The Baby of the Future.

Nurse.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

Baby (coldly).

How does the busy bee do this?
Why, by an impulse blind.
Cease, then, to praise good works of such
An automatic kind.

Nurse.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For heaven hath made them so.
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

Baby (ironically).

Indeed? A brutal nature, then,
Excuses brutal ways.
Unthinking girl, you litt'e know
The problems that you raise.

Nurse (continuing).

But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Baby (contemptuously).

Not "made to tear?" Well, what of that?
No more, at first, were claws.
All comes by adaptation, fool!
No need of final cause,
And if we use the hands to tear,
Just as the nose to smell,
Ere many ages have gone by
They'll do it very well.

Nurse.

Tom, Tom the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run!

Baby (reproachfully).

Come, come! Away he "run!"
Grammar condemns what you've just done.
Should we not read, "The piper's man
Stole a pig, and away he "ran?"

Nurse.

Hush-a-by, baby,
On the tree top.
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall:
Down will come baby,
Cradle and all.

Baby (slyly).

Tis, but a truth
So familiar you see,
As hardly to need
Illustration in me.

Nurse.

Twinkle, twinkle, little stars!
How I wonder what you are.

Baby (pityingly).

Do you really wonder, Jane?
And to me all seems so plain?
Go down stairs, my girl, and find
Books wherewith to improve your mind!
And if heavenly bodies then
Still remain beyond your ken
You had better go and ax
Good Professor Parallax.

Nurse.

Bye, baby-bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
All to get a rabbit's skin
To wrap the baby-bunting in.

Baby (sternly).

The cruel sport of hunting
To moral sense is stunting;
And since papa's objection
To useful vivisection
Convicts him, as it seems to me,
Of signal inconsistency,
I must with thanks decline the skin
For wrapping baby-bunting in.

[Puts Nurse to bed. Scene closes.]

—*Punch.*

"OUR COLONIAL FORCES."

"The Colonies and India" on the Strength of the Colonial Armies.

In the colonial newspaper, *The Colonies and India*, for 20th February, there are many allusions to the offer of the Colonies to furnish troops for the Soudan campaign. An article on "Our Colonial Forces" commences—"Since Canada and New South Wales first offered to come to the help of the Mother Country, we have seen almost all the other great colonies following their example, and thus endeavoring to give practical effect to the idea of a great Imperial Federation, one object of which would be mutual defence. It may, therefore, be useful to take stock of the forces at the command of the various colonies, altogether apart from any sections of the Imperial army which may be stationed therein." The writer accordingly takes each colony separately, commencing with Canada. After speaking of the Act under which all male British subjects are liable for service, the active militia is put down, in round numbers, as 37,000. In New South Wales the regular military forces number 325, the volunteers number 2,100; besides which there is a police force of 1,280. Victoria possesses a small naval force of 13 vessels; including four cruisers and three torpedo boats; the militia force numbers 3,438 men. South Australia, besides a volunteer force of 1,356, has a Rifle Association numbering 980 men, while a cruiser is being built and a volunteer naval brigade organized. Queensland has between 500 and 600 volunteers, and a couple of gunboats and a small torpedo boat. Western Australia has 535 volunteers and Tasmania 570. New Zealand has 5,782 volunteers and an armed constabulary of 1,060 men. Thus the forces in the Australasian colonies, excluding the police, are over 15,500. In South Africa the well-known Cape Mounted Rifles number 996, the Cape Field Artillery 91 and the Cape Infantry 520; besides this there is a volunteer force of 3,000, and every able-bodied man is liable for military service. Natal has Volunteer Mounted Rifles, Artillery and Infantry, amounting in all to 436, besides a mounted police force, 230. Ceylon has a volunteer force of 900. So that the present strength of the forces in all the colonies is rather under 60,000, of which Canada contributes the very creditable share of 37,000, or more than half. In India the native army numbers about 126,000 men, besides which the armies of the tributary princes reach the enormous number of upwards of 300,000 men.

The Bitter Memories of the War.

Caucasian tramp—"My colored friend please lend me a quarter. I fought, bled, and suffered four years in the Union army to make you a free man."

Billy Patterson—"You did your duty, sah, but 'bout loaning you dat quarter, don't keer, sah, to rewive the bitter memories ob de wah."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Jesuits have recently purchased the villa in the Island of Elba which was occupied by Napoleon after his abdication, in 814. It is to be converted into a college.

Why are a shoemaker's plans always frustrated? Because his plans always end in de-feet.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Latest Fashion Notes—How to Prepare Baby's Meals.

A Pretty Wedding Costume.

At a late fashionable English wedding the bride wore an unusually beautiful bridal toilet. Waist and train consisted of white velvet, the skirt of rich white satin covered with bead embroidery and trimmed with Brussels lace, through one side of which a festoon of orange blossoms was arranged. A splendid Brussels lace shawl, fastened on the head by a wreath of the same flowers, fell as a veil over the bride's shoulders. Her jewellery consisted of only one diamond horseshoe brooch. The bridesmaids' dresses were of cream-colored silk with feather trimming to match, on the drapery as well as the Zouave jackets, from under which the red and white striped waistcoats were visible. Three-cornered white straw hats, trimmed with red velvet bows and red wings, and red shoes and stockings, completed these original costumes. Each bridesmaid wore a silver brooch with a sprig of mistletoe in the middle, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a large bouquet of mistletoe tied with red ribbon. The young pages wore picturesque red velvet dresses. Leonardo de Vinci hats, also red velet, red stockings and shoes with steel buckles. Each of them received a stick mounted in silver, as a gift from the bride, whose name was engraved on the same.

Baby's Meals.

The seasons of baby's meals should be household habits by the time he is allowed to partake of cocked food. Do not blunt the zest which he ought to bring to the consumption of regular rations by intervening nibbles and lunches. He will learn to expect and demand upon these, and be discontented when they are withheld. The practice of appeasing him when restless, from whatever cause, by thrusting a cracker, a slice of bread, or, worse yet, a "hunk" of gingerbread or a "cooky" into his hand, is discountenanced by wise mothers. He besmears his face and clothes, drops crumbs on the carpet and makes a continual want for himself. When the hour comes for feeding him give him his quantum of proper food, properly prepared. Let him eat it leisurely, and as soon as he is old enough to sit at a table serve his meal neatly in plate, cup or saucer, set on a neat cloth, his own spoon, china and finger-napkin laid in order. These are not trifles. More Americans would breakfast, dine and sup in healthful decorum, and fewer "feed," if they were trained from infancy to consider a meal as a ceremonial observance, and the need of popular essays on "Table Manners" would be less urgent. —*Babyhood.*

Happiness.

He is the poorest, meanest, narrowest of men who seeks his own gratification at the expense of others, and he will eventually become the most miserable. It has been demonstrated by all history and by all human experience that the courses of conduct which we agree to call just and right are exactly those which subserve the best happiness of the individual, the family, the social circle, the nation and the world. Therefore, in the words of a recent writer, "He who forgets all about happiness, if he can do such a thing, this uprising desire at the centre of his life, this mainspring and motive of all activity—he who forgets it, and simply determines to follow the guiding-star of duty, to be always just, unselfish, to do always the right, is taking the very straightest possible road toward the highest degree and the largest amount of happiness, both for himself and for all others concerned." Wealth, station, applause, luxury, so often sought, are not necessary to happiness; they often minister to it, but it can flourish without them. Health is more essential, though there are some happy invalids. A moderate supply of the physical comforts of life seems needful, though happiness and poverty have dwelt together. The exercise of our faculties in some useful and, if possible, congenial direction is a large contributor. Idleness and overwork are both disastrous to happiness; so is vice in all its forms, whatever be the glittering pleasures it holds out. Successful endeavor of every rightful kind, obedience to the voice of conscience and reason, the love and help we give even more than that we receive, are all ministering influences to happiness.

Fresh Fashion Notes.

Necklaces are made in workmanship almost as fine as filigree, and mostly after Greek and Etruscan models, while bracelets still keep to the sporting style of ornament.

The newest trimming for hats consists of dried twigs, singly or in bunches, either varnished or gilded, and through which a tiny beetle or some pretty insect appears to be creeping.

Brussels lace stockings to lace over the calf and made to fit the wearer's leg are a yet unheard-of novelty. For the general public the high price will contribute to prevent their introduction into use.

From being worn on hats birds have wandered down to dresses, where they peep out from clouds of light tulle or from gold or silver trimmings mixed with filigree trembling grass, just as if resting in a nest.

Butterflies of all sorts and sizes, made of gold or silver filigree, and colored chenille, are an original kind of ornament capable of a variety of uses. They look very well placed on the bow of a lady's cap, and can also be worn on theatre bonnets.

Spring muffs are now made of fine crimped chenille, fringe sewn on to the small silk foundation in close, over-falling rows. Of course these muffs must match the dresses and hats with which they are worn.

Silk handkerchiefs of bright colors are much used, not only for hat trimmings, but for making pretty afternoon aprons. The handkerchief is not cut, but is sewed to a ribbon matching it in color, as far in front as needed, and with the ends turned over *en revers* at the sides. The ribbon is tied at the side in full loops and bows.

Ball gloves are very long. When made of open-worked colored silks, assorted to the toilet, they are very pretty. Kid gloves buttoned from the wrist upward, far above the elbow, are worn for simple evening toilet. Long Swedish gants of every possible hue, closed with rows of tiny studs or fancy buttons put close together, are also worn for the evening.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Shipping mutton from Australia to England, it appears, is not proving a profitable business. The Australian Frozen Meat Export Company declared a loss of £6,000 for the half year at their last half-yearly meeting. The business is to go on for the present, but is not to be extended without the consent of the shareholders. The contract of the company with the Oriental Steamship Company will not terminate till next October.

In 1884 there was not a single death from smallpox in either New York or Brooklyn. Boston, Baltimore and San Francisco had each one death; Chicago 2 Cincinnati 22, Philadelphia 35 and New Orleans 291. New York takes the lead in deaths by measles, diphtheria and whooping cough; Philadelphia in deaths by scarlatina and typhoid fever, while Boston heads the list with deaths by diarrhœal disease, having over 800 cases more than New York.

It is interesting to note that in only two wars during the present century have the British sent a larger force out of the country than it has now in the Soudan. At Waterloo the number of British troops was 25,389, and the number originally sent to the Crimea and present at the battle of the Alma was 25,000. Lord Wolseley's force now numbers between 8,000 and 9,000 men. General Graham's consists of about 12,000 men. This will make a total of nearly 21,000 in the Soudan, exclusive of the Australian contingent and of British troops in Lower Egypt.

This is an age of shams, and the art of giving to bronzes an appearance of antiquity is not the least of them. This is readily done by applying a mixture of ground horseradish and vinegar to the places on the statue which it is desirable to stain a verdigris green. It will take three or four days to work the transformation. Meanwhile the horseradish must be kept wet with vinegar. In the *Art Amateur* from which we glean this information, we are also told that by painting a plaster cast with yellow beeswax dissolved in turpentine it will in a short time be hardly distinguishable from real ivory.

One of the sights of Berlin is the model exchange held every Monday in the vestibule of the Art Academy. A most motley crowd assemble, from which the painters choose their models. The prices vary according to supply and demand. The average rate is 19 cents an hour. Models for painting from nature command a better price, for their task is a most fatiguing one; hence good strong models are always greatly in demand, and the factotum of the artists, nicknamed "the handsome August," is a priceless jewel in the search for models. Among the "studies" of the younger art students one may readily detect a complete gallery of portraits of the most current Berlin models.

If delay is dangerous, not less so is "Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay." A young wife of 22 has committed suicide, through not hearing from her husband at sea, only a few hours before the letter came which would have explained his silence to her satisfactorily. On leaving London for New Zealand he had promised to write from Plymouth and Teneriffe, but owing to stress of weather his ship could put into neither port, and both pilot and letters were carried per force to the Cape of Good Hope—the Cape of Despair to this poor woman. Surely some sort of selection should be made in marriage which should prevent a nervous and desponding girl from becoming the wife of a soldier or sailor.

According to Dr. Hyades, who has lately returned from Terra del Fuego, whither he was despatched on a mission by the French Government, the Fuegans are the lowest human beings in the scale of existence. Their language contains no word for any number above 3; they are unable to distinguish one color from another; they have no religion and no funeral rites, and they possess neither chiefs nor slaves. Their only weapons are bone-pointed spears, and, as they grow neither fruits nor vegetables and their country is naturally barren, they are obliged to live entirely on animal food. Even these savages possess, however, some social virtues. They are not cannibals; they ill-treat neither women nor the old, and they are monogamous.

The 18th of October next will be the bicentenary of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the descendants of Huguenot refugees in Prussia, Holland and Switzerland contemplate holding celebrations, not so much of the Revocation as of the hospitality offered abroad to its victims. The French Protestant Historical Society has issued a circular dissuading French Protestants from attending such celebrations, and suggesting special religious services on the day in question. It thinks that French Protestants, while grateful for the kindness of foreign nations to the refugees, could not attend without feeling bitter regret for what France lost. It is not for them to remind France of faults so dearly paid for while they live in countries which have benefited by her misfortunes, or to mingle an accusing voice in their brethren's thanksgiving.

The following claims of superiority over steam traction are made for electricity as a railway motor: Absence of smoke and cinders; it obviates all danger from explosion; it does away with the necessity for heavy locomotives and for tenders, and allows of lighter bridges and tracks; the rails are not worn out so fast, as a perfect rotary motion is communicated to the driving wheels, and there is no pounding or jumping of the motor; no obstruction can throw the train from the track, as the current is neutralized by the obstruction itself, and the train comes to a stop before the obstruction is reached. A broken rail or an open drawbridge would break the current, so that the train could not reach the point of danger; by a proper arrangement of connections it would be impossible for any train to proceed to a section already occupied by another train, and collisions would be impossible.

M. Molinari, the French political economist, writes an interesting article to his journal to prove that Europeans can never succeed in acclimatizing themselves in the torrid zone. The English have failed in India; the French have failed in Africa; the Dutch have failed in Java. In 1881 the population of India was 253,891,000 The entire European population of India was 142,812, only as one is to 1,770. The English have done their utmost to cultivate marriages between their soldiers and the Hindoo women. The result has been a dismal failure. "They couldn't," says Major-General Bagnold, "raise male children enough to recruit the fife and drum corps." In Algeria there are 25,000 French families and 50,000 soldiers—that is, two soldiers to guard each father of a family—a soldier, musket in hand, standing at each end of the furrow. In short, the only benefit European nations can derive from colonies established in torrid climes is what they can gain by robbing the indigenous inhabitants. And that they all religiously do.

A Florida letter says that in the struggle which ensued there between the grit of the Yankee settler and the climate the former invariably succumbs, and the State will never be converted into Yankeeland. Man cannot shape the weather, but the weather does mould the man. The invincible sunshine, and the warm, compulsive rains soon have their influence upon the most energetic immigrant. It is not to be expected that a person who can pick his breakfast from an orange tree and gather a dinner of bananas should develop the energy of a person who must plant his crops, and cultivate and dig them before he can enjoy them. So the northern man who goes to Florida and builds him a house the first month of his stay, and plants his grove the next, gradually finds himself falling into slip-shod ways. His fences get to be disreputable, his house is not fresh painted, his walks are neglected, his garden goes to weeds, and he and his wife and children settle into the easy untidiness which befits the latitude. It is the latitude which governs.

The Editor and the Book Agent.

We can stand a book agent, provided he is of the masculine denomination. We are not afraid of him. We know that he is coming and can deal with him without buying his book. He may be pompous and courtly, or he may be pimpled and cadaverous; his lips my be bedewed with honeyed flatteries; he may be oily and crafty in his approaches; he may modestly ask for "just a moment of our precious time;" he may say that he only craves the use of our name, or he may charge in upon us and seek to carry us by storm. This does not matter with us. He is a man, and so are we in a small way, and we have our rights. We tell him what we will and what we won't, and that ends it.

But when she comes, then is the winter of our discontent. We bow to the storm, and have no remarks to submit. All the hidden resources of our politeness are called into requisition. She is a woman and has the advantage of us. She has seen better days, and has a tear in her eye. She belongs to an old family and swam in luxury in her youth. Little cares she for money; character is everything with her. She is working in the interests of literature and to lift up society. Her book is for the home circle, and is destined to ennoble the character of mothers, and in that way to add glory to our republican institutions.

She came the other day. How glib and rattling she was! She had us before we knew it. She had us sitting as erect as a sunbeam in July, and meekly nodding assent to her sage observations. We neither moved hand nor foot, and, as for talking, we had no chance. She talked fast, and she talked long, and she talked all the time. After regaling us with the grandeur of her ancestry, the pleasures of her childhood, and the surpassing excellence of her book, she touched us up. She did it handsomely. She expatiated on the potency of our influence, the value of our personal signature, and the well-known warmth and kindness of our heart. Greatness, she hinted, always had a tear on its cheek for the struggling and unfortunate. And there we were—dumb and foolish, a victim to her spell. Time came and went, but she went on, and on, and on. We felt fatigued and lonesome, and wondered how it would end. Finally she gradually descended from her circumlocutory flight, and lit in the region of business. The atmosphere became commercial, and it was a question of dollars and cents. She had a book for sale and desired to sell us a copy. It ceased to be a question of ancestry, and the poetry and praise all faded away. The spell was broken, and all we had to do was to say whether or not we would buy the book.

We did it as well as we could—we spoke in a bright and respectful tone—we even thanked her for her visit—we paid her a tribute to her brilliant conversational gifts—we wished her high fortune and a golden future, and expressed regret that it had to be so. How her whole aspect changed! She patted her foot with petulance, her face flushed, she breathed wildly and swept angrily away.

And yet truly we felt sorry for her. It hurt us to think of her hard lot and her desperate devices to stem the tide of adverse fortune. We would have bought her book, except that we could not conscientiously pay an exorbitant price for a useless article.—*Richmond (Va.) Religious Herald.*

A Life Blunder.

Bride—"Oh, yes; I am very happy, but I can't help feeling a little blue to-day, though I know it is foolish; but we had breakfast late this morning, and my husband was so hurried that he forgot to kiss me." Experienced matron—"Dear me! I hope you have not made the awful blunder of having your husband kiss you before he goes off in the morning." "Blunder! why, what can you mean? Of course he kisses me before leaving." "It's the greatest mistake of matrimony; the fundamental error which has wrecked thousands." "Oh! goodness me! Why, what harm can there be in it?" "Every harm. Nothing knocks romance quicker than kisses flavored with buckwheat cakes and coffee."—*Philadelphia Call.*

An observer at Washington says that the music of the inauguration gave the idea that bands are going down and drum corps coming up in military estimation.

CHANGES IN DENTISTRY.

Beauties of Teeth-Pulling in the Olden Time.

The annual commencement exercises of the College of Dentistry in Chickering Hall last evening was very interesting to the many artists in teeth gathered there. The exhibition of improvements made within a few years showed that dentistry has taken bold strides forward, passing many other sciences on the road.

Dr. Baker, one of the oldest tooth-pullers, sighed for the good old times as he looked at the automatic mallet, the wire system, the crown system and the anæsthetics. He left the scene early. He was followed to the door by a man whose jaw had evidently been dislocated in years gone by. He had been looking for the dentist for twenty-four years.

"One moment, sir, please," said the avenger; "are you the Dr. Baker who kept in Court street, Brooklyn, twenty years ago?"

"I am indeed he," said the aged dentist as he looked at the jaw and recognized some of his fine work.

"Those gray hairs alone save your life; you shall live," said the avenger, hurrying away.

Dr. Baker was well known in dental circles twenty-five years ago as a vigorous man who owed his muscular development to pulling teeth. His pincers, which resembled a pair of tongs, were incrusted with the blood of his victims. He charged $1 a tooth, but sooner than lose the pleasant task he would come down to 25 cents.

Anæsthetics were unknown in those days; they were just on the point of discovery. Dr. Baker heard of them, but he would not countenance anything which would rob the profession of its best feature—a writhing victim.

If there was one ecstasy in Dr. Baker's life it was when he had pulled the wrong tooth of the patient. This often happened in his practice. Once a young man entered the dental rooms with a growling tooth. Dr. Baker was in his room in the rear taking care of the baby at the time. He got the baby asleep and then went into the torture-room. The young man was not reassured at the grim smile of the dentist, but he bared his gum to the instrument.

Dr. Baker was famous for his firm grip. In this case he clamped his tongs on an able-bodied, sound molar. Then, as was his custom, he gave a sharp pull to see if he had a good hold. The young man tried to tell the doctor that he was fooling around the wrong tooth, but the pincers so filled his mouth that he couldn't speak.

Then Dr. Baker gave a strong pull all together, and was delighted to find the tooth give fight. At last he had found ivory worthy of his steel. The smothered language of the victim, if he interpreted, would look worse than it sounded, but grave doubts were thrown on the doctor's family history by the enraged and despairing victim.

Dr. Baker had invented a patent vice which prevented the pincers from dropping off the tooth; therefore he knew that it was perfectly safe to leave the patient and go inside and soothe the baby, who had been awakened by the young man's howls and imprecations.

Strapped in the chair, the victim swore that he would follow Dr. Baker to his grave for revenge. The doctor came back smiling, and kindly asked the patient not to wake the child again.

"Now, then," said the dentist patiently, "I'll have this tooth out if I take the gum with it. It doesn't hurt, does it?"

If it did the young man could not reply, but his eyes spoke libraries.

The doctor pulled the patient and the chair all around the room till the patient stumbled and fell. Then the dentist could get a good purchase. He placed his foot on the victim's chest and hauled out the molar and a section of gum. The patient was too exhausted to remonstrate.

"Why, there was nothing the matter with the tooth," said Dr. Baker, cheerily. "Perhaps I got the wrong one; open your mouth again."

The young man tore himself from the chair and opened the door instead. He flew out into space and never saw the dentist again till last night.

"No wonder people once fainted in dentist chairs," said one of the profession last evening; "but now all that has been changed, and really you would be surprised to know how many persons have their teeth pulled for pastime. A man can come in and take a refreshing sleep in my chair and awake and find his mouth empty.

"Even filling teeth has become a rare pleasure, and I have known at least two customers to have holes drilled in their teeth for the after-delight of having them filled. There is a fascination in the art, both to the performer and to the person performed upon, and the peculiar sensation can be enjoyed in no other kind of amusement. Yes, sir, dentistry and roller-skating are the crazes of the hour."—*New York Morning Journal.*

From the Frying Pan to the Fire.

Minister—I learn that a number of the young men in town have formed an anti-swearing society.

One of the young men—Yes, sir. We bind ourselves not to make use of a profane word for a year under a severe penalty.

Minister—A most praiseworthy idea and one that I warmly commend. The prevalence of profanity is truly deplorable. May I ask what penalty you have established?

One of the young men—Yes, sir. The member who breaks over is compelled to set up the drinks for the entire crowd.

A Sarcastic Old Lady.

"Don't you know it is very wrong to smoke, my boy?" said an old lady to a youngster who persisted in puffing a cheap cigar. "Oh, I smoke for my health," answered the boy saucily. "But you never heard of a cure by smoking," she continued presently. "O yes, I did," persisted the boy, blowing a big cloud; "that's the way they cure pigs." "Smoke on, then," quickly replied the old lady; "there's some hope for you yet."

At a "beggars' ball" in Vienna the first medal given for the best-dressed and sustained character was one of a dame whose toilet bristled with tiny revolvers.