

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

Oh, don't you hear him calling from the valley and the hill—
"Whip-poor-will!"
When the twilight shadows gather and the world is hushed and still,
And the stars are just like torches on the tip-top of the hill—
Whip-poor-will o' the meadows!
Don't you know what he is saying in the rosy twilight still,
With his "Whip-poor-will?"
"It's all about the little boy who wouldn't go to mill—
He heard it in the sunshine, from the ripple of a rill—
And they whipped poor Will o' the meadows!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Costly Symphony.

By Edward B. Clark.

HERE must have been ten of them all told who one after another tried to get Frances Marsland and incidentally her four millions. Frances was a South Side belle if she wasn't a South Side beauty. She had some sense with her millions, and she thought, having handled much coin in her day, that there wasn't the true ring about the proposals which she from time to time, and not much time between times at that, had received. The South Side youth had about given her up when Billy Benson appeared on the scene.

Billy was a white goods clerk, and if he had measured his salary as he did his cloth he wouldn't have needed a yard stick. Billy, however, had a good address and possessed plenty of assurance. He was talking over the matter one night at the South Side Club with four or five of his chums, at least two of whom he suspected had, as he elegantly phrased it in his thoughts, been against the game and lost. Billy heard much at every one of these gatherings of Frances Marsland and her four millions, and how the pick of the south town had tried to win both girl and money. "The only trouble with these fellows is," he said to himself, "they didn't go at the thing right." Then he turned to Jack Masters and said: "Jack, I don't take any particular interest in this thing, but I wish you'd tell me if this Miss Marsland that I hear so much about has any fads."

"She has two, Billy," said Jack. "They are money and music, but as a matter of fact, my boy, I think the money is a poor second. Fannie Marsland is a crank, if I may use such a word in speaking of a girl with four millions, on the subject of music. She'll talk sonatas, rhapsodies, symphonies to the end of the string. She knows all about the old masters and the moderns and all that, and she always carries a roll of music as big as her roll of bills, and that's saying a heap."

Billy Benson mused. He thought musing was the eminently proper thing to do in a case like this. Now to be candid, Billy didn't know any more about music than he did about Aramaic, but Billy was a good bluffer. It was not long after this that he met Miss Marsland, and he laid himself out to play the part of Apollo with the lyric prominent. It was apparent to all the South Side circle and to the rejected ten particularly that this white goods clerk had made an impression. They didn't know, of course, that Billy spent three nights of every week in the music room of the Newberry Library. He dug into the old masters and he skimmed over the moderns. He thought the moderns were dead easy. Had Billy been a musician he might have learned that out of some of the dusty old Spanish and other Southern European music manuscripts that he turned over had come many an air which has done much to give fleeting fame to certain composers of to-day. Billy didn't know anything about this, however, and the public knows about as little, so enough of it, but Billy crammed. He had all the schools at his tongue's end. He was bright enough, and in the course of a month he could talk adagio, andante, allegro and all the other a's, and down to the z's, too, for that matter.

Billy Benson felt that at last his purpose if not his heart was a tune like that of the medieval troubadour who sang outside of his lady's latticed window. For some reason or other Frances Marsland thought she had struck the right thing at last. Billy confessed to her that of playing he knew not a thing, but that he had made a hard study of music, and there-in Billy told the truth. Whenever Miss Marsland tested the metal of his musical knowledge the ring came right. Here at last was the man whose nature responded to her own.

Billy went nearly bankrupt in concert and opera tickets. For the theatre he said he cared but little. Music was the spring from which his soul drank. It is indeed sad to relate, but music, both vocal and instrumental, was to Billy Benson the worst of bores. He never was quite certain whether the orchestra was playing "Home, Sweet Home," or "The Last Rose of Summer," but the program was always at hand, and when it came down to names and composers William was right there.

It was settled at last to the satisfaction of the South Side that William Benson, clerk, was to pick the persimmon. The persimmon in this case was a bit passe, but persimmons are a fruit that is said to be better after it has been nipped a little by time and frost, and then again the persimmon is a golden fruit. Billy knew he was a hypocrite, but he excused himself for playing the part on the ground that it was the duty of every woman with money to get married, and that if some fellow didn't play some kind of a game the Marsland millions would go eventually to some home for decayed spinsters.

Billy knew that the time was fast approaching when he would have to put the test question, and that on the answer would depend either yard sticks and white goods for several more years or Fanny Marsland and millions for life. He asked her to go the last symphony concert of the season with him. She was delighted, of course.

"You know, Mr. Benson," she said, "they are to play the grandest symphony in all music. Every pulse of your being will be awake to the subtleties of the rhythm and to the concord of sweet sounds throughout. There is one passage in particular which awakens mind and heart and soul to the higher, the better and the purer things of life. I shall be delighted to go with you, a kindred spirit."

Billy felt a little conscience stricken at this, but they went to the last symphony concert of the year. Billy never had been able to feel at any of the hundred and one musical entertainments that he had been attending any of the "awakening thrill" upon which Fanny Marsland rhapsodized. He felt specially unlike any awakening thrill that Saturday night. Miss Marsland was in an ecstasy. "Perfect, exquisite, soulful," she murmured occasionally. Then suddenly the sweep of the symphony changed. The passage which was to awaken "mind and heart and soul to the higher and the purer things of life" was vibrating from the orchestral strings.

Frances turned to William Benson. "It is here, Mr. Benson," she said, "listen with your whole being."

A sound subdued but unmistakable was the answer. Discord of discords, it was a snore. Billy Benson was asleep.

Three days later Jack Masters met Billy Benson on the street. "Billy," he said, "I understand the symphony concert's fund deficit this year amounts to \$35,000."

"There's a mistake somewhere, Jack," said Billy. "The deficit is \$35,000 plus just \$1,000,000."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hardy Pump Linemen.

A class of men who know the real meaning of the term "strenuous life" are the hardy pump linemen, who superintend the transit of oil from well to tide water. They live thousands of feet above the level of the sea on lonely mountains. Months pass and they never see a new face. Clouds, mists and fog, above, below and around them, form the eternal landscape. In the summer season, the work, though hard, can be endured; its main discomforts are the isolation and the physical exhaustion. But when winter chains the mountains in its icy spell then the linemen is subjected to hardships from which even the strongest man might well shrink.

Even though the mercury coquette with the zero, the pipes must be kept in condition to carry the oil. To make necessary repairs the linemen must climb mountains, cross ravines and ford rivers and creeks. Sometimes he must stand waist deep for hours in snow and water, and when his task is finished, tramp back miles through snow-choked and ice-bound forests before he can reach the shelter of his humble home. They are heroes of every-day life, these brave men. No one applauds their courage, no poet sings their praises, yet they daily submit to exposure and perform exploits of daring that are not surpassed in actual warfare. The Susquehanna, Juniata, Lehigh and other streams whose waters flow toward the Atlantic coast are lined with the homes of these thrifty workmen.—Philadelphia North American.

The City Editor.

The position of city editor, says the Taunton Gazette, is no sinecure. The man who follows up the haps and mishaps, the sins and sorrows of his fellow citizens can pile up enemies much faster than he can friends.

He is the one who has to stand for all the "local" in a paper, no matter if he never saw it until it came out in print; and, as but few people understand the divisions of newspaper departments, the work of the editorial writers is often charged to him when it crosses the grain of some one who winces, whether there is good reason for it or not.

For the kind words he says, the burial of tragedies in domestic and social life which come into his sphere and are not allowed to be aired because they would wreck families and break hearts, he seldom or never receives thanks.

The politician forgets the "boost" and compliments and remembers only the grudges, and the average citizen is usually as oblivious to any obligation,

Many Responsibilities of the Secretary of the Treasury

By Frank A. Vanderlip.



SECRETARY of the Treasury will discover that there are almost as many vessels which would fly his official flag should he come on board as there are ships of war to fire salutes to the Secretary of the Navy. He has large fleets engaged in light-house and coast-survey work, while the revenue-cutter service, in which are many swift and modern vessels, does police duty at every port. He is the final authority in all official judgments relating to the more than 500,000 who land on our shores annually, and he is the responsible executive for carrying out the immigration laws and the Chinese Exclusion Act. He is the official head of the Bureau of Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, which guards our ports from contagious diseases, maintains quarantine service and stations, and a great system of hospitals for disabled seamen. The Government's Secret Service Bureau reports directly to him, and he watches day by day the unfolding of detective stories more interesting than the dime novels of his boyhood days, and there accumulate in his files packages of reports, tied with red tape, more thrilling than the choicest example of yellow-covered literature. Not only is the Secret Service Bureau devoted to the detection of counterfeiting, but its services are called into play in connection with any secret service work which the other departments may wish to have done. The Bureau of Standards, to which the question of weights and measures may be finally referred, is under his direction. No steamship may sail in American waters, nor leave an American port, the boiler of which does not bear the stamp of official inspection by one of his subordinates. He is the responsible head of a Life Saving Service, with 272 stations and a cordon of men patrolling 10,000 miles of coast; of a light-house system, marking the course of mariners with a chain of lights from Maine away around to Alaska.—From "The Treasury," in Scribner's.

Hypnotism a Cure For Inebriates

By J. D. Quackenbos.



Y means of the enlightened employment of hypno-suggestion, the subliminal self—that principle which dictates what is right and inclines to good—may be brought into active control. It happens to be a psychological fact that, in a state of sleep, either natural or induced by an intelligent physician through ordinary hypnotics, a human being is obnoxious to the insinuation of a belief, impulse or thought which may dominate the waking life.

Periodic drink storms are usually forecast by significant indications, well known to the family and friends of the victim—irritability of temper, unreasonable suspicions, so-called "cranky spells," abnormal restlessness, unaccountable depression. Immediately upon the appearance of these symptoms the patient should be treated by suggestion before opportunity is given for the craving. Such a subject frequently recognizes his danger and sincerely wishes to be cured. He is tactfully conducted into the subliminal sphere, and then assured that in accordance with his own desire and decree, he has lost all craving for beer, wine and whisky; that alcohol in any form will disgust him, and, as a safeguard, that he cannot swallow it, cannot carry the containing glass to his lips. The society of low companions is tabooed; the pleasures associated with drink and the glamor of the barroom are pictured as meretricious and placed in vivid antithesis to the chaste delights of home life.

The physical, mental, moral and economic bankruptcy that accompanies dipsomania is held up before the view of the sleeper, and he is forced to the conviction that begotten of this apprehension has come into his soul an abhorrence for drink and all that it stands for. He realizes the presence of efficiency within him adequate to the enforcement of radical abstinence as the principle of his life, and he is rendered insensible in the future to any such combination of passion and allurements as has usually constituted temptation. So he is led, instantaneously to scorn recourse to alcoholic stimulants or to extrinsic exaltation of any kind either for convivial reasons, or in time of depression, misfortune or sorrow, and to depend exclusively, under any mental or physical strain, on the units of energy legitimately manufactured out of the nutritious food, non-intoxicating drinks, air, exercise and sleep. He will always act in response to that suggestional force when it is imparted by a pure minded "suggestionist" who is in genuine sympathy with the inebriate and operates with the courage of his convictions.

A Bird in the Bush Worth Two in the Hand

By Caspar Whitney



HE value of the bird to the farmer is as a destroyer of the insects which ravage his crops. Experience has suggested and experiment demonstrated that, in sections where bird life decreases, depredations to crops of fruit, grain and general garden truck increase, despite spraying and innumerable chemical devices to arrest the march of the destroying insect.

Now, insects and worms constitute practically the whole food of birds. Swallows and swifts course the upper air; fly-catchers lie in wait in the foliage; warblers explore the leaves and the blossoms, and the vireos carefully search the more secluded nooks, which perhaps the warblers overlook. The trunks and limbs of the trees are the feeding grounds of the woodpecker, nuthatch and the creeper. No inch of the tree bark is left unexamined by these industrious birds for insects' eggs and larvae or ants, or the boring worms which may be heard within the bark. On the ground the insect hunt is continued by the thrushes, sparrows and other birds; and at the close of day, the night hawks and whip-poor-wills, according to Mr. Frank Chapman, take up the chase, catching moths and other nocturnal insects which have escaped day-flying birds. Cranes, herons and bitterns feed on craw-fish, which do great damage to the planters in the South, by making holes in the embankments of their rice fields.

Thus, we see, that the hunting is wide and thorough. How successful it is, may be appreciated from the results of Professor Attwater's investigations. For example, the stomach of a single quail was found to contain 101 potato bugs; that of another quail, 500 cinch bugs; a cuckoo shot at 6 o'clock in the morning, contained forty-three caterpillars; another shot at the same time, 217 web worms; a robin, 175 caterpillars. The young of a pair of jays, observed by Dr. Brewer, were fed half a million caterpillars in a season. A young robin, kept in captivity, required sixty earth worms a day. A mother wren made 110 visits to her little ones in four hours and thirty-seven minutes, and fed them 111 insects and spiders.

Dr. Fisher relates that from the nest of a pair of barn owls he collected 675 pellets, of which he made a careful study, with the result of identifying the remains of 1787 small mammals, of which 1119 were common meadow mice—a most destructive enemy to young fruit trees and to the farmer's crops in general.

Few people have an adequate idea of the amount of food required by birds. It figures into a tremendous number of insects, as Professor Attwater's figures show. He says that, allowing twenty-five insects a day as an average diet for one bird, and estimating only one bird to every acre in Texas, where his investigations were made, the calculation would give 170,000,000 birds in Texas alone. This would require 4,250,000,000 insects for each day's rations. It has been estimated that it takes 120,000 insects to fill a bushel measure, therefore it would take 35,500 bushels of insects to feed the birds in Texas alone for a single day, and Professor Attwater says that this estimate is very low.—Outing.

When George Was Crowned.

At the coronation of King George I. a change was made in the ceremony attending the creation of Knights of the Bath. The old custom of washing in the bath was abolished, and the order reconstructed by the limitations of its members to persons of merit who have earned the distinction of "the most honorable." In 1130 the order un-

derwent so extensive an enlargement that the banners of the knights could no longer be hung in the chapel.

Marriage Not a Failure.

Hans—"Look you! They get along as well as any married couple I know!" Katrinka—"Ay, it is the truth. They quarrel often enough, but they do seem happy between scraps!"—Puck.

SIMPLE TREATMENT FOR CANCER.

An Editor Tells of a Remedy Which Has Been Gratiatingly Effective.

In the issue of the Times of April 22, we published an article in regard to the cure of cancer. Extra copies of the paper were called for then and have been since, and so many have requested its publication that a portion of it is here reproduced. And in one form or another we shall try to keep it before our readers:

"Put 207 drops of carbolic acid in a pint of glycerine. Put two tablespoonfuls of this in a tumbler of water, and of this mixture take one tablespoonful twice a day. Have the acid combined with the glycerine by a druggist who will get the correct amount. This formula can be reduced to any quantity desired—104 drops of acid in half a pint of glycerine—52 drops of acid in one-fourth pint of glycerine, etc.

"This is said to dissolve the cancerous cells and effect a perfect and painless cure.

"This remedy is vouched for by those who have been cured of cancer by its use, and was brought to us a few days since by a friend of one who testifies to its merits.

"There are said to be those now who are effecting the cure of cancer without the use of the knife or plaster, and if this is one of the remedies used it will be a fortunate thing for those suffering from cancers to know of.

"Knowing the source from which this formula came we heartily recommend that any one suffering in the early stages of cancer should consult their physician as to their physical condition and if possible try this remedy.

"We have no knowledge of the tortures of the damned, but it would seem impossible that it should be worse than the torture of having a cancer removed by the plaster process, and it is worth an effort to escape that torture if possible.

"It may be well for people to remember that alcohol is a perfect antidote for carbolic acid, either internally or externally. Alcohol applied immediately to the flesh upon which carbolic acid has been spilled or thrown, will quickly destroy the effect of the acid. And taken internally it quickly neutralizes the poison. Those who may be taking carbolic acid in any form as a medicine should avoid the use of alcohol in every form, as the alcohol destroys the medicinal effect of the acid.

Since the above was published we have received additional assurances that this remedy is all that is claimed for it.

A lady residing in Gloversville sends us word that after having been twice to Rome for the removal of a cancer by the plaster process the cancer returned, but it was completely destroyed and removed by taking this remedy. Its efficacy is also vouched for by others in Gloversville.

We will be glad to print any facts in regard to cures effected by its use, but will in no case give the name of any one furnishing us facts in regard to the merits of the remedy if they do not want their names known.

As the best authorities claim that nearly all cancers come from bruises there is no more "disgrace" in having a cancer than in having a broken leg. But the difficulty is increasing and people are becoming afraid it is hereditary, notwithstanding the assurances of cancer experts to the contrary. The unvarnished fact is that there are many suffering with this malady, some patiently waiting for death to relieve them of their misery, and others putting up a strong fight for life.

If this preparation is as effectual in all cases as it has been in some, much of the dread, the suffering and expense of the cancer scourge may be avoided.

The preparation is not expensive, and is a splendid remedy for weak lungs. It is being given for that purpose by lung specialists.

Brethren of the press will confer a favor upon us and upon many sufferers by printing the formula and as many of the facts of this article as they can spare space for. Or treat the matter in your own way, but spread the information as widely as possible. We believe it is all right, and further believe it would have saved us more than \$500 in money, besides an untold amount of suffering upon the part of our better half had we known of it a year ago.—R. D. Palmater, in the Waterford (N. Y.) Times.

The Demand For Book Agents.

The demand for book agents is much greater than the supply. This sounds like a bad joke, but it isn't. It is a literal fact, as may easily be shown. You see, it is not the book buyers who primarily make the demand. There is as yet no clamor for book agents on the part of the public. So far as feeling observation goes, none of the office buildings is hanging out the sign: "Canvassers will please step this way."

And yet it amounts to pretty much the same thing in the end, because if the public did not support the book agent by buying his books the canvasser's occupation would obviously be gone.—New York Mail and Express.

Greatest Sheep-Raising Countries.

Australia and New Zealand have ninety and one-half million sheep, which is just one and a half times as many as the whole of the United States possesses.