FLOWER IN STONE.

...stone National park are ...geysers, the waters of which ...y impregnated with calcareous sinter, a white substance which instantaneously incrustates ...ever it falls upon. Big ...and crotons are formed by it. ...place under the streams bot... other objects they desire "stone," as they term it, and ...as the sinter hardens carry ...trophies in triumph.

...Cyril Jacques was a morbid, ...and downcast young man. ...fine face and even wealth ...ground, he constantly meditated ...and determined to become a ...so. He wandered over the ...discover some artistic method ...ing this life. He paled at the ...of an inquest over his mortal ...of accounts in the press and ...ation by his fellow mankind. ...Vesuvius and for a long ...contemplated a plunge into the ...fires below, where his body ...never be revealed. He did not ...instantaneous incineration—not ...He conceived that in the invisible ...in which he was bound he ...unable to gather his mortal clay ...some day, sometime, in the ...of eternity. Hence, why so ...annihilate them?

...Jacques exiled to the borders of ...salt lake off Norway and ...a plunge therein, heavily ...in a metallic armor. Here ...he paused and foresaw the decay ...mental and the possibility and ...of animal life.

...studied aeronauts intently and ...the world's aerostatic engineers ...M. Gabriel Yon, Captains Renard ...Krebs, as to the possibility of an ...by which he would bear him beyond ...earth's atmosphere, out into Homer's space. Again defeat. These ...men painted him that, for all his ...finite power could not achieve ...infinite.

...In the year 1870 he read of the first ...expeditions of Dr. F. V. Hayden into ...unknown wilds of the Rockies, of ...exhibition of the then world-wide ...United States geological survey ...of the wonderful geyser regions of ...Yellowstone. Into the northwest corner ...this territory he hastened his flight. ...August was waning when he mounted ...the terraces of Mammoth Hot ...Springs and saw the clear blue water ...from the highest plazza and fall ...away in veil like sheets over the sides, ...which constantly increased in size. He ...that he had only to sit there to be ...raised higher and higher, while a ...fountain of incrustation broadened ...below him and neared him about.

...As he watched the transformation ...objects into stone he saw that certain objects at the base of the mound, ...last as they became incased with ...sinter were pushed down hill down ...the valley below. He speculated, ...concluded that sometimes a column ...of steam might explode the ...mound and if the body were therein it ...would become exposed to beasts, men ...even. So he determined to be incased separately and allow his body to ...be pushed down hill to become one of ...the rapidly forming immense mass of incrustated objects.

Having formed his plans Mr. Cyril Jacques took choloroform and laid down ...at the base of the series of plazzas of ...Mammoth Hot Springs where the geyser waters fell upon him and in a short ...time incased his body in hardened calcareous sinter.

While the strange young man was executing his life deviling in the throes of death, Miss Mignonette Favre was leading a dissimilar career of inventing fancies and searching the world for a man who should be synonymous of her ideals so created. In her flights of romanticism she had incarnated the wildest noble red man ...the deepest of unfrequented deeps ...ascertained that his value set on a woman was less than that of a horse. ...studied a widower president but if he fulfilled her dream he he did not take kindly to her advances. She went abroad determined to fascinate a great prince but all the princes she met spoke not of love but of an annual stipend to become her husband.

In 1890 Miss Favre decided to enjoy the summer in the Yellowstone National park a tract solely under the jurisdiction of the government but formerly a part of the the territories of Wyoming and Montana. The a Mammoth Hot Springs hotel suited her romantic ideas. While here she often climed the piazzas of the great spring. She placed bottles, combs, horseshoes and other objects under the trickling streams and saw them 'turned to stone' to her heart's content. While she filled big boxes with a varied collection of these and kindred objects her ideal in this respect as in the case of a man, was unfulfilled.

She saw the big heaps of objects incrustated, which seemed to have slid down into the valley, and she was indignant at the government for enacting laws to protect this "avalanche" and making it a misdemeanor to carry any section away. She clambered up and down the avalanche—for such the slanting collection of objects seemed to be—and each day paused before a massive cone of white sinter, the solidity and great beauty of which she admired so much that it became a monomania with her. The cone was about seven feet in length, with a diameter of two feet, and looked as if it were a classic Doric column.

At least Miss Favre concluded she could not live without the cone. In her frenzied admiration of it she forgot to search for a man of her romances. She hired the stalwarts to take a trusted force of men and the coveted object at night and bear it away to Livingston, Mon., by means of relays of horses hired about vacated. The men conveyed it by unused paths avoiding the roads where officials were stationed and got it safely to Livingston, where it was carefully packed in a long box and shipped to New York at a total cost of $1,000, half of which went to the stalwarts.

Miss Mignonette accompanied her treasure and on her arrival at her Madison mansion on West End avenue had it unpacked and artistically displayed in an oriental well lighted upper room which she had converted into a sort of museum for the exhibition of her trophies collected while traveling. Here she spent hours daily admiring her treasure, examining and re-examining the surface which variously resembled Corinth and Sidon, Damascus, Seville and Cairo. Now and then, on the contrary, she felt a less fascination than ever upon she was held by it as by a spell—so it had might be hypnotized by a snake. She would walk and walk around it sing to it, indite poems in its honor and call it by endearing names.

One day Miss Mignonette read a wonderful account in a veracious newspaper concerning a frog which had been found alive in a marble block. She was startled. What if her cone contained some animal—a bear—or snake—goodness—what? This girl had some sense. She actually reasoned. She felt that, if it contained anything the mysterious object must be something higher, nobler than she, to so fascinate her.

Should she crush it and end the mystery? No! Why spoil forever her ideal?

Again and again she caressed it, but always one end of it. Suppose the end toward which she was so irresistibly drawn were the head?

Miss Mignonette after reading the frog story, grew so crazed with the possible romance of the situation that she at last became possessed with the belief that there was a man inside. What if it were true? He could not be dead to only in a trance. He must be young and handsome. Yes, he must be the idol of her dreams for whom she had searched the world. Her future lord had been found at last. Dame nature had granted her prayer and in the most romantic way ever conceived yet—inconceivable even to the wildest fighted novelist, had enabled her to find her lover in stone.

She would break the seal the long seal that had hidden him from the world. He would dress to receive him. There should be no one else present. He should awake from his long dream from the invisible world, should open his eyes on her loveliness should awake to life and the world in her arms.

She arrayed herself gloriously. Her dark hair was arranged with white bands about it. A simple flowing gown of white enveloped her form, and over it was the finest white fabric of illusion, so delicate as to deceive the eye. Her brown eyes, large and long lashed, shown with joy. Her feet were incased in tiny sandals. The nails of her delicate fingers shone pink hued, like the shell of a pearl. She was arrayed at last, ready with endearing terms to received her lover from his case of stone. Incandescent lamps shed a soft, mellow glow over the room, on the cone enhancing the glorious beauty of the girl.

With a sharp chisel she began to indent a crease on the entire length of the cone. Gradually the crease deepened. Often she placed her ear to the opening, trying to catch some sound, some movement. The opening arrived at a depth where the cone could be split open without injury to the inmate. She inserted several chisels and with a hammer gently begin the splitting process.

As the tomb began to open she paused. She was scared. The man would really be as in death. How could she revive him unless he immediately came to life? Suppose he were completely dead. What could she tell the authorities that which they would believe and not convict her as a murderess?

Gradually her courage came back. She would save him somehow. Had not nature granted her prayer and sent her a husband in the most mysterious, romantic fashion? Surely the power which sent him to her to be rescued would enable her to restore him to life. She gave several taps and the cone divided in twain.

In the morning they found her in the museum in a dead faint. She did not revive for many days. Beside her were two halves of the cone of silicious sinter. The occupant, which lay beside her, was the limbless trunk of a dead tree.—William H. Ballou in New York Evening Telegram.

In bottling catsup or pickles boil the corks, and while hot you can press them into the bottles, and when cold they are tightly sealed. Use the tin foil from compressed yeast to cover the corks.

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

[illegible]

—Julian Waldell Deane, in the Atlantic.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Dog Saves a Baby's Life.

Mr. Richard Deacon, of this city, owns a dog which he declares no money could buy, though the animal in question is a common cur and an extremely ill-favored one at that, having but one eye left and an absurd stump of a tail. But the dog was the means of saving the life recently of Mr. Deacon's little boy, Josie, aged 23, hence the family's affection for the creature. The story Josie's father is so fond of repeating is that the cur voluntarily took up its residence with them, "much to my disgust," says Mr. Deacon; "for of all the miserable, forlorn-looking objects you ever beheld, he was the most so, but I could not come to drive him away, for he was so humble that it would have seemed absolutely heartless, besides which Josie took an immense fancy to him and the pair became inseparable. One morning my wife, busy about the house attending to domestic duties, was much vexed by a continuous knocking, which she could not locate. She went to the front door several times, but no one was there, and at last she ran upstairs to the nursery where she had left Josie with his nurse. The girl, however, was not there, but the stray dog was, and holding tight to the frock of the child, who was hanging a good deal more than half way out of the window. With the dress gripped in his mouth he could not bark nor make any sound whatever except a low whining, but was beating his remnant of a tail as hard as he could on the floor, hoping, I firmly believe, in this way to attract attention to himself and the child. It was this tattoo, at any rate, that brought my wife on the scene. She caught the child, who was amusing himself trying to catch at the morning-glories on a vine growing outside the window, and highly elated over what he took for the dog's play with him. The strain on the animal, however, must have been something terrible, for when my wife took the boy he fell on the floor panting and all but lifeless and was too exhausted for nearly half an hour to stir or decompose than feebly lick my wife's hand as she tried to revive him. How long the faithful creature had kept his hold on the baby we will never know, but it must have been minutes, though the girl declared she had only left the room for a moment. No, sir; money can not buy that dog." Whenever Mr. Deacon tells this story in the presence of Cato, as the dog is called, the animal shows plainly that he knows he is the subject of conversation, and highly entertains his proud master and the audience by strutting to and fro with an air of the greatest conceit, saying as plainly as if tongue spoke it, "Yes, 'twas I that did it."—Louisville, Ky., Correspondent of the Globe-Democrat.

A Drop of Ink.

"I don't see why you won't let me play with Robert Scott," pouted Walter Brown, "I know he don't always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and sometimes swears. But I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me, and I should think you would trust me. Perhaps I can do him good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure water, and put just one drop of ink into it." He did so.

"O mother, who would have thought one drop would discolor a whole glass so?"

"Yes; it has changed the color of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put one drop of clear water in it and restore its purity," said his mother.

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me. One drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty won't do that."

"No, my son; and therefore I cannot allow one drop of Robert Scott's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him.—Herald and Presbyter.

It is the accumulated work that disgusts the workman. The waiters in the hotels and restaurants in Brussels have formed a combination for the redress of grievances. They complain that they are bound to clean the establishment in which they serve, and that they have to pay every day, from one and one-half francs to six francs to their employers out of the tips given to them by the customers. They suggest the total suppression of the tips and the substitution for it of fixed salaries to be paid to them by the employers.

AMERICAN HORSE BELF.

Secretary Rusk Investigating a report that Horse Flesh is Being Shipped to Europe as Beef.

A recent letter from Washington, D. C., says that Secretary Rusk heard recently that there were several concerns in New York engaged in slaughtering horses and shipping the meat to Europe where it was sold as beef.

"I do not know how true this is," said the secretary when questioned in regard to the matter, "I have just started an investigation and have put two special agents on the case. France is the only country that affords a market for horse flesh, but if horse flesh is being shipped to other European countries and sold as beef it would probably have the effect of injuring the sale of our beef in European markets. If such a thing is being done it is the duty of the agricultural department to discover it and stop it."

The department has completed arrangements for the complete inspection of beef, both at the slaughter house and on the hoof. "The quarantine against American cattle in England is only nominal," said the secretary. "Cattle shipped to England are properly inspected and tagged, so that there is no longer a necessity for a long quarantine. The inspection of pork is not yet in force. I am now arranging for a trip to Chicago and Kansas City to inaugerate a proper inspection. In the next thirty days I hope to have everything ready to conduct microscopic inspection of pork so as to detect trichinosis. This is a big job, for these inspections will require a large force so as to insure that all pork exported will be free from any traces of trichinae. As France and Germany allege that our pork is diseased they try to keep it out, but this excuse will not hold good much longer. There is more trichinosis in German pork than in ours. Besides the Germans eat their pork near y raw and of course they suffer considerably from trichinosis."

Christopher Columbus and the World's Fair.

At an informal meeting of the world's fair committee on foreign exhibits Tuesday it was decided to recommend to the directory that $50,000 be expended in reproducing the ancient convent of La Ribida, at Palos, Spain, as a building for the exhibition of the relics of Columbus. W. E. Curtis, who proposed the scheme, turned out this story o the convent:

It was at the door of this convent Columbus disappointed and downhearted, asked for food and shelter for himself and his child. It was here that he found an asylum for a few years while he developed his plans and prepared the arguments which he submitted to the council at Salamanca. It was in one of the rooms of this convent that he met the Dominican monks in debate, and it was here also that he conferred with Alonzo Pinzo, who afterward commanded one of the vessels of the fleet. In this convent Columbus lived while he was making preparations for his voyage, and on the morning that he sailed from Palos he attended himself the little chapel. There is no building in the world so closely identified with his discovery as this, and fortunately its architecture is of such a character as to permit of a reproduction at a comparatively small cost and at the same time furnish a picturesque view and appropriate ground among the splendid buildings that will be erected at Jackson Park. It will not only be of itself a monument to Columbus, but it will furnish commodious and convenient showrooms for the collections and relics of Columbus that are to be exhibited. Besides a large collection of maps, manuscripts, books and pictures that are being secured there will be among them public and private collections both from Europe and the United States. Many of the articles being of great value, it is proposed to bring them all together in this building, where they will be secure from fire and all other dangers.

THE BRIDGE IS FREE.

Toll on the Great Brooklyn Structure No Longer Collected.

The penny toll system on the New York and Brooklyn bridge died an easy death at midnight, and a select collection of the different varieties of the genus "crank" took part in the funeral ceremonies. There were the "cranks" who bought the last ticket, those who got through first without paying, those who got across first, and the disgruntled "cranks" who got beaten altogether. About thirty men and boys waited at the New York end and about forty at the Brooklyn end. The first man through was a large man with a red face, who made better time than the "little swayback," but a very breathless and noisy boy disputed the honor with him at the expense of all the buttons on his coat. A small sign with the word "Free" was displayed at the New York approach exactly at midnight, while the Brooklyn approach was opened three minutes later. This gave Henry R. Van Keuren, the greatest ticket agent of the bridge, who received the first penny ever paid, the record of receiving the last penny paid.

C. F. Moulton received the last tribute of copper at the New York end. James Brady, a roundsman, hung out the sign, and Officials Farrell, Lidgate, Moran and Harkins officiated as timekeepers and referees in the slight trouble which followed.

A wild looking young man with his hair streaming in the breeze had the doubtful honor of being the first man across from the Brooklyn side and piteously appealed to the reporters to enroll his name and send it ringing down the ages.

None of the six ticket takers will be discharged, as they have all been provided with work in other bridge departments. Almost 8,000 people went through the New York approach during the day and many bought tickets for mementoes. Mr. Van Keuren told a Tribune reporter that almost a million tickets were still outstanding.

Those who scrambled for first place at the New York end had had a substantial award in view besides mere hollow glory, as they had heard that a gold watch awaited the first man who reached the Brooklyn end, but if the watch were there it was very hard to find and at 1 o'clock the disappointed would be winner was still hunting after it.—N. Y. Tribune.

World's Fair Notes.

Paraguay has decided to participate in the exposition. Barbadoes, French Guiana, Ceylon and Corea have also joined the list.

The women physicians, pharmacists, and dentists of Illinois intend to prepare an exhibit to be made in the Illinois State building.

The department of Electricity is making an effort to secure a complete collection of historical electrical apparatus in order to show the progress of the science from early times.

The Daughters of the American Revolution have been granted 3,000 square feet for an exhibit in the Woman's Building. The organization, of which Mrs. President Harrison is president, has 1,000 members.

Hassan Ben Ali, of Morocco, is seeking a concession to make a Morocco exhibit at the Exposition. He says he will spend $70,000 in showing the people, manners, customs, amusements, etc., of his country, and in bringing to Chicago a tribe of Berbers.

Ample accommodations are to be provided at the exposition grounds. The location for restaurants thus far decided upon are four in the Mines and Mining Building, sixteen on the esplanade in front, four in the Woman's Building. Some are on the ground floor and some in the galleries.

The Catholic church in Chicago wants to make an exhibit at the Fair, and has applied for 75x75 feet of space. The exhibit, according to the request, is to consist of, first, kindergarten work; second, primary grades; third grammar schools; fourth, colleges and academies; fifth, industrial schools; orphanges, and deaf and dumb institutes.

The supporting columns for the Forestry Building are to be trunks of trees with the bark on Chief Buchanan has requested each State to furnish three for this purpose. Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Pennsylvania, Texas, Wisconsin, Washington and West Virginia have promised to furnish their quota.

Electricity is to be the motive force in Jackson Park during the construction of the buildings. The electic plant has been completed and steam engines must go. This is done in order to reduce the fire risk. The saw-mills, used in getting out building material, which have been run by steam, are now supplied by electric power, furnished, if desired, night and day. Electrical Engineer Sargnant is prepared with a sixty horsepower plant to supply electric-motor service. In a few days, 300 horse-power will be available.

Expert engineers are working upon the drainage problem in connection with the Exposition grounds at Jackson Park. As a result of calculation in the Construction Department, a somewhat new plan will be adopted for taking care of World's Fair sewage. All the offal, conveyed through underground pipes, will run into four large tanks at the southwestern portion of Jackson Park. These tanks are to be thirty feet in diameter and forty feet deep. The novel feature connected with the plan is that the sewage deposited in the tanks is to be treated chemically, and the Construction Department believes that the water flowing from them after the chemical treatment will be almost pure and wholesome. So far as known a similar treatment has never been adopted, except at Berlin, Germany. There the method has been found to work with satisfaction. If equally successful at Chicago the waters of the lake will not be polluted by the drainage from the Exposition grounds.

"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Doubting Thomas. Vomit Every Meal.

Tutt's Pills

The dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether from excess of work of mind or body, drink or exposure in

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will find Tutt's Pills the most genial restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P.O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

AGENT made $71 in four days on my Electric Corsets and specialties. 100 per cent profit and Cash Prizes. Sample free. Dr. Bridgman, Broadway, N. Y.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, P. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

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N. N. U. No. 153 York, Neb

Neglect of a Hero.

The facts that Louis Kossuth is now a poor, blind old man, who is dragging out a miserable existence, embittered by sheer want and heartless neglect, is not complimentary to an age of hero worshipers which will spend fortunes upon gorgeous monuments to the dead and grudge a crust to the living.—Boston Globe.

It is given out that 50,732 accounts claims and cases, involving the sum of $176,884,026 were settled during the last fiscal year by the United States government—a large increase of work with no increase of force as compared with the preceding fiscal year.

IN A DAY.

LAWRENCE, KANS., Aug. 9, 1888.

George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using

ST. JACOBS OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

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