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 Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The man who lives better than others and enjoys life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting 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.
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 Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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THE TREASURE TOWER.
 A STORY OF MALTA.
 VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.
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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

As for her, albeit not too sentimental or imaginative by temperament, a gracious vision, other than the glancing waves of St. Paul's bay or the Maltese landscape on the homeward route to Valetta, rose before her. She beheld herself a stately and lovely bride, attired in white satin, Brussels lace veil, and orange blossoms, conducted to the chancel railing by her father, where a handsome bridegroom, clad in the uniform of the royal navy, waited to receive her. Six blooming bridesmaids followed her. Were these maidens arrayed in ruby velvet and nuns-veiling, each carrying a basket of chrysanthemums, and wearing a diamond and sapphire bangle, gift of the groom? Would fashion dictate instead dresses of terra cotta, liberty silk, with cream-colored sashes and hats, pearl brooches, and a bouquet of yellow flowers; or Directoire robes of white Ottoman silk and moire, trimmed with heather, and gold bracelets, with the initials of the happy pair entwined? Miss Symthe had not decided this point, in reverie, when the party reached home.

"Come in for tea, Arthur," said Mrs. Griffith.

"Thanks. I have an engagement," replied the young man, gaily.

CHAPTER V.
 A KNIGHT OF MALTA.



HAT AFTER-noon, Dolores sat beside the broken fountain, and wrought zealously at her task. She wielded no fairy distaff, nor traced cunningly the film of lace making. Instead, her needle flew among the folds of a gown of soft, pink woolen material, cut by a modest seamstress, and to be sewed by the wearer's own fingers.
 The little dog Florio lay coiled up at her feet.
 The heap of rose-tinted draperies marked the boundary between childish neglect and the cares of coquettish maidenhood. She had coaxed her grandfather to give her fresh attire for the springtime, and the old man had abruptly refused the request. Indignant and rebellious, Dolores had taken a gold chain, belonging to her mother, to the Monte di Pietà, pawned the trinket and returned home in triumph, with the purchase in her arms. When would she wear it? On the first occasion, Jacob Dealtry made no comment, if he noticed it at all.

Now the girl was astonished and amused by her own recklessness in the bold step taken.
 She glanced about her where all was unchanged, and only she seemed to be undergoing some subtle modification of growth.

The fountain, with the worn urn, and basin of weather-stained marble filled with greenish water, was one of the earliest recollections of her childhood.
 A clump of canes grew on the brink and a straggling aquatic plant spread broad leaves on the surface of the water.
 Nespoli and oleander, Judas, pepper, pomegranate and fig trees formed a patch of shade along the boundary. A castor-oil plant threw below a broken wall, set with a border of bristling cacti. Yellow sprays of euphorbia and mimosa mingled with jessamine and myrtle. All about the girl bloomed roses, geraniums and pea blossoms, pink, white and purple, star-like flowers of vivid color amid the green. A solitary cypress tree towered in a slender shaft above the wall, and a family of white pigeons now circled in flight above the parapet, and again alighted on the shoulder of Dolores, or the gravel path, in search of food, with the familiarity and confidence of household pets. The parent birds, plump, sedate, and full of dignified importance, were allowed to preen their iridized plumage in peace, but the grandfather ruthlessly sacrificed their offspring from time to time by popping them into his soup-pot, which took the place, in his modest menage, of the kettle of a gipsy camp. Several bee-hives occupied a nook. Other live-stock there was none on the premises, neither clucking fowl, cow, pig nor even a donkey. A lean and wolfish watchdog had died of old age, and had never been replaced, either from sorrow at his loss on the part of his attached master, or because Jacob Dealtry realized he possessed nothing to guard.

The garden was a neglected spot where the tangled growth of shrub and flower had acquired a certain picturesque charm of untrammelled bloom and fragrance. Jacob Dealtry was his own gardener as well as housekeeper; and while he watered the trees and plants liable to perish of drouth, he would suffer no pruning nor weeding on his premises.

"Let the flowers have their own way," he would reason querulously, as he pattered about with a copper vessel of water to refresh parched roots.

Dolores had strict injunctions to attempt no amateur cultivation, in youthful zeal. She might pluck the flowers to place in her hair, and corsage, or gather such rare fruit as decrepit orange, citron, fig, or nespoli yielded to white little teeth, but the stem must be respected. Not that Dolores cared a straw for the prohibition. Indolence made her prefer to dream in the flickering shadow of the leaves, swayed by the warm wind, rather than to hurt her soft fingers pulling up rank weeds. Order and symmetry had few attractions for the girl, whose sunny and buoyant nature had escaped from all endeavors to inculcate chill and formal discipline on the part of the pale sisters of the convent school; as the vines climbed in wayward luxuriance over the wall, spurning the support of nail and lattice, to gain the sweetness and light of upper air.

In the memory of Dolores the garden had always been there, tangled and neglected, just as the house remained unchanged. The watch-towers, built under the rule of Martin de Redin to guard the coast from the sudden invasion of the Turks, and now serving as signal and telegraphic stations, did not resemble the beacon tenanted by the Dealtrys, with its unfinished turret and dilapidated masonry. Wind, sun and storm had swept over and ravaged both trees and habitation.

Life had been a kaleidoscope to Dolores, composed of bits of gay color, puzzling patterns and vanishing shapes. Grandfather made few explanations of any sort to her lively, childish intelligence, and tolerated her presence beneath his roof at the best. An old neighbor came at stated intervals to sweep and garnish the narrow interior of the tower and spread the household linen to dry in the sun, but Dolores was not expected to assist her in any way. Jacob Dealtry's prohibition of all manifestations of feminine industry on the part of his grandchild seemed to arise from a distrust of her capacity.

"Do not touch anything," he would say; "you will only break and drop my glass."
 "I have never broken a glass, grandpapa," protested Dolores, with tears of vexation rising to her dark eyes.
 Then Jacob Dealtry shook his head. Before floating bits of straw on the basin of the fountain—a tiny squadron speedily wrecked by a gold fish—the girl's recollections were vague, consisting of perpetual comings and goings, in a fruitless fashion; of glimpses of foreign towns, and of long, wearisome voyages on board of dirty ships.

There had been a young man, apparently her father, who had caressed her and often carried her about on his shoulder. She remembered a pretty mother, with a black lace mantilla over her head, and the fan, which she still treasured in a painted box. A nurse named Pepita, with a dark and smiling face, who wore big gold earrings that swung in the sunshine to attract baby fingers, was a fainter image. The mother had dwelt here at Malta for some years, and in dying had commended her child to the care of the nuns, who had imparted such instruction as she had ever received. The father and the nurse, Pepita, had vanished altogether and never returned.

Jacob Dealtry had tolerated the presence of the mother and child with an unsympathetic resignation. Left alone, as an orphan, Dolores was made to understand that the bread of poverty would be her portion. Poverty did not dismay her. She was not oppressed by loneliness, because she was unused to companionship. She had all the lightheartedness of the Andalusian, amounting to sheer giddiness at times, and a heart full of enthusiasm, as yet untainted by latent possibilities of cruelty and revenge. She loved the garled trees of the garden and the pigeons. She wove her own fancies about the sea, visible in the distance, and whispered babbling secrets to the flowers, until her grandfather gave her the little dog Florio, obtained by him in exchange for a mural tablet and a cinerary urn.

"You must allow the dog to sleep in the hall, child," said the old man. "These small dogs awaken and bark at the slightest noise. Florio will guard the house."
 "We are too poor to tempt thieves," retorted Dolores, laughing, and receiving the pet in her arms.
 "That is true," assented Jacob Dealtry. "Still I would like to know if one of those loungers of the port were prowling about at night. They are a rascally lot, and do not stick at trifles."
 Dolores did not love her grandfather; she even feared his irascible mood, although he had never treated her with positive cruelty. She would

have liked to gossip with him by the hour, to alternately cress and tease him as she did the dog Florio, but he lent only an abstracted attention to her words.

On two occasions she had seriously angered him. Dolores still trembled, when awakened at night by the reverberating thunder and piercing flashes of lightning of a storm; as the recollection of her grandfather's face, white, convulsed by passion, the eyes glaring wrathfully, and the very hair bristling on his head, rose suddenly before her mental vision.

The old neighbor, kind of heart and garrulous of tongue, had helped to shape and dress a primitive doll, successor of the broken toys of infancy. The child had lavished on this unresponsive fetish all the stores of tenderness in her nature, until the fatal day when Dolly, temporarily neglected, fell from the window ledge and lay on the ground hopelessly dismembered in every limb. Dolores wept, gathered up the fragments, and with the aid of a rusty knife, proceeded to dig a grave under the clump of canes wherein to inter the doll.

"What are you about there?" The voice, rough and peremptory, shouted this demand at the startled and astonished little grave digger.
 At the same moment the child was seized and pushed to a distance, the knife wrenched away from her, and the doll kicked into a ditch. Dolores cowered where she fell, while her grandfather poured forth a flood of threats, reproofs, and invectives, which she only half comprehended, gathering dimly that she was not to injure the plants by digging graves in the garden for broken playthings. How angry grandpapa was! The flashing eyes, the menacing brow, the bitter words wrung from the trembling mouth by agitation, stupefied the child. She crept away to her own chamber, subdued and miserable, and sobbed herself to sleep, with her face buried in the pillow to exclude the image of the old man. Poor Dolores! The gentle and caressing mother, and the smiling nurse Pepita, with their divine and feminine warmth of consolation in healing wounded feelings, were both gone, and she was left alone.

The next day Jacob Dealtry presented his grandchild with a new doll, bought in the town. His manner was gentle, even ingratiating, as if he wished to efface from her mind all recollection of the painful incident of the garden. The new doll banished grief. On the following day he led her to the convent school, where she remained for several years, with brief intervals of holidays at the old Watch Tower. The nuns received her on the grade of a pupil of charity, and doubtless imbued with zeal to instruct a child aright, according to their lights, of a heretic stock. Jacob Dealtry held aloof from much intercourse with his own fellow-countrymen, unless he chanced to meet a party of travelers disposed to buy his archaeological wares. He chiefly supported himself by such small traffic. He had never attempted to conciliate those persons of the colony whose interest might have proved an inestimable advantage to his grandchild. He lived at Malta obscure and unknown.

Several years ago, Dolores had again incurred her grandfather's wrath, in a similar fashion. She had returned from the convent, and possibly objects which she had never before noticed in their dilapidated abode acquired a fresh interest in her eyes, even after a temporary absence. Certainly she had never given special heed to the Knight, and yet he had always been there. The sunshine slanted in the door, putting to flight the shadows, and Dolores paused for the first time before the picture.

"Who is he?" she demanded, wondering.

"A Knight of Malta, child," replied her grandfather, hurriedly.
 The portrait bore evidence of age. The surface was cracked, the painting faded, and yet it was encased in a heavy frame of carved wood. A knightly form was dimly discernible through the clouding obscurity of dust and mildew. He wore a black cloak, with a cowl attached. A white cross, with the eight points corresponding with eight beatitudes, was visible on his left side. A second cross decorated his breast, from which depended the cords of black and white silk, indicating his rank as Knight of the Great Cross; having lived for ten years at Malta, and performed four caravans at sea in the galley of the order. On the frame the lines were carved—

"Great Master of Jerusalem's Hospital, From whence to Rhodes this best fraternity Was driven, but now among the Maltese stands."

A wooden chair, on which Jacob Dealtry usually sat, massive, angular, and with a high-wrought back, was placed below the picture and fastened to the wall.

The Knight attracted Dolores. He seemed to smile down upon her from his frame as guardian of the house.

One day she was actuated by housewifely zeal and neatness, acquired as a part of school discipline, or the sad need of a dusting showed by the poor Knight, to climb on the chair and fleck lightly the frame and canvas with her apron, in lieu of a duster; then, slipping down, rubbed the carvings of the chair in turn. She discovered that the chair was attached to the wall by passing her finger along the top. She marveled, with a sentiment of childish curiosity, why her grandfather had riveted his favorite seat to the partition. Perhaps it was too heavy to stand alone. Possibly Dr. Busatti might have attempted to carry it out into the garden some time, and Jacob Dealtry had wished it to remain in one spot.

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 "Thomas," said his mother proudly, "I'm very much pleased with you for winning that prize in the oratorical contest. It was a fine triumph. I hope, Thomas, that with this added spur to your ambition you will come home to tell me of a still greater victory, a still nobler triumph."
 "Yes, Thomas," she continued, as the youth stood blushing before her, "I hope that you will yet score a touchdown in a football match."—Chicago Record.

The Largest Human Tooth.
 New York Tribune: Dr. Hanson, of Brooklyn, on Friday, pulled an eye-tooth which measured 1 9-16 inches in length. On Saturday Dr. Hanson took the tooth to New York and several dentists admitted that it was the largest human tooth they had ever seen, and one dentist went so far as to offer \$100 for the tooth. Dr. Hanson refused to part with his prize.

J. S. PARKER, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the \$100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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 Apropos of the propensity of fishing parties to play poker, Amos J. Cummings was recently invited to join a party bound for a small lake swarming with large fish. "You will make six, and that is the exact party we want." "That's all very fine," retorted Cummings, "but you will find that some of the six will really want to go fishing and break up the game."—Vanity.

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Foul breath is a discourager of affection. It is always an indication of poor health—bad digestion. To bad digestion is traceable almost all human ills. It is the starting point of many very serious maladies. Upon the healthy action of the digestive organs, the blood depends for its richness and purity. If digestion stops, poisonous matter accumulates and is forced into the blood—there is no place else for it to go. The bad breath is a danger signal. Look out for it! If you have it, or any other symptom of indigestion, take a bottle or two of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It will straighten out the trouble, make your blood pure and healthy and full of nutriment for the tissues.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]