A LOVER IN STONE.

In Yellowstone National park are innumerable geysers the waters of which are strongly impregnated with calcareous and siliceous salts; a other substances which instantaneously incrustate whatever is fairly wetted by the jets. Bonnets and articles are formed by it. Travelers place under the streams hatfuls and other objects they desire "turned to stone," as they term it, and as soon as the visitor hastens carry away their trophies in triumph.

Mr. Cyril Jacques was a wealthy, dreamy and devoted young man. With form, fine face and even wealth at his command, he constantly meditated suicide and finally determined to make a take to it. He wandered over the world to discover some artistic method of departing this life. He gazed at the thought of an leaped over his mental tomahawk of sensation in the pains and of spending time by his fellow man. He entered Yosemite and for some contemplated a plunge into the awful fine below, where his body would never be recaled. He and not fear interpretation—not that. He conceived that in the invisible world in which he was to soul he might desire to gather his mortal elements ourselves, some time, in the spiritual eternity; hence, why so utterly annihilate them?

Mr. Jacques sailed to the borders of the great sanitarium of Norway and considered a plunge down lonely plated in a sensible sense. Here again he passed and found the chasm of the metal and the possibility and conceptions of animal life.

He studied sensuous intensity and consulted the world's authentic experiences. M. Gaston Vassal and Captains Ward and Kocke as to the possibility of an airship which would heat him beyond the earth's atmosphere out into boundless space. Again defeat. These great men proved him that, for all his wealth, finite power could not achieve the infinite.

In the year 1870 he read of the first expeditions of Dr. F. V. Hayden into the unknown wilds of the Rockies, of the initiation of the Sun worshipers, reported United States geological survey, of the wonderful geyser regions of Wyoming. Into the northwest corner of this territory he hastened his flight. Around was waning when he mounted the terraces of Mammoth hot springs and saw the clear blue waters pink from the highest pines and fall rosily in wellike sheets over the sides, which constantly increased in size. He noted that he had only to sit there to be pushed higher and higher, while a mountain of incrustation broadened behind him and reared him aloft.

But as he watched the transformation of liquids impossible to see that certain objects on the bases of the mound, as fast as they became incased with stone, were pushed down hill, down toward the valley below. He speculated. He concluded that some time a succession of steam might explode the mound, and if a lady were thereon floating it would become exposed to human sight as soon as the determined to be buried eternally and allow his body to be pushed down hill, to become one of the vanity fearing, immense mass of incrustated objects.

While the strange young man was cultivating his life devising means of death Miss Mignonette Farre was leading a dissimilar career of inventing fancies and searching the world for a man who should be a synonym of her ideals so exalted. In her flights of romantic fancy she had investigated the wildest noble red man in the deepest of unfrequented dens, but ascertained that his value set on a woman was less than that of a horse. She studied a widower president, but, if he fulfilled her dream, he did not take kindly to her advances. She went abroad, allured to fascinate a great prince, but all the princes she met spoke not of love, but of an annual stipend to increase her budget.

In 1890 Miss Farre 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 then territories of Wyoming and Montana. The Mammoth Hot Springs hotel suited her romantic dream. While here she often climbed the plume of the great spring. She placed letters, cards, horseshoes and other objects under the trickling streams and saw them "turned to stone." To her hotel's content. While she filled big boxes with a varied collection of these and kept these objects her ideal in this regard, as in the case of a man, was satisfied.

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 plateaus—beneath the dashing cataracts of objects turned to stone—and each day proved before a massive case of white stone, the solidity and great beauty of which she admired so much that it became a monomania with her. The case was about seven feet in length, with a diameter of two feet, and looked as if it were a classic Doric column.

At last Miss Farre concluded she could not live without the case. In her frenzied admiration of it she began to confess to a man of her romance. She hired the stalkman to take a treated force of men, and the second night at night and bear it away to Livingston, Mont., by means of wagon of horses and about wheels. The case conveyed to her second palace, awaiting the return where officials were informed, and great safety to Livingston, where it was carefully packed in a long box and shipped to New York at a cost of $10,000, half of which went to the stalkman.

Miss Mignonette accompanied her treasure, and on her arrival at her new park mansion on West Park avenue had it expanded and artistically displayed in an aesthetic, well lighted upper room which she had converted into a sort of museum for the exhibition of her hobby. Her sweetest hour daily consisted in her rambling and in contemplating the surface, which variously resembled cornice and shingles, but, in her mind's eye, Nor did the view. On the morrow, as great gray hair fascinating was in that she was hold, by it as if by a spell, as a lord mayor is supposed to be made. The world will not wait long in it, stop to it, inside press in its hours and roll it in its rolling mass.

One day Miss Mignonette read a wonderful account in a journal of a man consuming a frog which had been frozen alive in a mighty block. The was startled. What if her case contained some animal—a frog—a snake—perhaps—what? This idea had never occurred to actually roused, she felt that if it contained nothing the mysterious object must be something higher, nobler than the, to so fascinate her.

Should she consult at such risk the surgeon? No! Why spoil her romance?

Again and again she caressed it, but always ran out of it. Suppose the cad toward which she was so irresistible Stones were the half?

Miss Mignonette, after reading the frog story, gave an exact with the possible presence of the stranger that she as her became possessed with the belief that there was a man inside. What if it were true? He could not be dead—not only in a trance. He seemed to pause and hesitate. Yes, to come to the side of her dreams, for whom she had searched the world. He future had been formed to her. Same Ye fate not so cruel for poor man, the most romantic may end romantic, yet, incomprehensible even to the wildest dreamed member, and enabled her to find her lover in stone.

She would break the seal—the long seal that had hidden him from the world. She would dress to receive him. Twice should he be seen by present. He should awake from his long dream from the sentence imposed. She should open his eyes on her loveliness, should awake to life and the world to her arms.

She alighted herself gleefully. Her dark hair was arranged with white beads about it. A simple flowing gown of white enveloped her form, and over it was the bridal white bridle of illusion, so delicate as to dazzle the eye. Her brown eyes, large and long lashed, shone with joy. Her feet were dressed in tiny sandals. The sandals of her dreams. Rose-green pink boot, like the shell of a pearl. She was arranged at last, ready with enchanting terms to receive her lover from his case of stone. Inspired by the thought which such, as she glow over the room as to the room, enhancing the glorious beauty of the girl.

With a sharp chisel she began to unseal a corner the outer length of the case. Irresistibly the crowe dropped. Office about her ears to the opening trying to catch some sound, more interment. The opening arrived at a depth where the case could be split open with and injury to the inmate. She inserted several chisels and with a hammer gently begin the splitting process.

At the touch logs leaped the ground. She was scared. The man would really be up in death. How could she revive him unless he immediately came to life? Suppose he were completely cured. What would she tell the authorities that which they would believe and not convict her as a lunatic?

Gradually her courage came back. She would wait this somehow. Hid out nature granted her prayer and sent her a lunatic in the most mysterious, romantic fashion? Surely the power which sent him to her to be rescued would enable her to hide the fact of his life, the mental taps, and the sane disease in to life.

In the morning they found her in the museum in a dead faint. She did not prove for hours. Dr. Hedley her were then halved the cause of unknown under. The corpsed which by beside her was the fashion trunk of a dead man.—Exchange.

Mark Twain in South Africa.

Mark Twain has been telling the South African papers some yarns and stacking some jokes at his own expense. One of the latter is related by a Johannesburg paper. Mark was talking about South Africa's numerous recent affairs. "Yes," he said, "you have had a fearful time here lately when with war, revolution, Rudyard, Jameson, drought and me. A person you can go no further with plagues. Now that I've come you must take a change for the better."—Westminster Gazette.

The first idea of paper making in Europe was in Constantinople. The process was brought from China by way of Samarkand in A. D. 751.

Cures, Sidney.

St. A. L. Armstrong, an old druggist, and a prominent citizen of this enterprising town, says: "I sell some very different kinds of lungs remedies, but have never in my experience sold so much of any one article as I have for Ballard's Horehound Syrup. All who use it say it is the most perfect remedy for Cough, Cold, Consumption, and all diseases of the throat and Lungs, they have ever tried." It is a specific for Croup and Whooping Cough. I will relieve a Cough in one minute. Contains no opiates. Sold by E. C. M. L. Drug Store.

Dalmar's Cure Liniment.

This wonderful Liniment is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. It is the most penetrating Liniment in the world. It will cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Sprains, Bruises, Wounds, Old Sores, Burns, Scalds, Sore Throat, Sore Chest and all inflammations, after all others have failed. It will cure Barbed Wire Cuts, and last all wounds where proud flesh has set in. It is equally efficient for animals. Try it not, you will not be without it. Price 50 cents. Sold by E. C. M. L. Drug Store.

A Sound Liver Makes a Well Man.

Are you Bilious, Constipated or troubled with Jaundice, Sick Headache, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Foul Breath, Coated Tongue, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick Dry skin, Pain in Side and between Shoulder-blades, Chills and Fever, etc. If you have any of these symptoms, your Liver is out of order, and your blood is slowly being poisoned, because your liver does not act properly. Hamlock will cure any disorder of the Liver, Stomach or Bowels. It has no equal as a Liver Medicine. Price 75 cents. Free trial bottles at E. C. M. L. drug store.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John C. Green, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, administrator of the estate of John C. Green, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the date of the first publication of this notice, to the said John C. Green, administrator, at the office of Zebedee Snow, in Ephraim, Sanpete County, Utah, the same being the place of residence of the said John C. Green, deceased.

Dated August 1st, 1896.

JOHN C. GREEN JR.,
Administrator of the estate of John C. Green, Deceased.

Ephraim, Utah.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the District Court, Twelfth Judicial District, Third Judicial District, in and for Salt Lake County, State of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of James M. Jackson, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that order of sale of real estate issued herein.

JAMES E. CONLY, THE EXECUTOR OF the last will and testament of James M. Jackson, deceased, has filed his petition and his verified account for the settlement of the estate of said deceased, and has filed his petition for the distribution of said estate, to the persons thereunto entitled, and the hearing of said petition and said account has been fixed by the order of the court to be heard on the 8th day of September, A. D., 1896, at 10 o'clock a. m. at the court room in said court, in the District Court House, in the City and County of Salt Lake, State of Utah, at which time and place any and all persons interested may appear and show cause why said petition should not be granted and said account be settled and the distribution of said estate be made to the persons thereunto entitled, and why the said executor should not be discharged from his trust.

Witness my hand and seal of said court this 7th day of August, A. D., 1896.

D. C. EVANSON, Secretary, Seal. Attorney for Executor.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY TO PURCHASE AN ESTABLISHED BUSINESS.

THE SALT LAKE TRIBUNE IS OFFERED for sale to the highest bidder, subject to the Tribune's right to reject any and all bids, the entire plant, including the Tribune building, corner Main and Pioneer streets, Salt Lake City, Utah, and the business and good will of the Tribune, including the Tribune's 26 years' prestige as the leading newspaper of Utah, the Tribune's 10 years' lease of the Associated Press dispatches, now the only source of such news in Utah, the Tribune's 10 years' lease of the Associated Press dispatches, the Tribune's 10 years' lease of the Associated Press dispatches, the Tribune's 10 years' lease of the Associated Press dispatches