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JUVENILE COLUMN.

PRETTY POLLY PIPPIN.

[From Our Young Folks' Magazine]

She had blue eyes, and golden hair, and sy, dimpled cheeks. She was certainly ry pretty. Then, too, she was good—e was very good—she never cried, she ver complained. If you laid her on her ck, or on her face, if you made her stand, tried to get her to walk, it was always e same, she neither murmured nor fret-d, she wore a bright and smiling face, oking straight at you with her earnest t rather staring eyes.

She was not the least like her mamma. er mamma was dark and pale, with an xious little face, and, I am afraid, an xious little heart. Her mamma, too, as very particular, even fidgety, when hings were not exactly to her liking.

In short, she was a perfect contrast to is baby, this beautiful doll-baby of hers.

The baby was three months old, the amma was ten years; *her* name was Ella, r baby's, Polly Pippin. *Pretty* Polly ippin she was always called.

Ella had herself given her the name, and rtainly if ever baby doll deserved to have e word "pretty" applied to it, this baby Ella's was the one.

Ella was, as I have said, very unlike her ild; she was not very strong, she con-antly, poor little mamma! suffered pain, d as she had no sisters and no playmates, e was often both sad and lonely.

That was three months ago; but since, r her last birthday, Polly Pippin had ar-ved, all was changed. The amount of od the doll did the child was incalcula-e—she gave her something to love, and o something to work for. Ella made all r doll's clothes; she dressed her and un-essed her, and took her out walking, and night she slept with her arms about her.

What long talks they had together—this other and child! Of course the mother d all the actual talking, but then the ild looked back at her with such sweet, ailing eyes, in reply, that no further lan-uage was necessary. In short, they un-erstood each other perfectly, and not one ouble came between them, until Hugh, lla's brother, arrived home from school.

Polly Pippin was three months old at at time—this means that she had been ree months in Ella's possession; for, of ourse, the time when she was wrapped up silver paper in a large warehouse count for nothing in her life.

She was born on the day when Ella's andpapa walked into a shop and said:

"Do you sell dolls here—real, large, ndsome dolls, suitable for birthday pres-ts?"

Then the silver paper was pulled off olly Pippin's face, and she was born.

This happened three months ago. Well, ugh come home from school, and bearing at Ella had a pet, he was quite determin-that he also would have one. So he rought back with him—what do you ink? A monkey.

Oh, how Ella laughed when she saw it! he even forgot, so absorbed was she watch-g its antics, to put Polly Pippin to bed.

Never was there a monkey possessed of many tricks—so altogether funny. Ella nd Hugh spent a delightful evening fol-wing this new pet from place to place.

It was quite late when Ella ran away to er pretty bed-room to undress Polly Pip-n.

She had just taken off her dress and pet-coats, and was putting on her hand-omely-embroidered night dress, when, lising her eyes, she saw the monkey Jacko tting amid the foliage of a thick tree hich grew close to the window.

"Oh! you are a funny monkey," laughed lla. 'So you want to watch me putting y baby to bed." But she little guessed hat was going to follow, or what trouble e would soon be in.

In the morning Polly Pippin was gone! retty Polly Pippin was nowhere to be en.

She was not in her mamma's bed, nor in r own pink-lined cradle. She was gone d so were her clothes—her nice little oes and stockings, her blue silk frock, en her hat with the daisies round it, hich her mamma had made for her only esterday. All, all were gone.

Poor Ella indeed was in trouble; and r real sorrow was so great that, to try d comfort her, everybody in the whole ouse began to look for Polly Pippin.

Her papa looked, and so did her mamma; e cook looked, and so did the housemaid; nd so also did the butler, and the achman and the stable-boy. Hugh so looked, and last, but not least, acko followed every one, and went in ont of every one, and jumped on the cat's ack, and pulled the dog's tail, and ran up the tops of the trees and down again, nd snatched the cook's cap off her head, ll in his apparent zeal to find Polly Pippin. But though they searched under the beds, nd Hugh even poked his head up the himneys, no sign of the missing doll was be seen.

Poor little Ella kept up bravely all day, t when the weary searchers sat down at ast without any result, she burst into tears. My darling sweet baby, I know she's *uite* gone; no, Hugh, I can't be happy—ndeed, I can never be happy again."

"I'll buy you another doll, Ella," said er grandfather.

But this kind offer only made her tears ow faster.

"As if I *could* have another baby like olly Pippin!" she sobbed.

And all the time there sat that mischiev-us monkey, grinning from ear to ear and atching; as grandpapa looked, suddenly n idea struck him. Was it possible that acko had anything to do with the myste-ious disappearance of Polly? "Ella," he aid, "what was that funny story you told ne about the monkey last night?"

"Oh! I dont want to think of it," sob-ed Ella,; I had my baby at that time."

Then grandpapa went out of the room nd called Hugh to his side, and whispered o him that perhaps Jacko was at the bot-om of the mystery. "Those creatures are lways getting into mischief," said grand-apa: "they are also very imitative, and ou know how Ella described his watching er last night when she undressed her oll."

"But where has he put her?" questioned Hugh; "we have searched every hole and corner."

"Watch Jacko, but say nothing to Ella n the subject," was the wise counsel of Grandpapa.

This Hugh did, and not only Hugh, but the stable-boy, and the coachman, and the room, and the cook; to all of whom he confided grandpapa's idea. But though they watched they saw nothing. The monkey was very quiet and pleasant, not at all as ill-natured as many of his race, and yet he was so funny in his grimaces and antics, that even Ella, notwithstanding her sorrow, could not help laughing at him more than once.

"It is time for bed, Ella," said her mamma.

And the little girl prepared, slowly and unwillingly, to go up to her lonely room, no longer brightened by the presence of her darling doll.

"I will come with you, Ella, and tell you a story," said grandpapa, who noticed how pale her little face was, and how wistful and sad her dark eyes had become.

"What shall the story be about, grandpapa? shall it be about the stars?" asked Ella, as, up in her own room, she nestled down into his arms; but then looking out of the window, she uttered a scream.

Seated on a thick limb of the tree was Jacko, and in his arms—yes, resting comfortably in his arms—was the missing baby, the lost baby-doll, her own darling Polly Pippin.

One by one he was gravely removing first her frock and then her petticoats, and putting on her pretty night dress, pressing a loud smack every now and then on her rosy lips, as he had observed Ella do the night before.

"Don't stir, Ella," whispered grandpapa, "I thought all along the monkey had something to do with this; but stay quiet, or he will run away with her again.

And then that clever grandpapa stepped softly to the open window and very quickly and cautiously stretched out his hand, before the monkey had time to see him, and snatching up the doll-baby, he laid her, safe and uninjured, in her mamma's arms.

"Oh! how I love her! How glad I am!" sobbed the happy little girl. And that night Ella slept happily again, with her little arms clasped tightly round her pet.

"I don't think we can keep Jacko," said grandpapa.

DISUNION AMONG THE FRENCH CONSERVATIVES.

The Comte d'Haussonville was right. The thing which the French Conservatives have most to fear is division in their own ranks. Unfortunately some of them do not seem to be sufficiently alive to the danger. The Imperialists began to irritate the other Monarchists by claiming a preponderance in the coalition, and by alleging that of the candidates put forward by the Government more than three hundred would belong to their party, while only one hundred would be Legitimists; and the Ministerial organs reply by saying that the list of candidates is not yet settled. In face of the union which prevails among the different sections of the Opposition for the purposes of this election, these controversies between the Conservative parties are not very encouraging. M. Gambetta has been making a speech to some Alsacians, who, having opted for French nationality, had settled at Bienne in Switzerland, and who last week presented the leader of the Opposition with a watch and an address. He speaks of the victory of his party at the approaching elections as an absolute certainty, and puts forward M. Thiers, whose health, he says, was never better, professing his own desire to remain in the background for the present. "I have no pretension," he says, "to figure in what is called a plebiscitary alternative. My post is in the ranks of the democracy, which I serve as I mean to serve it, disinterestedly and without any after-thought. France does not mean to raise some men above others; but she has a right to expect that each of her sons should be a passionate servant of her glory and her prosperity. If then I accept your testimony in my favor, you must keep it within the limits you have assigned to it—as a testimony of Republican and French fraternity." The meaning of which is that M. Gambetta knows very well that, if the choice between MacMahon and Gambetta were put to the electors, their verdict would not be favorable to him. But with M. Thiers as the candidate for the Presidency, he is, or professes to be, quite sure of success. We must not, of course, attach implicit credence to such confident predictions, but we should be more sanguine than we are of their proving false, if the Conservatives displayed greater union among themselves. And letters which have appeared in the *Defense* present a rather unfavorable picture of the dispositions prevailing in many Departments. It is to be hoped, with a view to the avoidance of future prolonged conflicts, that all the Conservative sections will speedily come to an agreement on the candidates to be supported. The national arbiter between them, according to the *Francais*, is the Government, and if its decision is equitable and firmly pronounced, all will necessarily accept it. The moral is, that the Government should make haste and finish the examination of candidates which it has recently taken in hand, and thus put an end to the *tiraillements* out of which the Radical Press is making all the capital it can. That there should be a period of such *tiraillements* the *Francais* thinks quite natural, and though it regrets the "excessive exigencies" of the Bonapartists, and rather too noisy recriminations which they have provoked, it does not see anything in these incidents which should cause serious uneasiness. We hope sincerely that its confidence may be justified by the event.

IMMEDIATE CONSEQUENCES OF A RADICAL VICTORY.

For, if the elections should be unfavorable to the Government, what will be the consequence? The Marshal President has distinctly declared that he will not retire, and if the present Ministers should resign he will certainly not take a Cabinet from the Opposition, even if he is driven to choosing one outside the Chambers. It is more than probable that under such circumstances a hostile Chamber of Deputies would refuse supplies, and then the only course open to the President would be to go again to the Senate and ask for a second dissolution. Whether this would be more successful than the first it is impossible to predict—perhaps it would, as the necessity of getting the budget passed would weigh heavily with the constituencies—but the prospect of such a conflict, which might possibly be indefinitely prolonged, between the Powers of the State, is unsatisfactory enough to justify the desire that a Chamber in harmony with the President and the Senate may be returned at once.

SAVED BY A PARASOL.—A little colored girl, nine years of age, daughter of Samuel Phelps, was passing over the railroad bridge which spans Fishing creek near the depot, with a large parasol stretched over her head, when the blast struck her, and in a moment she was swept off the bridge and was falling to the earth sixty feet below. A lady who saw the affair from a short distance off, says that she went down hanging to the umbrella which was stretched over her head like a parachute. The handle broke just before she reached the ground. Several persons went to her assistance immediately, and were doubtless surprised to find her alive. She was not only alive, but comparatively little injured, as the doctor who attended her told the writer that her worst injury was a severe sprain of one of her ankles, with possibly a fracture of one of the smaller bones. Her preservation from death is probably owing to the fact that the parasol acted as a parachute, and that she fell on a haw bush three or four feet high.—*Milledgeville Reporter.*

CATHOLICITY IN LONDON.—The erection of Catholic churches goes on apace in London, and it is creditable to find that wherever an appeal is made for the necessary funds the benefactions are as liberal as they are prompt. Cardinal Manning a short time ago asked for help in building a church dedicated to St. Patrick, in Wapping, a district with an exclusively Irish population of Catholics His Eminence has just received a cheque for £4,000 from a gentleman who, wishing to do good by stealth, asks that his name should not be published. The generous donation will enable the clergy in the mission to add schools and a convent to their original design of building a church.—*London Correspondent of Freeman.*