

HOW POLLY PROPOSED

"Hi! Hi! All right! Now we sha'n't be long!" said the gray parrot.

I regret to say that the irrepressible young man that brings the daily milk is the tutor of my parrot in the latest up-to-date slang of the day.

I am an old sea captain—at least not old, perhaps the word slipped out on awares. I am on the right side of 50, anyhow; but being in receipt of a pension and a small private income to boot. I have cast anchor in my present abode in the expectation of weathering many a winter storm yet.

Being without a known relation in the world, I willingly fell in with the suggestion that I should pick up my moorings alongside my old friend and messmate, Capt. Travers, late R. N., who, having left one of his legs on the west coast of Africa while capturing a slave, was pensioned off at an even earlier age than myself, and now lived with his sister—a most comfortable party, fat, fair, and 40, or thereabouts—in the adjoining house to mine in the neighborhood of London. We had always got on well together, our tastes and dispositions were similar, and we had often met during our naval careers. His sister I had not previously been acquainted with, but being in many respects like her brother, we were soon firm friends.

Capt. Travers and myself had each a favorite parrot—his the common African gray, with red-tipped tail, and mine the purer variety, without a trace of color, but otherwise similar.

I had not long settled down in my new quarters, and got everything ship-shape, or what seemed so to me—a very important difference, as I know to-day—when, almost unconsciously at first, I began to feel what a lonely old bachelor I was and what a set-off to all my other belongings the figure of Miss Rachel Travers would be by my fireside. But just here the course of my life began to make itself felt. Inherent shyness in the presence of the opposite sex had dogged my footsteps from my earliest recollections. Give me a gale of wind in the bay of Biscay, a tornado in the tropics, or twenty hours' duty on deck, wet through to the skin, and Capt. Manley, late of the P. and O. service, will thank you for it, and consider life well worth living; but as a dispenser of delicate attentions to the fair sex, intensely as he inwardly admires their pretty ways, Capt. Manley does not, no, he certainly does not, show up to advantage.

Although fond of pets generally, I have an antipathy to cats, especially at night. I am not aware that our neighborhood was particularly beneficial in its aspect or other qualifications to feline constitution, but I know that until I was inhuman enough to start an air-gun cannonade on my numerous nocturnal visitors, I was frequently unable to get a respectable night's rest. One infernal black and white Tom defied my finest efforts. If average cats have nine lives, I am sure this one must have had nineteen, and I began to wonder what sort of uncanny being this was that had no objection to letting my bullets pass apparently through its body without suffering any inconvenience. But after all it must have been my bad marksmanship, for one afternoon I saw my enemy quietly walking up the low fence that divided my back garden from Capt. Travers'.

The opportunity was too good to be lost and quietly getting my air-gun I took a steady aim and fired. There was no mistake this time, and without a sound poor puss dropped on to my flower bed as dead as the proverbial door nail.

My exultation, however, was of short duration, for to my horror and dismay, on proceeding to pick up his unfortunate carcass and give it decent burial, I saw that my shot had passed right through the unlucky animal and killed my neighbor's parrot, which had been put out to sun itself in a little summer house that stood at the bottom of the garden.

I was staggered at my position; I knew the parrot was a supreme favorite with Miss Travers, and how I could ever explain my carelessness I could not imagine. Suddenly a way out of my dilemma presented itself to my mind, and I hastened to put into execution. I knew that the Traverses were out, and would not be back for some little time, so hurrying indoors and taking my own parrot from its cage I carefully painted the end of its tail with red ink in imitation of its deceased comrade, and finding no one was about I stepped lightly over the fence and substituted the living for the dead bird, which I buried, together with the cat, in my own garden. I knew that my parrot would not readily talk before strangers, and I hoped that by the time it had got used to its new surroundings it would have forgotten its former accomplishments; at any rate, I must risk it.

Alas! 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,' sang some poet, who, I expect, never wore anything harder than a nightcap, but, true as it may be, compared to the torture of my mind, now launched on a course of duplicity, it would be no bed of roses.

It was toward the end of the following week that I happened to be out in the garden and saw my old friend come stumping down the path of path of his own garden in his dot-and-carry-one style, and, seeing me on the fence, cried:

"Holloa! Captain, you're quite a stranger! What's been up? Rachel has been talking about coming in to inquire about your health, as she was afraid something must be wrong."

"Yes, I have been a bit poorly," said I. Oh, how easily the words slipped out, although I had been as right as nine-pence—why that particular sum should be endowed with more rectitude than its fellows I have never been able to discover—this by the way.

"A bit of cold, perhaps," said Capt. Travers. "Well, come over the fence and have a dish of tea in the summer house, and Rachel shall come in afterward and make you a good glass of something stiff for a nightcap."

Punctually at 5 o'clock I donned my

sprucest attire, and with a smart flower in my buttonhole—gay dog that I was—slipped over the fence. Miss Rachel was there, looking as fresh as a spring cabbage with the dew on it, which I consider a very pretty simile, and she bade me welcome with one of her beaming smiles. There, too, was the unlucky parrot in its cage, and standing just outside the summer house. I had noticed it had been set out to sun itself as usual on all fine days, and as far as I could see nothing had transpired to make me think they had any cause to suspect my imposition.

I purposely sat with my back to it, and avoided taking notice of it in any way whatever.

Tea went off all right; my old friend was very cheery and Miss Rachel showed me great attention. I could hear Polly rubbing her beak up and down the wires of the cage, and swinging backwards and forwards in the metal ring.

After the meal Capt. Travers went indoors to get his supply of necessities for the evening, and, turning to me, Miss Travers commented:

"By-the-by, Capt. Manley, how is your parrot? I have not seen it out in the garden lately."

I felt my heart beating a bit faster, but with every semblance of outward calm I said:

"No; the fact is, it's not been at all well; in fact, it is dead."

"Dead!" she exclaimed. "Well, I never. What did it die of?"

"I really don't know," I replied. "It died quite suddenly about a week ago."

"I hope our Polly isn't going to follow suit," she continued. "She has been very dull and quiet the last few days, but seems a bit more lively this evening. I don't think she has spoken a word all the week."

"Thank goodness!" I inwardly ejaculated. Things were beginning to look a bit awkward, and I cast a vote for something to change the course of conversation. I am not a quick thinker, however, and before I could collect my wits Miss Travers continued:

"Dear, dear, to think your poor Polly's dead! Well, I am sorry to lose you. Polly, dear," she said, addressing the parrot. "But, really, Capt. Manley, looking me straight in the face, 'I can't make our Polly out. Sometimes I could almost believe she was a different bird. She hasn't once seemed pleased to see me all the week.'"

I felt the blood rapidly rising to my cheeks and forehead, but I trusted to my tanned complexion for it not to show. I feebly replied: "Perhaps she's moulting."

It was an unlucky slip. "Well, now I come to think," said Miss Travers, "I noticed that its tail looked much paler after its bath the other morning, and the water was quite red. Is that a sign of moulting?"

"Yes, I often used to notice it about my own parrot."

"But I thought your bird had no red about it," she pursued.

"Confound the woman's persistence," I thought, but I stammered: "I mean—that is to say—you see—I've noticed it in all red parrots I have ever come across. They shouldn't be bathed at all, it injures their constitution."

"Oh! I thought you recommended it," she said.

So I had, dozens of times. "Only for the gray ones," I said, forming a convenient distinction on the spur of the moment.

Miss Travers didn't seem inclined to pursue the subject further, much to my satisfaction, and then there was a dead pause.

During the whole of our conversation the subject of it had not ceased to continue its antics in the wire cage. Whether it was the sound of my voice that caused it to be thus excited I do not know, but at this opportunity in burst in with "Hi, hi!"

I was getting desperate, and could think of nothing to change the subject; and yet if I didn't say something I was terribly afraid the parrot would.

A bicycle bell sounded down the road. "Are you thinking of getting a bicycle, Miss Travers?" I said.

"No, certainly not," she replied; "how can you ask such a question?"

Another awful pause, during which I mopped the perspiration from my brow.

"Ra—Ra—Rachel, I love you!" came in clear tones from behind my back. The wretched bird had caught the exact tone of my voice.

"Capt. Manley!" said Miss Travers, raising herself to her full five feet one and one-half inches. "Did you address that remark to me, sir?"

I had, however, utterly collapsed, and, burying my head in my hands, I leaned down on the little round table. Whether the sight of the poor old ship in distress touched her tender heart I don't know, but she added, in softer tones:

"This is very unexpected, Capt. Manley. I could hold out no longer."

"Miss Rachel," I cried, "I'm a thundering old hypocrite. My parrot isn't dead at all; there it is in the cage; it's yours that's dead—I shot it. I didn't mean to. Can you forgive me for all the lies I told you?"

"All right! All right!" said the solemn voice of the parrot behind me.

"It was Polly that made that remark just now, not I. Believe me, she speaks the truth, if I don't. Rachel, I do really love you."

I ventured to look up. Tears were standing in her eyes, and the expression on her face made me hope that I did not look quite such a big booby in her eyes as I felt I did in my own.

Moving nearer, I clasped her hand, and, as it was not withdrawn, I put one arm gently round her ample waist.

"Now, we sha'n't be long," said the gray parrot. "Tit Bits."

Itching, Burning Skin Disease Cured for Thirty-five Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Barbers' Itch, Ulcers, Blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors; 35 cents.



EDWARD H. TEN EYCK.

Something About the Young Man Who Will Row at Henley.

Edward H. Ten Eyck, the amateur champion sculler who will go to Henley to have a try for the Diamond Sculls, is a mere schoolboy, a lad of 18, and yet no other American has ever accomplished on the water achievements like those that have made him famous throughout the world.

Young Ten Eyck is a son of the famous professional oarsman, James A. Ten Eyck. He was born at Peekskill, N. Y., Aug. 7, 1879. When he was quite a little boy, his father began to instruct him in the use of the oars, and, under such tuition, he steadily grew in proficiency, until today he is in the front rank as the fastest amateur sculler for a mile in this country.

Ten Eyck stands 5 feet 8 inches in height, and, when trained down to rowing condition weighs, stripped, 155 pounds. His first victory was won when he was 16 years old, at the Labor Day regatta of the New England Rowing association. He spurted off with the junior single scull championship with very moderate effort. This performance worked the experts up to the wonderful powers this youngster possessed, and very soon predictions of a great future for him began to circulate. These prophecies were partially realized at the last national regatta at Saratoga, where Ten Eyck carried off first honors in the intermediate single shell event, and afterward in the New England regatta, at Boston, where he won the senior single scull race.

On the 1st day of last October he rowed a race with Joseph J. Whitehead, who had won the senior single championship at the national regatta. It was a hard struggle, but young Ten Eyck won.

At Henley he will have the hardest pull of his life, and, as his opponents will be hardened veterans, the odds will be largely against him, but the boy is stout of heart and full of fire and ambition, so he is certain to make a creditable showing.

MOTHERS REJOICE

AS THEY SEE THEIR LITTLE ONES MADE STRONG AND WELL BY KOOTENAY WHICH CONTAINS THE NEW INGREDIENT.

A sick child always appeals to our love and sympathy. It commands the tenderest care and watchfulness of its mother, who would gladly sacrifice anything to have her darling well.

To mothers who have children suffering from any disease brought about by thin, watery or impure blood, Kidney Trouble following Scarlet Fever, Rheumatism, Eczema or any other skin rash, or any condition in which the child is puny, weak and delicate, and does not thrive well, one would strongly recommend the use of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, not because we say it's good for these conditions, but because Mothers gladly state under oath how it saved their darlings when everything else failed.

One of these mothers was Mrs. Geo. White, who lives at 139 Stinson St., Hamilton, Ont. She says that her daughter Louisa is nine years of age, has always been delicate, and has had Eczema since birth. Since giving her Kootenay Cure the Eczema has gone, and her general health is greatly improved.

Another, Mrs. Isabelle Sullivan, of 65 Walnut Street South of the same city, has a little boy aged five, who was attacked with Rheumatism and pains in his back and kidneys so bad that he could not stand or get out of bed without assistance. Despite the skilled medical attendance he grew very weak, and at times would faint. Kootenay has gladdened the heart of Mrs. Sullivan by restoring her boy, so that now she says he can play hard all day, and is as healthy a child as one could wish for.

Instances like these are well worth the serious consideration of those having sick or suffering children.

The detailed sworn statements of the above cases, together with hundreds of others, set free, by addressing the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. The New Ingredient works well. One bottle lasts over a month.

RARE ICELANDIC ORNAMENTS.

Collection Exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

A beautiful collection of rare Icelandic ornaments owned by Mrs. S. E. Magnusson, is now on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of New York city. The collection comprises some 87 pieces. It consists of chains, girdles, belt clasps, corsets, spoons and key-rings made of silver. A few pieces are of gold. The dates of manufacture range from the ninth to the fourteenth century. The workmanship is fine. Outside of the South Kensington Museum, London, and those at Stockholm and Copenhagen no such collection of antiquities is known to exist.

Mrs. Magnusson, who came to America as a delegate from Iceland to the Women's Congress at the World's Fair, likes to explain how she came into possession of this rich collection of objects in the precious

metals. During years when the people of Iceland were suffering from famine the women of the country sent their heirlooms to Mrs. Magnusson, asking her to sell them for their benefit, and thus she accumulated one of the finest collections of antiques in the world.

HOTHOUSE LIVES.

Disease Germs In Homes that Are Badly Ventilated.

Sickness and Disease Prevail at This Season.

Paine's Celery Compound Gives New Life.

It Should Be Used by Every Ailing Person This Month.

The all important thing for nervous, sleepless and run-down people to know is that Paine's Celery Compound builds up the whole physical system, improves digestion and regulates the nerves. By accomplishing this work, sound, refreshing sleep is insured, that daily helps flesh-building and the gathering of strength.

In the winter the majority of men and women have lived hothouse lives. Thousands of homes are badly ventilated and without proper sanitary arrangements. The air is full of poison germs that are inhaled by the inmates, and we find sickness and disease holding sway.

This is the month when the blood is impure, when eruptions, boils and skin diseases make life a misery. This is the month when we see the yellow faces, the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, betokening ill health and weakness. This is the month that demands physical repairing and cleansing, in order that the seeds and germs of disease may be eradicated from the system.

Paine's Celery Compound is the medicine needed by every broken-down and diseased mortal at this time. Its marvellous virtues have been noted and recommended by the ablest physicians in the world, and its best and strongest advocates are those whom it has restored to perfect health.

Dr. A. W. K. Newton, an eminent physician and surgeon of Boston, says:

"Paine's Celery Compound is not a patent medicine, and it must not be confounded with the ordinary nerve, bitters and sarsaparillas. It is as much superior to them in formula and results as the diamond is superior to glass. It purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, and is nature's food for the brain."

"I had some trouble myself from blood poisoning received in a very delicate surgical operation. The formula of Paine's Celery Compound led me to try it, and I was much pleased with the result. I prescribe it for men and women who have no appetite, cannot sleep, and are weak and run-down. For this condition, and for disorders of the blood and nerves, it has no equal."

"When a man or woman has lost appetite, lost sleep, and feels that life is a burden, that person is in a serious condition. I prescribe Paine's Celery Compound for my patients who have these common and dangerous symptoms with invariable satisfactory results. It is the best possible remedy to keep up one's strength and energy during the spring and summer months."

Another Matter.

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up the habit of drinking but the man was obdurate.

"I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can."

"My enemy, is it, father?" responded Michael; "and it was your reverence's self that was telling us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our enemies!"

"So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but was I anywhere telling you to swallow 'em?"

WILL CARRY THE SCARS TO HER GRAVE.

Spent Thousands for Health, But Did Not Obtain This Greatest of All Blessings Until She Used the Great South American Rheumatic Cure Suffered Intensely for 12 Years.

Mrs. F. Brawley of Tottenham, Ont., states: "I suffered almost continually for 12 years with rheumatism, the effects of which I will carry to my grave, and while the joints at my elbows and wrists are yet stiff I am entirely freed from pain in the use of South American Rheumatic Cure. It has indeed proved a wonderful cure in my case. I have spent thousands in doctors' bills and medicines without avail. Five bottles of this wonder-worker has cured all pain. I am better in health generally than I have been for ten years."

SAVED BY AN UNSPOKEN SERMON.

How it Saved a man who was on the Verge of Suicide.

How a sermon did good though it was not preached, is told by the Baltimore Herald. The sermon was written by the Rev. D. B. Greigg, and the subject of it—the 'Unemployed Masses'—was announced in the usual course in the Saturday papers. One of the papers sent a reporter to Mr. Greigg's house and secured a copy—or perhaps an abstract—of the sermon, and put it in type for the Monday issue.

At that time evangelistic services were being conducted throughout the city, and the committee in charge of them sent several speakers to address Mr. Greigg's Sunday evening congregation. He had once gave way to the evangelists, and the sermon he had prepared was not preached, but was laid aside for another occasion. The next morning, however, the daily papers contained a long report of the sermon which was as yet undelivered.

On that particular Monday morning there was in Baltimore a homeless and penniless young Scotchman. Every hour his prospects had seemed to grow darker, and finally desperation crushed out what little hope had been left in his heart. He determined on suicide.

With his last few pennies he purchased poison enough to end all, and was leaving the drug-store when his eyes fell on a newspaper. Probably the glance would have been but a passing one if he had not noticed the headline, 'To the Unemployed Masses.' This phrase struck a responsive chord and he read the abstract of Mr. Greigg's discourse.

Then it occurred to him that a minister who preached such a sermon might be interested in his case. The better man in him rose and he made up his mind to search out the preacher, if only as a last resort.

Securing Mr. Greigg's address, he went to the house and was received with a heartiness that changed desperation into hope. The preacher himself was a Scotchman and listened with interest to the discouraged man's story. What was more, he promised help. He communicated with the Scotch societies of the city and many hands were extended to the young stranger in distress. He was given temporary aid and finally a position, which he is now worthily filling.

And this was the result of a sermon never preached.

WRECKED.

Mrs. Harkley, the Wife of Captain Harkley, Well-known Lake Captain of Owen Sound, Ont., Tells How La Grippe Left Her, and How Often Doctors Gave Up Hope and Her Family and Friends Despaired of Her Recovery—South American Nerveine was the Beacon Which Directed Her Into the Good Health Harbor.

"About four years ago I was afflicted with a severe attack of la grippe, which left me almost a complete wreck. I was prostrated for weeks. I doctored with several physicians and used many remedies, but none had any lasting effect. My friends began to be alarmed for my recovery. The doctors shook their heads, and held out little hope. I was attracted by an advertisement of South American Nerveine, and as my trouble was of a nervous nature I decided to try it. The first bottle helped me greatly. I persisted in its use and this great remedy has completely built up my system, and I positively declare that it is the only remedy that gave me any relief."

HIS FUNERAL.

A Difference in the matter of pronunciation That's All.

The minister of a colored church in a Connecticut town gave out a funeral notice one Sunday which came near upsetting the gravity of a visiting clergyman, who had come to preside over some ceremony in the mission church which was connected with his society.

"I had to announce to you brethren and sisters," said the pastor, earnestly, "dat de funeral ob de only surviving son ob de late William Johnson and his widow, Sarah Johnson (formerly Baker), both deceased, will take place and come to occurrence on Tuesday next at twelve m. noon precisely."

And I had to say, brethren and sisters, dat contributions for carrying out ob dat funeral will be in order and acceptations or else de funeral cannot take place, excepting and save only as a plain burial; for Samu'l Johnson has got jes' money enough to bury hisself widout any obsequious ceremonies, such as he deserves."

The visiting clergyman was glad to learn that this remarkable appeal was not without effect, and that Samuel, "the only surviving son," did not lack proper obsequious ceremonies."

A VETERAN'S STORY.

At Eighty Years of Age One Box of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Cures a Case of Fifty Years' Standing—It Relieves Colds and Catarrh in Thirty minutes.

George Lewis of Shamokin, Pa., writes: "I am eighty years of age, I have been troubled with catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One box cured me completely, and it gives me great pleasure to recommend it to all suffering from this malady."

Hard To Please.

"The weather is very trying for everybody," said the physician.

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "I don't see how my wife is going to bear up under it. When the sun doesn't shine it gives her the blues, and if it does she says it's fading the carpet."