PARTING.

Too sacred art thou for my sight, my love,
And my sick heart, dear love, dare not discover
Thyself to me as thou art, my love,
Lest I should fall in love's chosen lover,
Nor a shade from the mystic tree,

And since I would not thy peace disturb
Where the never fade fadeless fall,
Till your last resting I heard no more,
And my heart was filled with a yearning sore,
That no morrow could never call.

Yet so, I had stood in that open door
When the night was so fair and cool,
And I pondered the forms that had passed before
The door, dear forms that come no more—
Had were come back to me!

And how would it be, then, with you, dear soul,
As you vanished away in night?
Had you passed forever from view, dear heart?
Had my heart spoke with death dumb speech,
Or far from my love and light?

Should never I turn to your voice gently,
Nor touch your trembling hand,
Would never your lips meet my own, as then,
In the sweet caress only true hearts kn
Were gloring, tender as sun?

All alone, perhaps, in this world below,
Would for hearts hand close in thine
And my soul grow sick, and the tears would
flow,
In thinking that, though I loved you so,
We never might meet again!

—Pauline Hinds.

HIS "MAJESTY."

Juana, the wife of King Felipe, passionately loved the art of painting, and practiced it with admirable results. It was of course remored that the poor queen had become deranged, and that this artistic application was a diversion suggested by physicians. It is certain, however, that her highness became a consummate artist. Her perception was keen and her hand true; an interesting face, now but once, she could depict in a shape readily recognizable both as feature and character.

One day it pleased her royal husband to seize the album wherein the versatile hand of the queen had sketched from her sick fancy and reproduced scenes from her ch ding surroundings.

At that ne, let it be understood, Juana alone was addressed as "Your Majesty." Her spouse, in consequence of being the offspring of a foreign sovereign, was addressed as "Your Highness," and upon all official documents requiring both signatures one read, "Juana Reina," and underneath ran the other, "Felipe, rey." This king by marriage found in his wife's sketchbook numerous and varied portraits of a remarkably handsome knight. Sometimes he was portrayed as a victorious hero; then as a praying pilgrim, and again as a smiling lover. This truly handsome face must have occupied the queen's fancy, for it was often depicted, and in a manner strikingly conscientious and ardent. One could see at a glance that her heart had assisted the hand.

The visage was not that of King Felipe. The face was wholly unknown to him. Perhaps it was merely an ideal of youth such as apparently satisfies in romantic dreams—a supernatural being. This was Felipe's first conjecture as he gazed upon the pictures, but upon further reflection his conception of Juana became less innocent. He was seized with jealousy, and jealousy and revenge go hand in hand in Spain. An inquiry sent to the grand inquisitor anent the original of the sketches, a wink to the argus-eyed officers of the inquisition and the torture chamber was long in coming. The man with the handsome knightly countenance, the full, red, laughing lips, the large, luminous eyes underneath the thick, dark, bold eyebrows was—if the grand inquisitor informed the king—Don Jayme d'Avila, a marrano.

At that time a marrano—which is the Spanish term for a pig—was a marauding knight and generally an apostate. Although proselytes they were strongly suspected of heresy and consequently bitterly persecuted, despite the fact that they wore the flower and the glory of the Ambulanian nobility, celebrated for their valor in tournament, their chivalric deportment and their bravery in battle. It was not impossible that Don Jayme d'Avila bore no particular resemblance to the pictures in the queen's sketchbook, but he was a marrano and the knight had been boldness personified. This was enough for the judges of the inquisition.

There lived in Castile an artist of renown. His reputation was not achieved by creating a new school or the painting of valuable masterpieces, but by his wonderful quickness and accuracy in sketching portraits. His name was Luis de Lucena, but he was known among his confreres as Fapesto the Rapid. King Felipe sent for Fapesto.

"Master," said the king, "you are to make several sketches of a living countenance. The person will be at your disposition for two hours. How many copies can you deliver in that time?"

"As many as your majesty commands."

"No flattery! Impromtu, I am not addressed as 'Majesty,' and, secondly, an artist cannot be commanded. Kindly you to able to make a good portrait of the face within two hours of you receive a compensation of 2,000 pieces per copy?"

The painter's greedy eyes glittered.

"If your majesty—I crave pardon, but I find the appellation just—if it pleases your majesty to honor me with 4,000 pieces for each drawing, I shall guarantee to make fifteen copies."

"Good! You shall have the sum; but if the face you are to delineate changes from time to time and the expressions vary constantly, will it not confuse you? Remember, the countenance will not be an ordinary one; on the contrary, it is to be an extraordinary, a remarkable face."

"Oh, your majesty, an extra face is ever a fascinating study! It is something for which a real artist yearns. If such a subject would no I shall gladly postpone it for less money—say 1,000 pieces."

"Volunteer Don Zoss will bargain with servants in the Escorial. Go to the Alguazil's chamber. You will there receive material for your work."

In the chamber they handed the artist the necessary material and requested him to step into a recent notice. For a long time he was carried through winding halls and corridors. Finally the carriers stopped in what the artist surmised must either be a room with few windows or one which was thronged with people, for the echoes ceased.

The doors of the cabin were opened and Lucena stepped out. At the first glance he recognized the place. Although he had never been there before, you any child in Spain would have known it, for mothers and nurses had often resorted to the little cave where their care terrible tales of this awful chamber.

The ceiling, walls, arches and pillars were covered with black cloth. Depending from the huge pillars were concave rings and chains bearing the peculiar rust that accurs from dried blood. In the corner lay iron irons, screws, quarly shaped spoons, hammers, screws and other strange objects. In the rear, upon a slightly elevated platform, sat several squalidest, ugly figures attired in heavy black; their faces covered with a cloth of the same kin. At one side the weak, trembling flicker of a candle intensified the gloom and horror of the place. It was the chamber of the inquisition.

But one visage upon the outside was uncovered. It was turned the grand inquisitor. He was seated upon a high chair and the judges and was attired in a black, pearl studded, satin gown, which was in triangles and in among the plain garments of the others.

At the other side of the court were a table and three stools, one of which was reserved for the artist, the others being occupied by the men who were so thickly veiled as the judges. One of them had a quill in his hand. He was the recorder. The other, who requested Lucena with a haughty gesture to be seated, suggested the king. Not a word was spoken. Action alone sessent to action.

After the artist had arranged his material the personage at his side gave an authoritative sign to the grand inquisitor, who arrangement it to two asymmetric. The expressions walked to the center of the hall and removed a cloth beneath which a tall shaped object appeared to move. It was the head that Fapesto was commissioned to depict. It was not a kitchen head cut off from the body. On the contrary, it was a very animated, a heroic head, from which a pair of angry, fiery eyes seemed to dart flames. The brow expressed a noble courage and the lips echoed the utmost contempt. It was a head of the kind that warriors revere and women adore.

Fapesto comprehended the situation at once. He must depict the speaking of a face that the Cellinis would make upon the fine.

The artist was not of a timorous nature, but he could not suppress a shudder. This Torquemadian fortune was indeed, as a large sword sank thick with oil, placed under the four directly beneath an aperture. The fellowpost was forced into the cask, the blotter giving to the spectators a full view of the head. Immediately the cask a stop this would be injured and intensified according to the stubbornness of the prisoner.

Lucena's crayon flew over the parchment. It depicted a face, the eyes of which shot forth contempt, hate and unconquerable courage. Fapesto's laughter glanced over the artist's shoulders and nodded approvingly.

The grand inquisitor beside the silhouet turning toward the second he says: "Don Jayme d'Avila, confess to your judges. When did you first speak to Juana, the daughter of Fernando of Aragonia?"

The lips opened. "I have seen her only twice after and have never spoken to her."

"Don Jayme d'Avila, do not attempt to deceive your judges. You have been detected in dishonorable relations with Juana. Confess. What proof of her illicit love has she given you?"

At these words the heroic face flushed with anger; the eyes shot forth lightning glances. The knight was surpassingly handsome at this moment.

"Your question calumniates the one to whom you and every Spaniard owes reverence and duty. Were I to commit so grievous a sin, I should feel self contempt. The queen is as pure and innocent as an angel from heaven."

Lucena was about to sketch this indignant visage when his hand was staid by the personage beside him. "Never mind that; you will have a prettier expression in a moment."

He nodded to the inquisitor, who gave a signal to the two executioners. They hurried away.

Don D'Avila's expression changed. The face had been lighted.

"Now then, Fapesto!"

At first the eyes glowed and the veins upon the brow began to swell. A presentiment of his fate was mirrored in the knight's face. Despair, and the frightful agonies of other subjects were distinguished that manly countenance. It was an interesting second study.

"Will you answer my question now, Don Jayme d'Avila?" re-nodded throughout the hall in the hollow, spectrum voice of the grand inquisitor.

"May my tongue be parch and fester if it uttered even in a single syllable to your infamous question."

At these words the head turned toward the judges again in full possession of the heroic determination that had faltered for a moment. The lips were tightly compressed as though to keep back an exclamation of pain, and the eyes expressed thrice as rather than sadness. Lucena grasped his crayon for a third study.

The fire was stirred and fanned. From the white hot tongs drops of perspiration flowed down the face, upon which the intense struggle between an iron will and unspeakable pain was visible. And body to cramped lips opened and groans were heard that must have startled pity from hearts less hard than those in the Inquisition.

"Now, Fapesto, draw!"

The expression changed as rapidly as thought and gradually became ecstatic. Mind no longer predominated in the eyes rolled wildly in their hollows as the mouth frothed and the lips emitted spasmodic curses.

"Quick! Quick, Fapesto! The fourth study will be a gem!"

The fire was again stirred and fed.

"Don Jayme d'Avila, will you consent to a question?" asked the grand inquisitor, in a calm but terribly significant tone.

The head did not respond. It had ceased to smoke—rather, but—it begin to laugh! The surrounding spectators had forced the knight to unclosed laughter, and then to demoniacal yells. This terrible laughter caused the executioner to tremble, and Lucena was compelled to think of the gold that would soon make him wealthy in order to recall his shuddering heart, nearly his shaking hands and subdue his tears.

The person at the artist's side again nodded. The grand inquisitor understood. He ordered the flames to be partially extinguished; otherwise the victim would too soon be delivered from torture.

The face slowly lost its ruddy color and gradually took a faceid, yellow hue. The features resumed somewhat to their natural form, a fortunate in the shape of disorder and yellow appeared to flit across the countenance. Not a vestige of youth or beauty remained. The sixth sketch was finished.

The inquisitor again queried, "Will you reply, Don Jayme?"

The head had comprehended. Slowly it was lifted, the eyes opened wildly as though they would burst from their sockets, the chin shook and fell. The mouth was an awful one. The cold hearted and capricious artist shuddered as he turned away.

"Well, Fapesto, why do you hesitate? This is the most interesting study of all."

The phenomenon had spoke in a thick, stertorous voice. "Fapesto—Fapesto—I shall—answer you!"

The eyes rolled, the lids sank heavily, the lips quivered, the chin fell, and the head drew to one side and fell heavily upon the flagstone. Every feature stiffened.

"Extinguish the fire!" cried the inquisitor.

"It not this a magnificent study? Draw it carefully and at your leisure. Its be famous. They will revive him presently."

They did not succeed, however. He had not fainted. He was dead.

"You stupid fellow!" cried the artist, when Don Jayme's death was announced. "Was it necessary for you to die at the sixth sitting? I lose 4,000 pieces!"

"Do not fret; you will receive the full amount for the eight sitting. They have been superbly executed. Every one bears and refresh them."

Lucena stepped into the scene and was conveyed to his study.

In four days the portraits were finished. They were executed with neat fidelity. Felipe praised them highly and sent them to the queen.

On the fifth day it was announced that the queen was insane. On the sixth day the grandees of Castile were assembled in the Escorial when they were informed by Felipe that in consequence of the queen's insanity rather than would be unable to govern. On the seventh day Felipe the Fair was no longer "Highness," but "Majesty," and his name was written above Juana's upon state documents. On the eighth day the same Felipe lay upon a bier. He was found dead in his chamber that morning.—Translated from the Hungarian by Emil Friedl for Romance.

The Red Textile Region in America.

The famous Red River valley is by some evidence of such comparative value as to be the third agricultural region, in point of fertility, in the world, there being one Assiniboine and one African valley in the foreground beyond it. The Red River valley takes in many counties of Minnesota and the most orderly counties of the two Dakotas. It is quite land of black soil that was formed by the bed or deposit of an ancient sea. It reaches up into Canada, beyond Winnipeg, and is a great deal richer at its south than and in the United States than in Canada. This region yields its wealth of grain to a great part of it into Minnesota's twin cities, there to exchange it for merchandise. Other cereals and cattle are produced beyond this valley in the new states, and the valley itself returns the same commodities along with its wonderful output of wheat.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

To Cure a Red Nose.

"I have always been troubled with a nose that would turn reddish whenever I particularly desired to look my best," said a pretty young girl, "but I really think I have found an antidote. At least it has proved very effective in my case, and as I experienced such quick relief in comfort with my substitute now I would like to suggest the remedy to similarly afflicted sisters. At all events it will do no harm, for it is simply to wash the nose from time to time in hot water and afterward rub the nose well with alcohol; this does not irritate the skin as it might seem. Chemic redness results from a defective circulation and the alcohol acts as a tonic to the capillary tubes. This is also, I am told, an excellent remedy for pimples or a rough skin."—New York Tribune.

Strength of Bricks.

A test of brick made by the dry clay process at Watertown showed showed an average compressive strength of 3,872 pounds per square inch. In one instance it reached 4,920 pounds per square inch. A test was made at the same place on a "finer pressed brick." The first crack the object a pressure of 8,000 pounds, and the brick crushed at 16,500 pounds, or 11,120 pounds per square inch. This indicates almost as great compressive strength as granite paving blocks, which is from 12,000 to 20,000 pounds per square inch.—New York Telegram.

Bibby Have to be Called.

Pope—What in the world has got into Bibby? He was up before daylight this morning.

Maxima—This is Saturday.—Good News.

Youth, Vitality, at Sunset in Thirty Minutes.

The pound for quick time in love, marriage and happiness. Lucena Fairfield, in, by an old gentleman from Reelfoot county, who came, met an old lady, fell in love with her, proposed, was accepted, procured a license and married in [illegible] all inside of thirty minutes from the time he first laid eyes on her.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

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John Franklin Jones.

S. G. GREEN, Sole Mnf'r, Woolbury, N.J.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the estate of Mary Ann Dowdell.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

JACOB G. PATE AND THOMAS GREEN, executors of the estate of Mary Ann Dowdell, deceased, having filed their petition herein praying for an order of sale of all of the real estate of said deceased, for the purposes mentioned in said petition, it is ordered by the Judge of said court, that all persons interested in the matter of said estate, do appear before the said Probate Court on Wednesday, the 30th day of March, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Court Room of said Probate Court, in the County House, in the city and county of Salt Lake, Utah Territory, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said petitioners for the sale of the real estate of said deceased, for the purposes mentioned in said petition, and that a copy of this order be published four successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the Deseret Evening News, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

Dated February 16, 1892.

M. W. TARVIN, Probate Judge.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah.

In the Matter of the Estate of Rachel Hutchinson, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned, Executrix of the last will and testament of Rachel Hutchinson, deceased, has filed in said court her petition for the settlement of said estate, and that the court has appointed Monday, the 4th day of April, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court room of said court, in the County House, Salt Lake City and County, Utah Territory, as the time and place for hearing said petition, when and where all persons interested in said matter may appear and show cause, if any there be, why said petition should not be granted and approved and that distribution be made as prayed for.

Dated March 1, 1892.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.
By CARSTEN BORGE, JR., Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Clarissa E. Hutchinson, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned, Executor and Trustee under the last will and testament of Clarissa E. Hutchinson, deceased, has filed in said court his petition for the settlement of said estate, and that the court has appointed Monday, the 4th day of April, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court room of said court, in the County House, Salt Lake City and County, Utah Territory, as the time and place for hearing said petition, when and where all persons interested in said matter may appear and show cause, if any there be, why said petition should not be granted and approved and that distribution be made as prayed for.

Dated March 1, 1892.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.
By CARSTEN BORGE, JR., Deputy Clerk.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court of the County of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Edward Ryan, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT Annie F. Ryan, Administratrix of the estate of Edward Ryan, deceased, has filed in said court her petition for the settlement of said estate, and that the court has appointed Monday, the 4th day of April, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court room of said court, in the County House, Salt Lake City and County, Utah Territory, as the time and place for hearing said petition, when and where all persons interested in said matter may appear and show cause, if any there be, why said petition should not be granted and approved and that distribution be made as prayed for.

Dated March 7th, 1892.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.
By CARSTEN BORGE, JR., Deputy Clerk.

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