

TAKEN FOR A LEPER.

MAN KEPT IN CONFINEMENT FOR SEVEN YEARS.

John Anderson Taken from His Home and Imprisoned Alone on the Belief that He Had Leprosy—Story of His Unique Case.

After being buried for seven years from the eyes of the world, consigned to a hovel in solitary confinement, fed from a trough into which his meals were dumped, and seldom spoken to by a human being, John Anderson, the leper of Lima, Pa., has at last been given his freedom. It has taken seven years to discover that the so-called leper was not a sufferer from that dread scourge, and the grand jury, after investigating the case, recommended that Anderson be sent back to his home in Sweden.

While the hearts of all Americans have been wrung with sympathy for the barbarous treatment of Dreyfus and his isolation on Devil's Island, there has been within a few miles of Philadelphia a human being deprived of his liberty, of association with his fellow men, treated like a wild beast, and buried in a living tomb. In all these years he has not touched the hand of a human being nor heard a voice save the occasional shout of the person passing his prison. As a consequence of his isolation, he has grown to be more of a savage than a human being.

Anderson, who is about 40 years of age, is a mechanic. For years he was employed in Roach's shipyard, at Chester. About seven years ago he was taken ill in his boarding house with a peculiar malady, which the attendant physician was at a loss to diagnose. Another physician was called in, who, in turn, summoned others, and after a consultation pronounced Anderson a leper. The authorities were notified and immediate steps taken to place him in solitary confinement. He was taken



HOUSE IN WHICH HE HAS LIVED.

to Media, consigned to the care of the authorities of the poor-house, and a house was erected for his safe keeping. Situated in the center of a fenced-in field, the nearest building to it being the barn of the poorhouse, a half mile away, with a big bare room, the furniture of which consists of a rude couch, an old stove, and a trough into which his meals are dumped. Anderson for seven long years has lived alone.

Fed from a Trough.
Since the day Anderson took up his abode in this house no other human



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE.

being has crossed its threshold. Even the pathway that formerly ran by the door has disappeared from lack of use, and no one has gone inside the fence, save the keepers, who carry the pail of food and dumped it into the trough. The house is desolation itself, the grass around it grows high and the small tree at the foot of the steps leading to the main door spread out its branches as if in token of warning to keep away. The front door was never open. Whenever the alleged leper had occasion to seek the fresh air he went out by the rear door, which is reached by nine high steps, at the top of which is a

small porch, the favorite spot of Anderson.

So fearful have the authorities and attendants been of the dreaded disease that the ashes from the stove created by the fuel burned by Anderson have never been moved from alongside the house in the seven years he has been under their charge, and to-day form a mound many feet high. Neither the house nor the porch nor the steps have been swept or cleaned in all this length of time.

Afraid of a Human Voice.

The other day a reporter called upon Anderson to tell him that he was to be released. As he opened the door he was greeted with a gust of air which for foulness beggars description. Entering the room, which was in semi-darkness, he opened a shutter to admit the light, and the scene that met his gaze was more revolting than the air that met his nostrils. The room was unoccupied. The floor was greasy, covered with dirt and filth. In one corner of the room an old comfortable stuffed with cotton, almost torn into shreds, marked the place where the alleged leper spent his nights. The crude wooden table, on which were some rust-covered tin dishes; an old chair, and an old iron barrel stove completed the furnishing of the room. The visitor entered another room and as the sound of his footsteps broke the silence he heard a startled movement in the far end, and the next minute a voice exclaimed: "Go away! Go away, in God's name. What do you want with me? Leave me alone to die." Assured that no harm was to come to him, Anderson was persuaded to come into the next room.

Aside from a pallor acquired by long confinement there is no unusual discoloring of the skin. There are no blotches or scales, which are the pronounced symptoms of leprosy, on his hands, face or neck, nor are the finger nails discolored or decayed. When informed that the grand jury had decided that he was not a victim of leprosy and that the State contemplated sending him back to Sweden, Anderson said: "I have no desire to go anywhere. For years I have been hounded and persecuted like a wild beast. I was taken forcibly from my home, brought here, chained to the floor. I became convinced there was no hope, no future—nothing but death before me. For seven years I have lived here alone until the sight of man, the sound of the human voice and the customs of the people with whom I was formerly asso-

ciated are so entirely unfamiliar to me now that it would be like beginning life anew. I have been branded as a leper, whom all my fellow beings have been warned to shun. My name has become a byword, my alleged affliction so well known that it would be impossible to cultivate acquaintances anew. If I were given my liberty I would be without home, without friends and unable to secure employment. It is best that I stay where I am until my end comes."

Spiders Help Make Balloons.

In the professional school at Chalmers-Mendon, the Industrie Textile states that spiders have now to spin for the benefit of the balloons which are used for scientific and military researches. The spiders are grouped in dozens before a reel, which withdraws the delicate threads. One spider can give a thread from twenty to forty yards in length, after which performance it is released. The threads are of pinkish hue, and are washed to remove the sticky surface layer. Eight threads have to be combined. The resulting texture is much lighter than ordinary silk of the same bulk, and strong cords for military balloons can no doubt be obtained in this way.

Typewriters Invented 185 Years Ago.

It is generally supposed that the type-writing machine is quite a modern invention, but there is a record in the archives of the English patent office for 1714 of an application for a patent for such a machine. Exactly 100 years later the firm of Bain & Wright applied for a similar grant and the construction of their machine afforded a basis that enabled a Mr. Thurber at Worcester to improve the system. In the year 1851 a Frenchman named Foucault obtained an English patent for a very ingeniously conceived writing machine, which was shown in the great exhibition of the same year and created no small sensation.

It's pretty hard to make a schoolboy believe in an all-wise Providence when it rains on a holiday.

THE STORY OF A RAZOR.



YOUNG Mr. Johnson had already several razors when he bought a set of seven, each marked with a day of the week and arranged in order in a case. His beard was not heavy—indeed, his mustache was pale and wispy—but he was extremely neat, and he insisted on shaving himself. He argued that it was necessary to have many razors to have one always ready. There were the razors that his father had used before him, they were of French make, a handle with several extremely thin blades; there was a fat razor of boarding school days that was included in a swap of a sled for a banjo; there were razors of English and American make; but young Mr. Johnson's favorite was white-handled, and it was to him as the apple of his eye.

Mr. Johnson married when he was about 25 years old a pretty girl of 20. She danced, and played waltzes on the piano, and she was sweet and amiable. They were happy, especially Sunday mornings when Mr. Johnson did not leave the house. They breakfasted late, and it was one of the wife's amusements to watch her husband shaving at his leisure. Those days he chose his white-handled razor. She would laugh at him when his face was covered with lather; she would keep saying, "Don't cut yourself, dear," and when his chin and cheeks appeared, smooth and shining, she would throw her arms about him, and cuddle against his breast, and say, "I never could love you if you had a beard," and then she would kiss him in the neck. And Mr. Johnson, holding the razor in the air above his head, would smile complacently.

They were happy in this foolish fashion for a year or so.

One morning Mr. Johnson did not leave the house, although the day was Tuesday, not Sunday. He did not shave himself; in fact, he had not shaved himself for two or three days. The next week a barber came and brought his favorite razor, and Mr. Johnson was clean and smooth for his coffin.

At first Mrs. Johnson insisted that her husband's things should remain just where he left them. And so in the bath-room the straps and the hones and the brushes and the soaps were ready to be used, and the razors were in order. The white-handled one was nearest the glass, and the others acknowledged its claim.

Mrs. Johnson would look at these things, and tears would come to her eyes. For the first month she kissed the white-handled razor daily. Her sister Maria, who had come to live with her—"until I die," said Lucy, "for I know I shall follow Harry soon"—discouraged her in "such nonsense." And gradually Mrs. Johnson began to find pleasure in life. One night when Mr. Mortimer called she was persuaded to play a waltz, and she even sang a pretty song, entitled, "Love for Eternity."

Mr. Mortimer's calls were frequent. He was a thick-set fellow, with a bushy black beard. His vitality in a room stirred the pictures on the wall; chairs



YOUNG MR. JOHNSON.

and sofas were uneasy until he had made a wise choice. He was prosperous in business and fond of farce-comedy. When he was dressed for a call or a dinner he smelled of musk. Mrs. Johnson became accustomed to him, and at the end of a year and a half she was Mrs. Mortimer.

The wedding was quiet, and even the bridegroom was comparatively quiet. There was a journey; New York and Washington hotels entertained "Mr. Mortimer and lady," and the routine of daily life began in the flat in which young Mr. Johnson had reigned. Sunday came, and Mr. Mortimer

dressed leisurely. After he had had his bath he strolled about in the bathrobe. He glanced at the newspaper, he cleaned a pipe, and then proceeded to bring out fresh underclothes and linen. Lucy in morning gown following him from room to room. Mr. Mortimer was putting on a boot. "Hullo!" he exclaimed; "I forgot to trim my corn!" He went into the bath-room, took the white-handled razor, and, stooping over, began operations. Lucy laughed and kept saying, "Look out, dear; don't cut yourself." And when he had pared almost to the quick, she said: "If I were you I'd keep that old razor for your corn. Perhaps you might sell the others. You'll never need them. I don't see how a woman can marry a



man without a beard—he isn't a man." And she cuddled against his breast and kissed him below the right ear. A discreet maid coughed near the door and said: "Breakfast is served."—Boston Journal.

On His Native Nerve.

"That was a strange experience," admitted the traveling man when some one had recalled the incident to him. "I'll tell you on the level that it converted me to the theory that there is a destiny that shapes our end and that the fellow who is willing to drift is not such a chump after all."

"As the boys say, I was on my uppers. No one questioned my ability on the road. I could sell goods to men who had no real use for them, and you'll admit that to be the supreme test of a drummer. If I had one forte above another, it was that of selling stoves. I could get rid of a hard-coal burner in a soft-coal district, and I could place a consignment of wood stoves in the middle of a prairie district."

"One morning I waked up in the modern Troy of New York, without a cent and without a job. To most men the situation would have been as cold as a polar expedition, but, as intimated, I'm a fatalist. After jollying the bartender for a patriotic cocktail and the barber for a shave, I went to the nearest stove factory. The clock struck 12 just as I entered the place. Before the handsome young man at the desk could say a word I had told him that I was on time. I think the remark was the inspiration of an extremity."

"We'll not stop to discuss terms at this time," he said. "You have an hour in which to catch a train. Here's your expense money. It is a new route, but it will serve to try you out." I was knocked daffy, but I took the money, caught the train, and sold stoves right and left. In a week I had a letter from the house asking who in the world I was and where I came from. The other fellow, for whom I was mistaken, had shown up and claimed the job. But they told me to fire away, and they raised my salary. I'm with 'em yet."—Detroit Free Press.

Slightly Inconsistent.

Some of the cheap novel writers are in a hurry to get their pay, otherwise they would revise their work, and not allow such startling statements as the following to appear in type:

"I grew up to manhood without ever knowing what the love of a parent really was, as my mother died when my eldest brother was born."

Hard Luck Story from Kansas.

When the Kirby bank failed in Abilene a Santa Fe conductor had in it \$2,000, which represented the savings of many years. In the course of time he received \$1,000 in dividends from the bank receiver, and this sum he deposited in the Cross bank at Emporia, which in turn failed.

The woman who always wears a smile is faultlessly dressed.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Rose—"Was he on his knees when he proposed?" Mary—"No; but I was."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"It's very astonishing!" exclaimed the campaign figurer. "What's astonishing?" "The singularity of this plurality."—Washington Star.

"Wonders will never cease. I just saw a stone walk." "Pooh! That's nothing. I have often seen a brick building."—Philadelphia Times.

Miss Totling—"Miss Sinece was born with a silver spoon in her mouth." Miss Dimling (after a glance at the mouth)—"Tables-poon?"—Harlem Life.

First doctor—"I've got to make a trip out of town to-morrow. Second doctor—"Business or pleasure? First doctor—"Both. I'm going to operate on a wealthy patient."—Life.

Stranger—"Is your society here very select? Arizona Al—"See them graves over thar? They was all filled by fellers who came to our dances without invitations."—Brooklyn Eagle.

"What became of Hyfler, who made so much money manipulating stocks last year?" "He's still manipulating stock. He's currying horses in a West Side barn."—Chicago Tribune.

Missess—"Sarah, how was it that I saw you entertaining friends in the kitchen again last night?" Sarah—"I'm sure I don't know, unless you looked through the keyhole."—The Windsor Magazine.

Mills—I have great admiration for the colors in the Spanish flag. Brills—Why so? Mills—Because they are the only things in the Spanish army that didn't run when our boys soaked 'em.—New York Journal.

Jill—You puckered up your lips so then that I thought you were going to kiss me. Jack—No; I got some sand in my mouth. Jill—Well, for heaven's sake, swallow it! You need it in your system.—Troy Times.

"Your mother seemed very much amused at the little story I told last night," he said, self-approvingly. "Yes," she replied, "ever since I can remember, mother has laughed whenever she has heard that story."

"Did you find the snakes pretty thick down there?" "Not very thick, but some of them were pretty long." "Oh, you know what I mean! Were there many round?" "Cylindrical" would be a better word."—Boston Transcript.

First swell (pretending to mistake for a waiter a rival whom he sees standing in dress clothes at the cloak-room of the theater)—Ah! have you a program? Second swell (up to snuff)—Thanks, my man; I got one from the other fellow.—Tit-Bits.

Cumso—Well, Cawker, did you name your new baby George Dewey? Cawker—No. Cumso—You told me that was your intention. Cawker—Yes. Cumso—Then why didn't you? Cawker—We decided, upon second thoughts, to name her Elizabeth.—Bazar.

Customer (severely)—"Do you sell diseased meat here?" Butcher (blandly)—"Worse than that." Customer (excitedly)—"Mercy on us! How can that be possible?" Butcher (confidentially)—"The meat I sell is dead—absolutely dead, sir." Customer (sheepishly)—"Oh!"—Tit-Bits.

"Plugging's dramatic school is making a winning, I hear." "I should rather guess. It is the most complete plant for the manufacture of actors ever installed. Why, he even has a hundred feet of genuine railroad tracks to teach them the true dramatic stride."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Say, pa," queried Willie, the other morning while preparing his geography lesson, "how many motions has the earth?" "I don't know, Willie," replied the fond parent, as he bound a towel soaked in icewater about his throbbing brow; "but they're numerous, quite numerous."—Chicago News.

"Say," said the bookkeeper, addressing the cashier, and winking knowingly at the office boy, "do you know anything about this new stamp-tax?" "Sure," replied the cashier; "what do you want to know?" "Suppose," continued the bookkeeper, "that I wanted to express my opinion, would I have to stamp the express receipt?" "Undoubtedly," answered the cashier; "but if you will allow me, I would suggest that you forward your opinions by mail." "And why by mail?" asked the autocrat of the ledger. "Because," replied the cashier, "as they have no weight, it would be much cheaper."—Chicago News.

"This is Mr. Pncer, is it not?" "Yes, sir." "You have rented a house fronting on Mulberry square, I believe?" "I have." "Well, my name is Ferguson. I have rented the house next to yours, and by a queer mistake the man I sent to clean it up so I could move into it went to the wrong place and cleaned up yours. His bill, which I settled, is quite moderate—only \$1.50—and I thought that if the work proved satisfactory on inspection perhaps you would not object to assuming the payment of that amount." "Not at all, sir, but I shall charge you \$1.50 for one day's occupancy of my house. That, I think, makes us even, sir."—Chicago Tribune.