



ANDY'S TIN TRUMPET.

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*Janie.*—Now, Andy, be a good boy, and put down that trumpet. Kitty and Bella are asleep, and you must not wake them.

*Andy.*—Why, it's time they were up and at play. *Too-too-too!*

*Janie.*—Oh, stop that noise, you rogue! They have both bad colds, and I have given them some sage-tea.

*Andy.*—Why did you leave Bella out on the door-step all night, if you did not wish to have her take cold?

*Janie.*—That was an accident, Andy. I let her make a visit at Ellen Ray's, and Ellen brought her back, and laid her on the door-step. The night was chilly, and Bella took cold.

*Andy.*—Took cold! Oh, what a likely story! And how did Kitty take cold? Oh, I'll tell you; she dipped one of her four-feet into a saucer of milk: I saw her do it. *Too-too-too!*

*Janie.*—I shall have to take away that trumpet, if you do not stop.

*Andy.*—Where's the use of stopping now? That gray kitty has waked up, and means fun. *Too-too-too!*

*Janie.*—There! They are all awake now.

*Andy.*—Yes, the sage-tea has cured them, and they are all ready for a frolic. *Too-too-too!* Dolls and cats, come out to play, for it is a pleasant day. *Too-too-too!*

He lives long that lives well, and time  
is spent is not lived but lost.

## HOW TOMMY TENDED THE BABY.

TOMMY TEALE was just six years old. It was his birthday, but instead of having a good time to celebrate such a grand event he had to take care of the baby. His mother went out to do some errands and left him alone with his little sister. Tommy felt very bad about it. Little Nellie cried a good deal. Tommy did not know what to do with her. He loved her very much, but did not like to take care of her when she was cross.

As he stood at the window, Ned Brown came out to play on the sidewalk.

"Come out, Tommy!" he shouted.

"I can't," Tommy shouted back, "I've got to tend the baby."

"Shut the door tight, and she can't get out," Ned said.

Tommy thought it over. He knew more about babies than Ned Brown did. Nellie might burn herself on the stove, or pull the cover of the table, or break the lamp. An idea came into Tommy's head. He ran to the closet for the tacks and hammer. He drove four tacks through her dress and fastened her down to the floor. When this was done, he ran out of doors as fast as his legs would carry him.

In about an hour Tommy's mother came home. He had not shut the door tight because he was in such a hurry. Right on the top step was found the baby. But her little fat neck and arms were bare. She had no dress on. Her mother carried her into the sitting room. There was the dress nailed to the floor. The flaby had torn it all off

trying to get away, and it had to go into the ragbag.

Tommy came in a few minutes after. He was very much surprised to hear what his mother told him.

"I thought you only wanted me to keep her out of mischief, and I guessed the nails would do it sure!"—*Caroline B. Le Ross.*

## AUCTIONING OFF THE BABY.

WHAT am I offered for Baby?

Dainty, dimple, and sweet,  
From the curls above her forehead  
To the beautiful rosy feet,  
From the tips of the wee pink fingers,  
To the light of the clear brown eye,  
What am I offered for baby?  
Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?

What am I offered for Baby?

"A shopful of sweets?" Ah, no!  
That's too much beneath his value  
Who is sweetest of all below!  
The naughty, beautiful darling!  
One kiss from his rosy mouth  
Is better than all the dainties  
Of East, or West, or South!

What am I offered for Baby?

"A pile of gold?" Ah, dear,  
Your gold is too hard and heavy  
To purchase my brightness here.  
Would the treasures of all the mountains  
Far in the wonderful lands,  
Be worth the clinging and clasping,  
Of these dear little peach-blown hands?

So what am I offered for Baby?

"A rope of diamonds?" Nay,  
If your brilliants were larger and brighter  
Than stars in the Milky Way,  
Would they ever be half so precious  
As the light of those lustrous eyes,  
Still full of the heavenly glory  
They brought from beyond the skies?

Then what am I offered for Baby?

"A heart full of love and a kiss;"  
Well, if anything ever could tempt me,  
'Twould be such an offer as this!  
But how can I know if your loving  
Is tender, and true, and divine;  
Enough to repay what I'm giving,  
In selling this sweetheart of mine?

So we will not sell the Baby!

Your gold and gems and stuff,  
Were they ever so rare and precious  
Would never be half enough?  
For what would we care, my dearie,  
What glory the world put on,  
If our beautiful darling was going;  
If our beautiful darling was gone!

—*Wide Awake.*