

barrels which were omitted to be emptied for over a week, recently in one of the best quarters of the town, and had Mr. Cholera been here he would have had a fine feast. Should the dire disease arrive at our shores, no quarantine will avail if reeking garbage is left rotting in our streets and lanes for days. We are not alarmists, and, as far as we can judge, the chances are against the cholera's visiting us, as an epidemic, this year at least, but we should never be caught unawares, and our health lamps should be always kept trimmed. Spasmodic efforts die away quickly, and no doubt Mr. Mayor you have heard the fable of the boy, guarding the sheep, who kept crying "wolf! wolf!" when there was no wolf, until when the ravager really arrived, his cries were unheeded, and the flock decimated. From which allegory we may learn that we should be prepared at all times, and not merely when we are immediately threatened with the enemy. Therefore Mr. Mayor do not relax your efforts, but keep the Health Department (if you can) up to the collar, so that we may be able to defy the cholera, should we be called upon to do so.

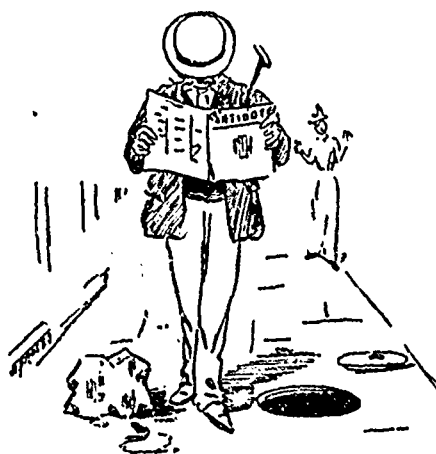
Long-Lived Animals.

Threescore and ten are the years allotted to man, though the majority give up life's battle long before attaining the natural term. The king of beasts probably prowls his native heath a similar length of time, for even in confinement he has been known to live this period. A lion called "Pompey" was in the Tower of London over seventy years, and another, brought from the River Gambia, died at the age of sixty-three. The elephant has the advantage of him in this respect.

Ajax captured an elephant from Porus, a king of India. He inscribed upon a plate particulars of this victory, and this being annexed to the animal it was set free. It turned up again three-hundred and fifty years afterwards, still bearing the plate recording the circumstance.

To descend at once from the largest to one of the smallest of living creatures—the tortoise retains its life for a surprising length of time. A document, called the "Bishop's Barn," among the archives of Peterboro Cathedral, contains some interesting particulars of a tortoise which dwelt in the palace garden over two hundred and twenty years. Bishop Marsh's predecessor remembered it over sixty years, and he was the seventh bishop who wore the mitre during its sojourn there. Its shell was perforated and attached to a chain in order to restrain its propensity to appropriate the fruit of the garden to its own use.

The Lambeth tortoise, which took up its quarters in the garden in the time of Archbishop Laud, about the year 1625,



THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING TO BE
THANKFUL FOR.

lived contentedly there till 1753, when it died through some neglect of the gardener. Its shell is preserved among the curiosities of the museum. Sir Robert Heron, Bart., in his notes, professes an acquaintance with two tortoises, which were brought over to this country from Rochelle, soon after the siege. At the time of his introduction to these creatures, which took place in 1827, they were in the possession of Mr. Reid, who resided near York.

Several specimens of the Indian tortoise promenaded the garden of the Zoological Society in apparent vigor, though each had seen over two hundred years.

In Grant Allen's story of the "Great Taboo," the action of which is recent, a mystery is cleared up by a parrot which landed on the island in the company of an English sailor during the reign of King Charles.

What parrots are a long-lived tribe is certain. That the domesticated creatures which amuse us by their conversational talents do not often compete with Methuselah is due perhaps to ignorance as to their natural mode of feeding, to change of climate, and to the confinement, which is not conducive to longevity in any animal. Instances are known, however, of parrots living in domestication a hundred years, and even more.

Le Vaillant mentions one he saw which had been caged ninety-three years. The "Magazine of Natural History" for 1838 states that a person who had been in possession of a grey parrot for thirty-two years obtained it from a relative who had kept it forty-one, its age thus being at least seventy-three years. The same journal mentions two parrots whose ages were known to be eighty-five and one hundred respectively. Professor Schnlze of Göttingen relates that a parrot brought from Italy to France in 1633 was living in

1743 at the age of one hundred and ten.

The age to which the swan may attain affords naturalists an opportunity of showing some disparity in their estimates. Bacon sets it down at a hundred, Goldsmith extends its career to three hundred years. Probably it is somewhere between.

At Alkmaar, Holland, in 1672, there flourished a swan which wore a collar bearing the date 1572. In Molleson's museum there is a stuffed bird, known to fame as the "Old Swan of Dun," which died in 1823, aged two hundred years.—"Yankee Blade."

The Meanest of Thieves.

He Delays a Marriage by Stealing the Prospective Groom's Money.

Sneak thieves and burglars are a mean set; some are meaner than others, but W. J. McGrath, of Marshall, Mo., who is at the Midland with his bride to-day, is of the opinion that the meanest thief in the world has headquarters in Montgomery City, and that the State is entitled to what distinction there may be in it.

Three or four days ago Mr. McGrath journeyed from Marshall, in Saline County, to Montgomery City, in Montgomery County. His was a blissful state; his heart went up and down like a churn-dasher as he came nearer and nearer Montgomery City, and finally when he arrived he was in that blissfully nervous state which precedes matrimony. The wedding ceremony was set for the next day after his arrival. Before leaving Marshall the prospective bridegroom, a tailor by profession, donned his wedding trousers. Deep in the northeast pocket he planted securely \$480.

The night before the wedding the trousers containing the money were hung carefully across the back of a chair in the room occupied by Mr. McGrath. In the morning they were found in the yard, the carefully ironed creases all out, the pockets cut and slashed and the \$480 gone.

Undismayed by what would have been the wreck of others' hopes, the prospective bridegroom journeyed back to Marshall and had another pair of trousers made, with deeper, wider pockets.

Then placing another generous roll of greenbacks, this time in the southeast pocket, he again returned to Montgomery City.

No sleep was indulged in by the bridegroom this time. The new trousers were carefully guarded, and on yesterday the plucky youth led his bride to the altar.

To-day the newly wedded pair are at the Midland, and the bridegroom is happy that he has scored a point on the thief who was mean enough to steal a bridegroom's trousers, therefore creating what some might term a hiatus in his trossseau. —From the Kansas City star.