

SKATING ON THE PARK.

Skimming o'er the streamlet, Gilding o'er the pond, Flirting o'er the ripples, This is quite beyond Oldtime enjoyment; Really it is nice, Quite exceeds description; Skating on the ice.

Here the old and youthful Meet on common ground, Here the gay and handsome Evermore are found, Here do fashion's fairest, Richest, gauds abound; Sober life unbending, In the merry round.

Clopping little fingers Or a tiny waist, Now the pressure lingers To the willing taste; Casting loving glances 'Neath the moonbeam's light, It's halo but enhances The romantic plight.

Gentlemen in beaver Skating very well, In pursuit of yonder Dashing little girl; Who, with airs and graces, Feigning some alarm, Slackened up her paces To take his proffered arm.

"Oh! how smooth the ice is, What if I should fall!" "Never fear, my dear one, I am at your call." This no sooner spoken In love's tender tones, Than the ice is broken, A gallant she owns.

Then comes Mistress Shoddy On her shiny skates, Close beside a girl whose Here are worthy mates, Next, a jeweled dandy, Sporting a moustache, Evidently a boy To out a killing dash.

Here, a "spread eagle," Lies a prostrate form, Willing hand to help it, Willing hearts so warm; If 'twere some old warren, Would the gallant swains So swiftly rush to rescue With such tender pains?

Tightly strapping skates on, Rubbing hand to help it, Putting some court-plaster On a broken nose, Knitting ribbon neck ties, Setting up a hair comb, Fastening ribbon streamers, Adjusting all mishaps.

There are little side scenes Kept from ladies' eyes; Could she see her escort, It would cause surprise; Tramping in the bar room, Sweating at the cold, Criticising ankles In a manner bold.

Never mind such drawbacks, Never mind the frost, Whatso'er's the fashion If by choice, or tumble Tumple up again, You must never grumble At your share of pain.

Skimming o'er the surface Just as smooth as glass, Hand in hand we're gliding, Side by side a mane hand, Time flies very swiftly, It is after dark, Really 'tis delightful, Skating on the park.

MISERIES OF A BALD HEAD.

By One Who Knows.

In halcyon youth I rejoiced in a luxuriant crop of hair. It had the genuine hyperion curl, and was like the admiration of the girls and the envy of my own sex. I placed it in the hands of a barber at least once a day, and frequently after, keeping it constantly dressed according to the latest mode. It passed through all the changing styles prescribed by fashion—the smooth and glossy, the "roll under," "massing," "roughing," &c., &c.—and it was constantly furnished with barbers' "dupe." It was brushed, oiled, combed shampooed perpetually.

One day a friend informed me in a cold-blooded way that a thin spot was apparent on the top of my head. By the aid of a couple of mirrors, when I reached my room, I discovered that it was but too true. Soon those who had before envied me my luxuriant hair began to exclaim with malicious satisfaction—"Why, you are getting bald—can't you do something for it?" It shuddered at the inevitable fact. I became painfully sensitive with regard to that small, thin spot on the summit of my cranium—it was no bigger than a silver dollar—and imagined that everybody was looking at it whenever I was uncovered.

My hair was thick all around it, and I contrived for some time to conceal the "damned spot" by an artful use of the comb. Like the fatal cloud that hung over Vesuvius, portending its eruption, no larger than a man's hand—it gained rapidly in size, and I sought the aid of restoratives. I invested liberally in Wood's; but although Wood's would do for some, Wood's wouldn't do for me. I tried somebody's Kahlalon, but that failed to put the hair on. I bathed my hair in cold tea, pickled in salt and water, put it in training with train oil, rubbed the scalp with coarse brushes to get up a circulation, sand-papered it, put on a coat of varnish, and in short, followed all the prescriptions for restoring the hair that I had read in the newspapers, or been informed of by sympathizing friends; yet, singular as it may appear, my hair grew thinner and thinner under the treatment.

I was soon compelled to part my hair low down on one side, and comb it up from the back of my head to cover the wide space of shining scalp. After struggling some time with my fate, at length settled down to a simple, ancient, and honorable fraternity of baldheads. "Why not get a wig?" suggested a friend, one day. He recalled a number of my acquaintances who covered their bare heads with other people's hair, and declared that they "looked just as natural as life."

"I always felt a repugnance to 'store-hair,'" but I overcame it at length so far as to buy a wig, and wore it. A wig, when worn, stands in constant dread of losing off his wig in the presence of others. No one would think of pulling off my wig intentionally. In fact, I have deliberately resolved that whoever does it dies either on the spot or at some subsequent period. Yet there are accidents, such as the playfulness of a friend who is ignorant that you wear a wig. (The more natural it is, the more danger there is of it being pulled off in that way.)

One icy Sabbath in January, meeting a crowd coming from church, my feet slid from beneath, and mass! I was on the cold, cold ground. My hat fell off, also my wig. The air was keen and piercing upon my bald and shining pate, but I felt the hot blood mount to the very top of it as I saw a smile run along that long line of church-going faces. A small boy handed me my wig with a grin, saying, "I say mister, you've lost your head." I could have Heroded the boy with fiendish satisfaction.

I am a bachelor, yet fond of the sex and desirous of producing a good impression; hence I studiously conceal the fact that I wear another gentleman's hair. I once courted a widow who had a mischievous boy. She evidently favored me until one day the little rascal climbed up the back of the sofa on which I was sitting in a somewhat familiar way with his mother, and pulled my wig off. The widow fainted at the apparition I presented, and I rushed frantically from the house.

Another time I was seated at a card table with some ladies. My partner was a charming girl whom I fondly believed was in love with me. We were playing whist, which never fails to excite me greatly, particularly if my partner makes a wrong play. As the game progressed I noticed all eyes upon me, some with wonder and others with suppressed merriment.

I cast a glance into a mirror opposite, and was horrified to perceive that in the excitement and abstraction of the game I had pushed my wig back until nearly the whole of my bald crown was revealed. My partner, the "rare and beautiful maiden," has looked coldly upon me ever since, except when I have caught her laughing in her sleeve, and then I know she is recalling the ridiculous figure I cut at the card table.

I could fill a volume with the story of my miseries and annoyances, but I think I have told you enough to satisfy you that a very unhappy individual is the man with a bald head.—Cincinnati Times.

Locks and Lock Making.

The London Athenaeum, in an article on the Resources of Birmingham, has the following about locks: "The first patent for a new lock bears date 1774, by which instrument Robert Barron, of London, secured to himself the privilege of 'constructing locks in which the security was effected by fixed wards, with the addition of lifting tumblers or levers.' Such is the merit of Barron's lock that it is still in great demand, as a secure and serviceable contrivance, although, since its first production, successive inventors have taken more than one hundred and twenty patents for novel locks, of which the most important are those known by the names of their respective inventors, Bramah, Chubb and Hobbs. Joseph Bramah's lock, patented in 1784, was for more than two generations regarded as a contrivance that would defy the cleverest mechanic who should venture to pick it. For years a specimen of this beautiful arrangement was exhibited in the window of Mr. Bramah's shop in Piccadilly, together with this placard: 'Notice.—The artist who can make an instrument that will pick or open this lock will receive two hundred guineas the moment it is produced.' The reward was not claimed till 1851, when an American mechanic named Hobbs, who had been drawn to the English metropolis by the Great Exhibition of 1851, the challenge, accepted it, and after a tough fight that lasted sixteen days, proved victorious. The success of Mr. Hobbs not only caused a lively excitement in the public mind, but also gave him the lock a decided advantage in the market over the defeated Bramah, and also over the Chubb, which originally invented in 1818, had for more than thirty years divided public favor with Bramah's invention. That the Chubb has not lost its hold on public confidence may be inferred from the fact that 'Messrs. Chubb & Son manufacture about 30,000 locks per annum, the cheapest of which is sold at 10s, net, while the more expensive are worth from two to three pounds each.' It is needless to observe, that the distinctive and most valuable feature of the Chubb is its detector, i. e., the spring which renders the bolt immovable as soon as the lock is tried with a false key. Like Bramah's and Hobbs's locks, they are made in series, each lock having its separate key, and all the locks of a series obeying a master key. So extensive are the combinations that it would be quite practicable to make locks for all the doors of all houses in London with a distinct and different key to pass the whole! A most complete series of locks was constructed some years ago, by the late Mr. Chubb, for the Westminster Bridewell. It consisted of 1,100 locks, forming one series, with keys for the master, sub-master and wardens of the house. There is a familiar saying that 'if a Willenhall locksmith happens to let fall a lock in the process of manufacture, he does not stop to pick it up, as he can make another in less time.' The late Mr. G. B. Thorneycroft, who resided at Willenhall for a time, was once taunted that some padlocks were made in Willenhall which would only lock once; but when he was told the price, namely, two pence, he retorted, 'if it would be a shame if they did lock twice for that money.' The same articles are now being sold at one-half-penny each! The average activity of the whole district is thus stated: 'The total weekly production of locks in the district is estimated as follows: Pad, 24,000 dozen; cabinet, fill and chest, 3,000 dozen; rim, dead, mortise and drawback, 3,000 dozen; the plated, 4,000 dozen, and secured key-levered locks and other descriptions, 500 dozen; being an aggregate production of 34,200 dozen of locks per week.' Of course, a large proportion of that prodigious supply is absorbed by foreign markets.

THE NORTH CAROLINA State Senate refused to take any action on the resolution setting forth the loyalty of the people of North Carolina, but referred them and a resolution introduced to-day by Mr. Jones, of Wake county, declaring an earnest desire to restore harmony and fraternity among her people, and for the reconstruction of the whole country.

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Gloves, in the latest styles, and made to order. A perfect

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Boy's Merino Shirts and Drawers.

Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, and

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