YOUNG FOLKS.

POLLY PITCHER.

BY "MAB."

Polly Pitcher was a child
Of modest mein and manners mild;
She had, alas, one habit bad,
Which made her parents very sad;
The consequences of her folly
Were very awful to poor Polly.

When Polly was a baby-girl
Her ears were like two shells of pearl;
Sweet little things of pinky-red,
That nestled either side her head.
Alas, that pretty ears so winning
Should be so punished for their sinning!

As Polly grew, she tried to hear
All conversation, far and near,
And listened to each whispered sound
Of secrets told when she was 'round;
She strained her ears to hear folks talking,
When she was sitting down or walking.

Her ears soon both began to grow
And get quite large, she listened so;
But still she tried, with all her might,
To hear each sound from morn to night;
And every word of caution scorning,
She listened noon and night and morning.

Her ears at last tremendous grew,
And o'er her head stood up in view;
And when her parents, finally,
Put her to bed to cure her, she
Accepted meekly this correction,
But cocked her ears in their direction.

And now her punishment she found,
For her big ears heard every sound
Throughout the world, and in her room
She heard great cannon in Khartoum,
And the small song of the mosquito
In South America, at Quito.

Amid this din she tossed about,
And, nearly deafened by the rout,
She begged the doctor take the shears
And cut off both her monstrous ears;
But, oh, alas! 'twas not by shearing
Poor Polly lost her powerful hearing.

For while she cried, a soldier gay
A big gun fired, in far Cathay,
Whose mighty thunder, it appears,
Cracked both the drums of Polly's ears.
She then remarked, in accents cheering,
That she'd become quite hard of hearing.

Her useless ears now grew so small
That soon she had no ears at all;
And so a mournful life she led,
With a poor little, earless head;
And she who once had been so jolly
Was thenceforth very melancholy.

All little pitchers with big ears
Should let this tale excite their fears.
To have nice ears it's most important
They shouldn't listen when they oughtn't;
They'll keep their hearing and grow richer
If they are warned by Polly Pitcher.

FLOWER LADIES.

A Charming Little Game to Be Played by Charming Little Children.

Did any of you little people ever play "Flower Ladies?"

I have made many inquiries, and never found any children but those of my own family who knew about the game. It was the delight of my childhood, and now that I am grown up and cannot play it myself, and have no babies of my own to teach it to, I begin to fear that the beautiful game will be lost.

It began in this way: I lived with my sister when we were little, down—ever so far down—in Louisiana; so near the Gulf of Mexico that when the evening breezes blew we could smell the salt sea-air. It was on a sugar plantation.

On the left of the big, square white house in which we lived was the garden. It covered four or five acres, and was inclosed with hedges of pyracanth covered with sweet, white blossoms in the spring and bunches of red berries in the Autumn. Where the garden sloped down to the wide, sleepy, brown bayou was a long row of banana trees that rustled in the wind their great satiny, green leaves, which served us for hats and flags, and even for letter-paper, for we wrote notes on them with thorns out of the hedge.

Above the bananas, on the crest of the slope, was a row of picayune rose bushes, with their myriads of dear little miniature blossoms. And then there was all the big beautiful garden. It was laid out in beds of every shape imaginable, with walks between covered with white shells. But it was not a prim, formal garden at all, for we were allowed to do anything we wished there, and I think it must have been because we loved it so and lived in it so much that we invented the play of "Flower Ladies," to suit the place and give us an excuse for staying there. It was a place of perfumes. I am sure you never saw roses grow as ours did. They rioted everywhere without check. They climbed up in the trees and spread over the walks and bloomed out into thousands and thousands of roses all at once, almost as many at Christmas time as in the Spring.

Then there were the sweet olive trees, and three kinds of magnolia trees, and every sort of jasmine and Japan plum trees. When they all bloomed, Flora Ann, the old native African negro, used to say that "the garden wuz des luminated."

This was the way we played. We gathered roses with stems about two inches long and set them down on their petals, and any one can see in a minute that they then become beautiful ladies, with tall, slender figures, lovely pink or crimson satin or velvet skirts and little green overskirts.

The men were thorns from the hedge, which stood up very nicely when stuck in the ground, or else they were bits of stick; but they were rather stiff and unbending—were these gentlemen—and really played a very insignificant part in the flower ladies' households.

The houses in which the ladies lived were of the very simplest architecture; just bits of stick or blades of grass laid together in squares to inclose rooms and halls. A green leaf made a pretty bed, and tiny flat pebbles furnished beautiful chairs. Then a chip served excellently for a grand mahogany table, and upon very small mud pies, frosted with sand, and mud chocolate custards, in acorn cups, and loaves of mud bread, the flower ladies lived luxuriously.

Our ladies were divided into two families. My sister's family always bore the surname of Grey, and mine was called Graham. The big Solfaterre roses with the thick loose petals were the grandmothers, because they had wide laps for the babies to rest upon. The common damask roses were nice comfortable mothers, who were careful lest the children should get their feet wet, and always had ready a lovely mud pies for the children when they came home from school.

The *Gloire de France* roses were the sweet young aunts, named Mabel or Irene, and the moss-roses and old-fashioned thorn-roses were the ugly-tempered aunts, called Jane or Maria.

There was a rose bush that bore very long, slender white buds, and one of these buds, because it couldn't stand up well, was always a girl named Kate, who had hurt her spine. Lying on the orange-leaf sofa, she bore her sufferings with touching fortitude.

Next came the children. The Grays and Grahams had very large families. The picayune-roses came in here, the fullest-blown kind being the eldest girls of about twelve, and from these they went down through various ages to the tiny, tiny bud that was the new-born baby rocked to sleep in a velvety rose leaf, and so sensitive that all the little flower children had to tread lightly for fear of waking her.

Such lovely times those Greys and Grahams had! They went sailing on a big magnolia leaf in the garden ditch, or visited each other, driving up in a banana-leaf carriage, or danced at big balls, or gave splendid dinner-parties. Perhaps the best fun of all were the christenings and the burials. When the Gray and Graham babies were old enough everybody drove to the grand church built for the occasion, and there they were baptized. The font was a white rose-leaf filled with water, and there was always so much excitement over choosing a name for the new baby and such a supper afterwards, with quantities of christening-cups of acorn-ware coming in every moment, that there wasn't anything but a funeral that was nearly as interesting.

When somebody's stem broke or the leaves dropped off, which happened frequently, the body was carefully wrapped in a banana-leaf and hauled away to the grave in a Japan-plum leaf hearse. And there were sermons and hymns, and the flower ladies cried dreadfully and didn't give any more parties for a long time.

When we were kept in the house by rain a servant went out with an umbrella and fetched us in lots of roses, and then we played flower ladies in more artificial style.

The furniture was made of pasteboard, of a kind with which every little girl is familiar.

All the family wore dresses cut from tissue paper, just oval pieces, with a little hole in the middle to put the stems through. The children's school dresses were simply pieces of plain paper, but their elders wore elaborate costumes cut in open-work patterns—a sort of lace over-dress—through which the pink or red satin skirts could be seen.

While mamma and grandmamma were supposed to cut out those beautiful frocks, the children were at school, and Irene and Mabel, the kind aunts, sat at the little sea-shell piano and sang one of these two songs (which seemed to be the only ones they knew):

Over the far, blue mountain,
Over the white sea foam,
Come, thou long parted one,
Come to thy home!

or,

Gayly the troubadour
Touched his guitar
As he was hastening home from the war.
Singing "from Palestine gladly I roam,
Lady-love, Lady-love, welcome me home!"

The great charm of this play was that everything could be swept away in a moment. There was no trouble of putting away playthings; and then everything was fresh and new each day.

We used roses, because we had so many, all the year, but crocuses or daffodils or daisies (and red clovers) make nearly as lovely flower ladies.—[Elizabeth Bisland in St. Nicholas.

Strongly Defended.

Sir G. Baden Powell, in a vigorously written letter to the London "Times," defends the new Canadian route to the east against the criticism of Sir George Campbell and others. He points out, in the first place, that it is to be supplementary to the Peninsular and Oriental company's route, not its rival and shows by figures how much can be said in its favor. To Japan, for instance, the journey will be made in 22 days, instead of 41, as by the P. and O.; to Shanghai, in 28, instead of 34½. It will reach Hong Kong as soon as the other route. But, adds Sir G. Baden-Powell, "comparisons are odious and unnecessary," and then he points out that, owing to the rapidity with which British trade in the Pacific is advancing, "there is not only room but positive need for increased accommodation for the increased traffic." Refraining from saying anything of the new route's military facilities, as obvious, he points out the advantages that it will offer for mails, passengers and light traffic; how it will open up Canada, including British Columbia, and the whole Pacific to British trade, bring us nearer to our kinsmen in Australia and give an alternative trade and mart route that will be amply invaluable in case of a European war.

Big Salmon Catch.

It was mentioned the other day that the British Columbia salmon catch this year has exceeded that of any previous year, and that the catch in the Fraser alone has been greater than the largest catch ever made in all the other British Columbia rivers put together in one season. The whole business was effected in about a month. In the second week of July the "sockeyes," as the salmon are called, commenced to run, and the Fraser was soon literally alive with them. The boats put out and returned to the canneries loaded with their silvery spoil. No less than 275,000 cases, equal, at forty-eight cans to the case, to 13,200,000 cans, have been put down on the Fraser, and it is calculated that throughout the province 425,000 cases, or 20,400,000 cans, will yield. In addition salted salmon has been prepared in vast quantities. By the middle of August the work was practically over. The value of the yield is three million dollars—a good round sum, the receipt of which in British Columbia will help business materially.

Tommy (to the bashful young man calling on sister)—Hello, Mr. Blush. You ain't caught yet, are you? Mr. Blush—Caught! Why, what do you mean, my little man? Tommy—Nothing, only sister said the foolkiller would catch you one of these days.

How to Select a Wife.

Good health, good morals, good sense and good temper, are the four essentials for a good wife. These are the indispensables. After them come the minor advantages of good looks, accomplishments, family position, etc. With the first four, married life will be comfortable and happy. Lacking either, it will be in more or less degree a failure. Upon good health depends largely good temper and good looks, and to some extent good sense also, as the best mind must be effected more or less by the weaknesses and whims attendant on frail health. Young man, if your wife is falling into a state of invalidism, first of all things try to restore her health. If she is troubled with debilitating female weaknesses, buy Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will cure her.

A corner lot—the community of Italian fruit-venders.

An ugly complexion made Nellie a fright,
Her face was all pimply and red.
Though her features were good, and her blue eyes were bright,
"What a plain girl is Nellie!" they said.

But now, as by magic, plain Nellie has grown
As fair as an artist's bright dream;
Her face is as sweet as a flower new-blown,
Her cheeks are like peaches and cream.

As Nellie walks out in the fair morning light,
Her beauty attracts every eye,
And as for the people who called her a fright,
"Why, Nellie is handsome," they cry.

And the reason of the change, is that Nellie took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which regulated her liver, cleared her complexion, made her blood pure, her breath sweet, her face fair and rosy, and removed the defects that had obscured her beauty. Sold by druggists.

Of the nearly seven hundred physicians practising in San Francisco fifty-six are women.

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud"? We have often wondered why, and have concluded, that we don't know, unless it be that the aforesaid mortal is conscious of the fact, that at his disposal, at all times, are Dr. Pierce's Pellets, to relieve him, should he suffer from torpidity of the liver, sick or nervous headache, dyspepsia, constipation, etc. Druggists.

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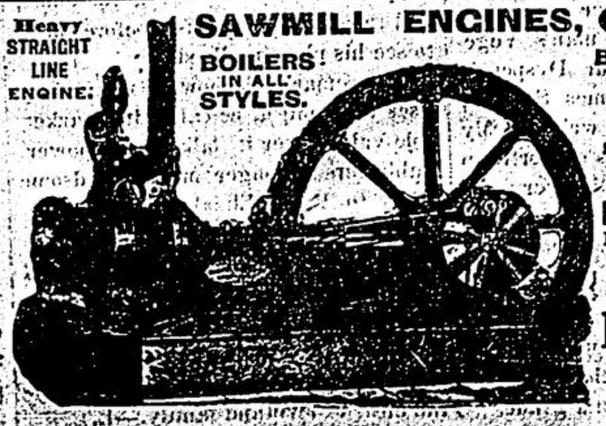

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