

German Syrup

"We are six in family. We live in a place where we are subject to violent colds and lung troubles. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Cough, Hoarseness, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and spitting up blood. I have tried many different kinds of cough Syrups in my life but let me say to anyone wanting a medicine—German Syrup is the best. That has been my experience. If you use it once, you will go back to it whenever you get it. It gives total relief and is a quick cure. My advice to every sufferer with Lung Troubles is to try it. You will soon be cured. In all the families where we used German Syrup we had no trouble with the coughs at all. It is a medicine for this winter."
John Franklin Jones.

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

Getta Liver Pills act so kindly in the stomach, the delicate female or infirm old can upon the vigorous man.

Tutt's Pills

Give tone and strength to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder.

MY FEVER CURED TO STAY CURED.

ASTHMA

CURE FITS!

U. S. No. 156 York, Neb

World's Fair Notes.

Wyoming's building at the Fair will be the French chateau style of architecture, 50 by 70 feet, two stories high, and will cost about \$20,000.

Robbed While Asleep.

A queer case was tried in the circuit court of Louisville Friday. The defendant was a man who was captured in the act of committing burglary.

The Rabbit and the Kittens.

J. R. Chapman has a cat that found a young rabbit in the field a few days ago and carried it home, placing it with her kittens, and now the rabbit is just like one of the family and seems to be as happy as any of them.

Winning a Bride.

Rich banker—So you have no real estate; you are neither a plumber nor an iceman, and yet you dare ask me for the hand of my only child.

THE Nebraska Newspaper Union,

YORK, NEB. READY PRINTS, WHOLESALE STATIONERY AND INKS.

OUR LIST embraces many of the best papers in Nebraska, Kansas, Wyoming, South Dakota, and the Northwest, and offers Advertisers a combined weekly issue of over 37,000 copies.

ELMER E. LESH, Manager, YORK, NEBRASKA.

Odd Fact—And incidents

No hat or bonnet was seen in any part of the audiences that attended Worcester (Mass.) musical festival.

Aubrey's Famous Ride.

"The greatest physical achievement ever accomplished in this country," said John F. Graham at the Glenarm to a reporter of the Denver News, "was the ride of F. X. Aubrey from the plaza of Santa Fe, N. M., to the public square at Independence, Mo., a distance of nearly eight hundred miles, through a country inhabited by warlike Indians, a large part of which was then a sandy desert."

Being urged to give an account of the great ride, Graham proceeded: "It was about the year 1821 that Aubrey gave his wonderful test of human endurance before which all other attempts of the kind pale into insignificance. He was a short, heavy set man, thirty-eight years of age, in the prime of manhood and strength. His business for ten years as a Santa Fe trader had made him perfectly familiar with the trial and all the stopping places. He was a perfect horseman, and although there were great riders in those days, none of them cared to dispute the palm with Aubrey. On a wager of \$1,000 he undertook to ride alone from Santa Fe to Independence inside of six days. It was thirty-nine years ago that he undertook the terrible feat. It was to be the supreme effort of his life, and he sent a half dozen of the swiftest horses ahead to be stationed at different points for use in the ride. He left Santa Fe on a sweeping gallop, and that was the pace he kept up during nearly every hour of the time until he fell fainting from his foam-covered horse in the square at Independence. No man could keep with the rider, and he would have killed every horse in the west rather than have failed in the undertaking. It took him just five days and four hours to perform the feat and it cost the lives of several of his best horses. After being carried into a room at the old hotel at Independence, Aubrey lay for forty-eight hours in a dead stupor before he came to his senses. He would never have recovered from the shock had it not been for his wonderful constitution. The feat was regarded by western men as the greatest exhibition of strength and endurance ever known on the plains."

Rat Killing.

Rose O. Franklin of Brockton, Mass., owns a bay horse known by the name of Shiloh that is possessed of a peculiar accomplishment. Mr. Franklin's stable, a rather old building, is infested by rats that give the horses much trouble, stealing their food and making themselves pets generally. It began to be observed a short time since that in Shiloh's stall there were to be found every morning one or more of the rodents dead, the crushed bodies of which indicated that they died violent deaths. But what that death was remained a mystery until one of the stablemen discovered that the big bay was himself the executioner. He was watched at his work, and the strategy and cunning of the animal are said to be remarkable. He will stand over a rat hole for any length of time without stirring, his ear alert and his eyes fixed on the hole. Then, as the rat breaks cover abruptly and hurriedly, as they always do, Shiloh brings down the sharp hoof of his uplifted foot upon his little but harassing foe, crushing the life out of him, and if he fails to strike the wily creature, will overtake him with his powerful teeth, throw him against the side of the stall, thus breaking his back. It is but seldom that this curious ratter fails to kill his prey. The horse actually seems to enjoy the sport, for he will repeat the trick again and again, and if any one stands and watches him at it he will, without ceasing to be on the qui vive for the rat for an instant, occasionally turn his intelligent eye on the spectator as if to say, "I'll catch him yet."

Swallowed His Cigarette.

Dr. Lapeyre mentions a remarkable case, in which an elderly gentleman, in consequence of a sudden slap on the back, unconsciously drew the cigarette he was smoking into his right bronchus, where it remained without causing any symptoms or in any way revealing its presence for nearly two months, when it set up pneumonia in a circumscribed area, and produced cardiac weakness and some edema of the lungs. After this condition had lasted without much change for about two months the patient expelled during a violent fit of coughing the cigarette, enveloped in mucus and waxy looking matter, and then remembered that he had never found his cigarette after the slap on the back four months before. The pneumonia persisted for two or three months after the expulsion of the foreign body, and some edema of the right lung, due probably to embolism, remained at the date of the report nearly a year later. This, as well as some other cases that have been published, appears to show that the bronchi are exceedingly tolerant of foreign bodies, even when not encysted.—London Lancet.

Knapsacks for School Girls.

The tendency of young girls carrying their school books under their arms, or in bags or portfolios hung from the arm, is said to be to distort the figure. German doctors are exhorting parents to provide young girls between the ages of 11 and 14 with knapsacks for carrying their school books. In many parts of Germany this equipment is already in use, and to the unaccustomed eye of the stranger nothing is more comical than suddenly to come upon a crowd of little girls trooping out of school, each provided with a knapsack for the march.

She Was Ready.

Yesterday morning at exactly 10 o'clock a well-dressed young man entered a gate on Congress street east and pulled the door-bell of a house. No response. Then he turned to the front of the house and pulled the bell again. After waiting and watching for a couple of minutes he went to the side door. Getting no response to his repeated knocks he pulled a paper from his pocket and was making a "mem" when a second-story window was carefully raised, a pail of water balanced for an instant on the sill, then souse it went over the young man below. He uttered a yell and leaped into a lilac bush and from there he reached the fence and gained the street. Just then an officer came up and asked: "Anything the matter?" "Oh, only a trifle." "What are you doing in there?" "Trying to collect interest on a chattel mortgage—that's all. Lady told me to call at 10, and I called. She was ready for me. Good day."—Detroit Free Press.

Two English Authors.

I reached London just too late for the annual authors' dinner, which is one of the events of the season there, and on this account, and because my time was entirely taken up by the law business about which I had gone over, I did not meet as many of the literary men as I should have liked to meet. I saw a good deal, however, of Edmund Gosse, who is one of the most polished and delightful of men, and has always been very kind to me. His house is a sort of center, his Sunday evenings being delightful occasions where one may meet a score of writers, sculptors and painters.

Too Good to Sell.

In his life of Horace Greeley, James Parton tells of an old newsdealer who could not be persuaded to sell the last copy of The Tribune remaining on his stand until he had had time to read it. A similar measure of independence appears to lie in the character of the Italian who trundles his fruit truck to the curb in front of The Sun building every night. For a week or two he has been selling the California imitation of Tokay grapes, and his boxes are emptied very soon after dark. The other evening three customers stood at the curb waiting their turn. One asked for half a pound, and the Italian snipped a cluster in two and placed it in a brown paper horn which he rolled deftly over his hand.

Quoted Seed from a Crane's Claw.

A very wonderful plant is at the Allegheny conservatory. No one knows to what class it belongs or anything about it. It is the object of much speculation among botanists, and they anxiously await the development of a bud that is forming. Then, they say, they can place the plant. The botanists have a suspicion that the plant is a tropical one, and Superintendent Hamilton is treating it on that supposition. The history of the plant so far as known is a unique one. During the summer one of a party of gunners brought down a crane. It was a beautiful specimen, and the taxidermist of the party set to work to mount it. In the bird's claw were found several seeds. With a view to learning if the seed was killed by the bird eating it they were placed in water. In a few days the seeds sprouted. They were planted in loam and kept in a warm room. Edward V. McCandless took charge of it. The plant was an object of interest to Mr. McCandless and his botanical friends, and its development was closely watched. Last week it was transformed to the conservatory. The leaves are long and broad and heavy, not unlike a species of palm.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

How Col. White Feeds the Sparrows.

Every day about 10 o'clock there appears in the doorway of the Pierrepont house, Brooklyn, a gentleman with gray hair and whiskers of a rather English pattern. The man is Col. P. White, who for the last twenty years has been a boarder at the Montague street hotel, and who is well known as the very house he inhabits.

The Heroines of Young Writers.

A woman with a turn for literary work who notices that she is distanced, as far as success and admiration goes, by rivals inferior in mental capacity to herself, flies eagerly to the society of her own fancies and makes her pen her greatest friend. It is the lot of many girls to pass their childhood or youth in a somewhat monotonous round of domestic duties, and frequently in a narrow domestic circle with which they may have no great intellectual sympathy. It is a delightful consolation for the shortcomings of the social life around them to build up an imaginary picture of social life as it might be—full of romantic adventures and pleasant conquests. In manufacturing her heroine the young recluse puts on paper what she would herself like to be, and what she thinks she might be if only she had golden hair and a wider sphere of action, or if men were wiser and more discerning.

Buffalo Herds a Half Century Ago.

I think I can truly say that I saw in that region in one day more buffaloes than I have seen of cattle in my life. I have seen the plain black with them for several days' journey as far as the eye could reach. They seemed to be coming northward continually from the distant plains to the Platte to get water, and would plunge in and swim across by the thousands—so numerous were they that they changed not only the color of the water but the taste, until it was unfit to drink; but we had to use it. One night when we were encamped on the south fork of the Platte they came in such droves that we had to sit up and fire guns and make what fires we could to keep them from running over us and trampling us into the dust. We could hear them thundering all night long; the ground fairly trembled with vast approaching bands, and if they had not been diverted wagons, animals and emigrants would have been trodden under their feet.—Gen. John Bidwell in Century.

Some Definitives of Home.

The London Tid-Bits offered a prize for the best definition of home. Here are some of the best of 5,000 answers sent in: The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

The Drummer Must Play Poker.

According to the evidence taken in the supreme court, Brooklyn, yesterday, it is absolutely necessary nowadays for salesmen, drummers and other employees of wholesale houses to be expert poker players. The suit on trial was brought by Samuel Steincke to recover 10 per cent of the profit from January 1, 1895, to June 1, 1898, of the firm of Christian A. Schmidt & Co., manufacturers of upholsterer's materials, at 449 and 451 West Fourteenth street, this city. The profits during that time were \$25,000. Steincke was engaged to look out for the business and drum up customers. When the firm's lawyer took Steincke in hand he produced a letter written by Steincke, confessing that he had lost all his own money and \$200 belonging to Mr. Schmidt at poker. Steincke admitted this to be true, but alleged that he had been told to play poker with customers or those likely to become customers, and if he lost the firm was to reimburse him. That custom existed in all business houses, he said. Judgment was entered for Steincke.—New York Times.

Animals That Move Lively.

The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls over five inches in fifty seconds; a lady bird can fly fifty million times its own length in less than an hour; an elk can run a mile in seven minutes; an antelope can run a mile in a minute; the wind mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly fifty-four miles in an hour; while a canary falcon can even reach seven hundred and fifty miles in the short space of sixteen hours.—Exchange.

Rent Out Bibles.

There is a firm in town that hires out Bibles. There is a popular impression that every family possesses a Bible, a Dictionary and a copy of Shakespeare. This impression, like many popular impressions, seems to be an erroneous one. The Bibles thus hired out are expensive ones and suitable to hand over to a fashionable clergyman or a bishop, if a church dignitary so high as a bishop is favoring the family in question with a call or visit. Such an interesting religious episode in the life of a fashionable family as the appearance of a bishop usually known in advance, and the Bible is secured in proper time.

An Eye for Business.

Dr. Ford—May I ask why this refusal? Miss Millions—Certainly, doctor! You know my sister married a lawyer, so if I expect to get any of papa's money I must marry a lawyer also.—Munsey's Weekly.

Jay Gould and the Cranks.

Mr. Gould has some difficulty in keeping out of the way of the cranks, dangerous and not dangerous, who hang about his office door. They come for all purposes, from slaying him to interesting him in flying machines and other enterprises. One day a crank wrote to warn him that he would be shot if he did not put up the stock market before 3 o'clock in the afternoon. This crank's letter had scarcely been read before another was received warning him that he would be shot if he did not put down the market before 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Whichever way the market went we was to be killed, and the dilemma amused Mr. Gould more than anything that occurred in a long time.—New York Sun.

Two English Authors.

I reached London just too late for the annual authors' dinner, which is one of the events of the season there, and on this account, and because my time was entirely taken up by the law business about which I had gone over, I did not meet as many of the literary men as I should have liked to meet. I saw a good deal, however, of Edmund Gosse, who is one of the most polished and delightful of men, and has always been very kind to me. His house is a sort of center, his Sunday evenings being delightful occasions where one may meet a score of writers, sculptors and painters.

Too Good to Sell.

In his life of Horace Greeley, James Parton tells of an old newsdealer who could not be persuaded to sell the last copy of The Tribune remaining on his stand until he had had time to read it. A similar measure of independence appears to lie in the character of the Italian who trundles his fruit truck to the curb in front of The Sun building every night. For a week or two he has been selling the California imitation of Tokay grapes, and his boxes are emptied very soon after dark. The other evening three customers stood at the curb waiting their turn. One asked for half a pound, and the Italian snipped a cluster in two and placed it in a brown paper horn which he rolled deftly over his hand.

Quoted Seed from a Crane's Claw.

A very wonderful plant is at the Allegheny conservatory. No one knows to what class it belongs or anything about it. It is the object of much speculation among botanists, and they anxiously await the development of a bud that is forming. Then, they say, they can place the plant. The botanists have a suspicion that the plant is a tropical one, and Superintendent Hamilton is treating it on that supposition. The history of the plant so far as known is a unique one. During the summer one of a party of gunners brought down a crane. It was a beautiful specimen, and the taxidermist of the party set to work to mount it. In the bird's claw were found several seeds. With a view to learning if the seed was killed by the bird eating it they were placed in water. In a few days the seeds sprouted. They were planted in loam and kept in a warm room. Edward V. McCandless took charge of it. The plant was an object of interest to Mr. McCandless and his botanical friends, and its development was closely watched. Last week it was transformed to the conservatory. The leaves are long and broad and heavy, not unlike a species of palm.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Swallowed His Cigarette.

Dr. Lapeyre mentions a remarkable case, in which an elderly gentleman, in consequence of a sudden slap on the back, unconsciously drew the cigarette he was smoking into his right bronchus, where it remained without causing any symptoms or in any way revealing its presence for nearly two months, when it set up pneumonia in a circumscribed area, and produced cardiac weakness and some edema of the lungs. After this condition had lasted without much change for about two months the patient expelled during a violent fit of coughing the cigarette, enveloped in mucus and waxy looking matter, and then remembered that he had never found his cigarette after the slap on the back four months before. The pneumonia persisted for two or three months after the expulsion of the foreign body, and some edema of the right lung, due probably to embolism, remained at the date of the report nearly a year later. This, as well as some other cases that have been published, appears to show that the bronchi are exceedingly tolerant of foreign bodies, even when not encysted.—London Lancet.

Knapsacks for School Girls.

The tendency of young girls carrying their school books under their arms, or in bags or portfolios hung from the arm, is said to be to distort the figure. German doctors are exhorting parents to provide young girls between the ages of 11 and 14 with knapsacks for carrying their school books. In many parts of Germany this equipment is already in use, and to the unaccustomed eye of the stranger nothing is more comical than suddenly to come upon a crowd of little girls trooping out of school, each provided with a knapsack for the march.

She Was Ready.

Yesterday morning at exactly 10 o'clock a well-dressed young man entered a gate on Congress street east and pulled the door-bell of a house. No response. Then he turned to the front of the house and pulled the bell again. After waiting and watching for a couple of minutes he went to the side door. Getting no response to his repeated knocks he pulled a paper from his pocket and was making a "mem" when a second-story window was carefully raised, a pail of water balanced for an instant on the sill, then souse it went over the young man below. He uttered a yell and leaped into a lilac bush and from there he reached the fence and gained the street. Just then an officer came up and asked: "Anything the matter?" "Oh, only a trifle." "What are you doing in there?" "Trying to collect interest on a chattel mortgage—that's all. Lady told me to call at 10, and I called. She was ready for me. Good day."—Detroit Free Press.

Two English Authors.

I reached London just too late for the annual authors' dinner, which is one of the events of the season there, and on this account, and because my time was entirely taken up by the law business about which I had gone over, I did not meet as many of the literary men as I should have liked to meet. I saw a good deal, however, of Edmund Gosse, who is one of the most polished and delightful of men, and has always been very kind to me. His house is a sort of center, his Sunday evenings being delightful occasions where one may meet a score of writers, sculptors and painters.

Too Good to Sell.

In his life of Horace Greeley, James Parton tells of an old newsdealer who could not be persuaded to sell the last copy of The Tribune remaining on his stand until he had had time to read it. A similar measure of independence appears to lie in the character of the Italian who trundles his fruit truck to the curb in front of The Sun building every night. For a week or two he has been selling the California imitation of Tokay grapes, and his boxes are emptied very soon after dark. The other evening three customers stood at the curb waiting their turn. One asked for half a pound, and the Italian snipped a cluster in two and placed it in a brown paper horn which he rolled deftly over his hand.

Quoted Seed from a Crane's Claw.

A very wonderful plant is at the Allegheny conservatory. No one knows to what class it belongs or anything about it. It is the object of much speculation among botanists, and they anxiously await the development of a bud that is forming. Then, they say, they can place the plant. The botanists have a suspicion that the plant is a tropical one, and Superintendent Hamilton is treating it on that supposition. The history of the plant so far as known is a unique one. During the summer one of a party of gunners brought down a crane. It was a beautiful specimen, and the taxidermist of the party set to work to mount it. In the bird's claw were found several seeds. With a view to learning if the seed was killed by the bird eating it they were placed in water. In a few days the seeds sprouted. They were planted in loam and kept in a warm room. Edward V. McCandless took charge of it. The plant was an object of interest to Mr. McCandless and his botanical friends, and its development was closely watched. Last week it was transformed to the conservatory. The leaves are long and broad and heavy, not unlike a species of palm.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Swallowed His Cigarette.

Dr. Lapeyre mentions a remarkable case, in which an elderly gentleman, in consequence of a sudden slap on the back, unconsciously drew the cigarette he was smoking into his right bronchus, where it remained without causing any symptoms or in any way revealing its presence for nearly two months, when it set up pneumonia in a circumscribed area, and produced cardiac weakness and some edema of the lungs. After this condition had lasted without much change for about two months the patient expelled during a violent fit of coughing the cigarette, enveloped in mucus and waxy looking matter, and then remembered that he had never found his cigarette after the slap on the back four months before. The pneumonia persisted for two or three months after the expulsion of the foreign body, and some edema of the right lung, due probably to embolism, remained at the date of the report nearly a year later. This, as well as some other cases that have been published, appears to show that the bronchi are exceedingly tolerant of foreign bodies, even when not encysted.—London Lancet.

Knapsacks for School Girls.

The tendency of young girls carrying their school books under their arms, or in bags or portfolios hung from the arm, is said to be to distort the figure. German doctors are exhorting parents to provide young girls between the ages of 11 and 14 with knapsacks for carrying their school books. In many parts of Germany this equipment is already in use, and to the unaccustomed eye of the stranger nothing is more comical than suddenly to come upon a crowd of little girls trooping out of school, each provided with a knapsack for the march.

She Was Ready.

Yesterday morning at exactly 10 o'clock a well-dressed young man entered a gate on Congress street east and pulled the door-bell of a house. No response. Then he turned to the front of the house and pulled the bell again. After waiting and watching for a couple of minutes he went to the side door. Getting no response to his repeated knocks he pulled a paper from his pocket and was making a "mem" when a second-story window was carefully raised, a pail of water balanced for an instant on the sill, then souse it went over the young man below. He uttered a yell and leaped into a lilac bush and from there he reached the fence and gained the street. Just then an officer came up and asked: "Anything the matter?" "Oh, only a trifle." "What are you doing in there?" "Trying to collect interest on a chattel mortgage—that's all. Lady told me to call at 10, and I called. She was ready for me. Good day."—Detroit Free Press.

Two English Authors.

I reached London just too late for the annual authors' dinner, which is one of the events of the season there, and on this account, and because my time was entirely taken up by the law business about which I had gone over, I did not meet as many of the literary men as I should have liked to meet. I saw a good deal, however, of Edmund Gosse, who is one of the most polished and delightful of men, and has always been very kind to me. His house is a sort of center, his Sunday evenings being delightful occasions where one may meet a score of writers, sculptors and painters.

Too Good to Sell.

In his life of Horace Greeley, James Parton tells of an old newsdealer who could not be persuaded to sell the last copy of The Tribune remaining on his stand until he had had time to read it. A similar measure of independence appears to lie in the character of the Italian who trundles his fruit truck to the curb in front of The Sun building every night. For a week or two he has been selling the California imitation of Tokay grapes, and his boxes are emptied very soon after dark. The other evening three customers stood at the curb waiting their turn. One asked for half a pound, and the Italian snipped a cluster in two and placed it in a brown paper horn which he rolled deftly over his hand.

Quoted Seed from a Crane's Claw.

A very wonderful plant is at the Allegheny conservatory. No one knows to what class it belongs or anything about it. It is the object of much speculation among botanists, and they anxiously await the development of a bud that is forming. Then, they say, they can place the plant. The botanists have a suspicion that the plant is a tropical one, and Superintendent Hamilton is treating it on that supposition. The history of the plant so far as known is a unique one. During the summer one of a party of gunners brought down a crane. It was a beautiful specimen, and the taxidermist of the party set to work to mount it. In the bird's claw were found several seeds. With a view to learning if the seed was killed by the bird eating it they were placed in water. In a few days the seeds sprouted. They were planted in loam and kept in a warm room. Edward V. McCandless took charge of it. The plant was an object of interest to Mr. McCandless and his botanical friends, and its development was closely watched. Last week it was transformed to the conservatory. The leaves are long and broad and heavy, not unlike a species of palm.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Swallowed His Cigarette.

Dr. Lapeyre mentions a remarkable case, in which an elderly gentleman, in consequence of a sudden slap on the back, unconsciously drew the cigarette he was smoking into his right bronchus, where it remained without causing any symptoms or in any way revealing its presence for nearly two months, when it set up pneumonia in a circumscribed area, and produced cardiac weakness and some edema of the lungs. After this condition had lasted without much change for about two months the patient expelled during a violent fit of coughing the cigarette, enveloped in mucus and waxy looking matter, and then remembered that he had never found his cigarette after the slap on the back four months before. The pneumonia persisted for two or three months after the expulsion of the foreign body, and some edema of the right lung, due probably to embolism, remained at the date of the report nearly a year later. This, as well as some other cases that have been published, appears to show that the bronchi are exceedingly tolerant of foreign bodies, even when not encysted.—London Lancet.

Knapsacks for School Girls.

The tendency of young girls carrying their school books under their arms, or in bags or portfolios hung from the arm, is said to be to distort the figure. German doctors are exhorting parents to provide young girls between the ages of 11 and 14 with knapsacks for carrying their school books. In many parts of Germany this equipment is already in use, and to the unaccustomed eye of the stranger nothing is more comical than suddenly to come upon a crowd of little girls trooping out of school, each provided with a knapsack for the march.

She Was Ready.

Yesterday morning at exactly 10 o'clock a well-dressed young man entered a gate on Congress street east and pulled the door-bell of a house. No response. Then he turned to the front of the house and pulled the bell again. After waiting and watching for a couple of minutes he went to the side door. Getting no response to his repeated knocks he pulled a paper from his pocket and was making a "mem" when a second-story window was carefully raised, a pail of water balanced for an instant on the sill, then souse it went over the young man below. He uttered a yell and leaped into a lilac bush and from there he reached the fence and gained the street. Just then an officer came up and asked: "Anything the matter?" "Oh, only a trifle." "What are you doing in there?" "Trying to collect interest on a chattel mortgage—that's all. Lady told me to call at 10, and I called. She was ready for me. Good day."—Detroit Free Press.

Two English Authors.

I reached London just too late for the annual authors' dinner, which is one of the events of the season there, and on this account, and because my time was entirely taken up by the law business about which I had gone over, I did not meet as many of the literary men as I should have liked to meet. I saw a good deal, however, of Edmund Gosse, who is one of the most polished and delightful of men, and has always been very kind to me. His house is a sort of center, his Sunday evenings being delightful occasions where one may meet a score of writers, sculptors and painters.

Too Good to Sell.

In his life of Horace Greeley, James Parton tells of an old newsdealer who could not be persuaded to sell the last copy of The Tribune remaining on his stand until he had had time to read it. A similar measure of independence appears to lie in the character of the Italian who trundles his fruit truck to the curb in front of The Sun building every night. For a week or two he has been selling the California imitation of Tokay grapes, and his boxes are emptied very soon after dark. The other evening three customers stood at the curb waiting their turn. One asked for half a pound, and the Italian snipped a cluster in two and placed it in a brown paper horn which he rolled deftly over his hand.

Quoted Seed from a Crane's Claw.

A very wonderful plant is at the Allegheny conservatory. No one knows to what class it belongs or anything about it. It is the object of much speculation among botanists, and they anxiously await the development of a bud that is forming. Then, they say, they can place the plant. The botanists have a suspicion that the plant is a tropical one, and Superintendent Hamilton is treating it on that supposition. The history of the plant so far as known is a unique one. During the summer one of a party of gunners brought down a crane. It was a beautiful specimen, and the taxidermist of the party set to work to mount it. In the bird's claw were found several seeds. With a view to learning if the seed was killed by the bird eating it they were placed in water. In a few days the seeds sprouted. They were planted in loam and kept in a warm room. Edward V. McCandless took charge of it. The plant was an object of interest to Mr. McCandless and his botanical friends, and its development was closely watched. Last week it was transformed to the conservatory. The leaves are long and broad and heavy, not unlike a species of palm.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Swallowed His Cigarette.

Dr. Lapeyre mentions a remarkable case, in which an elderly gentleman, in consequence of a sudden slap on the back, unconsciously drew the cigarette he was smoking into his right bronchus, where it remained without causing any symptoms or in any way revealing its presence for nearly two months, when it set up pneumonia in a circumscribed area, and produced cardiac weakness and some edema of the lungs. After this condition had lasted without much change for about two months the patient expelled during a violent fit of coughing the cigarette, enveloped in mucus and waxy looking matter, and then remembered that he had never found his cigarette after the slap on the back four months before. The pneumonia persisted for two or three months after the expulsion of the foreign body, and some edema of the right lung, due probably to embolism, remained at the date of the report nearly a year later. This, as well as some other cases that have been published, appears to show that the bronchi are exceedingly tolerant of foreign bodies, even when not encysted.—London Lancet.

Knapsacks for School Girls.

The tendency of young girls carrying their school books under their arms, or in bags or portfolios hung from the arm, is said to be to distort the figure. German doctors are exhorting parents to provide young girls between the ages of 11 and 14 with knapsacks for carrying their school books. In many parts of Germany this equipment is already in use, and to the unaccustomed eye of the stranger nothing is more comical than suddenly to come upon a crowd of little girls trooping out of school, each provided with a knapsack for the march.

She Was Ready.

Yesterday morning at exactly 10 o'clock a well-dressed young man entered a gate on Congress street east and pulled the door-bell of a house. No response. Then he turned to the front of the house and pulled the bell again. After waiting and watching for a couple of minutes he went to the side door. Getting no response to his repeated knocks he pulled a paper from his pocket and was making a "mem" when a second-story window was carefully raised, a pail of water balanced for an instant on the sill, then souse it went over the young man below. He uttered a yell and leaped into a lilac bush and from there he reached the fence and gained the street. Just then an officer came up and asked: "Anything the matter?" "Oh, only a trifle." "What are you doing in there?" "Trying to collect interest on a chattel mortgage—that's all. Lady told me to call at 10, and I called. She was ready for me. Good day."—Detroit Free Press.

Two English Authors.

I reached London just too late for the annual authors' dinner, which is one of the events of the season there, and on this account, and because my time was entirely taken up by the law business about which I had gone over, I did not meet as many of the literary men as I should have liked to meet. I saw a good deal, however, of Edmund Gosse, who is one of the most polished and delightful of men, and has always been very kind to me. His house is a sort of center, his Sunday evenings being delightful occasions where one may meet a score of writers, sculptors and painters.

Too Good to Sell.

In his life of Horace Greeley, James Parton tells of an old newsdealer who could not be persuaded to sell the last copy of The Tribune remaining on his stand until he had had time to read it. A similar measure of independence appears to lie in the character of the Italian who trundles his fruit truck to the curb in front of The Sun building every night. For a week or two he has been selling the California imitation of Tokay grapes, and his boxes are emptied very soon after dark. The other evening three customers stood at the curb waiting their turn. One asked for half a pound, and the Italian snipped a cluster in two and placed it in a brown paper horn which he rolled deftly over his