

Uncle Walt

My Lady's Hair

SHE WALKS in beauty like the night, as some romantic singer said; her eyes give forth a starry light, her lips are of a cherry red; across the floor she seems to float; she seems to me beyond compare, a being perfect—till I note the way that she's done up her hair. She must have toiled a half a day to build that large, unwieldy mass; she must have used a bale of hay, and strips of tin, and wire of brass; her sisters must have helped to braid, her mother wrought and tinkered there, and butler, cook and chambermaid, all helped to wrestle with her hair. And after all the grinding toil, and all the braiding and the fuss, the one effect is just to spoil her beauty, and make people cuss. She walks in beauty like the night where nights are most serenely fair; but, J. H. Caesar! she's a sight, when she's got on her Sunday hair!