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"THE NORWAY SHEEP."

The flerce wind breaking from his bonds

The storm drum shows its warning sign; guils swoop and cry; The fleecy clouds are driven fast ac stormy sky; og the sands the fresh foam gouts in gh

"God guard the ships at sea to-night," the

ing keen eyes across the war

row may be told? the wild white sheep of Norway are coming -All the Year Rounds

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"Two pretty girls on the boat at any rate," said Harry, as the three friends alighted at the wharf. "There should be one more, though-one for Tom, poor fellow; he has no knack of making ac-"Yes; it's too bad about Tom," re-

"Yes; it's too bad about Tom," remarked Phil, derisively.
"I do not care to meet any one," said Tom; "you shall have clear field today, boys. Fact is, I'm tired of talk, especially society talk; it's all hollow. If I could exchange thoughts for a while with some interesting party, I think I should quite enjoy it." You might as well be a deaf and

"Suppose you travel as one this after-noon," said Harry; "you will hear can-dor enough;" and the novelty of the proposition secured its laughing accept-ance before they had reflected on its ab-

From that moment Tom was deaf and dumb, and, strolling forward on the boat, he seated himself near the two young ladies, and his friends, in a spirit of merriment, began a make believe con-versation with him on their fingers.
"Tell him we'll be back after a while,"

said Phil; "also, that we'll see to the tickets, and that he can just sit here and enjoy himself as well as he can. Poor fellow, it is hard to be so afflicted, even

This information having been communicated, apparently by the signs, the two sauntered away, leaving Tom with the ladies, who had been interested spectators of all the little pantomine. Of course they had their views to exchange on such an unusual event as a deaf and dumb compagnon du voyage worth a million, and Kate began immediately, in

her impulsive way:

"Isn't it sad, Milly? and he is young and handsome, too; yes, he would be called so—that is, in some places; we would have thought so at Mme. Bertrand's. His eyes are good, and his must have all the contract and the must real and the same and the contract and the same and the contract and th trants. His eyes are good, and his mus-tache—no, it isn't red, not real red. It's blonde, it's that new color, not terra cotta, but like it, you know—that lovely new russet. And worth a million, too; I suppose he'd give it all to be able to hear. I wonder if he can talk, and if

hear. I wonder if he can talk, and if he was born so; if not, it must seem all the worse; and those friends of his, how heartless they are to leave him alone! Probably no one else on the boat knows how to talk with him."

"But I presume he can write," said Milly. "He looks intelligent enough."

"Indeed he does," responded Kate; "and more than that, he looks cultured and scholarly; and notice in what good taste he dresses; nothing to indicate his taste he dresses; nothing to indicate his wealth, no jewelry—yes, there's a watch-chain, but it's small and it's allowable;

wealth, no jewelry—yes, there's a watchchain, but it's small and it's allowable;
it's necessary, it subserves a purpose. He
wears no ringn, and do you notice how
taper and white his fingers are? and—
See the ship go sailing over there against
the hill. You know, Milly, we must not
talk of him when he's looking straight at
us—these deaf people are so quick; he
could tell what you said by the motion of
your lips. Whenever he looks around
we must talk of ships, for fear that—
There goes another one; that is a steamer,
Milly; you can tell that, Milly, by the
steam and it's going through the water.
There, see how I met that crisis? I never
moved a visible muscle. You must excuse
me if I tell you all sorts of foolish things
about ships when he turns those deep
eyes on me. They are beautiful eyes,
Milly, soft and brown and good. I think
he is a good man—that is, he would be
if he could hear and talk; not goody
good, but a man of character—a gentleman under all circumstances."

"Oh, do take breath, Kate," said
Milly. "How you rattle on, no matter
what the subject! But tell me, would
you marry such a man?"

"Do you mean if I loved him?" was

what the subject! But tell me, would you marry such a man?"

"Do you mean if I loved him?" was the reply. "Why, of course, I would marry any one I loved."

"But I mean," explained Milly, "could you love him?"

"Oh, that's one of your puming ques-tions," replied Kate. "That depends—if he loved me, perhaps; if he prized me above all other women, if I was neces-

know I wish she wouldn't come? She's deceitful. I some way have no confidence in her since that Percy affair. She encouraged him for months, until his father failed. But let us shock her; don't tell her the mystery of our friend here, and we will hearify her."

They might have succeeded had it not

'How do you do, Agathaf" said Kate, "How do you do, Agatha?" said Kate, affably. "Won't you sit here with us awhile? This is the coolest place on the boat, and the most pleasant, too. We have such a charming companion; look at him, Agatha—isn't he handsome? He is a little sunbrowned, but that's because he travels; he hunts and fishes and flirts, and leads a very happy life. He has money, too, invested beyond the reach of failure, and he is of stalwart, manly brild, and even—Milly, there is another ship, there somewhere; I can't see it yet, but I will look for it—and, as I was saying, he looks self reliant and dignified, and kissable and adorable,"
"Why, Kate, are you crasy?" said

Agaths.
"Not that I am aware of, Miss Agaths," replied Kate, loftly.
"But, Milly," continued the new-comer, "how dare she talk so in his

"Oh, Kate means no harm," said Milly, blandly. "He is a gentlemanly fellow, and doesn't care what we say, and he is sunburned and dignified; Kate

"Is he a friend or relative of yours?"

asked Agatha.

"Relative? No," said Kate. "Friend? I do not know. I am his friend, and his name is Tom. Whether he is my friend or not, remains to be seen."

"Well, young ladies," said Agatha, "your conduct is, to say the least, inexplicable. I certainly should grieve to hurt the feelings of this gentleman or of any person. Perhaps you may not be giving offense or doing anything unconventional. I do not wish to misjudge you—there is some mystery about it that I cannot fathom. But I must go below with mamma."

with mamma."
"Well," said Kate, after Agatha left, "that was a curious position for her to take; as though we were possibly doing anything wrong—the idea! Her whole speech is unlike her; there is, as she

speech is unlike her; there is, as she says, some mystery here."

"Indeed there must be," replied Milly.

"She have feeling! She has none for anybody. Something in her voice reminds me of the day when she told the madame how she had been inveigled into that excursion, of which she was the

"Yes, I remember just how she looked," said Kate. "I tell you there is treachery here. Let us go to the cabin for a while. Some way I feel uneasy."

When they had gone, Tom rose, walked to the side of the boat and seriously con-

to the side of the boat and seriously contemplated jumping overboard. His
cheeks burned at the position in which
his folly had placed him, and he was so
angry at his friends as to have given
them little grace had they appeared just
then. It had been awkward, terribly
awkward and distressing. Why hadn't
he left when first they began to talk't
He had placed one of the brightest,
sweetest, most beautiful girls he had ever
seen in a false position which would always mortify her, make her hate him,
and make him hate himself. He had
been a dishonorable spy, an eavesdropbeen a diahonorable spy, an eavesdrop-per; he had listened to private conversa-tion. Thoroughly vexed and chagrined.

said, very sternly:
"Boys, through your amazing idea of a joke I have disgraced myself. Unless

said, very sternly:

"Boys, through your amazing ides of a joke I have disgraced myself. Unless you'do just as I ask you, and help me out, I never want to see or speak to either of you again."

The boys, who had heard something of the facts through Agatha, laughed till the tears streamed down their faces—laughed, in fact, until Tom became so enraged that they dared not irritate him further. So they readily promised to assist him in any way he might desire.

Tom remained below, sullen and reticent, until they reached Rockledge landing. There he and his friends left the boat, and when once on the wharf he saw to his dismay that a party, including the three young ladies, had also landed, and that the steamer was already under way. He must keep up the farce for a little longer, at least until the next boat back. Reaching the hotel—and there was but one—he took the landlord into his confidence and evolved the following ingenious plan of action: He was Mr. John Baird, who had come in over the mountains to meet his evolved the following ingenious plan of action: He was Mr. John Baird, who had come in over the mountains to meet his twin brother, Mr. Tom Baird, who had come up on the boat. To this notable scheme his two friends heartily assented; but once away from him, they fairly roared when they reflected that Agatha was in the Becret, and would probably disclose it at just the wrong time. In pursuance of the plan, however, Mr. Bennett, the landlord, begged of Kate and Milly that he might introduce Mr. John Baird, who just came in from the Rockkill Valley.

When Baird was introduced, although he had changed his clothes and appearance as far as possible, Kate's stately "hauteur" and Milly's withering scorn almost from his blood.

"I believe we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Baird on the boat this afternoon," said Kate icily.

"One Mr. Baird, I have no doubt," said Tom recklessly, "Mr. Tom Baird, my twin brother. Poor fellow; you doubtless noticed his infirmity, only of recent date, too—very recent, in fact; he wouldn't come down to night—he avoids society, naturally; he's a great hand to rise early and be gone all day in the mountains, and at night take dinner in his room."

been that Agatha had just been talking with Harry on the lower deck, and, under pledge of secrecy, he told her of the joke which he began to realize was more on Tom than on any one else. So Agatha, however, understood the situation, and sought to make the most of it by cultivating Mr. John Baird, as she affected to believe him. In this she made but little headway. Meanwhile, it became notorious through the hotel that Tom, whom she knew by reputation.

"How do you do Agatha!" said Kate.

"How do you do Agatha!" said Kate. Mr. "Tom" Band had rambled away to a village down the river, and had thence gone to the city, telegraphing for his valise. Some credible people had seen the dispatch, and it was quite as well known that a valise had been sent to Mr. Tom Baird at his city address. These little incidents, though perhaps not entirely convincing, at least gave Kate and Milly an excuse for treating Tom courte-Milly an excuse for treating Tom courte-ously—a toleration of which he made the The fact is, Tom was desperately, hope-lessly in love with Kate; and she was so ar interested as to remark, without eeming offended, several little inconsist-

encies in his story.

"I observe, Mr. Baird," said she, "that your friends, when speaking in haste, are quite as apt to call you Tom as John. Doubtless they confound you with your unfortunate brother. You must be very

answer or observation in a pained, re-proachful way, and changes the subject. At length there was a revelation which Kate could not overlook if she desired to; for Agatha, jealous that her arts were vain, and that Tom should be monopoby her rival, at last said: "Hov long, Kate, are you going to keep up that stupid farce? Why, I knew all the time how it was, even on the boat; Harry Bishop told me. Deaf and dumb, indeed!—Tom Baird deaf! What a joke! presume, however, you regret that he

"And you knew and did not tell us!" said Kate slowly; and with deliberate scorn. "You teach me the value of your friendship, Miss Vine; you knowingly witness our mistake in order to further your own selfish ends."

your own selfish ends."

She turned away proudly, passed down the long porch and slowly away through a winding forest path. Her self control was superb. Yet at last, when far from the beaten track, in the heart of the woods, she seated herself on a rock, buried her face in her hands and shook with sobs which she could no longer repress—sobs born of bitter mortification at her mistake and the notoriety which it must soon obtain. Suddenly her name was spoken, and Tom stood before her. She sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing with fire, her face queenly in its scorn.

"How dare you, sir, intrude again upon me! Again dishonorably, like a

'Miss Norman," said he, with a quiet earnestness which commanded her atten-tion, "I stand on the brink of a cliff; it is perhaps a hundred feet down to the rocks below. A few words I must say to you, and then, unless I have won your full forgiveness, I will swear an oath"— and he spoke with dramatic intensity— "to throw myself down this precipice as some poor atonement, the only repara-tion left me, for my folly and for your

much earnestness? What woman that loved? What woman could ask a man to jump a hundred feet down on jagged rocks? A handsome man, a man with a million—a man who, as he told her, oved only her, and offered to prove it by

million—a man who, as he told her, loved only her, and offered to prove it by jumping any time she gave the signal.

As, at last, they walked home arm in arm along the shadowed, sinuous path, she said: "Tom, how dared you swear you would jump if I didn't forgive you? Would you have really jumped?"

"Oh, that's a leading question, my love," was the reply. "I probably should have jumped, for I felt thorougly wretched at the time, and hated myself for having caused you such pain. Then, too, my dear, you may also bear in mind that I did not really swear I'd jump. I said in effect that I would swear, which is quite a different thing. Again, my dear Kate, the cliff is not quite as high as I stated in my excitement."

"You said one hundred feet, Tom—one hundred feet to the rocks below."

"Oh, did I? Well, so it doubtless is, my dear; one hundred feet to some of the lower strata, perhaps—not to the upper ones, however. One more kiss, Kate, just one; that is really the last chance. Around the bend we will be in plain sight of the hotel."—M. M. Case, Jr., in Frank Leslie's.

Signed the Lord's Prayer.

How easy it is in Russia to get a high official's signature to any sort of a document may be illustrated by an anecdote that I have every reason to believe is absolutely true. A "stola nachainfik," or head of a bureau, in the provincial administration of Tobolsk, while boasting one day about his power to shape and direct governmental action, made a wager with another chinovnik that he could get the governor of the province—the late governor Lissogorski—to sign a manuscript copy of the Lord's Prayer. He wrote the prayer out in the form of an official document on a sheet of stamped paper, numbered it, attached the proper seal to it, and handed it to the governor with a pile of other papers which required signature. He won his wager. The governor duly signed the Lord's Prayer, and it was probably as harmless an official document as ever came out of his office.—George Kehnan in The Century.

The Burber's Fast Record. The Barber's Fast Record.

A barber in Bostom affects to be disgusted with the record of a London barber who, on a wager, shaved sixty men in sixty minutes. The Boston man says that he has frequently disposed of the grizzly growths of twelve faces in tenminutes "just for fun," and that the London artist's feat is as nothing. He talks of challenging the barbers of America to a shaving match for the championship of the United States.—Chicago News.

Faith Not the Only Panaces Found Out Pharmacopola—Queer Remedies. beneficial effects of faith bave probably come under the observation of us all when it has become a question of a change of doctors. The old medical attendant does not please, a new one who has been highly recommended. attendant does not please, a new one who has been highly recommended is engaged, and so great is the patient's faith in the new comer that the progress of a fatal disease often seems arrested. It is, of course, but a temporary check, and it is only a question of time before another new doctor is looked for. Sometimes, on the other hand, when it is not a case of the destruction of the vital organs, a cure has actually been effected. Frequently, too, patients become impressed with the curative value of certain medicines, and doctors of long standing have been puzzled to say where imagination

been puzzled to say where imagination or faith ended and reality began.

Faith, however, has by no means been the only panaces found outside the pharmacoposis, as the shrewd manufacturers macopæia, as the shrewd manufacturers of elixirs, charms, amulets and magnetic thingumbobs very well know. Even the liar thralldom of imaginative medicines. Bishop Berkeley, whose idea concerning the westward course of the star of empire has become proverbial, was a very clever, very sedate and very good man, yet he was a victim to the idea that he had discovered a cureal. The universal restor-ative in his case was tar-water. Stir a quart of tar in a gallon of water, and drink three glasses of this water daily, said the bishop, and you would never know what it was to suffer pain or even discomfort. Berkeley was not content with calling the tar a simple remedial agent, but he went so far as to write books about his tarry water, claiming that tar contained the vital element of the universe. For a time tar water had a proverse. For a time tar water had a pro-digious success. Tar water warghouses were established, and every one was going to be cured of everything. Then the people began to remark that there was just as much sickness about as ever, and gradually the fad died out.

Another great remedy that set people agog some two hundred years ago was the earth bath. Establishments were opened all over Europe where the paopened all over Europe where the pa-tients were covered up to their necks in loose, dry earth, and thus planted were supposed to be cleansed of every infirm-ity and impurity known to human na-ture. Human nature continued obsti-nately to get out of gear notwithstand-ing the earth cure, and so the establish-ments were closed up and the soil carted off to the nearest garden.

Faith has had some curious allies in effecting cures. Aided by the peculiar

effecting cures. Aided by the peculiar forms of colite called toadstone and ea-glestone, it has been a charm against disease, shipwreck and famine. a proper amount of faith, the two unat-tached bones found in the heads of some fishes, when mounted in gold and hung around the neck, will prevent the colic. With the powerful adjunct of faith it has been found that a ring set with a bloodstone would stop hemorrhages; that an amethyst ring would cure drunken-ness, an agate was efficacious against eye diseases, a jasper against the dropsy, a sapphire against insomnia, and coral against nervousness.—San Francisco

It is always expedient in India to have ichneumon)about the nouse anakes, or to draw attention to them anakes, or to draw attention to them about. My ichneumon) about the house to keep away when they are crawling about. My wife's dog probably saved her life by barking at two anakes which got into her dressing room. A cat with kittens once drew my attention, by her extraordinary antics, to a large cobra which she was trying to keep away from her young ones. The mungoose is the professional enemy of the snake, and goes for him at once to kill him, and, perhaps, to cat him. There is no valid foundation for the belief that the mungoose has recourse to an antidote to protect itself from the the snake's venom. The mungoose re-lies on his own agality and sharp teeth, and on the course hair of his skin, which and on the coarse hair of his skin, which will avert most snake bites. But if the snake gets well home, so as to lodge his poison in the mungoose's skin, that mungoose will surely die. It is not dissimilar to the case of the common village pigs in India, which are well known as scavengers and carrion eaters. They will kill and eat any snake that comes in their engers and carrion eaters. They will kill and eat any snake that comes in their way, and the hide of their hard and hairy bodies and legs is almost snake proof. But if a cobra bites a pig on a soft place, so as to plant his poison under the skin, that pig will surely die.—Foreign Letter,

Masters of Sword and Pen.

Gen. Sheridan handled the pen as deftly as the sword. When his autobiography was concluded it was submitted to a distinguished literary critic. When asked for his opinion of the style, the latter replied that he became so absorbed in reading about Sheridan's fights that he forgot all about the style of the narrative. It is a notable fact that great soldiers are usually successful when they lay aside the sword for the pen. Cossar and Xenephon described their own campaigns better than any historian who ever attempted the task. Napoleon's letters will stand as models of style for all time. Cardinal Newman considers Wellington's dispatches the best specimens of compact English in existence. Gen. Grant's book has now universal praise for its directness and simple purity of style. Von Moltke, too, through 'silent in seven languages,' is a most vigorous and eloquent writer, as his letters from the Orient testify.—Once a Week.

When the sewing machine first came into general use it was feared that it would do away with the means of support of the sewing girls, making it a simple matter for every household to compass all its own sewing in comparatively no time at all. But, contrary to conjecture, precisely the opposite has been the result; for the sewing machine made plain work so easy that tucks, ruffles, insertings, and all the finer fancies of the needle, done by its aid, came to be as much a matter of course as the plain seam used to be, so that work accumuseam used to be, so that work accumulated beyond all expectation, and the class of sewing girls found more to do than they had ever dreamed of having; and those who had worn the simplest sort of clothes suffered from a prevalent feeling which made plain clothes seem to manifest a want of taste and elegance

and care for appearances.
With all this superabundance, fanciful outting out and putting together again, of stitching and trimming with bands and edgings, that came in for the bands and edgings, that came in for the white underwear with the sewing machine, the outside wear presently could not fail to correspond in intricacy; and thus embroideries, furbelows, pleatings, draperies, and all the rest of the insignis of fashion belonging to the gown, have come in their turn. The consequence of this raising of the straight seam to its highest power is that she who once dressed herself with simplicity would now be out of the world in her old style and manner, and finds it best to sacrifice her tastes and deck herself out like a doll, as tastes and deck herself out like a doll, as it seems to her, and she who used to be the French doll incarnate has to worry her brains and her modistes to invent something that shall exceed all previous bambinos, and be an impossibility to her imitators till it is time for something else.

And thus the innocent looking little sewing machine has brought about a complete revolution in fine attire; has raised dressmakers' prices from \$5 \$40, with the intermediate grades, and those far exceeding the larger figure; has made it necessary for the woman who used to buy her best black silk for a dollar and ninepence a yard, and when cut and basted for "two and threeafternoons, now to hire a mantuamaker with skill at the old and a knack for the last new wrinkle, and to pay for one gown what would have supplied her whole wardrobe twenty-five years ago.—Har-

An agent has just left my rooms after vasting a half hour of time in vain attempts to persuade me into purchasing a faucet filter—made in some new fan-gled way. There is really no such thing as a filter for water that can be used at tached to house faucets. At best, they have never been anything else but strain ers, and recent experiments prove them to be worse even than that, for they are shown to be nests for propagation of just such impurities as they are calculated to remove. Far better take chances on Croton or Cochituate direct than to have the already laden water made a breeding place for bacteria by so called filters.

They are not to be trusted. This water question continues to be of the utmost public importance, and it seems extraordinary that typhoid fever and other filth diseases should not rage to far greater extent than reports show, if our drink is as foul as it is said to be.

scare has been very much overworked. There are leaders in the medical profession who say directly that modern pracsion who say directly that modern prac-tice of medicine has actually nothing to show in the way of better results than ancient, and that no greater percentage of patients recover in palatial hospitals than in the rough shanties where sick were kept a hundred years ago; and certainly the past heated term, with its accompanying immense consumption of water, has not shown any increased death water, has not shown any increased death rate—slightly the reverse. If one's water supply be distinctly and sensibly impure, try some other source; otherwise, it is a question if it be not unwise to disturb one's mind about microscopal bacilli, that have been swimming about ever since Adam.—William F. Hutchinson, M. D., in American Magazine.

Not Injurious to Her Health. In the face of facts like these and of many more that might be adduced, we cannot believe that nature has placed before woman any constitutional barrier to the collegiate life, but that so far as physical reasons are concerned, she may enter upon it with no more fear than a man may. That an increasing number of women will do this, and that it is best for the state that all should do it who are destined to be instructors of the youth of the republic, is in my mind not

at all doubtful.

What is to be the result? That is the crucial question. On the physical health of the educated woman it will be beneof the educated woman it will be beneficial. Observation, so far as it is now
possible, shows that the work of the full
college course is favorable to bodily
health. The regularity of life, the satisfaction of attainment, the pleasant companionship, the general broadening of the
girl hature, tend in that direction. Speaking of "nervous or neuropathic" young
women, Dr. Charles Follen Folsom, of
the department of nervous diseases in
the Boston hospital, writes that it his
opinion that "the higher education is a
conservative rather than a destructive
force."—Arthur Gilman in The Century,

The Boundary Line Poets.
The fron posts that mark the northern boundary line between the United States and eastern Canada are at every cross road that leads into Canada, and designate, as the inhabitants there say, "Line 45." They stand above the ground about three feet, and have four sides, on which appear the following inscriptions: 1. "Boundary, Aug. 8, 1842." 2. "Albert Smith, United States Commissioner." 8, "Treaty of Washington." 4. "Lieut. Col. I. B. B. Esteourt, H. B. M. Commissioner."—Frank Leslies,

COMMUNICABLE DISEASES.

Disease can be divided into municable diseases. We use this in preference to contagious or into because these two words have in a parted so far from their original ing as to convey no correct ties or relationship. There is great var the method in which diseases are municable. Some, like hydropho man and glanders in horses, are veyed only by direct contact we abraded surface, which is equival inoculation. Even our common we disease can only be induced in this Other diseases which are communication of the particular tissue to they will attach. Thus, althoug bacillus of tuberculosia is probably missible, it is only to those whose are in a peculiar state of recept

missible, it is only to those whose lungs are in a peculiar state of receptivity. Other diseases, such as the commones eruptions, vary exceedingly as to the degree of their communicability.

It is sometimes quite difficult to determine the extent to which the communicating particle can be carried. It is probable that the air from a smallpox hospital has given the disease to a person a mile distant. On the contrary, scarlet fever has been brought into the ward of a full but well aired hospital and continued there a day without a single person contracting the disease. If we could be sure as to the secretions and all the skin separations from scarlet fever it would not be a very communicable disease; yet we have known a dress folded up at the bed of a dying patient and placed in a trunk, to convey the poison to a family of children four miles distant, when the dress was unfolded in their presence three months afterward. Whooping three months afterward. Whooping cough and diphtheria are probably never conveyed by the first case occurring, except by the breath or sputa of the patient. Measles, on the other hand, are communicated at much greater distances. In general, any one of this class of diseases having become epidemic, the communication, to others is from houses and clothing far more than from persons. Difficult as it is to determine accurately all the facts as to the conveyance of these diseases, their is to determine accurately all the facts as to the conveyance of these diseases, then transmissibility, their times of inception and the time of greatest risk of conta-gion, or when the patient ceases to be a risk to others, no subject is of more vital

importance to communities.

Dr. Vacher, the medical officer of Birkenhead, and Dr. Dukes, of Rugby, have given much attention to the subject and have classified a large number of cases as to the time from the first symp

cases as to the time from the first symptom to the beginning of eruption to cention of fever, and the time from the beginning of eruption to cention of fever, and the time from the beginning of eruption to when the patients ceases to be infective. They state the latter as follows: For smallpox, 56 days; measles, 27 days; scarlet fever, 40 days; diphtheria, 28 days; mumps, 21 days; typhoid fever, 28 days.

These will serve as general guides. In all cases where schools are concerned the, time of return should be guarded. It is to be remembered that more depends upon the cleanliness of the house and family and upon the garments wern than upon the person. It is often a question how far boards of health shall require reports of contagious diseases. In any ports of contagious diseases. In good system of sanitary government report is required as to smallpox, so ports of contagious diseases. In any good system of sanitary government such report is required as to amalpox, scaffet fever, diphtheria, typhus fever, chelera, and as to measles when extensively opidemic. We think strict rules should be enforced upon physicians as to such report, but that they should be paid there, for, inasmuch as such report is of special service, quite different from the certification of a death. The habits of different countries and states differ much, but all agree that the report should be made by some one. This is rendered more excential by recent facts, which show that by early and strict isolation the common communicable diseases are often prevented from becoming epidemic.

It is often a question how for attendance at funerals should be prevented in cases of death from communicable diseases. We know of a recent case in which the attendance of children at a church funeral, the death having been caused by malignant diphtheria, probably led to a dozen deaths and many cases in a sparse country village. The exposure is far greater for children than for adults. If all details as to the washing of the dead body, the dealing with clothing, the time of transfer to the coffin, the use of disinfectants, could be carefully regulated, it is probable that the risk would

disinfectants, could be carefully related, it is probable that the risk we be very little; but as we cannot rely the carrying out of all these details, better to prohibit public funerals and announce cause of death in all case the more dangerous communicable

the more dangerous communicable diseases.

Similar caution is needed as to the
visits of friends upon those who are thus
sick. While there is no need of such fear
as will preclude assistance from older,
persons where there is need of help, there
is no excuse for exposing the young.
With due precaution as to airing garments, it is very rare that communicable
diseases are carried to others by the
casual visitor. We thus desire to caution
all against unnecessary exposure, and to
secure public opinion as an aid in preventing the spread of a class of discuss
which counts so many victims.—Noy
York Independent.