CHAPTER X .- (Continued.) Did the advice of the master act like wine on the flagging spirits of the singer? Did her own natural energy edge." assert sway over timidity before the unknown? Melita reappeared in the opera as a true, dramatic butterfly paired cheerfulness, and glancing escaped from the cold and neutral ebrysalis of the shy debutante. Vivacious, coquettish, and winning, by turns, she kept her gaze steadfastly fixed on Polores, until the girl's face became detached from the rest of the theater, a magnetic point, and luck." all else sank into a cloud of vague obscurity The naivete of interest, the unfeigned admiration, blended with anxiety, to be read in this human mirror, the warm and thrilling sympathy of bearing, furnished the requisite chord of intelligence and sensibility. The girl on the stage made the girl in the gallery laugh at pleasure; she could have as readily made her weep. The singer touched the fibre of emotion in a solitary spectator, in the inexperience of her talent, but with a new-born sense of power to sway and mould a larger public later. Nay, were there not moments when, borne up by the strains of melody gathering in chorus and instruments about her on the stage, Melita sang for her art alone, seeing beyond the dilating eyes of Dolores that long vista of renown and triumph on the difficult path she

peared. Possibly the most impassive spectator of the entire audience was Jacob Dealtry. His coat was shabby and old-fashioned, and he shrank into the shadow of the rear of the box as much as possible, although his demeanor was more abstracted than diffident. Ris pale, gray eye dwelt with an expression of dry disapproval on hi granddaughter and Lieut. Curzon.

had chosen? A fresh Rosina had ap-

Capt. Fillingham turned to him after a time. out of tune," confi-

"Ah!" laconically.

"I believe your name is Dealtry."

"Yes," with uneasiness. "I have heard that name before somewhere," continued the Ancient Mariner, taking a glass from his wife, wherewith to decide on the personal charms of the debutante, as a connoisseur of female beauty.

"The name is not an uncommon one," said Jacob Dealtry, with a certain stolidity of aspect, and yet a close observer might have detected that he was put on his guard by the casual re-

mark of his companion. "Dealtry is strangely familiar to my ear," pursued the captain, in a rumin-

ating tone. "Eh!" with a slight cough.

The grandparent of Dolores stiffened to an upright posture in his corner, his features twitched nervously, and he folded his arms, as if to control a sudden trembling of all his members.

"Were you ever at Jamaica?" quesfiemed Capt. Fillingham, still striving to collect his souvenirs.

"I have traveled much," was the evasive response, given after a pause. "Yes, she is very pretty," the Aneient Mariner decided, scanning the singer through the glass. 'Bless me! how many heads she will turn in her day with those neat ankles!"

"No doubt she would easily turn your head," said Mrs. Fillingham, tartly, whose matronly ankles were of a serviceable solidity

The captain chuckled silently, then elaimed her attention for a new-comer on the other side of the house. He proffered the glass to Jacob Dealtry,

"All painted actresses look alike," mid the old man, returning the glass with sallen indifference.

When the third act was terminated Malita was called before the curtain amid a shower of flowers and an ovation of applause. Huge bouquets were The prow of the light craft, propelled presented to her by gallant officers of by the stalwart arms of half-a-dozen the garrison, and one of unusual size and richness, supposed to have emamated from the grand ducal box.



the "Last Rose of Summer."

"I like that!" exclaimed the Ancient Mariner, clapping his hands with en-

He turned to his unsympathetic companion. Jacob Dealtry had disap-

"Most extraordinary!" mused Capt

Capt. Blake had taken a seat with Mrs. Griffith and Miss Symthe. "The Diva of to-night aspires to

"She will never soar as a nightingale," replied Miss Symthe, languidly. "Her voice lacks timbre, and her head notes quite set one's teeth on

"If not a nightingale, then a lark," suggested the gentleman with unimabout him. "She is awfully pretty, the little American. The Russian of; ficer over yonder is quite wild about her. Ah! There is Lieut. Curzon with the Fillinghams and Miss Dealtry. Decidedly our friend the sailor is in

"The grand duke sails for Egypt on t Thursday," said Mrs. Griffith,

er to the intruder, and became absorbed in the music.

The social wasp twirled his red mustache, smiled, and repeated, mentally, with his eyes fixed on the young woman before him-

ly null. Dead perfection, no more."

Behind the scenes the debutante made a sweeping courtesy to Mr. Capt. Blake, with his cap tilted over Brown. She was flushed, smiling triumphant, and held a boquet.

"Yes; you will do," replied the man- moonstruck?" ager with deliberation.

She laughed wildly, and threw her sailor, curtly. self on a couch, suffering the boquet to drop from her fingers.

audience, and she brought me good bought them, mind you. Would you luck," she murmured, passing her believe a man could be such an idiot." hand across her brow.

"The role might have been better for any folly," retorted Lieut Curzon, sustained, even a great deal better, indifferently. mind you," said Mr. Brown, sententiously. "We must return to Paris for princes, nor any daughter of Eve," six months more of conscientious warned the gallant soldier. study, my dear. It would never do to face the critics of the most provincial Italian town now."

sofa; she had fainted.

The opera terminated, Jacob Dealtry waited at the door of the theater. explained.

A tall man approached Dolores, bowed, and ceremoniously begged her acceptance of a package from the grand duke.

in silence. Dolores laughed.

CHAPTER XL



tiny rock, set in the midst of a wide expanse of waters, the island held within its bosom all the conflicting elements of life joy, hope, and pain, and the manifold

cruelties of brutality and crime. The warm and fragrant night

wrought magic with the town. Flights of steps became purest marble, balconies cast delicate arabesque patterns of shadow on adjacent walls, towers and domes gained the fantastic semblance of minarets and mosques. The massive bastions of the fortifications acquired majestic proportions, guarding the harbor, where the ships at anchor seemed to dream above their own images reflected in the waves. Lieut. Curzon quitted H. M. S.

Sparrow, and a small boat be chim swiftly to the shore. man-of-war's men, cut through the water, like a wedge of steel, with marvellous rapidity of motion, yet the progress could not keep pace with the impatience of the young officer to gain

the quay. the opera, and to question her about been engaged to coach the skillful the mysterious package she had received at the door of the theater. What right had the grand duke to send

er a parcel at all? fith, dwelling in the old palazzo above, crossed his mind. Miss Symthe had ceased to exist for him, banished by a cises. novel passion. He was in love. Those about him would soon discover his secret, with the covert pleasantries and open chaff of the unscathed. As well attempt to hide the head in the sand, ostrich-fashion, as to hope to delude sharp-sighted comrades in all matters of the tender passion. Selfsceful in acknowledgment of these consciousness did not, as yet, annoy of approbation, she sang, with him. Love had come 'to him with a ewestness, pathos and finish, for smile and a song. He wore his colors she was destined to become of the preux chevalier with gaiety. Who would dare to gainsay him? sipid taste and are healthy.

In good time he intended make Dolores his own. She should learn to rely upon his strength and wisdom, to look up to him. In the meanwhile, soft dalliance and delicious wooling would be his portion. The full moon held domain over the open country; bathing road and field in an incomparable, dazzling whiteness. Clusters of Oriental mansions, sparkling with the luster of polished stones, and framed by black depths of garden, seemed to invite the intruder to cross the threshold, and share in mysterious revelries: they were modest villages by day. The sky was of an intensity of blue that appeared dark, as the moon, gathering effulgence from the transparent purity of atmosphere, dimmed the stars to mere glimmering points of flame. Light and air became blended in one. The quivering moonbeams were fragrant of orange, nespoli and oleander from the parterres, and the breeze luminous, permeated with little rays of phosphorescent gleamings. Was it this

in the soul of the pedestrian? The sea was visible, a crystal shield stretching to the horizon. A milky sail loomed with a ghostly distinctness in the track of light. The waters heaved and whispered as if some marine monster of fabulous proportions and terrible strength were about to rise to the surface, menace man, and sink once more to sullen depths.

union of the elements in the southern

night that awakened celestial music

Gradually the vague sadness inseparable to such a scene of perfect loveliness at this hour oppressed Lieut. Curzon, like a haze of mist brooding over some invisible marsh on the bor-Miss Symthe turned a snowy should. ders of a forest. He ceased to hum a strain from Il Barbiere. The silence was only broken by the barking of a dog, or the tinkling of a musical instrament, strummed by a desultory touch. He extended his hand and grasped emptiness. A moment before, "Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendid- spurred forward by ardent anticipation, he now dreaded to reach his destination and reap the fulfilment of some unforeseen disappointment.

At a turn of the road he met a man. one ear, a cigar between his lips, and bearing evidence of having dined well "Will I do?" she demanded fever- accosted him with alry mockery.

"Good evening. What! Are you

"As you seem to be," retorted the

"You are right. I have been far sfield to seek some violets in a certain "I found my little Maltese in the garden for Miss Ethel Symthe. I have "A pretty woman is sufficient excuse

"On dit cela! Put not your faith in

"Good night." said Lieut. Curzon.

"Good night." "You have been seeking the watch Melita lay in a little heap on the tower," thought the former, grimly.

"You have a rendezvous at the watch tower, my friend," reflected Capt. Blake, in turn. "I have a mind The heat made his head ache, be briefly to spoil your little game in that quarter. I fancy I could do it."

The trifling incident of a disagreeable meeting aroused suspicion and alarm in the breast of the lover. In the seeker after country violets, eigar in Arthur Curzon compressed his lips mouth, and cap set jauntily stilt on the head, he discerned a nird of prey, tracking the light footsteps of Jacob Dealtry's grandchild. How gladly he would have welcomed an excuse to knock down by a well directed blow. this tacit adversary! Heavens! Had Capt. Blake already seen her? What a fool he had been to take her to the ball and the theater! He must warn her against the enemy of her sex. How could be warn her in her innocence?

The Watch Tower rose before him suddenly, almost unexpectedly, in the midst of perplexing meditations as if conjured up by some magic spell, even as the little church is reputed to have sunk through the earth and vanished on a spot not far distant. The place was glorified by moonlight. A tower of silver, with the projecting points on the parapet resembling hoarfrost, mute, and apparently deserted, set in the margin of trees of silver, each leaf and twig sparkling as if with metallic reflections, was enclosed in a boundary of sheeny radiance. An aspect of unreality, as of flickering moonbeams gathered to the semblance of a picture only to shift and dissolve with the next cloud overspreading the heavens, gave the Watch Tower a remoteness from life and human sympathies. It might have been a fairy mansion set in a wilderness of enchanted wood or plain, and Lieut. Curzon the prince, elad in the cloak of Fortunatus, in quest of adventures.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Who Will the Chaperon Be?

The college women of ten or a dozen years ago, who were constantly being reminded that upon their behavior depended the success of co-education or the opening wide the doors of the conservative men's colleges, will be esspecially interested in the fact that a He wished to see Dolores again, after | Harvard student only 22 years old has carswomen who comprise the crews at Wellesley college. Each one of the three upper classes has a crew, and the freshman class, which has 210 No thought of his cousin, Mrs. Grif- members, has two. The applicants are selected according to their health and efficiency in the gymnastic exer-

For a Warm Morning.

A nice breakfast dish is made by slicing three or four ripe bananas in a dish and squeezing over them the juice of a good-sized lemon. Then put over this a gill of ice water and half a cup of granulated sugar. Stand where it will get good and cold, and after half an hour it will be ready to serve. The lemons take away the naturally in-

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

CURRENT JOKES AND JIBES FOR LEAN FOLK.

Man and Woman-After the Battle-An Important Item-The Irishman Lost-A Fish Story From Africa-Flotsam and Jetsam.



could.

ceive That God said to Adam and not to Evelo eat not the apple"-for first he was made;

wife, the pen-

Then, after eating, just like a man He slipped back of Eve as quick as he

alty paid.

When he heard the Lord call: "Adam," he scarce answered at all. Then suddenly said "I just took a bite, But Eve, she ate it with all of her

might. When ere there's trouble of any kind, Woman takes the brunt while man slips

behind. But he takes good care from under the To find out just when the worst is

Then gleefully shouts and heralds it How his wife of such a protest is proud. Forever must woman bear the brunt of

Since man was made first—then woman



"The baby has got a new tooth, but the old lady is laid up with a cold in her head and Johnnie is down with the measles," remarked a Harlem gentleman to a defeated candidate.

"What in thunder do I care!" was the reply of the defeated candidate, scowl-

ing furiously. "Well," said the gentleman slowly, "before the election you used to take me aside every time you met me and ask me how my family was coming on, so I thought you would like to know. As I was saying Johnnie is all broken out with the measles, and the baby"----

"Go to Halifax" roared the exasperated ex-candidate, producing a police

All of which goes to show that the defeated candidate is quite as independent as the one who is elected. - Texas Sift-

Disappointed.

A young Irishman in want of a five pound note wrote to his uncle as fol-

"Dear I'ncle-If you could see how ! blush for shame while I am writing you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few pounds; and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die. "I send you this by messenger, who

will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, yourmost obedient and affectionate nephew.

"P. S .- Overcome with shame for what I have written. I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him, but I can not catch him up. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that my letter may get lost!"

The uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows: "My Dear Jack-Console yourself, and

blush no longer. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter. Your affectionate uncle.

Fresh Fish

"Domingo's nose took a Grecian turn; he scratched his head, and uttered a few expressions in negro dialect. Then he made a bait with codfish; but alas, the little fishes didn't like salt cod.

"This time Domingo was at his wits" end. Corned beef, sardines, and codfish were everything that was eatable on board. He sat silent and dejected. " These little fishes would no doubt like fresh meat.' I said to Domingo.

"'I haven't any' he said, sadly. " 'Make some fresh meat,' I said. And you may believe me or not, as you like, but he did. With his sharp knife from the thick part of his heel, a little at one side where the hard flesh joins the tender, he proceeded to cut a little morsel with which he baited his hook. It was apparently exactly what the little fishes wanted, for they precipitated themselves upon it voraciously. The results were most satisfactory. And an hour later, in serving me a delicious dish of fried fish, Domingo said, proudly: " 'Didn't I tell you they were good to

" 'Excellent,' I answered."-Harper's Young People.

No Fun for Him.

First Boy-Let's play something. Second Boy-No use in me tryin' to nave any fun to-day. "W'y not?"

"Got a bad cold." "You're out doors, jumpin' around." "Yes, but I'm so hoarse that I can't WHEN PATTI WAS YOUNG.

Captured Crisp.

seventh Ohio, was lately in Washing-

ton to push his claim before congress

of the Cumberland from capture in the

fall of 1864, taking prisoner a renel offi-

cer who was carrying messages from

Gen. Hardee to Gen. Wheeler, The

scone of the capture was a few miles

from Macon, Ga., and the rebel officer

taken prisoner is the present speaker of

door of a cabin, and stooping from his

horse, saw a young girl talking to some

one through an open window on the op-

posite side of the house. The sounds of

the horse's hoofs attracted the attention

of the girl, and seeing the soldler warned

Forgot the Amount.

No More I arnaces.

all that region. It was once profit-

Hom "Seekers' Excursion.

1. L. age Great W. sterr, Rallway will

area. The to bets to western and south-

to domestic its Lebruary 10, March 5 and

At the late of the regular first class fare

parce to the found trip. Tackets good

of the state of days from date of

l'art a formate a regul l'az stopovers,

At state of the 100,000 men were en-

agest of a home 48,000 were killed or

that it if this company, or

b caven or application to any

Chicago, L.

F H LORD, G. P & T A.,

An exhibitor at the evele show had

Louis Walker, Company K. Forty-

Singer Began Modestly at

\$100 a Week. Madame Patti began modestly for a reward for saving the entire Army enough. In 1859, when she made her debut in New York, Mr. Strakosch held her contract for five years, paying her \$400 per month for the first year, \$600 for the second, \$500 for the third, and \$1,000 per month for the fourth and fifth years. When she came the house of representatives. Crisp. OOK IN YOUR to London, a practically untried girl Walker states that he was out foraging Bible and per- of 18, Mr. Gye engaged her for five early one morning. He rode up to the years at a salary of \$750 a month for the first year, \$1,000 for the second, \$1,250 for the third. \$1,450 for the fourth, and \$2,000 for the fifth year. the lady singing but twice a week. Until her marriage to the Marquis de him in frightened tones to leave; but Caux, she never received from the hefore the rider could understand the Covent Garden more than 5000 per situation the youthful rebel was upon night, and Mr. Strakosch declared that | him. Walker after a struggle succeed-Grisi and Mario, when at the height ed in taking him prisoner, and when of their fame, never got more than searched the important dispatches were \$250 per night. At one time Madame I found upon him. The girl to whom Patti commanded \$100 per concert. in 'Crisp was talking is now his wife. London. She received \$5,000 a night for singing at the Cincinnati opera festival, and for a solitary perforabeen in fuced by his wife to take his boy ance at Buenos Ayres she was rewarded to see the sights. The child was left to with the sum of \$11,000. No wonder himself, while the father talked with that in the minds of most artistes the the k of advertising solicitors, paradise is situated in the neighbor- agents, racing men, and such like. Prehood of Craig-y-nos. There are sently, the child growing tired of being plenty of people who think that these unnoticed and unamused, allowed his mind to wander on his Sunday school sums are out of all proportion to the tesson, and, taking advantage of a full artistic value of the singer. Such was in the visits of the big pullers, intrruptthe opinion of the Empress of Russia his Lara sed parent with: "Papa, when Gabrielli asked 5,000 ducats to what did then etrike Abel for" Papa sing at a concert. "Why," said the habsent-mindelly - 1-1-ot, I forget, queen, "that is more than I pay to my fire that he w much " And the child field marshals!" "Then let your field, wor hard he well as he might - the marshals sing for you " was the reply.

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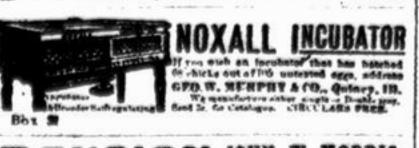
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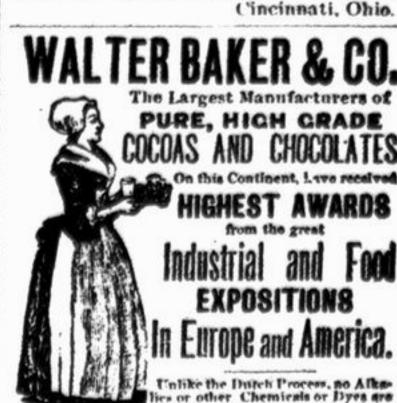
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