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THE DAY

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The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

ing at her curiously; for he had seen that rosy grow, and was extremely puzzled thereby. 'from whence, allow me to add, you took your de parture rather unceremonio "Did I?" she said in a bewildered sort of way. "It is all like a dream to me. I remember Prudence screaming, and telling me I had the plague, and the unutterable horror that filled me when I heard it; and then the next thing I recollect is being at the plague-pit, and seeing your face and his bending over me. All the horror came back with that house, if they caught me, and drown

To his," replied Ormiston, look

"It would have-been rather barbar-ous, I confess, but there are few who would risk infection for the sake of a mere stranger. Instead of doing as you did, you might have sent me to the pest-house, you know."
"Oh, as to that, all your gratitude

is due to Sir Norman. He managed the whole affair, and what is more, fell-but I will leave that for himself to disclose. Meantime, may I ask the name of the lady I have been so fortunaté as to serve?" 'Undoubtedly, sir-my name is

Leoline." "Leoline is only half my name." "Then I am so unfortunate as to possess only half a name, for I never

had any other." Ormiston opened his eyes very wide

'No other! You must have had a father some time in your life; most people have," said the young man, reflectively.
She shook her head a little sadly

She shook her head a little sadly.
"I never had, that I know, either father or mother, or anyone but Prudence. And, by the way," she said, half-starting up, "the first thing to be done is, to see about this same Prudence; she must be somewhere in the house."

"Trudence is nowhere in the house," said Ormiston, quietly, "and will not be, she says, for a month to

will not be, she says, for a month to come. She is afraid of the plague."
"Is she?" said Leoline, fixing her eyes on him with a powerful glance.

'How do you know that?" "I heard her say so not half an hour ago, to a young lady a few doors distant. Perhaps you know her-La Masque."

"That singular being! I don't know her; but I have seen her often. Why was Prudence talking of me to

"That I do not know; but talking coming back here no more. Perhaps you will be afraid to stay here alone?" of you she was, and she said she was

"Oh, no, I am used to being alone," she said, with a little sigh; but where," hesitating and blushing vividly, "where is-I mean, I should like to thank Sir Norman Kingsley. Ormiston saw the blush and the eyes that dropped, and it puzzled

nim beyond measure. "Do you know Sir Norman Kings-ley?" he suspiciously asked.

"By sight I know many of the nobles of the court," she answered, evasively, and without looking up; "they pass here often, and Prudence knows them all; and so I have learned to distinguish them by name and sight, your friend among the rest."
"And you would like to see my friend?" he said, with malicious em-

"I would like to thank him," retorted the lady, with some asperity; "you have told me how much I owe him, and it strikes me the desire is

somewhat natural."
"Without doubt it is, and it will save Sir Norman much fruitless labor; for even now he is in search of you, and will neither rest nor sleep until he finds von"

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***************** search of me! she said, and with that rosy glow illuminating her beautiful he is indeed kind, and I am again most anxious to thank him."

"I will bring him here in two hours, then," said Ormiston, with energy: "and though the hour may be a little unreasonable, I hope you will not object to it, for if you do he will certainly not survive until morning.

She gayly laughed, but her cheek was scarlet "Rather than that, Mr. Ormiston,

feeling of intensest amaze. Right below him he beheld an im nse room, of which the flag he had raised seemed to form part of the ceiling in a remote corner. Evidently it was one of a range of lower vaults, and as he was at least fourteen feet above it, and his corner somewhat in shadow, there was little danger of his being seen. So, leaning far down to look at his leisure, he took the goods the gods procontent.

vided him, and stared to his heart's Sir Norman had seen some queer sights during the four-and-twenty years he had spent in this queer world, but never anything quite equal The apartment below, to this. though so exceedingly large, was lighted with the brilliancy of noonday; and every object it contained, from one end to the other, was dis tinctly revealed. The floor, from glimpses he had of it in obscure corners, was of stone, but from end to end it was covered with richest rugs and mats, and squares of velvet of as many colors as Jeseph's coat. The walls were hung with splendid tapes-try, gorgeous in silk and coloring, representing the wars of Troy, the ex-ploits of Coeur de Lion among the Saracens, the death of Hercules, all on one side; and on the other, a more modern representation, the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The illumination proceeded from a range of wax tapers in silver candelabra, that encircled the whole room. The air was redolent of perfumes, and filled with strains of softest and sweetest music from unseen hands. At one extremity of the room was a huge door of glass and gilding; and opposite it at the other extremity, was a glittering throne. It stood on a raised dais, covered with crimson yelvet, reach ed by two or three steps carpeted with the same; the throne was as magnificent as gold and satin and ornamentation could make it. A great velvet canopy of the same deep, rich color, cut in antique points, and heavily hung with gold fringe; was above the seat of honor. Besides it, to the right, but a little lower down, was a similar throne, somewhat less superb, and minus a canopy. From the door to the throne was a long strip of crimson velvet, edged and embroidered with gold, and arranged in a sweeping semi-circle, on either

side, was a row of great carved, gilded and cushioned chairs, brilliant, too, with crimson and gold, and each, for everyday Christ-lans, a throne in itself. Between the blaze of illumination, the flashing of gilding and gold, the tropical flush of crimson velvet, the rainbow dyes on floor and walls, the intoxicating gushes of perfume, and the delicious strains of unseen music, it is no wonder Sir Norman Kingsley's head was spinning like a bewildered teetotum Was he sane—was he sleeping? Had he drank too much wine at the Gold-

head? Was it a scene of earnest en-chantment, or were fairy tales true? Like Abou Hassan, when he awoke in the palace of the facetious Caliph of Bagdad, he had no notion of believ-ing his own eyes and ears, and quietiy concluded it was all an optical fl-lusion, as ghosts are said to be; but he quietly resolved to stay here, nev ertheless, and see how the dazzling phantasmagoria would end. The mu-sic was certainly ravishing, and it seemed to him, as he listened with anchanted ears, that he never wanted

wake up from so heavenly One thing struck him as rather odd strange and bewildered as everything was, it did not seem at all strange to him, on the contrary, a vague idea was floating mistily through his mind that he had behald precisely the

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-diamonds, pearls, opals, cmsapphires, amethysts—every jewel that ever shone. But neither dresses nor gems were half so superb as the peerless forms they adorned; and such an army of perfectly faces, from purest to brightest brunette, had never met and mingled together lovely face was unmasked,

but Sir Norman's dazzled eyes in vain sought among them for one he All that "rosebud garden of were perfect strangers girls" him, but not so the gallants who fluttered among them like moths around meteors. They, too, were in gorgeous array; in purple and fine linen, which being interpreted, signiin silken hose of every color under the sun, spangled and broidered slippers radiant with diadoublets of as man different shades as their tights, slashed with satin and embroidered with gold. Most of them wore hugo powdered wigs, according to the hideous fashion then in vogue, and un-der those same ugly scalps laughed many a handsome face Sir Norman well knew. The majority of those richly-robed gallants were strangers to him as well as the ladies, but whoever they were, whether mortal men or "spirits from the vasty deep," they were in the tallest sort of clover just then. Evidently they knew it, too, and seemed to be on the best of terms with themselves and all the world, and laughed and flirted and flattered, with as much perfection as so many ball-room Aplios of the present day.

To be Continued.



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THE HOME OF MAGIC.

MARVELOUS SIGHTS SAID TO HAVE

Revolting Exhibition in Which the Body Is Horribly Mutilated and the Wounds Are Instantly Healed, Leaving Not a Scar Behind.

The country known to English speak-The country known to English speaking folk as Tibet bears a very different name among its own people. It is called Bod, or Bod-yul, "the country of Bod." The name Bod probably refers to Buddha. Though ostensibly Buddhists, the people of Bod are in reality slaves to Lamaism, a system of theology which has been defined as "Buddhism corrupted by Sivaism and by Shamanism, or spirit worship." Shamanism is the dominant cult of Mongolia and is a system of demon worship rather than spirit worship. Tibet is regarded by students of the oc-Tibet is regarded by students of the oc-cult as the home of magic, and whether or no there be "mahatmas" in that wild and weird land, in which the late Mme. Blavatsky, the high priestess of theose-phy, it is claimed, served a seven year apprenticeship in the magic art, we have it on the most respectable testimony that the lamas of Bod-yul can and do perform

placed there by the attendants. The lama was in person a small, spare

man, with fixed, glittering eyes, an emaciated frame and an immense mass of long black hair, which floated over his shoulders. He appeared altogether like a walking corpse, in whose head two blaz-ing fires had been lighted, which gleamed in unnatural luster through his long, almond shaped eyes. He was about 40 years of age, and report alleged that he had already some four times previously performed the great sacrificial act he was now about to repeat. From the moment this skeleton figure

had taken his seat the 70 fakirs who surrounded him in a semicircle began to sway their bodies back and forth, sing-ing meanwhile a loud, monotonous chant in rhythm with their movements. In a few minutes the gesticulations of the fakirs increased almost to frenzy. On every side of the auditorium braziers of ncense were burning. Six fakirs swung pots of frankincense, filling the air with intoxicating vapors, while six others stood behind beating metal drums or clashing cymbals, which they tossed on high with gestures of frantic exultation. For some time the howls, shrieks and distracting actions of this maniac crew pro-

duced no effect on the immovable lama.

He sat like one dead, his fixed and glassy eyes seeming to stare into illimitable distance, without heeding the pandemonium that was raging around him.
"Can he be really living?" whispered
one of the awestruck Englishmen to his
neighbor. But this question was speedily answered by the series of convulsive shudderings which at length shook the lama's frame. His dark eyes rolled wild-ly, and finally nothing but their whites were to be seen, spasm after spasm threatening to shiver the frail tenement and expel its quivering life. The teeth were set and the features distorted as in the worst phases of epilepsy, when sud-denly, and just as the tempest of horrible cries and distortions was at its height the lama seized the long, glittering knife which lay across his knee, drew it rapidly up the length of his abdomen and then displayed in all their revolting horror the proofs of the sacrifice in the protruding

The crowd of awestruck ascetics bent their heads to the earth in mute worship. Not a sound broke the stillness but the deep breathing of the spectators. At such scenes before, addressed the living creature-for living he still was, though he uttered no sound nor raised his droop "Man, can you tell us by what power this deed of blood is performed without destruction of life?"

A dead silence ensued. The living corpse moves. It raises its quivering hands and scoops up the blood from the wound, bears it to the lips, which breathe upon it. They then return to the wound begin to press the severed parts together and remake the mutilated body. The fakirs shout and send up praises to Brahma; the drums beat; the cymbals clash; ma; the drums beat; the cymbals cash, shricks, prayers, invocations resound on all sides. The fragrant incense ascends; the flute players pour forth their shrill cadence; the harps of some European servants stationed in a distant, apartment and previously instructed send forth strains of sweet melody amid the frantic

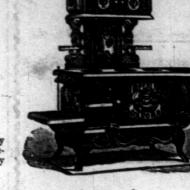
clamor.

The ecstatic makes a few more passes, and, after wrapping a scarf previously prepared over the body, as if to cleanse it from the gore in which it was steeped, suddenly he stands upright, casts all his upper garments from him and displays a body unmarked by a single scar. Gesticulations, cries, shouts subside; low murmurs of admiration and worship pass through the breathless assembly, and then the Bokt, clasping his thin hands and elevating his glistening eyes to heaven, utters in a deep, low tone, far different from the shrill wail of the half dead sacrifice, a short but fervent prayer of thankfulness, and all is finished.—Home Journal.

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feats which have not yet been explained in terms of science and which can only I will even see him to-night. You will find me here when you come." be classed as magical. The performances of the Bokts, or won awakening, and between it and anguish of the plague sore I think I You will not run away again, der working lamas, are quite as astound-ing in their way as those of the Indian fakirs, who are Mohammedans, or of the will you?" said Ormiston, looking at same thing somewhere before, Probfainted again" (Ormiston nodded sa-gactously) "and when I next recovher doubtfully. "Excuse me; but you ably at some past period of his life he had beheld a similar vision, or had EIGHT HOURS BAKING with a have a trick of doing that, you Sanyahis of Yogis, who are Brahmans ered I was alone in a strange room, and in bed. I noticed that, though I seen a picture somewhere like this in a tale of magic, and satisfying himbut they are usually terrible and revolt-ing. A Tibetan Bokt who had wandered **Famous Active** Again she laughed merrily. think I must have been delirious. And "I think you may safely trust m self with this conclusion, he began from his native land and penetrated as then, half mad with agony, I got out Are you going?" MONTREAL. this time. vondering if the genii of the place far as Benares gave an exhibition of his By way of reply, Ormiston took his hat and started for the door, to the street somehow, and ran, and were going to make their appearnace wonderful powers in one of the vast tem-ples of the holy city a few years ago. Range ran, and ran, until the people saw me and followed me here; but the at all, or if the knowledge that hu-There he paused, with his hand upon man eyes were upon them had scared them back to Erebus. He was accompanied and assisted by a mongrel crowd of half human compatricrowd pressed so close behind, and I felt through all my delirium that "How long have you known Sir Norman Kingsley?" was his careless, ots. The exhibition promised by the wonderful magician was truly an as-While still ruminating on this they would bring me to the pestportant question, a portion of the tapestry, almost beneath him, shriv-eled up and up, and out flocked a wonders in magician was not in view of all beholders, to rip up his abdomen, remove a handful of intestines, display artful question. ing seemed to me preferable to that. But Leoline, tapping one little foot So I was in the river before I knew it—and you know the rest as well as glittering throng, with a musical mingling of laughter and voices. Still on the floor, and looking down at it them to the spectators and then replace them again and heal up the wound by a with hot cheeks and humid eyes, an-But I owe my life to you, Mr. they came, more and more, until the great room was almost filled, and a swered not a word. -owe it to you and anfew magical passes, leaving no vestige other; and I thank you both with dazzling throng they were. Sir Norof the damage inflicted. man had mingled in many a brilliant scene of Whitehall, with the "merry" Needless to say such exhibitions are all my heart." CHAPTER VIII. "Madame, you are too grateful; not everyday occurrences, and the ordiand I don't know as we have done anything much to deserve it." nary globe trotter might traverse India from Cape Comorin to Nepal and not be monarch" at their head, but all he When Sir Norman Kingsley entered ever witnessed at the king's You have saved my life; and, the ancient ruin, his head was fall though you may think that a value-less trifle, not worth speaking of, I ourt fell far short of this pageant. fortunate enough to witness so marvelof Leoline-when he knelt down to ous, if revolting, a spectacle as that in Half the brilliant flock were ladies, look through the aperture in the flagassure you I view it in a very differ-ent light," she said, with a halfsuperb in satins, silks, velvets and ged floor, heart and head were full When the hour of noon arrived, the ewels. And such jewels! every gem lama appeared and took his seat before the raised altar, on which candles had of her still. But the moment his that ever flashed back the sunlight eyes fell on the scene beneath; everyparkled and blazed in blending ar-"Lady, your life is invaluable, but thing fled far from his thoughts, Leobeen lighted. Before him was a radiant ray on those beautiful bosoms and image of the sun, and on either side of as to our saving it, why, you would line among the rest; and nothing renot have us throw you alive into the altar were grim idols which had been mained but a profound and absorbing ralds, rubies, garnets, the plague-pit, would you?"