

renewed ardor, in the interests of de-

picting the lighthouse and the Nue

The clever pencil of the young lady

just out from London had designed

the decorations for each tableau, with

the assistance of Capt. Blake, and her

the

an unexpected checkmate on the inter-

course of friend and cousin so oppor-

tunely brought together beneath her

During the first quadrille Dolores

had nimbly divested her rounded

limbs of the purple, Tyrian draperies

of the stage, and slipped on the pretty

pink dress. No necklace of pearls had

she, but she tied a ribbon around her

throat, terminating in a coquettish lit-

She was not shy with the timidity of

stances. She emerged from a dress-

ing-room, holding Florio tightly in her

arms. She must find her grandfather,

who waited in one of the colonnades,

and consign the pet to his keeping.

Her whole nature basked in the light,

perfume and warmth of the place and

the hour. She paused before a large

Chinese vase and rifled it of several

one in her hair and the rest in her cor-

sage. She resembled the fairy princess

of the enchanted palace. All belonged

to her in this realm of delight, and she

must not be surprised at any marvel.

Strains of music floated through the

chamber to her keenly expectant car,

mingled with a rather awe inspiring

murmur of voices as of many people

these people? The glitter of gilt, the

flowing folds of embroidered hang-

ings and the long vista of lamps, mul-

tiplied by the shimmer of mirrors,

charmed her eye. Surely the marvel-

ous history of the milkmaid, who

dressed in the hollow of a tree to at-

tend a county ball, was no more sur-

prising than that she, Dolores of the

Entering a descried apartment, she

paused, involuntarily, to survey her

reflected image in one of those glitter-

Another girl, who had previously

been pacing the floor with marked

impatience, approached and stood be-

side her, giving a touch of readjust-

ment to her own coiffure, and hum-

"Is this your first ball?" she inquired

"Yes." said the latter, turning to the

Dolores had not yet entered the por-

stranger with a surprise which merged

into native admiration as she contem-

had never dreamed of any one as

beautiful as her companion at the pres-

The stranger was small and slight,

and rob. d in pale green silk, draped

with an embroidery of crystal held

with trailing water-lilies, leaves, and

river grasses. Her blonde hair, slight-

ly dashed with sparkling gold powder,

was caught up with stars of brilliants.

animated her oval face, which was

piquant in expression. White gloves

of exquisite fineness covered her tiny

hands and arms reaching to the shoul-

der. She held a roll of music. Her

manner was petulant, abrupt, whim-

sical, vet assured. She read plainly

such flattery of appreciation in the

gaze of simple Dolores that her irrita-

tion of the previous moment, at being

"I have been invited to sing to

speaking in a tone of blended

apparently overlooked and forgotten,

palace of the Knights of Malta.

ing looking-glasses.

ming a song meanwhile.

plated her.

ent moment

vanished.

in Italian, scauning Dolores.

situation,

sea on the final scene.

Phornician.

senorita.

CHAPTER VIL -- (Continued.)

On the left stood the Phoenician, as the first colonist. She was a girl robed in royal purple, girdled with a gold zone, and holding in her fingers a lotos flower. A temple, dedicated to Astarte, was behind her, while at her | skillful proficiency was apparent in all feet were scattered rude instruments | the minor details of grouping and cosof astronomy and navigation, linenweaving, and the fusion of metals.

Diana occupied the central arch, as representing Greece in the shadow of the Parthenon. Clad in a white robe, Lieut, Curzon. with the silver crescent attached to her dimpled shoulders, the goddess had an aspect of cold and severe beauty. She gathered aside the veil, which formed a diadem on her head. torch, reversed, depended from her

On the right appeared the Roman, roof. more mature in beauty than her companions, and in richly wrought garments and sandals. She held a statuette of Mercury, emblematic of commerce, and the wolf on a column, as well as the ruins of the Forum, indicated her origin,

The rich coloring of the Phænician tle bow under the left ear. The classand the Roman formed a characteristic ical sandal was cast from her foot in contrast with the fair symmetry of favor of the black satin slippers of her feature of Diana. mother, the true shoe of a Spanish

A murmur of admiration and applause greeted this charming group, ! necessitating a second lifting of the northern races under similar circum-

A tritling incident marred the repetition. A tiny dog, resembling a ball of white, floss silk, rushed on the stage, peered at the audience, growled and began to bark vociferously. Phoenicia forgot her pose, caught up the animal, kissed him on the nose, and thrust him under one arm

"Florio followed us." she explained in audible tones, to the hostess. "He would not stay at home alone. I am sorry. Evil little beast! How dare you bark? Eh."

"The picture is now complete." said Gen. Lubomirsky, smiling. "Did not the Sybarites carry these dogs to the baths, held under the arm, and even honor them with monuments and epitaphs after death?"

"Who is the Phwnician?" inquired the young prince of his host, after a

Gen. Griffith was at fault. He had never seen her before, and did not know her name. He fancied she was some native. Maltese girl used for the occasion.

On the stage the Grand Master Villiers de l'Isle d'Adam, in the person of Capt. Fillingham, wearing pasteboard armor in lieu of wrought steel, indicated the scene of fortifications begun in defense of his chosen island home.

The Knight La Vallette next appeared. Clad in mail, he unfurled the banner of the order of St. John and trampled beneath his heel the Mabometan crescent.

Then Lieut. Curzon, in uniform and grasping the national standard, was disclosed by the raised curtain. The young officer stood on the margin of blue sea, with a lighthouse depicted on the shore and a man-of-war in the distance, embodying later British supremacy of rule, and brought the tableaux to a fitting close.

The draperies were once more swept aside and Calynso, surrounded by the Phornician, the Greek and the Roman, fianked by the two knights of Malta and the British sailor, again tendered a welcome to the august guest.

The ball that ensued was opened by the grand duke and the hostess. At the conclusion of the quadrille he said slowly:

"I have to ask of the Goddess Calvpso the further pleasure of the next quadrille with the youngest and most beautiful of her nymphs, the Phonigian, for a partner.

The Phoenician? Heavens! Who girl picked up Arthur Curzon somewhere about the island? Mrs. Griffith did anot know what had become of this Cinderella, and yet the young prince had expressed a wish to dance with her. The hostess bowed assent without betraying either surprise or annoyance at the

unforescen request. As for Dolores, swept from the seclusion of the little garden by the energetic will of Lieut Curzon, she the Grand Duke," continued the found herself launched amid the other, lapsing into English, and

most unfamiliar elements of life. The young officer had returned to egotism and familiarity. "I suppose I the Watch Tower in the morning, true | am to stay out here, like a servant, to his promise, with the stage ward- until I am summoned. I have heard robe requisite for the girl, purchased of such things before in London houses by himself in the town, with much during the season, but I do not intend secrecy. Oh sweetness of the morning to put up with it in my day. Just hour, stolen from all the world, in the wait until I am fairly launched! seclusion of the neglected garden. Nous verrons, cherie! The Maestro at where Dolores became transformed Milan says that my voice possesses the into the Phænician maiden, with Jacob same flexibility as Patti's, and more Dealtry and the perturbed little dog quality than Neilson's register. Florio for audience! How many con- have half a mind to put one of my disfidences were exchanged among the mond stars in your black hair, but no! flowers, with the pigeons circling near, the rosebud is even more becoming. and in the shade of the orange tree, You are the prettiest creature I ever while the grandfather sought yet saw in my life. Do you understand another specimen to impose on his un- English, little one?"

"Th, yes," laughed Dolores. "I am English, or Maltese. My mother was Spanish, I can dance, perhaps, but I should be afraid to sing here."

"I am not airaid to sing before all the Grand Dukes in Christendom." retorted the Undine of the water-lilies. with a little grimance. "I only hope I may obtain an engagement at St. Petersburg soon. I am to make my debut at the Maltese opera-house. you know in the Barber of Seville.' I have taken the name of Signorina Giulia Melita. I was born in Chicago, and my real name is Lizzie Shannon. I shall be known as Melita all over the world. Are you coming to hear me on Thursday night?"

"Oh, how I wish I could!" sighed Dolores, clasping her hands together. "I fear that grandpapa never goes to the theater."

"There comes Mr. Brown," said the embryo Diva, quickly.

"Mr. Brown?" repeated Dolores, interrogatively, and much interested in

her new acquaintance. "You know him, of course. No? You must have heard of Mr. Brown. Why! everybody knows him from Vienna and Paris to London and New York. Mr. Brown is at present my guardian dragon, and keeps all small fry at a safe distance. If I were a race horse of blood, you might say he had bet on my winning -invested in me. He is a good soul, too, and looks after my onion soup as well as my future engagements."

tume. She had demurred at the newcomer's fitness to fill the role of the Mr. Brown approached. He was a portly man of mature age, with a highly-colored countenance, and jet black "Darken her eyebrows," suggested hair and mustache. He was attired in what may be termed effulgent, masladies made no further culine evening dress, and had the objection. The hostess may have ponderous grace of manner of the ringmaster of a circus. keen, feminine insight, and discerned

"They are ready to hear you sing, my dear," he announced, in a paternal and wheezy voice. "Give that aria from the Sicilian Vespers with as much finish as possible. Melita."

"Are they ready for me?" she retorted, with a sarcastic intonation. "Supposing that I am not ready for them, Mr. Brown?"

Mr. Brown smiled a fat smile, a facial wrinkle that rippled over cheek and jowl as the surface of water is stirred by a falling pebble, bowed profoundly, and kissed the tips of the girl's fingers, as if saluting a princess:

"Patience, my angel," he said, indulgently. "We must strive to make a good impression to-night by our modesty and grace. Later, we shall make our own terms. Eh?"

She sighed impatiently, and shook out the train of her dress

"Come along, then," was her unceremonious assent. I hate being patronized, though,"

She moved away a few paces, remembered Dolores, ran back, and kissed roses of the color of her gown, placing her suddenly. "You must come to my debut," she said. "Ask for Mr. Brown at the stage door. Bring your grandpa, too. And-your gloves are shabby, child," halting, with cen-

"I know it," confessed Dolores, rnefully. "They are old ones that I found in a box. I tried to clean them with bread-crumbs, and I thought, gathered together. Where were all perhaps, they would not show much."

"I have some pice gloves," affirmed the Signorina Giulia Melita, shaking her head as she scrutinized those of Dolores. "Mr. Brown always carries a lot in his pocket in ease I should change my mind about a pair. Your gloves have a great deal to do with your temper. You are a Spaniard and I am an American, so our hands are Watch Tower, should be here in the small. Give me the package, quick, Mr. Brown. These pink ones will suit you, child. I wish I could stop to help you button them, but I may see you again, later. Don't forget the night of my debut, and to come to the stage door. She may bring me good luck. Mr. Brown. Who knows?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Identified the Corpse.

The waters of the bay had washed up a long, lank body and for two days it lay in an undertaker's shop awa'ting identification. Nobody on Cape Cod knew the man. At last an old rickety wagon rattled up and Farmer Hall got down. Passing into the back room he looked at the body for a moment and said: "That's him."

tais of the ball-room, and thought she The undertaker asked for further information, but Farmer Hall could only say it was Tompkins, his hired

"But can't you tell just why he is Tompkins? Are they his clothes? Can't you furnish some positive means of identification?" And the undertaker looked expectant.

Farmer Hall shifted his place and was lost in thought. Suddenly he A pair of large eyes, full of vivacity, slapped his leg. "Well?"

"He stuttered."-Boston Budget,

Where He Saw It.

Mr. Harsecd-Marier, I've made up my mind ter send our boy to the city writing school to learn how to write. Mrs. Hayseed-He writes a good

learn things, Marier, no matter what. them, and are disposed to be wild. the two were alone the dying shepherd They write like greased lightnin' From the time they heard you say said, "I have known the Bible all my there. Why, Marier, while I was in that they accelerated their steps on life, but I am going, and I am 'afeered the city I saw a man write a two-page the downward road. In ten years they to dee." Then the pastor quoted the love letter in seventeen seconds, by will be through with their dissipations | Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd; the watch. He was a regular city and pass into the great beyond. That shall not want." "Yes, mon," said the feller, too-I could tell by his clothes. little talk of yours decided their des- shepherd, "I was familiar with that Why, Marier, when the girl that letter | tiny for this world and the next. You | before you were born, but I am a-goin, was writ to got it, it took her most had an opportunity that you misim- and I am afeered to dee." Then said

"Love letter-girl reading it! Why, the last judgment and they tell you where and how on 'arth did you see a letter written, and then-" "Oh, it's all so, Marier. I saw it in a theater."

Every farrowing sow should have a shelter to herself and be put in in time to get acquainted with he: surroundings.

taken

THETALMAGESERMON

"OPPORTUNITY" THE SUBJECT OF AN INTERESTING TALK.

We llave Therefore Opportunity Do Good"-Gal. 6; xof the Great Preacher's Boyhood Days - Life's Sublime Victory.



T DENVER, COLO., years ago, an audience had assemworship. The pas-

as eternity. Never since have I read my life-and there have been many of platform of this vast building giving thrilled with its magnitude and mo- that lesson in the farm wagon: "De up from all parts of the earth and piled mentum. Opportunity! Although in | Witt, I have always found it safe to the text to some it may seem a mild trust the Lord." The fact was, my and quiet note, in the great gospel father saw that was his opportunity, harmony it is a staccato passage. It and he improved it. This is one reais one of the loveliest and awfulest words in our language of more than one hundred thousand words of English vocabulary. "As we have opportunity, let us do good."

What is an opportunity? The lexicographer would coolly tell you it is a conjunction of favorable circumstances for accomplishing a purpose; but words can not tell what it is. Take a thousand years to manufacture a definition, and you could not successfully describe it. Opportunity! The measuring rod with which the Angel of the Apocalypse measured heaven could not measure this pivotal word of my text. Stand on the edge of the precipice of all time and let down the fathoming line hand under hand, and lower down and lower down, and for a quintillion of years let it sink, and the lead will not strike bottom. Opportunity! But while I do not attempt to measure or define the word, I will, God helping me, take the responsibility of telling you something about opportunity.

First, it is very swift in its motions. Sometimes within one minute it starts from the throne of God, sweeps around the earth; and reascends the throne from which it started. Within less than sixty seconds it fulfilled its mission.

In the second place opportunity

never comes back. Perhaps an oppor tunity very much like it may arrive, but that one never. Naturalists tell they are born that their brevity of life wanderer to come home. That was large experience. The past eighteen light, the word "immediate." ever saw are yet to come," The young officer said, namely, a fraudulent turn to get out tomless pit?' The Christian miner reof his despairful position. Your hope- sponded, "I do not know how far it is fulness inspired him for all time, and down to that place, but if this rope thirty years after you are dead he will | should break you would be there in a be reaping the advantage of your minute." It was the Christian miner's that one thing for that young man gyman was on a sloop on our Hudson was not half as long as the time I have river, and hearing a man atter a blastaken to reliearse it.

two young men in that group who that | the clergyman's opportunity. night would have gone to those meet. A Scotch shepherd was dying and ings and been saved for this world and had the pastor called in. The dying the next, but you decided them not to shepherd said to his wife, "Mary "Yes, Marier, but he's too slow for go. They are social natures. They please to go into the next room, for l these times. The city's the place to already drink more than is good for want to see the minister alone." When five minutes to read it. I timed her, proved, and how will you feel when the pastor, "You know that Psalm you confront those two immortals in sage, 'Though I walk through the The door was no sooner closed than of that unfortunate talk of yours that flung them over the precipice? Oh, man of the world, why did you not say | were born, but it does not help me. in that noon spall of conversation, "Good! I am glad that man has got religion. I wish I had it myself. Let us all go to-night. Come on; I will t the church door at 8 o clock.

would have got there yourself. Lost now, but it is sunshine higher up. opportunity!

look after myself, we rode across the before. All is well. Though I pass Of course I said nothing that Implied | death, Thou art with me.' Shadews how I felt. But there are hun- here, but sunshine above." So the dreds of men here, who from dying shepherd got peace. Living and their own experience knew how dying may we have the same peace! I felt. At such a time a young Opportunity! Under the arch of that man may be hopeful, and even im- splendid word let this multitude of my patient, to get into the battle of life hearers pass into the pardon, and hope, himself, but to leave the home where and triumph of the gospel. Go by everything has been done for you; companies of a hundred each. Go by your father or older brothers taking regiments of a thousand each. The your part when you were imposed on aged leaning on a staff; the middle by larger boys; and your mother a - aged throwing off their burdens as tor of the church | ways around, when you got the cold, they pass; and the young to have their for whom I was to with mustard applications for the present joys augmented by more preach that night, chest, or herb tea to make you sweat glorious satisfactions. Forward into interested in the off the fever, and sweet mixtures in the kingdom! As soon as you pass the scating of the peo- the cup by the bed to stop the cough, dividing line there will be shouting all ple, stood in the taking sometimes too much of it be- up and down the heavens. The pulpit looking from | cause it was pleasant to take; and then | crowned immortals will look down and side to side, and when no more people | to go out with no one to stand between | cheer. Jesus of the many scars will could be crowded within the walls, he you and the world, gives one a chok- rejoice at the result of his earthly turned to me and said, with startling ing sensation at the throat, and a sacrifices. Departed saints will be emphasis: "What an opportunity!" | homesickness before you have got gladdened that their prayers are an-Immediately that word began to en- three miles away from the old folks. swered. An order will be given for large, and while a hymn was being There was on the day I spoke of a the spreading of a banquet at which sung, at every stanza the word "op- silence for a long while, and then my you will be the honored guest. From portunity" swiftly and mightily un- father began to tell how good the Lord the imperial gardens the wreaths will folded, and while the opening prayer had been to him, in sickness and in be twisted for your brow, and from the was being made, the word piled up health, and when times of hardship halls of eternal music the harpers will into Alps and Himalayas of meaning, came how Providence had always bring their harps, and the trumpeters and spread out into other latitudes provided the means of livelihood their trumpets, and all up and down and longitudes of significance until it for the large household: and he the amethystine stairways of the became hemispheric, and it still grew wound up by saying "De Witt, I castles, and in all the rooms of the in altitude and circumference until it have always found it safe to trust House of Many Mansions, it will be encircled other worlds, and swept out | the Lord." My father has been dead talked over with holy give that this and on, and around until it was as big | thirty years, but in all the crises of day while one plain man stood on the or heard that word without being them-I have felt the mighty boost of the gospel call, an assemblage made son why I am an enthusiastic friend of all Young Men's Christian associations. They get hold of so many young men just arriving in the city, and while they are very impressionable, and it is the best opportunity. Why, how big the houses looked to us as we first entered the great city; and so many people! It seemed some meeting must have just closed to fill the streets in that way; and then the big placards announcing all styles of amusements, and so many of them on the same night, and every night, after our boyhood had been spent in regions where only once or twice in a whole year there had been an entertainment in school house or church. That is the opportunity. Start that innocent young man in the right direction. Six weeks after will be too late. Tell me what such a young man does with his first six weeks in a great city, and will tell you what he will be through-

A city missionary in the lower parts of the city found a young woman in wretchedness and sin. He said, "Why do you not go home?" She said. "They would not receive me at home." He said, "What is your father's name, and where does he live?" Having obtained the address and written to the father, the city missionary got a reply, us of insects that are born, fulfill their on the outside of the letter the word mission, and expire in an hour; but "immediate" underscored. It was the many opportunities die so soon after heartiest possible invitation for the is incalculable. What most amazes | the city missionary's opportunity. And me is that opportunities do such over- there are opportunities all about you, shadowing, tar reaching and tre- and on them written by the hand of mendous work in such short earthly the God who will bless you, and bless allowance. You are a business man of those whom you help, in capitals of

out his life on earth, and where he wil

spend the ages of eternity. Oppor

months have been hard on business | A military officer very profane in men. A young merchant at his wits' his habits was going down into a mine end came into your office, or your at Cornwall, England, with a Chrishouse, and you said, "Times are hard | tain miner, for many of those miners now, but better days will come. I have are Christians. The officer used proseen things as bad, or worse, but we fane language while in the cage gogot ont, and we will get out of this. ing down. As they were coming up The brightest days that this country out of the mine the profane man to whom you said that was ready far down to your work, how for suicide, or something worse, much farther would it be to the botoptimism. Your opportunity to do opportunity. Many years ago a clerphemy, the clergyman said, "You have In yonder third gallery you sit, a spoken against my best friend, Jesus man of the world, but you wish every- | Christ." Seven years after, this same body well. While the clerks are stand- elergyman was on his way to the gening round in your store, or the men in eral assembly of the Presbyterian your factory are taking their noon church at Philadelphia, when a young spell, some one say:, "Have you heard | minister addressed him and asked him that one of our men has been converted | if he was not on a sloop on the Hudat the revival meeting in the Methodist | son river seven years before? The rechurch?" While it is being talked ply was in the affirmative. "Well," over you say, "Well, I do not believe | said the young minister, "I was the in revivab. Those things do not last. man whom you corrected for uttering People get excited and join the church that oath. It led me to think and reand are no better than they were be- pent, and I am trying to atone somefore. I wish our men would keep what for my early behavior. I am a away from those meetings." Do you preacher of the gospel, and a delegate know, oh, man, what you did in that | to the general assembly." Seven years minute of depreciation? There were before on that Hudson river sloop was

valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." "Yes," said the dying shepherd, "I knew that before you Then said the pastor, "Don't you know that sometimes when you were driving the sheep down through the valleys and ravines there would be shadows all about you, while there see you would have was plenty of sunshine on the hills Il to heaven and you above? You are in the shadows

Then said the dying shepherd, "Ah! The day I left our country home to that is good. I never saw it that way country, and my father was driving. through the valley of the shadow of up in these galleries, chose Christ as their portion, and started for Heaven as their everlasting home. Ring all the bells of Heaven at the tidings! Strike all the cymbals at the joy! Wave all the 'palm branches at the triumph! Victory! Victory!

MONTE CARLO'S PATRONS. Ladies Are the Most Profitable

Customers at the Gaming.

The English, the Americans and the French are probably the most remunnerative patrons of Monte Carlo, and it is to Switzerland and not to the frontier of Italy, that the vast majority of pleasure seekers repair in summer, says the London Daily Telegraph. Again, at the very period when the Casino people wish to allure English visitors to the Riviera the London season is at its height, and the parliamentary session has as yet shown no sign of waning. The Atlantic steamships are bringing to Europe every week shoals of American tourists, but our trans-Atlantic visitors usually pass the summer in London or Paris or at English or French watering places, and await cooler weather before they journey down south.

Another suggestion made to the

perplexed administration is that a club for the use of gentleman visitors should be established in connection with the Casino, it being proposed to utilize for the purpose the premises of the Hotel Monte Carlo, but it is difficult to see that the financial prosperity of the Casino company would be increased by supplementing the existing tripot with a club. Visitors who really belong to cosmopolitan clubland can easily become members of the Cercle de la Mediterance at Nice. and, after all, it is not the serious players, the scientific operators a rouge et noir, who despise the merry but frivolous game of roulette, that are the mest lucrative customers of the Casino. At trent-et-quarante it is really possible to win very large sums of money, not, indeed to break the bank-since Napoleon's dictum of the big batalions eventually winning still holds and always will hold good-but enough to cause the administration to close a particular table for a few hours. At roulette, however, for one winner of any considerable amount there are possibly 100 who, sooner or later, will be utterly and hopelessly decaves, or

"cleaned out." Moreover, in modern times it has been the lady punters who, in the aggregate, bring the greatest amount of grist to the mill of the Casino company. It is not that the ladies often go to the maximum of stakes to be realized they are in general too timorous for that; but they play recklessly. and they will continue to play until they have lost their last 5-franc piece on the tapis vert, and a club from which ladies were excluded would be bereft of the contributions of the sex who are, as gamesters, not less adventurous and perhaps a little more incorrigible than men.

FOOLING THE SCHOOLMARM. How an Omaha Girl Communicates with the Forbidden Sweetheart.

A friend of mine out in Omaha has a daughter, and that daughter has, among other girlish trinkets, a sweetheart, who is rendered doubly dear to her by the fact that her parents have forbidden her to see him. He is, to be sure, a very commonplace person, but no girl can resist a man her parents have forbidden her to see, you know.

This particular girl is in Washington now for safe keeping, in a private school, where incoming and outgoing letters are read by a stern faced teacher. I went to see her the other day, jus after the mail was in. She had received a letter from a school girl friend in Omaha and there wasn't a noun or pronoun of the masculine gender

the whole of it. The girl read it demurely and showed it to me. Then we went to her r she flew to her curling tongs, heated them, held them close to the written sheet, and read with delight the low letters in a masculine hand which appeared between the lines and fade

again as soon as the paper cooled. The moral of this is that love will find a way, and so long as chloride copper in solution is to be had I ad every keeper of a girl's school to all letters well before she dell them, - Washington Post.