



CHAPTER VIII

Mr. Brown had obediently taken from the depths of a convenient pocket a bundle of gloves, which combined a rainbow of delicate tints, varying from violet, lemon color, the blue of a robin's egg, to velvety black, and the owner bestowed her gift with careless good humor.



"THIS IS YOUR WAY OUT."

revelry. Instead, her blue eyes dwelt with an expression of wounding disapproval on the flimsy, pink ribbon encircling the golden-brown throat, and the coarse texture of the dress.

Miss Ethel Symthe, in a robe of pure, white silk, subtly interwoven with glittering silver, which shone like diamond dust scattered over snow, inspired fear, a chilling dread in the soul of Dolores, as she looked at her. Why? What had she done amiss? The irrefragable flash of jealousy and irritation in the blue eyes of Diana may have been the annihilating ray launched at a rival, the obstacle in the path, since the day of Queen Eleanor and the fair Rosamund.

"Good-bye," she said with a haughty bow. "You are going away now, I suppose. Mrs. Griffith is too busy to see you again, I fancy, but it does not signify, as I am here."

"Men will always make a fool of you, if you allow it," said Diana. "This is your way out. You will find your grandpapa yonder." She pointed to a door, and waited to see Dolores depart with a marked impatience that brooked no appeal.

Surprised, dismayed, and not a little aggrieved, the girl would have caught at any straw of delay, had such detention offered. Her pride flamed up suddenly, and she departed swiftly, stifling tears.

"The lady—I mean Diana—said I was to go away now. Oh, I am so disappointed!" confessed Dolores, bending her head still lower to hide the threatening tears.

Dolores dried her eyes with a quizzical expression. In the game of experience Miss Symthe had thrown the shuttlecock of dire warning that men would make a fool of Dolores, and here was the first man met by the girl afterward, tossing back the refection, in unconscious vindication of his sex, possibly, by admonishing her to beware of Miss Symthe.

Lieut. Curzon waited impatiently, now pausing near the door of the dressing room where Dolores had betaken herself to change her stage costume, and again pacing the length of colonnade.

The opening quadrille of honor was over. The new singer, Melita, invited for the occasion, had rendered successfully a brilliant, operatic aria, with innumerable bird-like trills and quavers, substituting as an encore an odd and sad little Russian song in a minor key. Still Dolores did not come.

"I hate her!" she whispered, fiercely. "Oh, how she has made me suffer!" Evidently she had heard and comprehended the words of Capt. Blake.

He looked at her in silence. She was there under his protection, but surely some emotion deeper, more subtle, blended of pain and bliss, than the chivalrous sentiment of the gentleman and the sailor, was awakening in his nature.

Already the orchestra breathed forth the first notes of Strauss' Swallow Waltz, in which the listener feels the poising of the bird on fluttering wing before launching into wide circles of flight.

Lieut. Curzon led his partner to the ballroom, and had already clasped his arm around her slender waist, when the message of the Grand Duke was communicated to her. Was Dolores surprised or pleased, tasting a first triumph? Her color went and came quickly, still she did not attempt to withdraw her hand from that of Arthur Curzon, even to listen.

"The little witch!" thought the soldier, with a pleasurable quickening of pulsation in the region of the heart, beneath his red jacket. "I never saw such eyes in my life."

As for Dolores, the blood of her race asserted the right of agility and lightness, spurning the trammels of ordinary instruction in the terpsichorean art. The pupils of the convent school had danced together, during hours of play, as they had laughed or sung. Dolores had often been their leader, but such rudimentary practice of steps could not explain the innate grace of her movements in the Swallow Waltz.

All too soon the music ceased to resound, and Dolores found herself on a terrace softly lighted with tinted lamps placed amid masses of palms and ferns.

"I am to dance with the Grand Duke next, I suppose," suggested this southern daughter of Eve, glancing up at her companion through her long and silky eyelashes.

"I don't know. Perhaps I am a little afraid. I wish our waltz had lasted longer."

"I wish it had lasted forever, Dolores."

Royal Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. Latest U. S. Government Food Report. ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Japan and the Cotton Trade. One of the consequences of the new relations between Japan and China, it is predicted, will be that the British and American cotton industry will be injured by rapid development of cotton manufacturing in Japan.

GRASS IS KING! 6 TON PER ACRE. Sow grass; that is the foundation of all successful farming. Sow this fall! Did you ever hear of six tons per acre? Salzer's seeds produce such yields.

A Queer Journey. Various towns in Washington county saw a curious expedition in progress last week. A man and woman, both well along in years, were trudging steadily along the country roads, the man pushing a wheelbarrow with what appeared to be bedding, his wife bringing up the rear, carrying a lunch wrapped in a red bandanna.

The Wise Maiden. An Ohio man who is being sued for breach of promise makes the defense that he proposed and was accepted on Sunday, and that according to the laws of his state contracts made on Sunday are not legally binding.

Tobacco-Weakened Resolutions. Nerves irritated by tobacco, always craving for stimulants, explain why it is so hard to SWEET OFF. No-To-Bac is the only guaranteed tobacco-habit cure.

English Muffins. One quart flour, one-half teaspoonful sugar, one teaspoonful salt, two large teaspoonfuls baking powder, one and one-quarter pints milk. Sift together flour, sugar, salt and powder; add milk, and mix into smooth batter.

The Angler's Paradise. Northern Wyoming holds out very sweet inducements to the summer vacationist, particularly if he be of a sporting turn of mind. Its streams teem with the gamiest, greediest trout that ever rose to a fly.

Don't Take the Earth. Wheelmen are on the high wave of popular favor just now, but they should not demand the earth. They should permit those who do not ride the bicycle to live, or at least share the ozone in a restricted way.

Make Your Own Bitter. On receipt of 30 cents in U. S. stamps, I will send to any address one package Steketee's Dry Bitters. One package makes one gallon best tonic known.

An Optical Delusion. Mrs. Hammond—"Mrs. Husheroff has bragged again today about her keeping boarders so long."

Tobacco Chewing Dog. Supt. McAlvey has a little English mastiff pup, eight months old and weighing 135 pounds that has developed an abnormal appetite for tobacco.

Immersion in sand, mud or water preserves wood for many centuries. If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Estes Park, Colorado. Sixty-five miles northwest of Denver and reached by a two hours ride by rail thence twenty miles by stage is Estes Park, one of the most delightful resorts in the world to imagine.

You can carry the little vial of Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets in the pocket of your dress suit, and it will not make even a little lump.

WELL MACHINERY. Illustrated catalogue showing WELLS, AUGERS, ROCK DRILLS, HYDRAULIC AND JETTING MACHINERY, etc. DENSON JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.

Precious Stone in High Favor. Precious stone which at the present time is very valuable, because it is the gem of the hour, is the peridot, or green emerald. It is a lovely gem with its exquisite shades of emerald green, the best suggestion of the hue is the effect produced by the light through a delicate jeweler's say that the peridot is the gem of olive, of the same class as the emerald, and the topaz, and it is in fact the ancient "topaz" otherwise known as chrysolite.

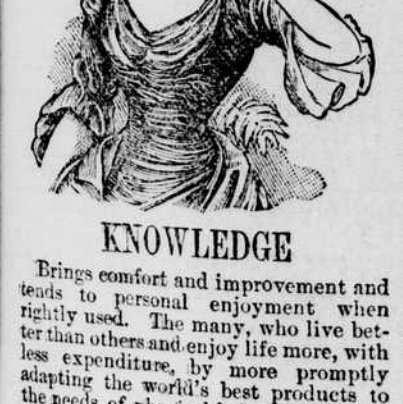
Ten Thousand Miles or Thirty. Matters not which, may subject you to sickness on the "briny deep." Whether you are a yachtsman, an ocean traveler, out day or two's fishing on the salt water, or an inland tourist in feeble health, you ought to be provided with Hostetter's Cathartic, a valuable remedy for sea-sickness, rheumatism, nervousness and headache. Lay in an adequate supply.

Ants Keep Cows. There are other ways in which ants like us, though their bodies are so different from ours. They have stables under the ground in which they keep—guess what?—tiny green plant lice, like those mama shows you on her rosebush. The name for these little things is aphids. The stable ants take care of them and bring them bits of tender leaves to eat.

Three Eyes a Day. Cassell's Saturday Magazine: It is illogical to suppose that people who wear cork legs and glass eyes are inferior to their personal appearance. They are often vainer than ordinary individuals. A rich man, for instance, who is obliged to wear an artificial eye, will wear three different eyes every day—an eye for morning, when the light is not very large; an eye for noon, when the pupil is smaller, and an eye for evening, when the pupil has extended to its full size.

A Use for Marlines. Pearson's Weekly: Miss Inland (to old sail, who is showing the party over the flagship)—"And what are those rollers on board ship for?"

Don't be a saint in church and a heathen on the street car.



KNOWLEDGE. Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adopting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.