



CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

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

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

"Who is this girl?" questioned a voice.

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

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

"Oh!"

"How very odd!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

The note of the bell died away in the distance.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I do not feel the draught in the least," was his testy rejoinder. The elements of this ball in the old Maltese palace of the Knights Templar comprised the usual guests gathered together on such occasions. A number of Maltese noblemen, officials of the government, and members of the army and navy, formed the masculine portion of the throng. The Irish lady, a recent convert to Catholicism, ardently desirous of spreading her propaganda everywhere, invited the Scotch lady, who belonged to the Plymouth brethren, and was reputed to invariably carry tiny, pink booklets, printed in several languages, in her bag, to take tea with her on board her yacht the following afternoon. Mrs. Fillingham, as a zealous member of the Primrose League, and much addicted to the wearing of Primrose League aprons on occasion, attended with a stubborn radical. The colonel's lady snubbed the major's wife, and it is to be feared that the latter retaliated by putting the captain's meek, little bride in her place.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The fool and his money are soon parted," he muttered to himself. Lieut. Curzon, with a slightly dejected expression, took Dolores on his arm to make her adieu to the hostess. He could have wished the girl had not been quite so timid and humble in bearing.

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

"He wished to know where I lived!" "And you told him about the old Watch Tower," imperiously.

The dimpled chin of Dolores acquiesced a saucy curve.

"No, I only laughed." "Then the darkness of the stormy night swallowed up this Cinderella of the ball."

CHAPTER IX. A MALTESE ORANGE.



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

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

"The very thing!" he exclaimed aloud.

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

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

The girl Dolores was the central object of his thoughts, the mental whence diverged all rays of trivial events and evanescent emotions. She had entered in and taken possession of his heart and soul. The thralldom was sweet to him, and he made no effort to resist the spell. Lovely, radiant, caressing Dolores! He still felt the light pressure of her supple, young body on his arm as they circled around the ball-room together in the mazes of the *Swa low* waltz. His senses were not yet free of the intoxication of the previous evening. For the rest, he was eager to behold her again, to remind her in a thousand indirect ways of his own right of precedence of other men in her esteem, and yet his mood was tranquil, even secure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Politeness of the Swedes.

"The unfeeling politeness of the Swedes is a constant source of wonder and astonishment to visitors," said Gerge C. Trnman to a St. Louis reporter.

"They have a large assortment of bows and courtesies according to the age and sex of those who are thus recognized, but the lifting of the hat is so universal that it seems to be going all the time. Even the butcher's boy, in meeting the baker's assistant instead of passing him with a cordial 'hello,' or giving him a friendly buffet, as an American lad might do, duffs his hat to him with elaborate courtesy."

ARE TRUE TO HAWAII.

MINISTER HATCH AND HIS CALIFORNIA BRIDE

Return to Uncle Sam's Domain to Plead the Cause of the Little Republic of the Pacific—A Favorite in Honolulu—Beautiful Mrs. Hatch.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON DISPATCH recently announced the arrival here of Francis M. Hatch, the minister of foreign affairs in the government of Hawaii, for the transaction of business of importance to both governments. There were various reports as to the nature of his business, one of the most credible of which was that it bore upon Hawaii's rights in the matter of the projected British cable across the Pacific between Canada and Australia. There were other reports, the value of which will not be fully known until President Cleveland sends to congress the correspondence relative to Mr. Hatch's mission. The fact that President Dole has thought it necessary to ask him to visit Washington while the regular diplomatic representative of his government, Minister Thurston, is on duty there, is regarded as significant.

Francis M. Hatch was one of the earliest leaders of the annexation movement in Hawaii and took part in it some time before the fall of Queen Liliuokalani. He was one of the thirteen members of the committee of safety formed in January, 1893; he was presi-

dent of the Annexation club. Soon after the formation of the provisional government under President Dole he was elected as its vice-president and last year he accepted the office of minister of foreign affairs, the conduct of which has reflected very high credit upon him. Any proposition he may make in Washington will be fully sustained by the governing powers of the young republic—that "gem of the Pacific" which is awaiting transfer to the United States.

Mr. Hatch's friends in this country like to speak of him as a "New Hampshire boy." He was born at Portsmouth, N. H., thirty-eight years ago. He went to Bowdoin college, from which he graduated with honors. He was led to the study of law, as it may be said, by nature, for he belongs to a family of lawyers of primitive New England stock. For many years his uncle, Judge Harris, was chief justice of Hawaii, under the royal government, and the nephew, while yet a young man, went to Honolulu, entered the chief justice's office and stayed there until Judge Harris' death. He was engaged in the practice of law in Honolulu two years ago, when the queen brought ruin upon herself by signing the lottery bill and interfering with the constitutional rights of the people.

Mr. Hatch is of a quiet and reserved nature, a great favorite among all classes of Hawaiians, including even the royalists, and is generally regarded as the most popular man in the islands. He is of dark complexion and rather small stature, but his features are large and impressive. His appearance gives but little indication of the power and fervor by which his speeches are characterized. The great speech which he delivered in Honolulu in December, 1893, in support of the new government, was one which gave him high rank among the orators of the times.

His public papers while minister of foreign affairs have been those of a skilled diplomatist and statesman and have commanded the attention of foreign governments as well as of every-body who has taken any interest in the affairs of Hawaii during the stirring period of its passage from a monarchy to a free republic. His dispatches of last year to the British minister at Honolulu, Mr. Woodhouse, who had been intriguing in behalf of prostrate royalty, and who had assumed that "attitude of reserve" which delighted Queen Lil, were especially satisfactory. It was a gentle snub which he administered to the obtrusive Englishman. It was an instructive lecture upon international law which he delivered for his entertainment. When Mr. Gresham meets this pioneer of Hawaiian emancipation at Washington he is likely to find him a man worth knowing.

President Dole and Minister Hatch have worked together with the utmost harmony in the direction of the foreign affairs of Hawaii. They are fully agreed in all matters of policy and both of them enjoy the highest respect of all the residents of Hawaii.

Besides his ordinary home at Honolulu, Mr. Hatch has a lovely summer place upon the beach at Waikiki. His wife is a California lady of great beauty and worthy qualities, whose maiden name was Miss Hayes. She is a daughter of Col. Alexander G. Hayes of San Francisco, a Vermonteer by birth, a soldier who won his rank on the battle field in the war for the Union and is now one of the most highly esteemed citizens of San Francisco.

the bridge again. She had scarcely left the house when she heard the roar of an approaching train and the realization dawned upon her mind that hundreds of lives might be in danger. She rushed to the tool house to procure a signal, knowing that her father usually kept a red lamp at that place. The headlight of the locomotive was even then in plain view, but Nellie tugged at the heavy door in vain, for it was securely locked. She hesitated a moment and then seeing a large chunk of the burned portion of the bridge, began waving it frantically across the track. The engineer saw the signal and began whistling down brakes. Fire fairly flew from under the engine wheels as the plucky engineer reversed his engine and pulled wide open the throttle. The iron monster came rushing up within a few yards of the burned bridge and stopped with the pilot almost pointing over the abyss. The train crew and miners returning from work hurried from the

coaches and found that the brave little savior of their lives had fainted from her wonderful exertion and lay prostrate across the track. When the passengers realized that their lives had been saved by the heroic efforts of the young girl they bore her tenderly to her home near by and seemed loath to leave until each had expressed his gratitude. Thomas Brady, the engineer, was among the last to congratulate the young lady, and as he did so there was a satisfied look in the young girl's face, for she and Brady, it is rumored, have been fast friends since he began running on the line. The fire in supposing her was originated from a pile of burning ties, near which tramps are supposed to have been warming themselves.

Oxygen for Bleaching.

Various experiments are reported by the technical papers in the application of oxygen to the bleaching of paper pulp. It is shown, according to the tests described, that a stream of oxygen pumped into a mixture of chlorine and paper pulp accelerates the bleaching of the pulp. Experiments made in a closed churn showed that when oxygen was pumped in and absorbed by the pulp the pressure in the churn was not increased, but when nitrogen was pumped in there was a rapid increase of pressure, the oxygen being therefore used up and helping in the bleaching.

Charlemagne was said to be the best player of checkers of his century.

Characteristics of George Inness.

George Inness had no jealousies and few amusements. He smoked some, and took long walks. Often he painted fifteen hours a day. On the dozen or more canvases in his studio he worked as the humor seized him, going from one to another with palette and maulstick and always standing when painting. He had two styles, one restrained, the other impetuous, and as he grew older the latter prevailed. Correctness of linear design was less important than color, atmosphere and chiaroscuro; but first in importance was the resolve to convey distinctly the impressions of a personal, vital force. Believing that he obtained with oils all the delicacy of water colors, and much strength in addition, he did not paint in water colors. His sincerity, his faith, his earnestness—all that which escapes like a perfume from his work—increased with his years and with the honorable fame and competence that he had earned. One of his landscapes is called "Light Triumphant"—a name that fitly describes them all.

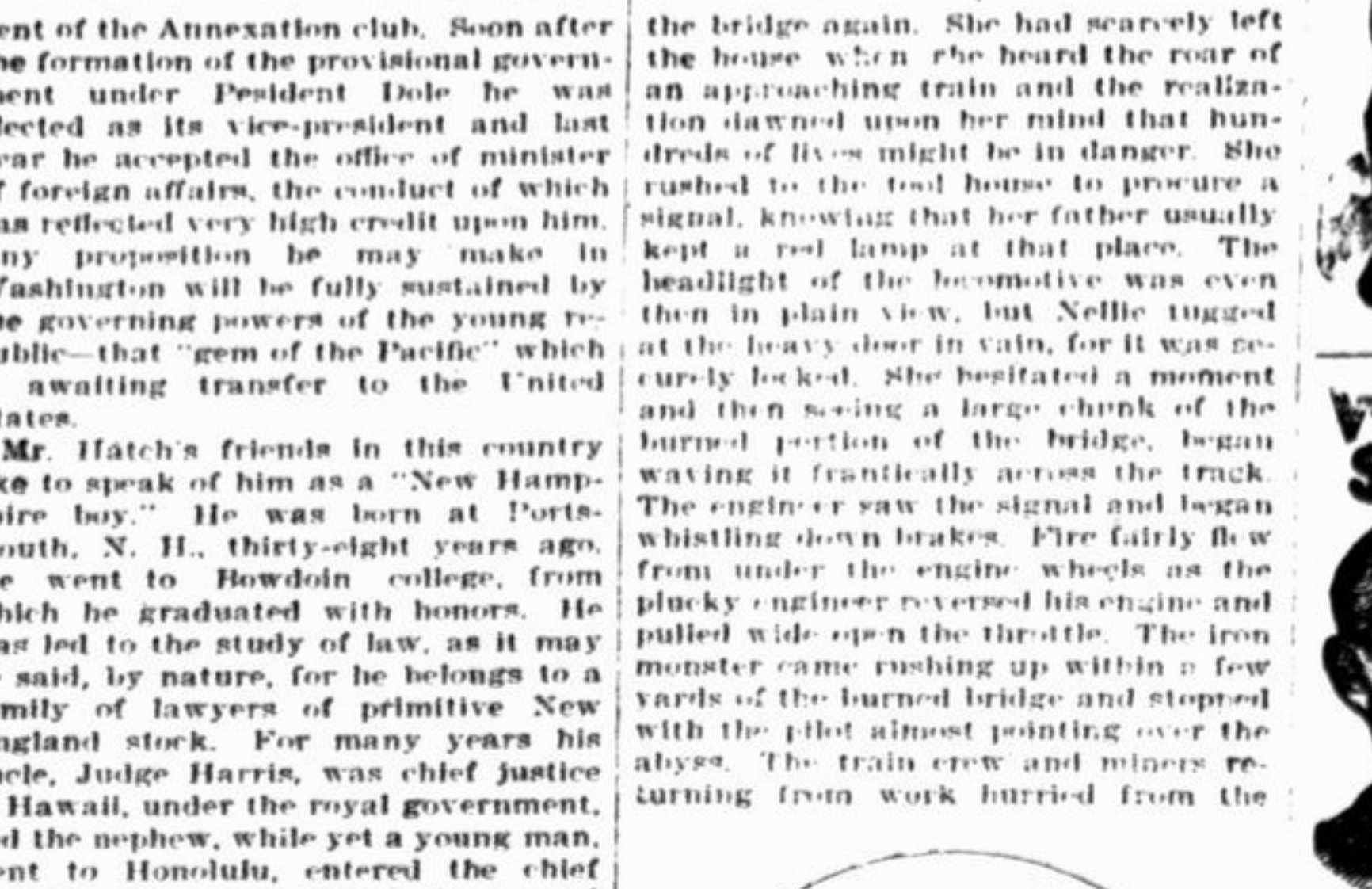
Wonderful Heroism of Nellie Desmond.

(Wellston, Ohio, Correspondence.)

The other evening about six o'clock a train coming from the Hanging Rock mines, east of this city, carrying nearly 100 miners and running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, was miraculously saved from destruction by the bravery of a 17-year-old girl, the handsome daughter of foreman Desmond. While returning from the house of a neighbor to her father's residence, two miles east of town, Nellie found that a trestle crossing the ravine near the tool house had been burned down and was still smoldering. Reaching home, she reported the matter to her mother, who advised her to wait until her father returned home from work and apprise him of the danger. Fearing her father was on the upper side of the burned bridge and might plunge into it with his hand car and crew, she set out for



MINISTER HATCH AND HIS CHARMING WIFE.



NELLIE DESMOND.

Rough on the Boy.

Little Boy—My big sister is getting meaner every year. This time she hung the mistletoe over the parlor door instead of on the chandelier.

Chum—What difference did that make to you?

Little Boy—W-y, every time she got under it she was right up against the keyhole.

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