

# THE TREASURE TOWER.

A STORY OF MALTA.

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

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CHAPTER X.  
A MALTESE CROSS.



HERE IS OUR Knight! What a gloomy-looking villain! Surely he needed a priest to shrive his soul!

Dolores laughed, while the features of the cavalier in the portrait had never appeared so somber.

The hall was lighted by the feeble ray of a small lamp placed in a lantern of open ironwork, and possibly the picture gathered additional heavy shadows from the insufficient illumination. Certainly the knight now wore a most lowering and threatening mien.

Dolores stood before Lieutenant Carzon in her rose-colored frock, with her mother's black lace mantilla thrown over her head. Her dark eyes sparkled like stars in anticipation of the pleasure in store. The source of so much happiness, the handsome officer, could not be expected to appreciate, with his more obtuse, masculine faculties, the exquisite satisfaction with which she extended to him, in greeting, a little hand encased in a pink glove of extraordinary delicacy and fineness of texture. What better use could be made of the new gloves of the Signora Melita than to applaud her with fingers clothed in them on the occasion of her debut?

"How lovely you are to-night!" whispered the young man, gazing at her, and holding fast her two hands in his own.

Dolores made a little movement of withdrawal, which resembled the curling aside of the neck of the pigeons, and softly released the precious gloves from too close a pressure.

"Dolores, will you wear this for my sake?" He drew a small, gold cross of the Maltese form from a box, with a slender cord attached. She bent toward him to inspect the contents of the box with eager curiosity.

"Oh, yes!"

"Will you wear it to-night, and always?"

"Yes! How beautiful it is!" with delight.

"Let me fasten the cord around your throat then."

She put aside the folds of the lace mantilla wondering, even a trifle awestruck at so much good fortune. He dallied with the task, thrilled by contact with silky tendrils of curling hair and softly rounded neck. Suddenly hunched and brushed her cheek with his lips. Dolores trembled and was silent. The voice of Jacob Deatly became audible behind them, dry grating, and unsympathetic, like the note of certain insects.

"You can see the inscribed tablet on the day after to-morrow."

"Ah? You must decipher it for me, Mr. Deatly," Lieut. Carzon answered lightly, but he was destined not to study the Phœnician characters for many a day later.

Jacob Deatly extinguished the lamp, leaving the knight of the portrait gazing down, blankly, on a deserted interior, and the whimpering, disconsolate Florio as guardian of the premises, and locked the door of the Watch Tower.

"I hope you may not find your opera a fool's errand," he remarked, testily, as the trio traversed the shadowy gardens and emerged on the highway.

You are very good to go, Mr. Deatly," said the officer, gaily. "Your granddaughter is very fond of music."

"Dolores? Tut, tut! She is too young to know what she is fond of," said Jacob Deatly. "Why should we go to a debut at the opera? What is it to us?"

"I am eighteen years old, grandpapa," protested Dolores, in a tone of injured dignity. He laughed contemptuously, and made some half-articulate response.

Arthur Carzon took the hand of Dolores in the darkness. He found it very sweet to guide her light footsteps on the rough path, and still more so to give her pleasure. What a soft young creature she was to be left in the guardianship of this selfish old man! His heart was moved for her isolation.

A cab engaged by the Lieutenant, waited at a certain distance. They entered the vehicle, and the youth who sat as coachman urged his rough team to a rattling pace.

They were a silent party, save for an occasional, cheerful remark on the part of the young man. Was not the stillness of Dolores eloquent of a mute ecstasy of anticipated pleasure? His hand once more sought and clasped that of the girl, concealed by the folds of her dress. The meditations of Jacob Deatly remained unfathomed. He sat erect, and the shafts of light in the casements of houses passed by the vehicle fell on a gray and rigid visage. What motive had induced him to consent to emerging into the world of his fellow-creatures, like an owl or a night-moth? Arthur Carzon asked himself the question with secret amusement and contempt. The hope of getting gain was obvious. They reached their destination. Dolores uttered a sigh of bewilderment and satisfaction as she sprang out of the carriage and entered the theater. Possibly she remembered, at the moment, the invitation of the singer to seek the stage door on this auspicious occasion.

Captain Fillingham was wandering about the corridor, helplessly, followed by his energetic wife.

"If there has been a mistake about our seats, John, dear, we must take the best we can find," remarked the good lady, philosophically. "Of course, it is an abominable shame."

"I can neither hear nor see in that corner," fumed the Ancient Mariner. "I will go home."

At this juncture Arthur Carzon met and paused for the couple.

"They have sold our seats twice over," said Mrs. Fillingham.

The lieutenant urged their acceptance of a place in his box.

They willingly consented to the opportune proposition, and were installed in a good loge of the first tier, already tenanted by Jacob Deatly and his grandchild.

A trifle disconcerted by this unforeseen denouement, Mrs. Fillingham soon resigned herself to the fate of being provided with the best chair, while fully giving the appearance of acting as a chaperone to Dolores.

Lieut. Carzon established himself near Dolores. His face wore a resolute expression, as of a man who has taken a decision and intends to hold his ground.

Capt. Fillingham and Jacob Deatly occupied the rear of the box.

Mrs. Griffith and Miss Synthia took their places on the other side of the house. Arthur Carzon did not quit his post. The two ladies responded rather coolly to the greeting of Mrs. Fillingham, who grew red, and looked uncomfortable. The matron's responses to the talk of Dolores was dry and dubious.

"What an extraordinary infatuation!" said Mrs. Griffith, with an infection of scorn in her mellow voice.

Miss Synthia adjusted the bracelet on her wrist. The trinket was made with cruel, little spiked ornaments. She laughed a trifle bitterly.

"I fancy your cousin will get over it," she replied, coldly. "Such passions are apt to be transient."

"Let us hope so," sighed Mrs. Griffith, who found all her matrimonial schemes frustrated unexpectedly by the headstrong perversity of her young kinsman.

"He will scarcely marry the Maltese," hazarded Miss Synthia, with a oblique glance at Dolores.

"Scarcely," echoed Mrs. Griffith, meditatively. "The girl may be very artful, of course, and lead him on."

"These creatures are usually artful," assented Miss Synthia, with an irrepressible tremor of emotion.



"HOW LOVELY YOU ARE TO-NIGHT," in her calm tones. "Whatever is Mrs. Fillingham about to put herself in such a position?"

"She may be able to explain later, dear. It does seem rather odd, certainly," said Mrs. Griffith, stiffly.

"The Fillinghams leave for Naples in two days, you know," added Miss Synthia, with a slightly acid smile.

The grand duke and his suite occupied the place of honor. The young prince languidly inspecting the house through his glass, recognized Dolores in her pink robe.

"Ah! I thought we should find the beautiful Phœnician again at the opera. Now I can pay my debt before departure," he said, carelessly.

Behind the scenes the prima donna of the evening was guilty of the escape of tripping on to the stage and peeping through an aperture of the curtain; thus evincing to the secret satisfaction of Mrs. Brown, that she was to the manner born an actress.

"There is my little Maltese, in her rose-colored gown!" exclaimed Melita, gleefully. "I will play for her, Mr. Brown, and she must bring me good luck."

"An excellent plan," assented the manager, smoothly. "A debutante could do no better, my dear. Fix your attention on that pretty girl, and see nobody else. Not that I have the slightest apprehension about your success, Melita. You are in splendid voice, and the debut down here is simply practice."

The pupil made a little, mocking salutation to the audience beyond the curtain, and retired to her dressing-room to prepare for the ordeal in store for her.

Dolores, the innocent Psyche, object of these diverse reflections, sat in her box, admiring the novel scene about her.

In place of the solitary oil lamp burning in the hall of the Watch Tower before the portrait of the Knight of Malta, a chandelier which seemed to be a cone of jewelled light, sparkled and flashed with a wide-spreading effulgence that filled the house. Dolores revelled in a lavish profusion of light. The curtain, behind which the singer was, at the moment, surveying her judges, was an enchanting picture to be studied, terrace, blue lake, villa, and mountain background, with a volcanic sky. Then there were the ladies of the ball, Mrs. Griffith and Miss Synthia, who studiously avoided meeting her frank glance of recognition. Such coldness failed to wound her sensibilities. No doubt they had forgotten her by this time.

She stole a look at the grand duke, surrounded by the group of officers in rich uniform, and it seemed to her that he returned the gaze with kindness. Perhaps men were more kind than women, Dolores reasoned, for even Mrs. Fillingham made snubbing rejoinder if she addressed to the chaperone a timid question.

She recognized the Rusatti family in the space below with sudden malice and amusement. Doctor Rusatti was talking with a young woman, while his parents regarded him with complacency. Evidently they were an engaged couple. The absence of the physician from the Watch Tower was thus explained. Did Dolores care? She had not thought of Giovanni Battista of late, and now his value may have increased with his evident loss. She felt like the cat suddenly deprived of the plump mouse that runs away.

Ah, how ugly and yellow was the affianced bride! If the doctor would only turn his head, she would bestow upon him a sweet salutation. But Giovanni Battista, the prudent man, kept his attention fixed on the swatthy damsel by his side. The short upper lip of Dolores curled scornfully, and her eyes flashed with a vengeful gleam.

The next moment she turned to Arthur Carzon with softest humility of gratitude beaming beneath her silky eyelashes, and touched, without apparent intention, the Maltese cross on her breast.

"You will always wear it, Dolores?" he whispered in her ear.

"Always," was the no less fervent response. "I will use it at prayers instead of the crucifix."

The orchestra was somewhat shaky, the curtain rose, and the opera commenced.

The piece was, on the whole, well mounted, and Il Barbieri a jolly personage in good condition. The prima donna was politely welcomed by a large and sympathetic audience. She was manifestly nervous, and self-conscious to an embarrassing degree, yet possessed a cultivated voice of unusual compass and flexibility.

Mr. Brown, who had quite exhausted a large vocabulary of injurious epithets under his breath, at a critical moment, when to his practised eye she seemed about to break down altogether, received his charge at the wings with an expression of beaming affability. She looked at him anxiously, and leaned against the scene.

"It was abominable, was it not?" she whispered, hoarsely, and a light of helpless rage burned in her eyes.

"Very good, indeed, my dear," he replied, and patted her shoulder reassuringly. "You will warm to the work with the next act."

She moved away with a petulant gesture. "I hate to be pitied!" she said, haughtily. "The audience was like a sea of faces, heaving up and down, ready to drown me. Then the horrible spasm of fear began to contract my throat. I felt myself nearly lost!"

"Why did you not look at your pretty Maltese maiden, and no other?" demanded Mr. Brown, in a tone of authority.

"I could not find her in the crowd," confessed Melita, hanging her head. "I sought her, and was wild with fright."

Mr. Brown controlled a choleric temper with some difficulty. The crisis of occasion demanded it. He rejoined smoothly. "When you go on again, Melita, look straight before you, and a little to the right, and you will find her. Keep your head, my girl. These are not critics to fear much."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HIS ABDICATION EXPECTED.

King George I. of Greece Began His Reign in 1863.

King George I. (Christian William Ferdinand Adolphus George) of Greece, whose abdication is expected, is the second son of the king of Denmark, and brother of the prince of Wales and the czarina of the late Alexander III. He was born Dec. 24, 1845, and after finishing his education served in the Danish navy. After the abdication of Otto I. the late king of Greece, in 1863, the vacant throne was offered to Prince Alfred of England and to Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg. Both declining it, it was offered to Prince Christian, who, with the consent of his own family, and the great powers, began June 6, 1863, his reign as King George of Greece. On



KING GEORGE I. OF GREECE.

Oct. 27, 1867, he was married at St. Petersburg to Princess Olga, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine.

The site of Calvary.

As regards the site of Calvary, it has now been generally agreed by those who feel that the traditional site stands in too central a position to answer to the New Testament requirements that the most probable situation is the knoll outside the Damascus Gate which the Jews point out as the ancient place of execution. Christ suffered "without the gate" (Heb. xiii, 12), and "nigh to the city" (John, xix, 20), where was a garden (verse 4) such as Josephus describes north of Jerusalem (5 Wars, ii, 2), having in it a new tomb. The site of crucifixion was conspicuous from some distance (Mark xv, 40; Luke, xxiii, 45), and there is no doubt that the tradition site of execution, on its high knoll, with its natural amphitheater of flat slopes to the west, is one peculiarly suited for a public spectacle. Since this view was advocated in 1879 ("Tent Work in Palestine"), on account of the tradition which was given for the first time published and compared with the account in the Mishnah (Sanhedrim, vi, 1-4), on which it is founded, and since the discovery was subsequently accepted by Gen. Gordon, it has become widely popular in England and America; and it has been pointed out that the same site was advocated by Otto Thenius in 1849 and Felix Howe in 1871; but these earlier writers knew nothing of the Jewish tradition connected with the spot, and their suggestions were therefore purely conjectural.

Württemberg and Hohenzollern.

Until 1866, when Napoleon I. put an end to the hopeless confusion of the old Holy Roman Empire, the Hohenzollerns, who claim to descend from a brother of Emperor Konrad I., were sovereign princes in southern Germany like the dukes of Wurtemberg. The congress of Vienna found Wurtemberg a kingdom and the Hohenzollerns mediatised, and left them so. A part of the Hohenzollern territory was within the limits of the new kingdom, and King Karl of Wurtemberg demanded of Prince Hohenzollern a charter to show his title to the land. Instead, the prince sent the king a document describing a tournament in which a Count Hohenzollern unhorsed a count of Wurtemberg, another describing a wedding in which a count of Wurtemberg bore the train of a countess of Hohenzollern, and an unhonored promise to pay given by a Wurtemberg to a Hohenzollern. He was let alone after that by the king.

Latest Portrait of President Dole.

The last portrait of President Dole of Hawaii was taken at Honolulu a few weeks ago. The accompanying is a reproduction of the original. It is said to be the most striking likeness of the chief executive of the little republic.

A Carious Joke.

At the annual dinner of the Society of Medical Jurisprudence, in New York De Lacey Nevill was made the victim of a curious practical joke. He received a letter asking him to respond to the toast of "The Law and the Prophets." He accepted. When he reached the dining hall he discovered that the printer had put him down for a response to "The Law and the Profits." He, however, turned the joke on the doctors by calling them to account for the enormous fees charged by them as medical experts. During his term, he said, he personally paid out \$50,000 for such testimony. In the Carlyle Harris and Buchanan cases the medical men got \$25,000.

Russians think it nobby to be buried in glass coffins.

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## HOOD'S AND ONLY HOOD'S

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Mr. Lovepeace—Yes, but he is going

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