



PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, No. 138 FRANKLIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

TERMS—\$1.50 per year, payable in advance; outside the county, fifteen cents additional for postage. If not paid within three months \$2.00 will be charged. A paper can be discontinued at any time by paying arrears, and not otherwise.

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FRIDAY DECEMBER 20, 1889.

IT IS COMING.

Yes, coming it is coming soon, coming with force, coming with virulence, coming as it came upon all Europe. Don't say, "well, let it come." But come to think of it, your saying it, will not hasten its coming, and nothing could be said or done would prevent its coming. We refer to the wide-spread scourge of influenza that is prevailing in Russia, Italy, France, England and Germany. Many of the more aged people of this country have reason to remember its visitation back in the winter of 1842-3. It was popularly called "The Tyler Grip." While its victims ran up into multiplied thousands, fatal terminations were exceptionally rare. But all the same, it caused intense sufferings, partaking as it did of all the aggravated features of the worst kind of Catarrh. From reports coming across the water our medical men think it is the same kind of a malady now.

What produces it is an unsolved problem. Among other theories advanced the one most generally believed is that it is produced by infinitesimally small atmospheric insects. This opinion, however, is at best, only a conjecture, and while its origin is a mystery, we can say with Watts, in one of his hymns, that it "moves in a mysterious way, its wonders to perform;" but, in the meantime, in a most astonishingly accelerated manner, it is ten hours after reaching London, it is sold seventy thousand well defined cases of it were reported.

The extent of its prevalence in Europe is something truly marvellous. In Berlin the number of persons suffering from it at latest advices is put at fifteen thousand, with no signs of abatement. While there is no known preventive, physicians say its attacks can be greatly modified by proper and timely treatment.

There seems to be no doubt of its presence in this country already. A number of cases were reported in Boston on last Monday; and a New York dispatch of the 15th inst., says eight cases in that city have been reported to the Board of Health. The first victim was a young lady, who it is thought contracted the disease from a family just returned from Europe. Her first symptom was vertigo, followed by some chills. Then she became deathly sick with pains in her limbs and muscles. This was succeeded by bronchial catarrh, soreness of throat and a high fever causing the pulse to run up to 120 in a minute. Seven other members of the family are down with the malady. Such is the dread of it that the Board of Health is in favor of quarantining all cases from abroad.

The treatment recommended is, the spraying of the affected membrane freely and often with a solution of quinine; and the internal administration of quinine, belladonna and camphor.

INTEMPERATE TEMPERANCE.

Not by way of a homily on a moral question, but simply to point a moral, it may be said that the action of the local W. C. T. U. down at Norristown, Pa., the other day, in passing a resolution of censure upon Mrs. Harrison, our President's wife, was not only hasty but exceedingly foolish. Without knowing the facts in the case, and evidently without taking any pains to ascertain them, the good ladies composing said organization got themselves hurriedly together in order to be first in the field, we suppose, and resolved that they were not only sorry for what Mrs. Harrison had done on a public occasion, but protested against it.

It is another case of much ado about nothing. These very temperate ladies—temperate as far as alcoholic liquors are concerned—intemperately did that for which there was not even the semblance of a reason for doing. Under the erroneous impression that Mrs. Harrison had entertained the distinguished foreigners composing the Pan-American Congress, at a ladies' tea party these ladies were highly incensed over the assumed fact that she served them with lemonade with a stick in it. Hence they "resolved" as before stated. What will they do to try and undo what they so hastily and intemperately did do, is the question of the hour. A full, humiliating apology is next in order, from the non-reflecting and for too intemperate women of the W. C. T. U. organization of Norristown. Next time it would be well to draw the line at all diplomatic dinners; at least they should not be confounded with a quiet, conventional ladies' tea party.

Would it not be well for such impulsive ladies to hang a few Pauline mottoes up in their places of meeting, such as "Let your moderation be known unto all men." "For I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge." Certain things "Zealously affect you, but not well."

STILL A MYSTERY.

The verdict in the Dr. Cronin case has not cleared up the mystery of the doctor's murder. The most that can be said of the verdict is that it was affected on a compromise basis; and like all compromises is not satisfactory to anybody. If the jury believed that the three, O'Sullivan, Coughlin and Burke, killed him, which the sentence of life imprisonment implies, then the sentence should have been in the direction of the gallows. Compromising on imprisonment for one of the most fiendish murders of the age, is nothing short of a travesty upon justice, law and common sense. But the conclusion reached indicates doubts in the minds of the jury as to the guilt of the prisoners, and while circumstantial evidence bore heavily upon them, the jury may have thought that the future might possibly develop something to exonerate them.

This theory is strengthened not only by the acquittal of Beggs, but, also, by the comparatively slight sentence of three years in the penitentiary in Kunze's case, against whom the testimony was about as strong as against the three who have a life-time sentence. The verdict has not, therefore, solved the mystery of the brutal murder further than tracing it to the very doors of the oath-bound secret society, to which all of the five implicated persons belonged.

If there were any truth in the old chestnut that "murder will out," we might hope to see all the mystery hanging over the case cleared away. But like many other murders that have been enshrouded in impenetrable darkness for ages, this one may never have the light of day shed upon it. The well-known murder of the beautiful cigar girl in New York, nearly half a century ago, is as much of a mystery to-day as it was on the morning her lifeless body was found; so of that rich New York merchant who was murdered over a quarter of a century ago in one of the most prominent residences on Broadway. Because an occasional deed of a criminal is discovered the old saw of "murder will out" comes to the front; while in point of fact the vast majority of cases never come "out."

PUTTING THE BOOT ON THE OTHER LEG.

One of the reasons assigned by anti-smokers against the habit is that it creates an appetite for strong drink; therefore it is alleged if there was less smoking there would be less drunkenness. Illogical as this is, and as far from the facts in the case as it is, yet it is a theory with some of the denouncers of tobacco. But now comes an aged divine forward, one that is not only full of years but of honors, (the Rev. Dr. W. H. Furness) and says, "I am now eighty-eight years old, and continue to smoke cigars daily." He gives it as his opinion, founded on observation, that instead of causing intoxication it is a preventive; and that if smoking tobacco were abolished there would be ten drunkards where there is now only one.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

Who would have thought it? The somewhat notorious Sam Small, who gained his notoriety by setting at naught all the rules of propriety, and by brushing aside all that is implied in doing things "decently and in order," has vaulted from the free and easy modes of a Methodist to the stiff and hampered ones peculiar to a staid Episcopalian, concerning which, an Eastern journal says, "this may be to the mutual advantage of both preacher and church, as a little expansion of the one and a slight impression of the other would do no harm."

Mr. HENRY M. GRADY, of Atlanta, made some statements last week at Boston on the occasion of the annual banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association, that ought to be universally known and pondered. We give, said he, to the world this year a crop of 7,500,000 bales of cotton, worth \$450,000,000, and its cash equivalent in grain, grasses, and fruit. The progress of the negro is thus given: I present the tax books of Georgia, which show that the negro, twenty-five years ago a slave, has in Georgia alone \$10,000,000 of assessed property, worth twice that much. The educational outlook is bright under the following statement: The South, since 1865, has spent \$122,000,000 an education, and this year is pledged to \$37,000,000 more for State and city schools—although the blacks, paying one-thirtieth of the taxes get nearly one-half of the fund.

From Asheville.

Civil Service Reform (?) necessitates the removal of the post office in this place. Immediately after the election, three prominent Republicans applied for the position. Each thought he had a better right than anyone else, and did all in his power to gain the end. Each one, too, felt that he would win. But great was their dismay when official notice came that an entirely different man had secured the prize, and that too, in the face of the fact that he had been in town a few weeks—not long enough to be a voter. The disappointed parties feel very indignant toward certain powers.

From Foreign Lands.

The money received from foreign countries by the Flood Commission is as follows: Ireland, \$18,252 24; Mexico, \$120 40; Canada, \$4,464 65; England, \$33,158 36; Turkey, \$876 57; Italy, \$9 46; Austria, \$481 70; Germany, \$34,199 36; Prussia, \$100; Wales, \$68 60; Saxony, \$2,637 20; Persia, \$50; France, \$24,511 13. Total, \$118,939 67.

THE TWO FATHERS.

I mind me of two kind old men, And both to good intentions bent, With genial smiles and hearty grasp, And much to life its joys they lent. And oft to see my wife and I, They'd come to chat, and joke, and dine, Dear loving fathers; gone, alas! And one was hers and one was mine.

Their minds were just exactly one, These good old-fashioned, gentle creatures— They never told the same joke twice, Nor failed to watch each other's features To note the proper time to laugh. And wife and I would watch these fine Old fathers, in their harmless mirth, For one was hers, and one was mine.

They'd talk about the herds and crops, And often told their old-time stories, Of Landlord Jones, the taxman, Of trainings, lectures, Whigs and Tories. And wife and I the evening through Would listen to their talk till nine, And then they'd bid us both adieu, For one was hers, and one was mine.

They could not live alone, and so They walked along life's way together. And hand in hand they gravely went And slipped the coil of earthly tether. They clasped their hands in mute farewell And clasped again where glories shine, While wife and I together wept, For both were hers, and both were mine.

There are two graves on yonder hill, And side by side the fathers lie. Their jokes are hushed, the mirth has flown, And softly each has said "Good bye." To earthly friends, and earthly homes. And wife and I just sit and pine. For these old gods, our fathers once, And one was hers, and one was mine.—Albert Lewis in Springfield Homestead.

Scarlet the Sacred Color.

In Italy, Turkey, Greece, Asia Minor, Egypt and many of the oriental countries the archaic images of the deities were painted red, and it has been said that the traditional practice was intended to please "the color sense," by which is meant that these images were regarded as pretty gogwags. This is not likely, and the true explanation is that the color of red was sacred. All pristine creeds can, with probability, be traced ultimately to two origins. They are, in different disguises, the worship of the sun and the worship of humanity. Red became therefore an exceptionally odious color when the ascetic temper gained possession of religion.

The author of "The Wisdom of Solomon" betrays a profound antipathy to the color in the following: "Or make it like some wild beast, laying it over with vermilion, and with paint coloring it red, and covering every spot therein." The coloring was very offensive to him, and he describes in another place the voluptuary as crying: "Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they are withered." Afterward a fresh association was added, and scarlet typified not only the sins of Babylon, but their punishment also.—Exchange.

A Cat That Lives on Canaries.

George Fair, of the Haymarket theatre, says: I have a tiger cat, a pug dog, seventeen gold fish, and forty canaries. The dog is the most submissive of the lot. He has been licked so many times that his tail won't curl. Ever see a pug dog with the curl taken out of his tail? I've got one. But the cat is the boss. Mrs. Fair is very much attached to the cat. I wanted her to sell the cat, or let me bring it down here, or kill it—anything to get it out of the house. No, sir, she wouldn't have it. Said the cat could stay in the house as long as she did. One day she went home and found a lot of feathers on the floor, and the cat asleep on top of the piano. The cat had eaten the canary—several canaries. I said to Mrs. Fair, "I guess the cat will go now," but she said no. For two or three days we noticed that the cat didn't eat anything. He refused beefsteak, mutton chops, whipped cream, and all of the dainties. He had tasted the canary, and nothing but canary would satisfy him. So we are raising canaries now to appease the cat's appetite. The dog eats the bones and the crumbs which fall from his master's table.—Chicago Tribune.

Lufts of the Mind.

One is curiosity; that is a gift, a capacity of pleasure in knowing, which if you destroy you make yourselves cold and dull. Another is sympathy; the power of sharing in the feelings of living creatures, which if you destroy you make yourselves hard and cruel. Another of your limbs of mind is admiration; the power of enjoying beauty or ingenuity, which if you destroy you make yourselves base and irreverent. Another is wit, or the power of playing with the lights on the many sides of truth, which if you destroy you make yourselves gloomy, and less useful and cheering to others than you might be. So that in choosing your way of work it should be your aim, as far as possible, to bring out all these faculties, as far as they exist in you, not one merely, nor another, but all of them. And the way to bring them out is simply to concern yourselves attentively with the subject of each faculty. To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures, and thinking about them; and to cultivate admiration you must be among beautiful things, and looking at them.—J. Ruskin.

A Lucky Man.

His highness the gawkwar of Baroda, a Bombay paper remarks, is a man whom fortune has smiled upon from his youth. The romance of his life would read almost like a dream from the "Arabian Nights." Taken from the hills a poor little herd boy, adopted by a princess, he is clad in purple garments, decked with jewels, and has a scepter thrust into his hands. With loyal and peaceful subjects, a beautiful stretch of country for his state, magnificent palaces and well filled coffers from which he can afford to indulge his artistic tastes and his love for what is beautiful, he is a prince whom even princes might envy.—Montreal Star.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Clara—Yes, I knew you were there last night, though I did not see you. Hayriesso—Darling girl! It was a manifestation of that subtle influence which is felt by the souls of those that truly love. Clara—No, I saw the reflection on the ceiling, caused by the light falling on your head.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

THE RAZOR BACK.

The Racer of the Tennessee Mountains is Always Hungry.

Whoever places the horse or the dog next to human beings in the scale of intelligence and sagacity has never made the acquaintance of the Tennessee hog, the razor back. One who knows the pig only as the fat, sleepy, grumpy occupant of the sty has no idea of the spirit and wisdom, the daring and enterprise of the species, when born and reared among the rugged mountain regions of the Cumberland. In contrast with the close pen which is all the world his northern cousin ever knows, freedom is the very air his pigship breathes from the time when he opens his narrow, speculative eyes, in the beechen shade of the hills, until the unlucky day when he is cornered by human craft and numbers and reduced to bacon. His education begins in infancy, guided by his mother, who shows him the way into all the best gardens, orchards and cornfields. "He is a shifty fellow" was the remark given by a Cumberland valley farmer to a recent northern settler of the porker he was about to sell him. "He has allus shirked for himself." The purchaser gave one thought to his own garden patch; but not enough, for his summer was spent in devising barriers over which, or under which, or through which it was pastime for that hog to make his way, and the man's anger was finally lost in admiration of the sagacity of the animal, whose feats of agility and ingenuity enabled him to maintain his own healthy condition; and also to treat his friends, for he is not wholly selfish.

I have seen him plant his long snout under a gate, and raise it more and more, until he had wormed himself halfway through, then hold it, resting on his strong "razor back" until the drove of half a dozen or more followers under his charge had squirmed through, then, with an expressive grunt, he would lead a raid on the corn field, where a forest of tall stalks, from twelve to seventeen feet high, had been left supposedly bare, to decay during the short, wet winter. Piggy knows, however, that now and then an ear has been overlooked; and he enters the rows, cocking his head, now on this side, now on that, squinting up at the top of each tall stalk, until he sees an ear at the top; then quickly he straddles the bottom of the stalk, and "rides it down" within his reach. Quickly it is devoured and another sought out and captured, until the field is gleaned; when he rallies his troops and guides them into an agreeable irrigant to his rhinoceros-like hide; and the "hopeless farmer is often at his wits' end until the time when friendly autumn strews the mountain sides with "mast," which proves more attractive to these ubiquitous monarchs than are the cultivated gardens.

The Tennessee hog knows that the laws of his native state protect him, while the human would be masters of the snout must look out for themselves; and he acts accordingly. An unpleasant thing to meet is a drove of these pets when at of temper. They will turn in a moment and chase a man and dog till both would find it difficult to reach on a fallen tree; and there they will hold them at bay, with backs erect, in a sharp line of bristles—whence their name—and with grunting which cannot be described, gnashing their long, savage teeth, remind one forcibly of the wild boar, whence sprang their ancestry.—American Agriculturist.

Told by the Hands.

A rather unusual case of a policeman's sagacity is told by a gentleman of central Missouri. Some years ago Col. William F. Switzer, of Columbia, in company with an old gentleman of Howard county and a St. Louis physician, were in this city together witnessing some exhibition. During the performance a lady spectator exclaimed: "I'm robbed!" To prevent the thief from dropping the purse into another's pocket, Col. Switzer exclaimed: "Hold your pockets!" A policeman standing near by immediately and energetically ordered all the men in the immediate locality to stand in a line. Walking around the line twice, he began at the gentleman from Howard county and said: "You are a carpenter;" to the next, "You are a literary man;" coming to the next he said: "You are the thief," and, searching him, found the pocket-book. Asked by one of the gentlemen how he could designate a man's calling, the officer said: "The doctor there has caustic on his fingers; the carpenter has cuts on his hands; the literary man has ink on his fingers; the thief has hands which show no evidence of good work of any kind."—St. Louis Republic.

Realistic.

A number of literary people in Brooklyn indulged from time to time in amateur theatricals. They produced a comedy. One of the actors played the part of a burglar, and had to climb up the outside of the house in which the entertainment was given and enter through a window which was at the rear of the improvised stage. He hurried around from the dressing rooms and valiantly commenced to struggle up the wall, when a policeman grasped him by the neck, thinking him a veritable burglar. He started to explain, but the mission of the law would have none of it. The audience was wondering in the meantime why the play did not proceed, and the young actors and actresses on the stage were eagerly waiting for the burglar to enter and give them their cue, when they heard shrieks, yells, oaths and threats from the garden. Rushing out, they found the amateur burglar thrashing wildly around the grass, while a brawny policeman sat on his shoulders hammering his neck into the mud.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Do You Want a Job?

There are only five professional lion tamers in this country, with over 200 lions to be kept tame and in a peaceful state of mind. The salary of a tamer is never less than \$50 per week, and some of them get \$100. It is a light and easy employment, no regular hours, and always brings free tickets with it.—Detroit Free Press.

THE WEAVER.

Beside the loom of life I stand And watch the busy shuttle go; The threads I hold within my hand Make up the filling; strand on strand They slip my fingers through, and so This web of mine fills out apace While I stand ever in my place.

One time the web is smooth and fine And colored with a sunny dye; Again the threads so roughly twine And weave so dartsly line on line, My heart misgives me. Then would I Fain loose this web—begin anew— But that, alas! I cannot do.

Some day the web will all be done, The shuttle quiet in its place, From out my hold the threads be run; And friends at setting of the sun Will come to look upon my face, And say: "Mistake she made not few, Yet wove perchance as best she knew."—Mary Clark Huntington in The Independent.

The Diving Rod.

Professor E. Ray Lankester, having recently expressed some doubts upon the alleged powers of a boy "water finder," who has been in the employ of the Grinton Mining company, in the north of England, the chairman of the company, Dr. McClure, has replied to them, denying emphatically that the boy, whose name is Rodwell, is an impostor. He says that the lad when tested never failed to either find water or mineral veins, the lodes having always been found exactly at the places indicated. The diving rod which he holds only moves in obedience to the muscular contractions of his hands, and a rod of any kind of wood or even of any material substance whatever can be used, provided it be a conductor of electricity. Rodwell usually walks with his hands tightly clasped before him, and as soon as he steps upon a mineral vein of water he is powerless to unclasp them until he moves away from the region of the lode or conduit. The lad is about 14 years of age.—London Times.

Nature's Transformations.

There are many wonderful transformations in nature besides those which are common to the eye of the ordinary observer. Take for example the Medusa or common jelly fish. Born of the sea, the young hydrozoan becomes primarily a distinct free germ, resembling a grain of rice, next a fixed cup having four lips, which subsequently turn to tentacles, and it becomes a hydrate flower, which presently splits across the calyx into segments, whereupon it is made to resemble a pine cone crowned with a tuft of transparent filament. Now the cone changes into a series of sea daisies threaded on a peary stock, and these one by one become detached and float away, each a perfect little Medusa with purple bill and trailing tentacles.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Secular Education in Japan.

A returned missionary, who has been many years in Japan, has just been showing some curious effects of culture in that country. It seems that the Japanese have seized upon the idea of secular education with great avidity. While only 7,000 children go to school where religious knowledge is a part of the curriculum, over 3,000,000 attend where the teaching is purely agnostic. The young men develop a keen love for metaphysical doctrine and research, but their favorite authors are Mill, Spencer, Darwin and Huxley. As this tendency is accompanied by a great demand for English teachers, however, one would think that the missionaries had the means of opposing it in their own hands.—New York Star.

Little Child and Big Dog.

An amusing scene occurred on Essex street, near the Phillips schoolhouse, this noon. Two large dogs, weighing perhaps 100 and 120 pounds respectively, engaged in a short and savage battle, which ended by the 100 pound dog resting. Just as he turned tail a little girl about 6 years old rushed in on the scene, grabbed the 120 pound dog by the collar, kicked him in the ribs, cuffed him soundly over the ears, and then dragged him triumphantly from the scene, the big brute submitting with a shame faced air, and his head and tail down in an attitude indicating that he realized his naughtiness, and acknowledged the kicking and pounding as deserved.—Salem News.

A Remarkable Feat.

A most remarkable feat that I saw performed while on a recent hunting tour in southern Missouri was that of a native of that part of the country, who skinned a coon, or rather removed the coon from the skin through its mouth, thus preserving the skin intact, which I brought home with me and am having it mounted by a taxidermist. The feat I considered a most remarkable one. This is no fish story; it is the truth. The operator removed the flesh and bones, even the bones of the tail, feet and fingers, through the mouth, using no other instrument than a sharp penknife.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Behind the Times.

We fear that Dr. Stevens, of Philadelphia, has been imposed upon. He tells us that he has discovered the location of the human soul; that it is situated in the corpus callosum. We are constrained to think the doctor has been exploring in some old-fashioned cadaver, for we are assured by many authorities in the social world that it is no longer deemed good form to wear souls in the corpus callosum. Indeed, the most fashionable people, we are told, have discarded this practice of wearing souls at all; it is so bothersome to look after a soul and a pug dog at one and the same time.—Washington Post.

Look at Your Fingers.

Fingers which are smooth denote a tendency to act upon instinct, impulse or intuition, rather than by reason, calculation or deduction. Knobby fingers denote a tendency to order and arrangement. People with short fingers are quicker, more impulsive, act more on the spur of the moment than people with long fingers. If the fingers are very short it signifies cruelty and want of tact.—Philadelphia Record.

The Bid Was Withdrawn.

In Jacksonville, Fla., in the winter of 1848, an auction sale of the personal estate of a deceased planter, comprising some seventy or eighty slaves and other "chattels," was held in the public market place. I was glad of the opportunity to see for myself how such things were done. On beginning the sale the auctioneer announced that families would not be separated, but would be sold in "lots." After a number of "lots" had been duly brought to the block and knocked down to the highest bidder, a bright looking boy was brought forward and placed upon the stand. The auctioneer at the same time called an old colored man among the crowd to come up and stand beside the boy. He did so, and the auctioneer then said:

"Gentlemen, the old man is this boy's father; he lives in the West Indies, and is a free man. He wants to buy the boy and take him to his home and make him free. He bids \$400, which is all the money he has."

The intent of this statement was evidently to discourage any advance on that bid, and it touched a sympathetic chord in his audience. The crowd watched the proceedings for a minute or two in silence, while the auctioneer dwelt upon the bid of \$400, and was calling it for the third and last time, when, from the outskirts of the crowd, a voice bid "Fifty." Every eye was at once turned in the direction of the bidder, who was a rough, dissipated looking fellow, a typical slave trader in appearance. The auctioneer paused a moment, looked annoyed, and then repeated his previous statement concerning the old man, emphasizing the remark that \$400 was all the money he had. "And now," said he, "I am bid four hundred and fifty." From a dozen voices came the cry: "Withdraw your bid!" The auctioneer awaited the result. The bidder growled a surly refusal, saying he "wanted that boy, and had as good a right to bid as anybody." "Four hundred and fifty," came slowly from the lips of the auctioneer. The shouts of "Withdraw your bid!" were repeated in angry tones on every side.

"Well," said the bidder, "I withdraw it." The auctioneer quickly went back to the original bid, on which he dwelt two or three times, when down went his hammer. "Sold at four hundred. Old man, the boy is yours; take him down." The crowd cheered, and the principal figure in this little drama who, the moment before, had been the picture of despair, hurried down from the stand smiling and happy.—New York Sun.

The Natives of Serapit.

The population of Serapit turned out to see us. The women were a strange contrast to the men in appearance. While the latter were as lean as whipping posts and uglier than most monkeys, the former—at least those under 20 or so—were plump, solidly built, full bodied creatures, and there were at least half a dozen in the crowd before us who might fairly be termed good looking.

But the older members of the community, the women especially, almost pass my powers of description to give an idea of their weird ugliness. K. tersely summed them up as "baked monkey," but a monkey would at least have had a covering of hair, whereas these dreadful persons had nothing but their very scanty clothing to conceal any part of the leathery integument that was so tightly strung over their skeleton bodies and looked so hard and dry that you would not have thought they were men. Their faces seemed to consist of a thin skin drawn over a skull with a particle of flesh and looked precisely as if some one had tried to make a mask out of old leather, and falling had thrown it down in disgust and stamped on it. Yet they seemed neither decrepit nor idiotic. The men carried their complement of arms; one old fellow had gripped on the longest and crookedest sword there. He looked like Death with his scythe. A woman, who resembled one of the dried mummies of blacks found in North Queensland, was pounding paddy in a wooden mortar, so I concluded that appearances were deceptive and that they were not nearly so old as they looked. Indeed, the Malayan races are not long lived and really old people are very scarce—such an instance as the late Sultan of Brunei, who lived to nearly 100, being almost unheard of.—London Field.

Changed the Babies.

In Nordhausen there is a cafe in which one room is specially reserved for the cabmen belonging to the rank outside. The other evening the large hall of the cafe was hired for a fete, and after supper, when dancing began, those fathers and mothers who had brought their babies with them found that the latter interfered with their enjoyment. The perambulators containing the sleeping infants were accordingly pushed into the adjoining cabmen's room to be out of the way. The cabmen, angry at the infantile invasion, remonstrated, but, as no notice was taken of their objections, they hit upon a plan of revenge. Waiting till the pleasure seekers were completely engrossed with their dancing, they secretly changed the babies. When the fete was over, the parents came, looked out their own perambulators, and wheeled them home; but found, to their horror and amazement, when they lifted out the occupants, that they had got the wrong babies.—Court Circular.

Comfort for the Patient.

"Are you feeling better this morning, Uncle Henry?" "Yes, Angie, dear." "You'll soon be well now, won't you, Uncle Henry?" "I don't know, dear; I may never get up again; Uncle Henry is a very sick man." "Oh, yes, I know; but you'll soon get well. I heard the doctor tell pa this morning that all the doctors in America couldn't kill as mean a man as you." (Uncle Henry rallies and is well enough the next time the doctor calls to get his head under the sofa and maul him till the police break into the room. The diagnosis was correct.)—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.