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Land Sale !

A TABLEAU.

The last rays of the setting sun shone

ner neavy waves or good uronze hair into a very aureole of light, and the wind blowing from the blue glesming sea beyond a drift of rosebloom into her lily fair face, while a dress of some soft blue, material, trimmed with foamy cascades of lace, floated in billowy lines of grace about her, making in all a picture that made my gize as one fascinated, while I thought:

"She is a woman that a man might well want to love and cheriah, and die for if need be, that she might know no sorrow."

And while I still continued gazing upon her lnez joined me, and she too gazed upon, the fair picture that her rival made standing there in the sunset light, but with such a look of bitter hatred in her dark, starry eyes, half veiled by their snowy lids, that I shuddered with a half defined terror of I know not what.

Never before had I beheld lies looking more strangely and radiantly heatiful.

For she wore a thin black dress, touched here and there with vivid scarlet spots that glared among its dark folds like tongues off flame, and in her heavy braids of hair that were tried in the coronal about the regal flowers of the same bright hue, while upon her ivory white throat sparkled a unique necklace, with a serpent's diamond head that seemed to hiss fort's diamond head that seemed to hiss fort's gens were clasped around her superbly rounded arms.

A rich color bloomed upon her proud, flawless face, and her dark eyes seemed to sparkle with wondrous light, and, in short, she seemed the very personification of living, glowing sunshine, beside which Madeline Harleigh appeared as a coot shadow, or moonlight shining upon mow.

It would have taken one more skilled in reading the human heart than myself to decide, after that night, which of these two strangely beautiful women, each such a contrast to the sther, handsome Cecil Vernon admired most, for he seemed to divide his attentions equally between them.

For many days I walched and waited for some sign that would betray it to me; but I found my task a vain one, but her for her dark, g

ward my favorite retreat, a little summer house heavily draped with vines, that commanded a most charming view of the sea beyond.

I had some about half way in the path leading to it, when the sound if voices attracted my attention.

I recognized them at once as those of Cecil Vernon and Madeline Harleigh, and, scarce knowing what I did.

I good as one record to the suct. While leigh, and, scarce knowing what I did, I stood as one rooted to the spot, while Cecil, in a voice thrilling with passion, poured into the willing ears of Madeline the story of his mad, adoring love for her, and I beheld the white, wrathful face of Inez, that resembled that of some fiend incarnate, all unperceived by the lovers, peering in upon them through the heavy vines that draped the summer house.

It was a fitting night for that fatal betrothal of Cecil and Madeline, for she, after listening to his impassioned tale of love, had crowned it with her promise to become his wife at an early day.

sea waves rolled higher and higher toward the shore like a mass of inky blackness, now booming with sullen, thundering roars and then dying faint ly away, as if chanting a requiem for the dead.

Keeping in the dense shadows of the Keeping in the dense shadows of the trees, with a wildly throbbing heart, I made my way, silently and undetect-ed, back to the house, and hastily

sought my room,
Summoning my maid, I bade
haste with my toilet, and when at it was completed I went tremblingly through the long, softly carpeted cor-ridor and knocked timidly at Iner's

When I entered I found her standing before the long mirror, while her maid put the finishing touches to the supero dress of amber tinted satin, with its draperies of richest black lace, caught here and there with gold and crimson roses that set off her dark, glorious beauty as a golden frame does a rare picture, and that she was to wear in the tableau.

"Surely" I thought with a shud-

to wear in the tableau.

"Surely," I thought, with a shudder, as I gazed upon her marble white face and wildly burning eyes, with their lurid lights, "she looks every inch the character she is to represent, and, if she continues to do so during the tableau, she will, indeed, thrill with horror the hearts of all who gaze upon her and make her acting appear to them for the time a reality."

"Oh, Edna!" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of me and turned from the mirror. "I feel as if I cannot take the part assigned to me; but," she hissed the next moment, more to herself than to me, "do it I must and will!"

I was about to persuade her to make some pretext for dealining to take the part allotted to her, but just then I heard the impatient voice of Isabel in the corridor without, and the next moment she had burst in upon us, eagerly asking if we were not nearly ready, and with that same strange feeling of targer, which I could not define, but

asking if we were not nearly ready, and with that same strange feeling of terror which I could not define, but which grew stronger within me each moment, I was forced to leave Inex with my words of entreaty unspoken.

A little later, when I beheld Inex in the stately drawing room, where invited guests were assembled, she be trayed no trace of her past emotion, for excitement had given a rich hus to her face, before so marble like, the lurid lights had all faded out of her eyes, and she passed from one to another, and passed at last beneath the blaze of the great chandelier, where Ceell Vernon stood with Madelina Harleigh, her red lips were wreathed only with the sweetest smiles.

"What a superb actress she is!" I mentally decided, knowing as I did the fires of rage and hatred burning within her heart, that the beautiful, smiling face so artfully concealed.

Af last the other tableaux were over and duly appreciated and applauded, and the curtain rose slowly on the last and most beautiful, "The Jealous Wife."

and most beautiful, "The Jealous Wife."

A hush of admiration came over the sudience as the beautiful picture presented itself to their view.

Madeline Harleigh, robed in a dress of palest blue silf, with draperies of frosty lace looped with white roses and pearls, reclined on a luxurious couch, and bending over her with a world of passionate love in his eyes, that were resingly toyed with the rope of the same cool, white glamming gems and fragrant flowers that were twined amid the heavy waves of her gold bronze hair, was Cecil Vernon, while Inex gazed upon them through the heavy daperies with a gleaming, jeweled

touch of the hand or tones of the voice of Cecil Vernon, the handsome lover whose bride she had hoped to be, and she was folded instead in the cold embrace of the pale bridegroom death, which had come to claim her in all her

youth and beauty as his own. Soon after Madeline was borne to her private asylum for the insane, for it was discovered that sudden insanity had prompted the terrible murder of her rival.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

facturer has an agent who goes about town buying up old silk hats. These he demolishes, cleaness thoroughly, reblocks and revamps until a hat looking as good as new, and for all pur-poses it is new, is ready for the head at a cost of from \$2 to \$3 less than its future look with st glossy tile whenever I meet it. The manufacturer, who is his own boss, seems to be an intelligent fellow, and I asked him a few questions about silk hats, which elicited the following in-

hats, which elicited the following information:

"Sixty-five per cent. of the silk hat on your head is foreign. The linen is imported from England and the plush from France. We don't have many made silks from the old country. It doesn't pay to import such on account of the frequent changes in styles. But most of the material is imported. The average size in silk hats is 7½. It isn't often that we have a call for anything less than a six. Of course you know less than a six. Of course you know there are different shapes in sizes. A 6‡ that would fit your head wouldn't fit another man's head who wears the same size."—Exchange.

Information About "Yourself." The average number of teeth is thir-

ty-two.

The weight of the circulating blood is twenty-eight pounds.
The average weight of an adult is 150 pounds and six ounces.
The brain of a man exceeds that of any other animal.
A man breathes about twenty times

a minute and 1,200 in an hour.

A man breathes about eighteen pint of air in a minute, or upward of seven

of air in a minute, or upward of seven hogsheads a day.

The average weight of the brain of a man is 34 pounds; of a woman two pounds and eleven ounces.

Five hundred and forty pounds, or one hogshead and 14 pints of blood, pass through the heart in one hour.

The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 4 inches, of a Frenchman 5 feet 4 inches, of a Belgian 5 feet 64 inches.

inches.

The heart sends searly ten pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat, and makes four beats while we breathe once.

One hundred and seventy-five million cells are in the lungs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute, in manhood sighty, at 60 years sixty. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

"I am a jury fixer, myself," caimly remarked Mrs. Waitainight, as she cut off Mr. We hast pair of pantaloons at the knees, "and I don't care who knows it. I've fixed one juror so that he won't get into a box and be gone till. Monday morning." And she smiled as she set the afternoon clock ahead four hours, and resumed her place by W's bedside that she might catch his earliest remarks when he opened his tardy eyes.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

"Why. Marie, you didn't ask that young man to call and he seems so

get you one made any shape you like to order."

"Oh, no; I could not order one without seeing it," said the lady. Then she took up one which she had looked at already, poised and examined it, and finally tried it on, and decided for the second time that it would not do. "It really is very extraordinary that you should not have one in brown," she said in a tone of annoyance. For a moment the girl did not answer; she had grown paler, and her eysbrews were drawn together with an expression of anxiety and approhension. Mr. X—, walking up and down his range of show rooms, had again tome into sight, and had paused, looking in. "We'd get you one, ma'am, I am sure, in two or three days," she repeated.

Now it was the customer who did not answer. She began turning over

her pale attendant hovered about her, throwing in propitiatory words. Mr. X—stood and looked in from the wide doorway. She could see the scowl on his face. At last the customer, finally refusing to take any other in place of the bonnet which she really wanted, departed dissatisfied. The girl began, tremblingly, to put together the bonnets. Tears came to her eyes. She had tried her best to sell, and she dreaded the wrath of her master. He had been in a bad temper all day; why, oh why, must this thing have happened just today? Mr. X—moved away; she saw him go to the cashier's desk in the next room. He came back with a paper and a few shillings, which he threw down angrily before her.

"You'll just sign that if you please, miss,"

name to the paper, and a tear fall on it.

"Now, you can just pack up your things and go this minute," said he, roughly. "I've no place for a young lady that can't sell a bonnet."

She gathered up the money and went meekly. She was a timid girl, with no gift either for complaints or excuses, and for girls of that kind the tyrantsof this world have no mercy. She went up stairs to the bedroom, which she shared with two others. It was bare, clean, depressing; about as homelike as a prison cell. She looked round it, half blinded by her tears, and wrung her hands, murmuring, "What shall I do? Where shall I go?"

and wring her hands, murmuring, "What shall I do? Where shall I go?"

The room was quite brightly, lighted now by the glare of the many lamps in the street. She stood so for a minute, then wiped away her tears and began packing and arranging her few properties in her box. When this was done she must go forth into the evening and find herself a shelter for the night and for the morrow. To morrow would begin again the familiar, heart breaking search for work, to continue who bould guess how long? And who could tell what character Mr. X.— would give of her! And she had 30 shillings with which to face the world. Her tears began to fall again as she locked her trunk and rose from her knees. She was glad to hide her face with her yeil and to steal sway secretly, fearing to meet any one, lest the farewell should break down her courage.

So she passed out into the evening and on to Oxford street, the "stony hearted stepmother."

Mr. X.— meanwhile was going home, sevene of conscience, to his wile and daughters at Brixton, giving no second thought to the incident of the afternoon.

It is a story that happens every day;

afternoon.

It is a story that happens every day; and too often the stones of London, if they could speak, the pavements of Piccadilly, the balustrades of the bridges could tell you how it ends.—
Pall Mall Gazette,

Dr. Augustus Waller, of Philadelphia, has recently made a number of experiments showing that it is possible to detect by existing electrical instruments the electric currents generated at each beat of the heart. Two people, holding each other by the hand, and connected with a capillary electrometer, give evidence of electric shocks through each other. The hands of a single subject, dipped into two basins of water in connection with the electrometer, give a deflection of the instrument at every beat of the pulse.—New York Telegram.

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Nov. 14, 1890-81 of Mary A. Mr tdame