

**Lizzie Deane's Baby.**

BY M. K. H. EVERETT.

A cry of horror went up one day,  
When the ground with snow was white,  
For Lizzie Deane's baby had frozen and starved  
On its mother's breast at night,  
And not in the dreary western wilds,  
And not on the bleak east shore,  
But here in our proudest city's street,  
And close to the rich man's door.

Poor Lizzie Deane's baby was clasped all night  
To its mother's empty breast,  
And folded close in her faded rags  
By her thin cold arms was pressed.  
All night, in her bitter grief she saw  
The red lamps glare through the gray,  
But the pitying stars she could not see,  
For the clouds shut Heaven away.

And long, when the happy children play  
By the cozy fire at night,  
And the mother rocks her own little babe,  
All robed in its dainty white,  
By many a hearth shall the tale be told,  
With a long and dreary sigh,  
How Lizzie Deane's husband, crazed with drink,  
Turned his babe in the street to die.

**A Faithful Workman.**

None come so near being "independent" as those who make their own fortunes. None are so heavy a burden to the world as those who wait for luck to make them rich, or complain that they were born so.

The contrast between the high-minded and low-minded way of living and doing is shown in the following story from the *New York Ledger*:

Several years ago a large number of men were employed not far from Boston, to fill some unsightly salt water flats and raise them above tide water.

One day—it was eleven o'clock in the forenoon—the contractor went out to where a separate gang were at work building a sea-wall, and when he reached the spot he found a solitary man busy on the face of the wall. He had a bucket of cement, and a trowel, and was engaged in "pointing" the said wall—that is, neatly filling in the seams and interstices with bits of stone and cement. It was nice work and required a competent workman. But why was this man here alone?

"Where are the rest of the workmen?"

"It's eleven o'clock, and they've gone to old Cafferty's after their beer."

"Don't you ever go with them?"

"No, sir. In the first place, I don't want the beer; I'm better off without it. And in the next place, I can't make it seem quite right to take time that is not mine."

"You are right young man, perfectly right." And then the contractor looked the workman over more critically. He was young—not more than two or three and twenty; a strong, well-knit, handsome youth, with an intelligent face, and an eye as bright as a sapphire.

"Tell me, my friend," the contractor pursued, after his survey, "if you have fixed upon this course from any principle, that is, if you have a reason for it."

The workman looked, for a few moments, a little puzzled. He did not at first catch the contractor's meaning. But presently his face brightened, and he seemed to grow taller as he answered:

"Ah, I see. You mean to ask me if I do this because I think it is right?"

The gentleman nodded, whereupon the other went on:

"Why, no, sir—I can't say it's exactly that. I do right anyhow, simply because it is right; but I do this, because I want, one of these days, to be somebody—to succeed in business—to do something better than working on a level with a gang of navvies."

"Yes, yes," nodded the contractor, "I think we now understand one another. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I think I once hired the man that hired you. However—you know where your contractor's office—where the paymaster's office—is?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, my man, do you call there this evening, half an hour after you have quit work here."

At the appointed time our young workman presented himself at the office, where he found, first, that it was his employer who had spoken with him that forenoon; and second, he found that said employer, or contractor, was in want of a trusty agent into whose hands he could consign the entire charge of overlooking the workmen and the work. In less than a year the young man owned stock in the enterprise, and in ten years from that day he was one of the leading citizens of New England's metropolis.

**Coming to the Point.**

Comment is often made on the curiosity of people in the agricultural districts, but it is only right and proper that an honest farmer who is addressed by a perfect stranger should weigh the subject well before giving away valuable information. The other day a Detroitier who was engineering a horse and buggy over a muddy highway in the western part of this county met a farmer and called out:

"Do you folks fly when you go to town?"

The farmer put down the rail he was lifting up, took a chew of "shorts" and advancing nearer, he calmly inquired:

"Want to sell that hoss?"

"No."

"Want to buy a mate to him?"

"No."

"Want to trade that buggy for a waggon?"

"No."

"Buying butter to ship?"

"No."

"Speculating in 'taters any?"

"No."

"Anything new in Detroit?"

"Haven't heard of anything."

"Travelled very far to-day?"

"About twelve miles."

"Going to the city to-night?"

"Yes, if I can get there. Now, then, do you folks out here along the line of this infernal river of mud fly when you go to town?"

The man looked around, heaved a sigh, and broke off a twig to pick his teeth before answering:

"Stranger, what kind of a flying machine are you peddling, and what's your very lowest figure for cash?"

**A Testimonial.**

Some of these "testimonials" to the value of patent medicines, says *Hawkeye Lurdette*, are funny things. It chanced that one day last summer we sailed over to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, and one evening while there we picked up a Halifax paper and read a glowing tribute to the efficacy of somebody's "Infallible Lung and Liver Balsam." It was dated at Yarmouth, and the subscriber, who signed his name in full, said that after suffering unheard-of tortures for many years, he heard of this "Infallible Lung Balsam," and was completely, entirely and permanently cured with two bottles. We read the testimonial, and said, "Why, here's a Yarmouth man in print." A friend took the paper, read the article to which we pointed, and laughed and read again and laughed some more. "Is it a real name?" we asked, for we had never yet been able to find a real name to a patent medicine testimonial. "Is it a real name?" "Oh, yes," said the citizen, laughing still more. "It's all right; it's straight as a string; he's a Yarmouth man, sure enough, but he's been dead and buried a year and a half!" But we were glad, anyhow, to find a real name to a medicine testimonial.

Conduct is the great profession. Behavior is the perpetual revealing of us. What a man does tells us what he is.—[F. D. Huntington.]

How many people are there in the world who would like to find out practically whether riches add to one's happiness or not?