

A FALL INTO A CRATER.

How a Tourist Fell into a Geyser's Crater and How He Escaped Therefrom.

The Butte (Montana) *Inter-Mountain*, of a recent date, says: A party of four persons returned yesterday from a trip to the Yellowstone National park. Joe V. Longdon, C. E. Kantner, J. E. Montgomery and Walter Watson are the names of the persons, and they profess they have had, with one exception, a most delightful time. They were examining the crater of a geyser about two and a half miles from the Fire Hole river. Notwithstanding it is forbidden to carry specimens away from the park, or despoil in any way the formations, these gentlemen were desirous of securing some mementoes of their trip, and seeing in the crater some beautiful formations, Watson volunteered to attempt a descent and secure a piece of the beautiful colored work on the interior for each member of the party. He carefully descended a distance of probably twelve feet, taking care that each time his hold was secure. He reached the formations, secured what he desired, and attempted to ascend. Reaching overhead, he grasped a projection, and, putting his entire weight upon it, it gave way, and he was precipitated into the seemingly yawning abyss. His companions, who were watching his movements, shrieked as they saw him fall. They immediately procured a light and lowered it into the crater for as great a distance as they could with the means at their command. Nothing could be seen; but by dropping pebbles and bits of wood they discovered that at a depth of about fifty feet the crater was filled with water. In their consternation at the disappearance of their comrade they had not heard his body strike the water. They gave him up as lost, and with sad hearts left the scene. Going to the river they made camp, intending to start for Bozeman at daybreak. Next morning they made preparations to start, but were delayed by Mr. Longdon becoming suddenly sick. They then concluded to remain where they were until he should be in a condition to travel. About noon another party from the geyser basin came in sight, and seeing the camp of the gentlemen at once approached.

Imagine the joy and surprise of Longdon, Kantner and Montgomery when they saw among the new comers their friend Watson, alive and well. They could not believe it was he until he had taken the hand of each and assured them that it was none other than he, and gave them the promised specimens from the crater of the geyser. How he escaped is best told in his own words:

"When the projection upon which I had placed my weight gave way, I felt that I was indeed lost. I was not wholly conscious after I commenced falling. When I struck the water, feet first, I experienced a feeling of relief. I seemed to sink thousands of feet, but of course sank only but a short distance. I grasped around wildly, but nothing but the water could be felt. I was rising to the surface and knew it, and a feeling suddenly came over me that I was to be saved. How, I knew not, but still I was certain that I was not to be left in the crater. On coming to the surface I reached out and a friendly rock gave me support. I heard the shouts of my friends, but could see nothing and was unable to call out in reply. After what seemed to me ages the shouts ceased, and I realized that my friends had given me up for lost. It was just after noon when we reached the crater; I suppose it was nearly 5 o'clock when I heard what sounded like distant thunder. The noise grew more and more distinct, and the water surrounding me began to be troubled. I then realized that I was in the crater of an active geyser, and that in a short time the entire space would be filled with water. I attempted to raise myself, but could find no support for my hands which would bear my weight. The walls of the crater were rough, and while in the water I could easily keep my head out by clinging to them. Suddenly I discovered that the water was rising. This gave me the hope that I might be able to keep afloat until the surface was reached. The water continued to rise more rapidly, and I at last found myself at the point from which I had fallen. Although well-nigh exhausted, I exerted my remaining strength in climbing to the surface. This I reached. I managed to crawl some distance away from the mouth of the crater, where I lost consciousness. When I recovered I was being cared for by strangers—the men who conducted me to my quarters."

Upon being questioned further Watson said that as near as he could judge the crater at the point he struck the water was about twenty-five feet in

diameter. The water was warm, but not uncomfortably so until a few moments before he left when it began to be decidedly hot and to boil furiously. He was found by the party who rescued him about 7 o'clock in the evening.

Queer Trades in Paris.

One ant merchant, whom the author knew, was a young woman named Blanche. She is described as presenting a terrible appearance. "Her face and hands are tanned as though they had been prepared by some skillful tanner. She is clothed in buffalo skin, and in spite of this armor she is devoured by her stock in trade. But her skin has become so hardened and insensible, from long practice, that she can sleep surrounded by sacks full of her merchandise undisturbed by their stinging. Mademoiselle Blanche has negotiators in the departments where there are extensive forests; she pays her employees two francs a day. Her business extends even as far as Germany. She never receives less than ten sacks (millers' sacks) of ants daily. The ants lay eggs and these are sold for feeding pheasants. At the present moment Mademoiselle Blanche is on the road to fortune."

Another trade somewhat similar to this is that of the maggot merchants. These supply the fishermen with their bait, and number from eight to ten, doing serious business. They are well known to the fishing corporation, and three are mentioned as being celebrities in their profession. One in particular—Le Pere Ver-de-Ferre—reckons that he sells from thirty to forty million maggots every summer. This gentleman can never part with one of his loads of maggots, whom he calls his children, without emotion.

A lucrative business is the cooking of artichokes. There are but three or four important retailers of cooked artichokes in Paris. The information M. Grison gives us on the subject he obtained from Madame Pauline G., one of the extensive dealers in that article at La Halle, the largest market-place in the city. "To gain anything in this business," says our informant, "it must be conducted on a large scale, for though the cooking of artichokes appears a very simple affair, it nevertheless demands considerable outlay in proportion to the price of selling. Before being put into the copper the artichokes must be washed. Women employed for this work earn three francs a day. Others cut off the stalks. This done, the artichokes pass into the cooks' hands, who earn from four to five francs per diem. They first assort them, and then pile them in heaps according to their size in the coppers. The layers are separated by cloths. This work, of course, takes some time; but it would not do to throw the artichokes all in together, as some people imagine to be the case. The largest traders in this line employ generally two cutters and sorters, three cleaners and five or six cooks. The boiling is done by night, and entirely finished by 7 o'clock in the morning. At 5 A. M. the fruiterers and street vendors take their stock for the day. The price varies from a penny to three-pence per artichoke. The chief part of the artichoke one sees at the fruit shops, kept warm in large baskets by means of hot water, come from La Halle." Madame Pauline earns on an average £1,000 a year at this business, and the season only lasts four months. But the trades mentioned are the three rich ones out of the *petits metiers*. Among the less remunerative ones there are the rat-catchers, egg-dyers for Lent and Easter days, soup and coffee itinerant merchants, the scale cleaners, and lastly, in connection with Les Halles, the caller, whose business it is to wake up the porters, carriers and all who have to begin work at daylight. The callers form a large company and any one walking in the vicinity of the market-place after midnight hears a variety of strange cries and peculiar sounding notes proceeding from whistles. Each caller has his particular note, known to his client, who opens his window in reply. One of these men, well known in the market, is Peter, surnamed the "Blackbird," on account of the remarkable manner in which he modulates his cries.—*London Standard*.

A local English paper gives an account of a very intelligent dog in Wiltshire. The animal was in the habit of going every day to the railroad, and as the train passed the guard threw out a *Standard* for a clergyman who lived hard by, which the dog seized in his teeth and carried to his master. One day the dog came back to the rectory without a newspaper. On inquiry the guard insisted that he had acted as usual, but upon making a search it was found that a *Daily Telegraph*, and not a *Standard*, had been thrown out, and the dog had refused to have anything to do with it.

SIGHTS IN BELGIUM.

The Hard Lot of the Women and the Dogs.

Nobody in this region seems to work any but women and dogs, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing from Belgium. The "harvest hands," as they are called at home, were, with the fewest exceptions, women. They were working like oxen. In shape they are short and wide cut. Centuries of carrying heavy burdens upon their heads and shoulders have stunted their height and broadened them out. This minute—5:30 in the morning—at Cologne, I hear the measured tramp of soldiers in the street outside. I look out. A squad of good-sized, well-formed young soldiers are passing with an lieutenant. They hold their heads up in a spirited way and march along limber and elastic. Immediately behind them follow three tawny, squat women, carrying upon their heads loads which look awful. It is enough to crush their skulls in, one would think. The picture tells the whole story of life among the lower classes in this country. It is a barbarism as complete as reigns among the Indian savages of America, where the squaws do the drudgery and the men fight and hunt. Men in uniform fairly swarm. They waddle about the country railway stations in caps, green, white, red, blue and black fat, lazy-looking fellows—while out in the adjoining fields women lug and tug at the bundles of hay and grain and bend their backs in the turnip fields, plying heavy hoes, horny-handed and stiff, with weary, weather-beaten, seamed, stupid faces. It is not an agreeable sight or an encouraging one for the future progress of one of the most civilized nations in the world. Everywhere are soldiers, soldiers, soldiers, marching, drilling or standing sentinel. I told you of those we saw before 6 o'clock this morning. At 7 we went out to look at some sort of ancient rubbish and a splendid cavalry company passed us full 100 strong. Horse and rider seemed all one piece, and the animals' feet seemed to move by clock-work, so perfectly trained were they. It was a fine sight. But the most magnificently disciplined standing army in the world is maintained at a cost which cannot fail to tell on those people in the years to come. The men are drawn off to fight, and the women do the men's work. At this day in Germany women blacksmiths are not very uncommon. What is to become of the refinements of social life, the sweet sacredness of home? But I felt sorer, if possible, for the poor little dogs than even for the women. They have a dog's life, indeed. They are not very big—no larger than the common despised "yellow dog" of America—yet two of them draw loads which seem heavy enough for a horse. The little things are harnessed underneath a sort of long, heavy barrow upon wheels; this holds the load. A man or woman holds the handles of the thing, and the dogs trot along beneath. Their ribs stick out, ill-padded with flesh, as though they were not very well fed. Their panting sides, lolling tongues and sorrowful, appealing eyes would touch the heart of a stone. Everything hereabouts, too, seems done by sheer brute strength. There is no saving of labor, either by machinery or by the application of common sense. In the field we saw no American agricultural machinery, as in England or Scotland. Where in America a load of baggage, trunks, valises would be piled high upon a dray or great truck and transferred at one gulp for short distances, here your porter takes it upon his head or arm, as the case may be, and lugs it off slowly and painfully, one piece at a time. We have had more fuss and trouble to keep from losing our baggage, coming from London to Cologne, than we should have had at home in going from New York to San Francisco and back again. Strange country this, where women and dogs do the hardest work, and where they have no checks for baggage. Stockings are knit by hand instead of by machinery, and in Antwerp and Brussels the women are so industrious that they knit running along the streets going of errands.

Building a Big House in Two Days.

The rapid increase of population in Manitoba has stimulated the inventive genius of the Dominion to contrive houses that may be portable and quickly put up. L. Forest, of Belleville, Ont., has planned one that is in three-foot sections and dovetails together. A house, for a hotel or boarding establishment, has been put up at Winnipeg, over 100 feet long, two stories high, and divided into apartments sufficient to accommodate 250 guests. The foundation was laid on Tuesday and the house was completed on the Thursday following.—*Northwestern Lumberman*.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

A German scientist finds that the true color of perfectly distilled pure water is a fine deep-blue green.

The New York, Chicago and St. Louis railway uses a steam shovel that lifts eighteen tons of gravel at one scoop.

The ground burns through the shoes on the feet of missionaries of Ceylon when the mercury is at 160 degrees in the sun.

The chamois is the only antelope found in Europe, and the baboon, on the rocks of Gibraltar, the only quadrumanus.

A statistician estimates that the people of the United States have to pay \$23 a minute for Congress while in session.

A petroleum well has been discovered thirty yards below the surface of the water in the middle of Lake Chapala, Mexico.

There is an Indian professor who can destroy a corpse in twenty minutes with a patent chemical solution costing only one dollar and sixty cents.

"The Natal Twin Association" of Nashville, Tenn., pays \$2,000 to each member producing a certificate of the paternity of a pair of twin babies.

A book that was a copy of the report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children poisoned a child in Troy. It had put the colored covers in its mouth.

In some parts of Africa, where ants swarm, they are said to form, at times, a considerable portion of the food supply. They are used in some countries in Europe for making formic acid, and are subject to an import duty.

It is a mistake to think century plants bloom only when they are one hundred years old. In their native climate, and under favorable circumstances, they will bloom when only nine years old. The plant then dies, but numerous suckers are already around its base to take its place.

Coffee, as its name imports, Coffea Arabica, is indigenous to northern Africa, and was imported into Europe as a curiosity. Not much more than 150 years ago a single layer of two slips was taken from Holland to Martinique, and it thrived so well that it furnished a supply for the whole of the West Indies.

The "Nilometer," or instrument used in measuring the annual rise of the Nile, is situated on the Island of Roda, opposite old Cairo. It consists of a square well or chamber, in the center of which is a graduated pillar divided into seventeen cubits. The state of the river is proclaimed daily in the streets of Cairo during the inundation by several criers, to each of whom a particular district is assigned. The usual maximum of the rise is from twenty-four to twenty-six feet.

Jay Gould's Son.

A New York correspondent of the Boston *Herald* thus describes the magnificent way in which young Mr. Gould intends to run the Grand Opera House: Jay Gould runs the Grand Opera House, and his son George is to be associated with Mr. Abbey in the management. Young Mr. Gould means to make the business enjoyable, at all events. The right hand lower box, as you face the stage, is transformed into a sanctum for him. It has been isolated by shutting off the passage to the next box above, which is now entered from the gallery. A door is cut through the wall of the building into what formerly was a yard, but is now built up to contain a parlor, a dining room and reception room, all beautifully frescoed, and to be gorgeously furnished. These apartments are accessible by a back way from Twenty-fourth street, so that Mr. Gould and his friends can get in and out without mixing with the audience, though they will be in danger of encountering the performers. It is understood that the dinners will not be prepared on the premises, but will be sent in from a restaurant. The box opens also on a passage leading to the stage, back of which is the largest green room in the country. In the festive days of Jim Fiske this apartment was gayly peopled by the women of the opera bouffe, who assembled there when not actually employed in the performances, and made brave show with their beauty and costumes. The hall, big enough to hold 200 persons, has since been devoted chiefly to the storage of scenery and properties, until it was cleared and painted by order of Mr. Gould, who will have it carpeted, decorated and furnished dazlingly. He evidently believes in a revival of the green room, whatever may be his ideas about the rest of the drama.

Butter product of the United States—777,215,597 pounds annually.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

SCIATICA.—Sciatica is one of the most distressing and obstinate of nerve pains, and any effectual way of affording even temporary relief during the severe paroxysms is thankfully received by the sufferer. A French physician thinks he obtains the combined influence of heat and electricity by covering a hot flatiron with a woolen cloth wrung out in vinegar and applied over the seat of the pain. For many years it has been his custom to employ this method in cases of neuralgia and sciatica, and by repeating the application two or three times a day, not only temporary relief but permanent curative results have often been brought about.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly*.

VEGETABLE POISONING.—In a case of vegetable poisoning, emetics (the sulphate of zinc, if procurable) should be used at once, the back of the throat tickled with a feather and copious draughts of tepid water taken to excite and promote vomiting. Where these measures fail, the stomach pump must be used. Neither ipecacuanha nor tartar emetic should be used to cause vomiting, as during the nausea they produce before vomiting is excited, the poison is more readily absorbed. Vinegar must not be given until the poisonous matter has been removed, but afterward it may be given in doses of a wineglassful, one part vinegar to two parts water, once every two hours in mild cases, but oftener—to half hourly doses—in cases of greater severity. Where there is a stupor the patient should be kept walking about, and if the stupor is great cold water may be dashed over the head and chest. Strong coffee may be used where the narcotic effect of the poisoning is very marked. It is all important that in cases of vegetable poisoning a medical man should be sent for at once.

Why the Minister Laughed.

"Is this the Rev. Mr. Mulkittle?" said a kind of out-of-reason man, entering the library of a well-known Little Rock minister.

"Yes, sir; have a seat."

"I have called to transact a piece of business which to the world may seem ridiculous, but which, viewed from a spiritual eminence is of importance."

"What is it?"

"I want you to love me."

"Love you?" gasped the good man, regarding the petitioner and inwardly vowing that he had never before met a more repulsive human being.

"Yes, sir, I want you to love me," and he sat down and closed his eyes as though he intended to await the announcement of the decision. "The command is to love one another. I confess that I love you," and opening his eyes he leered at the preacher.

"Well, sir," said the minister, "your demand after all is simple. I suppose that you have been lost for many years, and have just tasted grace, and that you especially want the love of ministers. Yes, I love you."

"Thank you. Now, when we love any one we are willing to help him. Gimme a dollar, sir, gimme a dollar. Out of the love you bear me, gimme the dollar."

The minister arose, took down the box and handed the visitor a dollar. "Good bye. I hope you will always love me," and the lover was gone.

"How did you make it?" asked a rough-looking man, when they reached a street corner not far away.

"Fine. Never met but one preacher that got away with me, and he was an old Baptist that insisted upon ducking me into the river before he could love me. Preachers like something odd. The old style of striking 'em is repealed."

"Let me see the money."

"Here she is; a new dollar. Let's go take something."

"I guess not. The thing is counterfeit." It was a vile imitation, and the two thieves looked at each other in silence. The minister poked his head over the fence and laughed. The dollar had come to him in a contribution box.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

Bird Sextons.

It is so rare to find a dead bird unburied in a field or meadow that the question naturally arises: What becomes of their bodies? It will be found by watching carefully, that the orange-spotted beetles are the little sextons that bury sparrows, mice, squirrels and even the larger creatures which die in the woods or fields. They shovel out the loose earth with their broad heads, push the body into the hole thus made, and even climb upon it to push it more firmly into its grave. Some naturalists think that the beetles are drawn by the odor of decay, and we ought to be very grateful that the air is kept pure and sweet for us by these intelligent undertakers.

Don't Take It to Heart.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did not we rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings,
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor,
Even bright as a berry,
Checks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse of the heartache
can cure.

Resolved, to be merry,
All werry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget it
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for
yet.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The thermometer, like a mason, rises by degrees.

A Philadelphia man has invented a shirt with a sand-paper back. One rub against a rail fence cures the worst case.

There is a dog in Georgia that weighs only fifteen ounces. Whenever he gets lost his owner knows that he is inside of a pound.

"Great Pains Taken" is the heading of an advertisement in one of the dailies. Probably some man ate a whole watermelon.

The present fashion of using young colored boys as ladies' pages is certainly not a new one. Everybody has heard of "the dark pages of history."

"Heat the bread knife very hot when cutting new bread." This will prevent crumbling, and probably suggest something to say to the next person who picks up the knife.

When Fogg heard of a boy who was terribly injured while playing with fire, he quietly remarked: "Oh, that's nothing; he was only a little son burnt." Fogg ought to be tanned, the heartless wretch.

If you have a fight with a fellow about a girl make it a point to get walloped and badly hurt. Girls are sympathetic creatures, and she's bound to pity you and think the other fellow a horrid brute.

Archibald Forbes, the English war correspondent, is to get \$5,000 for his proposed work on the United States. We had no idea the United States needed repairs so bad that the work on them would cost \$5,000.

"Just taste that tea," said old Hyson to his better half, at the supper table the other evening. "Well, there doesn't seem to be anything the matter with it. I can't taste anything." "Neither can I, and that's what I'm growling at."

The remark, "There's a point where endurance ceases to be a virtue," was originally made by one of the old masters—one of the old schoolmasters, when he sat down upon a simple little contrivance invented by the bad pupil, *Norristown Herald*.

"Men's night-gowns are made with pockets in them." Thus in case the wife of a man's bosom calls for a new bonnet in the middle of the night he can immediately pull out his pocket-book and furnish her with the funds. A great saving of sleep to the husbands of the land.

Scientific men in Japan are said to be discussing the possibility of utilizing the internal heat of the earth. If some of these learned Japs would find a way of utilizing and carting off some of this summer's external heat, we should be glad to use our influence to get them the contract.

Even the poor despised tramp makes his mark in this world. He usually makes it on the fences with a piece of chalk for the guidance of some forlorn, disheartened brother tramp, who, seeing it, may take heart again, or anything else of value the careless farmer may have forgotten to take into the house.

"DEPOT."

Said Master Jones, "Now we must go Without delay to the depot."

Laughed sweet Miss Jones, "I should say so! Let's start at once for the daypo."

Smiled Mrs. Jones, "In quick step, oh, We'll all run down to the depoto."

Growled Mr. Johns, "It's mighty hot To drive you all to the depoto."

These conflicts of pronunciation Would not be if they called it "station."

Six of the most popular Italian journals are owned by Signor Oblight, who came to Milan in 1830 with the Austrians, founded an advertising agency in 1865, which he transferred to Rome, and by degrees farmed the advertisement portions of no fewer than 120 papers, amassing thereby a large fortune.