

The Chatham Record.

Drifting On.
In the dark or in the dawn,
Drifting on!
In the sad and glad of life--
In the sunlight, in the strife--
Drifting on!
Hills to climb, and rivers wide,
But the starlight on the tide--
Green banks on the other side,
Drifting on!

THE CAPTAIN'S PARTY.

BY MARGARET MOORE FROOD.

The Captain made up his mind to give a party. He first thought of a dinner--a dinner it is called in that part of the world--but upon mature consideration decided that an evening party with a dance would be better.

"What yer gwine ter git 'nough for all dem folks to eat?" demanded his dictator, for the Captain like many another southerner, was still under the care of his "Mammy" and she ruled him and his horse with a rod of iron.

It was the first Christmas after the war, dreary, sad and hopeless; too soon after the stunning blow of defeat for much reaction even in the healthiest nature.

The Captain was "pretty blue," he declared, and felt that somebody must come to the front with something to cheer up the neighborhood and as he was a bachelor, with a big house untouched by the chances of war, he was convinced that he was the one to do it.

"Well, Mammy, I reckon there's a wild turkey or so in the hollow, and Uncle Jake can set all his hare traps and he can catch as a lot of old hares"--the Captain called them "ole hares"--"and I can get some squirrels and partridges, and I don't think we'll starve on that."

"I don't min' cookin' things, when I got things ter cook," was Mammy's parting shot as she left the room, obviously mollified, and the captain knew his first ally was secured.

It was a different matter when he spoke to his sister-in-law of his intended hospitality. She had been widowed by the war, and she considered the captain's "frivolity," as she called it, a heartless proceeding, a want of proper respect for his dead brother.

"Is this a time to dance?" she asked.
"Well, yes, Molly, I think it is. We've had time enough to weep, the Lord knows, and we've done plenty of it, and we're going to do plenty more before we get through. And that's just the reason I took it into my head I'd like to dance a little now."

"Who'll dance with you; who will you invite?"
"Everybody, you and the children to begin with. They're young enough to dance, sure, and I'll get all the old folks to play in the little parlor, and we'll begin early and keep it up late and forget our troubles for one night, anyway, and dance the old year out and the New Year in, as we always used to do. Tom's been dead, poor fellow, these three years, you know."

"As if I could forget Tom in three years!" but she made no further objection, and as the Captain expected, every one who was invited was only too glad to come. It was the only party in the county side, the only break in the monotony of that dreary winter, and everybody seized upon

the opportunity, and everybody made merry.

The host's request to "come early and stay late" was obeyed to the letter. Before 5 o'clock, a nondescript procession of vehicles began to file in the "big gate." Horses were scarce, mules almost as much so; therefore, the carriage--where one survived--was out of the question, if the whole family were to come which they did in most cases, so the usual chariot was the farm wagon, drawn by the mule and horse with rope harness, or what had once been a "bore enough" harness, tied up with a multitude of mauls and a collection of straps; mamma and the children inside upon straw, pillows or anything that could soften the hard wooden floor; papa driving, and the whole party bent on enjoying themselves to the utmost.

A few young men rode a farm horse or mule, but many of them walked, miles and miles, and danced all night afterward. The old colonial house literally glowed with hospitality through every ruddy window, for the problem for enough light had been solved by Uncle Jake's "yellow grease" at the woodpile and countless chunks of lightwood were heaped up to brighten up the festivities. There were a few candles in the parlor and in the supper room, but the long drawing room, which had not been used for years--the war closed these doors--had a roaring wood fire in the great chimney at each end, upon which, from time to time, the fat pine knots were thrown, and the bright, flickering flame illuminating the large room with a rosy light, throwing deep shadows in the corners where sometimes a shadow came handy, if a man and a maid--we knew the rest. Cupid had been very busy during these four restless years, and it was not to be expected that he would give up his old habits immediately.

"Long Moss" and "Yellow Sam" were the fillers, and "Mammy's" Jake "knewed this ting" on the banjo with such good will as well as good time that to keep one's feet still necessitated the loss of one of them, or a "Yankee bullet in the knee." In the "little parlor" were the cards, and the old folks, and in the halls, up the old stairs, peeping through the railing on the landings, on the floor among the dancers, romped the children.

From the open door a beam of rosy light fell across the lawn, the moon rose majestically over the mountains across the river, the dry leaves of the old red oak near the house sighed in the mild breeze, the Potomac silver here and there in the moonlight, glided on as peacefully as though its current had never been tinged by other red than the glow from the firelight in the lockkeeper's house under the shadow of the mountain. In the hall room "Long Moss" was calling the figures for the Virginia reel.

"Honor to yer partners," "Fast come forrard and back."
Mammy's supper was a mark of triumph of the Captain's manhood as of her cooking, for powder and ball were too scarce to be wasted in a single unprofitable shot, and every time the music of "Mars Dick's" rifle had been heard, some bird or beast regretted being within call. There were partridges stuffed with little balls of sausages and baked--"One o' old miss' ways"--there were three wild turkeys cooked to a turn, a ham--part of the one hog that was killed that year--there were squirrels and rabbits galore, and real coffee with sugar and cream.

As the night was waning the Captain saw his sister-in-law crossing the hall with her youngest boy fast asleep in her arms. He hastened to relieve her of the burden. As they entered the "chamber," the down stairs bedroom sacred to the mistress of the house and the usual family sitting room also, Molly seated herself by the fire and held out her arms for the child, but the Captain did not hand him to her immediately. He stooped to let the firelight fall on the little face lying against his breast.

"How much he looks like Tom! and yet he is like you too, Molly--like you looked when Tom and I drew straws to see which of us should speak first." She looked up quickly. "Didn't he ever tell you? Well, you see, I made him promise he wouldn't when I found he was the lucky one; but, all the same, I can't forget it; I never have."

He bent forward over the child again, kissed the sleepy little mouth, then laying him in his mother's arms, said quietly: "Molly, I will be a father to them all if you will let me, and I have loved you all my life."
"Miss Molly, Mammy says can't yer come thort just a munit."
"Take him, Dick won't you?" she

said, as she rose, giving the child to the Captain.

"For my own son?"
"Don't urge me now; let me think."
He sat with the child on his lap for a while. Then, as Molly did not return, and a burst of laughter from the ball room reminded him of his duties, he rose, laid the boy on the bed and went out to his guests again.

They were beginning to leave. Molly was saying farewell to some of them at the door as he joined her. By the time the last one had gone the streak of gray over the mountains had broadened almost to the zenith; the captain turned to her and said, as they watched the growing light:
"Will, Molly, my party wasn't so bad after all, was it?"
"It was a great success, and I think you were right to do it. I find we need mirth sometimes, almost as much as we need prayer."

"Was it a success for me? See, the New Year is breaking on the world with the new day. Shall a new and happier day dawn for me, too?"
"Yas."
"Yas, Molly, little Tom's awake, and he's a crying for you."
As she caught up the child he folded both of them in his arms. A "Happy New Year to you, my dear," he said. --Washington Star.

He Knew the Place.

The man with his coat collar turned up and his hat pulled down over his eyes, who was slouching along in the shadow of the buildings, suddenly beckoned to the man on the other side of the street.

"Here's a graft, Bill," he said when the other had crossed over.

"What is?" asked Bill, gruffly.
"Fit here hotter," replied the first speaker. "It's just like finding things all fixed for you. Some bloomer's shirt has gone away and left his key in the door."

Bill took a long look at the house and then shook his head.
"You kin have it," he said. "I don't want nuthin' to do with the game."

"Who's the matter?"
"The feller won't lives here ain't to be trusted. He's a low-down, mean, tricky cuss. He ain't got no feelin's at all."

"D'ye know him?"
"No; but I was here onet before, an' I'm onto his game. He left the key just like that before, an' I thought it was dead easy. I went up an' tried to turn it, an' I thought I was hein' electrocuted, sure."

"Was he watchin' you?"
"Watchin' nuthin'! He's one of these here electric guys, an' he just sticks the key in there to catch suckers, turns a million-watt battery on an' goes to bed. I wouldn't touch that key if it would let me into the Bank of England." --Chicago Post.

Passion for Horses.

The heroine of a romance in real life has just died. This was Princess Victoria of Capua, daughter of the brother of the King of Naples. A very handsome woman of the Amazonian type, she lived alone for many years in her chateau near Lucca, her one hobby and object in life being the breaking in of wild horses. The peasants of the neighborhood used to call her Diana. She would drive a four-in-hand of half-broken animals through the most rugged mountain passes with a resolution which astonished all who met her. Equally strange is the story of her birth. Her mother was a beautiful Irish girl, who having attracted the love of the heir apparent to the throne of Naples, accepted his hand, but refused to live at court because his family refused her the privileges of her rank. So the pair retired into obscurity and lived on the revenues of the prince's estates. She only had two children--the princes, whose death is just announced, and a son, who became insane owing to hatred of women. So fixed was his delusion and so fierce did he become if a woman came near him, or was visible from the castle windows, that the walls had to be built up to an extraordinary height, thereby shutting out all view of the outside world. --Chicago Chronicle.

The Way to Make a Lawn.

"I should like to have such turf as this," once said an American millionaire to an Oxford gardener. "Tell me, my man, how you manage it," and he fumbled significantly in his pocket, as though to indicate a willingness to pay for the required information.
"Well, Sir," was the reply, delivered with the quaint humor of an old college retainer, "it's verry simple, you cuts it as close as ever you can cut, an' you rolls it an' cuts it for six hundred years." --New York Mercury.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A STRANGE CAT-BIRD.

In the tall old cedar tree that stands before my cottage door,
A bird's nest midst the topmost boughs,
Has been a year or more;
And looking from my window, I
This morning chanced to see
The queerest bird upon that nest
In that old cedar tree.
For wings an extra pair of legs
He had, for feathers, fur;
For beak, a little pinkish nose;
And for a song, a purr;
A cat-bird he, but no cat-bird
That ever hopped or flew
Upon his nest as a brother bird
Or answer to his woe.
But there he was upon the nest,
A blinking in the sun,
And thinking to himself, no doubt,
Oh, this is jolly fun,
And any slight mishap
I'm sure could never be,
Than that gray kitten playing tort
In our old cedar tree.
Detroit Free Press.

ITS FOR YOUNG FOLK.

Parents too often forget that they were once young and liked amusement. Another of my acquaintances, with a house full of young people, is a charming instance of one who remembers.

She lately gave a unique party which was a most successful affair. The invitations were sent by little Chinese and Japanese dolls of the kind sold on the street at two for five cents, which are already dressed in gay Oriental garments of paper. In the sack a tiny envelope was thrust, addressed to the person to whom the doll was sent and containing an invitation to a doll party, the receiver being requested to come in a costume personating a doll of some sort.

One of the most amusing features of the evening was a row of paper dolls, dressed in white and leaning against the wall, with hands joined. To do this well one must contrive to drive every bit of expression from the face, and by the aid of powder to assume a ghastly complexion.

An ingenious costume of gray underwear, drawn over the shoes and stockings and sleeves, with short skirt and waist of gray silken, made a very good rubber doll, but the bile of the evening was a turbaned black Dinah. Of course, in most cases, masks are worn, but these can be dispensed with early in the evening. A prize is given to the one who can guess the identity of the greatest number. There is a field here for any amount of ingenuity. As this was in a suburban town the invitation dolls were delivered by a messenger.

A DUMMY DECOY.

The ostrich being one of the most stupid of birds, and the Bushman of South Africa, one of the cunningest (and lowest) of men, it is natural that the one should fall a victim to the other. Any bird that will run his head into a bush and think he is entirely concealed deserves to have a hard time. The feathers of the ostrich are in demand by beautiful white ladies across the sea, and the eggs are in great demand by himself, so the Bushman does all he knows to re-entrap the ostrich, which, stupid as he is, keeps a pretty sharp lookout from the top of his long neck, six or eight feet above the ground level, whereas his wool of the little savage who hunts him is not much more than half that height above the sand.

Sometimes the Bushman will make a burrow near an ostrich's nest and when the birds come back to it he will polish them off with his poisoned arrows. Another, and not quite so mean a method, is that where the Bushman gets into the skin of an ostrich (the neck of which is stuffed enough to remain upright) his own bare legs doing duty for the legs of the bird. Knowing the ways of his victims, the little man walks and manages his dummy so admirably that it is impossible to tell at a distance that it is a bogus ostrich. The real ostriches, not having brains enough to see any difference whatever, allow the fatal dummy to approach quite close and even to come among them.

Twang goes the bow, and down goes an ostrich. And the rest you all at thirty-five miles on foot. Not at all. They can't understand why ostrich No. 1 is lying down, and they stand and think it out. Twang goes the bow again, and another ostrich lies down. Finally, when it dawns upon the sole survivor that there must be something wrong, the bow swings again and the survivor feels something strike him at the same time as the idea. Bushmen get a good haul of feathers, and some beauty will ere long be fashioning herself in Parisian drawing-rooms with the produce of his ennobling, or they may go into the hats of the belles of the Mile End Road. --New York Mercury.

DINED IN GOTHAM.

How the First Presidential Christmas Was Celebrated.

First Christmas Dinner Given in White House.

George Washington ate his first presidential Christmas dinner in the house which stood at Pearl and Cherry streets, Franklin Square, New York city, and there were present beside the president, Mrs. Washington, her grand-children, and a few invited guests. Six years before this time he had laid down his office as commander in chief of the army. How little he expected the honors that were in store for him is evident by a letter he wrote to Baron Stoenen December 25, 1783. "This is the last letter I shall write," he says, "in the service of my country. The hour of my resignation is fixed at 12 today, after which I shall become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac."

It is interesting to recall the fact that he reached Mount Vernon, after having resigned, on Christmas eve, and was there snowed and benumbed by weather so severe that he was unable to visit even his aged mother, who lived in Fredericksburg. The scene of his resignation in the Christmas season is worth recalling; it was so simple, so dignified, and yet so touching that the chroniclers who record it agree that there were tears in the eyes of all who heard the great man lay down the great office he had used in a great cause.

General Washington appeared in the hall of Congress clad in a dark brown cloth suit, which is distinctly said to have been of American manufacture. His sword was steel hilted, his stockings were of white silk, and a plain pair of silver buckles adorned his shoes. His hair was, of course, powdered and in "big and solitary." The members of congress sat with their hats on, as they still do in parliament. General Washington, conducted by the secretary of Congress, formally made his resignation to the president, and, concluding, uttered one of those sentences which, in its simplicity and nobility, recalls the words of Abraham Lincoln.

He said: "I consider it an indispensable duty to close this solemn act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God and those who have superintendence of them to his holy keeping."

Verily a benediction and a prayer! Scarcely less graceful was the reply of the president, whose prophetic words were: "You return from the theatre of action with the blessing of your fellow citizens, but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military commands, but it will continue to animate remotest ages."

The president celebrated his next Christmas dinner in the residence to which he moved on the west side of Broadway, near Rector street, which was subsequently known as Brook's Mansion House. Both of these buildings have been destroyed. His subsequent Christmas days were spent in Philadelphia, where he occupied a house on Market street.

At the close of his presidential career Washington returned to his ever dear Mount Vernon and busied himself among other things, with plans for the White House, which was named after the former home of his wife, and therefore a matter of deep interest to him.

The Christmas of 1699 saw the close of this marvelous man's career. A cold contracted on the 14th of the month terminated fatally.

The first dinner at Christmas time ever given in the White House was that which took place in the year 1809, when John Adams was president and thrifty Abigail his wife, sat at the head of the table as hostess.

It was not a comfortable meal, although a splendid bunch of venison, the gift of Mrs. Washington, graced the board, and the country people of what Mrs. Adams called "The City in the Wilderness" had generously contributed gifts of all sorts to make the least as toothsome as might be. The discomfort lay in the fact that the occupants of the White House found reflected in their residence evidence of the same haste that characterized the new government.

In a delightfully feminine letter Mrs. Adams describes the condition of affairs. She says: "The horses upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep apartments in order." Then follows a homely complaint about the difficulty in fighting the establishment and the utter misery caused by the lack of heating facilities,

not only is the house damp with its new plastered walls, but it is almost impossible to get wood; the price has risen since the city became the capital from \$4 to \$9, and even at that price there if no one to cut and cart it.

The reception after dinner took place in the oval room, which is now the library, and was at that time heavily habited, though furnished, as Mrs. Adams wrote, in "warm crimson." The view from the window on that first Christmas day would have disclosed what John Smith describes as "a deep moan covered with utter loneliness."

When Men Weep.
It is one of the first laws of the philosophy of emotion that men shall not cry. They must find some other outlet for their pent-up feelings. The safest plan, perhaps, is to make frequent use of the expressions "dear me!" and "Goodness gracious!" which are perfectly harmless.

There are, as every one must know, times when even the strongest men are overcome by their feelings, and a terribly heart-rending sight it is to see a big frame convulsed with sobs and a proud, manly face stained with tears.

As a rule, however, it is neither pain nor grief that will make a man cry. Soldiers who will bear excruciating injuries without a moan, have been known to break down when the lights are lowered and some thrilling scene is portrayed on the Aethiopian boards.

Orators and singers are both subject to an extraordinary degree of the sway of emotion. Tears are no uncommon sight in the pulpit. In fact, there are few preachers whose voices are not at times so full that they are choked with feeling, and their eyes bedimmed with tears. Then if you glance around the hushed assembly, who are laughing on the preacher's words, you will see many a man whose cheeks are moist with sympathy.

The great Spurgeon would often break down under stress of feeling and Cannon Eddison's utterance many a time failed him from the overwhelming pathos which his emotional voice betrayed.

Sam Reeves' "Tom Bowling" always affected the famous singer, and Maria was known to break down when the will of his gentle heart's emotion was filled until the tears could no longer be held back.

When Charles Dickens put an end to the career of little Paul Dombey, the great writer went out into the darkness of the night and found comfort in tears. Many men are overcome when reading books; even frivolous novels may contain a chapter which will make the throat husky and blur the pages till they become invisible.

John Bright was known on several occasions to give way to his feelings in delivering a public speech, while Lord Russell is often beaten by the pathos of his own impassioned language. --Pittsburg Dispatch.

Half-Price.
It is very difficult even for a dealer in cheap clothing to get the better of Pat, as the following story, told by a London Journal, serves well to illustrate.

Pat was a witty freeman, who had just arrived in London from the Emerald Isle. He was aimlessly wandering about the town, when he perceived a suit of clothes at a shop-dice inserted.

"This superior set of clothes for half-price." So in Pat went and asked the price.
"Just sixteen shilling, sir," said the shopman.

"Begorra, that's cheap enough!" said Pat. "I'll take it."

When the parcel was tied up he put it under his arm, and laying eight shillings on the counter, was going out at the door, when the shopkeeper intercepted him, and demanded eight shillings more.

"Dubh't you say, you spalpeen, that the price of the suit was sixteen shillings, and sure haven't I given you the half of it? And by this and by that I won't accept my bargain."

A scowl then ensued and Pat was taken to the police court, where he pleaded his case so ably that the magistrate dismissed the complaint, and advised the tailor never again to ticket his goods with "Half-price." --Harper's Round Table.

Trade Secrets.
Tailor--Thought I must come nerry people, but--
Shoemaker--What now?
Tailor--Ever had to press these trousers out times, and they are not even soiled for.
Shoemaker--That's nothing. I went to collect a bill for a pair of shoes yesterday and the fellow kicked me out with them.

Fate.
"The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare,
The spray of the tempest is white in air,
And winds are out with the waves of play
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day."

"The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The pathner clings to the rushing limb,
And the lions are abroad at play
And I shall not join in the chase to-day."

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came home from the chase in glee,
And the town that was built upon the rock
Was swallowed up in an earthquake shock.
[But Bates.]

HUMOROUS.

Wife--I wish you would put up that curtain, John. John, absentmindedly, How much do you think I could get on it?

Caller--Your office is as hot as an oven, Merchant--Well it might be! I make my daily bread here, you know.

First Post--Did you get a check for your poem that you read to me a little while ago? No? My aspirations got a check.

Old lady--Well, here's the one sent for ye; but I should hate to feel that I was encouragin' ye to drink, Trump --I don't need no encouragement, mum."

Mazzie--Hower was just remarking to me that all he is owes to his mother, Garby--Yes; and I understand that all he has he owes to his father.

Miss Gushington--How did you feel when you found that the ship would only arrive in ten minutes? Capt. Salted Fish for a life preserver.

Miss Antiques--I don't see why young married people make such fools of themselves. Old Gaudsford--Maybe it is because they have the chance.

Doler--Are you troubled with the toothache? Moler (in answer)--Great Caesar! Did you ever know a person to have a toothache without being troubled with it.

Passer, seizing pickpocket in the act--Here, what are you doing with my watch? Pickpocket--Making it useful. You see, a watch is worthless without hands on it.

Yeast--I wish this restaurant fellow would print his bill of fare in English so a fellow could tell what he is eating. Crispanlook--Do you want the fellow to lose all his customers?

Teacher--Now suppose there were five boys going skating, and they had only three pairs of skates, how many boys would have to look out? Boy--I know; the two that got the worst of the fight!

Little Harold--Mr. Ginger was here last night. Fiddlebock--Was he? Say, I'll give you a quarter if you'll tell me whether he kissed your sister or not. "I can't do it." "Why not?" "She gave me a half dollar to keep quiet."

Railroad official--I must say you put rather a high value on that trunk, Wind's in it? Passenger--I don't know. My wife packed it. Official--Hum! Perhaps your estimate is excessive. The woman did the packing, everything in the house is in it.

Won't Saw in Their Yard.
Unless a greater number of "wayfarers" than of late apply to the Charity Organization Society for aid, the managers will be obliged either to hire men to work in their yard or suspend business.

The Society conducted a Wayfarers' Lodge at No. 526 West Twenty-eighth street, and connected with the lodge is a woodyard where applicants for charity are put to work sawing wood for their board and lodging. Men with homes are paid 50 cents a day and live at home.

Since the establishment of the woodyard the Society has built up a considerable trade, and last year kindling wood was sold to the amount of \$25,000, which almost paid expenses.

At present there are very few men applying for work; hardly one-half the number of those who applied a year ago, and if this continues the management will become embarrassed.

It is believed at the lodge that the reason so few men are applying for aid is that more have obtained work this year than last. --New York Mail and Express.

Punished for Riding a Donkey.
A private belonging to a regiment of Highlanders recently rode through the streets of Glasgow, Scotland, on a donkey. He was arrested and fined \$15.75, or one month's imprisonment for attaching rail rule to the Queen's uniform.