

THE SPINNER.

The spinner in the garden slept. As Day passed through the valley. Her silent wheel the sunbeams swept. The spinner in the garden slept. The brown bees at their labor kept. Rang clear the song birds' rally. The spinner in the garden slept. As Day passed through the valley.

A LOVER IN STONE.

In Yellowstone National park are innumerable geysers, the waters of which are strongly impregnated with calcareous and silicious sinter, a white substance which instantaneously incrustates whatever it falls upon. Big mounds and craters are formed by it. Travelers place under the streams bottles and other objects they desire "turned to stone," as they term it, and as soon as the sinter hardens carry away their trophies in triumph.

Mr. Cyril Jacques was a morbid, dreamy and downcast young man. With form, fine face and even wealth at his command, he constantly meditated suicide and determined to become a felo de se. He wandered over the world to discover some artistic method of departing this life. He paled at the thought of an inquest over his mortal remains, of accounts in the press and of speculation by his fellow mankind.

Mr. Jacques sailed to the borders of the great maelstrom off Norway and considered a plunge therein, heavily plated in a metallic armor. Here again he paused and foresaw the decay of the metal and the possibility and absorption of animal life.

He studied aeronautics intently and consulted the world's aerostatic engineers, M. Gabriel Von, Captains Renard and Krebs, as to the possibility of an airship which would bear him beyond the earth's atmosphere, out into homoloidal space. Again defeat. These great men assured 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 then worldwide respected United States geological survey, of the wonderful geyser regions of Wyoming. Into the northwest corner of this territory he hastened his flight.

HUNTING KANGAROOS.

THESE ARE NOT SO MANY IN AUSTRALIA AS THERE ONCE WAS.

Wholesale Extirpation Before the Value of Their Skins Was Known—How a Kangaroo Disembowels a Man or a Dog—Fought Only on the Defensive.

The traveler whom fate brings to the colonies may journey from end to end of them without seeing in the flesh either of the animals that figure upon the Australian coat of arms—the kangaroo and the emu. There are plenty of both in certain districts, but they are many miles away from the railroads, as a rule, and are seen only by those who have occasion to visit remote "stations," and to explore the alternate stretches of plain and "bush," which constitute the "back blocks," as the interior portions of the country are styled in colonial phraseology.

When the early settlers entered the country they found the marsupial tribe swarming in countless millions all over it, and when they sought pasturage for their flocks discovered that the ungenerous soil would not furnish grass enough for kangaroos and sheep together. A war of extermination upon the original pastures upon the land was therefore inaugurated, and waged with such deadly effect that at present a kangaroo is in most districts quite as conspicuous by his absence as the buffalo upon the plains of America.

ONCE ABUNDANT. The old squatters relate extraordinary tales of the former abundance of these strange creatures—how the eye could not range in any direction without seeing hundreds of them; how they entered the "paddocks" and grazed in the midst of the sheep, and how, when the grass grew scant and the flocks were on the verge of starvation, "drives" were organized, in which thousands of the kangaroos were killed and the sparse pasturage was eased. Wanton as seems the wholesale slaughter of these animals, it was, from the squatter's point of view, a stern and imperative necessity.

She would break the seal, the long seal that had hidden him from the world. She 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, so delicate as to deceive the eye, Her brown eyes, large and long lashed, shone 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 receive her lover from his case of stone.

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 murderer?

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 limblest trunk of a dead tree.—William H. Ballou in New York Evening Telegram.

Ammonia Poisoning.

No poison brings death with more maddening agony than ammonia, but that fact does not seem to discourage the suicide. The man Harrowitz, who deliberately swallowed a fatal dose of the drug in New York, is only one of the many who have gone the exorbitating pain. Dr. Blyth has recorded thirty cases of ammonia poisoning in the small London district of which he is health officer. Professor Mitchell mentions twenty-two cases, and four have occurred during the short time Dr. Jenkins has been connected with the coroner's office in New York.—Exchange.

Bad Blood.

Impure or vitiated blood is nine times out of ten caused by some form of constipation or indigestion that clogs up the system, when the blood naturally becomes impregnated with the effete matter. The old Sarsaparilla attempt to reach this condition by attacking the blood with the drastic mineral "potash." The potash theory is old and obsolete. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is modern. It goes to the seat of the trouble. It attacks the liver, kidneys and bowels to healthful action, and invigorates the circulation, and the impurities are quickly carried off through the natural channels.

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A Revelation.

Few people know that the bright bluish-green color of the ordinary tea exposed in the windows is not the natural color. Unpleasant as the fact may be, it is nevertheless artificial; mineral coloring matter being used for this purpose. The effect is twofold. It not only makes the tea a bright, shiny green, but also permits the use of "off-color" and worthless teas, which, once under the green cloak, are readily worked off as a good quality of tea.

An eminent authority writes on this subject: "The manipulation of poor teas, to give them a finer appearance, is carried on extensively. Green teas, being in this country especially popular, are produced to meet the demand by coloring cheaper black kinds by glazing or facing with Prussian blue, tinctoric, gypsum, and indigo. This method is so general that very little genuine uncolored green tea is offered for sale."

It was the knowledge of this condition of affairs that prompted the placing of Beech's Tea before the public. It is absolutely pure and without color. Did you ever see any genuine uncolored Japan tea? Ask your grocer to open a package of Beech's, and you will see it, and probably for the very first time. It will be found in color to be just between the artificial green tea that you have been accustomed to and the black teas.

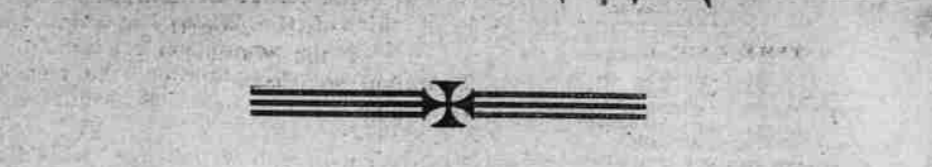
It draws a delightful canary color, and is so fragrant that it will be a revelation to tea-drinkers. Its purity makes it also more economical than the artificial teas, for less of it is required per cup. Sold only in pound packages bearing this trade-mark.

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