

reason for the difference, no doubt, is that the English estate referred to was not only non-productive, but involved large outlays on the part of its owner.

POSSIBILITIES OF BABYHOOD.

Wordsworth remarks that "Heaven lies above us in our infancy," to which some one has waggishly added, "and our neighbors lie about us after we are grown up." If the baby is only a week or two old we are not so sure about the "Heaven," for the supposed angelic smile may simply be the result of a twinge of colic. The boy baby is most subject to colic, and so, by fair inference, more Heavens lie about him. Probably Eliza Cook properly sized up the subject when she wrote:

And Heaven was around us when we fed
On rich, ambrosial gingerbread.

It is neither kind nor wise to vote a baby an unmitigated nuisance. In doing so we shut our eyes against its wonderful possibilities. Babies may be like weeds, and weeds, says Emerson, are plants whose virtues have not yet been discovered. Ruskin says that a child's education begins when it is six months old—at the time when it "can answer smile with smile." However, the smile may not be essential; and yet if the baby is a boy, it will be better for him to do his "smiling" than that after he's grown up. He can exhibit his developing intelligence without the answering smile. To pull out a handful of papa's whiskers, to smash grandma's spectacles all over her face and to flatten out the kitten like a pancake with the rolling pin, is a development sufficiently ample. By its yells, vigorous and prolonged, it shows compass of lungs and tenacity of purpose. Such various aptitudes are a fair indication of its possibilities.

Another writer as smart as Ruskin says "a child should be educated twenty years before its birth." We have no time to go back to the last generation; it is enough to educate the babies of this one. We are not writing a book on the subject, and so we'll file the opinion with the trite old Spanish proverb that "an ounce of mother is better than a pound of clergy."

A baby's accomplishments are as varied as they are numerous. It can keep a household in turmoil all day and in consternation all night, with a provoking self-consciousness that it didn't half try. It has a wonderful faculty for sleeping in the daytime when it ought to be awake, and of being awake at night when it ought to be asleep. It can wear out a pair of shoes in twenty-four hours and its mother's patience in one. It can beat the hired girl breaking dishes by two or three laps, and needn't get out of its mother's lap to do it. It is large enough to occupy the whole of the bed at once, and yet small enough to creep into the kitchen drain, selecting the time for the feat just when its mother has put on it a white, newly laundered dress.

It will yell like a Comanche Indian if a pin merely touches its anatomy, and yet it will fall down

a flight of stairs and not mind it any more than a book agent would. It can be sweet, patient, serene, when alone; yet, when trotted out for exhibition, will show much of its mother's temper and all of its father's depravity. It can lighten its mother's burdens by adding to them, a paradox that does not need a diagram.

When there are two of them the mother's care increases; so does his father's desire to be profane. Sometimes there are triple plated editions of him, but the instances are rare, which is fortunate, as it keeps suicide among distracted fathers below the average.

There is a possibility of his having the mumps, chickenpox, scarlet fever and measles, of his being good, dying young and becoming an angel, or of living long enough to become bald headed and useless. There is a possibility of his becoming president, or something else—more likely the latter. If a girl, she may marry an Italian count, who'll count her out in his various schemes for squandering her fortune. She may get into the ballet if she lives long enough. The boy baby may make a fortune as an inventor, and then lose it by starting a newspaper. He may be nothing but a half starved clergyman at \$600 a year, or rise to the enviable distinction of a baseball pitcher at \$6,000. It will depend on the want of brains, the preponderance of muscle, and the innate propensity to kick.—*Frank H. Stauffer in Detroit Free Press.*

A BALTIMORE BONAPARTE.

If a sculptor should in these days desire to make a portrait, statue, or bust of the great Napoleon, says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, he would be largely aided to faithfulness in his work by a study of the features of Charles Joseph Bonaparte, the grandaephew of the emperor. Of all the living Bonapartes there is no one so like him in countenance as this Baltimore lawyer. Mr. Bonaparte is the grandson of the Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the emperor, whose marriage to the lovely Elizabeth Patterson in Baltimore in 1804 and the subsequent annulment of their union make a deeply interesting page of the history of the century. Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte's only son, who was also a Jerome by given name, was not strongly marked in facial characteristics as a Bonaparte; nor is his eldest son, the Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, who married the granddaughter of Daniel Webster and shines in society at Washington, Newport, New York and Boston, much of a likeness of his Corsican ancestor. But in Charles Joseph Bonaparte there is a remarkable reproduction of the head of the man who fell at Waterloo and died on St. Helena. The oval face, the firm, strong jaw, the aggressive chin, the overhanging forehead and the piercing eyes are all there, and the resemblance is increased by Mr. Bonaparte's fashion of bringing his hair down to something like a bang on his brow, which is familiar in the portrait of his grand-uncle. This

Baltimore Bonaparte is very wealthy through the legacies of his grandmother, but he labors at his profession as closely as if he had his living to earn. He is an earnest politician and a republican, who has exerted a powerful influence in this city and State.

A WOLF HUNT.

Mr. Seton-Karr, in his new book, "Ten Years' Wild Sport in Foreign Lands," tells the following story of a wolf hunt in Swedish Lapland:

"The forests near the Arctic club and in the vicinity of the Rif and Lof Fields, where I fell in with a large band of Lapps and reindeer, are often the scenes of wolf hunts during the winter. The presence of wolves near herds of deer is always a source of anxiety to the owners as their most dangerous enemies, creating great havoc at times amongst the herds belonging to the mountain Lapps. A single wolf, they assert, can kill in one night as many as thirty reindeer, while a band of wolves can make a rich Lapp poor. The alarm being given of wolf tracts or wolves being seen in any direction within the reach of the Lapps' camp, the swiftest runners on snow-shoes prepare for a most exciting chase. With the swiftness of the wind this procession of short men, in fur or blue coats and sugar-loafed hats, rush through the wood and dart like an arrow down steep hills and through thickets, or jump down ledges several yards in height. Everyone is making supreme efforts to be in front, for only to the striker of the first blow does the wolf belong, and to him appertains all or most of the honor. The leading Lapp is soon close upon his deadly foe, and he deals it a heavy blow across the loins with his strong, spiked snow-shoe staff, sufficient merely to disable it, unless there are other wolves to be pursued, in which case he kills it outright."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Oldest Paper in the World.

Newspaper men and city socials will be surprised to learn it is a historical fact that the Chinese were the first newspaper publishers. The Journal of Peking, established in A. D. 911, is published in three editions. The first, called The King Paou (Journal of the Inhabitants), printed on yellow paper, is the official organ of the Chinese empire; the second edition, China Paou (Commercial Journal), also printed on yellow paper, publishes commercial news; the third issue, The Pitan Paou (Provincial Journal), which appears printed on red paper, contains extracts from the two first named editions. It is forwarded per post to its country subscribers.—*Newsman.*

A Lilliputian Railway.

The most wonderful railway in the world, according to the *St. Louis Republic*, is that connecting the towns of Bedford and north Biller-