

WHAT THE BABY THINKS.

It's a funny place that they've put me in—
A peculiar place. Why, I can't begin
To tell all the things that I see.
Things that are certainly new to me.

I think I'd been consulted. I'd
Have arranged things more for a baby's side.
For as things are now no wonder we squall—
Babies don't have any snow at all.

I know that I'm little and fat and red,
With toothless gums and a bare, round head;
But what's the reason they talk as though
I hadn't the brains of a lump of dough?

"Cute little thing!" "See its eyes, so blue!"
"Does it love its mamma? Turn, now does it?"
"Just look at its dear little, pink little toes!"
Do they think that I like such remarks as those?

Do they think I enjoy the rubber ring
They have tied to my bow with an old red string,
When my older sister plays 'most all day
With a doll that I want the very worst way?

I'm trundled about in a baby cart;
It's enough to break any baby's heart,
When other people have lots of fun
On velocipedes. Why can't I have one?

My Brother Tom and my Cousin Ted
Go out and slide, with a big blue sled;
I wish to ask, and I want to know
If there's any reason why I can't go?

I'm fed on milk, while the others—well,
They're really delicious, the things I smell!
I'm rocked to sleep when the sun is high,
But nobody else is—I wonder why?

I'm kissed and I'm bounced, and I'm touselled
Up;
I've a rattle of tin and a silver cup;
I'm fussed over daytimes and walked with
night—
But it counts for nothing; I want my 'right!
—Emily A. Uppel, in Golden Days.

THE WYDESWARTHS.

**Where and How We Formed
Their Acquaintance.**

We were very plain people, Mrs. Crumplehorn and I—I'm Mr. Crumplehorn—when the death of a distant relative made us unexpectedly rich.

Now I'm not going to be mean enough to put the blame of what follows on Mrs. Crumplehorn. The dodge of husbands laying their sins at their wives' doors began at a very early stage of the world's history, and small good it did the man that tried it first—and served him right, too—if he was our "federal head and representative." I'll just tell my story, if you please, leaving the question of who's to blame to take care of itself.

We hardly came into possession of our fortune—certainly hadn't begun to feel at home in it—when the season at Saratoga opened, and Mrs. Crumplehorn said we must go there, as every body that was any body did; that it was recognized of us—by whom, I don't remember that she stated; in short, that there was "no getting out of it." I really didn't see that there was, and so we went.

We found a crowd of people there, none of whom we knew. You can't think how unsociable they were. Why, when Mrs. Crumplehorn, just to be civil, asked a lady where she had bought the stuff in her dress, and how much it had cost a yard, she received for an answer such a stare as made the cold chills run over her, and, to use her own expression, "came near giving her a turn."

"Hops" to people that don't dance, games to people that can't play them and jesting people one doesn't know, are very tiresome modes of killing time. In two days I had had enough of it, and Mrs. Crumplehorn expressed herself satisfied in three.

We had just concluded to act fashionably in opinion at Saratoga, and go home and take things comfortable, when, as luck would have it, we made the acquaintance of General and Mrs. Wydesworth; and so agreeable did it prove that our purpose of speedy departure was at once reconsidered, and promptly dismissed.

During our stay, which was prolonged several weeks, the General and myself, similarly his lady and Mrs. Crumplehorn, were inseparably. They were very entertaining and agreeable couple, quite up to the highest notch of fashion, but not in the least proud. Why, bless you! the General thought no more of walking arm in arm with me, and thought it no more a liberty to be invited to drink champagne at my expense, than his aristocratic wife did to be offered—and to accept, too—Mrs. Crumplehorn's finest diamond ring as a marriage anniversary present, of the advent of which happy occasion she took care to give Mrs. C. private and confidential notice.

When the time came for going, we had become so attached to our new friends that we gave them a cordial invitation to pay us an early visit, which they promised to do. While the two ladies were taking an affectionate leave, crying and kissing one another by turns, the General took me aside, and disclosed the fact that, owing to the miscarriage of an expected remittance, he found himself a little short of funds. If I could accommodate him with—say five hundred dollars—it would relieve him from present embarrassment, and he would return it the following week, when he and Mrs. W. came to pay their promised visit.

I was deeply affected at this mark of confidence, and at once handed over the amount, and after another pathetic scene between Mrs. W. and Mrs. C., we tore ourselves away.

Punctual to the day our distinguished guests arrived, and right glad we were to see them. Our country home had seemed dull since our return, mainly owing, no doubt, to the absence of the dear friends to whose society we had grown accustomed. The General was captivated with our rural abode. He thought of building just such a house himself; and nothing would do but I must show him over the premises—which I did—pointing out every nook, corner and apartment, with a conscious pride which my friend's praises served in no way to abate.

The first flurry over, we were just getting cleverly settled down, and beginning to enjoy ourselves in earnest, when an event occurred to mar our pleasure.

The house was entered by burglars one night, and ransacked from top to bottom. Our own loss, though by no means trifling—consisting of all the plate, and over a thousand dollars in money—we could have grinned and borne; but Mrs. Wydesworth's diamonds—we had never seen them, but they must have been splendid—and the General's pocketbook, full with untold greenbacks, that was what crushed us.

"Never mind, my dear fellow," said the General, with the fortitude of a hero; "my chief regret is on your account. It will compel me to defer payment of that little loan a few days longer. On the whole, I'm rather glad I didn't think of returning it sooner, though, as the loss would then have been yours."

I begged him not to think of such a trifle; and when I offered to replenish his purse till another remark, since came, he slipped me on the back and called me a "knave."
On Mrs. Crumplehorn's birthday, which followed close upon the burglary, Mrs. Wydesworth insisted on her acceptance of a magnificent bracelet, which had somehow escaped the vigilance of the robbers. Mrs. C. would have declined the gift, could she have done so without wounding her

friend's feelings; but it was manifest she couldn't, so she took it.

Just then the General put a letter in his wife's hand.

"That's good!" the latter exclaimed when she had read it.

"What! my life?"

"Why, that Fanny Fitz Biddgitt should, just at this time, take it into her head to get married, and insist on my being present, in fulfillment of a promise we made each other at school."

"It is a little inconvenient," said the General, gravely.

"There's no help for it. I must give it up!" sighed Mrs. Wydesworth. "I couldn't think of appearing on such an occasion without jewels."

"Of course not," the General assented.

"My dear Aspasia," interrupted Mrs. Crumplehorn—she had grown very familiar with her friend by this time—"my jewels are at your service. They are very plain, no doubt, in comparison with those you have been accustomed to wear; but such as they are, you are welcome to their use."

"My dear—" but Mrs. W.'s feelings were too many for her.

The situation was extremely delicate. I scarcely knew how to act. I managed, however, to tip the General a wink, and he followed me out.

I'm afraid I did it very awkwardly; but I somehow succeeded in making him comprehend that if his wife could make out with Mrs. C.'s diamonds—they had cast seven thousand dollars—the want of ready money for traveling expenses needn't stand in the way.

He grasped my hand and pocketed the money.

Mrs. Wydesworth packed her things, Polly's diamonds included, commended her husband on his cure, promised to be back in a week, and was waiting for our carriage in which we were all to ride to the station together, when her husband came in, looking a good deal concerned.

He, too, had received a letter, summoning him away on important business. It was necessary he should leave at once—by the same train with his wife, in fact.

Loath as we were to part with both our friends at once, it was, after all, gratifying to think that Mrs. W. would be saved the annoyance of traveling unattended.

At the station I succeeded in pressing a couple of hundred more on the General, to meet his own expenses. As he was only to be gone a couple of days, that sum, he said, would be ample.

The kissing of the ladies, and the hand-shaking of the General and myself, were interrupted by the cry of "All aboard!" and in another moment the train was lumbering off, Mrs. Wydesworth waving her handkerchief from the window at Mrs. Crumplehorn standing weeping on the platform.

We were just getting back into the carriage, when another train stopped, out of which three men rushed, in one of whom we recognized the husband of the unsociable lady that had given Mrs. Crumplehorn the "turn."

"Here's a couple of them!" shouted the latter gentleman, making a dash toward us; "and, by Jove! that's my wife's breastpin that woman has on now!"

"What do you mean, you villain!" I roared, aiming a blow at one of the men, who had laid his hands somewhat rudely on Mrs. Crumplehorn's shoulder.

"Come, none of that, my covet!" exclaimed another of the men; and before I knew it, a pair of handcuffs were snapped on my wrists.

We were about being hustled off, and Heaven knows what would have come of it, if some of our neighbors hadn't interfered and demanded an explanation.

Every thing was soon made plain enough. The General and his wife—as called—were a couple of notorious thieves, in league with goodness knows how many others. They had been playing their vocation at Saratoga, under the guise of a pair of fashionables. Among their victims had been the unsociable lady. And Mrs. Crumplehorn and myself, whom nobody knew, having occasionally been seen in the Wydesworths' company, were, naturally enough, suspected as accomplices—a suspicion materially strengthened, I may add, by one of the stolen articles being found in Mrs. C.'s possession.

My own statement, however, and the testimony of our neighbors, completely satisfied the strange gentlemen and the two detectives, and Mrs. C. and myself were at once released.

I was willing to say no more about it, but Mrs. C. being a woman of spirit, as she headed back the breastpin, couldn't refrain from sending her compliments to the gentleman's wife.

"And tell her," she said, "if ever I should think of stealing, it'll not be a trumphy piece of pitchback like that!"

She had called it a "love of a thing," that very morning; but circumstances alter cases.

Polly and I are not going to Saratoga next season. To say nothing of the water, we've had quite enough of fashionable society for one while.—N. Y. Ledger.

EXPERT IN WOODCRAFT.

A Cuban Vaquero and His Singular Knowledge of the Forest.

The woodcraft of our vaquero, Jose, says Edgar L. Wakeman, in the Cuban letter to the Washington Star, had many extraordinary illustrations. Striking his machete into a beautiful tree he brought it forth ejaculating most dramatically: "Mira! la sangre de la doncella!" ("See the blood of the virgin!") The blade was dripping with a blood-red sap of a red wood known as carne de doncella, or virgin-flesh. Again, when we had become thirsty and could find no water, Jose knew a back door out of his dilemma. "Here is Aaron's rod!" said he, "I will give you water." With this he struck a large vine twice, severing a piece as big as one's arm from the parra cimarrona, or wild grape, and from the mouth of the hanging tube we drank our fill of winey, refreshing sap. So, too, his seductive calls of the wild pigeons, of which we found four varieties, were astonishing. He would first with his hands make sharp, loud clappings, grading these down to sounds as low as the soft flapping of wings. This would be followed by a vocal call so like that of the wild pigeon that one seemed nestling there above our heads. To these would come low, half-doubting answers from all about us, and, finally, the scurrying and rustling of the deluded birds above.

More Forebode Than Folio.

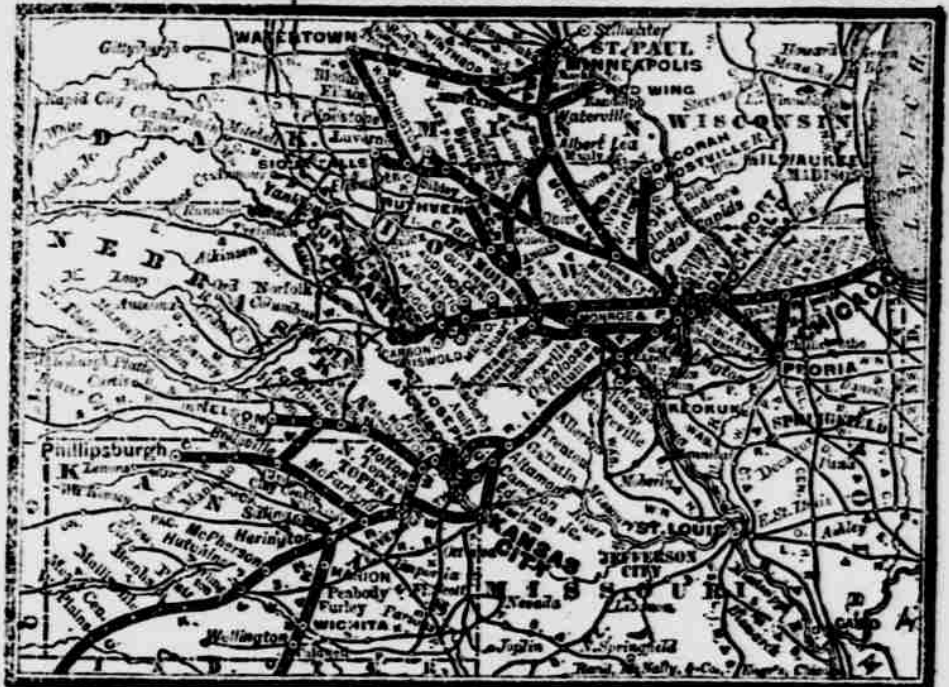
When Dr. John McLean was president of Princeton College the students were required to attend a Bible class under his instruction. One of the students once relieved the tedium of the hour by bringing in with him a small dog which he kept concealed under his desk. When the exercises had begun he pinched the dog's tail, and the dog yelped. The good president looked about in the situation, but said nothing. Shortly after the tail was again pinched, and again the dog yelped. Thereupon Dr. McLean looked around once more, and then slowly said: "If that other pup would only let that pup alone, then that pup would behave itself."

Surprising Corroboration.

Amy—"I like Charley; his kisses are so nice!" Belle (with enthusiasm)—"Aren't they?"

A MAN

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