

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

How the Baby Came.

The Lady Moon came down last night—
She did, you needn't doubt it—
A lovely lady dressed in white;
I'll tell you all about it.
They hurried Len and me to bed,
And Aunt said, "Now, maybe
That pretty moon up overhead
Will bring us down a baby.

You lie as quiet as can be;
Perhaps you'll catch her peeping
Between the window-bars, to see
If all the folks are sleeping.
And then, if both of you keep still,
And all the room is shady,
She'll float across the window-sill,
A bonnie white moon-lady.

"Across the sill, along the floor,
You'll see her shining brightly,
Until she comes to mother's door,
And then she'll vanish lightly.
But in the morning you will find,
If nothing happens, maybe,
She's left us something nice behind—
A beautiful star-baby."

We didn't just believe her then,
For Aunt's always chaffing;
The tales she tells to me and Len
Would make you die a-laughing.
And when she went out pretty soon,
Len said, "That's Aunt's humming;
There ain't a bit of lady moon,
Nor any baby coming."

I thought myself it was a fib,
And yet I wasn't certain;
So I kept quiet in the crib,
And peeped behind the curtain.
I didn't mean to sleep a wink,
But, all without a warning,
I dropped right off—and don't you think,
I never waked till morning.

Then there was Aunt by my bed,
And when I climbed and kissed her,
She laughed and said, "You sleepy-head!
You've got a little sister!
What made you shut your eyes so soon?
I've half a mind to scold you—
For down she came, that lady moon,
Exactly as I told you!"

And truly it was not a joke,
In spite of Len's denying,
For just the very time she spoke
We heard the baby crying.
The way we jumped and made a rush
For mother's room that minute!
And Aunt stopped us, crying, "Hush!
Or else you shan't go in it."

And so we had to tip-toe in,
And keep as awful quiet
As if it was a mighty sin
To make a bit of riot.
But there was baby, anyhow—
The funniest little midget!
I wish you could just peep in now,
And see her squirm andidget.

Len says he don't believe it's true
(He isn't such a gaby)
The moon had anything to do
With bringing us that baby.
But seems to me it's very clear,
As clear as running water—
Last night there was no lady here,
So something must have brought her!
—*Christian Union.*

The Camel and the Desert.

It was early in the morning that the caravan started; the twilight was growing into day.

The camels had been saddled and burdened and chained, some ten, some twenty, in a row. There were precious things on those camels' backs—silk from India, pearls, ivory, gum, perfumed oils, myrrh, feathers, angora shawls and velvet. First among the heavy-burdened animals was an old camel-mother; she carried ice from Tartary for a pasha's cellar, a burden that would not appear very valuable to a European child. By her side trudged her little camel; it was three years old, and ran nimbly by her side.

"Mother, are the burdens very heavy?" asked the little camel, wonderingly.

"Yes, but not too heavy. Your turn will come next year, little camel; every child has to take up a heavy burden in time."

"It will be a hot journey for us all, and that little one," said a thin, aged camel, next in row; "but I prefer carrying perfumes to fighting the Bedonins; my cousin and I went many years ago; they ran away before us, the Bedonins, but they killed my cousin."

A cry of dismay escaped from the camels near, and then nothing more was said for it was growing hot.

Many days did they journey, nothing but hot sand everywhere.

It was midday; the sun stood horizontal, and seemed to hang like lead over man and animal. The owners of the merchandise had wrapped themselves close in their burnos; only their black eyes were visible. The drivers crept slowly by their camels, every now and then speaking a kind word to them, or singing a song, and the faithful creatures turned and licked their hands, and hastened their pace, as if they knew that on them depended the safety of all.

"I am tired," said the little camel very often; but the mother answered: "It is good to become inured to hardships when you are very young; I have had many journeys more weary than this and reached the end."

"Mother," continued the little camel, "some of the camels behind us won't go on; the drivers are scolding them." "Never be unwilling to carry your burden, and you will not get scolded."

Yesterday the drivers cheered their camels with kind words and songs, but

to-day not a sound was heard but sighs here and there. It was the fifth day since the camels tasted any water; the precious ice on the camel-mother's back, had long been consumed. What was to be their fate?

Just then a groan was heard in the rear, the voice of a driver in anger, then a moan less loud and one more feeble and the angry voice of the driver again. He had picked up a parcel of silken shawls, cast away by a merchant to ease his animal's load, and the driver had put them on his own camel, intending to appropriate them, and the overburdened animal had sunk under the weight.

"It is a punishment for avarice?" said the old camel to the little one; "He has learned his lesson too late."

The driver took the burden off the poor camel; he coaxed it, he whipped it, in vain; it did not rise. With mournful eyes it watched the caravan, that slowly moved on; sadly stretched itself in the sand as if it knew its fate. The avaricious driver had to sacrifice the merchandise and camel unless he would share the fate of his beast of burden.

"Mother, look at those angry-looking birds flying around us!" cried the terrified little camel.

"They are sent as a warning to keep steadily together and not to flag. We are the first, and must keep up, not give in."

"Why do we not reach any water?" asked the weary little camel again.

At that moment a glorious vision presented itself to the weary caravan. In the distance a sea showed itself, then arose walls with flowing flags, peaceful huts and sunny gardens.

"Oh mother, let us hasten there," cried the little camel.

"Beware, little one!" said the old camel; "it is a wicked illusion, more cruel than the birds of prey that hover around us to devour us; if we were to follow it, it would lead us farther into the hot desert. More dangerous are the pleasures that would lead us to destruction than the open dangers that beset our path. What you see is a mirage."

The little camel did not understand, but tried to keep up bravely by its mother's side.

The caravan was dragging wearily along; sometimes in despair a cheering word arose from one of the drivers to the patient animals upon whose strength the fate of the whole caravan depended. Even the lion's voice would have betokened the nearness of vegetation.

Listlessly the guidance was left to the camels, whose instinct was a sure guide.

Alas the old camel-mother looked very anxiously at the hot sands stretching before them, and then at her little one. Was it instinct or mother's love that make her keep on, and not lose hope?

The sun was sinking and the shadows falling over the yellow sand when the camel-mother stretched her neck high into the air, sniffed and cried. With a wild effort, as if she would burst her bonds she rushed forward. A cry of joy broke from the caravan, for they knew the unerring instinct of the camel, that can perceive water at a few hours' distance. All eyes looked bright, all limbs were full of life. It might be a few hours, but yet they would reach it sometime and on they pushed, forgetful of all.

At length a well-known sight offered itself to their eyes. A few palm-trees arose in the distance, and between the grass bubbled the fountain. The poor tired ones drank and rested, the little one by the mother's side. The camels were unburdened, and the next morning they started again refreshed. In a few days they reached their journey's end, bearing with them costly merchandise destined for European markets.—*Children's Hour.*

The Two Gardens.

"Father, I don't want to go school," said Harry Williams, one morning; "I wish you would let me always stay at home. Charles Parker's father don't make him go to school."

Mr. Williams took the little boy by the hand, and said kindly to him, "Come my son, I want to show you something in the garden."

Henry walked into the garden with his father, who led him along until they came to a bed in which peas were growing, the vines supported by thin branches which had been placed in the ground. Not a weed was to be seen about their roots, nor even disfiguring the walk around the bed in which they had been planted.

"See how beautifully these peas are growing, my son. How clean and healthy the vines look. We shall have an abundant crop."

"Now let me show you the vines in

Mr. Parker's garden. We can look at them through a great hole in his fence."

Mr. Williams then led Henry through the garden gate and across the road, to look at Mr. Parker's pea-vines through a hole in the fence. The bed in which they were growing was near to the road, so they had no difficulty in seeing it. After looking into the garden for a few moments, Mr. Williams said:

"Well, my son, what do you think of Mr. Parker's pea-vines?"

"Oh, father, I never saw such poor looking peas in my life! There are no sticks for them to run upon, and the weeds are nearly as high as the peas themselves. There won't be half a crop!"

"Why are they so much worse than ours, Harry?"

"Because they have been left to grow as they pleased. I suppose Mr. Parker just planted them, and never took any care of them afterward. He has neither taken out the weeds nor helped the vines to grow right."

"Yes, that's just the truth, my son, A garden will soon be overrun with weeds and briars if it is not cultivated with the greatest care; and just so it is with the human garden. This precious garden must be trained and watered, and kept free from weeds, or it will run to waste. Children's minds are like garden-beds, and they must be tended even more carefully than the choicest plants. If you, my son, were never to go to school, nor have good seeds of knowledge planted in your mind, it would, when you became a man, resemble the weed-covered, neglected bed we have just been looking at, instead of the beautiful one in my garden. Would you think it right for me to neglect my garden as Mr. Parker neglects his?"

"Oh, no, father; your garden is a good one, but Mr. Parker's is all overrun with weeds and briars. It won't yield half as much as yours will."

"Or, my son, do you think it would be right if I neglected my son as Mr. Parker neglects his, allowing him to run wild, and his mind uncultivated, to become overrun with weeds?"

Little Harry made no reply, but he understood pretty clearly what his father meant.

"I send you to school," Mr. Williams continued, "in order that the garden of your mind may have good seeds sown in it, and that these seeds may spring up and produce plentifully. Now, which would you prefer—to stay at home from school and let the garden of your mind be overrun with weeds, or go to school and have this garden cultivated?"

"I would rather go to school," said Harry; but, father, is Charles Parker's mind overrun with weeds?"

"I am afraid that it is. If not, it certainly will be if his father does not send him to school. For a little boy not to be sent to school is a great misfortune, and I hope you will think the privilege of going to school a very great one indeed."

Harry Williams listened to all his father said, and, what was better, thought about it too. He never again asked to stay away from school.—*T. S. Arthur.*

TRAIN RETIRES.

George Francis Train, the notorious and irrepressible, has written a letter to the *New York Sun*, but more particularly addressed to the public, in which he announces his withdrawal from "public life," and asks to be let alone. The following is the closing portion of his letter: "I am willing to make this offensive and defensive compact with the newspapers. If they will let me severely alone, I will agree never to speak again in public, to publish another book, or write another letter to a newspaper. I am now satisfied that the many strange events of my ever-changing life, which I supposed I was enacting out of some grand principle to benefit humanity, had no motive higher than that thing they call fame, ambition, popularity, self, or a morbid love of notoriety! I did not know this at the time, and only discovered it since abstaining from all kinds of animal food. Should the coming disasters elevate the moral sense of the people to my standard, I am willing to shake hands with them again. Meanwhile I am not at home to friends or foes, simply asking to be let alone."

THERE is a society in Brooklyn—Mrs. Dr. Theodore Cuyler, D. D., President—for putting down corsets, garters, high-heeled shoes, false hair, waterfalls, monster bonnets, rouge, hair dye, and other feminine vanities. The society makes but little headway. It has the world, the flesh, the devil, and the milliners against it.

APPLE lovers may sleep easy. The crop will be heavy.

THE AGE OF INVENTION.

The philosopher of the *New York Herald* thinks the age of invention has hardly commenced. He says: The wildest imagination is unable to predict the discoveries of the future. For all we know, families in the next century may pump fuel from the river and illuminate their houses with ice and electricity. Iron vessels, properly magnetized, may sail through the air like balloons, and a trip to the Rocky Mountains may be made in an hour. Perhaps within fifty years American grain will be shot into Liverpool and Calcutta through iron pipes laid under the sea. By means of condensed air and cold-vapor engines, excursion parties may travel along the floor of the ocean, sailing past ancient wrecks and mountains of coral. On land the intelligent farmer may turn the soil of a thousand acres in a day, while his son cuts wood with a platinum wire and shells corn by electricity. The matter now contained in a *New York* daily may be produced ten thousand times a minute, on little scraps of pasteboard, by improved photography; and boys may sell the news of the world printed on visiting-cards, which their customers will read through artificial eyes. Five hundred years hence a musician may play a piano in New York connected with instruments in San Francisco, Chicago, Cincinnati, New Orleans and other cities, which will be listened to by half a million of people. A speech delivered in New York will be heard instantly in the halls of those cities, and when fashionable audiences in San Francisco go to hear some renowned singer, she will be performing in New York or Philadelphia.

A MONSTROUS RHINOCEROS.

On Wednesday the largest black rhinoceros ever exhibited in the world was added to the collection of wild beasts in Barnum's Hippodrome. This enormous mountain of flesh weighs 9,500 pounds. This is 2,200 pounds more than the largest rhinoceros in the Zoological Gardens in London. His body is encased in a heavy leather-like hide, which overlaps at the joints, making folds nearly two inches thick. His legs are short and stumpy, and his tail resembles the blacksnakes used by teamsters in the Western country. His head is covered with the same thick hide which envelops his body, and upon his forehead and about his eyes and ears it is piled up like plates. The animal had a large, sharp horn, which projected from his snout just above his nostrils, but the monster's head was chained down, and, in spite of his angry snorts and endeavors to get away, this horn was sawed off close to his snout. A cage upon wheels was made on purpose for the rhinoceros' accommodation. It is heavily barred with steel upon the sides and front. His head is chained to a stout beam, and heavy oak plank prevents his backing. There is barely room for the rhinoceros to stand and lie in. If he was given more space his immense strength would enable him to break from all restraint, and the havoc he would make if loose may be imagined but cannot be estimated. His immense weight may be realized from the fact that when the cage containing him was drawn into the Hippodrome the wheels crushed through the flooring in many places to the depth of from two to three inches.—*New York Sun.*

CALIFORNIA'S GRAIN CROP.

Last year we opened our eyes and mouths to marvel over the immensity of the California wheat crop, and this year we are still further astounded by the information that the crop of 1873 will be more than doubled. The area under cultivation is upward of 2,000,000 acres, 300,000 more than last year, and the yield is extraordinarily fine. The total crop is estimated at a minimum figure of 35,000,000 bushels, leaving 25,000,000 bushels for export—nearly twice the greatest amount that California has ever furnished for exportation, more than all the rest of the United States exported last year, and twice as much as Russia exported from her great grain districts on the Danube. California's gold yield is a mere trifle compared with this golden shower of grain.

A SNAKE IN A SNAKE.—While a farmer residing near Lincoln was mowing a piece of meadow-land, a few days since, he discovered a large, yellow, striped snake. Acting upon the theory if you kill a snake you kill an enemy he immediately dispatched it, when he observed the tail of another snake protruding from its mouth some three or four inches. Upon further examination it was found that the monster of the swamps, probably after a fearful combat, had actually killed and swallowed, for the purpose of food, a snake, of another species, of full his own size and length.—*Placer (Cal.) Herald.*

AN ALLEGORY.

The Cricket said to the Wren:
"Why do you sit so still?
Listen to me how shrill
I sing in the evening chill!"
But the Wren said, "Dusk!
I'm hatching eggs in the dark."
The Cricket said to the Wren:
"It is time to fly about;
The other birds are out,
And they are wise, no doubt,"
But the Wren said, "No!
These eggs won't let me go."
The Cricket said to the Wren:
"The night has gone away!
Yet here you sit to-day!
Why do you do it, pray?"
But the Wren said, "See!
Three wrens have been born to me!"

VARIETIES.

THE latest thing in hats—Heads.

THE dentist's profession ought to be a lucrative one, as he makes money by achers.

WHY is a beefsteak like a locomotive? It's not of much account without it's tender.

WHY is the elephant the most sagacious of travelers? Because he never takes his eye off his trunk.

AN exchange speaks of a "captious man who growled because a powder-factory was to be established next door!"

THOMAS HOOD died composing—and that, too, a humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished to urn a lively Hood.

A poor old colored woman in Virginia was never so happy in her life as when she learned to read a few days ago, and she went right off and sold eight geese, and bought twenty-eight dime novels.

MR. PARKER, of the Woburn (Mass.) *Journal*, wrote his leader last week in rhyme, as follows:

"A daughter was wanting,
At last we have found her:
She came Sunday morning—
A healthy nine-pounder."

WERSTER'S dictionary contains over 50,000 words. Jones says that when he came home late the other night, in the space of fifteen minutes his wife applied them all to him, including some extra ones and the fire shovel. Good for Mrs. Jones!

A LADY consulted the eccentric Dr. Abernethy. "Do you know my usual fee?" he asked. Two guineas were laid on the table. Putting them in his pocket, he drew out a sixpence, and said: "There, take that and buy a skipping rope—you want exercise. Good morning."

"I DREAMED the other night," said Bijah, as he helped his honor into his overcoat, "that I asked to borrow fifty cents of you, and you handed it out," "Curious coincidence," replied his honor, as he buttoned his coat: "I had the same dream, except that I told you I would see you hanged first."

SLIGHTLY sarcastic was the clergyman who paused and addressed a man coming into church after the sermon had begun, with the remark: "Glad to see you sir; come in; always glad to see those here late who can't come early." And decidedly self-possessed was the man thus addressed in the presence of an astonished congregation as he responded: "Thank you; would you favor me with the text?"

A SURGEON, after a sanguinary battle was going his rounds, examining his patients. He came at length to a Sergeant who had been struck with a bullet in the left breast, directly over the region of the heart. The doctor surprised at the narrow escape of the man, exclaimed: "Why, my man, where in the name of goodness could your heart have been?" "I guess it must have been in my mouth just then, doctor," replied the poor fellow, with a faint smile.

THE CENTENNIAL.

Philadelphia is in downright earnest in regard to the Centennial. The initial steps have been taken, and men are now at work preparing for the laying of the foundation. The working plans are all ready, and in a few days the contracts will be awarded. The tract of ground devoted to the Exposition is 450 acres in extent, while the grand pavilion will cover twenty acres. After vainly calling on the National Government for help, the managers have adopted the advice given the wagoner, and put their own shoulders to the wheel. They intend to push the matter through, if necessary, unaided and alone. A journal called *The Centennial*, is published in Philadelphia, the mission of which is to further the interest of the Exposition, and to solicit subscriptions from any who will lend their aid to the aggrandizement of the Quaker city.

ONLY 64,000 divorces have been granted in Connecticut since 1858.