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Who is Thy Friend?
Who is thy friend? The man that shares thy pleasure,
In banquet hall or beauty's winking bowers,
He that will dance with thee to thy waltzes,
And make no reckoning of the squandered hours—
To whom the revel and the game is all?
These are the friends that help men to their fall.

Who is thy friend? The man that shares thy pride,
Thine hour of glory, or thy day of gain,
Who stands in every triumph by thy side,
And never finds that triumph false or vain,
But shapes his doctrines as thy humor goes?
These are the friends that misfortune turns to foes.

Who is thy friend? The man that for his waning
To power or place hath need of thine or thee
Who will not fear thy risk, or blame the sting,
So it but speed his fortune's growing tree,
Whose praise is large, whose promise larger yet—
These are the friends that fall us and forget.

Who is thy friend? The man of truth and trust,
In gladness near, in sorrow nearer still,
To thy faults generous, to thy merits just,
Thy help to every good endeavor still,
Whose love for the world's hate might make amends?
Alas for it! this life hath few such friends.

Who is thy friend? The best, the least, the good,
In faith unflinching, and in love unchanged,
Through all the changeful years, though ill rewarded—
Give him thy heart, so long and far estranged,
And from the breakers of earth cease to stray,
To seek in heaven this everlasting day.

—Frances Browne, *Ireland Irish Poetess.*

DANGEROUS COMPANY.

"It is very remarkable," said my uncle, as Mr. Gregory left the room.

"It is very mysterious," said Lily, with strong emphasis on the adverb.

"To me," observed an elderly lady-boarder, "it appears to be something worse than mysterious; and, without making any assertions, I would at least caution you, my dear, against any closer intimacy with our guest, as he often to be possessed of information in a manner of which there is no conceivable natural explanation."

"It reminds me most," said the Rev. Mr. Briggs, "of certain cases, undoubtedly well-authenticated, in which the existence of the so-called 'second sight' has been demonstrated in a very singular manner."

"And," added my uncle, "although many of the professors of spiritualism have been proved impostors, it by no means follows that all—"

"Yes, yes," broke in our lady friend, "but we all know that people once had dealings with familiar spirits, and I never could find any proof that this kind of thing had ever ceased, and therefore, as I said before, I very strongly caution you."

"Hush!" cried several voices. "Here he comes."

My uncle, my cousin, Lily and I were staying at a boarding-house at the seaside, and among a somewhat numerous company was a certain Mr. Gregory. We had made his acquaintance on the night of our arrival in a rather comical manner. He was passing our room just as Lily was calling to me in a tone of woful despair that she had broken the key in the lock and could not get out. Through the key-hole he had volunteered his services as an amateur lock-picker, and released us from our imprisonment.

This introduction had served quite as well as a much more formal one would have done to inaugurate what promised to be a pleasant seaside acquaintance. Now on first sight he certainly presented very little appearance of being a suspicious or dangerous character. He was a young man of some twenty-five years of age, with a bright, frank expression and a gleam of mischief in his eyes. He was exceedingly intelligent, well-informed, and though rather retiring in the mixed company of our establishment, could, we discovered, sing well, read well, and talk well.

Without intending himself upon us, he had made himself very agreeable to us two girls; and we had surmised that he was a young professional man suffering from overwork, who had come down to recruit his health. But we are often warned against judging from appearances, and he had during the past few days manifested a very remarkable power of clairvoyance or second sight, or whatever else you like to call it, which had created a great sensation among us.

On the previous day, for instance, my uncle had met a gentleman at the station and had brought him home to dinner. We saw them walking slowly up the garden together in conversation, and Lily had exclaimed:

"Who on earth is this?"

Mr. Gregory looked and said:

"His name is Smith, and he is returning to town by the midnight train."

"You know him?" I said.

"Never saw him in my life before," was the answer.

Sure enough his name proved to be Smith, and he returned to town that night after a long private interview with my uncle; nor had he, he told us in answer to our inquiries, ever seen or heard of Mr. Gregory before.

On Saturday morning the Rev. Mr. Briggs, taking a walk on the beach, meditating on his Sunday text, had encountered Mr. Gregory, who volunteered information as to the said text, with chapter and verse all correct, to the perturbation of the reverend gentleman.

On another occasion, when our elderly lady friend mentioned that she had been out making a small purchase, Mr. Gregory informed me in a sotto voce that a bottle of hairwash constituted the purchase in question. This communication was very unfortunately overheard. Its correctness was not at the time definitely established, but it was shortly after this that she first propounded her own particular theory on the subject, which she put forward with renewed confidence in the conversation given above, after a fresh display of the unladylike phenomenon she called it. This was the occasion thereof.

Mr. Briggs had been seen coming up the walk in great glee with a parcel under his arm.

"What has he got there?" said some one.

"All the works of Josephus for tenpence," replied Mr. Gregory.

Immediately afterward Mr. Briggs entered the room and said to the company:

"What do you think I have just bought?" to which the general response was:

"All Josephus for tenpence."

It turned out that he had just ferreted it out from a second-hand book-stall.

When questioned about his mysterious powers Mr. Gregory always became very serious, and gave no information, but changed the subject as soon as possible.

In consequence of all this interest, curiosity, uneasiness and even alarm, in varying degrees excited in the breasts of the several members of our company. Most of the ladies declared that they were daily expecting something serious to happen. That those expectations were not altogether unfulfilled will now be made plain.

There were two new arrivals on the day on which our story opens. Our company had hitherto been pleasant and select, but the lady and gentleman who now came among us, and who were named Mr. and Mrs. Grice, were exceptions to this. Showily dressed, and loud in their conversation, they made great efforts to mix with ease in our company, and for some inscrutable reason seemed to make special endeavors to become intimate with our own party; Mr. Grice attacking my uncle, and his wife devoting herself to us.

We were at no pains to conceal our aversion to their ill-mannered and offensive intrusion, but they seemed determined to accept no rebuff. Lily said that we had met here the most pleasant and the most unpleasant persons whom we had ever seen in our travels. The former class, I presume, mainly embraced Mr. Gregory.

Ever since Mr. Smith's visit on the previous day, my uncle had seemed to be unusually worried and anxious. Something had happened at the office, it appeared, which caused him very great uneasiness, and he kept a constant watch for the post. Lily and I were troubled about it, but were hardly prepared for his sudden announcement at lunch the next day, upon receiving a letter from town, that we must pack up at once and return by the first morning train.

We had no objection to escape from the Grices, but in spite of Mr. Gregory's ill-regard for his mysterious arts, we were very sorry to leave him, to say nothing of the abrupt and unexpected termination of our holiday.

The Grices were sitting next to us when my uncle made this announcement, and I saw a peculiar look of significance pass between them. Mr. Gregory was sitting at the other end of a long dining-table, and quite out of earshot, but he came up immediately after we rose from the table, and said:

"A very sad thing, this sudden departure of yours!"

"Mr. Gregory," I replied, "you are much more than a neighborly under suspicion of being in league with the powers of darkness, and this is another proof? How could you possibly know?"

"Oh, my news travel fast," he said, laughing. "But it is a very hot afternoon; what do you say to a little reading?"

Lily here squeezed my arm vigorously, but I answered: "I fear my uncle will not let us go out of his sight. He feels it his duty to keep special guard over us while we are in such dangerous company."

"Never mind," he said, "I will read to him as well."

We were now in the corner of the drawing-room, near a window looking out on to a covered balcony which overlooked the garden. My uncle came up and returned Mr. Gregory's courteous greeting in a manner which was, I fear, not very gracious.

"May I trouble you for the paper after you, sir?" he said.

"Certainly," was the answer. "But may we not all enjoy it together? With your permission I will read aloud to the company."

My uncle looked considerably astonished at this unusual proposal. Lily looked up with open eyes and curious expression, this being not exactly the kind of reading she had intended. But the offer was seriously made and repeated, and my uncle, with a look as if he were about to give a diabolical consent.

Miss Lily, with blid affection, made him particularly comfortable in an arm-chair, and Mr. Gregory commenced reading a long, prosy article on French politics. He read with anything but his usual spirit, and in a soft, low, monotonous voice. The consequence was—as had possibly been not wholly unforeseen—that my uncle was soon enjoying his accustomed afternoon siesta.

The reading, having become gradually slower and softer, now ceased, and the reader, looking up, suggested by a slight gesture an adjournment to the garden.

Lily and I tried to smother our laughter and look shocked, but we adopted the suggestion. A book of poetry was produced, and I found that there was a difference between hearing French politics read in a stuffy drawing-room to a middle-aged gentleman, and hearing "Enoch Arden" read in a cool, shady alcove, to a pretty, dark-eyed, lovely maiden, with tender bosom heaving in sympathy with poor Enoch's sorrows, especially when the reader is a handsome young bachelor, with an exquisitely modulated voice, able to do full justice to the harmonious numbers of the laureate.

At the end of half an hour I was startled by an exclamation from Lily. Looking up, I saw in the garden below, sitting on a seat under the trees with their faces toward us, our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Grice.

come and join them, which we did not do.

Mr. Gregory, instead of going on with his reading, continued to regard them intently, and asked us whether we knew them.

We said, "No."

"But they seem to know you," he said.

We explained how they had favored us with their attentions. To our disappointment he could not be induced to go on with his reading, but he continued to stare at the couple before us, and when at last they strolled off in different directions he said that he must apologize for having an engagement, and he left us abruptly. "A strange young man, indeed!" we thought, and we were still more surprised when in an hour he returned and asked my uncle to be allowed a short private conversation with him.

"My uncle seemed startled at this request (and so, by the way, did Lily), but after a short pause he led the way into an adjoining apartment.

The conversation which ensued, as we subsequently learned, was as follows:

"I am about, sir," said Mr. Gregory, "to refer to your private affairs to an extent which will surprise you, but I hope to be able to render you a service which will be an ample excuse for my intrusion. You are, I believe, returning to town to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"The cause of your return is, I believe, connected with the forgery of a certain check in your name?"

"Sir, how can you possibly know that?"

"That check was brought to you for your inspection three days ago by one of the clerks from the bank, a Mr. Smith, and it is now in your possession."

"My uncle was speechless.

"Hear me first," said the accuracy of my statements hitherto may claim credence for what I am about to affirm. Unless I am greatly mistaken, there are now in this establishment two persons who have been employed to forge paper. They suspect that you have it, and already your room and your daughter's room have been searched, and it only remains to search your person."

My uncle turned pale.

"It is known that you are leaving to-morrow morning, and the attempt will be made between now and then. Will you allow me to offer you my advice?"

I will not attempt to describe my respected uncle's appearance, but the mind at this part of the interview, suffice it to say that the proffered advice was ultimately adopted.

On that evening my uncle declined to accompany us when, an hour after dinner, the house emptied on to the promenade. Mr. Gregory was also missing, and had not appeared at dinner. The Rev. Mr. Briggs took us under his care. My uncle was already nodding in his chair as we went out. Twenty minutes afterward two of the company softly entered the room. This I had from an eye-witness. Their names were Mr. and Mrs. Grice. Mrs. Grice stood at the door, and her husband advanced gently across the floor to where my uncle lay back in his chair, snoring audibly, his handkerchief over his head, his feet thrown up, and a pocketbook just showing in his breast pocket.

Mr. Grice crept up to him, abstractedly took the book with a practiced hand, put it into his own pocket, and turned to go. Now, as he recrossed the room he had to pass before a large window, and my uncle, who was, perhaps, somewhat surprised to find his ankles seized in the firm grip of a pair of hands thrust out suddenly from under the lounge. As he fell, his amiable partner turned round—into the arms of a detective officer. At the same moment Mr. Gregory entered through the window from the balcony.

"This is your pocketbook, sir," said one of the detectives.

"Thank you," said my uncle. "It has nothing in it, but I am glad to have it back again."

Mr. and Mrs. Grice were removed at once to another public establishment in the neighborhood, where the company was very select, the hours very regular, and the maintenance very cheap—a style of establishment which it was subsequently proved they had frequented in more than one part of the country.

Amid considerable excitement we promenade late that night. My uncle said:

"You have rendered me a service, sir, which lays me under the deepest obligation to you. I have no doubt that the original delinquents, of whom these creatures are only the tools, will be brought to justice. Finding that we are on their track, they have made this effort to destroy the proof of their guilt, and prevent us from submitting it to experts. Thanks to you, they have failed. I can only say how welcome will be any opportunity of making any returns to you, however slight."

"I shall certainly take you at your word, sir," was the answer.

"And now, Mr. Gregory," continued my uncle, "will you pardon our curiosity if we beg you to tell us the means by which you were able to divine the intentions of our departed friends?"

"Oh, Mr. Gregory," cried Lily, "you must tell us. We are on thorns to know, and will do anything in the world you like to mention if you will tell us."

"On those terms I consent," said he, with a curious look at Lily, which made her suddenly blush very much, as if she could see even in the moonlight.

"You may have noticed," began Mr. Gregory, "that I am somewhat deaf, and I have been much more so, in consequence of this I have ascertained the art, which I believe almost any one can acquire, of reading the movements of the lips in the same way that the deaf and dumb are taught to do, so that I can always understand what people say if they are only in seeing distance; and my seeing is very acute. I need hardly say that I avoid over-seeing conversation, if you will allow the expression, as much as I would over-hearing it; but I frequently see people speak a few words on accidentally glancing at them. I think that what has puzzled you will

now be plain. Perhaps I ought to confess that I have yielded a little to the temptation of mystifying the company (springing last week, especially in the case of Mr. Briggs, who has, like many people who have lived a good deal alone, a habit of talking to himself as he goes along, which he is scarcely aware of. This afternoon, however, I watched the Grices in good earnest. I was very much astonished at what I saw. Your sudden departure had disarranged their plans, and they had a full discussion of past and future operations. It was not at all a bad idea to hold their deliberations before your very eyes, so as to keep up their watch on your movements and disarm suspicion, but they had taken no precautions against being overheard. The rest you know."

"But how about the purchase of the hairbrush, that sad proof of occult art?" I said.

"Oh, that had nothing to do with it. I was in the shop being shaved and I saw the transaction in a looking-glass."

Later still, when my uncle had gone in, I heard him quietly say: "So you will do whatever I like to mention?" But these words were not addressed to me and I judged it best to fall into the rear, and having no gifts of clairvoyance myself I cannot tell you the rest of the conversation. I can only add that our return was postponed, and that shortly after these events Mr. Gregory again requested a private conversation with my uncle; and that he had again some revelations to make concerning the full details of two male and female, in this case also; and that shortly after the first pair of conspirators had been "sentenced for life" by one of her majesty's judges, a similar sentence was pronounced upon the other pair by the Rev. Mr. Briggs.

DIPHTHERIA.

Rules for its Prevention and Treatment.
The Massachusetts State board of health has issued rules for the prevention and treatment of diphtheria, which are applicable to any locality. They are as follows:

In the first place, as diphtheria is a contagious disease, and under certain circumstances not entirely known, very highly so, it is important that all practicable means should be taken to separate the sick from the well. As it is also infectious, woolen clothes, carpets, curtains, hangings, etc., should be avoided in the sick room, and only such materials used as can be readily washed.

All clothes, when removed from the patient, should be at once placed in hot water. Pocket handkerchiefs should be laid aside, and in their stead soft pieces of linen or cotton cloth should be used, and at once burned.

Disinfectants should always be placed in the vessel containing the expectoration, and may be used somewhat freely in the sick room; those being especially useful which destroy bad odors without causing others (nitrate of lead, chloride of zinc, etc.).

In schools there should be especial supervisions, as the disease is often so mild in its early stages as not to attract much attention; and no child should be allowed to attend school from an infected house, until allowed to do so by a competent physician.

In the case of young children, all reasonable care should be taken to prevent undue exposure to the cold.

Pure water for drinking should be used; avoiding containing sources of infection; water should be insisted on, and local drainage must be carefully attended to. In country towns, privies and cesspools should be frequently emptied and disinfected; slop water should not be allowed to soak into the surface of the earth near the dwelling houses, and the cellars should be kept dry and sweet.

In cities, especially in tidal districts, basins, baths, etc., as now connected with drains, should never communicate directly with sleeping-rooms.

In all cases of diphtheria fully as great care should be taken in disinfecting the sick room after use, as in scarlet fever.

After a death from diphtheria the clothing disinfected should be burned or buried, or nearly or quite a heat of boiling water; the body should be placed as early as practicable in the coffin, with disinfectants, and the coffin should be tightly closed.

Children, at least, and better adults also in most cases, should not attend a funeral from a house in which a death from diphtheria has occurred. But with suitable precautions, it is not necessary that the funeral should be private, provided the corpse be not in any way exposed.

Although it is not at present possible to remove at once all sources of epidemic disease, yet the frequent visitation of such disease, and especially of diphtheria, may be taken as sufficient evidence of unsanitary surroundings, and of sources of sickness to a certain extent preventable.

It should be distinctly understood that no amount of artificial "disinfection" can ever take the place of pure air, good water and proper drainage, which cannot be removed without prompt and efficient remedial measures, whether from slaughter-houses, etc., public buildings, crowded tenements or private residences. In the opinion of the board this is likely to be done properly only through independent local boards of health, the appointment of which in all cases we most respectfully, but earnestly, urge upon the citizens of the State.

Fish as Food.

A doctor writes in *Good Words*, an English magazine, as follows: "Found for several fish is fully as nutritious as meat, but it is not so satisfying, but that is because the sense of satisfaction which we experience in eating is the result of supplying the stomach with food and in no direct or immediate way related to the nourishment of the organism as a whole. Very few of the solid substances we eat are digested, even so far as the stomach is concerned, in less than an hour, and nutrition cannot commence until after digestion has proceeded for some time. It follows that the feeling of satisfaction produced by solid food during a meal must be due to the appeasing of those cravings which are set up in the stomach rather than the supply of the master of the system. Inasmuch as butchers' meat is less easy of digestion than fish, and it gives the stomach more to do, it is easy to see why it seems, at the moment, more satisfying."

Looking to the ultimate purpose of nutrition fish is the better kind of food; it is more readily and completely reduced in the stomach, and it nourishes the organism more thoroughly, and with less inconvenience, than the flesh of warm-blooded animals. A common error in regard to the use of fish is the failure to recognize that there are two distinct classes of this staple, looked at as food. In one class, which may be represented by the mackerel and the salmon, the oil and fat are distributed through the fish, while the other of which the cod and whiting may be taken as examples, the oil and fat are found almost exclusively in the internal organs, notably the liver. Now the oil and fat are necessary, and if the fish is not cooked and eaten whole, or nearly so, these most important parts are wasted. In cleaning fish, as little as possible should be removed. This is a point of the highest practical moment.

Fishmongers and cooks need to be instructed as to the proper use of fish. To omit any portion of the liver of a cod in preparing the fish for the table is to throw away a great delicacy. A cod's liver properly dressed is a dish for a gourmet. It is an explicable way, why things so nutritious as the "cod liver oil" of the chemist and druggist can be prepared from anything so nice as the liver of cod. Housekeepers and those who purvey for the table should take care that nothing edible in a fish is sacrificed. For cooking purposes it may be assumed that fish is not only good food, but food of the best description; well cooked and suitably dressed, it is particularly easy of digestion. It is equally serviceable for the weak as for the robust, the young as the old.

Maybe.

She leans across the stile,
With her merry golden amble
And her bonny brown eyes glancing
Through the green leaves all the while
And he who loved her so
Watched from the path below;
But she tossed her head so daintily,
And laughed and bade him go.
Maybe! maybe! 'twas better so!
Maybe! 'twas better so!

When the winds of March were loud,
And the skies were dark with cloud,
He had won her love forever,
And she trusted all he vowed.
But she wept against his heart:
"Oh, my darling, we must part!
For a barrier lies between us—
Forevermore, sweetest!"
Maybe! maybe! 'twas better so!
Maybe! maybe! 'twas better so!

And the years have passed away,
And they both are old and gray,
But the same sweet dream is in their hearts
Forever and for ever.
Oh, sweet and sad the pain
Of love that will not wane
So sweet, so sweet, because so true
So sad, because in vain!
Maybe! maybe! 'twas better so!
Maybe! maybe! 'twas better so!
—National Republican.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Some of the most timid girls are not frightened by a loud bang.

When a girl rejects an offer of marriage she goes through a slight of hand performance.

"What a pressing necessity to crush the life out of us?" inquired the apples of the cider mill.

Peacock feathers are emblems of vanity. They serve to point a moral and adorn a tale.—*Polygraph.*

Politicians ought to make good telegraph repair men. They are used to pulling wires.—*Chronicle-Herald.*

An old negro says: "Sass is powerful good in everything but children. They need something other kind of dressing."

A gentleman friend had thirty-two teeth taken out the other day without pain, and no anesthetic of any kind was used. "False!" you say. Yes, they were false.

"Just the American oyster dis?" asks one of our exchanges. It must, if it is tough enough to go through a plain stew or a fancy roast alive, we don't want it.

"What can I do for you to induce you to go to bed now?" asked a Lowell mamma of her five-year-old boy. "You can let mesit up a little longer," was the youngster's reply.

An advertisement reads: "Wanted—A young man to be partly out-door and partly behind the counter," and the *Cleveland Leader* asks: "What will be the result when the door slams?"

The *Boston Bulletin* says: "The *American Angler* is a new paper which we hope will not live by hook and line." We have no doubt it will publish do-baits, and will worm its way into piscatorial circles.

They sat together in the lamplight and read the advertising columns of their local paper, when he suddenly exclaimed: "Look, only \$15 for a suit of clothes! 'Is it a wedding suit?' she asked. 'Oh, no,' he replied; 'it is a business suit.'" "Well, I meant business," she replied. "That settled it."
—*Hotel World.*

"Edward," said Mr. Rice, "what do I hear?—that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you just now not to jump down these steps?" "Grandma didn't tell us not to, par; she only came to the door and said: 'I wouldn't jump down those steps, boys'; and I shouldn't think she would—an old lady like her!"—*Governor Herald.*

When you are coming up the cellar stairs with a bucket of coal in one hand, two pies and a plate of butter in the other, and a loaf of bread under each arm, it is exceedingly trying to you Christian fortitude to have a woman yell down and caution you not to forget the preserves on the swinging shelf, in the corner of the cellar, next to the currant jelly. Be sport, haven't you?
—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

The Mysterious.

He is a man with a light beaver overcoat on. He drives a white horse and a top buggy, and all of a sudden he stops in the middle of the street and looks fixedly at his horse. In two minutes fifty people line the curbstone.

"What's the matter?"

"Balky."

A man steps out to seize the bridle and start the horse, but the driver shakes his head and motions him away.

"I'll bet he's an ugly brute."

"Of course he is. Look at that wicked eye of his!"

"The crowd has now increased by fifty, and several vehicles have stopped.

"Anybody hurt?"

"No; balky horse."

"Why doesn't some one whisper in his ear?"

Four men stepped out to give advice, but they are hastily motioned back, and a livery stable man in the crowd observes:

"If that horse doesn't kill two or three men here I shall be much mistaken."

Three minutes more and the crowd numbers 200. The man with the gray horse looks up and down the street, braces his feet, takes a firm grip on the lines, and softly says:

"Come, Peter."

And Peter drops his head, dangles his ears and moves off as slowly and softly as a river of grease.

"What was it?" calls a man who has run four blocks and is puffing like a whale.

But there is no one to answer him. The crowd has dissolved like a handful of sugar in a barrel of water. It is very mysterious, and the crowd doesn't enjoy the climax at all.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Kerosene and Salt for Diphtheria.

A correspondent of the *New York Sun* says: In 1862, on a plantation in South Alabama, where there was great difficulty in securing good medical advice, I saw a white plantation of blacks, as well as the white members of a large family, successfully treated for diphtheria with kerosene oil and salt; used thus: Every patient was given a lump of rock salt about the size of a boy's marble, and instructed to keep it in his ear, or her mouth, swallowing the salty saliva. At the same time the throat was rubbed with kerosene oil, and a flannel saturated with kerosene kept around the neck until the symptoms were abated or entirely gone. If necessary mild cathartics were given. Not a case was lost, and there were fully 120 in all on the plantation.

In Walker county, Ala., is a natural bridge said to rival that of Virginia. It is in the sandstone called millstone grit, which underlies the coal formation. It spans about one hundred and twenty feet and its height is about twenty feet. A smaller bridge connects it with the bluff beyond. The lines of stratification of the sandstone give the structure the appearance of having been artificially built up with massive blocks. It is in the midst of a region of wild and romantic beauty, high escarpments of the same sandstone being seen standing out in the face of the hills around.

"Do any of the children of these lepers attend the public schools?"

"No. Though these lepers keep to themselves, they are all known. One of the children of a leper down here tried to attend school last year, but the pupils all left immediately."

A pleasantry attributed to M. Thiers:—"When I was very young I was so little that I needed a pole to knock down the strawberries."—*Le Figaro.*

There is a firm in Glasgow, Scotland, who assume to be the royal house of Europe such elaborate designs as the Lord's upper, the web-weaver, in some cases, using four hundred different shuttles.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A family of German emigrants recently passed through Harrisburg, Pa., consisting of father, mother, nine children, forty grandchildren, and eleven great-grandchildren. Enough of them were married to make the entire party number ninety-five. They were bound for Northern Iowa.