

THE COLUMBIAN AND DEMOCRAT, BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE DISOBEDIENT GOSLINGS.
The lonely roosters had ceased their crowing.
The turkeys came home from their graver search.
And the grizzly gander was solemnly wading.
To his own snug corner beneath the porch.
The prim, speckled hen, with her one black daughter,
And the pert little hanfam, with tan
knots so red,
The ducks all a-drift with the meadow-pond water,
Each put on her night cap, and went up to bed.

Went up to bed in the barn so cozy,
Where the doves were sleeping in their tiny house.
The swallows were dreaming of June moonings rose,
And awake 'mid the rafters sat one little mouse.

"But where is the old gray goose?" said the gander,
He fell into slumber; "and where said he,

"Are her seven fine goslings of white wonder?
She should keep better rules in the family.

"And have they all safely in bed ere the shadows,
Make the sky so dark? to come out of their dens,
And prowl round the farm yards that border the meadow,

And peep with their cunning eyes into the pen."

"I can tell you where the gray goose is, sir gander,"

Quacked a horse, sleepy duckling, turning her head;
She's down in the field, where the wild brooks wander.

And trying to hasten the goings to bed.

"But they like their yellow legs wet in the water,

And like to sit up with the owls and the bats;

Though 'twas only last week that the white duck's daughter

Was cruelly murdered at night by the cat;

"And they will not come in, though the even-
ing shadow:

Are thick as the midnight is, over the lea-

And a feral old fox lives there in the new-
sws.

As wicked and cunning as cunning can be!

Then in came the gray goose, quacking and scolding;

But never a goading would follow her thence;

They would sleep all night where the fire flies were holding;

Their tiny gold candles to brighten the air;

Be the barn door was closed and the gander a-sleeping;

But the gray goose she wet off her kerchief through;

Over her was naughty daughters a-peeping;

Out of doors where the fox prowled, and

wild winds blow!

—Flag of the Union.

Baby's Right! — A Baby Story.—By a Baby!

I ain't very old to write—I'm only one! It was my birthday yesterday, and I don't have milk out of my bottle any more—I have bread and milk out of a bowl. Bridget ties my bib under my chin and feeds me very fast—she doesn't understand that I ought to have time to swallow. When I shut my lips and mutter, she says, "There now! take your supper like a darlin'!" I can't swallow a whole bowl at a time, and I cry, and she gives me a shake. After that I have the stomach ache.

Lying awake with it one night, I began to think that I hadn't my rights, and I want 'em. How to get 'em? I don't know. I cry all I can—but that's no use. I think, too—but what comes of it? They only give me drops to make me sleep; then I feel hot and sick and stupid all the next day. One of my rights is not to have drops; but then, how, now, am I not to have 'em? There it comes again!

The most comfortable thing I ever had was an India rubber bottle. What are mothers made for, if a baby isn't to have one? Who invented nursing bottles? I hate him whenever he was!

I have a mother, who you know—a lady who says she is comes in sometimes and tells other ladies that she is "not contented with Bridget." Neither I, for that matter; but you see my mother is not thinking of my rights, but of hers. She wants to vote, and wanting to do it takes a great deal of time. She writes, too, for the newspapers. When I want to find out whether she is really my mother, and begin to talk to her, she says "Bridget, you must really take that darlin' child away—he disturbs me dreadfully!"

Bridget is big and coarse; her great knobs of knuckles hurt me. She ties strings too tight, and jogs me too hard. My own mother is soft and fair, and her skin is like silk, and I like to touch her. I'm a lady's baby, and one of my rights is, that a lady should handle and dandle me. No one sees it, I'm put off on Bridget.

Mamma don't like to sit at the table with Bridget, but she lets her feed me. Perhaps I have aristocratic notions, too; who cares for them.

One day Bridget had a big pewter breakfast, with a yellow stone in it, on her collar; and it kept scratching my head; nobody knew it. One day she took me out in my wagon and upset me; no one knew that either.

She takes me out to her cousin's shanty where Little Pat has the measles or the small pox, and if I don't catch 'em both, it's because "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up abo' to keep watch for poor motherless babies."

Sometimes she leaves me alone in the room with a grumpy frie. I always put my singers into it, and then they always burn. Once mamma found it out, and I had a different Bridget. They are all alike; they came from the intelligence office, and are rough and coarse, and smell of smoke, and take care of me for money and not for love. The new one is sleepy, and nods over and props me sometimes. One got tipsy and lay on me. Some day one will tumble down stairs with her big feet and slipshod shoes, and break my neck.

I say, father, too, I have a right to a father. Mine is a Wall street man, he goes out early and comes home to dinner. I should think he might be very

nice to know, but I'm not acquainted with him; he has no black whiskers, and he laughs and says, "Hello, old fellow," when we meet, and I try to tell him about Bridget; and my feelings over power me and I cry, and he says, "Take the little rascal away, Bridget."

One dreadful thing I do have; it is a family doctor, he says China, very fine child, and does dreadful things to me. Once he lanced my gums, once he vaccinated me. After that I had a sore arm, and Bridget's blue meringue hurts it.

In summer there used to be some comfort in going out in my perambulator, and seeing that after all I was not worse off than other babies, all given over to Bridget, whom I met; but now it's winter, and I have to stay in my nursery, in a flannel shawl, and do nothing but think; and I've decided that I must have my rights. A whole mother ought to belong to every baby, and a Bridget is an imposition. A baby's baby ought to lie sometimes in a lady's arms, and be talked to by a lady. When I am able to speak, I shall say what Bridget says, and with her accent, and then I shall be scolded, as if it were my fault. That's the way with brother Tom.

Here I lie now, while Bridget talks to the milkman in the area. I'm hungry; and damp and wretched. I'm tired of being in the cradle, and I shall hurt myself if I roll out. I want the big orange on the manic-piece, and sit in somebody's lap and have my feet fussed, and hear, "Little pig goes to market;" but mamma is at a political meeting, and pap in Wall street, and Bridget in the area, and who cares for what I want. Rights! I wonder where my rights are? Nobody talks about them. No matter, I'll yell till I get 'em.

P.S.—I have yelled, and Bridget has given me drops. No matter, when I'm a man, I'll go in for the rights of babies. I'm going to sleep. Good-bye.

THE FARMER'S COLUMN.

LIME NOT! FOWLS.—J. H. Gregory writes as follows to the New York Times:

"And they will not come in, though the evening shadow:

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