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with most alarming symptoms of diphtheria.

The mother, watching by the bedside of the little one, dispatched by a message tied on a carrier pigeon to her husband at his store on Market street. In the message she wrote the nature of the child's alarming illness, and made an urgent appeal for medicine to save its life. The bird was started from the home of the family near the Cliff House, five miles from Mr. Marsh's Market street store.

The bird flew swiftly to the store, where Mr. Marsh received it. He read the message, called a doctor, explained the child's symptoms as his wife had detailed them in her message, and received the proper medicine. Then tying the little vial containing the medicine to the tail of the pigeon, he let it go.

The pigeon sped away through the air straight for the Cliff. It made the distance, five miles, in ten minutes, a distance which would have required the doctor three quarters of an hour to cover.

In twenty minutes from the time the mother's message was sent to her husband the baby was taking the medicine.

Naturally enough Mr. Marsh is partial to pigeons, for he considers that he owes his baby's life to one.—San Francisco Examiner.

One Act from a Real Life Drama.

"I witnessed a most touching and dramatic incident the other day," says a Chicago man visiting St. Louis. "It was at the Union depot. Among the passengers leaving the train just in from the south was a distinguished looking old gentleman, and clinging to his arm was one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw in my life.

"To take the Joliet train there came down the stone steps a burly officer in citizen's clothes, and by his side was the once society favorite, George Lipe, convicted of forging his mother's name to valuable documents, who, in spite of all influence brought to bear, must serve his term in the penitentiary.

"A steel band was about the prisoner's wrist attached to another about the officer's wrist. The two couples I have described met directly in front of the big gates.

"Oh, papa," exclaimed the girl, as her face lighted up with pleasure, "here is George come to meet us after our long journey."

"She rushed forward to meet the convict and impetuously grabbed both his hands. The shock the sight of the manacles produced was positively frightful. Her great eyes opened, her face blanched, she tried to speak, but could not, and then she fell fainting into the arms of her father, who bore her to a carriage.

"The convict during this ordeal was a pitiable looking object. He uttered no word, but as he passed through the gate I saw his lower lip covered with blood. He had bitten through it.

"The girl, I learned, was the felon's fiancée who had been in Mexico all winter."—Chicago News.

Their Lives Saved by a Jackass.

A special from Montgomery, the new mining camp in the extreme south-western part of Nevada, says: About a month ago Bob Montgomery, brother of the finder of the mines here, with Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Metcalf, left here with six jacks on a prospecting trip in the foothills around Death valley. They are all old hands at roughing it, but they agree the famous valley is well named.

In making the trip from Furnace creek to Cottonwood a hot wind came up, in which it was next to impossible for them to get breath. The animals began to give out, and they were compelled to abandon their packs and start on a hunt for water. What little they had left they mixed with vinegar and oatmeal, but the intense heat soured the oatmeal and made the mixture so hot that it would actually burn them when they wet their swollen tongues with it.

None had ever been over the ground before, and it was only due to the intelligence of Montgomery's pet jack, Sullivan, that they were saved from suffering, if not death. Dragging along up the valley they were passing the mouth of a canyon when suddenly old Sullivan gave a tremendous bray.

Metcalf said, "That's water, boys," and started up the canyon. Sure enough, he gave a yell of joy. Water was found.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Being Cured by a Tricycle.

The latest remarkable cure reported in Maine is that of a nine-year-old girl named Orff, at Levant, who is said to have been cured of a bad case of spinal disease by riding a tricycle. Her trouble dated from infancy and she was supposed to be deformed for life, several prominent doctors having pronounced her case incurable. But a month ago the child's father bought her a tricycle and she at once began riding, at first only on smooth floors, but later out of doors. Lately a great change has been noticed in her condition. Her back has begun to straighten and her general health to improve.—Bangor (Me.) News.

The little German princes lunch and breakfast with their parents, and so strict is the emperor in all ceremonial observances that the little boys are dressed three times each day in clothing appropriate for the hour. They are always attired in English fashion, and their morning suits exhibit more signs of wear and tear, more evidences of thrift in the careful darning and repairing done upon them than an American boy of means would submit to wearing.

Oscar Wilde is the latest author to be accused of plagiarism, the assertion being made that his poem called "Impressions de Matin" was printed under the title of "One Pale Woman" in the London World fourteen years ago.

pleasure trip. They were provided with guns, ammunition and fishing tackle, and expected to have a fortnight's sport and then return east. Miss Nellie was as expert with the gun and rod as either her father or brother, and all three were good sailors. About sixty miles south a squall drove their yacht out to sea and wrecked the vessel on one of the small islands about twenty miles off the coast.

Mr. Buchanan was badly bruised by being dashed against the rocks, and Tom had his right arm broken in a similar way. Miss Nellie was the only one of the party who received no injury, and it is to this fact alone that any of them are alive. The guns, ammunition and fishing tackle were all saved, and Miss Nellie cared for her wounded relatives and then started out to get them something to eat. The island is out of the way of travel, and in consequence not a vessel was seen for two weeks. During all this time the young lady hunted and fished, and was so successful that they did not pass one day without food.

The island is so flat and barren that unless a vessel gets close to it the people on board cannot see it. They could not use the little wood they found for signal fires, for they were afraid there would not be enough to serve for cooking their food. A storm had sent them on the island, and a similar occurrence saved them, for the fishing schooner had been driven off the shore and out of her course, and when the captain saw the island he sent a boat ashore to see if he could get water.

Mr. Buchanan had by this time fully recovered, but the son was still suffering from his broken arm. They were taken off and brought to this city, and are now feeling none the worse for their experience, except Tom, whose arm is in bad condition from neglect of proper treatment during the two weeks of suffering.—Tacoma (Wash.) Cor. Philadelphia Press.

The Health of New York's Wealthy Men.

With Jay Gould sick with the neuralgia, C. P. Huntington out of sorts with malaria and rheumatism, and John D. Rockefeller under treatment for nervous prostration, it is not to be marveled at that Wall street men ask, "Are our great financiers breaking down?" Within the past six months the respective presidents of two big trust companies have been advised that they must either abstain from business cares or retire from all association with common humanity. The past year has indeed been a trying period for the nerves of great financiers. They have had to battle energetically with adverse circumstances, and very few have come out of the struggle with unimpaired health.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, D. O. Mills and Russell Sage are conspicuous exceptions to the general physical demoralization of rich men. Mr. Vanderbilt is not only a very methodical man, but he has so many competent lieutenants in the management of his vast property that he does not feel the wear and tear of the ordinary man of millions. Besides, Mr. Vanderbilt probably gives himself more rest and recreation than any other millionaire in this country. He never bothers about details. Mr. Depew relieves him of those, and Mr. Depew has well trained assistants who relieve him from worry. D. O. Mills retains good health because he has a rugged constitution and a placid disposition. Russell Sage is seldom sick, because he cannot afford to spare the time.—New York Times.

Runaway Charges in France.

The etiquette of French law must sometimes take the flavor of an unwelcome surprise to lately exported brides. Not long ago the Countess de la Forest Devonne, formerly Florence Audenreid, of Washington, was driving in the Bois de Boulogne with her cousin, Mrs. Harrison Caner, another bride from Philadelphia, when her horses suddenly took fright and ran away without hurting anybody seriously or doing perceptible damage. With characteristic promptness, however, a government official called and laid before the countess a bill for damages. The official document stated that some injury had been done to the barks of the trees and some little confusion of roadway and bordering grass had been caused by her horses.

Well, this seemed rather amusing to an American, but when bills for damages to five different carriages came in, one after another, the countess began to get anxious, and consulted her check-book with a growing interest and much wonderment as to whether there would be enough left of her yearly income for necessary expenses. Furthermore, she has no idea when the demand will stop or how many more ancient and decrepit vehicles will come out as good as new at her expense.—New York Times.

A Venerable Prize Winner.

Jacob Pottinger, the well known cattle dealer of Shillington, had a small field of rye harvested in a novel manner. He invited a large number of friends to his home, and after providing each with a sickle he took them to the field and announced that a "sickle race" was to take place for five prizes, with William A. Arnold, Henry M. Ahrens and Maunah S. Weller as judges. At 2:30 the race began. Henry Kurtz, of Cumru, aged seventy-five, with a sickle 150 years old, that had belonged to his great-grandfather, taking the lead and tying the first sheaf. He held the lead and finished far ahead of the others.—Philadelphia Record.

He Was Short Three Dollars.

A twelve-year-old Auburn boy rapped at the teller's wicket of an Auburn bank the other day, called the cashier up and asked for the loan of three dollars with which to buy a bicycle. He was that much short and had heard that they loaned money there.—Lewiston Journal.

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