

Georgia, and if I ever catch him outside of his town I'll put a head on him!"

"I move that we resist any swindle on his part," said a drummer from Chicago.

"If I find bugs, I'll fire the bed out of the window," said a patent-churn man from Ohio.

"And thus it went on for half an hour, everybody anticipating and predicting, but the conversation finally closed by the originator remarking:—

"Well, we'll have to put up with it, I suppose, but you can make up your minds to see the meanest, low-down, hang-dog tavern-keeper in America."

It was after dark when we reached the village, and after delaying awhile with the baggage five of us rode up together in the 'bus. The sixth man had disappeared, and we didn't see him until we reached the hotel. Then he was discovered behind the desk, a pen over his ear, his coat off—in fact, he was the identical landlord himself! One after another walked up, took a look at him, and fell back: and we had adjourned to the veranda, and were talking of sleeping out on the grass that night when he came out and said:—

"Gentlemen, will you walk in and register?"

One followed the other, and, though we all remained until the next evening, not a word was said nor a hint dropped about the conversation on the cars. It was only as the train was ready to go that he shook hands all around, and kindly remarked:—

"The meanest, low-down, hang-dog tavern-keeper in America hopes to see one and all again. Have a cigar, gentlemen?"

We have sent him a gallon of wine and a box of cigars from Augusta, but he was still our creditor.—*M. Quad.*

### The Baby.

What's that thing?

What thing?

That thing over there.

That? That's a baby.

What's a baby?

A baby is the offspring of parents.

What are parents?

Parents are the progenitors of their offspring.

Oh. What's it doing, now?

What's what doing?

The baby.

Making a noise.

What does it make a noise for?

To whoop things up and wake its daddy up at four o'clock in the morning.

That must be nice.

You're just right. You see, when the thermometer is down to 20° below on a cold morning in December, and father and mother are asleep, and it is so cold that the door knobs freeze so tight that they won't turn until they are thawed out, the baby, he raises the roof off.

How?

With his lungs. It is calculated that a man's lungs are strongest when he is a baby. We don't know why this is, but it is. I suppose, though, the Lord keeps changing a baby's lungs all through childhood, and after he has used copper-lined, iron-bottomed and leather lungs two or three times, He can just tell what kind of lungs the baby will need when he grows up.

What is the father?

He is one of the parents.

What is he good for?

Oh, he ain't good for much, because the baby is boss when he comes and runs the whole house, and the mother sides in with him, whenever any disputes arise. The father is a handy article to have around, though, when the baby gets colic, because then the father walks the room at night and stubs his naked toes hunting the paregoric.

What's the baby for?

The baby, you know, is the parent of nations. He bosses everybody, too. A ten-pound baby can sass a two-hundred pound man and the other fellow is afraid to touch him. There are seven great events in the life of the baby.

What are they?

They are, 1st—the day of birth; 2nd—when an uncle or aunt declares it looks like its father; 3rd—the first tooth; 4th—when it is named after a rich relative well on in years; 5th—when it creeps; 6th—when it falls down stairs the first time; 7th—When it begins to walk and get into the pantry.

The baby must have a nice time.

Oh, yes! The most important item of a baby's make-up is its month. It eats the black off the stove, swallows the poker, chews up the scissors and bites the cat.

The first few years of its life is a constant meal. The meanest thing about a baby is its bitter war on its father. But he has one consolation.

What's that?

He knows that some day the baby (if it's a he-baby) will grow up and be a father too.—*Breakfast-Table.*

### The Man With Nothing to Do.

A man who has nothing to do is a pitiable object. He is simply a kept man. He is living on charity. Some amiable snoozer, now dead, has left him the money he lives on, and all he has to do is to draw the money and eat, drink and sleep: no eyes can brighten with happiness when he comes home, because he only comes home when the other places are closed. He cannot come home tired, and be petted and rested by willing hands because it would be a mockery to pet a tired man who had got tired doing nothing. Such a man simply exists and is no good on earth. If he would wheel a barrow and earn a dollar, and get tired, and buy a beefsteak with the dollar, and have it cooked and eat it while the appetite was on that he got wheeling the barrow, he would know more enjoyment than he had ever known before. That man with nothing to do on earth no doubt thinks, as he lies around and smells frowsy, that he is enjoying life, but he knows no more about enjoyment than a tom-cat that sleeps all day and goes out nights to play short-stop to a lot of boot-jacks and beer bottles. Such a man is a cipher, and does not know enough to go in when it rains. If there were less incomes left to lazy young fellows, and more sets of carpenter tools, there would be more real enjoyment.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The story has been related of the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin that once, in his active political days, he attended a party caucus at which there was only one man present besides himself. He promptly elected the other man chairman, had himself appointed secretary, and then transacted all the business in hand; and when he had made out the credentials of the delegates chosen, he wrote in them that the delegates were elected at a "large and respectable caucus"—"because," he explained to the chairman, "you are large and I am respectable."