

The Sandalwood Bracelet.

MISS CONSIDINE was the rage that season; a tall, haughty looking girl, with magnificent great dark eyes, and a torrent of dead-black hair, which she was always contriving to wear as nobody else did, tumbling over her shoulders cloudily or wreathed about her small, elegantly shaped head.

She was a stranger in the town, but she brought letters of introduction from people of the highest respectability in the metropolis, and was accompanied by a staid-looking lady of middle-age, who always wore pearl-colored silk and performed chaperon nightly in an altogether irreproachable manner.

Miss Considerine's toilets were artistic perfection. Her laces were priceless, said judges; her jewelry dazzled the eyes of even accustomed upstartdom. Miss Considerine was a mystery, and the greater sensation, perhaps, for that very chill whisper which seemed to thrill in the air about her, and which had its foundation in the mere fading of the beauty's brilliant color, the flicker of her liquid glance at unexpected moments, and for no apparent reason.

She was a coquette of the first water. That was a discovery early made. She had a way of looking sideways through those long silky lashes of hers that was infinitely more alluring than a level glance would have been, and the smile which visited those rosy lips only now and then was doubly attractive from its infrequency.

A creature of dangerous graces, she was what people mean when they call a woman fatal. Men imagined heaven in her glance, and counted that lost when her smile was withdrawn.

My Lady Dangerous met her match, however, toward the close of the season. A yellow-haired German, whose azure glance had a softer dazzle than her own, and who called himself by the fascinating title of Count Ludwig Vermandorf, presented himself about that time to compete with the beautiful girl for her place as sensation of the day.

He was shy of Miss Considerine at first, but gradually he too seemed to be drawn within the circle of her wiles, yielding with such a reluctant, pensive grace as clad his radiant face with a new charm. Even Miss Considerine drooped her dangerous eyes with a flickering blush under the tender brilliance of the Count's smile, and her fingers trembled in his clasp, instead of resenting the fond, faint pressure of his hand. Count Ludwig Vermandorf was an assiduous wooer. Never devotee knelt at the shrine of his patron saint with more rapt and untrusting devotion than he at the feet of Miss Considerine.

It was not now to the coquettish beauty to be sought humbly. But this man was her master even at her own game.

He knew how to clothe his most impassioned moment with a reserve that continually mocked and tantalized; to say one thing and look another; to sting with a word and soothe with a touch. He never said too much, but always too little. His looks were eloquent of love; his tongue so silent on that fascinating theme that the heart of the haughty beauty grew to fairly writhe within her with mingled pain and anger.

Count Ludwig was an artist of some talent, and he insisted that he must paint Miss Considerine's portrait. She was not at all loath, though she feigned reluctance when it was first spoken of. These sittings, from which she hoped much, and for which she draped her perfect shape with every artistic combination her rare taste could devise, proved utter failures as far as her object was concerned.

Whether it was the same with Count Ludwig remains to be seen. He would permit no one, not even the beautiful subject, to look upon his picture while it remained incomplete.

Miss Considerine, since her acquaintance with the fascinating Count, had changed greatly. All that rich tropical bloom, peculiarly hers, had vanished. Instead was a dusky pallor, varied by fitful crimson flashes, like the leap of a smoldering flame. Count Ludwig had changed also. The soft radiance of his handsome face had turned to the chill dazzle of snow peaks; his smile was like the ice beneath. His blue eyes were like steel magnets.

It was as though from this man emanated some deadly creeping influence which Miss Considerine covered before, but could not resist. It was scarcely lover and loved one. It seemed rather the executioner and his victim.

One night Miss Considerine invited a select few to witness the mysterious unveiling of the picture about which there had been much conjecture. A sensation was expected. The magnificent drawing-room was ablaze with light, a-dutter with expectant guests. The veiled portrait occupied a magnificent position at the lower end of the long salon, and thither pressed the throng the peerless belle conspicuous

upon the arm of the artist, Count Ludwig.

Both were pale, but the Count smiled right and left, dazzling. The beauty was grave and silent, watching the man upon whose arm she leaned furtively, and with a half-forbidding look in her liquid dark eyes. From time to time she pressed one jeweled hand steadily upon her side, as if to still the throbbing of the stormy heart beneath, while she continually questioned herself:

"Why do I fear? What is this terror that steals my very senses from me? He cannot know."

At last Count Ludwig loosened her jeweled fingers from his arm, and stepping forward, drew the curtain with a sweep of the hand.

There was an instant's breathless silence. An affrighted amaze seemed to stop the beating of every heart. Then broke forth an exclamation and utter, and above all, like the death scream of some dying animal, rose a woman's shriek.

The picture was, first, a room, rich in decorations of green and gold. In the foreground, half reclined in a cushioned chair, an old man, with long, softly curling white hair. His head had fallen a little to one side, his eyes were fixed in a glassy yet reproachful stare upon the exquisitely beautiful face of a woman, whose jeweled hands he grasped with a dying clutch. Both his hands and hers were blood-stained. Hers held a stiletto-like dagger, from



ABOVE ALL ROSE A WOMAN'S SHRIEK.

whose glittering point also blood dripped. There was a gaping wound in the old man's side, and the woman's face was that of Miss Considerine!

When the appalled woman, for whose sole benefit this picture had been painted, would have flung up her frenzied hands to shut out the sight, Count Ludwig caught them in an iron grasp, and almost shouted in her ear in his excitement:

"No, no, madam; you shall look, and look, and look, till the sight blinds you or kills you. I care not which. Do you see him, false siren—the poor old man, who was so kind to you—who took you out of poverty to marry you—who never harmed the most helpless creature? What had he done that you should kill him, you murderer?"

Miss Considerine had ceased to struggle. The blanched whiteness of her face and the startling eyes were something awful to see, and the screams that broke through her rigid, ashen lips curled the blood to her.

"Shall I tell you who I am?" Count Ludwig continued, without releasing her, still compelling her to look. "Count Ludwig no longer. I am his son—that Rodolphus of whom you have heard, but whom you never saw. When I came home and found that the poor old man who loved me had been ruthlessly slain, I swore never to rest until I had found and given to justice his murderer. For, madam, I never doubted a single instant who she was. You laid your plans well. You married a dotting old man for his wealth, and with your sorceress designings you induced him to disown his own children and make a will which gave you all. Then you contrived that he should send the servants for a holiday, except that valet, who was hanged for the murder. Poor old George! He would have died sooner than harm his master. You pretended to quit the house yourself, but you came back in disguise and did the deed."

He paused. Miss Considerine had not uttered a sound for some moments. The horrible ghastliness had not left her face, but she had in a measure recovered her self-possession. Now she spoke in an utterly changed but composed tone.

"You cannot prove a syllable of this mad story," she began, but he stopped her, with eyes that seemed absolutely to blaze with rage and menace. Drawing swiftly forth a purple velvet case, he lifted the lid and showed upon the white satin cushion an exquisitely wrought sandalwood bracelet. It was stained with something which had dried upon it, and changed its color all ex-

cept about a third to a dark, sickly shade, whose hue it was not difficult to recognize.

Said Count Ludwig in an awed tone:

"I found this among the cushions of the chair in which my father was slain. It is his blood upon it. It slipped from your arms in the struggle with him. You wear its mate this moment upon your arm."

He held his ensanguined token an instant beside the one on the woman's bare, exquisitely molded arm. Then he laid her slowly down upon the carpet and drew back. She never stirred.

"I think she is dead," he said quietly. It was true. Some vessel had burst inwardly in that wild struggle against the shock of knowing that the man she had learned to love was the son of her unhappy victim. She had been dying while he spoke to her.

AN ELEPHANT'S TOOTHACHE.

Often the Great Pieces of Ivory Will Thrill with Pain.

"I told you the other day about the Sultan of Zanzibar's clocks," said Robert Crawford yesterday, "but there was another thing that I heard of while in that country which is not without interest. The sultan used to take me round to show me the place and of what its trade consisted. It is the greatest clove-raising country in the world, and as such conveys comfort and courage to out-between-the-acts theater-goers the world over. Other spices and coconut rope are also important features of their export trade. But in addition to the sale of that which they raise within their own borders, their revenues are largely increased by the trade in Ivory. Zanzibar is the greatest market for South African Ivory, which is brought there in large quantities from the interior. The Ivory is placed in large warehouses from which it is either sold at once or else held therein for a better market. The man in charge of these warehouses was a very interesting character—an expert in Ivory. He told me many curious things about it, and among others propounded the following theory as an explanation of why elephants go mad and occasionally run amuck. In the warehouse were a pair of magnificent tusks, measuring fully fourteen feet from tip to tip, which in life must have been carried by a veritable Goliath among elephants. The expert, in showing me those tusks, pointed out the fact that while one was complete and flawless, the other was broken off at the point and showed deep scratches and abrasions throughout its length. 'Now,' said he, 'if you will look near the base you will find a hole made by decay that had struck into the nerves and given that elephant a toothache, and think what a toothache of toothaches a fourteen-foot tooth must have held. In his effort to relieve this pain the elephant rubbed his tusk against rocks and trees and drove it into the earth, which mutilated it in the manner you see here. I have frequently come across places where an elephant has ripped up great spaces in the forest and torn down the trees, and I am positive that toothache was the cause of this frenzy. An elephant in a circus going suddenly mad and killing his keeper is not an uncommon thing, but I'll wager that in nine cases out of ten if they would properly investigate the matter they would find that the brute's sudden frenzy sprang from so ordinary a cause as common, everyday toothache.'"

These facts should incline consumers to turn a deaf ear to all importunities to buy the inferior powders. The wise housekeeper will decline in all cases to take them.

Good Till He Took to Drink.

A few years since a large farmhouse on my country place being vacant, I offered, through one of the settlements, to take some poor woman with small children who seemed to need it for a two-months' rest and fresh air. Among those sent up was a good looking and soft spoken young woman with three small children. She had just come from the hospital, and had a scar nearly all around her neck which was just healing up. Her husband, a carpenter, had cut her throat in a drunken spree, nearly severing the jugular vein. She was taken to the hospital and he was tried and sent to prison. "Was he always ugly to you?" she was asked. "Oh, no," she replied. "He was very good till he took to drink."—National Advocate.

"Mr. Dolley, won't you let me look at your watch a little while?"

"Certainly, Miss Flypp. Do you want to consult the time?"

"No," replied the girl, as she opened it and examined its case and works. "I was curious to see if water tarnished gold, or had any effect on the watch's delicate mechanism."

"Water? What do you mean?"

"Well, Mr. Hunker told me you were in the habit of soaking your watch. What is the object of such treatment, Mr. Dolley?"—Harlem Life.

The uncommodious woes of a married lady in Damascus, Ohio, have impelled her to seek a divorce. To prevent her from going to a party she declared that her husband threw her false teeth in the fire and concealed her switch of false hair. Now she can't go out until he gives her money to secure new teeth, and he heartlessly refuses unless she promises to renounce parties for evermore.

A Buffalo milk man is in trouble. To a customer he supplied milk which had earthworms in it, and the customer had him arrested. He has decided to carefully strain the water hereafter before he dilutes his milk with it, and use the worms for bait.

Governor Leary, of Guam, is a joker. He has placed a tariff of \$4 a gallon on whisky, which everybody there wants to drink, and yet has decided to admit free painting and statuary, which nobody there cares about.

"Your husband has a heap to say about how the country shall be run," said a neighbor. "I reckon he takes himself for a purty smart man."

"I reckon he does," said Mrs. Corn-tassel. "But I don't 'low he's ever goin' to set the world on fire."

"No, not if he has to git out hisself an' chop the wood fur kindlin' to start the blaze."—Washington Star.

SERIOUS FACTS ABOUT FOOD.

How Can the Danger from Alum Baking Powders Be Avoided?

The reported cases of poisoning from the use of alum baking powder have awakened the public to the serious danger which menaces the health of the people of this country in the numerous alum powders which are urged upon consumers.

Among the leading physicians and scientists there is no question as to the detrimental effects which alum baking powders produce upon the system. In many foreign countries and in many cities of this country, the authorities have absolutely prohibited their sale or the sale of bread containing alum.

Even small doses of alum given to children, have produced fatal results, while cases of heartburn, indigestion, griping constipation, dyspepsia and various kindred gastric troubles from irritation of the mucous membrane, attributed to the continuous use of food prepared with the alum or alum phosphate powders, are familiar in the practice of physicians generally.

Congress has recently been investigating the subject of food, and in its official report to the senate the committee says: "So far as the use of alum in the manufacture of a food product, such as baking powder, is concerned, the committee, in view of the overwhelming mass of evidence antagonistic to its use, recommends that its use in food products and baking powders be prohibited by law."

It is not possible that any prudent housewife, any loving mother, will knowingly use an article of food that will injure the health of her household, or perhaps cause the death of her children.

How shall the dangerous alum powders be distinguished? And how shall the danger to health from their use be avoided?

Generally alum powders may be known from the price at which they are sold, or from the fact that they are accompanied by a gift, or are disposed of under some scheme. The alum powder costs but a few cents a pound to make, and is often sold at 20 or 25 cents a pound; sometimes as low as 10 cents.

It is impossible to name all the alum powders in the market, but any baking powder sold at a low price, or advertised as costing much less than the well known, high class powders, or accompanied by a present, or disposed of under any scheme, is of this class, detrimental to health and to be avoided.

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Unconscious Contempt.

In a case of criminal libel that was heard not long ago a lady had gone into the witness box on behalf of the plaintiff, whose counsel was examining her.

"Now, madam," the lawyer began, "please repeat the slanderous statements made by the defendant on this occasion, just as you heard them."

"Oh, they are unfit for any respectable person to hear!" was the emphatic answer.

"Then," said the examiner, coaxingly, "suppose you just whisper them to the judge."—Collier's Weekly.

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