

YOUNG FOLKS.

Tommy Toddlers Dream.

I had a fearful dream one night,
I dreamt I was a man,
My face was an awful sight,
Because a beard of tan
Did cover up my cheek so white,
And down my chin it ran.

I wore a shiny beaver hat
Just like my father wears,
I had a great big silk cravat,
And, so, such lots of cares!
So heavy were my troubles that
I'd two or three gray hairs.

The queerest thing about it, though,
I'd still my toddling walk,
No matter where I'd wish to go,
My feet my step would balk;
And when I'd try to speak, you know,
I spoke in baby-talk!

Then everybody laughed at me,
And I—upped and cried:
And then their horrid mean old gibe
Made me so mortified
I rushed up in the nursery
And locked myself inside.

I slammed the door—'twas made of oak—
With all my might and main;
So hard I slammed it that it broke
A part of it in twain.
And then I howled till I awoke
And changed to me again.

That's why now days I always cry
As loudly as I can,
Why tears flow from my great blue eye
Like gray from a pan,
When anybody says that I
M a pretty little man!

Urchins and Sea Urchins.

"What are the wild waves saying?" It was our first evening of camping on the beach of the Pacific, and that was what some one asked as we sat on the verandah of our little cottage, listening to the boom of the breakers as the tide came in. There was no answer, but from a narrow bed on the cottage floor came the complaint of one crowded little urchin to his tired brother, "Roll over." Just then a breaker larger than usual did "roll over," as it broke, thoroughly wetting with spray a merry party on the sand.

Next morning the little boys were as Aunt Edith protested, "as cross as porcupines and hedgehogs," and loudly complained that their bed was as hard as a rock. Mamma explained that of course campers must expect some hard places. But they were only pacified when papa astonished them by a promise to take them after breakfast, to hunt for some other urchins who truly slept on rocks and seemed to like it.

Aunt Edith explained what hedgehogs are like, during breakfast; and by the time we were all ready for our walk the boys had forgotten their troubles. We were early and the tide was out, so we made all haste along the sandy beach to where some rocks projected into the sea, and where we knew was stranded many a treasure.

It was not long till papa called us to come to a rocky pile a little further out than we had yet ventured. There, in a tide-worn basin in a little crevice of the rock, was a "whole nest of purple chestnut burrs," as Johnnie, with a dim remembrance of an Eastern forest, described them. Papa gathered a half-dozen of them and we hurried ashore to escape the now incoming tide. At home we took a careful survey of one of our sea urchins. It looked like a much flattened purple ball, thickly set with purple spines, varying a little, but about an inch in length. "Each one of these spines, of which there are two or three thousand," said papa, "is fastened to the shell by a ball and socket joint, much as your arm is fastened to the shoulder, except that the ball part of the joint is on the shell." "What are its thorns good for?" queried little Frank, meaning the spines.

"They are used for moving about and for burrowing in the sand. Some kinds of sea urchins walk with them. Now see its teeth," and papa turned one flattened side up. There was a little pyramid of teeth about half an inch high. There were five of them, shaped much like the gnawing teeth of a rat or squirrel, but wedge-shaped at the top and fitting together perfectly. "Frank, how do you chew? Let us see."

Frank spread his red lips apart and champed his two sets of white teeth together vigorously.

"That's all right with two jaws; but what would you do if you had five? These five teeth are set in as many hard jaws, moved by muscles. They can open wide to grasp their food and all close together toward the centre and the food passes between ten grinding surfaces."

"What do they eat, papa?"

"Crabs, and any of the little creatures that live in these different shells you have gathered."

"They must have good digestion," suggested Aunt Edith.

"Yes, they have the most perfect digestive system of any of these little animals that live in shells. Now bring some boiling water and we will examine our urchins a little further."

It was poured over them and they were allowed to remain in it a little while, when the spines, outer skin and teeth easily fell out and the little creature from within came out from his shell.

"Mamma, it is all embroidered!" exclaimed Frank. Papa had broken one and he was examining the inside of the shell.

So it was. Around the shell, like the rib of a melon, were five double rows of dainty double scallops, formed by tiny holes through the shell, so small that the point of a fine needle would barely go through them.

"What are the holes for?" questioned Johnnie.

Before papa answered Aunt Edith ventured: "Why, Johnnie, instead of having bones through its feet as you do, it puts its feet through its bones."

Several wide eyes turned to papa.

"Yes, you might call them feet, but they are quite as useful for stopping the urchins as for walking. They are furnished with suckers with which it fastens itself to some object. It also climbs the rocks with them. They can be thrust through the shell and beyond the longest spine; and it is well supplied, having about eighteen hundred of them."

"Now look inside the shell again. You see that five double rows of tiny holes are

separated by five much wider rows of many five-sided plates, fitting together as closely as the cells of honeycomb. There are from three hundred to six hundred of these plates, according to the size of the shell. It grows by adding to the edges of these little plates and making new plates at the ends of the rows."

The outside of the shell was as beautiful as the inside, not showing so plainly the double rows of plates, but covered with elevations; some larger than others, but all perfectly arranged and each ending in a smooth little knob where the purple spine had been joined.

"Are all sea urchins like this one?"

"No; some grow to be four inches across at the widest part. Other kinds are reddish brown, while some are irregular in shape. Some have curved spines and some paddle-shaped spines. So these are your hedgehogs, boys."

"I thought hedgehogs lived on land."

"Yes, but the scientific name of these is echinida, which is from a Greek word that means hedgehog, so their family name means 'like a hedgehog'; some people call them 'sea hedgehogs.'"

"I thought you called them sea urchins."

"Yes; urchin was the old English name for hedgehog."

"Is that why people call children urchins, mamma?" asked Johnnie.

Mamma remembered the morning's troubles and said, "Perhaps."—Marie McCloud, in Pansy.

GREEN PARROT'S TALES.

One Belonged to Queen Bess and Two Adopted Three Little Gray Kittens.

The very oldest parrot story on record comes down from Queen Elizabeth's day. She owned a fine-talking bird, gifted with so much wit and good sense. Her Majesty was far fonder of him than her hawks and greyhounds. He wore a rough of bright ribbons about his neck, little gold bells on his feet, and sitting on his royal mistress's shoulders, would give saucy answers to the noble ladies and gentlemen to whom her Majesty gave audience. One day when the Queen went on a water party in the royal barge, whether in fright or frolic, Polly, who had been prowling about the boat, fell plump into the river. A ferryman boldly jumped in and rescued the frightened bird. Then a dispute arose as to how much the man should be paid.

"Let us leave it to the parrot," said the Queen. Polly, who had sat silently preening his bedraggled feathers, looked up, winked his round, red eyes and said in a gruff voice: "Oh, give the knave a great!" and that put an end to the dispute.

THE CLEVEREST PARROT

ever known was the property of a poor actor named O'Keefe. The bird not only talked cleverly, but sang sweetly, in a tenor voice. His favorite song was "God, Save the King," but not a sound would the parrot make on Sunday. He enjoyed church-going and sat solemnly on the back of a pew, paying the most respectful attention to all that was said. One day, when the sermon proved very long and tiresome, the good clergyman arriving at an impressive pause, just to give weight to his words, and the sobered parrot screamed out: "Amen! amen! now let us be off!" and scuttled out the door, near which his master sat, leaving the weary congregation, and, after a bit, the good-natured clergyman, too, laughing heartily.

The fame of this parrot's achievements reached the royal palace, whereupon King George commanded him to sing before the court. When Polly entered the royal presence and was ordered to sing "God Save the King," not a sound would the bird make. Then His Majesty, put in quite a rage by this obstinate discourtesy, stalked out of the room. Hardly had the door closed, however, when the parrot broke gayly into the national anthem, in a voice so fine that the King delightedly re-entered the room and offered O'Keefe

A PRINCELY SUM

for so gifted a bird. O'Keefe loved his feathered friend too dearly to part with him and, tucking Polly close to his breast, under his shabby coat, begged his Majesty's leave to keep him. When the parrot died the British Museum bought the skin and stuffed it, and to-day Polly is to be seen in the museum at Oxford.

A learned Philadelphia Polly sung charmingly both in German and English. He loved to sit in a sunny back window and toss seed and crumbs to hungry city sparrows; not only were his feelings hurt, but he would scream and scold, unless permitted to bless all the family good-night and good-morning. He enjoyed the companionship of a mate which laid several eggs, but could never hatch them, so in despair they set out to adopt some children. Poking about the room, one day, they chanced upon a box in which were three tiny gray kittens, with which the mother parrot was delighted. Though the kittens struggled, she gathered them under her wings, and after a while the cat gave her babies entirely into the bird's care. The parrots learned to drink milk at the same saucer with their adopted children, and the kittens trotted contentedly about at their foster-parents' heels, and had rough-and-tumble games together on a sunny back porch.

REV. L. W. SHOWERS

Gives His Experience With Organic Heart Disease—The Dread Malady on the Increase.

For many years my greatest enemy has been organic heart disease. From an uneasiness about the heart, which palpitated more or less severely, it had developed into abnormal action, thumping, fluttering and choking sensations. Dull pains, with a peculiar wan feeling, were ever present near the heart. I have tried many physicians and taken numberless remedies, with very little benefit. Seeing Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart advertised in the *Kittanning, Pa., papers*, I purchased a bottle and began its use, receiving almost immediate relief. I have now taken several bottles of the remedy, and can speak most highly in its favor. The choking, abnormal action, thumping and palpitation have almost entirely disappeared. The remedy is certainly a wonder-worker, for my case was chronic.—Rev. L. W. Showers, Elderton, Pa.

A WISE WOMAN.

She Was Weak, Nervous and Dispirited and Found no Benefit From Doctors' Treatment—She Was Induced to Give Pink Pills a Trial and is Again Enjoying Health.

From Canadian Evangelist, Hamilton.

We are often asked: "Do you think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are any good? Do you think it is right to publish those glowing accounts of cures said to be effected by the Pink Pills?" Of course we think the Pink Pills are good, and if we did not think it right to publish the testimonials we would not do it. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that people ask such questions when they hear stories of clerks being employed to write up fictitious testimonials to the efficacy of some cheap and nasty patent medicine. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. do not follow that dishonest practice as there are few places in the Dominion where the marvellous efficacy of Pink Pills has not been proved. Their method, as our readers may have observed, is to publish interviews with representatives of reputable and well known journals have had with persons who have been benefited by a course of Pink Pills, thus giving absolute assurance that every case published is genuine. Several such cases have come under the notice of the Canadian Evangelist, the latest being that of Mrs. T. Stephens, of 215 Hunter street west, Hamilton. Mrs. Stephens is quite enthusiastic in her praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and is very positive that they have done her a great amount of good. Her trouble was indigestion and general debility. For about a year she was under a physician's care, without deriving any benefit therefrom. About three years ago she was induced by a friend to give Pink Pills a trial. When she began their use, she says, she felt dreadfully tired all the time, was weak and nervous, had a pain in her chest and was very downhearted. Her father told her she looked as though she was going in "a decline." She replied that she felt that way, whether she looked it or not. It was not long after she began to take the Pink Pills before she experienced an improvement in her health and spirits. The tired feeling wore away and her strength returned, the extreme nervousness vanished and her spirits revived. It is now about two years since Mrs. Stephens ceased taking the Pink Pills. She has had no return of her former troubles during all that time. She is now strong, healthy and cheerful and is very emphatic in declaring that she owes to the Pink Pills her present satisfactory state of health and has, therefore, no hesitation in recommending them to those afflicted as she was.

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