggested that all the remaining servants of George Washington attend the Centennial Celebration in one body, with becoming escort. Having been collected, they can be killed off all together, and the country relieved of them forever.

☞ When Brigham Young's children sing "Father, dear father, come home," the effect is said to be wonderful. The old man comes home without delay.

☞ Pocket pinchers for young men to feel their moustache with, are a new and valuable invention.

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