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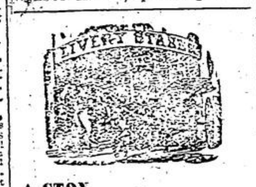

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DOT BABY OFF MINE.

Mine cracious! mine cracious! shust look here und see,
A Deutscher so habby as habby can be,
De beeples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
Vas crazy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine,
Id vas all on account off dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas queer,
Not much bigger roundt as a good glass of beer,
Mit a bare-footed head, und nose but a schpeck,
A mout dot goes most to der pack off his neck,
Und his leetle pink toes mit der rest all combine,
To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von of der boys,
Und beats leedle Yaweob for making a noise;
He shust has pecun to shpeak goot English, too,
Says "mama," und "papa," und sometimes "ah—goo!"
You don'd find a baby den dimes out off nine,
Dot vas quite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He krawls der vloor ofer, und drows dings aboudt,
Und poots efrydiing he can find in his mout;
He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls from his chair,
Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible schare;
Mine hair shtands like shquills on a mad borcubine,
Ven I dink off dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

Der vos someding, you pet, I don't likes pooty vell;
To hear in der night dimes dot young Deutcher yell,
Und dravel der ped-room midout many cloes,
Vile der chills down der shpine off my back quickly goes;
Dose leedle shimmasdic dricks vasn't so fine,
Dot I gits up at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vas goin' to po meu,
Und all off dese droubles vill been ofer den;
Dey vill vear a vhite shirt vront inshtead off a bib,
Und vouldn't got tucked oop at nighdt in der crib—
Vell! vell! ven I'm feeple und in life's decline,
May mine oldt age po cheered by dot baby off mine.

BILL AND THE WIDOW.

"Wife," said Ed. Wilbur one morning as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand, holding a plum-cake on his knee with the other, and looking across the table into the bright eyes of his little wife, wouldn't it be a good joke to get bachelor Bill Smiley to take widow Watson to Barnum's show next week?"

"You can't do it, Ed.; he won't ask her, he's so awful shy. Why, he came here the other morning when I was hanging out clothes, and he looked over the fence and spoke, but when I shook out a night-gown he blushed like a girl and went away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed., "but I'll have to lie just a little. But then it wouldn't do much harm, under the circumstances, for I know she likes him, and he don't dislike her—but just as you say, he's so shy. I'll just go over to his place to borrow some bags of him, and if I don't bag him before I come back, don't kiss me for a week, Nellie."

So saying, Ed. started, and while he is mowing the fields we will take a look at Bill Smiley. He was rather a good-looking fellow, though his hair and whiskers showed some grey hairs, and he had a good set of false teeth. But everyone said he was a good soul, and so he was. He had as good a hundred-acre farm as any in Norwich, with a new house and everything comfortable, and if he wanted a wife, many a girl would have jumped at the chance like a rooster at a grasshopper. But Bill was so bashful—always was—and when Susan Sherrybottle, whom he was so sweet on, though he never said "boo" to her, got married to old Watson, he just drew his head in like a mud-turtle into his shell, and there was no getting him out again: though it had been noticed that since Susan had become a widow, he paid more attention to his clothes, and had been very regular in his attendance at the church the fair widow attended.

But here comes Ed. Wilbur.

"Good morning, Mr. Smiley."

Good morning, Mr. Wilbur; what's the news your way?"

"Oh, nothing particular that I know of," said Ed., "only Barnum's show that everybody and his girl are going to. I was over to old Sockrider's last night, and I see his son Gus has got a new buggy, and was scrubbing up his harness, and he's got that white-faced colt of his as slick as a seal. I understand he thinks of taking widow Watson to the show. He's been hanging round there a good deal of late, but I'd just like to cut him out, I would. Susan is a nice little woman, and deserves a better man than that little pup of a fellow—though I would not blame her much either if she takes him, for she must be dreadful lonesome, and then she has to let her farm out on shares, and it isn't half worked, and no one else seems to have the spunk to speak up to her. By jingo! if I were a single man I'd show you a trick or two."

So saying, Ed. borrowed some bags and started around the corner of the barn, where he left Bill sweeping, and put his ear to the knot-hole and listened, knowing the bachelor had a habit of talking to himself when anything worried him.

"Confound that young Sockrider!" said Bill; "what has he there, I'd like to know? Got a new buggy, has he? Well, so have I, and a harness, too; I've half a mind to—yes, I will! I'll go this very night and ask her to go to the show with me. I'll show Ed. Wilbur that I ain't such a calf as he thinks I am, if I did let old Watson get the start of me in the first place!"

Ed. could scarce help laughing out-right, but he hastily hitched the bags on his shoulder, and with a low chuckle of his success, started home to tell the news to Nelly; and at five o'clock that evening they saw Bill go by with his horse and buggy, on his way to the widow's. He jogged along quietly, thinking of the old singing-school days, and what a pretty girl Susan was then, and wondering inwardly if he would have more courage now to talk up to her, until, at a distance of about a mile from her house, he came to a bridge, he gave a tremendous sneeze, and blew his teeth out of his mouth, and clear over the side of the bridge, and they dropped in to four feet of water.

Words cannot do justice to poor Bill, or paint the expression of his face as he sat there, completely dumbfounded at his startling piece of ill luck. After a while he stepped out of the buggy, and getting down on his hands and knees, looked over into the water. Yes, there they were at the bottom, with a crowd of little fishes rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished to goodness that his nose was as close for one second. His beautiful teeth that had cost him so much, and the show coming on, and no time to get another set—and the widow and young Sockrider. Well, he must try and get them somehow—and no time to be lost, for some one might come along and ask him what he was fooling around there for. He had no notion of spoiling his clothes by wading in with them on; and besides, if he did he could not go to the widow's that night; so he took a look up and down the road then quickly undressed himself, laying his clothes in the buggy to keep them clean. Then he ran around the bank and waded in to the almost ice-cold water; but his teeth did not chatter in his head—he only wished they could. Quietly he waded along so as not to stir the mud up, and when he got to the right spot he dropped under the water, and placed them in his mouth. But hark! What noise is that? A wagon, and a dog barking with all his might and his horse is starting. "Whoa! whoa! stop, you brute, you, stop!" But stop he would not, and went off at a spanking pace, with the unfortunate bachelor after him. Bill was certainly in capital running costume, but though he strained every nerve, he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground.

After a while his plug hat shook off the seat, and the hind wheel went over it, making it flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and, after jamming his fist into it, all dusty and dimpled, put it on his head. And now he saw the widow's house on the top of the hill, and what, oh, what will he do?

Then his coat fell out, and he slipped it on, and then, making a desperate spurt, he clutched the back of the seat and scrambled in, and pulling the buffalo robe over his legs, stuffed the other things beneath. Now the horse happened to be one he got of Squire Moore, and he got it from the wi low, and he took it in his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else. The widow heard the rattling of wheels and looked out, and seeing it was Smiley, and that he didn't offer to get out, she went to see what he wanted; and there she stood chatting with her white arms on the top of her gate, and her face towards him, while the chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had combined to make some nice little streams of mud that came trickling down his face.

She asked him to come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said; he did not offer to go. He didn't like to ask her to pick up his reins for him, because he did not know what excuse to make for not doing it himself. Then he looked down the road behind him and saw a white-faced horse coming and at once surmised it was that Gus Sockrider. He resolved to do or die, and hurridly told his errand. The widow would be pleased to go, of course she would. But wouldn't he come in; No, he was in a hurry, he said; he had to go on to Green's place.

"Oh," said the widow, "you're going to Green's are you? Why, I am going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt to-morrow. Just wait a second while I get my bonnet and shawl, and I'll ride with you." And away she skipped.

"Thunder and lightning!" said Bill; "what a scrape!" and he hastily clutched his pants from between his feet and was preparing to wriggle into them, when a little wagon drawn by a white-faced horse, driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other, and just as the widow reached the gate again, he said:

"Here's your boots and socks, Mr. Smiley, that you left on the bridge when you were in swimming."

"You're mistaken," said Bill; "They are not mine."

"Why," said the boy, "ain't you the young man that had the race after the horse just now."

"No, sir, I am not! you had better go about your business."

Bill sighed at the loss of his Sunday boots, and turning to the widow, said:

"Just pick up the lines, will you, please; this brute of a horse is always switching them out of my hands."

The widow complied; then pulled one corner of the robe cautiously down as she got in.

"What a lovely evening," said she, "and so warm I don't think we want the robe over us, do we?"

(You see, she had on a nice new dress and a pair of new gaiters, and she wanted to show them.)

"Oh my!" said Bill earnestly, "you'll find it chilly riding, and I wouldn't have you catch cold for the world."

She seemed pleased at this tender care of her health, and contented herself with sticking one of her little feet out with a long silk neck-tie over the end of it.

"What is that, Mr. Smiley, a necktie?"

"Yess," said he; "I bought it the other day, and I have left it in the buggy. Never mind it."

"But," said she, "it was so careless; and stooping over, she picked it up and made a motion to stuff it in between them.

Bill felt her hand going down, and making a dive after it, clutched it in his and held hard and fast.

Then they went on quite a distance, he still holding her hand in his and wondering what he should do when they got to Green's; and she wondering why he did not say something nice to her as well as squeeze her hand, why his coat was buttoned up so tightly on such a warm evening, and what made his face and hat so dirty, until they were going down a little hill and one of the traces came un hitched and they had to stop.

"Oh, murder!" exclaimed Bill; "what next!"

"What is the matter, Mr. Smiley?" said the widow, with a start which came near jerking the robe off his knees.

"One of the traces is off," answered he.

"Well, why don't you get out and put it on?"

"I can't," said Bill; "I've got—that is, I havn't got—oh dear, I'm so sick! What shall I do?"

"Why, Willie," said she tenderly, what is the matter? do tell me." She gave his hand a little squeeze, and looked into his pale face. She thought he was going to faint, so she got out her smelling-bottle with her left hand, and pulling the stopper with her teeth, she stuck it to his nose.

Bill was just taking in breath for a mighty sigh, and the pungent odor made him throw back his head so far that he lost his balance and went over the low-back buggy. The little woman gave a low scream as his bare feet flew past her head; and covering her face with her hands, gave way to tears or smiles—it is hard to tell which. Bill was "right-side-up" in a moment, and leaning over the back of the seat humbly apologizing and explaining, when Ed. Wilbur and his wife drove up behind and stopped. Poor Bill felt that he would rather have been shot than have Ed. Wilbur catch him in such a scrape; but there was no help for it now, so he called Ed. to him and whispered in his ear. Ed. was like to burst with suppressed laughter, but he beckoned to his wife to draw up, and after saying something to her he helped the widow out of Bill's buggy and into his, and the two women went on, leaving the men behind. Bill lost no time in arranging his toilet as well as he could, and then, with great persuasion, Ed. got him to go home with him, and hunting up slippers and socks and getting him washed and combed, had him quite presentable when the ladies arrived.

I need not tell you how the story was all wormed out of bashful Bill, and how they all laughed as they sat around the tea-table that night, but will conclude by saying that they went to the show together, and Bill has no fear of Gus Sockrider now.

This is the story about Bill and the widow just as I heard it from Ed. Wilbur, and if there is anything unsatisfactory about it, ask him.

A Tramp's Maxims.

In the hip pocket of an old vagrant, pulled in by the police the other night, was a memorandum book full of his own writing with pencil, and some of his philosophy is good enough to be preserved. His first paragraph reads:

"Drinking bad whiskey because it is offered free is getting in the way of bullets purchased by an enemy."

A second reads:—

"Honesty is the best policy; but some folks are satisfied with second best. It is hard to be honest on an empty stomach."

A third runs:—

"A dry plank under a rainproof shed is better than a feather bed in jail, and one isn't annoyed by the jailer bringing in a square breakfast."

A fourth says:

"Pay as you go. If you havn't anything to pay with, don't go. If you are forced to go, record every indebtedness and let your heirs settle the bills."

The fifth explains:—

"We should have charity for all. When the winter winds blow cold and drear we vags should pity the poor fellow in Indias who are having red hot weather."

A sixth is recorded:—

"Politeness costs nothing, but it is not expected that you will wake a man up at midnight to ask permission to go through his hen house. It is more courteous to let him enjoy his needed repose."

The seventh and last was noted down as follows:

"When you pick up an apple core do not find fault because it is not the apple itself, but be satisfied with the grade of decent. Do not be ashamed of your occupation. We cannot all be lords, nor can we all be vagrants. If I cannot be a lord I should not lament at being a vagrant. Be truthful and outspoken. This is, tell 'em you are a Chicago fire sufferer. Keep reasonable hours or some other vag will get your plank first. Be hopeful, cheerful and good natured. Growling won't cure a sore heel.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Family Matters.

To stop the flow of blood, even from a severe wound, bind on the wound the fine dust of tea. After the flow has been staunched, laudanum may be applied with advantage.

Take two ounces of grated chocolate, one of brown sugar, three teaspoonfuls of milk, one teaspoonful prepared gum arabic, boil briskly for ten minutes, and there is delicious chocolate icing.

To cure weak eyes, take rose leaves—the more the better—and put them into a little water, then boil; after this, strain it into a bottle, and cork it tight. You will find this liquid very beneficial in removing redness and weakness from the eyes.

To preseve the teeth, dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water, and before it is cold add one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor, and bottle for use. A tablespoonful of this, mixed with an equal quantity of tepid water and applied daily with a soft brush, will preserve the teeth, extirpate all tartarous adhesion, arrest decay, and make the teeth pearly white.

Never wash mirrors with a cloth; but after removing all dust from the mirror and frame with an old silk handkerchief or feather duster, dampen an old newspaper and rub the surfance of the mirror till perfectly clear and free from spots; then wipe off all the moisture with a dry paper, and the mirror will be as clear as glass can be—without moats or streaks, as is the case when it is washed and polished with a cloth.

Cheap Printing.

Our attention has several times recently been called to certain varieties and jobs of work which have been done and are being done by some printers at prices proving beyond a doubt that they do not understand their business, unless they are carrying it on just for the fun of the thing. Good printers—men of experience—who know what a job must bring to pay a modest profit, have their estimates brought into competition with those of printers whose figures are in many cases below actual cost. And this is not done so much through a spirit of rivalry as from ignorance. Especially is this noticeable on colored work, or that calling particular composition or presswork. Many printers seem to think that the bare cost of paper and plain composition are the only items necessary to be calculated with any exactness, and guess at the expense of the rest of the performance. But when it comes to colored work, with its frequent washing of rollers and waste of expensive inks, and the time spent in making up the several forms, there is much more to be considered, as they find by costly experience.

The great misfortune to the trade is, that although such inexperienced printers as we have alluded to, may in time learn by bitter lessons to demand a fair price for their work, the customer, naturally averse to paying more than usual for the same job, goes shopping about armed with the bill of the self-victimized printer, and is generally successful in finding some other new-beginner ignorant enough to take the work at the rates therein specified, or, perhaps, even lower, for the sake of securing it; the usual argument of Sanguine Victim Number Two being that if Number One could do it at those rates he also can. Another custom of the Sanguine Printer is to take a job at a non-paying price, in the hope of securing more profitable work from the same customer. This plan is bad in every way. It rarely has the desired result, and forever prevents that particular job from fetching a fair price.

The only system on which the printing business can be remuneratively carried on is to rigidly make every job pay a fair profit, whether it be an order for fifty cards or fifty thousand Bibles. If a printer wishes to conciliate or oblige a customer, it is better to give him the work gratis at once than to charge a price which will not pay, but will have the effect of spoiling his or any other printer's chance of ever making anything out of it in the future.—*Exchange.*

How to be Handsome.

Most people like to be handsome. Nobody denies the greater power which any person may have who has a good face, and who attracts you by his good looks, even before a word has been spoken. And we see all sorts of devices in men and women to improve their good looks—paints and washes, and all kinds of cosmetics, including a plentiful anointing with dirty hair-oil.

Now, not everyone can have good features. They are as God made them; but almost anyone can look well, especially with good health. It is hard to give rules in a very short space, but in brief these will do:

Keep clean—wash freely and universally with cold water. All the skin wants is leave to act freely, and it will take care of itself. Its thousands of airholes must not be plugged up.

Eat regularly and simply. The stomach can no more work all the time, night and day than a horse; it must have regular work and regular rest.

Good teeth are a help to good looks. Brush them with a soft brush, especially at night. Go to bed with the teeth clean. Of course to have white teeth, it is needful to let tobacco alone. Every woman knows that. And any powder or wash for the teeth should be very simple. Acids may whiten the teeth, but they take off the enamel or injure them.

Sleep in a cold room, in pure air. No one can have clean skin who breathes bad air. But, more than all, in order to look well, wake up the mind and soul. When the mind is awake, the dull, sleepy look passes away from the eyes. I do not know that the brain expands, but it seems to. Think, read—not trashy novels, but books that have something in them. Talk with people that know something; hear lectures and learn by them.

"Train up a child in the way he should go," says the proverb; but it is as well, if you want to do the thing properly, to travel in the first instance by that train yourself.

Bits of George Eliot's Wisdom.

The tale of divine pity was never yet believed from lips that were not felt to be moved by human pity.

There is an unspeakable blending of sadness and sweetness in the smile of a face sharpened and paled by slow consumption.

Worldly faces never look so worldly as at a funeral. They have the same effect of grating incongruity as the sound of a coarse voice breaking the solemn silence of the night.

There are *moments* when by some strange impulse we contradict our past selves—fatal moments, when a fit of passion, like a lava stream, lays low the work of half our lives.

Always there is seed being sown silently and unseen, and everywhere there come sweet flowers without our foresight or labor. We reap what we sow, but nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours.

In those distant days, as in all other times and places where the mental atmosphere is changing, and men are inhaling the stimulus of new ideas, folly oftentimes mistook itself for wisdom, ignorance gave itself airs of knowledge, and selfishness, turning its eyes upward, called itself religion.

Our habitual life is like a wall hung with pictures, which has been shone on by the sun of many years; take one of the pictures away, and it leaves a definite blank space, to which our eyes can never turn without a sensation of discomfort. Nay, the involuntary loss of any familiar object almost always brings a chill as from an evil omen; it seems to be the first finger-shadow of advancing death.

Sacredness of a Promise.

An eminent British statesman is said to have traced his own sense of the sacredness of a promise to a curious lesson he got from his father when he was a boy. When home for his holidays, and walking with his father in the garden, his father pointed to a wall which he intended to have pulled down.

"Oh," said the boy, "I should so like to see a wall pulled down."

"Well my boy you shall," said his father.

The thing however escaped his memory and during the boy's absence a number of improvements, and among them this wall was torn down and a new one built in its place. When the boy came home and saw it, he said:

"Oh father you promised to let me see that pulled down."

Instantly the father remembered his promise, and was deeply pained to think that he had seemed careless about his plighted word.

"My boy," he said, "you are right. I did promise, and I ought not to have forgotten. It is too late now to do just what I said I would, but you wanted to see a wall pulled down, and so you shall."

And he actually ordered the masons up and made them pull down and rebuild the new wall, that as nearly as possible his promise might be good.

"It cost me twenty pounds," he said to a friend who was bantering him about it, "but," he said, "if it had cost a hundred, I should have thought it a cheap way of impressing on my boy's mind as long as he lives the importance that a man of honor should attach to his plighted word."

Giving Advice.

Advice is a first-rate thing when the person giving it knows what he or she is talking about. But there are volumes of advice and counsel which are utterly useless, because it is simply the result of an uncontrollable desire to say something—what makes no difference. Advice, to be worth anything, needs to be matured in the mind before it is uttered. It is altogether better, however, as a rule, to attend to your business and let other people's alone, unless you are invited to interfere. Public men are especially the victims of the advice given. All men and women in the world think themselves called upon to give a man who happens to be in public life a sort of advice, seeming entirely to lose sight of the very important fact that any who has mind enough to attract any considerable share of public attention probably has enough to manage his own affairs. Get your own affairs in good shape and keep them in it and do not waste so much of life in looking after other people.

The beginning of an acquaintance, whether with persons or things is to get [illegible] for [illegible]