

HOME TALENT ABROAD.

SOME AMERICAN SONG BIRDS IN EUROPE.

Many of Our Finest Native Songsters, as Well as Sundry of Our Birds of Showy Plumage, Are Now Domesticated Across the Atlantic Ocean.

Acclimatization of Birds.
The fact that the common, mean, pig-nacious and thievish sparrow, an immigrant from Europe, has of late years made itself so obnoxious as to occasion class legislation and a war of extermination,



MEADOWLARK.

makes the question of bird importation and exportation, and especially that of domestication, timely and interesting. Right here let it be stated that, with the single exception of the so-called English sparrow, no European bird that has found a second home in this country, has abused the hospitality shown it. And quite a number of transatlantic songsters and warblers have been imported during a decade or two. The great lovers and knowers of birds, the Germans, have especially distinguished themselves in systematic efforts at importing and then propagating a number of the most charming little song birds that render the forests and glades, the hedges and bushes of the otherland so tuneful. Among these may be mentioned more particularly the nightingale and redbreast, the linnet and thrush, the finch and the lark and the robin. Specimens of these may now be met with in the parks and gardens, or, as in the case of the lark, on the boundless prairies. While thousands of these have perished in the dangerous process of acclimatization or as the prey of winged slayers, thousands of others have survived, have become used to the great climatic differences between their old homes of more equable temperature and their new, bracing, trying atmosphere.

It is true—though known to but comparatively few Americans—that a much greater number of American birds have been exported of recent years to Europe. And it was likewise again the country where birds are cherished and petted, and loved and praised the most in prose and song, in Germany, where these little American strangers were received most kindly and domesticated most quickly. There, it is true, a few varieties of American birds, among them our national favorite, the mockingbird, that have become pets in thousands of European homes, in England and France as well as in Germany and in the Scandinavian north. But these, as well as that magnificent little fellow, the cardinal grosbeak, popularly known across the water as the Virginia nightingale, are kept in cages, and hence never acquire citizens' rights. There are other pretty American birds kept in captivity over there as well, such as the catbird, the Carolina parrot, the red-winged blackbird, the yellow-hammer and the bobolink, the meadow-lark and the bluejay and indigo finch. These are all valued more or less highly in Germany especially, either because of their melodious song, or else because of their brilliant plumage or their docility and cleverness at executing tricks. The most expensive of these caged American pets, the mockingbird, is, however, at the same time one of the hardest-est of them, because very quickly ac-



CARDINAL GROSBEAK.

climated and learns to mate and to rear young ones on foreign soil. Hence, too, the mockingbird is such a general favorite with dealers and lovers of birds in the old country. With that this bird is capable of learning new tunes all the time, and it therefore richly repays the patience and attention required to teach it and to develop it into a first-class songster. The case is similar with that other European favorite, the cardinal grosbeak. They are in song from March to September, beginning at the first appearance of dawn and repeating a favorite stanza or musical passage twenty or thirty times successively. While their song, therefore, must be termed a little monotonous, these exceedingly handsome birds more than atone for this one little deficiency by their sprightly figure and gaudy plumage, as well as by the bell-like clearness of their voice and the inexpensiveness of their board and lodging.

But these American varieties, as well as some of the others mentioned, while affording pleasure to their keepers and owners, cannot be said to have acquired European citizenship. It is quite likely that if they were given a chance to return to their old haunts in this country they would gladly forswear all allegiance to Emperor Wilhelm or Queen Victoria. It is different with some other American birds.

The one man who has especially exerted himself in acclimatizing American

birds of different species in Europe is Dr. Carl Russ of Germany, the greatest living ornithologist. And he pays the highest compliments to a large number of our birds, claiming that they are easy to acclimatize over there, and that because of several sterling qualities possessed by all of them they would make very valuable acquisitions to the list of European birds. As qualities of this kind he names the beauties of their plumage, their docility, intelligence, amiable disposition, their song, and—most important of all—their expertness in destroying noxious insects, especially caterpillars and larvae. Dr. Russ mentions the fact that the exportation of American birds has of late diminished in number, due to laws prohibiting this which have gone into effect in a number of our States, and he expresses the fear that within a short time the importation of American birds into Germany and other European countries may, on this account, cease altogether. All the more does he rejoice that several thousands of the most valuable American birds have been brought into Germany last year by the large firm of C. Reichle, in Alfeld, near Hanover, and that specimens of them—notably of the brilliant-tinted cardinal grosbeak and rose-breasted grosbeak, of the resplendent nonpariel and of the purple finch—can now be bought of all the bird dealers throughout Germany and Austria.

A number of experiments have been made, in Germany as well as England,

pigeons in the same cote and making their regular daily excursions on the wing right along, even on days when snow was lying deeply. As the one American bird of all others



CAROLINA PARROT.

which Dr. Russ recommends for acclimatization in Germany, England and other parts of Europe where the winters are not too severe, he mentions the



ORIOLES.

having in view the acclimatization and propagation in the open of some of the prettiest American birds. Baron von Cramm, a wealthy nobleman with a hobby for birds, thus succeeded in making several pairs of our American cardinal grosbeaks pass unharmed through the severe winter of 1890-91 on his estate near Brunswick. In the vicinity of Stettin, a city even more northerly than Brunswick, a pair of the same birds escaped from their cage and managed to maintain themselves all through the same hard winter. Last spring they nested in a clump of tall pine trees and raised a healthy and independent brood of young Americans right there by the shores of the Baltic. Reports from several other parts of Germany are to the same effect—everywhere this hardy American traveler, nicknamed the American nightingale, managed to make himself at home and to perpetuate his species without any sort of artificial shelter. Similarly the mockingbird, its cousin, the catbird, the rose-breasted grosbeak and the blue jay and purple finch, even the summer redbird—although in the case of the latter a much more southern clime has been habitually its winter quarters—have been doing nicely in the open in different parts of Germany.

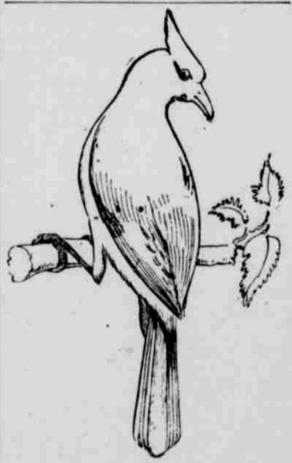
Dr. Russ several years ago, during a popular lecture, advised the farmers of Germany to people their poplar trees with parrots. At the time he was ridiculed by everybody, but recent events have shown that his advice was not ill-considered. For where the thing has been tried adequately since it has been found that parrots are the most valuable assistants of the farmer in exterminating noxious insects, provided they were supplied with good quarters. Lord Buxton, for instance, has bred on his estate in England a number of parrots, of all sorts and varieties, including Australian and Carolina ones, with the best possible results. They all did remarkably well and raised families, excepting the North American ones—the so-called parakeets—although to all outward appearances the latter had been the



MOCKINGBIRD.

strongest and had certainly been used to more rigorous weather in their old home in the Carolinas than the Brazilian and East Indian parrots had been. On the other hand, Baron H. von Berlepsch has kept for years a whole bevy of Carolina parrots on his estate of Seebach, near Hanover, the birds roosting with the

mockingbird. "Not only is this one of the most highly prized singers," he says, "but this bird is also one of the most efficient, because one of the largest and most voracious destroyers of insects, hence of great benefit to the agriculturist. This is also true of their nearest relatives, especially the catbird, and of the blue jay, oriole and other insect-feeders. Even the two beautiful gros-



STELLER'S JAY.

beaks, the rose-breasted and the cardinal one, would be of vastly more benefit than injury to the farmer. They feed their young almost exclusively on insects, especially caterpillars and larvae. Their prime value, of course, would consist in their being birds of decorative plumage as well as songsters. The same might be said of the American thrushes, finches, etc. Both the American indigo and purple finch would be of use to farmers around orchards. Their accession to the ranks of our native birds, therefore, would mean a distinct advantage.

A wealthy merchant of Hamburg, Melkers by name, has begun, since spring of last year, a series of acclimatizing experiments on a large scale, using mostly American birds for the purpose.

Held Hard to Life.
A woman who died in the almshouse at Biddeford, Me., recently, aged nearly 100 years, had passed through some queer experiences. She came to this country in 1846, and for thirty years she was an inmate of the almshouse. In that time she had been laid out as dead three times, but on each occasion she came to life in time to put a stop to the funeral arrangements. Only a few days before her death an undertaker was called to prepare her remains for burial, but when he arrived she was sitting up in bed.

SARATOGA CO. MIRACLE

HELPLESS FOR YEARS AND EXCLUDED FROM HOSPITALS AS INCURABLE.

The Remarkable Experience of Chas. Quant as Investigated by an Albany (N. Y.) Journal Reporter—A Story of Surprising Interest.

[Albany, N. Y., Journal, March 4.]

SARATOGA, March 4.—For some time past there have been reports here and elsewhere in Saratoga County of a most remarkable—indeed, so remarkable as to be miraculous—cure of a most severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, simply by the use of a popular remedy known as "Pink Pills for Pale People," prepared and put up by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y. and Brockville, Ont. The story was to the effect that Mr. Charles A. Quant, of Galway, who for the last six or eight years has been a great sufferer from creeping paralysis and its attendant ills, and who had become utterly powerless of all self-help, had, by the use of a few boxes of the Pink Pills for Pale People, been so fully restored to health as to be able to walk about the street without the aid of crutches. The fame of this wonderful, miraculous cure was so great that the Evening Journal reporter thought it worth his while to go to Galway to call on Mr. Quant, to learn from his lips, and from the observation and testimony of his neighbors, if his alleged cure was a fact or only an unfounded rumor. And so he drove to Galway and spent a day and a night there in visiting Mr. Quant, getting his story, and interviewing his neighbors and fellow-townsmen. It may be proper to say that Galway is a pretty little village of 400 people, delightfully located near the center of the town of Galway, in Saratoga County, and about 17 miles from Saratoga Springs. Upon inquiry, the residence of Mr. Charles A. Quant was easily found, for everybody seemed to know him, speak well of him, and to be overflowing with surprise and satisfaction at his wonderful cure and restoration to the activities of enterprising citizenship, for Mr. Quant was born in Galway and had spent most of his life there. Mr. Quant was found at his pretty home, on a pleasant street nearly opposite the academy. In response to a knock at the door it was opened by man who, in reply to an inquiry if Mr. Quant lived there and was at home, said: "I am Mr. Quant. Will you come in?" After a little general and preliminary conversation, and after he had been apprised of the object for which the Journal reporter had called upon him, he, at request, told the story of himself and of his sickness and terrible sufferings, and of the ineffectual treatment he had had, and of his final cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and cheerfully gave assent to its use for publication. He said: "My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway, and, excepting while traveling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. My wife is a native of Ontario. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For twelve years I was a traveling salesman for a piano and organ company and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was constantly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good." (Here Mr. Quant showed the Journal reporter an electric suit of underwear for which he paid \$124.) "In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlantic City, and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely, and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so affected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt Hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment of Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me, and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill, and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse. I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down and had partly lost con-

trol of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing, and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put seventeen big burns on my back one day with red-hot irons, and after a few days they put fourteen more burns on and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and upon advice of the doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians been pronounced incurable, and was paid the \$1,000 total disability claim, allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking some 15 boxes was fully restored to health.

"I thought I would try them, and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills and I took them according to the directions given on the wrapper in each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe, as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of pills I began to feel beneficial effects from them. My pains were not so bad; I felt warmer; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eyes came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills—at a cost of \$4—well—I can with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach troubles is gone; I have gained ten pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable."

Other citizens of Galway, seeing the wonderful cure of Mr. Quant by the Pink Pills for Pale People, are using them. Frederick Sexton, a sufferer from rheumatism, said he was finding great benefit from their use, and Mr. Schultz, who had suffered from chronic dysentery for years, said he had taken two boxes of the pills and was already cured.

Mr. Quant had also tried faith cure, with experts of that treatment in Albany and Greenville, S. C., but with no beneficial results.

A number of the more prominent citizens of Galway, as Rev. G. E. Herbert, of the Presbyterian Church; Prof. Jas. E. Kelly, principal of the academy; John P. and Harvey Crouch, and Frank and Edward Willard, merchants, and many others to whom Mr. Quant and his so miraculous cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are well known, were pleased to have the opportunity of bearing testimony to the high character of Mr. Quant, and of verifying the story of his recovery from the terrible affliction from which he had for so long a time been a sufferer.

Truly, the duty of the physician is not to save life, but to heal disease. The remarkable result from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the case of Mr. Quant, induced the reporter to make further inquiries concerning them, and he ascertained that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is generally used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of study and careful experiment. They have no rival as a blood builder and nerve restorer, and have met with unparalleled success in the treatment of such diseases as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus' dance, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling which affects so many, and all diseases depending upon a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either addresses. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

How Do You Pronounce Them.

Naiad—nay-yad.
Naif (masculine)—nah-eef.
Naive (feminine)—nah-eyv.
Naivete—nah-eyv-ey.
Naively—nah-eyv-ly.
Nape. The a is long.
Nas-cent, not nay-sent.
Nas-ty. Broaden the a.
Na-ta-tory.
National—nash-un-al, not nay-shun-al. The first marking is that of all the orthoepists except Webster, and his mode of pronouncing the word is not even permitted in the later editions of his dictionary.
Nationality—nash-un-al-ty.
Nature—nate-yer.
Nausea—nav-she-ah, not se-ah.
Nauseous—nav-shus.
Nauv-u-lar.
Near-est, not ist.
Neurologie—nek-ro-loj-ik.
Neurology—ne-krol-o-jy.
Neotarine—nek-tar-in.
G. P. should make only two syllables of microbe; accent the first and sound both the i and the o long.—Boston Globe.

No Business to Think at All.

A Russian press censor permitted the following item to appear in a Moscow paper: "It is our opinion that Russia needs new railroads, and will have them." For this the censor was suspended for three months and the editor fined \$300.

An Utter Slave.

"Goodness, John, how queer baby looks! I believe he is going to have a fit." "By George, I believe you are right. Where's my camera?"—Indianapolis Journal.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Joke's that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Form-Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable.

Hard Luck.
First Chappie—"I proposed to Miss Somerset last night."
Second Chappie—"Deah me! And did the deah girl accept you?"
First Chappie—"Yaas; but I bwoke the crease in my trowsers, and I feel so badly about it."—Philadelphia Record.

Reducing His Weight.
"I don't believe you are quite as heavy as you were," said the barber to Cumso, during the process of shaving.
"No, that was really a big slice you took out of my chin just then," replied Cumso.—Exchange.

Opposed to Any Movement.
Labor Agitator—"My friend, are you not in favor of the eight-hour movement?"
Abe Lazy (the tramp)—"Movement! Who ever heard of me bein' in favor of any kind of a movement?"—Time.

A Man of His Word.
Debtor—"I can't pay you anything this month."
Collector—"That's what you told me last month."
Debtor—"Well, I kept my word, didn't I?"—Texas Siftings.

A Great Space.
Marie—"I really believe that Mr. Silliry is out of his mind."
Jane—"Well, all I have to say is that if he is he has an exceedingly extensive territory to wander around in."

Retribution Upon the Baker.
Jones—"A queer thing happened in New York the other day. A horse stole three pie from a baker's wagon and ate them."
Smith—"I would like to have seen the baker. He must have been astonished."
"Astonished! He was furious. He was desperate."
"Why, what about? The loss of the pies?"
"No, of the horse. It was his own horse that ate the pies. It was the only one he had."—Texas Siftings.

Rasping.
Customer—"Corkey! Barber—Yes, sir.
Customer—"If you don't stop combing that side of mine I'm going to go somewhere else.—Judge.

The Fundamental Principle.
"Have you learned anything about the law?" asked the proud father of his son.
"Yes, sir; I have grasped the fundamental principle of successful practice."
"What is it?"
"Make it fee simple in the deed and fee complex in the bill."—Washington Star.

An Embarrassing Question.
A little New York boy of 4 years was much astonished when he awoke one morning last week to find a little sister in his mother's arms. "Where did it come from?" he asked, with his eyes wide open.
"From God," was the reply.
"Who brought it?" was the next very natural question.
"An angel."
He thought for a moment, and then exclaimed:
"Oh, mamma! Why didn't you catch the angel, too?"—Arkansas Traveler.

A Jollicious Choice.
Mac—Well, I had four proposals last night.
Maud—Indeed! Who were they?
Mac—Well, there were Jack and Tom and Ned and that frightful Mr. Pigsfoot.
Maud—Which did you accept?
Mac—Mr. Pigsfoot.
Maud—What in the world did you take him for?
Mac—Well, you see, he is in the glue business and I thought he would be the most likely to stick.—Boston Courier.

He Was Conscientious.
Editor—"You say you wish this poem to appear in my paper anonymously."
Would-Be Contributor—Yes; I don't want any name to it.
"Then I can't publish it."
"Why not?"
"Because I am conscientious about this matter. I don't want an unjust suspicion to fall upon some innocent person."—Texas Siftings.

How to Tell.
He—"You can always tell when a woman has told all she knows about a piece of neighborhood gossip."
She—How?
He—"She concludes with: 'I should be glad to tell you all about it, but my lips are sealed.'"—New York Herald.

The real estate agent may tell how the land lies, but not himself.