TWO ON THE TERRACE.

Warm waves of Lethe mesmerize
The mighty tides,
As if a river overnight
Had set in white milk with salt,
The great beams Freedom stands—
Fresh-painted, as if dreaming
Thus sun-saved, at morning
The new day from the end.

North the mild breezes pacing
Her splendor over the ground,
Sun the white shrine shining
To place the blue profound,
Beneath the still heaven hearing,
The lighted town, the gleaming,
In rounded slumber dreaming—
A world crystalline made.

No laughter and no sighing
From those dim roofs arise,
The serene pulses throbbing
Are silent as the skies;
To us their peace is given,
The seed of spirits citizen
I see the white, pure heaven
Reflected in our eyes.

Ah, here a thousand doors
Shall cease their towering roofs
The golden stars their zones
Shall step to empyrean ways,
Those starlike floors aspiring,
Among time's tide those may shrive,
But here shall not decrive,
And hearts' hopes and fears,

So let us end our greeting,
A wish for trust and love,
To future years meeting
On far off sights this this
When, in those walls unfolding
Perfume of time's roses, waking—
Again the evening rose
Shall meet, clasp hands and kiss.
—John Hay in Scribner's.

THE CONTESSA'S HAIR.

"It's Charley!" said Polly.

"It isn't!" said I.

"But I tell you it is!"

I laughed derisively.

"Do you think I've taken leave of my senses?" said I. "Do you think I don't know Charley St. Cyr when I see him?"

"There, they're stopping now. That's Belle with him. Now do you believe it isn't" cried Polly.

The next minute we were kissing and embracing our pretty cousin-in-law, Mr. St. Cyr, on the broken step of old Matteo Giglio's shop in the Via Medea in Naples. On either side of the dingy stone doorway blossomed a huge oleander bush in a clumsy marble vase, and the Italian sunshine slept decorously on the pavement in squares of gold, while overhead glowed the deep blue sky of the poets.

Who was "we?" Well, "we" represented Polly and myself. Polly was my sister. We were both orthodox enough, spending our vacation in the land of sunshine. Not wealthy tourists by any means, nor yet blasted bookworms, but sensible, enamoured Yankee girls who had learned the art of making every penny go as far as possible, and who were engaged in "doing" the continent as cheaply as practicable. And quite necessary we found that same economy. At home we lived in a flat and kept house for ourselves, turning our own gowns and wearing dyed kid gloves and washed and ironed ribbons in a spirit of cheerful independence. With Charles St. Cyr things were altogether different. He was one of those curled darlings of fortune on whom adversity's cold wind had never blown, and when he married pretty Belle Bleecker, a beauty and an heiress, it seemed as if nothing further could be desired.

"To think," cried Belle ruffledly, "that you shouldn't have known Charley! Of course it's Charley! Kiss me, Polly, you dear thing! Give me a hug, Lucia! Of all good luck, this chance meeting is the most delightful!"

"But," cried I, peering into the recesses of the close carriage, "what has Charley done to himself?"

Belle laughed.

"You notice everything, don't you, dear?" said she. "Yes, he is changed. He's been very, very ill with typhoid fever, and his hair has been cut off. It's that antediluvian shaft-up that changes him so."

"I told you so," said I. "No one would have known him."

"But it's Charley, all the same," Polly protested.

"I'm a regular guy, ain't I?" said young St. Cyr, laughing rather mirthlessly, as with a grande up and down the narrow street, to make sure that there were no observers, he stepped out of the rusty vehicle and entered the store.

"We've come to buy him a wig," said Belle lightly. "Of course he'd expect me to set up a pair of spectacles and a crutch to keep him company. He's so low spirited about it, poor darling," she added sotto voce, as Charley passed on with Polly. They always had been great friends as children. "And of course it was a terrible trial to lose all that splendid hair of his. But he heeds over it, and so I talk as much nonsense about it as I can and pretend to think it will last. And the strangest thing is that it's almost impossible to find anything to match his eyes and complexion in wigs or toupees, and he's so fastidious you can't think. We've been recommended to Matteo Giglio's place, and that's how we came to be here."

"We came to look at antique cameos and carved coral," said I. "Not to buy, of course. Our purses don't admit that; but as a mere matter of curiosity."

"Oh, Giglio keeps everything when once you find him out," said Belle. "There's a black dressing room in a little underground hole where lamps are burning all the year around. Do come with us, there's a love, while Polly lays herself among these intaglios and rusty coins."

Matteo Giglio had a cosmopolitan looking son, Guiseppe by name, who sat in the little den where newly shorn mazes of golden curls caught the dim gleam of the lamplight, and long sallowe hung around like the trophies of some Indian chief fresh from the scalping path. He viewed Mr. St. Cyr critically, first with lifted lamp, then by the ordinary light.

"It is very strange," said he. "I never saw just the shade of the signor's hair."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried Belle tragically clasping her hands.

Guiseppe bowed solemnly in her direction.

"Except," added he, "in one instance. Oh, yes, I have seen of the hair left. I have it still; I have not cast it yet. Wait!"

He stepped down to a home drawer, and after fumbling three a second or two drew out a single curl of reddish gold.

St. Cyr's eyes sparkled.

"The very thing!" cried he. "Look, Belle, isn't that an exact match?"

"Exact!" exclaimed Belle. "The precise color we have hunted all over Naples for."

Lovely hair it was, ventrille in its sheen, silken in its softness, and as I held it in my hand it seemed to coil and writhe as if it were instinct with life. I dropped it on the counter with an involuntary shudder.

"Whose is it?" said I.

Guiseppe Giglio shrugged his broad shoulders.

"As cold enough the hands of the sexton," said he, "as embalmer to true where such things come from. There is no disease lurking in them, further than that we know not."

Charles St. Cyr frowned.

Belle looked annoyed.

I decently wished them I had held my tongue, and set myself to making friends with a pretty peasant girl who had come in to exchange her wealth of raven black hair for some gold ornaments that she coveted.

Presently Belle called to me.

"It's all right," she said gladdily. "The wig is to be finished by nonsense night. Charley has gone up stairs to help Polly select a Neapolitan coral brooch."

"But Polly never can afford"——

"Yes, she can; or Charley can, which is just the same thing. And you're to have a pink pearlant, Lucia, dear. But it's a strange thing," musingly and twining her arm in mine, "about that hair. I wouldn't have Charley know it for the world, but it's a woman's hair; I saw it lying in the long curls in the drawer."

"What difference does that make?" said I.

"None in the world, of course. But Charley is so fidgety, especially since that wearing illness of his," said Belle.

"Is she dead?"

Belle started.

"Not that I know of. No, I should say not. Does that lovely, glossy hair look like a dead woman's? Don't pray, put my ands bless into Charley's head!"

"No, I won't," said I, feeling more guilty than ever.

Charles St. Cyr was upstairs, selecting little bijoux for Polly and his cousin of his half lighted store, and we went home to dine with them in a lagoon overlooking a garden of white stared lemon trees, and furnished with ancient carved furniture and discolored marble statues, and afterward to the theater. We were to go on to Sorrento and the next day, and when we parted from Belle and Charley they were in superb spirits.

The next place where we met them, two weeks later, was at Monaco. Charley looked hopelessly handsome, and we could hardly believe that those clustering tresses of Polly's hair that shaded his forehead were not actually his own. His color had some back; his eyes shone with a strange, fitful light, and his manner was full of a strange vivacity. For the period it seemed almost as if he and Belle had changed characters. She was pale and worn and aloof, and gave me the impression of constantly watching him, as she sat with books or work in her lap.

"What is it, Belle?" I asked, swinging up to her, the first evening we were there. "Something troubles you. What is it? Remember, I'm your mother confessor."

She was intently regarding the glittering doorway of the great gambling palace opposite to which we sat.

"I thought so," said she. "He has gone there again. He has forgotten that I even exist. Now I shall see nothing more of him until morning."

"Belle, you never can mean"——

She turned freely upon me.

"Yes, I do," said she. "I mean just that. Charley, my husband, has degenerated into a mere gambler. He has lost all control and self respect; he will soon lose what little fortune we have on earth. Oh, Lucia, I don't wonder you look incredulous. But you must know it sooner or later."

"Go after him," I cried, starting up. "Bring him back. Oh, don't let him drift to ruin like this!"

"I've tried it," she said in a low, monotonous voice. "It is of no use. He pays no heed to me."

"But, Belle, what is to be done?"

"I don't know," she said, raking herself back and forth like one in mortal pain. "God help me, I do not know. There are times when I think I must go frantic. He loves me once. He was true and noble and high hearted once. And what is strangest of all, there are times when he seems to rouse into his true self for a few hours. Sometimes at night when I pray to him on my bended knees, in the early dawn when the sound of cattle bells on the mountain comes down the valley, his better nature seems to come back to him; but only for a brief while, and then the fever flame seems to burn again in his veins. Oh, Lucia, I am the most wretched woman in the world. Oh, I wish that I were dead!"

"Cheer up, Belle!" soothed I. "Polly will know what to do. We'll take counsel with Polly."

Polly advocated no half measure. She had a genuine New England horror of gambling in all its forms.

"I never wish to have come to Monaco," said she, "if I'd known what sort of a place it was. Will you go away, Belle, all of us? We'll take a look at the south of France and then go home."

"There are gaming houses everywhere," said Belle, dejectedly. "And you'll find that he will not leave Monaco."

"He shall leave it," said Polly, compressing her lips.

Polly was a Maine maiden who feared nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. She penetrated valiantly into the glittering ring of destruction and marched up to Mr. Cyr the very night.

"Charley, come out," she whispered. "Come with me!"

He looked at her with gleaming eyes and clenched dyed deep red.

"Don't speak to me now," he said. "Can't you see that the luck is changing?" She drew resolutely away.

"Come, I say!" she cried, stamping her foot.

Just then some one back of him reached frantically over his head, beckoning to "Monsieur le Comptor," and in his gesticulations knocked off St. Cyr's beautiful wig from his temples. It fell among the crowding feet under the table. There was a momentary silence, then a general peal of only half suppressed merriment. St. Cyr looked vaguely around. Then he bit his lip and scrabbled from the crowd.

"You are right, Polly," said he. "I have no business here. Oh, confound the wig!" as a fantastically dressed youth here restored it to him. "It makes my head ache and keeps me in a fever. Do I look very bad, Cousin Polly, with my own hair just beginning to grow out?"

"No," said Polly, "you look like yourself. You never seemed like our Charley in that curly mass of locks. Let me have it. I'll take it home and give it to old Antonio at the hotel."

And Belle could scarcely credit her eyes when she saw Polly come in, tossing triumphantly on St. Cyr's arm.

"You are my guardian angel, Polly!" she cried.

St. Cyr passed his hand slowly over his forehead.

"That tempest always made my head ache," said he. "Do you know, it seems to me as if I had been in a dream and was only just awaking. Yes, fling it away, Polly. I'll never wear it again!"

Polly carried the wig home to the little hotel where we occupied inexpensive rooms. Old Antonio, the porter, was very bald and flies tormented him.

"Here, Tonio," said my sister to the blooming grandaughter, "here's something to keep the grandpapa's head dry and warm. My cousin does not need it any longer and"——

Rosa, a trim, tall maiden, with eyes like pools of wine and a rich olive skin, took the wig and looked at it a second.

"Madre di Dio!" cried she, a shudder convulsing her frame. "The saints forbid!" And, turning around, she flung it on the fire few that burned in a cracked stove close by. There was a smell of burning hair, an upward glow of purplish flame—then a few writhing ashes.

"Do you know whose hair it is?" she said. "No, but I do. I was in Matteo Giglio's shop on the Via Medea when the American signor bought it. No one in Naples would wear that hair. Hist! It is the hair of the Contessa Verde—the masked gambler by all Italy—who sat her finest the night she lost the Vanola family jewels at the faro table. I know it because I was her maid, and I cut the hair away myself, for I knew it was all the wage I should ever get. Oh, sweet St. Rose! and if the grandpapa should wear in Contessa's hair, he, too, would be wild for play. Not for worlds would I have it! Is there not a curse that goes with the Contessa's hair?"

Polly and I looked at each other with startled eyes. We were New England girls who believed in no fantastic tales of psychology or magnetism. But what could we think of this story?

"I do believe," murmured Polly, "that the spell is broken."

It was when Charlotte St. Cyr returned to America entirely cured of his temporary mania for the gaming table, and we never told him or Belle of Rosa's legend.

"It seemed such nonsense," said Polly, "and yet"——

"There is much thing nonsensical," said I sarcastically.—Toronto Mail.

Wheeler Coffee Is Peerless.

Probably every one who has noticed the green and roasted coffee sitting together in sacks in the dealer's storehouse has observed the difference in size of the beans. It is a peculiarity of coffee that in roasting, while it loses considerable in weight it gains in bulk. At the reddish brown stage the loss of weight has been about 15 per cent, and the gain in bulk about 30; at the chestnut brown, 20 and 50 per cent, respectively; and, if carried to a dark brown, 25 and 60.

It is in the roasting that the volatile oil, to which the delightful aroma is due, is developed, as it is not present in the green berry. If the roasting is carried too far—beyond a light brown—this oil is injured or destroyed and the disappointed housekeeper properly complains that the coffee has been roasted to death.

Locked in a Trunk.

Mary Driscoll, a two-year-old Haverhill (Mass.) child, while playing, crawled into a large trunk, and the lid falling she was kept a prisoner until discovered, a few hours later, by her parents. She was unconscious when rescued. After missing her a search was begun, and though they could plainly hear her voice they were unable to locate it. The floor was torn up and the closets ransacked, and every other conceivable spot about the house, except the innocent looking trunk, was examined. At last somebody moved the trunk to one side, and nothing it was rather heavy, considering it was empty, raised the lid, and there was the baby.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Myriads of fire bugs were met with near Rome, Ga., about 9 o'clock the other night, by a steamer. They completely filled the air, concealing a neighboring island and the channel marks. At first the captain was mystified by the sight and backed the vessel and started the electric lights, when thousands of the bugs fell on the decks.

A newspaper in the Gypsy jargon, the Romany lungie, is soon to be published in England with the expectation of making it the organ of the wandering people. It will be edited by George Smith, the "king" of the English gypsies, who counts upon getting 20,000 subscribers to it.

DR. LESLIE'S SPECIAL PRESCRIPTION

IS THE ONLY KNOWN REMEDY IN THE WORLD THAT WILL ABSOLUTELY CURE

SICK HEADACHE!

TESTIMONIALS

TUD S. CRAWFORD,

Commission Merchant and Dealer in Bulling Stock,

SANTA ROSA, CAL., Feb. 20th, 1891.

Briggs Medicine Co.:

Gents: I have used the Dr. Leslie's Special Prescription for sick headache, and I feel it my duty to say that it is the only one of its kind that has given me any relief. I have suffered from sick headache for years, and have tried many remedies, but I can't praise too much the Dr. Leslie's Special Prescription. Yours truly, WILL TUDS.

Price 25 Cents.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Briggs Medicine Co. - San Francisco, Cal.

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of Moses G. Atwood, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Moses G. Atwood, deceased, has rendered for settlement, and that he will hear proof of the final account of said administrator of said estate, and petition for decree of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled thereto, and of his discharge, on the day of September, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a.m., at the court room of said Probate Court, in the City and County of Salt Lake City, Utah Territory; has been duly appointed by the Probate Court of said County, to act as administrator of said deceased, and hearing and petition for distribution, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and contest said account and petition, if they see cause, if not there to be heard, said account and said distribution made as prayed for.

Dated August 17, 1891.

E. M. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. STANTON, Deputy Clerk. 416

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In the matter of the Estate of James Walker, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned, administrator of the estate of James Walker, deceased, has rendered for settlement, and that in said court, her final account of said administration of the estate of said deceased, and petition for distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled thereto, and of his discharge, on the day of September, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a.m., at the court room of said Probate Court, in the City and County of Salt Lake City, Utah Territory; has been duly appointed by the Probate Court of said County, to act as administrator of said deceased, and hearing and petition for distribution, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and contest said account and said petition, if they see cause, if not there to be heard, said account and said distribution made as prayed for.

Dated August 17, 1891.

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Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. STANTON, Deputy Clerk. 416

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Lucky Bill Mining Company. Location of principal place of business Park City, Utah.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the 15th day of August, 1891, at Salt Lake City, Utah, an assessment, No. 1, of one cent per share was levied upon the capital stock of said company, payable to the undersigned, at or to their office, room 10, Constitution Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, to any authorized agent or collector, on or before the 15th day of September, 1891, at the office of said company, Constitution Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, by all delinquent stockholders, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 15th day of October, 1891, at the office of said company, Constitution Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, to pay delinquent assessments, costs and expenses of advertising and expenses of sale.

LUCKY BILL MINING COMPANY,
W. F. DUNCAN, Secretary.
Residence 56 & 58 West Second South, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST.

WHEREAS, GEORGE G. SIBLEY AND Alice R. Sibley, his wife, on the 30th day of July, 1890, executed and delivered to Charles Ellis Allen, their promissory note of even date herewith, payable three years from date with interest at eight per cent per annum from date until maturity, payable semi-annually on a specified in said note, and to secure said payment, which said promissory note was assigned L. E. R. A. and a duly recorded in the office of Recorder of Salt Lake County, Utah, No. 1, payable March 1st, 1891, No. 2, payable September 1st, 1891, No. 3, payable March 1st, 1892, No. 4, payable September 1st, 1892, No. 5, payable March 1st, 1893, No. 6, payable September 1st, 1893, with interest at the rate of 12 per cent per annum, and a certain mortgage bearing date the 30th day of July, 1890, and duly recorded in the office of the County Recorder of Salt Lake County, Utah, in Book 1 of Mortgages, page 28, to secure said payment, and default in the payment of said promissory note is hereby made, and the same is now due and payable, and there is actually owing thereon and on said note and mortgage, the sum of $1,000 principal, and $120 interest, and the sum of $100 attorney's fees, and $10 for the expense of this sale, and $10 for the expense of the publication of this notice, and $10 for the expense of the sale, and $10 for the expense of the publication of the notice of sale