isappointed Man. h does the government al-d a citizen to the income

sand dollars," said the ofstatement of my income, e handed a paper to Uncle entative, who looked at it served with some warmth

e no occasion to file this. ncome of only \$1,200. You to file a statement unless is \$3,500 or more. you say the law allowed me

my income was \$1,200 and I atement so that the governgive me the difference, which ut to be \$2,800. When do I

nch expostulation the citizen nt into the cool air. -Pitts

The Cabby's Wall.

delphia "cabby" delivers himtas black as he's painted, an' ain't always as blond as she's Us cab drivers has de repudoin' everybody, but nob w how often we gits done up An' dat's straight, see? last week two ladies done of six hours. I'd been drivin' town all night. About t'ree de mornin' dey stops me in a little street an' tells me to e dev goes in to make a call y fr'en. I was a little boozy out that time, an' I waited an Show up? Naw!"

to health are marked in the those who, at regular stages and I those who, at regular stages and ly, have been conveyed thither by stomach Bitters, a potent auxmature in her efforts to throw off of disease. Malarial, kidney, rheufollious trouble, constipation and ses take their departure when this medicine is resorted to for their

hand which attempts to strike said Ward Politicus, as he is arm defiantly over the as is the same hand which ted the crime of 1873!"

y your pardon," said a private in the audience, "but would you elling what was the crime of

y, after a few moments' awk-hesitation, "we can't have the interrupted by malicious ene-Chicago Record.

Very Probable.

ington Star: "You have brought unshine into my life," he said you mean that," she asked tim-

ourse I mean it. Can you doubt

of course I know you woldn't ally misrepresent. But you young man so often thinks brought sunshine into his life in reality, it's only moonshine.'

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of the most curious burial cus still existing in Ireland and in salt upon the breast of a corps as it has been properly 'laid the cooling board. In Engwhere the custom still prevails a people who hoot the imputabeing superstitious, it is claimat it is done in order "to prevent om getting into the corpse, and welling and bloating it." Campnd Moresin both refer to the prac a survival of old-time superstiurial rites. They quote largely ancient writers to prove that Christians all regarded salt as an em of immortality and eternity, hat on such accounts it was any used in the manner above oned. Harman is authority for tatement that the early Germans mly put salt under the tongues of dead, but also put little cylinders ock salt in the right hand of the as soon as it was learned that such ons were near death's door.

most heathen countries, where all sof superstition prevails, salt is as a charm in frightening away spirits, and it is alleged that the gonians frequently strangle their ren to death by forcing sait down throats to drive out devils.

wor'd owes no man a living who is



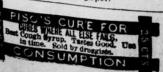
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CHAPTER I.-(Continued.) The fragment of conversation, audible to the new comers, appeared to disturb the old man. He abandoned his hold on the stalwart arm which had served him on the path, and groped for the gate. His features

twitched convulsively, and the look of

furtive distrust deepened in his rest-

"Rich!" he repeated, as if speaking to himself. "Why should Dolores wish for wealth? Ah! Poor child!"

He stared at his companion abstractedly for a moment, and then pushed open the door in the wall.

Under ordinary circumstances the officer would have pursued his way, thus evading all expressions of gratitude on the part of the old man's family, but the laugh of the girl Dolores, floating out on the sunny air, had bewitched his ear. The sailor on shore wished to see her. Accordingly, he followed his recently helpless charge, who appeared to be more discountenanced than gratified by the

A girl, small, slender, and very young, stood beside a fountain in the middle of the space of garden, with the branches of an orange tree, laden with blossoms and fruit, brushing her shoulder.

A young man lingered opposite, gazng intently at her.

The garden was full of flowers, untrained and luxuriant in growth, yet such life, bloom and sweetness as the spot could boast belonged to Dolores, glowing on her flimsy red and yellow gown, adjusted with a certain grace by means of a crimson sash confining the little waist, the rose fastened in her black hair above one tiny ear, and the softly rounded brown face, with two large and limpid eyes. At the moment she was a presence full of vivacity and gaiety.

And the young man, tall, olivehued, grave in bearing and indolent of movement-who was he? Was he not a lover? Did not the masculine instinct of hostility, ever ready to flame in the breast of man under similar circumstances, swiftly supplement in that of Lieut. Curzon-rival?

The house differed from those mansions of modest dimensions often to be found in the locality, built of stone, with an occasional balcony, and even some curious effect of Barocco ornamentation in the heads of Nereids and Centaurs carved on the cornice. This habitation was an ancient square tower, resembling an old Norman keep the base of roughly-hewn stone, and filled in with rubble. Above the door was an armorial shield sculptured in stone, with the nearly effaced design of a crane bearing a blade of wheat in his beak. Like the casas solares of similar spots, a lack of repair and the ravages of years were clearly discernible in the structure, which had not attained any height, as if an original project of building had been checked before the completion of parapet. Who had designed the tower-Moor, Spaniard, Sicilian or French conqueror? Why had the task been abandoned? The girl Dolores lived here, as a rose blooms where grim sentinels should keep watch for an invading foe.

A dog, resembling a ball of white floss silk, and scarcely larger than the toy animals mounted on wheels of shop windows, announced the new arrivals with shrill barking, then prudently retreated behind his mistress, and peered forth from the folds of her dress with a miniature countenance full of canine wisdom and absurdly shaved in the semblance of a military mustache.

Dolores turned her head quickly, with a rapid change of expression to one of surprise, and sprang to the side of the old man.

"Grandpa! How pale you are! Has an accident happened?" she inquired in English, and speaking with affectionate concern.

Lieut. Curzon lifted his cap courteously, thereby revealing his golden curls, and apologized for the intrusion

of his presence. Dolores regarded him with her dark eyes dilating, and her color ebbing and deepening with rapid pulsations of

emotion. She reminded the sailor of a pomegranate blossom, such as he had seen ripening to perfection on the terraces of Grenada and Seville.

He accepted her faltered thanks with the more complacency that the opportunity was afforded him of studying the purity of her profile, the piquant curves of red lips and dimpled chin, the symmetry of slender hands and feet. He asked himself with awakening interest how this Spanish maiden happened to be dwelling with an English grandfather in the mixed

population of Malta. Dolores urged the stranger to accept a chair and be served with fruit and wine. Was the girl inspired by the innate instincts of gratitude and hospi-

time she bade Dr. Busatti, with a little inflection of authority in her tone, test her grandfather's pulse and as-

The doctor, whose aquiline features had darkened ominously since the un-expected intrusion of the handsome officer, found means of speedy re-

"The fainting fit was nothing," he said, touching the wrist of the old man lightly with his long and sallow

'Nothing at all!" echoed the patient,

pettishly.
"You must show the young man yonder some of your treasures," added the Maltese, lowering his voice. "He doubtless has a sufficiently heavy purse to pay a just price for a Cinerary urn, a good specimen of Tharros glass,

"Or a Greco-Phœnician medal," added the old man, eagerly.

His eyes began to glisten with a greedy light; he raised his head and looked at the visitor with an expression of kindling animation.

"Eh! I know!" he ejaculated suddenly, and shuffled into the house.

Dr. Busatti observed the effect of his words, while plucking a leaf from the orange tree. The thin and acid vintage proffered

by Hebe on this occasion may have been true nectar of the gods to the re-

"You have lived here for some time?" Lieut. Curzon ventured to inquire, sipping his wine and continuing to look at Dolores.

"Malta is my home," she replied, with one of those sudden and dazzling smiles peculiar to the Latin races, which revealed pearly teeth. "Our isl-and is the flower of the world, Forio

"I begin to believe it," he said, meditatively.

"You have not always believed so?" she questioned archly.

"Not until this hour," was the decisive response.

The rosy glow deepened in the girl's Dr. Busatti thrust the orange leaf

between his thin lips, and flecked the surface of the fountain basin gently with a twig. Lieut. Curzon was conscious that his

heart throbbed more quicky beneath his uniform.

Dolores stood between these two young men, her brown face softening to a dreamy expression, the full lips losing their provoking curves, the gaze of the limpid eyes straying wistfully beyond her companions toward space, the infinite and vague. What were her thoughts?

Alas! At this moment the grand-father approached, prompted by the wily suggestion of Dr. Busatti, and placed on the table some specimens of the relics of the locality, a vase in which the Maltese kept the Fungo Maltese; several bronze and copper statuettes of idols; and a number of clay or jasper talismen, inscribed with sacred Phoenician characters on one surface.

These objects, much worn, cracked, and dilapidated, evidently inspired the possessor with an interest he would fain impart to the visitor.



LIEUT. CURZON EXAMINED THE RELICS. The mobile countenance of Dolores clouded, and she frowned.

Lieut. Curzon examined the relies, and listened attentively to the gar-rulous speech of the old man. The reveries of the previous moment were rudely dispelled.

Dolores caught up her little dog Florio, placed him on her shoulder, and whispered treasonable confidences to the woolly pate pressed closely against her cheek. Youthful indignation and mortification at the course pursued by her venerable relative lent an additional brilliancy to her beauty.

Doctor Busatti smiled faintly, and gazed into the stagnant depths of the fountain. Cupid is apt to take wing when prosaic barter intrudes on the scene as an unwelcome third presence. He had thus his revenge.

"Your collection is interesting, only I am awfully ignor-ant about such matters," said the officer, with easy good humor. "Perhaps you will kindly teach me something more of the Greeks and Phœnicians-another day."

He stole a glance at the grand-daughter as he uttered these words. The old man blinked. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

"Here is a rare medallion, if you wish to secure such a souvenir," he rejoined, curtly. "It is worth a great deal of money, but you may have ithumph!-under the circumstances, for,

say, a couple of sovereigns." "Grandpapa!" implored Dolores, in

an undertone. The warm blood mounted to the tality, or mere coquetry! At the same girl's temples and she stamped one lit- days every year.

tle foot on the ground with an irre

pressible movement of anger.

Dr. Busatti became absorbingly interested in the orange tree, and

touched a golden ball pendant among the glossy leaves without plucking Lieut. Curzon's lip curled involun-

tarily. He took the medal, which was bronze, representing Astarte on one side and three sprigs of grain on the reverse, emblematic of the fertility of the island of Malta

"I should like to send this medallion to England," he asserted, after a pause, with assumed fervor of en-

"And this gold Lamina!" added the grandfather, eagerly receiving the coin of payment in his shriveled palm. "I found it myself near the Grand Port-

"I hope the gentleman does not consider us too ungrateful," interposed Dolores, with a sorrowful and depreciating dignity, which was not un-becoming to her dimpled youth. "We do not forget the service he has done us in helping grandpapa home from the

The old man looked at her with an irascible impatience, resenting frivolous interruption.

"Your grandpapa must be very clever," said the officer, thrusting the medal into his pocket, with every appearance of rejoicing in its possession, and rising to depart.

"Either the old beggar is poor, or he is fond of money," was his mental addition of decision.

"Would you accept Florio?" suggested the girl, holding the little bundle of canine life toward him, with a graceful gesture of deprecating submission.

Lieut. Curzon shook his head, caressed the tiny animal, without accepting the gift, and replied—
"Thanks. Flor:o would

sorry to exchange masters and knock about on shipboard." Forio cowered back in the arms of

Dolores, inexpressibly relieved by the decision. "I should like a Maltese rose,

supplemented the visitor, glancing at the bud in the girl's black tresses. "No flower is sweeter." She detached the rose and gave it to

him. Her face had cleared once more, and gratitude beamed on her stormy

"Farewell!" said the blue eyes of the young Englishman.

'Farewell!" replied the dark eyes of Dolores, a flash of mockery gleaming in their liquid depths.

Lieut Curzon had scarcely quitted the boundary limit of the garden when he was joined by Dr. Busatti.

"You are returning to Valletta?" he

inferred, bowing courteously. "Permit me to show you a better path." "Thanks," assented the officer in a

somewhat dry tone. The two young men walked on to-

gether. The Englishman, with an inherent sentiment of national superiority, found the Maltese tall, thin and slightly cadaverous, with a certain resemblance to plants which have grown up in the shade of a damp palace wall, or in a church cloister.

The bearing of Dr. Busatti was inoffensive, even ingratiating. His tenacious pride in his native island became speedily apparent in the desultory conversation which ensued. He spoke of historical sites with enthusiasm. He dwelt no less warmly on the delicious oranges and apricots ripened here to send all over Europe; the cauliflowers, so superior in size flavor to those of Italy, Holland. or the Island of Cyprus; the delicacy of the artichoke, pea, and bean, in perpetual supply for the need of man.

Lieut. Curzon, in rueful remem-brance of tough beef and mutton. as well as of months of sirocco, lent an abstracted ear and monosyllabic as-

Then the other adroitly mentioned the persons just quitted, the eccentric grandfather and the maiden Dolores. The old man, long a resident of Malta, was afflicted with a malady of the heart of which he was ignorant, and should therefore avoid all excitement, while he appeared to be consumed by a restless fever of agitation, wearing alike to mind and body. A similarity of tastes in study had led to an acquaintance between the father of Dr. Busatti and the Englishman, whose name was Jacob Dealtry. Under the circumstances, it was to be expected that all means of selling the little objects (for the most part worthless) which he picked up should be eagerly embraced. Jacob Dealtry was poor, and possibly a struggle for mere existence induced the restlessness of temperament characteristic of

Such was the volunteered explanation of Giovanni Battista Busatti. The town gained, the young men

separacd, with mutual coolness of Dr. Busatti was convinced that the

officer had placed the rose given to him by Dolores in his pocketbook, as he did not wear it in his button-hole. "May San Gregorio confound all Englishmen!" muttered the Maltese

as he pursued his way. As for Lieut. Curzon, dislike of the native, whose thin lips, in smiling, revealed long teeth, unpleasantly discolored by the use of tobacco, led to

the reflection-'Dolores, poor girl, may be left alone in the world at any time. She would be quite thrown away on this fellow. The cad! I am sure he is in love with her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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