

THE NEW BABY.

EUGENE FIELD.

We welcome thee, eventful morn,
Since to the poet there is born
A son and heir;

A fuzzy babe of rosy hue
And staring eyes of misty blue,
Sans teeth, sans hair.

Let those who know not wedded joy
Reville this most illustrious boy—
This genial child!

But let the brother poets raise
Their songs and chant their sweetest lays
To him reviled.

Then strike, O harps, your tuneful lyres,
And awake, O rhyming souls, your fires,
And use no stint!

Bring forth the festive syrup cup—
Fill every loyal beaker up
With peppermint!

—St. Louis Journal.

A TILT AT TREATING.

A correspondent sends the following to the New York Mail:

I want to urge a movement which I believe will do more good for temperance than all other agencies together. I would like to see the utterly absurd, stupid and injurious practice of treating done away with altogether, and the German practice of every man paying for his own adopted.

Every man who has been addicted to drink—and I am sorry to say I am one—knows very well that his appetite was got through this practice and that, after acquired, it was this custom that fastened it, and made it dangerous.

A young man saunters into his club, his billiard room, or any other place where liquors are sold, without any idea of drink. He doesn't want it, he did not intend to take it when he came in, and he would be better off without it. Three other young men are at the bar, two of them precisely like himself, but who had accepted the invitation of the third, who, further along, had come in for a drink. He is invited to join them, and he does, following the custom which has become law. A. wants a drink, B. C. and D. do not, but take it. While the change is being made, B., slightly excited by the stimulant, suggests a repeat, which is done. C., having partaken of his friends' hospitality, deems it mean not to spend some money in return suggests another, and D. by this time excited to a degree that demands more, follows with a fourth.

By this time they are half fuddled and ready for anything, and if they are not carried home it is because they are seasoned vessels.

If they stop with the fourth man, there are fifteen drinks poured down where, with this system abolished, there would have been but one. And the party is lucky that gets off with forty, instead of fifteen more or less.

Every drinking man in this city will testify to the truth of this experience.

"I have a big head this morning," says Tom.

"What do want to get full for every night?" replies Harry.

"Well I didn't mean to," is the invariable answer, "but you see last night I struck Bill, Dick and Jack, and we got to—well, one drink follows another, and you know how it is yourself."

Every drinking man knows how it is himself. This senseless custom is the most valuable ally intemperance has. It has filled more drunkards' graves than all other causes combined.

Lone drinkers are very rare—men go to their ruin in crowds.

One party of fifteen young men who are in the habit of meeting for lunch every day in the lower part of the city are trying the experiment of each ordering what he wants and paying for it, and it works beautifully. They are not con-

suming one-tenth the liquor they did under the old system.

Wipe Out the Record.

It is a common practice among saloon-keepers to speak sneeringly of those who have quit drinking and signed the pledge, and of adding to their remarks: "It was time for Bill to quit—he owed me \$7.60 for rum, and owes it yet." One of these unfortunates, who had run up a rum bill before signing the pledge, addressed a letter to an exchange, stating frankly that he owed the saloon keeper a bill, and that as the stuff sold him was damaging to him, he desired to know whether he was in duty bound to pay it. He felt that if he paid it, it would be so much towards assisting to sustain the rum traffic. The exchange, in reply, said that it was a delicate question to handle, and as novel and interesting as it was delicate. The writer is doubtless correct in saying that the rum did him harm, and that the money, if paid, would help the liquor traffic. Yet, we advise him to pay the bill. The name of a really reformed drunkard does not look well chalked on a slate, over such a long list of drinks as would amount to \$7.60, and suspended to public view in a bar-room. Better wipe out the record. It adds that it is a good thing for everybody to drink no more than he can pay for cash down, and better to drink a great deal less.

Hold On, Boys.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to punch, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth, games, and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to virtue—it is above all price to you at all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

An exchange speaks of a Vermont editor's wife presenting her husband with a fourteen pound daughter. Oh, yes, we remember the circumstance. The editor received the donation with his accustomed suavity, and penned the following before he discovered that the gift was not sent for the usual puff: "A magnificent baby has been laid upon our table by Mrs. Blank, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing it the best that has come under our notice this season. We return thanks for the generous gift, and can only add that we hope that the printer will be similarly remembered by many other of our readers." When the editor discovered what a blunder he had made, he took a solemn oath never to write another puff, not even if his cellar was filled with water melons and his back yard with cordwood.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions—cowards have fought, may even conquered; but a coward never forgave. It is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

"WILKINS MICAWBER," Halifax.—Letter received; much obliged for sub. and good wishes. Will write soon.

GLOW-WORM.—Too late for this week.

"DOT," Boston.—Club of subscribers received; much obliged.

"LIZIE,"—Poetry too high-toned for us. Send it to the Ledger.

SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

Wiry chaps—Telegraph operators.—*Oil City Derrick*.

Pump-ous sort of fellows—Milkmen.—*N. Y. Com.*

Never strike a moustache when it is down.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Why is a deserted hut like a rooster? Because it's a shanty clear.—*Dexter Smith's*.

Socrates never drank. On account of his Xantippe-ty to drink.—*Pack*.

An Ohio bill poster pasted show bills on the tombstones in a cemetery. No doubt he wished to give the "dead heads" a show.—*Norristown Herald*.

A Sunday-school boy, upon being asked what made the tower of Pisa lean, replied, "Because of the famine in the land."—*Hackensack Republican*.

Putnam's female ghost appears when they least expect.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

Actual fact! A pious young man was going through the Common one Sunday, and came upon some youngsters "playing marbles." "Boys," he said, "boys, do you know what day it is?" One of the imps turns to a bystander with, "Here, can you tell this man what day it is, he don't know?"

Did you ever watch the noiseless movements of a pretty girl's lips as her dress is trodden upon, and marvel at the self-command which enables her to do the situation justice in so quiet a manner?

In the third precinct a policeman arrested a man who tried to explain that he was only "weary." The policeman explained that there is arrest for the "weary."

"Ma!" screamed young Matilda Spilkins the other morning, when she got the paper, "Ma, Silver Bill has just passed the house." "Has he, my dear?" replied Mrs. S. from up stairs. "Why didn't you ask him in?"—*N. Y. Commercial*.

GOOD GLIMMERS.

I don't like to talk much with people who always agree with me. It is amusing to coquette with an echo a little while, but one soon tires of it.—*Curlye*.

Do little helpful things, and speak helpful words whenever you can. They are better than pearls and diamonds to strew along the roadside of life. They will yield a far more valuable harvest, as you will find after many days.

The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man who loses his courage loses all; there is no more hope of him than of a dead man; but it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world; if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head, works on with his hands, and in his unconquerable will determines to be and to do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him that kills; but what is within, that makes or unmakes.