



CHAPTER VIII

Mr. Brown had obediently taken from the depths of a convenient pocket a bundle of gloves, which combined a rainbow of delicate tints, varying from violet, lemon color, the blue of a robin's egg, to velvety black, and the owner bestowed her gift with careless good humor.

Left alone, after murmuring some confused words of thanks, Dolores contemplated her first pair of fresh gloves with an ecstasy of feminine contentment impossible to describe. How beautiful they were, of a texture like a roseleaf! How deliciously they were scented with some unfamiliar perfume, which may have represented the first, subtle odor of a perfected refinement of civilization to the awakening senses of the girl! She seated herself with the poodle on her lap, stripped off the old gloves ungratefully, casting them down at her feet, and assumed the new ones.



"THIS IS YOUR WAY OUT." revery. Instead, her blue eyes dwelt with an expression of wounding disapproval on the flimsy, pink ribbon encircling the golden-brown throat, and the coarse texture of the dress.

The glance was one to coldly discern defects in other women rather than charms. Miss Ethel Smythe, in a robe of pure, white silk, subtly interwoven with glittering silver, which shone like diamond dust scattered over snow, inspired fear, a chilling dread in the soul of Dolores, as she looked at her. Why? What had she done amiss? The irrefrangible flash of jealousy and irritation in the blue eyes of Diana may have been the annihilating ray launched at a rival, the obstacle in the path, since the day of Queen Eleanore and the fair Rosamund, Miss Smythe had not failed to remark the folly of mankind, as evinced by Capt. Blake, and even the Ancient Mariner, Capt. Fillingham, in lingering near the Phoenician of the tableau. The anxiety and abstraction of Arthur Curzon had inspired in her secret uneasiness and suspicion. Where had he found Dolores? Why was he so solicitous about her pose and accessories in the scene? Fate having delivered the innocent culprit into her hands, this daughter of her century decided to dispose of her in summary fashion.

"Good-bye," she said with a haughty bow. "You are going away now, I suppose. Mrs. Griffith is too busy to see you again, I fancy, but it does not signify, as I am here."

The radiant face of Dolores clouded, and she recoiled a step. She was expected to go away instead of dancing. The words, look, and manner of Miss Smythe pierced her heart, as the blow of a whip might have stung her cheek. "I am not leaving yet," she stammered. "There is to be a ball."

Miss Smythe elevated her eyebrows, and bit her lip. She knew that the Grand Duke had expressed a wish to dance the next quadrille with the Phoenician. She was aware that Arthur Curzon loitered in an adjacent corridor to claim his partner. Rage and bitterness filled the soul of the young lady of many seasons.

"You are mistaken," she said, in such cutting accents that the listener winced instinctively. "You do not know about such matters, of course, with another disdainful glance at the pink gown and ribbon. You were asked to share in the tableaux. Mrs. Griffith gives the ball to her friends."

"Then why was I invited at all?" asked poor Dolores, piteously.

"Men will always make a fool of you, if you allow it," said Diana. "This is your way out." She pointed to a door, and wanted to see Dolores depart with a marked impatience that brooked no appeal.

Surprised, dismayed, and not a little aggrieved, the girl would have caught at any straw of delay, had such detention offered. Her pride flamed up suddenly, and she departed swiftly, stifling tears.

Miss Smythe rebuked her other glove, glided behind a screen of plants, thus adroitly avoiding Arthur Curzon, and entered the ballroom with a smile on her rosy lips.

Dolores, with head lowered, and clasping her dog, ran into Capt. Blake, who started forward at her approach from the court.

"Where are you going?" he demanded, extending his hand.

"I am to go away," replied Dolores, in a faint voice, placing her little, trembling hand in his grasp, and looking up at him appealingly and sorrowfully.

"The little witch!" thought the soldier, with a pleasurable quickening of pulsation in the region of the heart, beneath his red jacket. "I never saw such eyes in my life."

He had placed himself in ambush to await her approach, for he had reasoned that she must bring her dog to her grandfather before dancing. He was moved by the complex motive of admiration of her beauty, curiosity as to who she was and a desire to thwart the sailor.

"Going away without dancing with me?" he exclaimed aloud. "That will never do."

"The lady—I mean Diana—said I was to go away now. Oh, I am so disappointed!" confessed Dolores, bending her head still lower to hide the threatening tears.

"You must not mind Miss Smythe. She is not the mistress of this house," said the gallant captain, in soothing accents.

Dolores dried her eyes with a quizzical expression. In the game of experience Miss Smythe had thrown the shuttlecock of dire warning that men would make a fool of Dolores, and here was the first man met by the girl afterward, tossing back the reformation, in unconscious vindication of his sex, possibly by admonishing her to beware of Miss Smythe.

Lieut. Curzon waited impatiently, now pausing near the door of the dressing room where Dolores had taken herself to change her stage costume, and again pacing the length of colonnade.

The opening quadrille of honor was over. The new singer, Melita, invited for the occasion, had rendered successfully a brilliant, operatic aria, with innumerable bird-like trills and quavers, substituting as an encore an old and sad little Russian song in a minor key. Still Dolores did not come. The young officer was vaguely aware that girls require an unconscionable time for their toilet. He was too large of soul to notice the frock of Dolores, if he thought of it at all. He was determined to give her the pleasure of dancing at a real ball, and well-of dancing with her. Still she did not come. The blood coursed more quickly in his veins. He paced about restlessly. Perhaps some accident had happened to her. The admiration bestowed on her beauty in the tableaux inspired in him as much distrust as satisfaction. He would seek the grandfather. Why had he not done so before? He paused suddenly at the sight of Capt. Blake approaching, with Dolores on his arm.

The captain thoroughly enjoyed the situation. Miss Ethel Smythe, who had slighted him on several occasions in favor of Lieut. Curzon, wished to banish Dolores. He would make the latter dance all the evening, if possible, in consequence. Besides, he found it very agreeable to pour flatteries into the unsophisticated ear of his companion. He held a card, and was writing down his own name for a number of dances. Dolores observing him with puzzled attention meanwhile.

She recognized Lieut. Curzon, withdrew her hand from the arm of her escort and ran toward him, with a joyous exclamation. "I am glad to see you again," she said, simply. "I was going away, only Capt. Blake stopped me. He has been so kind," with a light gesture, caressing and grateful, toward her late companion. "I may stay?"

Dolores glanced from one to the other in sudden misgiving of her reception in that great world of ball-room beyond, where reigned Miss Ethel Smythe in her robe sparkling with silver.

(Capt. Blake laughed.)

"Oh, the women!" he said.

"He uttered a few sentences of explanation in the ear of Lieut. Curzon, and laughed again. The other listened with an expression of surprise and anger, while a steely light shone in his eyes, and the lines about his lips tightened visibly.

"Here is your card, Miss Deatry," added the son of Mars, gaily, concealing any vexation the intrusion of Lieut. Curzon on his tete-a-tete might have occasioned him. "Do not forget your engagements with me."

"Oh, no!" replied Dolores, smiling, and attaching the card to her fan by the silver cord.

The next moment her features darkened.

"I hate her!" she whispered, fiercely. "Oh, how she has made me suffer!"

Evidently she had heard and comprehended the words of Capt. Blake. "What does it matter?" said Arthur Curzon. "Nobody shall cheat us of our dance, Dolores. You do not hate me, little bird?" He would have deemed his tone sentimental, even loquacious, in another man.

She lifted her flower like face, as if inviting a caress, all softness and alluring sweetness in smile and dimple.

"How could I ever hate you?" she questioned.

He looked at her in silence. She was there under his protection, but surely some emotion deeper, more subtle, blended of pain and bliss, than the chivalrous sentiment of the gentleman and the sailor, was awakening in his nature.

Already the orchestra breathed forth the first notes of Strauss' Swallow Waltz, in which the listener feels the poising of the bird on fluttering wing before launching into wide circles of flight.

Lieut. Curzon led his partner to the ballroom, and had already clasped his arm around her slender waist, when the message of the Grand Duke was communicated to her. Was Dolores surprised or pleased, tasting a first triumph? Her color went and came quickly, still she did not attempt to withdraw her hand from that of Arthur Curzon, even to listen.

"Shall I accept?" she inquired, archly.

"Yes."

The couple glided away into the midst of the dancers, leaving Mrs. Griffith disturbed and displeased by so much audacity and coquetry.

Was it a mere waltz, after all, the brief span of time when society accorded these two the privilege of obeying the rhythm of the music, and the rose in her hair brushing his lips, and her light form obeying every impulse of his guiding and encircling arm? Both forgot the Grand Duke, the ball, mere external circumstances. They were alone in a world of life and radiance, moving through space, almost without personal volition, attuned to the strains of delightful harmonies.

In the sailor's instinctive yielding to the spell of a waltz measure it was apparent that the sea had been his dancing master, and the wind his musician, imparting buoyancy alike to pulse and limb. In his zest of enjoyment he more closely resembled the Frenchman, or the Italian, than the average young Briton, who stalks gloomily through the mazes of the modern dance.

As for Dolores, the blood of her race asserted the right of agility and lightness, spurning the trammels of ordinary instruction in the terpsichorean art. The pupils of the convent school had danced together, during hours of play, as they had laughed or sung. Dolores had often been their leader, but such rudimentary practice of steps could not explain the innate grace of her movements in the Swallow Waltz. Other forms mingled and separated about her in giddy circles, and the waves of soft draperies broke over without submerging her in the folds of silken gauze, shot with variegated colors, the rich bloom of velvet, golden and peach-tinted tissues. Once she was confronted by the calm face of Miss Smythe, making a turn of the dances with the Grand Duke, and again the singer Melita gave her a friendly, half-amused nod of the head in passing.

All too soon the music ceased to resound, and Dolores found herself on a terrace softly lighted with tinted lamps placed amid masses of palms and ferns.

"I am to dance with the Grand Duke next, I suppose," suggested this southern daughter of Eve, glancing up at her companion through her long and silky eyelashes.

"Will that give you pleasure?"

"I don't know. Perhaps I am a little afraid. I wish our waltz had lasted longer."

"I wish it had lasted forever, Dolores."

"I calm reason no longer guided Arthur Curzon, even a clear perception of the reality of things was merging in the intoxication of the hour. The Swallow Waltz of the magician Strauss still palpitated through his frame and hummed in his ears. He took her card, scrutinized it with severity, and erased the name of Capt. Blake with a lofty, masculine unconcern of

boquets upon them, but they are just as interesting as though they had.

One of the most celebrated Boston models is Adelle Gregori, a beautiful girl from sunny Italy. She was born in Venice, as well as her five brothers and sisters, who have all been and are models. She has been posing for eleven years. She has beautiful dark brown eyes that grow large and brilliant as she talks. They sparkle with enthusiasm when she speaks of the artists she likes and admires. Her complexion is exquisite, her teeth even and white, her hair waves naturally about her face, and she is without a doubt one of the most beautiful girls of her type in Boston. She lives at home with her parents, a bright modest girl. She has posed for nearly all the notable artists of Boston, including Mrs. Montgomery Sears, Mr. Clements, Mr. Window, Mr. Tompkins, Miss Whipple, Miss Lamb, Miss Ellis, Mrs. Arthur Rotch, Miss Johnston and Mr. Joseph Linden Smith. The latter artist has made a picture of her which is to be hung in the new public library.

Her favorite picture of herself is the one by Mr. Wallace Bryant, "The Venetian Violet Girl," and which is now owned by the Matthews family on Commonwealth avenue.

Mr. Wallace Bryant is a Boston artist studying in Paris. He was the successful competitor of the annual concours at Julian's academy. He is the first American to whom this prize has ever been awarded. Adelle Gregori has never posed for the figure, and in costume.

She says that it makes her very angry when they ask her to pose for



"BOTH FORGOT THE GRAND DUKE," all rivals. This high-handed measure was calculated to arouse indignation in the breast of the most tarped cavalier, and could only have been satisfactorily adjusted among continental nations by the allaying of hot blood by means of cold steel.

"You must keep the engagement with the Prince, but afterward you belong to me. Do you understand?" he said, authoritatively.

"Yes," assented Dolores, with sweet docility.

Capt. Fillingham quitted a group of gentlemen to accost the young people. His eyes beamed on them through his spectacles with a benevolent and speculative interest. He wore on his breast a formidable array of decorations, including the China, Turkish and Kabir war medals, and the Swedish Naval Cross of Merit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TRILBYS OF THE HUB.

PRETTY WOMEN WHOSE FACES ADORN MANY A CANVAS.

Miss Ayers' First Experience Before a Room Full of Artists—Trilbys Who Can Boast of Health, Beauty and Industry.

(Boston Correspondence.)

HAVE CALLED upon some of the pretty women who serve the artists of Boston as models, and I found them as interesting as they are beautiful. It comes so natural to couple Du Maurier's Trilby with artist models that that thought went with me when I went visiting. Of course, like other young women, I have seen the ideal picture of the Bohemian Trilby, but even the skillful pen of the novelist could not draw more lovely Trilbys than I have found in the flesh right here in Boston. There must be lots of Little Billies in Boston, too, and for all I know they may each of them have a fiancé. If the beautiful girls I have seen are among them, why the Little Billies or the Big Billies have my congratulations.

"This I want to say for my Trilbys: Not one of them ever sang 'Ben Holt' and the nobility has never showered

the figure after she has refused them once or twice. She sits four or five hours a day without tiring, although it was hard at first. She is busy all the time. 'Most of the models, the good models,' she says, 'go to New York, because they have more to do and get better pay, but I am contented in Boston.'

The dainty face and figure of Miss Elizabeth Ayers was upon the cover of the Washington's birthday number of the Youth's Companion, designed by Mr. Copeland. She had a piquant girl-

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MISS ELIZABETH AYERS. ish face, as charming in its way as Adelle Gregori's, but an entirely different type. She was born in Baltimore. When only 15 she taught a kindergarten school in Philadelphia.

"And, oh! didn't I love those children, and I guess they loved me," she said, in her pretty way.



MISS E. M. SARGEANT.

When I came away the whole fifty-five came to the station with me. They all kissed me good-bye and every one cried.

"Then I did typewriting for awhile, but that is so monotonous and fire-some and I grew impatient, for I am ambitious and want to do something better than that. I want to learn to draw and sketch. Perhaps in time I can be an illustrator. I could think of nothing else to do, so posing suggested itself to me. I have a good figure, and so far, have done remarkably well. I like all the artists, they are so kind to me and such gentlemen. I wish they were all my brothers. That is the way I like men. I should like to have about 250 brothers. One of them has offered to give me lessons, if I pose for him a little while once a week, or so, and oh! I hope I shall get along."

Miss Ayers is one of the most modest, ladylike appearing girls imaginable. As she told about her first attempt at posing her pretty face grew red as a pomegranate. She is "likeable" in real life as Du Maurier's Trilby is to read about.

Miss E. M. Sargeant is another Boston model, celebrated for her beautiful coloring and her magnificent head of golden brown hair. It is very heavy and reaches far below her knees. A picture of her by Edmund C. Tarbell will be seen at the coming art exhibition. This picture is an excellent likeness, and her hair shows to better advantage than any that has ever been painted of her. Mr. Tarbell's pictures are all remarkable for the beauty of their coloring. "The Nymph of the Woods," by Ernest L. Ipsen, is also to be exhibited for the first time, as is Mr. Abbott Graves' "The Girl and the Goldfish," all three for which Miss Sargeant has posed. She is a healthy, wholesome kind of a girl, with a frank, open countenance that is pleasing and attractive. She has posed for a number of prominent Boston artists, among them Mr. Henry Sandham. She is a great admirer of Mr. Sandham and his work. A copy of the corner of Mr. Sandham's studio and the interview with him which recently appeared were pinned upon the wall. She likes her work, the artists and the atmosphere of the studios. Miss Sargeant was recommended as one of the favorite models. Miss Sargeant poses for the "altogether," as Trilby naively calls it. CARRIE HENDERSON.



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A PLUCKY WOMAN.

Finding a Strange Man In Her House She Keeps Him Till Help Comes.

Miss Margaret Freed, who lives in the winter season at a little village of New London, owns a fine old stone mansion on Big Elk creek, which she occupies in the summer. The other day she had occasion to visit the old mansion and when she neared it she saw smoke issuing from the chimney. Being a woman of nerve she kept on and entering the door found a strange man taking his ease in a chair before a big fireplace. She demanded to know what he was doing there. He replied: "Making myself comfortable, as you can see, ma'am. I am an orphan and have no other place to stay." "Well," said Miss Freed, reaching for an imaginary pistol in her hand bag, "I shall remain at the door until help arrives, and if you dare stir, I'll shoot you." A few minutes later a neighbor passed within hailing distance and Miss Freed asked him to go and bring Constable Wiley. During the messenger's absence the intruder pleaded hard to be allowed to go, but Miss Freed was obdurate and in a short time the constable arrived and arrested him. Letters on the man's person indicated that his name is Joe Morgan and that he is connected with a gang of New York thieves. It is presumed that he came here in advance to await the arrival of some of his pals with the purpose of plundering the house.

A Pertinent Paragraph

"Our country if right should be kept right; if wrong should be put right," is a political maxim which paraphrased applies to other conditions of life, thus: Our health if right should be kept right; if wrong should be put right, especially in bodily ailments, such as pains and aches, which St. Jacobs Oil promptly cures. Many out of work should heed to give it a chance to cure and it will give them a chance to go to work cured. Another adage is: "He doeth best who doeth well." Well, of course, you want to be well from all sorts of aches, and the best thing to do is to use the great remedy. He who does so is doing well indeed.

The President of Sorosis.

Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, the president of Sorosis, is not the advanced blue stocking which the head of such an organization would be supposed to be. She is fair, fat and 40, with a face more full of the sweet anxiousness for your health and comfort, or welfare rather than a desire to seek out your innermost thoughts about deep and abstruse problems, which are popularly supposed to occupy the mind of the feminine savant. She has a beautiful home and a handsome husband, who is not only a sharer of her views on woman and books, but is also a prominent physician. Mrs. Helmuth is not a litterateur to any great extent, never having written much for publication, but her papers read at Sorosis are usually applauded to the echo. She has no fads but the flower hospital in which she is very much interested, but her lovely home and a grand-laughter, whose peach blossom complexion and yellow curls are the envy of many a grown-up belle, claim a niche in her grandmother's heart which even her beloved club can not invade.

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Now Is It Doomed, Indeed.

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