



CHAPTER VI—(Continued)

Her thoughts dwelt on Dr. Busatti, as the first young man in whose eyes she had ever read a dawning admiration. The purchase of the dress was distinctly traceable to such a source. She was accustomed to his presence, pondered on his words during his absence, and found it agreeable to watch for his return. Fickle Dolores! The unexpected intrusion of the young naval officer, Arthur Curzon, handsome, amiable and full of youthful animation, banished speedily preference for the sallow and thin Maltese physician. Her pulses still fluttered, as the blood coursed more rapidly through her veins, at the recollection of his visit. Should she ever see him again? Why not? Then, as her needle flew, her dream deepened. The Knight of Malta, in polished armor, would come to the garden gate in a golden chariot and lead her away. Are the knights all dead, and must the world grow so old and sad as to lose all faith in the actual existence of these splendid cavaliers? Stay! what was he like? Had she ever truly gazed upon his face?

She paused, with her needle uplifted, and her features contracted in meditation.

At this moment, Florio sprang up and uttered the most miniature of fierce canine barks.

Dolores glanced about her, with a little gasp of wonder.

Lieut. Curzon, after a preliminary rap pushed open the gate and entered the inclosure without ceremony. His face glowed with a smile of satisfaction, as his glance sought the girl, seated beside the fountain with her work.

Each paused in silence and gazed at the other, Dolores with indefinable apprehension, and the young man with an eagerness of which he was unconscious. The soul of the girl spoke through her eyes with an instinctive, appealing grace, and Lieut. Curzon was again thrilled through with an emotion that occasioned a quickened heart-throb beneath his uniform.

"Good day," he said, at length, advancing and extending his hand.

"Good day," replied Dolores, placing her small brown fingers on his brown palm, and dropping thimble and scissors in the act.

Florio growled, menacingly, and seized the boot of the intruder in his teeth.

"I trust your grandpapa is all right," continued the visitor, retaining the little hand in his grasp rather longer than ceremonious politeness exacted.

"Yes! thanks," demurely. "Shall I call him?"

"No! Give me another moment first."

"As many moments as you wish. You were so good to poor grandpapa that day," and gratitude brought a warm tide of rose color to the velvety cheek, a moisture to the brilliant eyes.

"Was I good?" He forgot his mission, and everything else in the world, except the piquant face before him, which fascinated him strangely.

"GOOD DAY."

Passion, unreasonable, mad, even capricious, was kindled in his breast for the first time. He felt an impulse to take the graceful head between his hands, and cover brow, cheek and mouth with rapid kisses, as he would have gathered one of the flowers blooming near her, and crushed the fragrance out of it against his lips. Separation of a day had but deepened the longing to return, and lent wings to his feet. He had cheated himself with the delusion that he had forgotten her. Hitherto sufficiently bold in the wooing and flattering of the owners of pretty faces, the sailor was shy, almost embarrassed, in the presence of Dolores. This fresh fruit of maidenhood, still protected by the sheath of unconsciousness and purity, intimidated him. The absence of the old man did not encourage him to once more venture to touch her hand.

Then he communicated the true aim of his coming. At first speech was difficult to him, and his words were stammered, half completed, until, encouraged by the subtle sympathy of

his listener, he waxed so eloquent that Florio grew weary of worrying his boot and decided to take another man.

On the following evening his cousin, Mrs. Griffith, was to receive the Russian grand duke now on board the corvette Ladislas in the harbor. The lady wished to greet her guest with a series of characteristic tableaux. Dolores must consent to take a part in the entertainment.

The girl listened in passive silence. Her rich color faded to a warm, golden pallor, the corners of her lips drooped; the delicate arch of black eyebrows met above the bridge of thin nose with the flexible nostril. She did not question the means whereby Mrs. Griffith had become aware of her capacity to serve on the occasion. Possibly she divined that some suggestion made by Lieutenant Curzon had resulted in the invitation. Why did she not betray more joy in the opportunity of diversion? The messenger was piqued, puzzled, even tantalized, by the appearance of willful indifference in her bearing.

"You understand the role assigned you, do you not?" he demanded, with tender insistence.

"I understand perfectly well," she rejoined, musingly. "Grandpapa may not consent, though."

"He must consent. We will tell him there is question of receiving a Russian grand duke."

"Should I be required to recite a verse? I have done that several times at the convent," said Dolores, with childish triumph.

He suppressed a smile.

"Not on this occasion, Dolores. May I call you Dolores?"

She gave neither consent nor refusal; a dimple deepened near the corner of her mouth.

"I will bring all the things in the morning, I mean your stage wardrobe, and then we will have a full dress rehearsal here in the garden," said the young man, blithely. "Grandpapa shall decide if you are a true Phœnician maiden."

"I must be ugly and yellow, like the figures on the bits of stone and pottery," demurred Dolores, ruefully.

"As if you could be other than lovely, Dolores," he said, bending over her. "Afterward there is to be a ball."

An expression of sudden delight transfigured her face. She threw back her head, and opened her eyes. To go to a ball and dance! What felicity of happiness! She clasped her hands together, with an irrepressible transport of delight, and sprang to her feet with an elasticity of movement which sent a tingling vibration of sympathy through the veins of her companion.

"I will come if grandpapa only consents," she exclaimed.

"Give me the very first waltz," insisted Arthur Curzon, with a soft meaning in his tone.

The maiden accustomed to ball room gallantry might have blushed modestly, lowered her glance and toyed with her bracelet before yielding consent.

Young Dolores stooped to recover her scissors, and retorted frankly—"Oh, yes!"

She added, naively:

"I thank you for remembering me."

Jacob Dealtry approached from the house and returned the greeting of the officer without warmth, and yet without any manifestation of surprise at his second visit.

Dolores flew to his side, clasped her hands on his arm, and explained the invitation of Mrs. Griffith's to the tableaux and ball.

The old man listened without comment, while his countenance betrayed bewilderment and suspicion.

"Did you come to see my Moorish coin?" he questioned abruptly of Lieut. Curzon, when his grandchild had finished.

"Yes," said the young man, with hypocritical alacrity. "I think of going in for that sort of thing, Mr. Dealtry, during my stay at Malta, and making a collection."

"Very good," muttered the grandfather, producing the Moorish coin for his inspection.

Wounded pride made Dolores flash a reproachful glance at the officer, while her short upper lip curled scornfully.

"I would not buy a privilege," she said in a smothered tone, as the old man shuffled away in search of other relics, tempted by the yielding mood of the amateur collector.

"I would buy some privileges," he retorted, laughing.

She shook her head and approached him near. Her shoulder touched his arm.

"Why are old people so greedy for gold?" she inquired, seriously.

"They have learned the value of all earthly things, my child," said Arthur Curzon, with mature gravity.

"Will you become so horribly greedy when you are old?" pondered Dolores.

"Even more so," he said promptly.

"I do not believe it," she said, gazing up into his face intently.

Again the sailor drank deeply of the soul in the eyes of the girl.

When Jacob Dealtry had yielded a half abstracted consent, the messenger of Mrs. Griffith departed.

Dolores ran to her own chamber, climbed on a chair and lifted down a green box, studded with brass nails, from a high shelf.

She raised the lid of the receptacle and drew forth a mantilla of black lace, a shell comb, a fan and a tiny pair of black satin slippers. A faint

perfume of sandalwood and orange flowers emanated from these treasures, which had belonged to her Spanish mother.

Was the faded green box destined to play the part of Pandora's casket, and scatter abroad, with the contents, the fairy shoes and the fan, confusion and trouble?

Then she put on the pink dress, and pausing before a small looking glass, audaciously severed the sleeves above the rounded elbows, and cut down the corsage.

She thus prepared the new robe for a most unexpected debut.

Attired to her satisfaction, Dolores sought the corridor, and paused before the portrait. She made a little genuflection, and held up a finger mockingly.

"Perhaps he is the Knight of Malta after all," she said aloud.

The cavalier of the picture was mute, somber, threatening, in the obscurity of the old Watch Tower.

CHAPTER VII

THE SWALLOW WALTZ



HE OLD PALAZZO of the Strada Zecca, occupied by Gen. Griffith and his family, was brilliantly lighted on the ensuing evening.

A massive lantern above the entrance shed a ray on the sconcheon of the Order of the Knights of St. John; while within the vestibule, trophies of the cavaliers, helmet, pike, halbert, and sword, were still grouped on the walls.

The visitor who passed under the arch of the portal on this occasion, found himself in an atmosphere redolent of the sweetness of flowers, and surrounded by those elements of life in which European and Oriental influences were curiously blended. The colonnades of the mansion were illuminated with pendent clusters of eastern lamps, alternating with the cool and fragrant shadow of clumps of palms and jessamine, and the rippling plash of a fountain was audible in the center of the adjacent court, while Turkish rugs and cushions, exhaling musk and amber from their folds, were placed in convenient embrasures between the columns, as if inviting to that tranquil repose suggestive of the inseparable accompaniment of a pipe of perfumed tobacco, a gilded tray of sweetmeats, coffee, or sherbet, served on bent knee by one of those Nubian slaves in jeweled turban and silken tunic still to be found, in mute effigy, in Venetian places. Surely a beauty of the harem, in embroidered vestments, would peep from the shelter of yonder screen of lattice of arabesque carving, or glide down the marble steps on the left! Instead, the intruder jostled a stiff, English servant carrying tea, came unexpectedly upon a group of officers in brilliant uniform lingering at a buffet, or was surrounded by a bevy of ladies in toilettes bearing the imprint of Paris and London make.

The hostess received her royal guest at the entrance of the first sala, a gracious presence in a robe of cream-colored moire antique over pistachio green satin, with fair arms and shoulders revealed by a corsage of golden tracery, studded with opals.

The young prince, pale, slender and beardless, with heavy-lidded eyes, and a languid utterance, was a modern Telemachus, escorted by Mentor in the person of Gen. Lubomirsky, with a bristling, white mustache, a la militaire, and several orders attached to the breast of his uniform.

As such Mrs. Griffith wished to welcome the grand duke.

Telemachus was conducted by his host through several rooms, where myriads of lights were reflected on mirrors, and a profusion of flowers, arranged in banks and masses, with a background of tree ferns and tall plants, with variegated leaves, formed a miniature garden, to a gilded arm chair placed in the center of a large and lofty apartment. The prince, seated here, and surrounded by an expectant company, was required to contemplate a dark curtain, draped with Russian and British flags, until such time as the drapery was drawn aside, revealing a tiny stage.

The scene, arranged with admirable artistic effect, represented a margin of shore and rocks, with tropical vegetation. In the background was visible the entrance of a grotto, half concealed by a drooping vine.

The hostess, personating Calypso, in a classical mantle and robe of ivory-white tints, with a soft crepe peplum, embroidered in a Greek pattern, and her abundant dark hair gathered in a knot at the back of the head, pushed aside the vine, emerging from the grotto, and extending her hand with a smile to the grand duke, said in a musical voice:

"Telemaque, venez dans ma demeure ou, je vous recevrai comme mon fils."

"Malta was the island of Calypso," said the prince, when the curtain had fallen.

"Yes. Let us respect all myths at such a moment," added Gen. Lubomirsky.

When the mimic stage again became visible, three pictures, divided by a seemingly massive frame, occupied the space.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

GRAND OLD PARTY.

LIVING TRUTHS OF THE REPUBLICAN POLICY.

The Free Trade Tories Exposed All Along the Line—The Free Trade Conspiracy Has Wrought Ruin in Many Industries.

Mr. David Wells is not at present writing essays upon the poisonous quality of imported shoddy. When there was a duty protective of American wool and consequently a brisk trade in American woolsens, Mr. Wells was nearly as lachrymose as tearful Tommy Shearman concerning the importation of European shoddy. "There is poison in it," shrieked David; "European shoddy is the refuse of hospitals and lazarettos," screamed Tommy; and then they wept and lamented that it was made dutiable. The Wells and Shearman plan for decreasing the American use of European shoddy was by way of admitting it duty free to American ports. At any rate, that was part of the plan. The other part was by way of admitting foreign wool duty free. With free wool, they said, the American manufacturer will get a pure raw material so cheaply as to make the use of imported shoddy needless. Just how the latter clause of their pleading agreed with the former clause, which demanded free shoddy, they did not explain. However, a Democratic Congress and President have admitted European wool duty free and have reduced the duty on shoddy from 30 cents per pound to 15 per cent. ad valorem. But the imports of shoddy have not decreased. The lazaretto-tainted refuse of Europe was imported to the United States in March last in quantity that was 1,407 per cent in excess of the importation during March of the last year of the McKinley bill, the amount of imports of shoddy being but 1,504 pounds under the McKinley bill, and 2,118,689 pounds under the Wilson bill. For nine months ending March, 1894, the importations were 75,923 pounds, and for the eight months ending March, 1895, they were 9,713,187 pounds.

This is how free wool insures "cheap clothing, all wool," but made of three-fourths shoddy. Let us consider the situation: Free wool and ruined wool growers; free wool and woolen mills running half time; free wool and lower wages to such operatives as can find work in woolen mills; free wool and an increase of more than 1,400 per cent in the amount of shoddy woven into stuffs that are sold as "cheap all wool clothing, made cheap by repeal of the wool duties."

Meanwhile, as we have said Weeping David and Tearful Tommy no longer are sniveling over the importation of "poison-tainted shoddy."—Inter Ocean.

Gold, Silver and Manufactures.

The campaign of education on the currency question is assuming gigantic proportions. There are many who would make it the leading issue in the next Presidential and Congressional elections. The energy that is being displayed in this direction emanates chiefly from the tariff reform and free-trade leaders, and their work is very frequently regarded as being but a mere trick to divert the attention of the voters away from the more important discussion of the tariff question.

Whether the money question be solved by the establishment of monometallism or bimetallicism, we feel assured that the tariff will always be in the future, as it has been in the past, the leading principle, in so far as the American people are affected by national legislation. There are some countries in the world whose currency is established upon a gold basis; there are other countries that have a gold and silver basis.

In this country the great majority of the people never see gold, except in the western section. Our paper currency predominates for general circulation in the east, with small silver coins for fractional change. In the west, where the free coinage of silver is advocated, gold coins are used for the daily trading of the people in preference to paper money, and the western currency of the country is practically gold and silver, whereas in the east the actual currency consists of paper and silver, the paper money bearing the indorsement of the United States treasury department.

Two Points of View.

The bad taste of the fifty third congress lingers, says the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. A senator, in a reminiscent mood, told a story of the closing hours. There was pending a bill in which certain corporations were generally interested. This bill had passed the house, but seemed to be pigeon-holed in the senate. Every vote which could be mustered was deemed to be absolutely necessary. One day a senator who was serving his last session, with no political future before him, was approached with this kind of a suggestion:

"You are about to retire to private life, and we desire to have the benefit of your experience. We are prepared to offer you a salary of \$10,000 a year for your services as an attorney for our corporation."

The senator thought a little, and then he said that, while such a proposition might be legitimate enough after March 4, he doubted whether he could entertain it until then. At any rate, he felt that he ought not to give a definite answer without consulting his friends. The representative of the corporation said: "Certainly." He could not say anything else. So the senator went to a brother senator and told him just what had happened. He asked for advice.

"You blamed fool," said the other, "why did you not take it?"

Troubled in mind, with the apprehension that perhaps he had heedlessly let a good thing slip, the senator sought out another senatorial confidant. He

repeated the offer he had received.

"Why didn't you get it in the man's face?" demanded that senator, scenting at once the fine scheme of bribery covered by the suggested attorney-ship.

The story is interesting chiefly as a revelation of the attitude which exists in the senatorial code of ethics.

Scrap Iron and Tin.

Editor American Economist: I know a traveling tin salesman who has been in the business five years. When he first started he could purchase scrap iron from farmers for 50 cents per hundred-weight and pay in trade. He sold his iron for \$1 per hundred-weight, gaining 100 per cent on his money invested.

He can now purchase scrap iron for 18 to 20 cents per hundred-weight, but is obliged to sell it for 30 cents per hundred-weight. He thus has the trouble of collecting 500 pounds of scrap to gain the same profit that he used to make on 100 pounds five years ago under a protective tariff.

Five years ago, or even three years ago, he could sell tinware at nearly every house, getting in return fully one-half cash. Since June, 1893, his trade has continually decreased, until now his sales amount to less than one-half what they were in 1892, and he can scarcely ever get any cash in payment for goods.

In 1892 the average price paid for eggs during the season was 18 cents per dozen, while in 1894 the average was only 12 cents per dozen.—Marcus W. McKellips, Holland, N. Y.

An American Business Week.

To the city of Springfield, Massachusetts, belongs the credit of having an American week, when all the stores are decorated with American goods only, all the product and labor of Americans being placed on view with the idea of enticing customers to purchase only American goods. This is an excellent idea for more reasons than one, and it has already spread to other places. If successfully carried out it will not only help the immediate sale of our own products and manufacturers, but it should tend to create a lively subsequent demand for similar goods. In very many retail stores it is regarded as quite the proper thing to sell American goods as if they were of foreign manufacture, and their proper display upon their own merit will afford customers an opportunity of learning that they have not been in the habit of buying something that was English, French or German. All honor to Springfield for its idea. Let us have an American week in every city, town and village in the United States. Show American goods, buy American goods, wear American goods and eat American food. The first week in July, with its day of national independence, would be a fitting and a proper time for the occasion.

The "Tariff Reform" Boom.

Wages, in some instances, are higher than they were in 1894. But they are far below the wages of 1891 and 1892. All over the country there have been strikes for the purpose of securing even the wages of 1893. The volume of business has increased over that of 1894, but it is only 80 per cent of that of three years ago. Business failures in the last few weeks have been over 600, against less than 500 in the corresponding period of 1892, and this, too, in spite of the fact that the weaker firms went under long ago. Exports have decreased, although the markets of the world are open to us. We have been selling bonds instead of redeeming them, as we did under a protective tariff.

Panacea Is Needed.

The bond issues are merely expedients. What is needed is a panacea, not an alleviative—a tariff that will bring revenue at the same time be protective to domestic industries. And we believe that the administration might be readily induced to sign such a measure—it might console and extenuate itself on the ground of necessity for revenue purposes. The Democratic party stood at one time on a tariff for revenue, and there would be ample excuse in going back again to that policy. It is too bad that it is not December instead of May—we might then find an escape from some of our present troubles.—Textile Manufacturers' Journal, N. Y., May 25, 1895.

No Better

The reorder demand for goods is no better.—Dun's Review, May 25.

This does not look like confidence in the future of trade, nor as if merchants were disposing very readily of the stocks that they had originally ordered. Moreover, it does not indicate such a free consumption of goods or so liberal a purchasing power on the part of the people as we had in good protection times.

Want Protection.

It is not surprising that Manchester desires protection from Indian cotton goods because, during the month of April, the exports to the British East Indies fell off from 200,000,000 yards to 14,000,000 yards—a decrease of no less than 58,000,000 yards in one month.

Sheep a Curiosity.

A man in New York city is earning a living in the sheep industry. He is engaged on salary to take care of a flock of sheep which has been placed in Central Park as curiosities.—Journal, Sioux City, Iowa.

ALL OUT OF SORTS.

Tired, weak and weary. If this is your condition, stop and think. You are suffering from dyspepsia and great misery. You will find relief if you do not check it now. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine you can take. It has peculiar power to strengthen the stomach. Remember.

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