CHAPTER VI. A HERO IN OIL.

She was diverted from her conjectures by a heavy sigh, which resembled a groan, hehind her. Dolores turned her head quickly, and discovered her grandfather leaning against the doorway, watching her movements in an attitude so rigid and threatening, in a frozen immobility, that she might have believed him stricken with paralysis had he not remained in an upright posture.

"What is the matter, grandpapa?" she cried in alarm.

The sound of her voice seemed to loosen the bonds of a spell, the silence imposed by sheer impotent rage on the benumbed faculties of the old man. He moved his right hand feebly and mechanically, his pale features worked, and his pallid lips twisted awry as if by a spasm of pain, re covered the power of speech sufficient. ly to articulate in agitated tones—

doing there?

"I was only dusting the portrait. notice the change in him.

"I will teach you, idle hussy! to med- its force over night. dle with my ho, se," continued the old man, a violent nervous tremor pervaddrive you off altogether, Go, beg your | the fervor of a youthful imagination. here."

on the soft and shrinking flesh.

ounting to he d. The - of ildered a me portrait seemed so slight that she was amazed at the of you in case of illness if I left you." oused. If she had not fully od the torrent of reproach d gathered in volume on the er grandfather on the former when she had aftempted to broken doll in the garden, ith a keen force of comprehenbunding deeply her heart.

y did not abate during the eny. The most triffing incident arouse a fresh paroxysm of and he would walk away from his randdaughter as if in the fear of such propinguity with the object of his displeasure as might lead him to some act of violence.

Dolores had trembled and wept at first, troubled by such manifest injustice, as well as frightened by the expression of her grandfather's countenance. Gradually her tears were dried in the fever of sullen rebellion; as, in the depths of her soul, the seething passions, prone to swift action, of her'southern temperament became aroused. The slow hours were torture to her irritated nerves, and each new attack of Jacob Dealtry, harping ever on the same chord of his grievances,

"I'LL TEACH YOU! IDLE HUSSY." fanned the rising flame of resentment in the breast of the girl.

child but come along to the table." grumbled the old man.

Dolores paused, erect, with flashing eyes and Quiveringmostrils.

papa!" she exclaimed, in a trembling and timidity which had ever charac- melancholy in the face of the Thesvoice. "You, make me hate you! terized her intercourse with her aged pian, said: "What's the matter, Ham-What have I done? I will go back to the convent and take the veil. Nobody wants me anywhere! No! I shall go to the town and tell all the people how cruel and wicked you are to your only grandchild. Then those who have children will take pity on me. and come and mob you, waring down our tower stone by stone!

"Eh!" ejaculated her companion, blinking nervously, and ttening his head as if he had not heard alight. At the same time he clutched the dre of the table, as if to support

himself, while an expression of startled apprehension swept over his feat-

Dolores nodded her head energetically, enjoying this unforeseen triumph. Evidently her chance threat, actuated by childish spite, had intimidated her relative.

"They will mob you," she coninued.

"Who?" "Oh, the good, kind people."

"Hush!" "They will tear the garden all to shreds and destroy everything."

The threat was her defiance of exhausted patience, of overwrought emotions. The tragic woe of the pictured destruction of the Watch Tower suited her mood.

Jacob Dealtry uttered an unsteady laugh, and then his voice assumed a whining inflection.

"You would not set the populace against me, child? There are always wretches that delight to bound and worry a poor old man. You shall return to the convent and become a nun, if you like. We must speak of it

Dolores made no response, but sought her own chamber, supperless, with nostril dilated and head thrown

She was aroused from her first slumbers by hearing her grandfather insert a key in the lock of her door and turn it, thus making of her a prisoner. He feared she might run away to the fown and set the populace against "You-you jade? What are you him, then. She fell asleep once more, with a smile on her lips.

The following morning Jacob Dealgrandpapa," she replied, relieved to try was mild and ingratiating in manner. Evidently his anger had spent

Dolores was sulky and heavy-eyed. At breakfast the old man insinuated ing his frame, while his eyes rolled in | that she might return to the convent their sockets and flashed ominously, if she wished to do so. The girl "How often am I to warn you not to | pouted at his alacrity to get rid of her touch my things? You have no right companionship. . She beheld herself a to be here, at all. What are you but a nun, with a flowing robe and a veil, informed man in many respects, and beggar's brat? I-I-have a mind to investing the placid image with all bread of strangers! You are not wanted | The next moment fright seized her at the thought of the prison bars of re-He seized her arm, and left the im- straint imposed on her wayward print of his claw-like fingers in a bruise | humors and impatient spirit by dedication to the cloister.

Dolores regoiled, with terrified eyes. Not yet, grandpapa," she said, apfore we decide. Besides," she added, "there ald be no one to take care

> "To take care of me?" repeated the grandfather in shrill accents. "Tut! I need no care or company. Suit yourself, girl."

A warm color mounted to the temples of Dolores, and sudden tears r invectives now reached her dimmed her eyes. Her glance strayed to the garden, and then tually became the heroine of reverted to the picture of the Knight thrilling adventures, in which, about excitement and wrath of Jacob in the entrance hall of their dwelling. to be swept away by an invading host "Do not leave us!" the pomegranate and orange trees seemed to whis- Templar rushed to her rescue, and per, swaying in the light breeze.

"Do not leave us!" sighed the flow- valor. ers, each unfolding bud of rose and These idle reveries resolved themjessamine wafting their fragrance selves from reseate mirage into a solid to her senses.

said the Knight of Malta in the pict- Tower and protected them in humble ure, a threatening shape in the poverty, a feeble old man and an ig-

become a religious recluse." the full beacon at night. When the sea was red lips of the girl murmured, half rising, with a monotonous beating on

ences at work on the nature of his footstep of a sentinel coming and gogranddaughter, Jacob Dealtry pointed | ing beyond the boundary wall. to the picture with the intent of dis- To-day. Dolores lost herself in pleasparaging its merits

temptueus comment.

"Give it to me and I will hang it in my company."

"Nonsense!" he retorted, regarding her with furtive uneasiness. "What put that idea in your head? Do not touch the picture again. I forbid it. Ha! Carry the Knight away to your room, indeed."

"Grandpapa, do you believe that he built our tower?"

"Pooh! No." "Perhaps he did, you know. He may be pleased to shelter us here, or very angry with us for the intrusion. It is like that with ghosts who have buried treasures, for example, heard the Sister Scolastica once tell-

"How you run on, with your woman's tongue," interrupted the old man. peevishly. "When I said that the At length they met at the evening picture was poor trash it was between ourselves. Some fool may take a You descrive no supper, ungrateful fancy to it and pay a good round sum for an ancient portrait of a Knight of Malta, artist and date unknown."

The mobile features of Dolores acquired a scornful expression, and she "I will not eat your supper, grand- replied with that mixture of audacity

"Then you wish to cheat some stranger? I would not try to sell the Knight at all in that case, but just leave him hanging there on the wall." Jacob Dealtry chuckled, and rubbed his chin.

"Your advice is sound, my dear. Perhaps I will leave him," and he moved away.

fountain, where she wazed at her I can't swim, ride or milk cows, and blooming image, reflected in water, for a long time. What was Result, ruin!"-Harper's Magazine.

life after all? Perhaps 'the riddle of the painful earth" flashed through her being for the first time. As every maiden, in all social conditions, beholds in a swift and dazzling glimpse the vision of fleeting pleasures not to be her portion, and the brave knights riding away two and two, the fountain's basin may have served a. the crystal mirror of the Lady of Shalott to Dolores, giving back, as yet, the blue sky above. To be young was to resemble herself. To be old was to be grandfather. She shuddered slightly, and turned aside, with a gesture of repulsion. Perhaps it would be better never to grow old. That night the girl drifted softly away to dreamland. Between shifting shadow and rippling light, other than that of the moon, she beheld a radiant shape approach her door and pause on the threshold. The accompanying footstep, which had echoed on her heart and smitten sharply her brain, had been clear and ringing with a vibrating, musical sound, unlike the dull, shuffling movements of grandfather around the house at all hours. Woven of the tissue of pure idea was suggested at a recent banquet fantasy was her sleeping thought, held in the leading club of that city. mingled with the teachings of saintly It was immediately acted upon, and lives in the convent school. Not the twenty young men assembled in a angelic presence of St. Ursula this, but "bachelor's nest," a handsom resithe Knight of Malta, terrible, beauti- dence on Woodward avenue, and orful, awe-inspiring, his cross glittering with a phosphorescent ray, and his fit and Matrimonial Insurance Associdrawn sword sparkling as the waves of the Mediterranean gleam in break- Lindsay Russell, a young attorney, that reached her senses like the murmur of a sea shell, or the soughing of the wind through the trees.

After that, Jacob Dealtry brought the tiny dog Florio to the delighted Dolores Her happy and careless temperament cast off the first somber impression of the incident. She did not forget the Knight, she even entered into a secret alliance with the picture, unknown to her grandfather. She no longer whispered to the pigeons and the flowers. but questioned the dim portrait and wove histories about the career of the hero; muttered poems, vague, confused, and fleeting as the rainbow spanning a dissolving stormcloud. She artfully led ber grandfather to converse about the history of the island, Jacob Dealtry was a wellhe spoke occasionally, in connection with some relic of stone, pottery, or glass discovered by him, of the rule of Count Roger of Sicily, the institution of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the first crusade. He repeopled that rock of soft sandstone called Tufa, known as Maita, with generations of earlier inhabitants, until the coming of the knights to hold the citath soft femine repreachfulness, del against the Turk. The little maid at his elbow listened demurely, and the old man may have experienced some transient sentiment of gratification in the awakening sintelligence of his granddaughter. He was ignorant that Dolores, bridging time and space with fancy's airy bow, linked each glorious deed with the original of the portrait. Nay, she acof bold and brutal Corsairs, the Knight drove off her assailants with prodigious

conviction in the mind of the girl. "Depart if you dare, foolish child!" The Knight had built their Watch norant child, within his precincts. He "I am not sure that I would like to still kept guard about the crumbling the strand beralding an approaching Unconscious of these subtle influ- Tempest, Dolores fancied she heard his

ant dreams, as she worked on the pink "Rubbish! Mere rubbish as a paint- dress. "To render it sweet and sacred, ing, you understand," was his con- the heart must have a little garden of its own, with its umbrage and foun-"I like it," said the girl slowly, tains and perennial flowers: a careless

(TO BE CONTINUED,)

Lynar Photography. Professor Langley has been interested for a considerable time in the possibility of preparing a chart of the moon by photography, which would enable geologists and selenographers to study its surface in their cabinets with all the details before them which astronomers have at their command in the use of the most powerful telescopes. Such a plan would have seemed chimerical a few years ago, and it is still surrounded with difficulties, but it is probable that within a comparatively few years it may be successfully carried out. No definite scale has yet been adopted, but it is desirable that the disk thus presented should approximate in size one two-millionth of the lunar diameter, but while photographs have been made on this scale none of them show detail which may not be given on a smaller one.

A Sad Time for Actors. The critic met the old' school actor on the highway, and, observing a pale

leigh? You look blue." "I am blue," returned Hamleigh. "These new school actors are knocking us old fellows completely out." "What seems to be the trouble?" asked the critic.

"I'm not educated up to the standard," said Hamleigh. "A man to be a good actor nowadays has got to swim in real water, or ride a race, or manage Dolores sighed, and went to the a buzz-saw, or be an expert farm hand. the am as afraid as death of a buzz-saw.

A CHANCE FOR GIRLS.

DETROIT BACHELORS FORM MATRIMONIAL CLUB.

Raked in by Any Girl of Good Standing in Society.

[Detroit Correspondence.] NUMBER OF GAY young bachelor- of Detroit that look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the time when they shall do their full duty to their country and become the heads of families and solid men in the community, but whose ef-

forts in that line do not meet with success, have decided that a matrimonial aid society was what was needed. The ganized the "Bachelors' Mutual Beneation."

ing on the shores of the island in the drew up a constitution and by-laws midnight hour of summer. Spurning that were signed by the young men the clogging- film of the obscuring present. The object of the associ-

the position, reason of her Frent affairs and knowledge of gossip of the d or her undisputed and superior extence as an investigator and judge of the diseases peculiar to the organ or seat of affections and sensibilities. No young lady shall be selected for this position who is given to drawing on her imagination or facts."

No waffled man or engaged young man is eligible for membership. To test/his eligibility he is required to answer a number of questions affirmatively, "such answers to be made without hesitation, mental reservation or secret evasion of mind, and all answers to such questions to be forever held secret and inviolate by the committee and never by them divulged." The questions are: "Are you married? Are you engaged? Is there are prospect or probability of your becoming engaged before March, 1895? Are you hopelessly, irretrievably and unrelentingly in love with any lady, either young, middle aged or superannuated, and if so, do you think that she will consent to marry you, or will it be a case of bankruptey of the heart? Do you possess either constitutional or acquired inclination or propensity for falling in love, and, if so, how many times have you been in that condition? Do you enter this association voluntarily and with an earnest desire to promote and foster the interest and welfare thereof?"

The establishment of the association has been noised abroad and meets with the hearty approval of the young ladies, They claim, though, that the years in the portrait, he revealed him- ation is to accumulate a "conjugal jack effect of the association will be to bar self to her in his pristine strength of pot or trust fund," by means of month- them from securing the man of their noble and chivalrous manhood, and the ly dues, not less that \$1 a month, pay- choice, and request that membership soul of Dolores trembled in her breast. able on or before the 10th of the month. in the association be extended so as to He seemed to address her in a tongue Ten per cent of this fund is to be paid admit young ladies that are frugal and

THE BACHELORS' CLUB HOUSE.

nu the day of marriage to the success. ful young lady who open's the jack pot by entering into matrimonial allionce with any member of the associa-



JOHN J. MONTAGEE.

tion. The remaining 90 per cent is to be held in the treasury as a nucleus for the increase of the fund; provided. however, that in case of the marriage of any member of this association within six months from Dec. 1, 1894, the young lady he shall marry shall not be cutitled to any part of the fund, the purpose being to keep it intact for that period of time. Any bachelor may become a member of the association, provided he can qualify. Honorary members are allowed by the constituion, but the marriage of any young lady to an honorary member does not render her eligible to open the jackpot, or participate in the fund.

An advisory committee has been appointed to determine the eligibility of applicants for membership in the association. The constitution defines the inquiries to be made by the committee as follows: "Their duties shall be to investigate the antecedents, previous conduct and present status, partieularly with reference to young ladies officers and a portion of the advisory and matrimonial turn of mind, and to committee that will pass upon the adjudicate and determine upon the eligibility of applicants for membership | secured. The officers are well-known in this association.

"It is farther provided that if it be deemed expedient and conducive to the welfare and interest of this association and necessary for its protection from members that are dangerously inelined toward falling in love, the advisory committee may invite some pre-emineutly quelified and fitted for Charles V. Hunt of Lans

as anxious to forward the cause of the association as the young men. Several letters from other cities have been received by Mr. Russell. They come addressed to the "conjugal jack pot," and are delivered to him as the authorized representative of the association. One letter was from a lady in St. Louis. She frankly stated that she was nearing 40 years, and asked if that would par her from membership in case ladies were admitted to the association. She adds that she is delighted to know that the constitution provides for the admittance of respectable bachelors only. Another letter was from a young man in Ogden, Utah. He is very anxious to secure a copy of the constitution of the Detroit association, as he thinks an organization of the kind in that city of the wild west would prove a boon to the young bachelors.

The backelors that are members of the association have been the butts of many jokes from those not thinking of entering the gates of matrimony the



to keep their names from appearing in the newspapers, but the names of the qualifications of applicants have been young men of Detroit and other large cities of Michigan. They are: John J. Montague of Detroit, president; Humphrey E. Harold of Grand Rapids. secretary and treasurer; D. Lindsay Russell of Detroit, attorney, The names of the Advisory committee obtained are Col. Henry C. Hanson, young lady that is in their estimation troit; Charles Highbald, Seginaw, and

does all his nime trurian wandering ment overlooking Control neighborhood where lived for several years. Mr. has a big, bright study, with looking on an expanse of five m trees and drives. He works morning and in the afternoon down Fifth avenue to study New types. It is said that Boston, W self-love has been greviously wou by its idol's desertion of its culti purlieus, is now predicting that Howells will last in New York just six months more. He is a bohemian far as wandering is concerned, an loves the "life on the wing."

A College Departure.

The students of Wellesley have just put into practice a new and original idea with respect to servants. This is nothing more than a series of "se vants' socials," i. e., pleasant social gatherings at which the girls a hostesses and the servants as guests meet upon terms of perfect equality. The first of these affairs, held recent ly, was not a success, however, as not a servant put in an appearance. Last Saturday evening things went of better. Each girl sent each maid a polite invitation by mail, in which the sender's calling card was duly included? The entire scheme is under the direction of the Young Woman's Christian association of the college.

Rudyard Kipling, who lives in New England and in solitude for fear some nice American should become acquintted with him and upset his views on the barbarity of this great western world, has a daughter who is the daughter of an American girl. This baby has been called Josephine, after her mamma, and her nurse was imported directly from England, so that, as her papa says, she will learn to talk "as a lady should." We hope little Miss K. did not upset papa's ideas Tuesday by lisping, "'Ow do you do, papa? I wish you a werry 'appy New Year!" But better talk like 'Arriot than Lady Washington, I suppose.—Ex.

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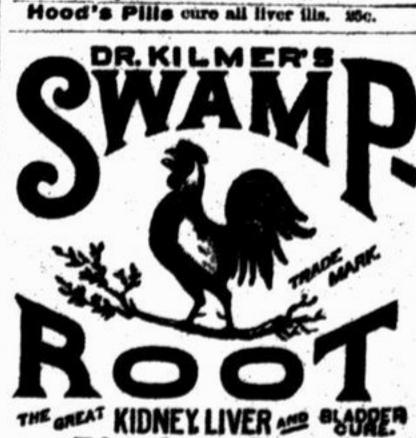
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