Jos. Stonebraker

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A. G. BOYD, PUBLISHER "COMMON CONSENT IS THE ONLY LEGITIMATE BASIS OF GOVERNMENT." TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

REBEL POETRY.

The following stanzas were found on the person of a rebel sergeant of the "Stonewall Brigade," recently captured by our troops near Winchester, Va:

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails—
Stir up the camp fire bright,
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night!
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song,
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat,
Cocked o'er his eye askew—
The shrewd dry smile—the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt so true.
The "Blue Light Elder," knows 'em well;
Says he, "that's Banks—he's fond of shell,
Lord save his soul!—we'll give him"—well,
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue Light's going to pray,
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention it's his way!
Appealing from his native sod,
In *forma pauperis* to God—
"Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod,"
"Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now! Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win,
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn,
"Quick step! we're with him before dawn!"
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists,
Of morning—and by George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Yankees, whipped before,
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar,
"Charge Stewart! pay off Ashby's score,"
Is "Stonewall Jackson's way.

Ah! maiden wait, and watch, and yearn,
For news of Stonewall's band!
Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand!
Ah wife, sew on, pray on, hope on!
Thy life shall not be all forlorn!
The foe had better ne'er been borne,
That gets in "Stonewall's way.

POETICAL PATCHWORK.

QUILTED BY STRANGER.

'Twas midnight, in his guarded tent,
He was a wight of high renown,
In splendid robes profusely drest;
His breeches cost him but a crown.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul,
Thou should'st not thus repine;
They laid him in his narrow bed,
At Bingen on the Rhine.

Hear ye those loud contending waves,
——deep the pearly caverns among?
Far, far away in Illinois,
Where burning Sappho lov'd and sung?

'Twas many and many a year ago,
The cold round moon shone brightly down;
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
When Old Dan Tucker came to town.

One eve'ning as I wandered forth,
On broad Lake Huron's pebbly shore;
I spied a maiden past her prime,
Rich and rare were the gems she wore.

'Twas midnight on the mountains brown,
Along the banks of Ayr;
When through an Alpine village pass'd,
The boy with the auburn hair.

Saw ye the mighty from their graves?
Where is the Pyrrhic Phalanx gone?
O, terribly proud was Miss Mac Bride!
Were the last words of Marmion.

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
On old long Island's sea-girt shore;
When black eyed Susan came on board,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she [bore.]

It was an ancient fisherman,
That name is quite forgot—
He led her to the altar,
The Lady of Shalot.

Earl March look'd on his dying child,
His ruddy cheek grow wan;
Why should the spirit of mortal be proud,
Or any other man.

Mary Maloney's Idea of a Lover.

'What are you singing for?' said I to Mary Maloney.

'Oh, I don't know ma'am, without its because my heart feels happy.'

'Happy are you, Mary Maloney? Let me see, you don't own a foot of land in the world.'

'Foot of land, is it? she cried, with a hearty Irish laugh. 'Oh, what a hand ye be after joking! why, I haven't a penny, let alone the land.'

'Your mother is dead.'

'God rest her soul, yes,' replied Mary Maloney with a touch of the genuine pathos.—'May the angels make her bed in heaven.'

'Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose.

'Ah, you may well say that, It is nothing but drink, drink, and beating his poor wife, that she is a poor creature.'

'You have to pay your sister's board.'

'Sure, the bit creature, and she is a good little girl, is Hinney, willing to do whatever I axes her; I don't grudge the money that goes for that.'

'You haven't many fashionable dresses, either, Mary Malone?'

'Fashionable, is it? Oh, I put a piece of whalebone in my skirt, and the calico gown looks as big as the great ladies. But then ye say true, I haven't but two gowns to me back, two shoes to me feet, and one bonnet to me head, baring the old hood ye gave me.'

'You haven't any lover Mary Maloney?'

'Oh be off wid ye!—ketch Mary Malone getting a lover these days when the hard times is come. No, thank heaven, I ain's got that to trouble me yet. Nor I don't want it.'

'What on earth, then, have you got to make you happy? A drunken brother, a poor helpless sister, no mother, no father, no lover—why, where do you get all your happiness from?

'The Lord be praised, miss, it growed up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine, a clean flure, and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing. And then if deep troubles come, why, God helpin' me, I'll try to keep my heart up. Sure it would be a sad thing if Patrick McGuire should take it into his head to ax me, but the Lord willin' I'd try to bear up under it.'

The last speech upset my gravity. The idea of looking upon a lover as an affliction was so droll. But she was evidently sincere, having the example of her sisters husband and her drunken brother.

Change of Habits the cause of Death.

A man may change his mode of life as long as he is on the youthful side of middle life; the meridian line once passed, all such radical changes is attended with the peril of death.—Have you never noticed in burying-grounds, or in necrological colums of newspapers, how often husband follows wife or wife husbands, with [illegible] of time between their departure, when they have long lived together. The age-worn constitution is unable to; react against the bereavement and to adapt itself to the new circumstances in which it was placed. The usual form in which death invades the body of these aged persons demonstrates this truth; for they die of appoplexy or of parolysis of the brain. The mind shrinking instinctively from death, exerts all its powers of recovery to rally after the blow is received, the exertion is too much for it, 'tis shattered by the very attempt. There used to be an old diplomatist in paris—Count de Lowenhelm, from Sweden—who represented the court of Stockholm near the Tuillers for nigh fifty years. He was a well preserved old man, an habitual frequenter of the grand opera and French comedy, going constantly in society, and never absent from a single court ball. The Crimean war gave unusual importance to the diplomatic relations of the two courts, and it became necessary to appoint a more active man to the Sweedish legation The old minister seemed to grow older every hour after the newspapers recorded the appointment of his successsor. He roamed about the lobbies of the grand opera and the French commedy like a person lost in the woods. He went to Stockholm and fell dead of apoplexy a few days after his arrival. His letters of recall were his death warrent.

Have you never heard the vulgar remark that the builder of a house dids almost as soon as the house is completed? The observation has some foundation in truth, but the cause of the effect is not "luck," it is this very inability of the aged mind to react against old habits lost. Men rarely build houses until they have amassed something like independence of fortune: in other words, they are generally in the afternoon of life, and they build the house for a harbor from the cares of business, where they may twirl their thumbs and "enjoy life" by oppressing themselves with idleness. As long as the house is building, all goes well, they dont miss the absent shop or counting room. There is the bricklayer to be scolded and the carpenter to be overlooked, and discussions to be held with the architect, and money to be paid out; in fine, there is something to think about, something to worry over; something to fret about; it is the old round of life in minature if you will, but still it is the old round which has been paced for forty years. But when the house is complete, when the last coat of paint has dried, last chip has been removed, and last bit of mortar taken away; when the owner has nothing to do but to emjoy his fine house and his affluent fortune, then comes the vacuum, nothing to do.—The old man finds pears have not changed his mind as much as they have changed his body, and the toy tired the old man even sooner than it tired the child. There is no correlation between building a house and death, but there is a close connection between age and change of life.—*Spiridion,*

—Agassiz made a drawing of a fish from a single scale, and afterward, when the fish was found, the drawing proved to be a very good likeness.

—An Irish jingle-driver, in Dublin, made a very happy and characteristic reply the other day. A gentleman had replied to Pat's "Want a jingle, sir?" by saying, "No; I am able to walk;" "May your honor long be able, but seldom willing."

—A Western paper publishes the following: "We knew an old man who believed that, what was to be, would be.' He lived in a region infested by savage Indians. He always took his gun with him when going into the woods; but this time he found that some of his family had taken it. As he would not go without it, his friends tantalized him by saying that there was no danger of the Indians; that he would not die till his time came, anyhow.

—"Yes yes!' said the old fellow; 'but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time had come, it wouldn't do not to have my gun!"

USEFUL AND INTERESTING.

Chapped Hands.

This is an annoyance in winter-time; while to keep them soft and white is sometimes very desirable—to do this, wash the hands not more than once or twice a day, and always in water a little warm, using the finest, purest white soap. Rinse them well, so that the soap shall be entirely removed, then wipe them with a soft, dry towel closing the operation by rubbing the hands with one another very freely until there is a feeling of comfortable softness in them.

At bed-time, especially of the coldest days, a few drops of sweet-oil should be most thoroughly rubbed with one hand into the other.—If coal must be handled, or fires made or replenished, do not go near the fire until a pair of gloves, lined with some soft material are put on.

The Baltimore and Ohio Ralroad.

It has been ascertained from parties coming through on foot from Martinsburg and vicinity to Harper's Ferry, over the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, that the damage done the road has been far greater than was anticipated. The facts are, that the road for twenty-five miles in length has been almost entirely destroyed. The destruction commences three miles west of Harpers Ferry, and extends to a point about ten miles west of Martinsburg. where the road approaches the that part of the road named, the [illegible] Along with all the cross ties and sills, and the fixtures of every description, have been taken up, burned, or carried off and broken in such a manner as to be unfit for use. A number of bridges have been totally destroyed. At Martinsburg (which has always been one of the principal stations for the exchange of engines, and where large repair shops and other buildings were located; great damage has been done. These buildings, together with the agent's and master mechanic's dwellings, a passenger dining hotel, a large ticket office and storehouse; wood houses, coal dumps, water stations and other improvements incidental to the working of a large road, have all been totally destroyed. Several miles of side tracks, with numerous intersecting switches, were also removed and the material burned—the wooden parts entirely and the iron parts so bent or otherwise distorted as to be useless. In many places along the road the iron rail after being heated were twisted around the trunks of trees or hung over fences on the roadside.

Throughout the entire distance where the road has been destroyed the telegraph wires and poles have been cut down and removed. In short, the railroad and its telegraph, with all its water stations, appliances and convenience, will have to be entirely rebuilt, except so far as the grading is concerned, which is said to be disturbed only where the bridges have been blown up or burned. The company have not yet recovered the section of the road damaged, and the Federal troops have not yet occupied the territory through which the road runs, west of Harper's Ferry, and until such occupation is made in such force as to promise permanency, the company, it is asserted, will not attempt to restore the road. The amount of material requisite for the reconstruction of the road is almost incredible, more especially in these times of scarce labor and material.

Wellington's Strategy.

On a certain occasion during Wellington's campaign on the Pyrennese, that "Great Captain" being displeased with the dispositions General Picton had made for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult, who menaced him in front, ordered the plan to be entirely changed. But the difficulty was to delay the attack of the French until the change could be effected.—This the "Iron Duke" accomplished in person in the following manner. Doffing his cocked hat and waving it in the air, he rode furiously to the head of a regiment, as if about to order a charge. Thereupon arose a tremendeous cheer from the men, which was taken up by corps after, until it reverberated along the whole extent of Picton's line. As the roar died away, Wellington was heard to remark, musingly, as if addressing himself—"Soult is a skillful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force until he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This will give time for the sixth division to come up and we shall beat him."—It turned out as he anticipated. Soult, naturally enough, supposed these tremendous shouts announced the arrival of large reinforcements, and did not attack until too late. Had he struck at the right moment he would have won an easy victory; as it was, he met with a bloody repulse. This was strategy. Not the strategy of books, but the strategy of genius, engendered and executed in the same moment.

Influence of Newspapers.—Daniel Webster said: "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper and amply repaid is its patron, I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet without putting into it something that is worthy the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from home at school, should supply him with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those who had not. Other things being equal, the first was always superior to the last in debate, composition and general intelligence."

STONEWALL JACKSON ADMINISTERS THE SACRAMENT.

On the morning of a recent battle near Harper's Ferry, after a serman by one of his chaplains, Stonewall Jackson, who, by the way, is an elder in the Presbyterian church, administered the sacrament to the church members in his army. He invited all Christians to participate in this ceremony. A Baptist, the straighfest of his sect, thoroughly imbued with the idea of close communion, was seen to hesitate; but the occasion, and the man who presided overcame his scruples and thus it has happened that the prospect of a fight and the eloquence of Jackson made a Baptist forget that baptism is the door into the church.—In all Jackson's army an oath is rarely uttered. A religious enthusiasm pervades it which makes every man a hero. In this incident we have an explanation of Gen. Jackson's invincibility, and we are thus enabled to understand why his men are all heroes, and why they endure without a murmur the severest hardships to which any troops have been subjected during the war. When peace is restored, it will be honor enough for any man to say."I belonged to the army of Stonewall Jackson."

Joe Parsons, of Baltimore.

A Correspondent of the Boston Transcript relates the following story:

Joe enlisted in the 1st Maryland Regiment, and was plainly a "rough" originally. As we passed along the hall we first saw him, crouching. "I'm a bold soldier boy," singing, and observing the broad bandage over his eyes, I said:

"What's your name, my good fellow?"

"Joe, sir," he answered—"Joe Parsons."

"And what is the matter with you?"

"Blind, sir—blind as a bat."

"In battle?"

"Yes—at Antietam. Both eyes shot out at one clip."

Poor Joe was in the front, at Antietam Creek, and a Minie ball had passed directly through his eyes, across his face, destroying his sight forever. He was [illegible] old; but he was as happy as a lark!

'It is dreadful,' I said.

'I,m very thankful I'm alive, sir. It might ha' been worse yer see," he continued. And then he told us his story.

'I was hit,' he said, 'and it knocked me down. I lay there all night, and next day the fight was renewed. I could stand the pain, yer see, but the balls was flying' all around, and I wanted to get away. I cuddn't see nothin', though. So I waited and listened; and at last I heard a feller groanin' beyond me. 'Hello!' says I. 'Hello yourself,' says he. 'Who be yer?' says I—'a rebel?' 'Your'e a Yankee' says he. 'So I am,' says I; 'what's the matter with you?' 'My leg's smashed 'says he,'Can't yer walk?' 'No.' 'Can yer see?' 'Yes.'—'Well,' says I, 'your'e a d—d rebel, but will you do me a little favor?' 'I will, says he, 'ef I ken.' Then I says, 'Well, ole butternut, I can't see nothin. My eyes is knocked out, but I ken walk. Come over yer. Let's get out of this. You p'int the way, an'd I'll tote yer off the field on my back.' 'Bully for you,' says he. And so we managed to get together. We shook hands on it. I took a wink outen his canteen, and he got on to my shoulders. I did the walkin' for both, and he did the navigatin'. An' ef he didn't make me carry him straight into a rebel colonel's tent, a mile away, I'm a liar! Hows'ever, the Colonel came up, an' says he, 'Whar d'yer come from? Who be yar? I told him. He said I was done for, and couldn't do no more shoot'n; an' he sent me over to our lines. So, after three days, I came down here with the wounded boys, where we're doin' pretty well, all things considered.'

'But you will never see the light again, my poor fellow," I suggested, sympathetically.

'That's so,' he answered, glibly; "but I can't help it, you notice. I did my dooty—got shot, pop in the eye—an' that's my misfort'n, not my fault—as the ole man said of his blind hoss. But

'I'm a bold soldier boy!'

he continued, cheerily renewing his song; and we left him in his singular merriment. Poor, sightless, unlucky, but stout-hearted Joe Parsons.

LET HIM GO.

When you've lost a lover, let him go.—Never try to stay his departure, nor to get him back. Love that can serve you so, was *never* worth the having. It was an insult and an imposture from the first. De thankful to be rid of it at last. No doubt 'tis a hard and bitter thing to suffer as you *must* from wounded confidence and affection; but it is not half so hard and bitter to suffer because you have *lost* that man, as it would be to endure the *having* of him. *As soon as you can gain your own consent to give him up entirely*, and *to look his meanness fairly in the face*, you will be free and happy again, which you never could be had you become his wife.

—The Aurora Borealis is a phenomenon of Nature concerning which but little is known, except that it produces puturbations in the magnetic needle, and in the workings of the telegraphs.

Another Letter from Ex-President Buchanan—Reply to Lt. Gen. Scott.

Ex-President Buchanan has published a letter in reply to Lt. Gen. Scott's, in relation to tne early history of the war. He sets out by stating that he has already furnished clear and distinct responses to all the allegations of Gen. Scott; and in his (Scott's) rejoinder he has not called in question any of his (Buchanan's) statements, with a single exception. This has reference to the garrissoning of the Southern forts, and Mr Buchanan adduces many additional facts and figures in support of the declarations made in his original letter, and to which General Scott responded.

We have room only for the following extracts from the ex- President's second letter. It will be seen that they meet certain new allegations made by General Scott:

"I should have nothing more to add had General Scott, in his rejoinder, confined himself to the topics embraced in his original letter. He has extended them, and now for the first time, and in a sarcastic and no kindly spirit, refers to the alleged stealing of public arms by Secretary Floyd, and their transportation to the South, in anticipation of the rebellion. The most conclusive answer to this allegation is that, 'notwithstanding the boasting of Mr. Floyd at Richmond, evidently with the view of conciliation his new allies, cited by the General as his authority, no public arms were even stolen. The fact is established by the report of the committee on military affairs of the House of Representatives, now before me, made by Mr. Stanton, of Ohio 1861, [illegible] the reports of committees the 18th of February, session of 1860–'61. This report and the testimony before the committee establish.

"1. That the Southern States received in 1860 less instead of more than the quota of arms to which they were entitled by law; and that three of them—North Carolina, Mississippi and Kentucky—received no arms whatever, and this simply because they did not ask for them. Well may Mr. Stanton have said in the House "that there are a good deal of rumors and speculations and misapprehension as to the true [illegible] to this matter."

"2. Secretary Floyd, under suspicious circumstances, on the 22d of December, 1860, and but a few days before he left the Department, had, without the knowledge of the President, ordered one hundred and thirteen (113) columbiads. and eleven (11) thirty-two pounders to be transported from Pittsburg to Ship Island and Galveston, in Mississippi and Texas. This fact was brought to the knowledge of the President by a communication from Pittsburg, and Secretary Holt immediately thereafter countermanded the order of his predecessor and the cannon were never sent. The promptitude with which we acted elicited a vote of thanks, dated on the 4th of January, 1861, from the select and common councils of that city "to the President, the Attorney General, and the acting Secretary of War,'. (Mr. Holt.)

"After this statement, how shall we account for the explicit declaration of General Scott that, 'accidentally hearing early in March that under this posthumous order (that of Mr. Floyd of the 22d of December) the shipment of these guns had commenced, I communicated the fact to Secretary Holt, (acting for Secretary Cameron,) just in time to defeat the robbery?" And this is the same Secretary Holt who had countermanded the posthumous order, in the previous December. And, strange to say. these guns, but for the alleged interposition of General Scott, were about to be sent so late as March from the loyal States into those over which Jefferson Davis had then for some time presided!

"Had General Scott reflected for a moment he could not have fallen into this blunder.—It is quite manifest he was 'without a printed document and my (his) own official papers.'

'3. The government had on hand in the year 1859 about 500,000 old muskets, which had been condemned 'as unsuitable for public service,' under the act of 3d of March, 1825.

They were of such a character that, although offered both at public and private sale for $2-50 each, purchasers could not be obtained at that rate, except for a comparatively small number. On the 30th of November, 1859. Secretary Floyd ordered about one fifth of the whole number (105,000) to be sent from the Springfield armory where they had accumulated, to five Southern arsenals, 'in proportion to their respective means of proper storage.'—This order was carried into effect by the Ordnance Bureau in the usual course of administration and without reference to the President. It is but justice to say that from the testimony before the committee there is no reason to suspect that Secretary Floyd issued this order from any sinister motive. Its date was months before Mr. Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency, and nearly a year before his election, and whilst the Secretary was still an avowed opponent of secession. Indeed, the testimony of Colonel Craig and Captain Maynadier, of the ordnance, before the committee, is wholly inconsistent with any evil intention on his part.

"And yet these 'condemned muskets,' with a few thousand ancient rifles of a callibre then no longer used, are transformed by Gen. Scott into '115,000 *extra muskets and rifles, with all their implements and ammunition.*' This is the first time I have heard—certainly there was nothing of the kind before the committee—that ammunition was sent with these condemned and inferior arms to their places of storage—just as though they had been intended not for sale but for immediate use in the field. The truth is, that it is impossible to steal arms and transport them from one depository to another without the knowledge and active participation of the officers of the Ordnance Bureau, both in Washington and at these depositories."

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

Army Operations in Virginia.

Offutts Cross Roads, Montgomery County, Md., Nov. 25.—This morning, at daylight, a body of rebel cavalry, said to be sixty strong, entered Poolesville, seized Messrs. Cherry and Sargeant (the government telegraph operators stationed there) in bed, paroled them and permitted them to telegraph their mishap to Washington.

We have not yet learned what damage they have done, or where they crossed the river.—We think, however, at White's Ford. Their number must have been so small that they managed to slip over, unperceived by our guard, in the night's darkness. Their boldness has caused much excitement in this neighborhood.

FURTHER CONCERNING THE REBEL RAID AT POOLESVILLE.

Offutt's Cross Roads, Nov. 26.—The parties making the impudent raid on Poolesville yesterday morning were forty-five or fifty Marylanders, principally belonging to this vicinity who crossed the river not long since, They did no other damage than [illegible]ly reported, but spent the few hours they dared remain in Maryland with their families and friends.

FROM FREDERICKSBURG.

The *Star* of the 25th says:

The signs are that the rebels design making serious resistance to our crossing the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg. A mile from the river there they have a fine ridge for defense, which they are said to be strengthening as rapidly as possible with works. It may be that it is not Burnside's purpose to attempt the crossing just there, owing to these improvised defenses. However, there is no sign that a serious collision will come off there for some days yet, we hear.

FROM WARRENTON JUNCTION.

Fairfax Station, Nov. 25.—*Editor Star*—I hear from a refugee who came by way of Warrenton Junction that the rebels are lurking in "the pines," northwest of the Junction, in considerable numbers, and that they probably design to gobble up our picket guards in that vicinity, and may have other mischievous ends in view. They are concealed in precisely the same dense growth of pines used by them as a cover prior to their descent upon Pope's baggage train.

Philadelphia, Nov. 25.—The New York *Herald* contains a dispatch dated Harper's Ferry, yesterday, giving intelligence from Stonewall Jackson's Headquarters, which were at Berryville on Saturday. His force was 30,000 strong, and included sixty guns. On Friday afternoon Jackson received the following telegram from Jeff Davis: "If you don't leave the valley at once and come help us defend Richmond, it will not be worth your while to come to its defense at all." Jackson's reply is not known, but his forces were not in motion on Saturday morning.

The *Times* has a special dispatch from Gen. Sigel's headquarters, dated yesterday, saying: "Such information has been received at these headquarters this afternoon, as leaves no further doubt that that entire portion of Virginia has been abandoned by the rebel troops. Some of White's guerillas are roaming about Leesburg and the vicinity, but Jackson has gone to Richmond."

CONVERSATION.

Conversation is most pleasing when it is carried on in an easy tone without letting the mind feel irksome from lethargy, or a distraction from violent emotions. This is the kind of conversation that gives most pleasure to people of fashion, and even to scholars and men of profound learing. Dr. Johnson used always to like the conversation of his fashionable friend, Topham Beauclerc, because he talked with an apparent insensibility—with an affectation of perpetual calmness. This Johnson called carrying on a conversation without effort. He preferred a calm monotonous talker to a violent emphatical one.

☞ A friend of ours, who had taken pride for several years in cultivating a full crop of hair on his face, was called away on business some time since. While absent an experienced aarber spoiled his whiskers in trimming them, which so chagrinned him that he directed the barber to make a clean job of it by shaving whiskere and moustache both off.—The barber obeyed, and our friend's face was as smooth and as delicate as when in his teens. He returned home in the night. Next morning his little girl did not recognize him on waking up. Looking over her mother and seeing as she supposed a stranger in the bed, she remarked in her childish simplicity, 'Mister get out of here; I'll tell my Pa when he comes home.'