

FOR A STONE MAN.

MUSEUM PROPRIETORS FOUGHT ACROSS A CHASM.

Speculators Are Victorious at Law—The Son Has Never Gained Possession of the Body—Story of the Murder.

PIERCE battle for a petrified parent took place in northern North Dakota, near the Manitoba line, sometime ago between a young man, who claimed to be a son of the individual who had turned into stone, and his friends, on one side, and several museum speculators who were trying to get away with the adamant human on the other, says the New York World.

The fight happened on the Orinotok plateau on the edge of a cliff. The petrified man had been concealed at the base of the canyon. While the speculators were at work laboriously hauling the remarkable curiosity to the top, the son and his supporters were seen across the ravine galloping furiously toward them.

When the son caught sight of the speculators he opened fire. The distance was too great, however, for the shot to take effect. The speculators redoubled their efforts, while the party on the other side of the canyon kept up a steady fire.

The petrified man was hauled to the top before any one was shot, and then, lying behind the mass of stone, they returned the fire with repeating rifles.

The chasm was too great to be jumped on horses and is about seven miles long. Finally the son and his friends went away, evidently intending to come around on the other side. Before they had time to do this, however, the petrified man had been safely carried away into Manitoba, and soon after it was placed on exhibition in large cities and towns in the north-west.

From attempting to recover his petrified parent by force of arms the son has now turned to legal proceedings. In almost every city he has attached the stone man, and as a result the curiosity has been kept most of the time in jails awaiting the decisions of the courts. In every instance the speculators have won. There is no precedent in law to determine what evidence it is necessary for a son to produce in order to prove that a petrified man is simply his parent turned to stone, and so the western judges have dismissed the suits.

The petrified man was found on the farm of George McPherran, in Marshall county, Minnesota, by a farm hand. It represents perfectly a man about six feet high. A few inches below the heart is a hole which is supposed to be the mark of a bullet. His limbs were perfectly straight, with the exception of the left arm, and his eyes were closed. His mouth was part way open. The teeth are still in good condition and shine like ivory. The lips are shriveled so that the teeth are displayed more vividly. There were a few hairs on his eyebrows and on the front part of his skull. One of the toes on the left foot was broken off.

A resident of Minnesota, after seeing an account of the petrification, said he thought he knew the history of the man. Before he saw the stone he said: "If it is the man that I think it is there will be a bullet-hole in the center of his breast." After visiting the petrified man he said that he was satisfied that it was the body of Le Count, a Frenchman, and that a son of the deceased was living at Louisville, Minn.

Le Count was a Canadian voyager and guide. He married a half-breed and, together with her and his two boys, set out from the city of St. Paul to guide a party of three Englishmen to Fort Pembina and return. When they reached a point on their return journey which was on the prairie along the Pembina trail, in what is now Marshall county, Minnesota, they made camp for the night.

One of the Englishmen had acted very queerly for some days and suddenly became insane that very night.

Early in the morning, before the rest of the party arose, Le Count went outside of the tent, where he was met by the insane Englishman, who, without the least warning, picked up a rifle and shot Le Count in the breast.

The family of the dead man dug a rude grave in a lonely spot and continued their journey to St. Paul. Before reaching St. Paul the Englishman went away and left the family to go the path alone. This story, it is said, can be proven by the elder son of Le Count, who lives at Medicine Lake.

The petrified man was shipped to Fargo, N. D., and placed on exhibition. The elder son of Le Count, the guide, hearing of the circumstances, started to claim the stone man as the body of his parent. The speculators were told of his intent and they scurried away to the north, near the Manitoba line, and hid their curiosity at the place where the fight took place.

There has recently been a story to the effect that the molds from which the petrified man was cast had been found in another state. This is generally regarded as an attempt to destroy public interest, as a careful examination of the petrification reveals much evidence to prove that the image could not have been manufactured.

The proprietors of the stone man have already made a good fortune. They have crossed the line of North Dakota and are now exhibiting their wonderful find through Canada. A stock company has been organized.

One of the proprietors, a man who has a mill at Minto, this state, said recently that he would rather have the stone man than five mills.

MUNKACSY TO GO TO HUNGARY

After a Long and Successful Career in Paris.

The London Times' special correspondent at Budapest writes: "M. Munkacsy, the great Hungarian painter, is to return to Hungary and take up his permanent residence in this country. An official position has been conferred upon him with adequate emoluments. M. Munkacsy has never given up his Hungarian citizenship and has, indeed, remained a thorough Magyar in character, habits and even in his way of thinking—a circumstance that has increased his popularity with his fellow-countrymen. The exact position and title which M. Munkacsy will hold in Hungary, as also the time of his arrival, are left to his own discretion. He has two studios in Paris, together with his residence, which is really a museum of art. The removal of such portions of his collection as he may decide to bring in Hungary and the disposal of the remainder will take a considerable time. He has lived in France since the early 70's, and he has painted there all his most celebrated pictures. While the French have treated him with constant favor, he has never painted a French subject. He considers himself to be under a debt of gratitude to the French, which he wishes to repay before leaving France. He is, therefore, looking out for a subject which he wishes to paint as a farewell gift, and hesitates between a scene from the life of Napoleon and one from that of Joan of Arc. M. Munkacsy will take up his residence in Budapest, and this may be considered as a splendid millennial presentation made by the Hungarian government to the people. It will be an encouragement to the younger generation of artists, who will thus have the benefit of M. Munkacsy's advice and criticism."

IT WAS SYMPATHY.

And It Came at the Right Moment and Stayed the Policeman's Anger.

From the New York Mail and Express: He was only an Italian fruit vendor. There was nothing about him likely to inspire the beholder with feeling, one way or another. He was not ragged enough to call for especial sympathy, nor unkempt enough to provoke disgust. Yet to the policeman on his beat he was undoubtedly the object of considerable animadversion. This was evidenced by the unrelenting vigor with which he was pursued from corner to corner by the over-zealous guardian of the law.

The other day, in a too hurried response to the everlasting order to "move on," the fruit peddler's cart was upset and his peaches and pears were scattered over the ground and across the street car track. The enraged policeman could hardly restrain the impulse to use his club.

"The dirty loafer!" exclaimed he. "He did it on purpose—just trying to excite sympathy."

"He has succeeded, then," said a soft voice at the officer's elbow, and a neat little woman stopped and began to gather up the scattered fruit.

The officer's face reddened. He hesitated a moment, and then he, too, joined in the work of restoration.

To-day the Italian was seen peacefully plying his trade on his accustomed beat, unmolested by his old enemy, the policeman.

The Sultan's Descent.

Very few people are aware that the actual sultan of Turkey is descended from a French lady. His great-grandmother, Nachasadi Sultanah, consort of Abdul Hamid I, was born in the West Indian Island of Martinique in the latter quarter of the eighteenth century. Her maiden name was Aimée Dubuc de Rivery. She was cousin and companion in childhood of another lady, Josephine de la Pagerie, who escaped from the guillotine on which her first husband was beheaded, to become Empress of the French. Mlle. de Rivery, on the completion of her education at a convent in Nantes, embarked at Marseilles for the West Indies. She was shipwrecked and rescued by a vessel on its way to Algiers. This vessel was captured by Algerian pirates, and the lady was taken prisoner, and sold as a slave to the Bey, who in his turn made her a present to Abdul Hamid I. By him she became the mother of Mahomud II, the Reformer, and grandfather of the present sultan. In 1869 the Sultan Abdul Aziz gave the details of the story to Empress Eugenie, then in Constantinople on her way to Cairo, and very gracefully claimed her as a cousin.

Personal Appearance of Coleridge.

In his "Life of Sterling," Carlyle gives us a description of the appearance of the poet Coleridge: "The deep eyes of a light hazel were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment." Another says: "His forehead was prodigious—a great piece of placid marble; and his fine eyes, in which all the activity of his mind seemed to concentrate, moved under it with a sprightly ease, as if it were a pastime to them to carry all that thought." Yet another friend of his writes: "The upper part of Coleridge's face was excessively fine. His eyes were large, light gray, and prominent, of liquid brilliancy, which some eyes of fine character may be observed to possess, as though the orb itself retreated to the innermost recesses of the brain."

THOUGHT HURTS TEETH.

Brain Worker Has More Trouble with His Molars Than the Laborer.

A prominent New York dentist made the statement the other day, which he said was backed by the highest scientific authority, that intellectual pursuits lay havoc with the teeth and that the more a man tolls with his brain the more likely are his teeth to disappear or to become diseased before he reaches middle life, says the New York Journal.

The reason why people in this country have poorer teeth than those of any other country in the world is because they live at the highest possible pitch of nervous pressure. Savage races generally have teeth superior to those of civilized races.

There are many manual occupations, too, that have a bad effect on the teeth. Quicksilver miners, bleachers who use chloride of lime, people employed in soda factories are some of those who suffer. But the most harmful trade of all, not only in its effect upon the general health, but also upon the teeth, is that of making matches. The phosphorus used in their manufacture affects in some way the health of the teeth of those who handle it.

Artificial teeth are made of all sorts of strange substances nowadays, but probably the most curious of all materials used for this purpose is compressed paper. A dentist in Germany has been making them in this way for many years past. False teeth were never so cheap as they are to-day, and at the same time never so dear. They can be purchased as low as \$3 per set or they may cost as high as \$1,500. There are expensive dentists, as well as expensive doctors and it is not an uncommon thing for \$500 to be paid for a new outfit of molars. When it comes to expensive teeth, or, rather, an expensive tooth, probably the costliest and most highly prized in the world is that of a sacred monkey. It is in one of the temples of Siam, preserved in a golden box. The value the natives put upon it may be judged by the fact that they paid \$3,750,000 to Portugal for its ransom when the fortunes of war placed it in the possession of that nation. The Cingalese also venerate as sacred a monkey's molar, while the people of Malabar worship one of an elephant's grinders. In the Tonga islands a tooth from a shark's jaw is regarded with great reverence, and in India the faithful adore a tooth that is said to have been once in active service in the mouth of Buddha himself.

The first dentist, in fact, must have lived long before Buddha. At any rate, there were dentists in plenty in Egypt and Greece 500 years B. C., who used gold for filling teeth and golden wire for fixing artificial ones. Gold has even been discovered in the teeth of mummies known to be many thousands of years old.

GERMAN MEDIAEVAL SCHOOLS.

The Educational Movement Was Slow to Establish Itself.

In Germany, which today we regard as the home of the university par excellence, the educational movement, strangely enough, was slow to establish itself. Says the Quarterly Review, The low state of civilization, the lack of political centralization, the disintegration of civic life, together with the fact that the bulk of the German students, was drawn off to Paris or Bologna, told severely against the production of great national studies. Hence, with the exception of Prague (really Bohemian) and possibly Vienna, the real importance of such German universities as Heidelberg, Leipzig and Erfurt dates from the reformation, which, as Mr. Rashdall aptly reminds us, was "born in a university" and only made possible through the universities. Prague, like Naples, was the result of a definite foundation, owing its existence to a papal bull in 1347, followed by a charter of Charles IV., of "Golden Bull" fame, in 1348. Founded as a deliberate stroke of policy, it was copied in 1365 by the rival Hapsburg creation at Vienna, and in both these acts the influence of Frederick's notable charter of 1224 is distinctly traceable. Striking as is its mixed constitution, the chief interest in Prague will always center in its tragic history.

The university arose in the halcyon age of Bohemia and awoke to find itself famous. As the most solid expression of the passionate Bohemian nationalism, the theater of the bloody struggle between Teuton and Czech, which only closed in the expulsion of the Germans; as the arena of a fierce philosophical collision between Teutonic and orthodox nominalism against Czech and "heretical" realism; as the mouthpiece of the religious revival of Milicz, Matthias, Janow; finally, as the alma mater of Huss, schoolman, reformer, and martyr, the biracial University of Prague foreshadowed in miniature the era of Sturm and Drang, which sapped the fabric of mediaevalism and ushered in the reformation.

Artificial Silk.

The process for the manufacture of artificial silk is based upon that employed by nature. The first thing used is wood—for mulberry leaves are in reality the equivalent of a mulberry wood. The wood is worked into a paste, after being dipped in nitric and sulphuric acids, is dried and placed in a bath of ether and alcohol. A transformation takes place and a kind of glue or colloid is the result.

Unnecessary Alarm.

She—"Miss Homely makes herself ridiculous by being so frightened every time there is a thunder storm." He—"Why so?" She—"Because there has to be some attraction even for lightning."

GIGANTIC REVOLVING TOWER, PARIS.

France built the Eiffel tower and turned up her nose at the world.

England's retort was to lay the foundation of the Wembley Park tower, a stolid, stupid retort, for, even if the new tower is a few feet higher, it will be a mere imitation of the French original.

America's reply to the Eiffel tower was the Ferris wheel. "Anybody," said America, "can pile steel beams one upon another. It is only a shade more intelligent undertaking than heaping stone upon stone; but we have put up a structure as big as your tower, and it goes round, instead of standing still." France stopped to think.

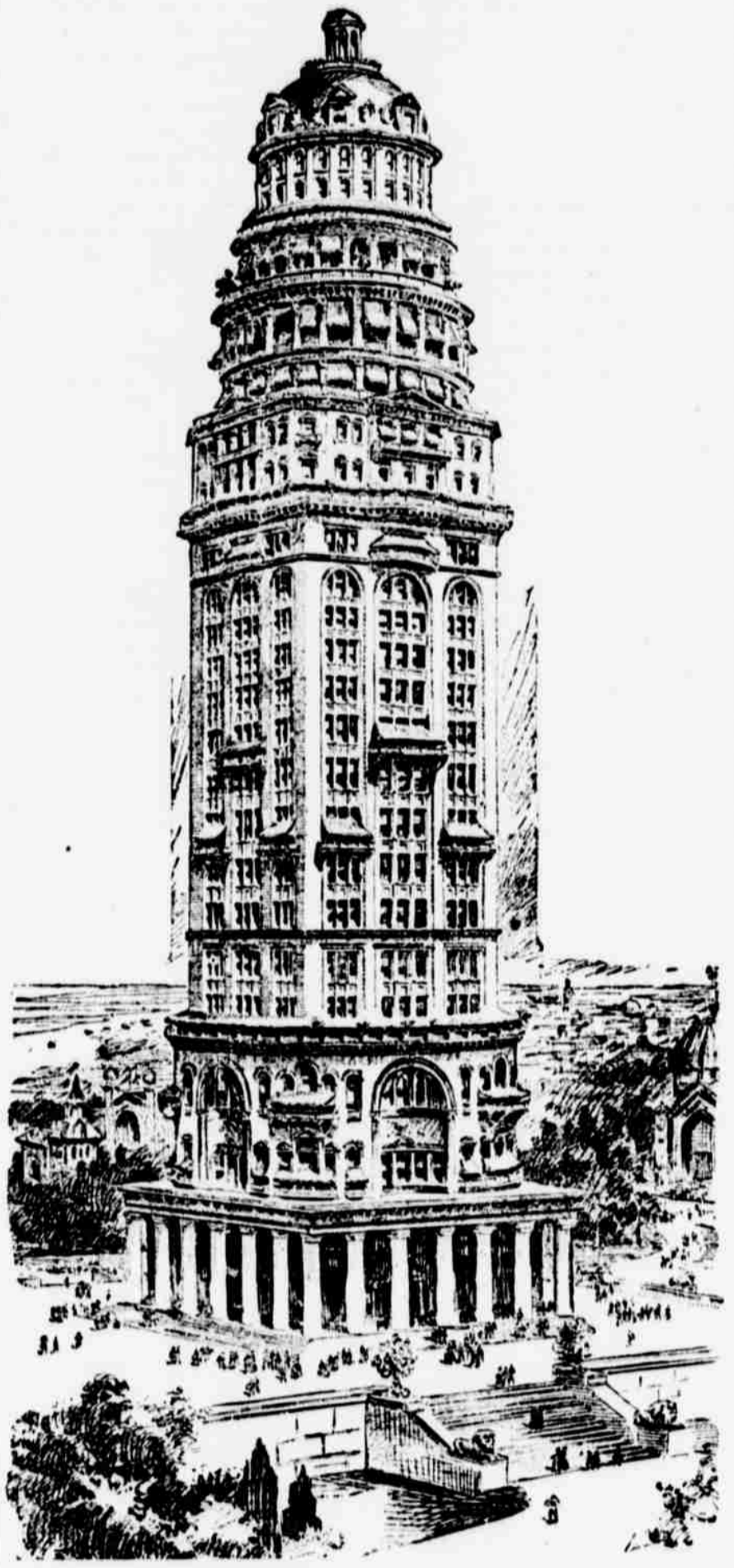
England—bull-headed enough—built a wheel of steel bigger than ours, and further differentiated by the fact that it sometimes sticks instead of going round, and leaves peripheral parties of merry-makers to spend a night in the air.

All of this is an old story. But now we discovered what France has been thinking about, and that is quite a new story.

thus occupy about two minutes, and the views of Paris and of the hills and plains of the Seine and Marne country will change as rapidly as the scenery changes when one is strolling slowly along a road. The rotary building will be only half the height of the Eiffel tower, but, as it is to be erected near the summit of Montmartre, the highest point within the fortifications, it will command a broad view, cut only by the tower of the new church on the apex.

The bearings are said by the mechanical engineers who have prepared the specifications to be so designed as to absolutely assure the absence of all sense of motion. When you are not looking out at the view you will be as tranquil as in any other building, but when you swing your chair so that you face the window you enjoy a serene motion and contemplate a constantly changing spectacle.

The motive power which will supply the force necessary to turn the structure will be hydraulic, and its cost has been calculated to be only \$7.12 francs



"Your big wheel that goes round," says France to America, "and the English bigger wheel that won't go round, are only fit to amuse country cousins. What do you say to a great, lofty building that spins slowly like a majestic top? You sit in a splendid hall, under noble arches, surrounded by stately palms and festoons of flowered vines, and while you eat your dinner and drink your coffee and talk to your best girl and hear the band play, you look out of the big windows at a city which seems to move beneath your gaze like the cloth of a gigantic panorama."

The inventor is M. Devic, and he calls his big tower the "Palace of Progress."

This extraordinary sort of a structure is shown in the architect's perspective drawing. The outer room of the building will move at the rate of 1,175 meters, or about three feet eight inches per second, which is as nearly as possible to two and one-half miles an hour. A complete revolution will

per hour, although each time that the movement is checked the hydraulic pressure needed to give it a new impulse will represent an expenditure of 232.50 francs.

Rozier, the caterer and refreshment contractor, who has made a fortune out of buffet concessions at all the race courses in the neighborhood of Paris, is the largest shareholder in the enterprise, and Marchand, manager of the Folies Bergeres, and of two or three other less important variety halls, has underwritten a large block of stock and will control the music and the vaudeville attractions, which are relied upon to assist in drawing pleasure-loving Paris to this vortex of delights. The upper part of the building will be occupied by a public ball-room to be open from 11 o'clock in the evening until 2 in the morning, and the space immediately below this for an artificial ice skating rink, so that the allurements of the Palais de Glace on the Pole Nord will be added to those of the Moulin Rouge and the Casino de Paris.

Extreme Division of Labor.

In the manufacture of knives the division of labor has been carried to such an extent that one knife is handled by 70 different artisans from the moment the blade is forged until the instrument is finished and ready for market.

Answered.

"And why," the teacher continued, "should we hold the aged in respect?" "Cause it is mostly the old men that has all the money," Tommy answered, and the teacher wasn't able to offer any better reason.

In Averno

"Oh, yes," explained Pluto, affably, "ladies are usually made rather timid by the fire at first. For a week or two they don't do much of anything but throw chinaware out of the windows and carry feather beds down stairs in their arms. Yes."

Whereby it was made to appear beyond cavil that the ewig weibliche was essentially spiritual and not, as has been strenuously maintained in certain quarters, a distinctly material and therefore a mortal entity.—Detroit Tribune.

AN IRON CONSTITUTION.

Here is a Man That More Than Fills the Bill.

A genius in Tonawanda, N. Y., has constructed an electrical man. It is made of steel, and furnished with a storage battery capable of holding electricity enough to run it twenty-four hours at a time. Of course, it isn't alive, and yet for all ordinary purposes it can fill the office of a man. In some respects it will be an improvement on the ordinary man. It won't swear, steal, nor talk finance at the store while one's wife does washing and kills potato bugs at home. In fact, it doesn't talk at all. This quality would have made it an excellent presidential possibility in the earlier part of the season. The inventor of this modest and unassuming creature is a man of wealth, and will immediately engage in the manufacture of electrical men on a large scale. We cannot have too many of them. In case of military conscription a better substitute can hardly be conceived. Should we become embroiled in a war with any European monarchial efficiency, it would only be necessary to send an army of electrical men against it. Such troops would need no overcoats; neither would they be susceptible to sunstroke. No matter what confronted them, they would trudge right ahead. The Six Hundred that undertook to drive Russia out of the Crimea, and whose foolhardiness gave Tennyson such a nightmare of meter and rhyme, wouldn't stand a ghost of a show in a race for fame along with a regimen of freshly charged, steel-ribbed electrical men. Here is your ideal soldier. The electrical man can be put to many practical uses, such as plowing for the farmer and doing odd chores around the house. Several of the eastern cities have a surplus of women. They will be unable to find husbands without going west. Of course, no one will claim that as a husband an electrical man would be preferred to a man of flesh and tobacco. But when a woman finds herself slowly slipping down the decline of spinsterhood, she's not apt to be squeamish about her partner having such superficial accomplishments as a talent for music, a flowing penmanship, or the ability to use cuss words. Every family will undoubtedly soon have an electrical man to take care of the bees, arrange the line fence with the adjoining neighbor, and to be interviewed by book agents. Dress one in petticoats and a more desirable chaperon could hardly be imagined. Let us all extend the hand of fellowship to our iron brother.—Life.

WOMEN WHO MADDEN MEN.

Do It Innocently, Because They Do Not Know How to Be Wives.

Women may be charming, wholly devoted to their homes and their husbands, and yet be so tactless, thoughtless and aggravating as to drive husbands to the extreme of misery. "Any observant bachelor, could recall the number of instances of women who, from mere want of tact and intelligence are almost driving their husbands mad by getting on their nerves. They forget that busy men require absolute brain rest, change of scene, change of subject. They forget that however worrying the little affairs of a household may be, the anxieties of a great business upon which the whole family's present and future depends are far greater. A friend of mine, who is now nearly a millionaire, told me in confidence that while he was sitting one night over his smoking-room fire wondering whether he could next day survive a terrible crisis which was hanging over his head and might lead to a disastrous bankruptcy, with debts to the extent of £200,000 or so, his wife came whining into the room to say that the butcher must be paid the next day—and the amount of the butcher's bill was under £50!"

"It is on such occasions that a man wants a helpful wife—one who will tell him about or read aloud the last good novel, who will say, 'Come, let us go to the theater to-night; you need change of scene,' and above all, one who knows just when her husband requires nothing more than to be left alone. It is women who get on their husband's nerves, that drive them to take bachelor holidays when they ought to be getting more enjoyment from the wife's companionship. Of course there are men who are always out of sorts, spoiled dyspeptic bears with sore heads, who require strong minds to manage them, but there are very many others who only want judicious, sympathetic treatment to be the best husbands in the world. Avoid being silly, avoid saying silly things or trying to make conversation, or commenting on some remark your husband has made. Read and think in order to cultivate intelligence and resourcefulness, with the object in view of being his counselor and his friend, and above all, his 'chum'—that word means much.—London Woman.

The Cost of a Drought.

The effects of the drought under which New South Wales languished in 1895 are now registered in dry statistics, and the record is startling. The drought, as measured by the official tables, may be said to have cost the colony 2,000,000 bushels of wheat, 18,000 horses, nearly 400,000 cattle of various kinds, more than 10,000 sheep and 5,000,000 lambs! If to these figures be added the natural increase, which under ordinary conditions, the flocks and herds and wheat lands of the colony would have known, the mischief of the drought take still more tragic dimensions.

Want a Farm?

There are still millions of acres of good land subject to homestead entry in Minnesota and Missouri, in the former state mainly timbered.