



CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"I have polked and jigged in my time," quoth the Ancient Mariner, briskly rubbing his hands together at the reminiscence. "I recall plainly the time when I was stationed off Barcelona on board the Centaur, with your father Admiral Jack, and we all went to a carnival ball." Here he glanced in the direction of a certain pair of little feet, encased in black satin slippers, as if directing the attention of the younger man to the delicate proportions of ankle, and arched instep.

A rustling movement of dresses became audible beyond the miniature forest of plants.

"Who is this girl?" questioned a voice.

"She is a bold creature, certainly," added a second speaker.

"Lieut. Curzon found her somewhere about the Port, I fancy, for the part of the Phoenician," explained the silvery tones of Diana, lowered to a discreet murmur. "She is not at all the type. My laundress is much nearer the Oriental or African original. We had so little time to look about for a really good one."

"Oh!"

"How very odd!"

"I am surprised at Mrs. Griffith, I confess."

"One should draw the line somewhere in these places," supplemented Diana, smoothly. "Yes, I have been waltzing with the Grand Duke. He dances very nicely."

Did Dolores hear this conversation which was so audible to her companions? Did the Swallow Waltz still pulse through her whole being, excluding other sound? She took a step forward, and, at the moment, a bell tinkled in the adjoining street. She dropped on her knees and bowed her head.

The sound of the bell marked the passage of the Host through the town, carried by a parish priest to the dying.

The group of ladies on the other side of the screen of palms might have found the movement highly theatrical. Capt. Fillingham exchanged a glance with Lieut. Curzon.

"Yes, poor girl!" murmured the Ancient Mariner. "The women are sure to be against her. She is far too pretty!"

The note of the bell died away in the distance.

The weather had changed. The night was dark. Storms seemed to brood over the wild and boisterous sea, the wind moaned fitfully through the trees, lightning quivered and flashed, now on the horizon, as if forming a part of Etna's bursting flame, and again defining somber masses of cloud overhead.

Dolores rose to her feet. Gen. Griffith, guided by the ubiquitous Capt. Blake, sought the girl to present to her partner for the quadrille.

"I am ready," said Dolores, quickly. "That charming child makes me feel young again," said Capt. Fillingham to Arthur Curzon. "What an ankle—eh? A man might be pardoned for committing some follies on her account."

He chuckled silently at some amusing recollection, until a purple glow overspread his face and neck.

"When I was second lieutenant out at Buenos Ayres I fell in love with a pretty Spanish girl, and persuaded her to run away with me," he continued, after a pause. "We eloped to a country house in the interior, as a first step toward matrimony, but another fellow was after her. The irate parents and injured suitor followed closely on our heels, and we were brought back by the ear. Small blame to my beauty for preferring a fresh, young Englishman to a mud-colored native."

"Then you lost her?" said Lieut. Curzon, interested in spite of himself, while his gaze followed Dolores.

"It seems she was an heiress. I did not know it. Not that I cared a straw. The lover challenged me, and I poked him with a rusty horse pistol just before we set sail for Demerara."

"My cousin is beckoning to me," said the lieutenant, crossing the ball-room.

"Like his father, Admiral Jack," mused the Ancient Mariner. "He will run the gantlet of the women's tongues by dancing with that foreign girl all the evening, if only to defy them, and in the fear that she might have overheard their spiteful comments and backbiting. They will be furious, of course. There's not one of them can hold a candle to the Spaniard for beauty, unfortunately. Bless me! we can only be young once."

Here Mrs. Fillingham bustled up to him. She was attired in a girlish toilet of sky-blue silk, trimmed with Maltese lace, and with a liberal display of white shoulder and arm per-

mitted by a very tight corsage. "Are you overheated, John, dear?" she inquired. "There is a most treacherous draught on this terrace."

"I do not feel the draught in the least," was his testy rejoinder.

The elements of this ball in the old Maltese palace of the Knights Templar comprised the usual guests gathered together on such occasions. A number of Maltese noblemen, officials of the government, and members of the army and navy, formed the masculine portion of the throng.

The Irish lady, a recent convert to catholicism, ardently desirous of spreading her propaganda everywhere, invited the Scotch lady, who belonged to the Plymouth brethren, and was reputed to invariably carry tiny, pink booklets, printed in several languages, in her bag, to take tea with her on board her yacht the following afternoon. Mrs. Fillingham, as a zealous member of the Primrose league, and much addicted to the wearing of Primrose league aprons on occasion, ate ices with a stubborn radical. The colonel's lady snubbed the major's wife, and it is to be feared that the latter retaliated by putting the captain's meek, little bride in her place.

Everywhere the social phases were discernible of Charles Kingsley's tropical forest, in the climbing of parasitical plants disposed to displace a neighbor by a pushing aggressiveness, and with much external affability of manner.

Nor was a sprinkling of Americans lacking, the western millionaire en route around the world, accompanied by a bevy of brisk young sons and daughters, the slender lady from New England in search of health, or the vulgar matron of doubtful antecedents, and much display of glittering wealth, who avoided her own people uneasily, while intent on picking up a husband for her buxom offspring among the ranks of the British officials present.

Mrs. Griffith, the suave hostess, intuitively perceiving the requirements of each guest, may have been a trifle puzzled when the New England lady of Puritan pedigree gave it to be distinctly understood that she did not know the parvenue matron. The hostess was disposed to ascribe leniently any gaucherie on the part of the latter to a transatlantic origin, ameliorated by a profound respect for English habits and customs.

A little flutter of curiosity pervaded these groups when Dolores was led forth by Gen. Griffith. Why had the guest of the evening chosen a quadrille to dance with so young and agile a partner? The reason was obvious, the grand duke wished to talk with the girl who had personated the Phoenician in the tableaux, and the quadrille afforded him all the advantages of a tete-a-tete. He was a young man like another, and he amused himself as best he could. Did he not, quiet and simple in manner, view humanity from a terrible height of royal superiority, which dwarfed all to a level of complete equality?

Gentle reader, did you ever happen to pause in a Jardin d'Acclimatation to note the familiar yet marvellous sight of a mother duck seated comfortably on the ground, preening her feathers, and her ducklings, balls of yellow down scarcely emerged from the shell, quiting her side nimbly to hop on the coping of an adjacent basin, and launch forth, with a sudden pop, on the water, paddling boldly and gracefully in their native element? The further shore gained, the tiny atoms emerge on terra-firma with a bright glance at the human intruder, as who should say, "You could not do as much."

Dolores remembered the downy duckling. Guided by the music, the movement of others, the hand of her partner, she went through her first quadrille without awkward self-consciousness, and with the lack of servility perceptible in the Spaniard or the Italian. Had the grand duke required her to tread the stately measure of solemn saraband, punctilious minuet or coranto with him, inseparably associated with the powdered wigs, diamond-shoe buckles and silver hilted swords of the French court, Dolores would have bent and swayed to the same bewitching spell of the pastime, novel and delightful in her experience. No doubt her partner was a very great gentleman, and he was kind to notice her. Were not all the men present great gentlemen to her, beings of another world?

The grand duke talked with animation during the changing figures, and Dolores listened dreamily, her rich color glowing, and a dewy light awakening in the depths of her eyes.

A slight accident marred the dance. The prince caught the silver cord of her card, threw the fan attached to the floor, and stepped upon it. He gathered up the broken sticks with apologies, and gave them to one of his attendant gentlemen. Then he stooped over Dolores, with some expression of regret presumably, but she smiled and shook her head.

Among the idle, curious, and deeply interested spectators of this scene, none followed the movements of the couple with the keen anxiety and unwilling fascination of Arthur Curzon. Why did the royal visitor wish to dance with Dolores? Mrs. Griffith had summoned her cousin to remind him,

in a reproachful undertone, that he had not yet claimed the hand of Miss Ethel Symthe.

He bowed and led the young lady to a place. If the conversation of the Prince was vivacious, the speech of the neighboring couple was dry and monosyllabic. A frozen restraint was established between the partners. The lieutenant lacked the finesse, malice and self-consciousness of Capt. Blake under similar circumstances. His replies to the propitiatory remarks of Miss Symthe were brief and abstracted. The heroine of many ball-rooms did not suffer a frown to furrow her fair countenance as she drank this bitter cup of neglect and humiliation.

"Now for one of my waltzes," said Capt. Blake, with emprossement, darting to the side of Dolores.

But the gallant soldier was foiled by no less a person than Jacob Dealtry in person, who appeared in the colonnade with Florio asleep in one of the capacious pockets of his loose and shabby coat.

"How long do you expect to keep me waiting?" he inquired, peevishly, of his granddaughter. "Will your tableaux never have finished?"

"It is all my fault, Mr. Dealtry," Lieut. Curzon hastened to interpose. "I think we have finished with the tableaux, and are ready to go. Let me mind the carriage for you."

The old man glanced with his habitual abstraction around him, and a cynical smile hovered about his withered lips.

"The fool and his money are soon parted," he muttered to himself.

Lieut. Curzon, with a slightly defiant expression, took Dolores on his arm to make her adieu to the hostess. He could have wished the girl had not been quite so timid and humble in bearing.

"What did the prince say to you when he broke your fan?" he questioned, abruptly, as he led her away.

"He wished to know where I lived."

"And you told him about the old man, Watch Tower?" imperiously.

The dimpled chin of Dolores acquired a saucy curve.

"No, I only laughed."

Then the darkness of the stormy night swallowed up this Cinderella of the ball.

CHAPTER IX. A MALTESE ORANGE.

Lieut. Curzon awoke late on the morning after the ball.

He had slept at the hotel, and must return to duty on board ship in a few hours. He hummed a strain of the "Swallow" waltz as he dressed, and partook of breakfast. His spirits were light, although the weather was gloomy, heavy rain having fallen from midnight to dawn. The breakfast dispatched, he consulted his watch. He need not seek the port and the waiting gig for another hour and a half. Much may be accomplished in one hour and a half. He smiled with a sense of boyish exhilaration at the prospect of a country walk, and rapidly made his way through the town.

A yellow placard on a wall made him pause to read afresh the announcement of the debut of the new singer, Signorina Giulia Melita, in the "Barber of Seville."

"The very thing!" he exclaimed aloud.

A few paces further on he met Capt. Blake, carrying an enormous bouquet of fresh roses, which he was about to leave, with his card, at the door of the young prima donna. "I am quite gone on the little Yankee since the cotillion of last night," he explained, with a sentimental expression. "She can hold her own in international chaff by the hour, you know."

Lieut. Curzon glanced at the shops. No! He would not replace the fan broken by the grand duke in the quadrille. A curious and inexplicable phase of obstinacy withheld him. He bought a package of sweets instead, and took the direction of the Watch Tower.

The girl Dolores was the central object of his thoughts, the mental star whence diverged all rays of trivial events and evanescent emotions. She had entered in and taken possession of his heart and soul. The thraldom was sweet to him, and he made no effort to resist the spell. Lovely, radiant, caressing Dolores! He still felt the light pressure of her supple, young body on his arm as they circled around the ball-room together in the mazes of the Swallow waltz. His senses were not yet free of the intoxication of the previous evening.

For the rest, he was eager to behold her again, to remind her in a thousand indirect ways of his own right of precedence of other men in her esteem, and yet his mood was tranquil, even secure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Polliteness of the Swedes.

"The unfeeling politeness of the Swedes is a constant source of wonder and astonishment to visitors," said George C. Truman to a St. Louis reporter. "They have a large assortment of bows and courtesies according to the age and sex of those who are thus recognized, but the lifting of the hat is so universal that it seems to be going all the time. Even the butcher's boy, in meeting the baker's assistant, instead of passing him with a careless 'hello' or giving him a friendly buffet, as an American lad might do, doffs his hat to him with elaborate courtesy."

GRAND OLD PARTY.

THE REPUBLICAN POLICY OF PROTECTION IS UPHELD.

A Fair Trial Has Demonstrated That the Democratic Policy of Free Trade Is Not the Thing for This Country—Figures Never Lie.

The work of rehabilitating American shipbuilding might just as well have begun at the close of the Civil War as a quarter of a century later. If that had been done what an immense sum of money would have been kept in this country in freights paid to foreign owners and in addition employment would have been given to thousands of American workmen. But the Democratic party, true to its traditional policy, opposed every proposal that was made to revive American shipbuilding.

For once it disapproved an English system. Notwithstanding the fact that the English flag is found on every sea, England has always supported the subsidy plan. The consequence was English merchants were always finding new markets, for the government stood behind the steamship lines, supplying the money which removed all fear of pecuniary loss while building up English trade in a new field.

The Democratic party, as a rule, is always ready to adopt English ideas, but it could not be induced to favor the subsidy plan which had been so helpful in extending England's trade. "No subsidy" it shouted, and shouted it so loudly that the Republicans were afraid to go ahead. The Democrats also declared that England had secured control of the carrying trade of the world. She had skilled shipbuilders and cheap material, and it was foolish for Americans to believe that they could compete with her. The best thing the United States could do, they said, was to buy England's cheap ships—"England's floating coffins" Mr. Plimssell had characterized them on the floor of the House of Commons, and with them try to regain a part of the carrying trade.

There were a few men of clear vision who denied these propositions and insisted that American genius would surmount all difficulties if given the slightest chance. But the Democratic party did not believe that American genius was in the race with England and it discouraged, persistently and systematically, every effort that was made to assist shipbuilding in the United States.

It has been demonstrated that the American people can build ships, but that does not imply that we are to regain the carrying trade of the world, which was lost during the progress of the Civil War. We will have to fight for that with England, and we will have to adopt England's tactics before hope of winning the battle can be indulged.

—Albany Journal.

Our Pottery Trades.

As the free-traders are not satisfied with the comparison of our imports of china and pottery ware under the Gorman tariff, that has been made with our imports during 1894, we are quite willing to accommodate them and look further backward, taking the first eight months of the McKinley tariff period in comparison with the first eight months of the Gorman tariff period, as follows:

Values of Imports of Earthen, Stone and China Ware.

—For eight months—
Oct. 1, 1890-May 30, 1891. Sept. 1, 1894-April 30, 1895.

China, porcelain, parian, and bisque, earthen, stone and crockery ware:		
Not decorated or ornamented	\$1,147,194	\$1,415,109
Decorated or ornamented	3,679,665	4,393,466
All other	430,283	219,255

Total values, \$5,257,142 \$6,027,830

The Treasury Department statistics show that under the first eight months of the Gorman Tariff we have imported \$700,000 worth more foreign-made china, porcelain, parian and bisque ware, earthen, stone and crockery ware than we did during the first eight months after the McKinley Tariff became a law. By more than this amount of money has the output of the American potteries been diminished, and American manufacturers and American labor have been compelled to pay for the gift made by the Free-Traders to their foreign friends. As Professor Wilson says, we are "doing very well," at least for his friends abroad—the foreign manufacturers.

Poverty and Free Trade.

We have shown the actual condition of British foreign trade under a Free Trade policy that, within a dozen years, has resulted in a loss to the extent of \$12.50 per capita of their population. Naturally a falling off in trade, whether import, export or domestic, must affect the masses of the people by giving them less employment, by circulating less money earned in wages through the production and transportation of goods. To show what this meant in England, we give the total poor rates expended in the relief and management of the poor throughout the United Kingdom during the same years, 1882 and 1893, as follows:

	1882.	1893.
Eng. and Wales	\$14,864,730	\$19,411,887
Scotland	898,002	926,544
Ireland	1,237,082	1,402,353

Totals \$16,999,812 \$21,740,784

It appears that the amount of money expended in the relief and manage-

ment of the poor people of the United Kingdom was slightly less than \$17,000,000 in 1882, but that it increased to \$21,740,784 in 1893. While the British foreign trade fell off at the rate of \$190,000,000 a year within a dozen years of Free-Trade, there was an increase in the total British poor rates expended of \$23,700,000 a year.

These are official British figures. It might be well to submit them for the consideration of the Free-Traders in this country during the dull political season and also during our next active Congressional campaign. They are interesting, the more so because they are official and true. They show that poverty is prosperous under a Free-Trade policy, no matter how foreign trade is

Exports Under Free-Trade.

We believe that the time is still within the memory of the American people when they were told so repeatedly, and so forcibly, how Free-Trade would increase our exports; how it would open the markets of the world to us and enable us to sell our goods so rapidly that our farmers and manufacturers would have difficulty in supplying the demand. Let us see what Free-Trade has done for the English producers. Here are their exports of British produce during the last twelve years:

	Per capita value.	
Year.	Value.	£ s. d.
1882	£241,467,162	6 17 2
1893	218,094,865	5 13 6

Decrease £23,372,297 £1 3 8

The statistics of the United Kingdom show that the exports of British produce were worth \$23,372,297 less in 1893 than in 1882. The decrease during the twelve years was at the rate of £23,372,297 a year. The value of the exports of British produce in 1882 was £6. 17s. 2d. per capita of the population. In 1893 it had fallen off to £5. 13s. 6d. per capita, the loss of export trade during the dozen years of Free-Trade being at the rate of £1. 3s. 8d. per capita of population per annum.

Free-Traders in this country should make a note of these facts. It might be well for Protectionists to place this in their hats, so as to remind the Free-Traders, when they get to work on their campaign lies again, that, during a period of a dozen years of Free-Trade in the United Kingdom, the exports of British produce decreased at the rate of \$15,000,000 a year, or \$6 per capita of the population. This is one of the things that the English Free-Traders recommend Americans to adopt.

Looking Backward.

The Free-Traders are not satisfied when a comparison is made between our business conditions of to-day and those of a year ago. They want to go further back, and select the year 1893 as the proper one with which to make a comparison. Taking them at their word, the Boston Commercial Bulletin gives the imports of woolen manufactures during the three months of January, February and March, 1895 and 1893, as follows:

Imports of Wool Manufactures.

	Jan., 1895.	Feb., 1895.	March, 1895.
	Values.	Values.	Values.
Carpets	\$473,537	\$333,367	
Clothing	315,852	228,538	
Cloths	7,403,646	4,483,370	
Dress goods	6,739,128	5,881,994	
Knit fabrics	295,335	185,299	
Shawls	69,927	63,918	
Yarns	505,978	189,337	
All other	496,097	397,137	

Total \$16,260,500 \$11,675,971

It is pointed out that the Gorman Tariff during the three months "has cut down our domestic outlet, for the benefit of the foreigner, to the extent of nearly \$5,000,000, even when compared with the season selected by Free-Traders as the most desirable for their point of view." During the three months of this year the value of our imports of woolen cloths increased 65 per cent over the imports of the same three months in 1893.

Foreign Trade and Free-Trade.

We have referred to the decline in the exports of British produce during a dozen years of Free-Trade. Now let us glance at the total English import and export trade, bearing in mind always that, according to our American Free-Traders, a Free-Trade policy will do wonders in expanding our foreign commerce. Here are the figures of the combined import and export trade of the United Kingdom during the same years, 1882 and 1893:

TOTAL BRITISH IMPORT AND EXPORT TRADE.

	Per capita value.	
Year.	Value.	£ s. d.
1882	£719,630,322	20 8 10
1893	631,826,448	17 14 9

Decrease £87,803,874 £2 14 1

It will be seen that, within a dozen years, there has been a falling off in the total British import and export trade at the rate of \$87,803,874 a year, which is equal to a loss in their foreign trade of £2 14s. 1d. per capita of population.

Protectionists would do well to remember this fact and remind our Free-Traders that, under a policy of Free-Trade in the United Kingdom, the combined British import and export trade has fallen off within a dozen years at the rate of nearly \$90,000,000 a year—an average loss of \$12.50 per capita of the British population. This is a Free-Trade fact shown by the British official statistics. In fact, it is a condition, not a theory.

A Moist Fog.

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Milkman—Well, mum, it was very foggy this morning when we milked.

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