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How the Baby Came.

BY MARY B. BRADLEY.

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 Aunty said, "Now, may be
That pretty moon up o'erhead
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, may be,
She's left us something nice behind—
A beautiful star-baby."

We didn't just believe her then,
For aunty'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 aunty'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 aunty 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!
But aunty stopped us, crying, "Hush!
Or else you shan't go in it."

And so we had to tiptoe 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 just wish you could peep in now,
And see her squirm and fidget.

Len says he don't believe it's true
(He isn't such a baby)
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 baby here,
So something must have brought her!

THE WAY SHE DID IT.

A liberal education, a handsome person and a wealthy and indulgent father were among the agreeable things that were vouchsafed Robert Anson by smiling fortune.

His mother had died in his early youth, and the father and son—the only members of the family left—had afterwards been more like brothers in their relations toward each other. They had made a European tour, and traversed every nook and corner of America together, seeking in rational amusement the legitimate enjoyment of a colossal fortune. At last there came a separation of a year.

Anson desired to again visit Europe, and his father preferred a trip across the continent to the Pacific coast; therefore each went his way, followed by the good wishes of the other.

Mr. Anson, senior, spent six months on the plains in California, and made a discovery on the return trip.

Stopping a few days in Chicago, he accidentally learned of the existence of a distant relative of his deceased wife—a girl whose parents had not long before died, leaving the daughter dependent upon her own exertions for support. Mr. Anson sought her out, finding in Flora Mightmay a pretty, intelligent girl of eighteen, holding a position as teacher in one of the public schools. He was charmed with her, and at once offered her a home.

'But I should dislike to be a burden to anybody,' interposed the independent young lady.

'The obligation would be on the other side,' replied Mr. Anson: 'I am rich and only have one relative—a son who is in Europe. He will be home soon. Both of us have had our fill of traveling and will want to settle down in a home. By making your home with us you will add to it a social attraction, relieve it of being a bachelor's hall, and we'll all be so happy all being together.'

The outlook was certainly alluring to the lonely orphan, and she accepted the offer, returning to New York with Mr. Anson.

They came to speak of him naturally at last, however, and the widower saw his opportunity.

'You love my son?'

'What a question, Mr. Anson,' she replied, showing her teeth in a bewitching smile; 'am I not going to marry him?'

'I hope not.

'Sir!' and even the widow's frown captivated him.

'I beg your pardon,' he added, crestfallen, 'I mean that I came to talk the matter over with you. Do you think the match is altogether a good one?'

'I see,' and her eyes dropped appropriately, 'you object because I am poor.'

'Indeed I do not. The financial aspect of the affair has never been considered by me.'

The widow pierced him with a look of gratitude.

'It was the difference in, in——' he stammered.

'In our social positions?' suggested the widow.

'No, no—'

'Ah! I see. You mean in age?'

'Yes,' he replied sheepishly. 'You divined the reason, and I will be perfectly frank with you. My son is very dear to me, and it is the dream of my life to see him happily married to some beautiful and loving woman.'

Here the widow turned her glorious eyes full upon Mr. Anson and managed to show her arm, which happened to be enclosed in a loose sleeve. It was a particularly round, smooth arm, and as white as possible.

'I beg your pardon,' hastily continued Mr. Anson; 'I know that you are good, beautiful and loveable, but——'

'But I am too old—I am thirty. Not so very old either, although I do feel older than Robert. My love for him has been largely of the guardian sort—I have petted and admired him as a mother might.

'And he loves me—'

'But not exactly as he should a wife. He loves another woman—not a handsomer or better woman, my dear madam —but one younger and better suited to be his wife.'

The widow burst into tears—dresumably at least, as she buried her eyes in her handkerchief, and her bosom rose and fell tumultuously.

The widower's courage quite forsook him at this to him unexpected crisis. A pretty woman in tears is a melting object, and the effect upon the widower was all that Mrs. Morrow could have desired. She sank down on the sofa in her grief, very close to him. He wanted to console her, and so he took her hand. It was white, soft and warm.

'Please don't cry,' he said. 'I have offended and grieved you. Pray forgive me.'

'There, don't pity me,' said the widow, in a trembling but musical voice: 'I can bear it. I have only Robert's welfare and happiness at heart—if he can be happy I ought to be contented.'

'Then you release him?'

'Certainly.'

'And lose a fortune—you are a noble woman.'

'What is money to me? I am alone and unloved—I will try to be happy in the consciousness of having sacrificed myself for your son.'

'He will appreciate your sacrfice,' and Mr. Anson wiped a tear from each of his eyes.

Here Mrs. Morrow wept afresh, and her head sank back upon the widower's shoulder. Her form shook convulsively, and he put his arm around her waist to support her.

'My dear madam,' he said, 'I cannot find it in my heart to take Robert from you.'

'Robert,' she sobbed, 'I shall never see him again. I have nothing now left to desire except your respect and esteem. Without these, I should indeed be unhappy.'

Mr. Anson drew her closer to him—so close that she lay trembling on his breast, and he pressed a kiss on her forehead.

'You have both, and my deepest admiration.'

'Then I am content. Let Robert marry the girl of his choice. I only claim the privilege of retaining an interest in his welfare, and a corner in your esteem.'

Mr. Anson promised as he bade the widow adieu at the door to call again soon. And he kept his promise so well that the next evening found him there again.

'Victory!' murmured the widow, as she heard him enter the hall; 'he will propose to me before he leaves to-night. Robert is a very pretty fellow, but he is inconstant. The father is handsome, infatuated with me already, and the money is all his. I prefer the father.'

She proved reliable in her prediction. Before her caller had kissed her goodnight he had offered her his hand, heart and fortune, and she accepted all three.

The result was a double wedding, and the subsequent happiness of all concerned. Mr. Anson was a devoted husband, and Mrs. Morrow made him a faithful and affectionate wife; while both paternally watched over the younger couple. Although so cleverly fooled by the widow, Mr. Anson never suspected it, and never had cause for regret.

Possibly the widow, had she been the impression that Clara produced on her lover, would have felt less secure in her conquest. For Clara had improved in spirits since her residence with Mr. Anson, and was even prettier than when she first came.

That night over a social bottle of wine the father explained to his son the manner in which he found Clara, and the light and happiness she had brought to their home.

'And I have formed a plan in reference to her,' concluded Mr. Anson.

'What is it?' asked Robert.

'You shall marry her.'

'Impossible.'

'Why?'

Thus brought directly to the point, Robert confessed his engagement to Mrs. Morrow.

'How old is she?' asked Mr. Anson.

'Thirty.'

'And you are twenty-six—how absurd! People will laugh at you. Clara is young, pretty, and I know she will love you.'

'But I love the widow.'

'Nonsense.'

'Father?'

'There, my boy, don't take offence. I only meant that you have mistaken admiration for love. That you really love a woman four years your senior, and a widow at that, is absurd. You think you do, but you don't. Now, I will tell you what I'll do. Not another word shall be said on the subject for one month. At the end of that time, if you persist in marrying Mrs. Morrow, I shall marry Clara myself.'

'I agree,' replied Robert.

The month passed quickly; at its close the situation was about like this:

Robert was fenced in between love of Clara and his duty to the widow; Clara is deeply in love with Robert; Mrs. Morrow was troubled by a certain falling off in her lover's ardor, and Mr. Anson, who had steadily refused to see the widow, hoped for the best for his plan. The father and son met after supper.

'Well, Robert,' said the former, 'the month is up. What have you decided upon?'

'We have always made confidants of each other,' began Robert.

'Certainly.'

'And I shall not hide anything from you now. I love Clara, and believe she loves me; but I am engaged to Mrs. Morrow, and cannot honorably break the engagement.'

'Then leave the matter to me.'

'What will you do?'

'I will secure your instant release by the widow.'

'By fair means?'

'By her free consent.'

And so the interview ended.

On the following day Mr. Anson sought the home of the widow.

She was in, and upon learning who he was welcomed him cordially. She asked him to be seated upon the sofa, upon which she also gracefully sank. Mr. Anson had made up his mind to be brief and business-like; but the gorgeous widow quite upset him before he even broached the subject of his son's engagement.

BISHOP CUMMINS.

A "REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH" ORGANIZED.

NEW YORK, December 2.—A meeting of clergymen and others was held to-day in Association Hall, in response to a call issued by Bishop Cummins, for the purpose of organizing a Church based upon the principles of the Prayer Book of 1785. Among the clergymen present were Rev. Mason Gallagher, of New Jersey; Rev. Dr. Cheeney, of Illinois; Rev. Marshell B. Smith, of New Jersey; Rev. Dr. Primer, Hon. Nathan Bishop and others.—After organizing, Dr. Cummins read a declaration of principles under which this Church is to be organized, and offered suggestion that it should be referred to the Civil Committee, consisting of Char. D. Kellogg, W. J. Albert Crane, of Illinois; Rev. Marshell B. Smith, of New Jersey; Rev. J. A. Sabine, of New York. Dr. Cummins was appointed Chairman of the committee.

The committee, after a short consideration, made the following report:

The committee appointed to consider the declaration of principles proposed by Bishop Cummins as a basis of organization of the Reformed Episcopal Church do now return the same to the meeting, and offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we whose names are appended to the call for the meeting, as presented by the presiding Bishop, do here and now in the humble reliance upon the Almighty God organize ourselves into a church to be known by the name and title of "The Reformed Episcopal Church," in conformity with the following declaration of principles, and with Right Rev. George David Cummins, D. D. as our Presiding Bishop.

First. The Reformed Episcopal Church, holding the faith once delivered unto the saints, declares its belief in the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as the word of God, and the sole rule of faith and practice in the creed commonly called the Apostles' Creed, in the divine institution of the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper, and in the doctrines of grace substancially as they are set forth in the thirty-nine articles of religion. Second. This Church recognizes and adheres to Episcopacy, not as of divine right, but as a very ancient and desirable form of church policy. Third. This Church retaining a liturgy which will not imperative or repressive of freedom in prayer, as it was revised, prepared and recommended for use by the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, A. D. 1785, reserving full liberty to alter, enlarge, abridge and amend the same, as may seem most conducive to the edification of the people, provided that the substance of the faith be kept entire. Forth. This Church condemns and rejects the following erroneous and strange doctrines as contrary to God's Word: first, that the Church of Christ exists only in one order or form of ecclesiasticol policy; second, that Christain ministers are priests, and in another sense than that in which all believers are a royal priesthood; third, that the Lord's table is an alter on which an oblation of the body and blood of Christ is offered unto the Father; fourth, that the presence of Christ in the Lord's Supper is a presence in the elements of bread and wine; fifth, that regeneration is inseparably connected with baptism.

GEO. DAVID CUMMINS,
MARSHELL B. SMITH,
ALBERT CRANE,
GUSTAVUS SABINE,
CHAS. D. KELLOGG.

The report of the committee was adopted, after which Dr. Cummins made a brief address, in which he dwelt on the history of the prayer-book. Dr. Cummins then stated that the meeting was regularly organized as the First Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church. On motion Herbert B. Turner, of New Jersey, was appointed permenent Secretary. Mr. Albert Crane offered the following resolutions, which were adopted: That the general meetings of the Church be called the General Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and be representative of the entire Church, to be incorporated under that name, and to hold and dispose of temporalities; that in future the meetings of the General Council be held on the second Wednesday in May.

Several committees were appointed.—Jas. L. Morgan, of New York, was then elected permanent Chairman. An address was then made by Rev. Mr. Wiley, of New York, heartily endorsing the new project, and at the desire of those present was instructed to communicate with the members of the Fulton-street prayer meeting that prayers be offered for the new church. Rev. Mr. Gallagher offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

That the presiding Bishop, with the Standing Committee, be authorized to prepare forms for the ordination of ministers and any other officers required, before the next General Council.

The following was also adopted, offered by Rev. Dr. Cheeney: That the Presiding Bishop, with such other Bishops as may be ordained or received prior to the next annual Council, together with the Standing Committee and Secretary, and Committee on Finance and Treasurer, shall together form a temporary Executive Committee with power to frame a constitution and system of laws for the government of this Church, and consider all the proposed alterations in the Prayer Book of 1785, and make such other arrangements as to them may seem advisable to be reported to the next general Council, to be by that Council confirmed or altered; and that in the meantime the Presiding Bishop, with the written consent and advice of three-fourths of the Executive Committee, shall have the power to act and to authorize action under said constitution and by-laws, and issue prayer books and other arrangements, until the same shall be altered by a majority vote of both orders at a subsequent general council, provided the alterations shall have no retroactive effect. After the transaction of other business, the meeting was dismissed with a blessing.

On the reassembling of the Council, Bishop Cummins urged the organization of churches and congregations in different parts of the country, and the election of an itinerant Bishop of the West.

A motion to that effect was made and, after considerable discussion, the motion was carried, and Rev. Dr. Cheney, of Chicago, was elected unanimously.

Dr. Cheney declined to accept the honor, but the Convention refused to entertain his objections. Finally a compromise was agreed on, and it was declared he should have time to consult his congregation, in Chicago, after which the Council adjoined *sine die*.

THE ADVANTAGE OF ADVERTISING.

After the crash of '57, when everybody was almost scared to death and the croakers predicted that the country had gone to smash, a dry-goods house was opened in this city, which proceeded on the principal that in order to reach the hoarded money in the pockets of the people the proprietors must sell at very reasonable prices and advertise very largely. They worked vigorously upon this principle. Their brother merchants who did not advertise predicted that the new comer would be ruined, as they paid too much for advertising. Nevertheless, they presisted. In a single day they paid five hundred dollars in gold to the *Daily Wisconsin* for advertising, and at the end of seven years they retired from business with a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars, while the other merchants on the same street, some of them oppsite their store, had failed.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

The New York *Post*, in copying this paragraph, says:

"We remember a similar instance among our own advertisers in the panic of 1857. A merchant continued his advertisement in our columns through the whole period of stagnation, and notwithstanding many predictions that 'it wouldn't pay.' His testimony afterward was that his sales were steady and his profits satisfactory, while many a merchant around him who 'couldn't afford to advertise,' saw his clerks stand idle behind the counters."

A financial panic does not mean that no one has any money. There is plenty of money in the country, and those who hoard it are just the ones to be eager for the 'bargains' which a fall in prices holds out. But to buy they must know where to buy, and the merchant who tells them will receive their cash.

☞A parson, who was not over-promptly paid by his parishioners, on entering the church one Sabbath morning, met one of the most wealthy of his flock and asked the loan of a sovereign. 'Certainly,' said the man, at the same time handing over the coin. Dominie put it into his pocket, and preached his preach in most capital style, and, on coming down, handed the identical sovereign to the man from whom he had borrowed it. 'Why,' exclaimed the lender, 'you have not used the money at all.' 'It has been of great service to me, nevertheless,' replied the parson; 'I always preach so much better when I have money in my pocket.' The hint was taken, and the rest of his salary was got together the following afternoon.

☞A Western journal, probably wishing to do the handsome thing by the local doctor, recently announced that "Doctor Crawford was called in, and, under his prompt and skillful treatment, the young man died on Wednesday afternoon last." This, the Detroit Free Press calls the puff oblique, and says, "We don't know what the doctor says to this, but if the editor of that newspaper is taken sick, we advise him not to call in Crawford."

☞A very prudent man in Danbury provides himself with an extra hat for the month of November. He carries it in his coat tail pocket, and when the wind lifts the one from his head he staightway jams on the other, and then puts after the first, and thus not only saves much chaffing from the unregenerate, but actually gets credit as a philanthropist, the general impression being that he is in pursuit of somebody else's hat.

HOW INDIANS ESCAPE THEIR PURSUERS.

During the early part of the fight every precaution is adopted to prevent leaving a heavy trail, or one easily to be followed; to this end, instead of moving, as is customary, in single file, thereby leaving a clarely defined path, each warrior moves independently of his fellows, until all danger from pursuit is safely passed, when the party falls into single file, and, with the chief at the head, moves along in almost unbroken silence. If during an attack upon the frontier settlements the Indians should encounter unexpected and successful resistance, necessitating a premature withdrawal and flight on their part, they still resort to stratagem in order to secure their sefety. In accordance with a plan previously formed and understood by each member of the party, and especially provided for an emergency, the war party finding themselves about to encounter successful resistance on the part of the frontiersmen beat a hasty retreat; but instead of taking their flight in a single direction and in one party, thereby leaving an unmistakable clue for their pursuers, the entire party breaks up into numerous smaller bands, each apparently fleeing in an independent direction, a few of the best mounted usually falling behind to attract the attention of the pursuers and give time to those of the party who are burdened with prisoners and captured stock to make good their escape.—In such an emergency as this, rendezvous for the entire party has been previously fixed upon. Its location is usually upon or near some water course or prominent landmark, distant perhaps thirty or forty miles; thither all smaller parties direct their course, each by a separate and usually circuitous course. Should either of these smaller parties find themselves closely pursued, or their trail being followed and all efforts to throw the pursuers off prove unavailing, they relinquish the plan of uniting with the others at the established rendezvous as that would imperil the safty of their comrades, and select a new route leading neither in the direction of the rendezvous nor of the village, in order not only to elude but to mislead their pursuers. Then ensues a long and tiresome flight, until having worn out and outwitted their pursuers, of whose movements they keep themselves thoroughly informed, they make their way in safety to the village. At the latter lookouts are constantly kept on some prominent hill to watch the coming of the absent warriors and give notice of their approach. A war party returning from a successful raid into the settlements, and bringing with them prisoners and captured stock, is an event of the greatest importance to every occupant of the village. Having arrived within a few miles of the village, and feeling safe from from all danger of pursuit, the chief in command of the war party causes a signal smoke to be sent up from some high point along the line of march, well knowing that watchful eyes near the village are on the alert and will not fail to observe the signal and understand its meaning.—*Gen. Custer, in Galaxy for December.*

☞"Can you tell me the road to Greenville?" asked a traveler of a boy whom he met on the road:

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "Do you see our barn down there?"

"Yes," said he.

"Go to that. About three hundred yards beyond the barn you will find a lane. Take that lane, and follow along about a mile and a half. Then you will find a slippery-elm log. You be mighty keerful stranger, about going on that log—you may get into the branch—and then you go on up until you get to the brow of the hill, and there the roads prevaricate; and you take the left-hand road, and keep that until you get into a big plum thicket; and when you get there, why then—then—then—"

"What then?"

"Then, stranger, I'll be doggoned if you ain't lost!"

PAT'S CHOICE.—Some years ago, in one of our Western courts, three men—an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman—were found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hung. The Judge told them that they could each choose a tree on which they would like to be 'strung up.' The Scotchman promptly selected an ash tree and the Englishman an oak. 'Well, Pat, what will you be hung on?' asked the Judge. 'If it please your Honor, I'd rather be hung on a gooseberry bush.' 'Oh,' said the Judge, 'but that's not big enough. 'Begorry, thin,' replied Pat, 'I'll wait till it grows.'

☞An Evansville spooney was the victim of a heartless joke recently. His companions counterfeited a letter from a young heiress, which said that his manly bearing had captivated her heart, and hoped he reciprocated. He threw away his tools, invested his money in new clothing, and presented himself to the lady, who indignantly told him that she didn't want a husband who looked like a crooked-neck squash, and if he didn't leave, she'd remove his hair. He retired.

Marriage Morn.

'Tis May-time, and the marriage morn
Of Clara Winwood, who was born
In yonder cot
That seems to float upon the corn—
Fair May-time and her marriage morn;
Would it were not!
The bridegroom walks with happy stride
But he has only won her pride.

She tames her love and gives her hand
Because he is a lord of land,
And he can ride
Ten miles and say, "All this is mine:
And what is mine, my love, is thine."
And she can hide
Her soul, and, though her heart be cold,
Put on a smile to get his gold.

There is a youth in Brinton Dell,
And Clara Winwood loves him well;
And he loves her
Unto the very truth—
With all the passion of his youth;
And would it were
That he could prove true love and health
Are far beyond the price of wealth!

Old women tread the churchyard grass
To see the bride and bridegroom pass;
And children play
Round gravestones where their sisters sleep;
And older children know and weep,
And turn away.
The gossips stand beneath the trees,
And watch and wait in twos and threes.

The belfry shakes, the warm air swells
With merry peals of bridal bells.
Alas, alas!
For time will teach the bride by stealth
That love is richer far than wealth.
Alas, alas!
The bridegroom who can buy and sell
Shall meet the youth of Brinton Dell.

INEXPENSIVE HAPPINESS.—The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house, in the sweet incense of whose fires were no costly things. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with her children was the most beautiful that I had ever seen; even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do a good work for souls by the atmosphere that this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key-note of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rosebud or clover-leaf which, in spite of her hard house-work, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the story that she had on hand to be read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She always has been, and always will be, my ideal of a mother, wife, and home-maker.

If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargement of wider culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it is, it is the best I have ever seen.

A PERMANENT PASTE.—The following process will, it is said, afford an unusually adhesive paste, adapted to fastening leather, paper, &c., without the defects of glue; which, if preserved from evaporation in closed bottles will keep for years. Cover 4 parts, by weight, of glue, with 15 parts of cold water, and allow it to soak for several hours; then warm moderately till the solution is perfectly clear, and dilute it with 65 parts of boiling water, intimately stirred in. Next prepare a solution of 30 parts of starch in 200 parts of cold water, so as to form a thin, homogeneous liquid, free from lumps, and pour the boiling glue solution into it with thorough stirring, and at the same time keeping the mass boiling.

COUGH SYRUP.—Two ounces licorice root, ½ lb. raisins, 2 tablespoonfuls ground flax-seed, and liverwort, the more the better; boil in two gallons rain or river water, until the strength is out; then strain and boil down to a quart; now add half pound white sugar, and when the sugar is dissolved take off, and when cool add half pint good cider vinegar. The licorice root should be split up finely and the raisins divided. This makes a syrup very pleasant to take, having no disagreeable taste about it. It will cure coughs, colds, soreness of the lungs, croup, and it is said to cure consumption in its first stages.

☞In Connecticut a certain magistrate was called to jail to liberate a worthless debtor.

"Well, John," said the magistrate on entering, "can you swear that you are not worth twenty dollars, and that you never will be?"

"Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, "I can swear that I am not worth that amount at present."

"Well, well," returned the magistrate, "I can swear the rest, so go along, John."

And so the man was sworn and discharged.

☞Bad temper bites at both ends; it makes one's self nearly as miserable as it does other people.

☞"Love," says an amorous writer, "is an internal transport." The same might be said of a canal boat.

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