

**THE ANNALS OF A BABY: HOW IT WAS  
NAMED; HOW IT WAS NURSED; HOW IT WAS  
A TYRANT; AND HOW ITS NOSE GOT OUT  
OF JOINT. ALSO FEW WORDS ABOUT ITS  
AUNTIES, ITS  
GRANDFATHERS, GRANDMOTHERS, AND  
OTHER IMPORTANT RELATIONS**

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The annals of a baby: how it was named; how it was nursed; how it was a tyrant; and how its nose got out of joint. Also few words about its aunts, its grandfathers, grandmothers, and other important relations by John Habberton

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**JOHN HABBERTON**

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A COMPANION TO "HELEN'S BABIES."

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IT WAS A TYRANT; AND HOW ITS NOSE  
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ALSO,

A FEW WORDS ABOUT ITS AUNTIES, ITS GRANDFATHERS, GRAND-  
MOTHERS, AND OTHER IMPORTANT RELATIONS.

BY

ONE OF ITS SLAVES.



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AT LOS ANGELES

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# THE ANNALS OF A BABY.



I.

## BABY'S FIRST GIFTS.

*Scrubbed* ONCE upon a time a Baby was born in a happy home, where the Father and Mother were young, and where there were no other children. It was a soft, pink little thing, with just dark, downy rings for hair, and a sound like a bird's chirrup for its first weak human cry. There was great joy in the house about it; every one who saw it said there never was such a baby before, and never could be such another. Its Mother had held it a moment on her arm, looking at it in a wonder that it could be really hers, and with a gush of strange love that stirred great shining tears into her eyes, which would have fallen on the Baby, only the

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Fat Nurse with the frilled cap snatched it away and told her "it was unlucky to cry over a new-born child!" The Father had stolen into the room on tiptoe, kissed his pale girl-wife with a deeper tenderness than he had ever yet felt, had awkwardly held the tiny, warm roll in his strong hands as if it was glass that he was afraid of breaking, and had then been sent away like a victim into outer regions. The Grandfathers had come, leaning on their gold-headed canes. They smiled at each other, and shook hands across the narrow white crib; and as they joked over the Baby there was a faint sigh smothered down by each at their own gray hairs, and a little sadness they did not show as they thought of the trials of life that surely lay before that nutried soul. The Grandmothers, in their black silk dresses, and with nice rosy faces, had smoothed it and patted it and half cried over it, talking all the while about the births of their own babies that were grown up men and women now, and feeling as if this Baby was a born princess and they both queen-dowagers. And all the Young Aunties, with their gay floating ribbons and fancy aprons, had fluttered in groups around the sleeping stranger, had held up their dimpled hands in

delight, and kissed it softly in subdued ecstasies; called it "a rosebud," "a seraph," and many other endearing titles; quarrelled who should take it first and hold it longest, until they also had been cleared out, like other victims, by the fat old woman with the frilled cap, who seemed to consider the Baby as her own special possession. The youngest of the Aunties said she was "a bear"—behind her back, however; and the oldest of the Young Aunties held her head up very high, and wondered "who the darling would be named after."

Every one who came brought the Baby a present, until there never was a baby who had so many and such different gifts. Its own crib, its mother's bed, and its pretty dressing-basket were piled full of them; and the Baby lay in the midst on its snowy pillow, quite careless of all these tokens of affection and admiration; able, in fact, to do nothing but rest after the weariness of being born into the world. There were all sorts of rattles and whistles, and india-rubber balls covered with net, a big doll twice as large as Baby's self, with a satin dress and movable eyes, and a blue pincushion with "Baby" spelt on it in bright