



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 indolent 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 unprincipled, 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 checked himself with the delusion that he had forgotten her. Hitherto sufficiently head in the wooling and flattering of the corners of pretty faces, the sailor was shy, almost embarrassed, in the presence of Dolores. This fresh fruit of maidenhood, still protected by the smooth of virginity and purity, fascinated him. The absence of the one who did not encourage him to once venture to touch her hand.

He communicated the true aim of his visit. At first speech was slow, and his words were unsteady, but he gathered courage, until, on the point of departure, he said, with a faint smile, "I shall be glad to see you again."

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

On the following evening his cousin, Mrs. Griffith, was to receive the Russian grand duke now on board the corvette Ladislav 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 this 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 Phoenician 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!"

Then 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.

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.



THE 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 sentinels 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 splash 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 pelum, 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 on, 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.

TWO MODEST WRITERS

WOMEN WHO HAVE KEPT THEIR NAMES DARK

Personal Recollections of Mrs. Mary Bradley and Her Sister, Mrs. Katharine Festetics The Two Girls Grew Up in Virginia.

(Washington Correspondence)

IN AN AGE WHICH deals so largely in personalities it is difficult to understand how two writers whose works have been so widely read as those of Mrs. Mary Bradley and her sister, Mrs. Katharine Festetics, could so long have succeeded in screening themselves from public view. For many years their books have covered a large space on the shelves of Sunday school libraries, while their miscellaneous prose and poetical productions have given pleasure to readers of prominent magazines all over the country, and yet outside of their own immediate circle of acquaintances few have identified them with their work.

The two sisters are of Scotch and English ancestry, descended on the one side from Scotch Rutherford and on the other from English Scarboroughs. Their immediate progenitors, John Neely and Amelia Bayly, were, the one of Pennsylvania, the other of Virginia birth, and the two girls, with their five brothers and sisters, grew up partly in Washington and partly in their

country home on the eastern shore of Virginia. In their early youth they were orphaned, their parents dying within a year of each other, but the family was kept together by an older brother, under whose guardianship the sisters remained until the marriage of Mary, in 1853, to George Bradley of New York city, and the sending of Katharine to school in Pennsylvania a short time afterwards.

A pleasant visitor to their secluded home in those early days was a Philadelphia weekly, formerly published by Joseph C. Neal, the author of "Charcoal Sketches," but then conducted by his young widow, who, under the nom de plume of "Cousin Alice," was winning a reputation for herself as a writer of juvenile books. The two children watched eagerly for its coming, and it was while reading a story which appeared in its columns that the possibility of becoming herself an authoress suggested itself to Mary, the older of the two girls. The youthful aspirant for literary honors was only 11 years old when her maiden effort was made, but its merit met with prompt recognition, and it was accorded a place in the Gazette. Other contributions followed, which led to a

ly and an officer in the Austrian army, whose republican proclivities brought him to this country.

While her sister was still at school Mrs. Bradley had become at home in literary circles in New York, and a pleasant incident which she still recalls was the first meeting between G. P. R. James and William Gilmore Simms, two famous novelists in their day, which took place at her own house. Among other guests who were present on the same occasion were Richard Henry Stoddard, whom the world was just beginning to recognize as a true poet, and his newly married wife, Mrs. Stoddard had not then made her own brilliant mark as a writer, but her beauty and distinct individual charm made themselves fully felt in advance of her literary fame. Stoddard's spontaneous wit and charming social talent were also equally pronounced in those early days, and from that period dates a friendship between the two families which lasted for forty years.

Col. Festetics died three years ago, and the death of Mrs. Bradley's husband occurring two years later, the sisters have shared a quiet home in Georgetown, continuing their literary labors as they began them—together. Their work has usually been on the same line; and, with the exception of contributions to magazines, has been chiefly in the direction of books for young people. They have represented young people naturally and sympathetically, and even in Sunday school books (where "nature" is too often overcome by an impossible "grace") they have painted real children, with such ideal suggestions as come within the scope of healthy nature.

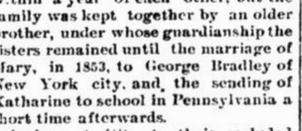
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GILBERTA S. WHITTELL

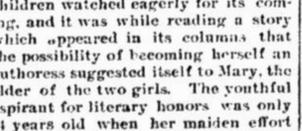
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Introduced by his sister, Mr. Rich-

MRS. MARY BRADLEY.



MRS. KATHARINE FESTETICS.



correspondence between the editor and writer, during the course of which it was suggested to the latter to extend her boundaries by submitting a specimen of her work to the School-fellow, published in Charleston, S. C., by W. C. Richards, the brother-in-law of Neal, and the proprietor of two southern periodicals, prominent in their day.

at one vi-

ards took a kindly interest in the young girl, even making the trip to Virginia for the purpose of becoming personally acquainted with her. His visit was followed by one from Mrs. Neal, with the sister of Mrs. Richards, and thus a friendship was formed between the authors and editors which was strengthened with advancing years.

The first literary venture of Mrs. Festetics (Katharine Neely) grew out of a little banter on the part of her elder brother, who declared if she also would write something and have it published he would present her with the handsomest book to be procured in Baltimore. New books were treasures in those days, and his challenge was accepted, the result being the production of a bright little story, which was not only printed in the School-fellow, but was made the subject of flattering editorial comment. The youthful writer was only 13 years old at the time of its appearance, but the book which rewarded her efforts, "The Gem of the Season," beautifully bound and illustrated, is still preserved as a souvenir of her early initiation into authorship.

For several years after this event Katharine Neely remained at school in Washington, Pa., where she graduated, after which she made her home with her sister in Brooklyn and occupied herself with various literary undertakings. She edited the Children's Guest, a paper published by the Church Book society in New York; wrote a number of books for the same society; contributed to Harper's Magazine and other prominent periodicals, and still found time to be the most helpful caretaker and favorite "aunt" of Mrs. Bradley's family of little ones. She finally married Carl Albert Festetics, the son of an old Hungarian fam-

ily and an officer in the Austrian army, whose republican proclivities brought him to this country.

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GILBERTA S. WHITTELL

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Introduced by his sister, Mr. Rich-

A Hairy Youth. Mr. Richman—I don't demand that my daughter shall marry well, but I do insist that the young man she marries shall have brains enough to get along in the world. Young Simpouse—Well, I think I've shown pretty good judgment in selecting a father-in-law, don't you?

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