

Our Young People

Fluffy

He came across from China
In a lovely White Star liner,
And you ought to hear the name
that doggie brought.
But 'twould take too long to tell it,
And, beside, I couldn't spell it,
So suppose we call him Fluffy just
for short.

He'd the sweetest disposition,
And he liked his new position,
And our funny, busy land across the
seas;
Finding dogs of every nation
Standing round him at the station,
He addressed them in his very best
Chinese.

But they growled, and seemed to hate
him
For they couldn't one translate him,
And he found himself in quite a
dreadful row;

Till his mistress came and caught him,
And most patiently she taught him
How to talk the real American bow-
wow.

The language wasn't easy,
And his phrases are Chinesey,
While a slightly foreign accent still
prevails;
But he's paid for all his labors
By the friendship of his neighbors,
For they smile at him and wag their
little tails.

—Harper's Young People.

The Rose-Colored Ribbons.

It was almost dark. Jessie Halsted sat in the swing under the maple tree, reciting to herself the piece she and her cousin were to speak at the school picnic next day. She said her parts over and over without opening the book, until she was quite sure she knew them perfectly. Flora Brooks, her cousin, had come over to spend the night, so as to be ready for an early start in the morning. She was racing through the grass with Sport, who barked with delight.

"Come over and let's go through our dialogue once more," Jessie called. "I know my parts," Flora answered through her panting and laughing, with Sport biting at her heels. "Come, let's have a race; it's almost dark."

"Just once," Jessie coaxed. "I'd hate miss. You know Father promised me a new book if I do well. I've chosen the 'Old-Fashioned Girl.'"

"Oh! very well."

She sat down at Jessie's feet and went over the piece. When they had finished it was quite dark. The children went to supper in the big farm kitchen. A merry tableful there was, too. Conversation turned naturally to the school picnic, in which all were interested.

"Early to bed and early to rise," Mr. Halsted said,—"it we are to get an early start, that is. It's good five miles to Cranley Woods."

"My! won't you two be glad when your speech is over?" Tom said, looking across his teacup at the cousins. "I'd rather dig potatoes half a day than get up and make a speech before the school commissioners."

"We know that, Tom," said his father smiling; "but I think it an honor to be singled out on such an occasion to speak. It shows that both Flora and Jessie stand well in their classes."

"Oh! it won't take very long, either," Flora said cheerfully. "I guess we'll get through all right, and afterward have a lovely time. I'm glad uncle is going, so we'll have a row on the lake."

"And dinner on the grass in the woods," Tom echoed, nudging his smaller brother. "That's what you'll like—plenty of tarts and cream-puffs."

The sun rose unusually early and shone unusually bright, it seemed to Jessie, next morning. She was up before Flora. While she dressed she looked over her dialogue and hummed softly, for her heart was light and happy in anticipation. Her clothes were laid out on a chair—a plain white dress, with little ruffles at neck and sleeves, white sailor hat and shining shoes. It had looked very pretty before, but now, beside Flora's embroidered dress, thin and fine, with rose-colored ribbons on the shoulders and at the waist, and the rose-colored mitts, it looked very common and plain indeed.

Flora was an only child. Her father was able to give her pretty clothes to her heart's content, while Jessie's father worked very hard to keep his family of growing children neatly clothed and well schooled.

Jessie thought of this when she compared the two dresses, for she was a plain girl and the difference struck her keenly.

"Mamma," she said, while helping her prepare breakfast, "mamma's dress is lovely. How shall I make mine, speaking my piece?"

"Don't worry, child," her mother said, "I could have given you a dress, if you feel that way, but it is not the gown I want. You must try to make it no one will think of."

"I'll be thinking of it," she said, looking at the lovely ribbons in her mother's hand. "I'll be thinking of it," she said, looking at the lovely ribbons in her mother's hand.

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grave and thoughtful. "Flora is a King's Daughter. She might have been more—more considerate and worn a plainer gown. She knew just what I was going to wear."

"Perhaps she has not once thought of it."

"And she has so many pretty things, and so many chances to wear them, she could afford to be generous. Why—"

"Con't, daughter. I am sorry. Let us not talk about what we can't help. Try to do our best today and everything will come out right."

Flora dressed after breakfast and went down into the sitting-room, where Mrs. Halsted was helping the younger children dress. She looked very pretty and dainty in her thin gown with its rose-colored ribbons. She wore slippers and silk stockings with rose-colored feather stitchings. Even her white sunshade had a rose-colored bow on the curved handle.

"I'm not half through," Jessie said, buttoning her own boots, and glancing at her cousin. "I had to help mamma."

The baby insisted on taking Flora's white sunshade, so Mrs. Halsted advised her to wait in the front-room until the wagon was ready, to keep peace.

Flora went out on the veranda, where the warm spring sunshine twinkled through the honeysuckle vines, and the air was full of fragrance. The sitting-room window was open. Quite accidentally Flora heard her name spoken, in half-angry, half-tearful tones, by Jessie.

"I did not think my daughter was such a foolish girl," Mrs. Halsted answered gravely. "You make me feel very sorry, Jessie."

"How can I help it?" Jessie answered. "I do want pretty things, just like other girls. If I saw two girls speaking a dialogue, and one was so pretty, and the other so homely and poorly dressed, I'd notice it quick enough—so will everybody else."

Flora's face under the wide Leghorn hat grew red. She looked reflectively at her slippers and the bow on her parasol, then suddenly remembered her cousin's plain attire.

"The worst of it is," Jessie went on moodily, "I'll likely be so silly as to forget my piece, or speak it badly. But I can't help it, really," she added in a tearful voice.

Mrs. Halsted made answer in a very low voice, and Flora remembered that she should not be listening. Tom came running in at the gate just then. "The harness strap broke!" he cried. "That will have to be fixed before we can get off."

"How long will that take?" Flora asked.

"Oh! a quarter of an hour. We'll have to oil it, too, father says. It's a rough road over," he called, disappearing round the corner.

Then Flora went into the front room, and looked at her pleasing reflection in the mirror. She stood on the rung of a chair to get the full effect. Jessie was quite right, she thought; her dress was certainly very pretty. She would not have thought much of it if it had not been remarked upon; for she was used to pretty things and had been taught to be pleased with them, not vain of them. It occurred to her that just then she had a rare opportunity to prove herself a true King's Daughter, and observe the Golden Rule.

She ran softly upstairs and began to take off the pretty soft dress, with its ruffles and ribbons, assuring herself that her mother would fully approve if she knew the circumstances. In fifteen minutes she was down again, this time dressed in the sprigged muslin dress she wore the night before. It was perfectly plain in the skirt, and had a frill of embroidery around the yoke and neck. Her russet shoes matched it very well, so also did her hat; it was clean and neat—the very suit she wore to school.

Tom whistled merrily—a long, shrill call. Mr. Halsted's voice rose above the whistle, however.

"All is ready," he said. Jessie came to the door.

"Why, Flora Brooks!" she exclaimed in surprise. Her face was suspiciously red. She looked at Flora, then at her mother, who came to see them off.

Flora smiled sweetly. "I thought—I thought I should have a better time in this dress," she said. She was going to say she was afraid she might tear or soil the other, but she checked herself, knowing that would not be the truth.

Jessie tried to laugh, but the tears were too near her eyes. She caught Flora's hand impulsively.

"Did you do that for my sake?" she asked.

"Yours and mine," Flora answered, shyly.

"Flora Brooks, you are the very most unselfish girl! I am ashamed—"

Tom's whistling call grew very loud and urgent.

"Let's go," Flora said, laughing, pleased and happy; "I know we'll have a lovely time!"

Mrs. Halsted helped the girls into the wagon.

"Thank you, little King's Daughter," she whispered to Flora, and smiled to see Jessie's face unclouded and happy again. "You will both have a very happy day, I know."

And they did.—[Sunday School Times.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

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With The Poets.

Like a Queen.

Oh, like a Queen's her happy tread,
And like a Queen's her golden head!
But oh, at last, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me!

We wandered where the river gleamed
'Neath oaks that mused and pines that dreamed.
A wild thing of the woods she seemed,
So proud, so pure, and free!

All heaven drew nigh to hear her sing,
When from her lips her soul took wing;
The oaks forgot their pondering,
The pines their reverie.

And oh, her happy, queenly tread,
And oh, her queenly golden head!
But oh, her heart, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me!

—William Watson, in the London Spectator.

A Little Parable.

I made the cross myself whose weight
Was later laid on me.
This life is torture as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary.

—Annie Reeve Aldrich.

Napoleon's Midnight Review.

When the midnight hour is come,
The drummer forsakes his tomb,
And marches, beating his phantom drum,
To and fro through the ghastly gloom.

He plies his drumsticks twain
With fleshless fingers pale,
And beats and beats again, and again,
A long and dreary reveille.

Like the voice of abysmal waves
Resounds its unearthly tone,
Till the dead old soldiers, long in their graves,
Awaken through every zone.

And the slain in the land of the Hun,
And the frozen in the icy North,
And those who under the burning sun
Of Italy sleep, creep forth.

And they whose bones long while
Lie bleaching in Syrian sands,
And the slumbers under the reeds of the Nile,
Arise with arms in their hands.

And at midnight in his shroud,
The trumpeter leaves his tomb,
And blows a blast, long, deep and loud,
And he rides through the ghastly gloom.

And the yellow moonlight shines
On the old imperial Dragons;
And the cuirassiers they form in lines,
And the Carabineers in platoons.

At a signal the ranks unsheathe
Their weapons in rear and van;
But they scarcely appear to speak or breathe,
And their features are sad and wan.

And when midnight robes the sky,
The Emperor leaves his tomb,
And rides along, surrounded by
His shadowy staff through the gloom.

A silver star so bright,
Is glittering on his breast;
In a uniform of blue and white
And a gray camp-rock he is dressed.

The moonbeams shine afar
On the various marshalled groups,
And the man with the glittering silver star
Rides forth to see his troops.

And the dead battalions all
Go again through their exercise,
Till the moon withdraws, and a gloomier pall
Of blackness wraps the skies.

Then around the chief once more
The Generals and Marshals throng;
And he whispers a word oft heard before
In the ear of the aid-de-camp.

In files the troops advance,
And then are no longer seen:
The challenging watchword is
"France";

The answer is "St. Helene."

And this is the Grand Review,
Which at midnight on the wolds,
If popular tales may pass for true,
The buried Emperor holds.

—Clarence Mangan.

OUT OF SORTS.—Symptoms: Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parlee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

Curiosities of Definitions.

Richard Huloet's Dictionary, published as early as 1552, contains: "Pickers or thieves, that go by into chambers, making as though they sought something."

Henry Cockerham's "English Dictionary," 1623, has: Pole is "the end of the axle-tree whereon the heavens do move." "An idiot is an unlearned ass." "A heretic, he which maketh choice of himself what points of religion he will believe and what he will not."

"The barble, a fish that will not meddle with the bait until with her tail she have unhooked it from the hook."

Here are a few quaint Natural History definitions: A baboon is said to be "a beast like an ape, but farre bigger;" a lynx is "a spotted beast—it hath a most perfect sight, inasmuch as it is said it can see throw a wall;" and a salamander is "a small, venomous beast, with four feet and a short tail—it lives in the fire, and at length, by his extreme cold, puts out the fire."

Sometimes explanations and definitions in the dictionaries are blunders, pure and simple. Edward Phillips defines a gallon as "a measure containing two quarts;" and again, a quaver is stated to be "a measure of time in music, being the half of a crotchet, as a crotchet the half of a quaver." Dr. Johnson defined pastern as "the knee of a horse;" this blunder was, however, corrected in subsequent editions. Dr. Ash, in his dictionary of 1775, explains "esoteric" as merely an incorrect spelling of "exoteric." Webster, in his first issue, defined wicket-keeper as the "player in cricket who stands with a bat to protect the wicket from the ball," and a long-stop as "one who is sent to stop balls sent a long distance."

Wesley defines Methodist as "one that lives according to the method laid down in the Bible."

Richelet, author of an early French dictionary, remarks under the head of grocer, that "that these people wrap some of their merchandise in gray paper, or in a few sheets of wretched books, which one sells to them because one has been unable to sell them to others; the translation of Tacitus by the little man d'Abancourt has had this misfortune."

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Dr. Johnson defines oats as a "grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." The doctor's inexplicable prejudice against Scotland is well-known. He defines a Puritan as "a sectary pretending to eminent purity of religion." A Whig is merely "the name of a faction," but a Tory (that he himself was) is "one who adheres to the ancient constitution of the State and the apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England, opposed to a Whig." Pensioner is a "slave of state, hired by a stipend to obey his master." An excise is "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid. Lexicographer is "a writer of dictionaries; a harmless drudge that busies himself in tracing the origin and detailing the significance of words." An example of Johnson's Johnsonian style is found in the explanation of the word network, which is "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between intersections."

Ponderous definitions of this kind are often met with in technical works. A boil is described in a book as "a circumscribed subcutaneous inflammation, suppurating, with a central core, a furunculus." A kiss is "the anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction."

All the above are examples of unconscious humor; here are a few of the conscious kind:

"Dust is mud with the juice squeezed out."

"A lawyer is a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it for himself."

"A luncheon is base ingratitude to breakfast and a premeditated insult to dinner."

"A bachelor is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable."

"Matrimony is an insane idea on the part of a man to pay some woman's board."

Flirtation is an attention without intention."

"What is mind?"—"No matter."

"What is matter?"—"Never mind."

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoot, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parlee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For delicate and debilitated constitutions these pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Two children had a pet hen that died. They were allowed to bury it with honors. Afterwards, the little five-year-old said it was a "real good Henetarian funeral." A child of older growth, a young girl in one of the public schools, in reply to the question, "What is a humanitarian?" answered, "I suppose a humanitarian is the opposite of a Unitarian."

The never failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

A pushing young man always gets ahead in the world. So does a cabbage.

"Don't sit by that window, Bobbie, dear. There's quite a draft there, and I'm afraid you'll catch cold."

"All right," said Bobbie; and then he added, "Is dat why they're tailed windies, mamma?"

Beggar—Kind gentleman, I beg your pardon—

Gent (promptly)—Granted. I thought you were begging for money.

Uncle Dick—Well, Rob, are you getting on any better in arithmetic?

Rob—I should say so. The boy that sits with me knows his lessons always.

Frances and her papa had a few squares to go and the latter said: "Frances, shall we walk or take the street cars?"

"Well, papa," replied the little girl, "I'll walk, if you'll carry me."

"The last April-fool trick I played," said the old settler, when I was a boy in school. I'd put a bent pin in the teacher's chair, and, do you know, he made me sit in that chair before he'd try it himself. Consequence was I got the pin, and it didn't strike me as being a funny joke, after all."

Clara—I hear your father has forbidden Mr. Higgin calling on you.

Coro—No, you are mistaken.

Clara—Did he not tell him last night never to darken his parlor again?

Coro—He did, but that referred to his turning down the lamp.

Old Gent (to 'bus conductor)—Why didn't you wake me up, as I asked you? Here I am half a mile beyond where I wanted to get down.

Conductor—I did try, but all I could get out of you was: "All right, Maria; get the children their breakfast and I'll be down in a minute."

Clergymen will appreciate the story Archdeacon Farrar tells of Charles Kingsley, who used to approach the pulpit with fear and trembling. Kingsley said: "Whenever I walk up the choir of Westminster Abbey I wish myself dead; and whenever I walk back I wish myself m-m-more dead!"

Two distinguished literary men were one day discussing certain peculiarities of our modern youth, when one of them remarked:

"There is no more emotion among them. My children read books over which I used, at their age, to weep copiously; but they are apparently unmoved."

The 12-year-old daughter of the speaker sat near by, drinking in the discussion. At this point she felt it necessary to defend her class.

"You are entirely mistaken, papa," she interpolated with some heat. "It is not that emotion has gone out. It is that self-control has come in."

EVOLUTION OF THE FOLDING BED.—Mrs. De Flat—Have you anything new in folding beds?

Dealer—Only this, madam; and it really is quite a success. On arising in the morning you touch a spring, and it turns into a washstand and bathtub. After your bath you touch another spring, and it becomes a dressing case, with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast you press these three buttons at once, and you have an upright piano. That's all it will do, except that when you die it can be changed into a rosewood coffin."

IT WAS THE COOK.—Apropos of domestic servants and their ways, a contemporary tells the following story: A lady was sitting alone in her dining-room the other evening, when she heard an elegant knock at the door, which, when opened, admitted some one feminine, whose skirts, rustling with the frou-frou of silk, seemed to speak of the coming of some friend.

But the maid did not come to announce anyone, and the lady after a few minutes rang the bell, and asked the housemaid who the visitor was.

"O, it's cook, ma'am, come in," was the answer.

"Cook! but I thought I heard a silk skirt, and cook does not wear a silk dress, surely."

"No, ma'am; but she always has her walking dresses lined with silk."

Two young Americans have been riding through Asia on bicycles. The Chinese viewed the machines with great curiosity. The most graphic description, perhaps, was given by a Chinaman whom we overheard relating to his neighbors the first appearance of the bicycle in his quiet little village.

"It is a little mule," said he, "that you drive by the ears, and kick in the sides to make him go."

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

A Smile And a Laugh.

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