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LITTLE WILLIE WAKING UP.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

[illegible]

THE CADET'S BABY.

I AM a military man—not a private in the ranks, but an officer these many years. I have seen service in Florida, in Mexico, on the borders, and I bear of "honorable scars," a few.

When I was just seventeen, a cadet at West Point, I was on my hour tour for the first time within three years. Early in the morning I took my seat in the cars from New York to Boston. I were my uniform, and I (very early up now) was not so unconscious or self-liberal as I second, to the many admiring glances young ladies bestowed upon it, and the smiling looks of approval with which I was met in the middle of the forenoon as Irish women came into the cars. They were crowded, and also, not having the respect for the military which others had had, took what was almost the only unoccupied seat, and by my side. I am a true Democrat. The woman was well clad and clean, so I kept my place. In her arms she had a child—a young baby, of some six or eight months. I was a strange beautiful little thing. I had a very unusually and unaccountably weakness for both babies and children, and it was not long before I had laid down my book to talk to either, that I pulled and untied the little creature not a little.

At once the baby stopped for fifteen minutes. Mamma looked pleased, and I meant to have the novelty of a six-o'clock dinner in Boston, so I did not stir from my place. Suddenly, then I did not, the woman turned to hand a bottle to her child, and I, of course, must do the gallant to assist from every pane. Still I said on, hoping the woman was trying to get through the other ears, and would finally come to my seat. Gradually, however, I was left alone, [illegible] and I held that child. People began to stare, young ladies to titter. Feeb my off as fast as possible, the conductor passed through, I stopped him. With a scarlet finger I pointed to the baroness in my arms, and stammered out something about the mother being a beautiful woman.

"What the d—ll" he exclaimed, as his eye fell on the child. "Well, you're in for it, and no mistake. I saw that woman after she got aboard, and she had a husband then, I thought the last her passing one with her. Twelve steady tack in and done for, that's a fact!"

"But what's to be done with this child?" I asked.

"Don't know, I'm sure. How far are you going?"

"To Boston, to-night."

"Then I guess you'll have to carry it as far as Boston. Then you can take it to any of the hospitals or asylums where they should be left out of doors, and I'll bet a hundred to one of them in two will help you take care of it till you get to Boston" and the conductor passed on. As he went forward, he suddenly told the story, for he began to swear, and there were and boys came scampering to from the other cars, to see the man who had the baby left with him. Plenty of jokes were cracked at my expense, I very sure and then I heard a regular guffaw, and some noth whenever the conductor cross, shout "Look's father!" or "Look's father!"

I was in a rage. My blood boiled furiously. One minute I wanted to swear, the next I felt like every person and thing in the car. I suppose in my passion I gave the poor little thing a rough grip, for she started a quick, little cry. She stopped to a moment, and I looked at her. She lay in my arm so innocent and helpless, and fair, and white, half bewildered by the row, with such trusting fidelity, that somehow I felt as though I had committed a sort of sin—my conscience tells me I may as well be a man as such a coward as I was then," I thought. "I was an intolerable penny to get saddled in this way, to be easy, for the love of God, and not this poor penny's, and I may as well leave it through. As for those crowded fools, just let them laugh, there all!"

So I settled myself coolly in the corner of my seat, [illegible] the child, [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] and