PARLOR COMEDIANS.

The Countess Fiorla Andoral was charming. Twenty-eight years of age, 40,000 lire of income on her dowry and she did not take a husband. Every now and then she refused one. Countess Fiorla read a great deal, she invented the fashions which the elegant women imitated, she did not attend fine receptions or assistance at the theater, but preferred second performances, she did not care for poetry, did not use paint or powder, never was ill, possessed no vices, all, indeed bound to be counted up to a remarkable fault, never talked politics, liked the conversation of men better than that of women, but grey, eyes, dark complexion and red lips.

Towards the men she called—frankly of wrought—I have nothing to say about that—a woman of sense.

The Marquis Ernesto Corafa, thirty-two years old, handsome, well-made, with a lovely blond mane, a short, elegantic, brown beard, 80,000 lire of income and not a tint of a wife. He paid court to all the ladies with a certain respect, especially to young ones who asked were playing cards, but not only. He appreciated of the corps de ballet, knew its history himself, did not wear a flower in his buttonhole, did not drink more than a glass of wine at a meal, loved money to his intimate friends, did not aspire to be elected deputy to Rome, loved the museums like a diplomatic member of the Alliance Israelite, had no literary production, never wrote love letters, was always in love and never in love. Rightly or wrongly, Fiorella Corafa was called a man of sense.

These two exceptional beings began, naturally, the others, their acquaintance. Some friend of Fiorla said to her, "What Corafa is really a brilliant man; why, don't you have him presented to us?" And Ernesto said to her, "Do you know the Countess Andoral. A brilliant woman, my dear fellow." And his friends from three, twenty times, so that Fiorla was honored by a bow of Ernesto. Fiorla made less than by the corner of Pallagrella and got by the Corso Vittorio Emanuel, Ernesto described a circle, went by way of the Vomito and the entrance Rome, and came to meet her. In the winter season, in spite of the assassinations, duels, balls, Fiorla did away all alone to Sorrento, and after Count Ernesto Corafa appeared there, loved by her side. At the Fiorla look a moonlight, of the kind that are not to the secondary of people of night. Ernesto went away soon, walking modestly upon unsoldered lamps, and Fiorla asked herself if she would add another number to the category of foolish and useless beings already so large among her acquaintance. So when they met—at the theater, in society, at festivals, on the promenade—they exchanged a rather distinctful bow, without coming to approach each other or to become better acquainted.

But chance—fact, for from being a person of sense, has sometimes which are quite stupid—made them meet and remain near each other, perforce, at the marriage of a cousin of Fiorla with a friend of Ernesto. They resigned themselves to endure each other mutually. Each one thought how to certain the character attributed to her and to him, in order not to make a poor figure; and then ensued a conversation of pure form, formal, cold, answers questions, self answers, stupidness absurdities, a display of fireworks that ended by bewildering the two pyrotechnicians and putting them into a state of nervousness foreign to their habits. "What a witty and disagreeable man! but I kept up with him," said Fiorla when she was alone. "A witty and disagreeable woman; but I was not left behind her," murmured the marquis.

Yet the marquis went with some frequency to the house of the countess, and the countess received him with polite politeness. Both perceived, when they gave around them enjoyed the relations that united the most witty man and woman in the city; they perceived the eight, unlike, the curious attention, which the world paid to them, and in their relationship the care with which was reported a criticism said by Fiorla to Ernesto, or the verse, in short, they perceived that they were treated by the people as star quotes. Were they conscious of playing a part or of speaking the truth? That is the dark point which I shall not illuminate, for it is certain that the little comedy continued, united with freshness and much interest. Relaxing to the far from numerous class of brilliant people, the two sought to do precisely the opposite of whatever all the others did.

Ernesto had at the very first declared that he would never, never pay court to the countess, and the countess had added that she felicitate him to fall in love with her, which is quite the reverse of paying court. Ernesto never went to Fiorla's, and she never asked him for one. Ernesto, as to intimacy between friends. The marquis never felt himself subjected to pass the arrangement of the hair, to the cut of the dress of the countess, and the countess avoided speaking of him who her friends. On the subject of love they were in accord; they spoke equally ill and well of it, admiring the hope lightly, of course meeting with mistakes. Upon matrimony it was the same. They never became noble; never were malicious or petty. They always found what is sentimental after the manner of the crowd. They never knowing artists themselves, never discussed of poetry.

All ready made phrases were banished—all conventionalisms, commonplaces, classic quotations, lines of poetry, newspaper phrases, thinks that everybody repeats because everybody has begun by saying them. I do not speak of proverbs; they were figurately prohibited. At first for which they amused themselves by sitting proverbs upside down, at the cost of saying a blunder to the mighty Solomon and all other authors of universal renown; they had it was a joke that soon became common, and they let it go. The marquis was always upon guard, fearing lest a pulse of years appeal upon the mouth of a friend of the countess for some involuntary offense against form or an error. And on the other hand the countess was wary as to her words, blushing to be caught in a moment of weakness to which she should reproach her mouth or other woman.

But by no great adversaries to their repetition: Fiorla and Ernesto began to become rather tiresome; but it is only fair to themselves, but to the people who frequented them. It is natural that brilliant people have many eccentricities, it is natural that they live a life different from that of the multitude. For example, when they met at a ball, Ernesto asked the countess and spoke with her for one moment, then took a little turn and came back to say something to her, without even stopping long, but returning often; and people around said that he was right to do so, because she alone could understand him. They frequently danced together for the same reason—and the other admirers of the witty countess were left lolly off, disappointed, of the wonderful, or specially hoped for in vain. When Fiorla went away the matrons moved about the room for a little while longer with a bored air; then put on his overcoat and departed because he had no longer any one to talk with.

At the Pender Ernesto spoke much longer time was no due to one hour. For it is very common to undoubtedly the hour of the ball. It seem proper, in form of a dark tooth in a crescent, instrumently polished shirt front, and the solitary crash has presented himself to the Countess Fiorla of the ballroom, and the couple of young men down without the necessary ceremonies—impertinent little laugh—over the lips of the marquis and a smiling reply coined from the lips marble of the countess. The result was the capture first of the young man. There was a report that the Marquis Ernesto had paid additional court to the young Duchess Doria Gallicia, a very beautiful, but poor, young girl, with auburn tresses, great dreamlike eyes, long pallid face, a figure of consumed, but in the way of intelligence, a prose of the legendary and consolations not well, it was to be remarked that the Countess Fiorla had replied—more than one regretted in the university, for he cannot to have around the Duchess Doria.

Again, the countess and the marquis had resented to themselves the privilege of many, very many strange times, which they never failed to put into caution. When all the stream of carriages was in the Boulevard di Gaiola, Fiorla made less than by the corner of Pallagrella and got by the Corso Vittorio Emanuel, Ernesto described a circle, went by way of the Vomito and the entrance Rome, and came to meet her. In the winter season, in spite of the assassinations, duels, balls, Fiorla did away all alone to Sorrento, and after Count Ernesto Corafa appeared there, loved by her side. At the Fiorla look a moonlight, of the kind that are not to the secondary of people of night. Ernesto went away soon, walking modestly upon unsoldered lamps, and Fiorla asked herself if she would add another number to the category of foolish and useless beings already so large among her acquaintance. So when they met—at the theater, in society, at festivals, on the promenade—they exchanged a rather distinctful bow, without coming to approach each other or to become better acquainted.

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A Tremendous Sandy Farm.

"We have now secured 250,000 acres of land in North Dakota for Indian farms, and next spring we will send thousands of German emigrants to their state from Ohio, West Virginia and Indiana," said Colonel D. M. Tonner at his discussed the future of this great northern state. Colonel Tonner is now agent of what is best known as the Sandy syndicate of Chicago. During the last two or three months the company has succeeded in securing 250,000 acres of land in North Dakota, on which it is proposed to place German farmers to raise barley for malt purposes. These lands have been purchased in Nelson, Ransom, Towner, Ramsey, Sheridan and Benson counties.

It is the opinion of the managers of this company that barley can be successfully grown in that state, and they have the confidence of the brewers of Milwaukee and Chicago that the lands and it will not compete from other states. The Germans are chosen on account of their knowledge of barley culture for this purpose. These emigrants will be in charge of a thousand acres of the land, it being said to them on very favorable terms. The crops will be caught by the company and shipped to all points where there is a demand for barley.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

To Preserve the Resolution.

Another effort is to be made by the Descendants of Count de Rochambeau, of Paris, in concert with much eminently and economical effort to widely called the "Centenary of the Marquis de Chouy to be celebrated by present descendant of Rouget de Flesle—the composer of the Marseillaise—who died in 1836, kindly in one being Lons-le-Saulnier, in the department of the Jura. On this occasion the descendants of the Marquis will consider that they have the right to take the initiative in organizing a Right Republican festival this year, at the Marseillaise, under the ribbon of Count de Chouy de Rochambeau, "Rochambeau" was first hoisted in 1779.

President Carnot is to be asked to be some honorary president of the Committee of the fête, and appeals are to be made to all the cities, and also to communes which possess more than 4,000 inhabitants. No date as yet has been fixed for the celebration of the centenary, to which it is proposed to invite every patriotic Frenchman, will give an enthusiasm and sympathetic of not practical and pecuniary support.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

A Mark Twained Volume.

In opening a package of books unpaid for to-day, the curious house impossible and with a hardly it is binding, by Ruben, of a "Poem by Richard Alexander." The inspector made no claim for damages from the government, paid the duty, returned the book to Paris to be returned and made ready to finger of Fortune, goddess of luck lessons, to gentlemen for the sidewalk from enough of the loss of his Alsatian. The book, returned, came back fifteen days ago. The owner supposes that it is intact, but he does not know, and he cannot have seen he paying the duty again, for the official wants a new invoice, and the inspector is naive enough to think that he can persuade the official that the first invoice, which is dirt of the cuddle house, accidentally describes the book on its Atlantic voyage across the Atlantic.—New York Times.

A Russo-Chinese Railway.

A Russo-Chinese railway is reported as the objective point of negotiations now going on between Russia and Chinese representatives. Russia wants the right to build a railway from Vladivostok, the Pacific terminal of the proposed Siberian railway, across the northern boundary of Corea to Tien Tsin, and thence to Shanghai. The alleged object is quick transit of Chinese tea and silk to Europe. The Chinese, however, are very jealous of Russian influence in the east, and will probably decline Russian aid in railway building.—Engineering News.

Dr. John Fiorda, the amateur telescope maker, is now finishing a 30-inch silver on glass mirror for Allegheny observatory, which, when completed, will give that institution the largest reflecting telescope in this country.

An immense dome is being constructed near Fresno, Cal., which will not only furnish water for irrigating purposes, but will be used to transport lumber sawed by farmers living near by.

It is pretty hard to be told at the beginning of a long, cold winter that gold bricks are not coming in. It was hoped that "they had gone out to stay."

Horror Sees Fogle's Frown.

Sam Fogle, of this city, was quite sick some days ago with rheumatism, G. W. a few evenings ago. With a party of young men he was out coon hunting. They chased an animal several miles, thinking they were on the track of a bear. When the animal was dead, Fogle climbed the tree to track it down. In the darkness he could not see but what it was a coon, and he climbed up close to it and shook it. To his surprise he found the animal was a large and ferocious wildcat, which flew at him, biting and scratching him in a terrible manner, and causing him to lose his hold and fall to the ground. In his fall he struck a limb, fracturing three ribs and inflicting other severe bruises. He will be confined to his room for some weeks with his injuries.—Kansas City Journal.

The Horse Ballad Dealer.

A bull moose was recently shot in the Maine woods which had nine prongs on one horn and eight on the other; the moose at the antlers measuring five feet. The animal apparently selected death, for, when the hunter who shot him was asleep he lay down for, in the middle of the night the animal came up and mulled him over and smashed him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

For Cure of Sprains & Strains use St. Jacobs Oil. Cures Stiffness, Stiff Neck, Soreness.

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is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly understood, but a delicate, cleansing, and healing cream, which, when used as directed, will remove all blemishes, and by daily use will prevent their reappearance. It is a cleanser, not a paint, powder, or cosmetic. Prepared from the recipe of Mrs. Graham, the famous Fashionable Beauty, and sold by her for years at her Parlors, and now for the first time put up for general use. Price, $1.00 per jar.
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Clears the worst cases of Freckles, Sallowness, Pimples, Blotches, and Complexion Blemishes in a few days. Price, $1.00. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, on receipt of price.
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Samples Bottle mailed free to any lady who will send her address and mention this paper. Address, MRS. GRAHAM, Fashionable Beauty, 1 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the estate of Daniel McKay, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the undersigned administrator of the estate of said Daniel McKay, deceased, has filed his final account and report in said estate, and that the hearing of the same has been fixed by said Court, in the Court House, in Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 5th day of January, A. D. 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same.

Dated December 15, 1891.

C. W. BARTON,
Probate Judge.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Simon A. Lee, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT Benjamin G. Chase, administrator of the estate of Simon A. Lee, deceased, has filed his account and report in said Court, and that a hearing of the same and the distribution of said estate are fixed for that purpose in the Court House, in the city and county of Salt Lake, Utah Territory, on the 5th day of January, A. D. 1892, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same.

Dated December 15, 1891.

C. W. BARTON,
Probate Judge.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Jesse Smith, Deceased.

Order to show cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

J. W. SUMMERHAYS, THE ADMINISTRATOR of said estate of Jesse Smith, deceased, having filed his petition herein, praying for an order of sale of a certain lot of said deceased, consisting of one-fourth undivided interest and both undivided interests in and to the following described real estate situated in the county of Salt Lake, Territory of Utah, to wit: Lot 3, in block 50, plat "A" Salt Lake City survey, and the whole of said lot 3, in said