

THE VOICE OF THE DRUM.

The march of the ages through History's pages
Is led by the resonant voice of the drum.
And marking its time beats the pulse of the nations;
It calls and its votaries come.
No slower, no faster, unmoved by disaster,
Its faithful voice sounding the call for its own.
It summons the poet, the slave and his master,
The prince from the steps of the throne.
They list to its pleading and follow its leading,
Before it the voice of all nature is dumb:
The prayers of the priests and the tears of the mothers
Are lost in the roll of the drum:
Come up, come up, come up to the cannon,
Come up to the cannon, come up to the cannon,
Come up, come up, come up to the cannon—
Oh, follow, oh, follow the drum.
Still telling the story of conquest and glory,
It speaks not of slaughter, it reckes not of pain,
It tells not of corpses all mangled and gorey—
The slain who lures not in vain.
Through the smoke of the battle its echoing rattle,
Still calmly insistent, rolls on in its might,
Till the timid grow bolder, and shoulder to shoulder,
Press on in the thick of the fight.
The dead and the dying together are lying
With ears growing heavy and eyes growing dumb,
But through all their moaning and over their slumber
Still echoes the throb of the drum:
Come up, come up, come up to the cannon,
Come up to the cannon, come up to the cannon,
Come up, come up, come up to the cannon—
Oh, follow, oh, follow the drum.
—Annie J. Flint, in Youth's Companion.

© Paul Keister, © Snake Charmer.

By Bradford K. Daniels.

It was while working on the C. N. railway that I first met Paul Keister. We were fellow-engineers engaged in the construction of the big bridge across South river, and boarded at the same house.
Although I was much older than he, I was drawn to him from the first. His full, sensuous mouth, misty brown eyes, and low, musical voice, possessed a fascination for me, for which now, when looking back after the lapse of years, I am unable to account.
When he looked at you he never seemed to see you, but always seemed to be looking through and beyond you into infinity. When quiet he had a fashion of gazing fixedly before him, evidently seeing nothing with the physical sight. At such times his eyes reminded me of deep pools of water, in the depths of which shadowy, unexpressed things were moving about.
As we were the only boarders at the little farm-house, we were thrown together a good deal; and it soon became a habit with us to sit upon the veranda overlooking the river for a while after supper to smoke and chat.
Keister, although only 28, had had a wide experience. His father, a German, had gone to India, and there married a native girl. Paul was their only child. The son had become a civil engineer, and had worked with a British syndicate until the death of his parents, when he had come to Germany to his father's people, and from there had drifted to America.
I can see him yet as he used to sit, tilted back in his chair upon the veranda, one leg thrown over the other and a cloud of smoke about his head. Occasionally he would run his long, tapering fingers through his wavy black hair, look out upon the river as if he saw some object of interest upon its glassy surface, and then begin in his low monotonous voice one of his Indian yarns. His descriptive powers were masterly, and many of those eastern scenes are stamped upon my mind almost as vividly as if I had been an eye-witness.
It was about the snake-charmers that he loved to talk the best of all. At times he would wax eloquent over this unromantic theme, and his usual nonchalance would give place to a feverish earnestness. He used to maintain stoutly that there is a subtle affinity between snakes and the human race, the psychology of which is not wholly understood.
"I tell you," he used to say, "you have no idea how a snake and a man—who possesses the gift—can read each other's thoughts. You talk about mind-readers; they've got a lot to learn yet from those dusky devils in India who conjure with the descendants of the tempter of Eve."
"Once I saved the life of a professional snake-charmer—the old fellow slipped into the river among the crocodiles, and I pulled him out just in the nick of time—and out of gratitude, I presume, he gave me a few lessons in his exalted art. I must have been a very apt pupil, for before I quit I could charm a cobra every time."
For some moments he said nothing more, but fell into one of his old fits of abstraction. Presently he roused himself and said, with a slight shiver although it was July: "My! but there was a fearful fascination about it!" Then he rose abruptly

and went into the house, leaving me wondering.
Some days after this conversation one of the navies—a treacherous-looking Spaniard—struck a fellow-workman over the head with a shovel and killed him outright. In the evening we were sitting on the veranda as usual, and I remarked: "Of course they'll hang the fellow, and he richly deserves it."
"They haven't any right to hang him or anybody else," Keister replied sharply. "Do you suppose that devilish Spaniard could keep from braining poor Mike? No more than a wolf can keep from killing a lamb that crossed its path. It was the fellow's nature, I tell you; and a man can't change his nature any more than a leopard can change its spots."
"I believe in a sort of transmigration of souls, up the scale and not down. That idea that the easterners have, about the souls of people going back to inhabit beasts again, is all rot. It seems to me something like this: Man is the highest order of creation upon the earth. He is the embodiment of all that has gone before him. In the long struggle upwards from chaos to the present time—from the first spark of life to the complex animal called man, all the sensations and experiences of the orders of life that have preceded him are embodied in him, and lie buried in his sub-consciousness. When a nameless terror of the dark assails a child, it is a remnant of the fear some poor naked ancestor experienced in the dark, teeming jungle, when existence was a precarious thing, and meant a constant struggle with the giant forces about him. When an ungovernable passion seizes a man and he commits murder, it is the disposition of one of his monster ancestors, who wallowed in the primeval slime, and fought its enemies to the death, with tusk and claw, asserting itself. As a child will sometimes resemble some remote ancestor in disposition or appearance, or both, so will reappear in every man traits that characterized some form of life in the endless chain that reaches back through the limitless ages. A man is not a unity but an infinite complexity—a multitude of conflicting experiences, tied up in one bundle. Free? Bah! He is no more free than a man in the middle of a moving multitude is free to stand still or go the other way. His environments, past and present, determine his course of action."
I was so astonished at this sudden burst of philosophy that it took me some moments to formulate a reply in defense of my theory of the free agency of man. When I began to state my theories, he laughed in his odd, bewitching way, and skillfully changed the subject of conversation.
As the weeks went by Keister's remarkable ability to handle men became apparent. There was a certain compelling power in his look and voice that was hard to resist. More than once during the burning August weather, when the men were well-nigh worthless because of the heat, I marvelled at his unique gift.
One evening after an exceptionally hot day, we threw ourselves upon the grass in the shade of a big gum tree, instead of taking our accustomed places on the veranda. Within a few feet of Keister was a large pile of loose stones, upon which the sun had been beating mercilessly all day. I was lying flat on my back, with my hands locked under my head, and gazing up at the drooping leaves of the gum tree, when I heard my companion utter a sharp exclamation of surprise. Turning towards him, I saw his eyes riveted on the stone-heap. In a moment a large rattlesnake came gliding softly towards him from the heated pile. In an instant Keister was sitting cross-legged and gazing steadily into the monster's eyes. I was too terrified to move or even speak, so simply watched as one in a trance.
For a moment the snake wavered, then, approaching to within two feet of Keister's lowered face, raised itself to fully a third of its length and swayed its body with a rhythmic motion like that of a rush in running water. Then they gazed steadily into each other's eyes as if each were reading the inmost secret of the other's being. For a moment the snake's bead-like eyes seemed to soften till they looked almost human, while Keister's eyes took on a hard glitter and his face became contorted in a way that made it appear the very incarnation of evil.
Presently the snake turned and glided back to the stone-heap. Keister flung himself upon his face and burst into a tumult of sobs, exclaiming brokenly: "Ye gods! ye gods! I thought I was delivered from hell when I left India."
I stole softly into the house and left him there under the quiet stars. The next morning he did not come down to breakfast, and when he appeared at the bridge he seemed to have aged ten years in a single night. His face looked white and drawn, and there were big black circles under his eyes like those about the eyes of a person who has been strangled.
For several days he shunned me; but in the course of a week he came back to his old self, and we were together as before. I studiously avoided making any reference to what had happened, as it was evident that he did not wish to discuss the painful affair. This was the first shadow between us.
All went well for nearly a fortnight, when I was summoned to the nearest town on business. I was absent for three days and when I returned Keister looked even more ghastly than on the day following his strange performance with the rattlesnake. I attempted to approach the subject several times but was un-

able to break through his chilling reserve.
From that time forward Keister was a changed man—so changed that even the dullest navy noticed it, and followed his listless motions with wondering eyes.
On the morning of the 20th of August there was a great commotion among the workmen who tented on the south side of the river near the bridge. One of their number had been found dead in his blanket, and the doctor who acted as coroner hinted that there had been foul play, although he finally brought in a verdict of death from heart failure.
Keister seemed greatly affected by the unhappy affair, and did not put in his appearance after dinner.
Three mornings later another man was found dead, and the following morning still another. Upon the face of each victim was a look of wide-eyed terror that was horrible to see.
Of course the excitement was at white heat, and the terrified navies began to pack their duds and disappear as if by magic.
Then an extraordinary thing happened. The last victim came to life as they were burying him and kicked the end out of his coffin. After they got him out of the coffin he was so terrified for a time he could not speak but lay upon the grass rolling his eyes wildly. Finally he gasped, half shouted:
"Keister! The devil! A snake! Oh! oh! oh!"
When finally the poor fellow became calm enough to tell his story, it was this: In the night he had awakened from what seemed a hideous nightmare to find Keister looking intently at him with snake-like, glittering eyes. Upon his face, which showed distinctly in the moonlight, was the most diabolical expression he had ever seen. He tried to cry out and get away, but he was powerless to move. Keister was the devil come for his soul. At this point of the story the poor fellow began to rave, and it soon required six men to hold him.
The navies began to whisper among themselves, and soon the whisper, like the awakening of the sea, grew into a hoarse clamor. Presently some one among them shouted:
"Keister! Where is he? Let's stretch him!"
Knowing that Keister was in his room and that it would not be long before they would be searching it for him, I hastened toward the boarding house, with the assured feeling that my friend was a doomed man if they found him.
I found the door of his room locked, and when he did not answer to my knock promptly broke it open. As I stepped in an ominous rattle from the direction of the bed made me start back. When my eyes became accustomed to the twilight of the room, I saw Keister's lifeless form upon the bed. Coiled up beside him and looking at me with venomous eyes, was a big rattlesnake. Just then I heard the howls of the approaching mob, and sprang to the door.
"Keister! Keister! Down with Keister!" they shouted, and would have borne me down and trampled me under foot, had I not drawn a revolver and leveled it at the head of the leader, a brother of Keister's last victim.
Raising my disengaged hand for silence, I said so that all could hear me:
"Keister is dead upon his bed; he has been bitten by a rattler."
Never shall I forget the look of superstitious awe which, in the hush that followed, came over that dark sea of faces. A moment before, and they had been distorted with passion; now, they seemed to resemble those of overgrown children who had listened to a ghost story. Soon they slipped away by twos and threes; until only the head engineer and myself were left with the dead.—Canadian Magazine.
He Had Doubts.
"Of course," he said, "it is no more than courteous to be obliging in all associations with the fair sex."
"Of course."
"So far as possible you should do what a girl wants you to do."
"Certainly."
"If she seems anxious to do a little spooning you should spoon."
"Naturally."
"If she likes flattery, you should flatter."
"In moderation, yes."
"If she wants sentiment you should give it to her."
"Assuredly."
"That's just common politeness, isn't it?"
"Yes."
"Well, no one can tell me again that politeness pays. I know better."
"What's the matter?"
"Oh, perhaps my chivalrous nature led me to overdo the thing, but I've just been sued for breach of promise."—Brooklyn Eagle.
Awaiting the Resurrection.
Two Irishmen boarded a Sixth avenue "L" train, one of whom, from his general appearance, baggage, and so forth, was evidently just returning from a visit to the "ould sod." They were discussing Skibbereen or some other country village familiar to them both, when the companion of the traveler exclaimed:
"And sure, now, is your father alive yet?"
"No, not yet!" was the reply.—N. Y. Commercial.
Distinction.
Mrs. Mallory-Jones—"We've dropped half our visiting card address."
Mrs. Sudbury-Smith—"Yes, why did you?"
"Oh, now-a-days, you know, one meets such a lot of small people staggering around under big middle names."—Detroit Free Press.

DON'T WAIT.

If you knew how SCOTT'S EMULSION would build you up, increase your weight, strengthen your weak throat and lungs and put you in condition for next winter, you would begin to take it now.

Send for free sample, and try it. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

1902 AUGUST 1902						
Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

MURDER AT ATLANTIC CITY

Sensational Escape and Arrest of Negro Who Shot Two Persons.
Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 25.—A sensational murder which may prove a double one and a more sensational escape and arrest has stirred up considerable excitement in the city. Leander Smith, colored, angered because Boyd Clinton was paying too much attention to his wife shot and instantly killed Clinton in the Hotel Canfield basement Saturday night and then shot his wife, who is dying in the City hospital.
After committing the deed he made his escape, stole a sail boat at the Inlet, and started on a sail for some remote point. A few miles at sea a squall struck his boat. It was capsized. He was thrown into the ocean and the boat drifted from him. By heroic efforts he succeeded in crawling on the upturned craft and all night he drifted at the mercy of the waves. About 10 o'clock yesterday morning he was found by Samuel Moore, a local merchant, who was out in his private launch, nearly dead from exposure. The murderer told Mr. Moore a story about being on a fishing trip and that his boat had capsized. Mr. Moore took him to Somers Point and after he landed the negro thanked his rescuer, walked off and disappeared. A few minutes later Mayor E. A. Higbee, of Somers Point, received a telephone message from Atlantic City asking him to apprehend any strange colored man who may pass that way. The town marshal who happened to be on the wharf when the man landed, remarked the fact to the mayor. Higbee hitched up his buggy and after a five mile drive caught up with the murderer. He invited the man to ride with him, as the sun was hot and the day sultry. The man accepted. Higbee drove him to the town jail and locked him up.
The murder was premeditated. Smith had early in the evening gone to the hotel to bring Clinton who was head waiter at the hotel which is located on Virginia avenue near the beach and was only stopped by timely interference. He sneaked back about 2 o'clock in the morning and slyly entering the servants quarters put a pistol to the head of Clinton and killed him instantly. His wife was washing behind a door. He shot her in the back and then fled.
Excellent Explanation.
"Why is a woman—honest now, why is a wife cross?"
"Before marriage she was an I. After marriage she became an another I, and they formed an X. Of course she's cross; and so are you, I'll bet."—N. Y. Times.
They Do, Indeed.
There are some people who believe that Heaven is on this earth."
"Well, women help the theory along."
"In what way?"
"Doesn't each one think her children are angels?"—Chicago Record-Herald.
It Would Grow.
Nagsby—That looks like a mighty small fish for a full-grown man to catch.
Wagsby—Just be patient. None of his folks are with him. It will be big enough when he tells about it.—Los Angeles Herald.
A Way Out.
Papa—Such a wedding as you want, my dear, will cost a thousand dollars.
Daughter—Then what is to be done, papa?
Papa—You will have to marry without my consent.—Chicago American.
Her Opinion.
He—But don't you think girls often decline proposals without sufficient consideration?
She—Not very often. I think proposals are apt to be carefully considered before they are made.—Puck.
A Gentle Hint.
Lenders—Do you ever think of that "ten-spot" you borrowed of me?
Borrowers—Don't worry. I still have it in mind.
Lenders—Don't you think it about time you relieved your mind?—Philadelphia Press.

TOLD ABOUT MACKAY

British Death Duty May Be Imposed on His Estate.

Mackay Mausoleum at Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, is a Prince-ly Tomb—Millionaire Was a Good Fighter.

Estimates published in London put the late John W. Mackay's fortune at \$40,000,000 to \$70,000,000, and in legal circles it is considered a nice point whether the British government is not entitled to claim a death duty of five per cent. on what Mrs. Mackay inherits under her husband's will, as, though not naturalized, she is domiciled in England. Then a death duty will have to be paid on all the testator's investments in English securities, so the chancellor of the exchequer calculates making a handsome haul out of his estate, as Mackay's English investments are said to be nearly \$10,000,000.

His friends declare that four years ago, foreseeing a prospect of his estate being mulcted by the English treasury, owing to his wife being domiciled there, he assigned to her the greater part of the fortune he intended to bequeath to her, including his English investments, and that the remainder of his fortune goes to his son.

The Mackay mausoleum at Greenwood, Brooklyn, where the body of John W. Mackay will be laid to rest, is one of the most magnificent tombs in the world. It cost \$300,000.

The mausoleum is situated on a promontory near the Ninth avenue entrance to the cemetery, facing the east. It is built of Hallowell granite, and is in the form of a Maltese cross, surmounted by a Grecian cross.

On each corner of the tomb is a large heroic group cast in bronze. The statues symbolize different attributes of sorrow and faith, death and life. With the exception of the carving on the cross surmounting the structure and the frieze around the pillars, the exterior is severely plain.

The entrance is guarded by four massive bronze doors. Fronting the main entrance is the altar. The base



is of white Carrara marble, and the altar proper is one large slab of black Irish marble from Connemara. It is a striking piece of work.

On the platform of the altar rest four columns of onyx, which are supported by two ornamental figures of green small Irish marble. Between the ornamental figures, over the altar, is a bas relief of pure yellow Carrara marble, representing the Virgin holding the infant Jesus in her arms. Both figures are of nearly life size. Beneath the mother and child is the figure of a cherub.

Underneath the altar are two of the catacombs destined to receive the bodies of the Mackay family. Large bronze doors guard the entrance to these vaults. On the other side of the main chamber are arranged ten more tombs. Each one will be hermetically sealed as soon as an occupant is placed in it.

On each side of the tomb is a large solid pillar, arching overhead into fretwork. The sides are composed of many varieties of marble. The floor is of Italian mosaic, and a large arrangement of the family monogram included in it. The ceiling is of mosaic work in glass, and the side windows are of stained glass.

The dimensions of the tomb are 33 feet from side to side, 33 feet from front to rear, and 47 feet from base to summit.

That Mackay was a fighter physically as well as with his brains was shown on January 29, 1891, when he thrashed W. C. Bonnyng, a San Francisco broker, in the president's room of the Nevada bank. Mr. Mackay thought he had reason to consider that certain cowardly attacks

Some Reasons Why You Should Insist on Having EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Unexcelled by any other. Renders hard leather soft. Especially prepared. Keeps out water. A heavy bodied oil.

HARNESS

An excellent preservative. Reduces cost of your harness. Never burns the leather; its efficiency is increased. Secures best service. Stitches kept from breaking.

OIL

Is sold in all Localities. Manufactured by Standard Oil Company.

upon his wife had been instigated by the broker, and he beat him within an inch of his life.

The Scriptures in Japan. Thirty years ago in Japan the Scriptures were printed secretly, and copies were sent out only after dark. Those who were engaged upon the work did it at the risk of their lives. Now there is a Christian printing company in Yokohama, issuing the Scriptures, not only in Japanese, but in Chinese, Tibetan, Korean, and two dialects of the Philippines islands. Last year there were circulated in Japan alone over 138,000 copies.

Veterans of Spanish War. There are 280 camps of the Spanish American war veterans. Thirteen of them bear the name of Lawton, four of William McKinley, ten of Theodore Roosevelt, three of Guy V. Henry, three of Allyn Capron, three of Emerson B. Liscum and two of Worth Bagley.

Finger-Tied. Deaf Mute—What's your trouble? Second Day—I have to tie my wrists hands at night so that she won't talk in her sleep.—Judge.

Remember 1847

Take your Spoon Experience

Over half a century of it is one of the reasons why

ROGERS BROS.

1847

goods stamped

TOBACCO SPOON AND SMOKE

Your Life! You can be cured of any form of tobacco using easily, be made well, strong, magnetic, full new life and vigor by taking **NO-TO-BAC**, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over **200,000** cured. All druggists. Care guaranteed. Sold let and advice FREE. Address **STERLING CIGARETTE CO.**, Chicago or N. Y. C.

Reduced to FIFTY CENTS A YEAR

New Idea Woman's Magazine

Formerly One Dollar

THIS is the cheapest and best Fashion Magazine now before the American public. It shows New Ideas in Fashions, in Millinery, in Embroidery, in Cooking, in Woman's Work and in Reading; beautifully illustrated in colors and in black and white. Above all, it shows the very fashionable New Idea STYLES, made from New Idea PATTERNS, which cost only 10c. each.

Send Five Cents To-day

For a single copy of the New Idea Woman's Magazine, and see what great value for the money it can give you.

THE NEW IDEA PUBLISHING CO. 636 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Canvasser - WANTED -

to sell PRINTERS' INK—a journal for advertisers—published weekly at five dollars a year. It teaches the science and practice of Advertising, and is highly esteemed by the most successful advertisers in this country and Great Britain. Liberal commission allowed. Address PRINTERS' INK, 10 Spruce St., New York. 4-24-30t.

Sour Stomach

After I was induced to try **CASCARETS**, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for her stomach.

JOS. KNEHLING, 1921 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens. Waken, or Gripes. Do. 25c. 50c.

CURE CONSTIPATION.

Selling Ready Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 318

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to **CURE TOBACCO HABIT.**

DR. FENNER'S

Rheumatism, Backache, Dropsy, Gravel.

KIDNEY and BACKACHE CURE

All Bladder and Urinary Diseases. By Druggists, 50c. Bt.