

Leper Stricken Warriors.

We have no certain knowledge as to the manner in which leprosy was conveyed into Europe, but there is evidence to the effect that in the last century B. C. the disease had established itself in the Roman empire. Its subsequent spread throughout Europe can easily be accounted for; wherever the Roman eagles went the germs of the disease would necessarily accompany them and from this source Spain, France and Germany sooner or later became affected, and, although there are no records which enable us to trace the progress of the malady in Europe during several hundreds of years afterward, the steps that were taken to check its spread in the seventh and following centuries sufficiently indicate the alarming frequency of the disease and the virulent character it had assumed.

Leper hospitals would appear to have been established in Norway somewhat later than in other European countries. History tells us that in the Frankish kingdom these institutions were founded in the eighth and ninth centuries; in Ireland about the year 869; in Spain about 1007; in England in the eleventh century; in Scotland and the Netherlands in the twelfth, and in Norway in the thirteenth century. During and after the Crusades leprosy spread with alarming rapidity, and leper hospitals were rapidly multiplied all over Europe. It is estimated that in the twelfth century there were 2,000 such hospitals in France alone, and 19,000 in the whole of Christendom. So terrible were the ravages of the disease that it seemed as though some altogether new plague had been sent to punish mankind. Indeed some historians have asserted that the leprosy of the Middle Ages was introduced for the first time from the East by those who returned from the Crusades. As a matter of fact, however, leper hospitals existed in England some years before any of the Crusaders retraced their steps westward. The soldiers of the Cross doubtless brought with them many cases of severe leprosy, and an extremely virulent form thus became engrafted upon the disease already prevalent throughout Europe.

Turned Two Pages at Once.

The citizens of a Virginia town not long since, had been given due notice through the local papers, that on a certain evening Mr. Barnes would give an illustrated lecture at the Baptist church. There was a large attendance, and at the appointed hour the church was darkened and the entertainment commenced, the lecturer fronting the audience, while his assistant, who manipulated the apparatus and produced the views, was stationed in the gallery at the back of the church. The affair was progressing with great satisfaction when the lecturer announced the next view to be the natural bridge of Virginia, much to the wonder of the audience, who saw not even a place for a bridge, natural or unnatural, in the little village of a western state, when his very enthusiastic description was interrupted by his colleague in the gallery whose angry voice shouted over the heads of the people:

"For heaven's sake, stop Bill; you've turned two pages at once."

It was then that the people learned that the lecturer had been reading his wonderful descriptions from a book, and had not been careful in turning the leaves, hence his blunder.

Where Beauties are Bred.

The great beauties who take the social prizes in marriages are almost all bred in the lesser towns, gives a less conventional society where women a snatch at freedom in girlhood. You don't find them growing up with calisthenics, health lifts and a massage-use to do their exercise.

You all remember the painful story of a girl in a city home surrounded by every care who was strangled in the cords of her "health pull" one evening little more than a year since. Scarcely more pitiful is her fate than that of girls brought up to depend on such substitutes for work and exercise if they live. A sick, anemic woman, unused, unable to care for herself and all others, is the most pitiable, repugnant object on earth. You seldom find a lasting beauty which has not had a semi-Greek education of outdoor life and exercise behind it.

Take the beautiful Gunnings, who ran wild in their Irish country home, till their calculating mamma had raked and scraped enough to take them to Dublin and thence to London. The Gunnings were unlicensed hoydens, but their races over the hills gave them matchless complexions. Later still Mrs. Langtry took her beauty course, roving the Jersey lanes with her brothers, in sea air, living on peaches and coarse bread, with as little lessons as sufficed to fit her for London drawing-rooms.

Japanese Life.

A correspondent writing from Yokohama has much to say of the curios of Japan. He says: "Out here there are little gods, good gods and bad gods. They can be had from 50 cents to \$10,000 each. They are made from every material known to man from clay to crystal and gold. Of course, the wood Budhas, as they are called, are the oldest and most unique. Good old Budhas can be had from \$15 to \$35 Mexican. These are the prices here. It is always the best way to figure that an article costing say \$20 Mexican here will cost the purchaser \$20 in gold landed in the United States.

"I think Japan the most beautiful country in the world. The people are quaint and picturesque; the flowers are marvellous. At present writing I see before me two plum trees about 24 inches high, in full bloom, each tree about ten years old. A few days ago we had a little snow, and it was a sight to see roses, geraniums, plum and cheery blossoms, in full bloom, with snow on them. Next month we have the camellias, which are now in bud. They are all out in the open air, and in April two large cherry trees, ranging in size from eight to forty feet—though many Japs assure me that there are cheery trees eighty feet high. I have never seen them, but it would not surprise me if it were true, as I firmly believe the Jap gardener can do anything with trees and plants. I suppose youngsters will come that way some time in the near future. In August we have the lotus flowers; these are also worth traveling thousands of miles to see. October and November, the favorite flower, chrysanthemum, for a month. This is the flower show of the year.

"There is a little place called Dayozaka, near Tokio, where they have the chrysanthemum shows, and they are, for all the world, the same as old English fairs. Two criers at the door, clapping together two pieces of hard wood—this is to call attention to the show within—you then plank down two cents and get your ticket, which is a piece of wood about two inches wide, six inches long and half an inch thick; they are made this size so as to last a few years. I have had several invitations to visit the Shibiya theatre at Tokio when the great Danturo acts. This man is called the Booth of Japan; his pay is \$10,000 for twenty-one nights.

"The costumes of the company are the most lovely things I ever saw; they are beyond description. I really came out here to form another Japanese village, together with a Japanese opera company composed entirely of Japanese ladies and gentlemen, with brass and string band. I'm sure of all except the opera part, although there are sixty graduates from the Conservatory of music (in our music) they cannot sing. My idea was to do 'The Mikado' with a Japanese company and proper costumes; not one of the companies at home ever costumed the piece properly.

"The brocades one sees out here are perfect robes, particularly old priests' robes. We have paid as high as \$160 for a full suit. If I had come out here ten or fifteen years ago, I could have attained the finest collection in the world for my little money that would have been worth half a million at this moment. There are several men that came here twenty-five and thirty years ago who bought little 'odds and ends' from time to time at very small prices, and find now their collection to be worth from \$500,000 to \$3,000,000. Pieces of gold lacquer work that cost a mere trifle ten to twenty years ago are now worth hundreds of dollars."

Gave Her Life to Save Her Dog.

On Thursday, a week ago, as the lightning express passed through the suburban town of Oak Park, near Chicago, Mollie O'Brien, a young girl in the employ of Mrs. R. H. Salter, attempted to cross the track. She was accompanied by a Scotch collie, which was a great pet in the family. The young girl reached the opposite side in safety and turned to see where the dog had gone. Seeing that the dog was in imminent danger of being run over she started to save him. The crowd on the opposite platform screamed for her to go back, but she heeded not her own danger, and as she reached the steps, slipped and fell, just as the great monster rushed past. The train did not crush her, but the driver on the wheels broke her neck instantly.

People rushed to her assistance, but it was too late. Placing her on the platform kind hands and curiosity seekers crowded around her, but the great noble dog she had tried to save kept all away from her. Placing himself by her side he licked her poor bruised hands, and in every way tried to awaken her. No one dared touch her, and not until an old friend of the family came would he leave her for a moment. Miss O'Brien was twenty-three years old, was born and raised in St. Louis.

Story of a Diamond.

"There's the most beautiful diamond I have ever seen during an experience of thirty years with the sparkling gems," said a veteran diamond merchant of Philadelphia as he held up a stone that seemed to live in fire. From every facet radiated brilliant colors, and the hue of the stone was that of steely blue, which delights every connoisseur of the precious gems. The diamond did not weigh over six carats, but it was easily worth \$5,000.

"That stone has a tragic history," continued the man of jewels as he laid the diamond to rest amid a nest of snowy cotton. "It comes from the De Beers mines, in South Africa, and was discovered by a coolie employed by the company. His practised eye saw that the gem was a marvellous one for beauty of color, and a desire to steal it overcame him. Well, he did steal it, and to conceal the diamond about his person—for the coolies work almost naked in the diamond mines—cut a hole in the flesh under his arm. But the wound did not heal, and the observant eye of the foreman saw what was the matter. A few days after he charged the coolie with having stolen a diamond, but the negro denied it.

"When Jack, the foreman, reached for his sore arm the thief made a dash and ran towards the outskirts of the camp like a deer. The foreman followed him, but the fleet-footed negro outstripped him. He knew that a severe punishment awaited him if captured, and centred all his effort on getting away with the stone, whose value would have made him rich for life, but Jack was equal to the emergency, and drawing his pistol shot the coolie through the back just as he was taking to the hills. His dead body was dragged back into camp, his arm cut open and this beautiful gem in the rough was taken from the incision. It's a tragic story, but true as gospel, and only a sample of what has happened more than a hundred times in the diamond mines of South Africa."

The New Stamps.

The new designs for the new series of postage stamps have been approved by Third Assistant Postmaster General Hazen, and it will be only a few months before they are in general circulation. It is the first time in years that a postmaster general has been identified with the issue of an entire series and this administration intends to make the new stamps models of beauty. The American Bank Note company, which has the contract, is doing remarkably good work in the matter and the designs submitted have greatly pleased Gen. Hazen. The change in size will be first marked, while the change in color of the two-cent from green to red has already been recommended. Instead of the figure donating denomination being in the center of the stamp at the bottom, one figure is in each of the lower corners, thus giving prominence to the denomination. The new one-cent stamp, of old, is blue, with the head of Benjamin Franklin. The new two-cent stamp has Washington's head. The four-cent stamp has Jackson, while a change has been made in the five-cent stamps by placing the portrait of Gen. Grant on instead of Garfield. Garfield has been promoted, and his head now ornaments the six-cent. The other stamps of the series are not yet ready, but there is very little change in the general designs except some are finer and more delicate in engraving. New designs and dies have been made for stamps, and although the designs of the stamps are in some cases the same, fresh portraits and better ones have been made for the new issue.

Great Men's Doubles.

When Grover Cleveland made his lecturing tour through the country Henry Coe, of Indianapolis, chanced to drop into Watertown, Wis., at about the same time that Mr. Cleveland was expected. Mr. Coe, totally oblivious of his supposed resemblance to the president, was greatly surprised at the excitement caused by his appearance upon the streets of Watertown. As he passed along the store doors were filled with people, while handkerchiefs were waved from the windows, and here and there a small boy let loose a quavering "hooray." When he turned in at the hotel he was met with a proposition to dead-head him and his entire party—not not the entire democratic party, but the Cleveland travelling party—and this gave the whole snap away. Gen. R. S. Foster had a similar experience when he went on to New York to attend the funeral of Gen. Grant. Wherever he went, there were hundreds of people looking at him, and he was much disturbed at the interest he excited, and the ungrammatical remark frequently repeated, of "That's him!" until he was informed that he was mistaken by many of the populace for Gen. Hancock.

Spain's Royal Route.

It is difficult to understand why the Spaniards, a proud, sensitive people, should have submitted so long to a ruler whom they could not respect; her good-hearted, happy-go-lucky nature seemed to cast a charm over them. Her total lack of reticence appealed to them; they could follow so easily the workings of her mind, whether with childish petulance she was reproaching her ministers with betraying her or confessing with remorse she had wronged them. If her sins were open, so was her repentance. Year by year, when Holy Week came round, this woman, who for the other fifty-one weeks had been outraging every law, human and divine, knelt in church for the hour together, and with loud sobs and groans proclaimed her sorrow for the past, her resolution to make amendment in the future. Her subjects, seeing her sorrow, sorrowed too, and when Easter day arrived were as convinced as she was that a new era of her life was at hand. The Maundy Thursday services never failed to win for her hearty adherents. She washed the feet of the beggars with such manifest zeal and spoke to them with kindly, loving words; served them with food as if she thought it a privilege to do so; and at the close of the feast cleared the table with a dexterity that showed her heart was in her work.

Her splendid robes—she always wore full court dress upon these occasions—seemed to enhance the touching humility of her attitude, and although the free thinking part of the community scoffed at what they called the popish mummery of the whole affair, that was not the feeling with which the bulk of the population regarded it. One year, while she was serving at table, a diamond fell from headdress on to the plate of one of the beggars. A dozen hands were outstretched to restore it to the queen, but she motioned to the man to keep it, remarking simply: "It has fallen to him by lot."

Her generosity was unbounded. It is not in her nature to say "No" to a beggar, while the one point upon which she made a firm stand against her ministers was in insisting upon her right to exercise mercy, and the hardest struggle she ever had with them was apropos of a pardon granted at the request of Ristori.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A New Game.

Have you played speculation? If not, learn how and you will be happy. A number of people sit around a large table. A pack of cards is dealt out. From a second pack a card is drawn and hid. The players receive fifty chips each, all of equal value and given without purchase. The cards dealt are then bought and sold, by and among the different players. For this two minutes are allowed. Then the dealer calls the board to order and proceeds to call off fifteen cards from the second pack. As each card is called the duplicate from the players is to be thrown to the middle of the table. It becomes lost and is worthless. Then two minutes more are allowed for buying and selling, when fifteen cards more are called and discarded; a third sale is made and ten more cards are called. As cards grow scarcer their value increases from two chips apiece to as high as thirty or even fifty. The fourth call is for seven cards, which leaves four cards more, one having been discarded. Bets of all kinds may be made, the remaining card bought or sold, and excitement at this point runs high. Bets as to which will be the last card, the one corresponding to the one drawn, are freely made. As each remaining card is slowly drawn, shouts go up on the winnings and losses; bets are doubled, every chip probably being placed on some one card. There remains two cards on the table and the dealer turns one. At this point the excitement is at its highest pitch, and when the result is finally made known every one shouts and pandemonium reigns. The player having the last card receives a prize, likewise the one having the greatest number of chips. Chips are again divided, cards dealt, and from the second pack an unknown card taken, and the game proceeds. One beauty of the game is that each player furnishes a prize. The prizes ought not to be of more than 25 cents value. If economical, they create all the more fun, as each one is wrapped up so as not to be recognized. The winners select their own prizes from among the number. The selections thus produce great hilarity.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

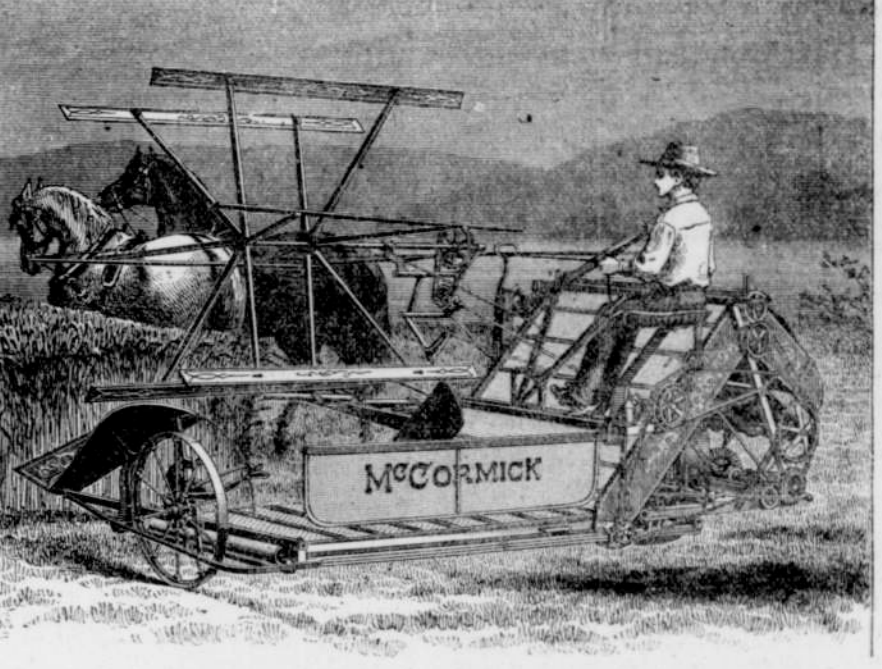
When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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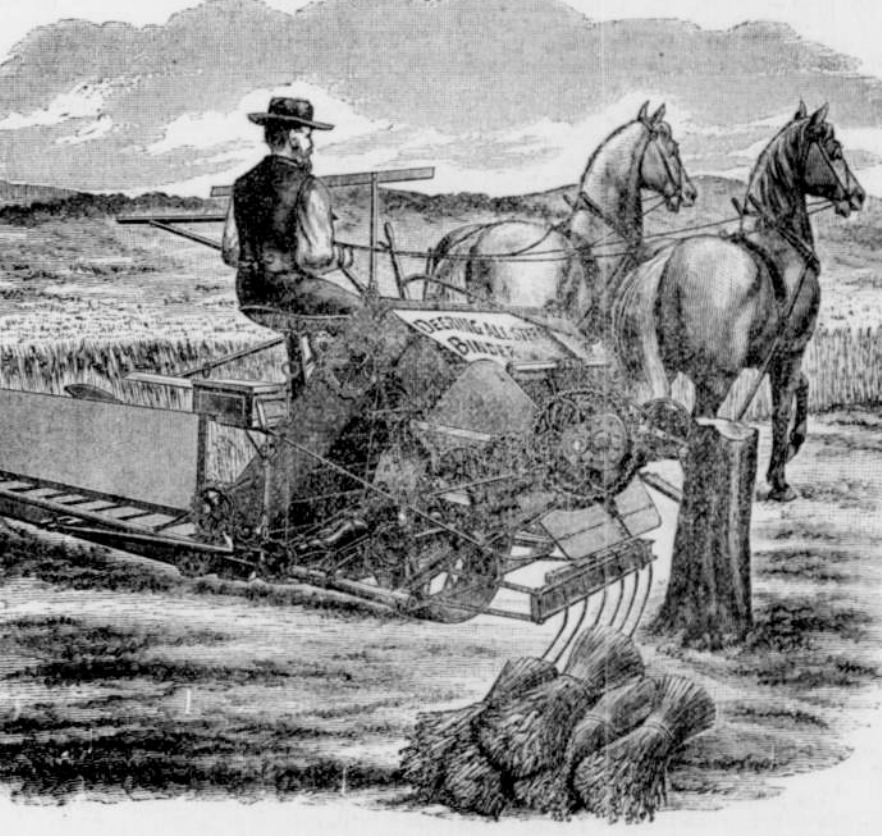
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HARDING & HEATH.