



CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

He approached the gate, and was about to knock, when he saw a little figure fitting along the path before him. He recognized Dolores. Why was she roaming abroad alone on the roads at this hour? Was she watching for him? The young man hastened toward her, then paused at the angle of the wall to look at her.

Dolores stood in an open space of the path, waving a fan. Her shadow was projected on the ground behind her in a long, wavering line. The dog Florio sat beside her, gravely looking on.

The girl's face and arms, bathed by the moonlight, had the purity of alabaster in contrast with the luxuriant masses of her black hair, and her eyes were dreamy, as if she moved in a reverie. She talked to Florio in a low tone, and occasionally laughed. Now she advanced, mincingly, with skirts outspread, and profound curtsies, wielding the fan, with natural grace, in her right hand, as if at a presentation. Again she abandoned herself to a gliding dance measure, wreathing her arms above her head, with the glittering fan held high in the air.

The childish vanity of smile and posture were obvious. She imagined herself to be once more at a ball and in a theater.

The spectator found the mere contemplation of her light movements bewitching, but he longed to clasp her in his arms.

"Dolores!" She started, and came toward him, with an exclamation of pleasure. Florio barked sharply.

"Are you glad to see me again?" he inquired eagerly, setting her hands.

"Oh, yes!" "Did you expect me to-night? I feared I should not be able to get off."

"I always expect you."

Then there was a moment of soft silence between them, during which he twined her arm around his neck, pressed her little head against his

breast, and showered kisses on her hair.

Dolores drew back half troubled, half ashamed, and, inspired by an instinct of coquetry, once more unfurled her fan, making of the fragile weapon a barrier between them.

"Look at my new fan," she said, in coaxing accents. "The garden is too small, so I came out here to play with it in the moonlight."

"Have you met any one on the road?"

"No one. The people are all in the town at this hour."

"The fan is very fine. The grand duke sent it to you at the door of the theater."

Dolores elevated her delicately arched eyebrows in surprise.

"You noticed the messenger, then?" "Of course I saw him," warmly.

"The prince broke my old fan, and he was very kind to remember the accident," innocently.

Lieut. Carzon looked at the rich toy carelessly. The moonlight shimmered on pearl, tortoise shell and feathers, with a pictured design worthy of Comte Nils, or of Rudeaux, on one side. Tiny points of silver, or steel, sown over the surface, glittered in the moon's ray, as if diamond insects hovered and escaped with every turn of the happy owner's flexible wrist. A subtle perfume emanated from the downy margin.

"I will give you a dozen fans if you wish," said the sailor, in a slightly aggrieved tone.

Yes, he was piqued and irritated to behold her cherishing the quite unwarrantable gift of another man.

Dolores smiled, with a sudden, dazzling gleam of snowy teeth between red lips, and turned her head, archly. At the same time she clasped, provokingly, the princely souvenir to her bosom.

"A dozen fans would be too many, only what happens to take up one or another at pleasure. No! You must not touch me a fan."

She turned toward him, and passed the fan, playfully, over his curling

hair, with a caressing movement. The young man stood before her in all the unconscious pride of his strength, and the moon shone on his golden beard, open brow, and straight features, which wore an expression of hauteur and retraction at the moment, while his blue eyes dwelt with fascination on her slightest gesture.

Dolores paused and contemplated him. "Ah, how good and noble you are!" she sighed.

He drew her once more close to his side. "Dolores, you are a wee bit flighty to-night, but you must be reasonable."

"I am reasonable, and not at all flighty."

"Listen to me, darling—" "I listen."

"You belong to me. You are to be my wife. We will live and die together."

"Shall we ever grow old, like grandpapa?" meditatively.

"We must grow old in our own fashion," he replied evasively.

Dolores recoiled and unfurled her fan. "Let us always remain young," she insisted, with a return of fantastic gaiety.

"Dolores, give me that confounded fan!" "No! No!"

"Then you do value it more than any gift of mine?"

The girl frowned, pondered a moment, closed the fan, and placed it in his hand without uttering a word.

His strong fingers closed over the frail treasure.

"Would you mind my keeping it?" he teased.

"No," with a softness which was alluring, tempting, almost feline.

"Would you care if I broke it and cast it away?"

"No."

The muscular hand cradled feathers, substance and pearl stick before he was aware of it, and then he flung the wreck on the other side of the road.

Dolores cast a bewildered glance at the broken fan, but made no attempt to recover it. A tear rolled down her cheek.

"You are a good little girl not to scold me for such clumsiness," he said, with real, or assumed, contrition for an ebullition of temper. "I did not intend to crush the thing. You shall have another to-morrow."

His arms were around her, his cheek rested against her face, his mouth sought her trembling lips in a long, ardent kiss.

For a time she yielded passively to his embrace, then she slipped away and paused a few paces from him. She trembled and grew pale, her black eyes flashed. Then she burst into passionate sobs.

"You were cruel to break it!" she exclaimed.

She fled away swiftly, closely followed by her little dog, and Lieut. Carzon heard the gate shut behind her.

He waited irresolutely for a time, then departed, tantalized yet triumphant, with the shy, half-unconscious kiss of Dolores still lingering on his lips. Love had come to him with a smile and a song. He would make all right on the morrow with the purchase and presentation of a new fan.

Little did he foresee the events of the morrow.

A cloud swept over the moon's disk, like a veil. The gate of the garden opened, a figure emerged, noiselessly, glided along the boundary wall, groped in the path for some object, and as swiftly withdrew.

The splendor of the night deepened. The white hamlets slept, as if they were the tombs of the inmates, and the sea heaved and sparkled in the track of leviathan about to rise from the depths. Bursts of mandolin song and jest were occasionally audible in the port, while the ships of the harbor dreamed above their reflections in the tranquil waters.

CHAPTER XII. Expulsion.



COULD NOT leave the poor fan lying out there in the road," Dolores confided to her pillow when she awakened the next morning.

Then she sought the fragments beneath the same pillow, where she had placed them on the previous night before going to sleep. The moon had become hidden by clouds at the opportune moment when she had returned in search of the treasure. There was treason to Arthur Carzon, and even defiance of him, in the act. For the first time in her young life she was required to ponder on the unreasonable and exacting character of man. The garrulous moods and prevalent crossness of grandpapa was a different matter. Her admiration of the handsome officer, and the affect-ate gratitude awakened in her heart by his geniality and generosity, were mere surface ripples of sentiment as yet in her nature.

Her slumbers had been broken by

agitated dreams and feverish starts of wakefulness, when she had listened to those confused and intermittent sounds below stairs, which indicated that Jacob Deatry was roaming about the Watch Tower.

In addition, the Cavalier of the picture seemed to stand on the threshold of her chamber and reproach her for some fault. His voice was muffled, vague and monotonous, like the rhythm of the distant sea. She could not distinguish his words. What had she done? Dolores could not understand.

She rose, made her simple toilet, and ate her frugal breakfast with a healthy, young appetite. Her grandfather had been up for hours. He did not notice her. The amenities of conversation were rare between them.

The girl took the fan in her hand, and contemplated it with sadness. She shed a few tears over the wreck.

Ah, how beautiful it had been only the previous night, with the moonlight sparkling on the spangled surface! The fingers that crushed the pearl and tortoise-shell structure must have been very strong, and the anger of Arthur Carzon deep. Did she not feel some sweet, feminine docility of submission to the muscles of this Samson?

"He was jealous," said Dolores, aloud, and a dimple deepened in her soft cheek.

She glanced at a little mirror; already she was a woman. The discovery frightened and enchanted her.

The broken fan still claimed her sorrowful tenderness and regret.

"What shall I do with it?" she demanded of the Knight of Malta, pausing before the picture.

The knight was mute. She went out into the garden, irresolutely. A bee from his hive in the



"THE BEES WERE ABOUT HER." rear of the Tower settled on her wrist. She did not fear the insect. The bees made famous honey.

"What shall I do with the fan?" she repeated, obeying a childish impulse to question Fate.

The bee was mute, and after banking a downy, golden body, on the extended arm for a moment, spread gossamer wings, and flew away, as if about to keep a business appointment in the kingdom of the thyme.

"What shall I do with the fan?" the girl inquired of the pigeons, the flowers, the dog.

The pigeons ceased to coo, and looked at her with bright eyes; the flowers swayed on their fragile stalks, and hung their heads, languid with their own fragrance.

Florio bounded through the reeds, and again emerged, uttering a sharp bark, as if to claim her attention for the retreat which he had discovered in the middle of the clump of plants.

Dolores caught up the little animal, and bestowed her usual caress, a kiss on the nose. "The very spot!" she exclaimed. "I will bury the fan. Florio knows more than the pigeons, or the bees."

She glanced about in search of her grandfather. She had once offended him by digging at the roots of his flowers and attempting to bury a broken doll. Now she would ask him to accord her a tiny corner for the fan's grave. The gate was half open. She looked out, and beheld the old man traversing the path in the direction of the high road. He was evidently bound on some errand. She must await his return.

When would he return though? Surely there could be no harm in hiding away the fan among the canes! Her life had been so meager of incident, that this one acquired importance in her estimation. Impatience overcame all scruples. She once more sought and found a broken, rusty knife, and, kneeling, thrust her arm through the barrier of stems to scoop out a little hole in the earth. The clump of canes should shelter the spot.

The task was rudely interrupted. A claw-like hand grasped her shoulder, and she was dragged back with violence.

Jacob Deatry had entered the enclosure, and discovered her occupation. He pounced upon his grandchild in an access of fury. "You jade! You devil's imp! What are you about now?"

The words seemed to hiss in her ear, awakening painful memories.

"I am not hurting the flowers in the very least, grandpapa," she protested, in an aggrieved tone.

She was older and stronger than when she had attempted to inter the doll, and need not fear to confront him in a fit of anger. She must learn to brave him. Nevertheless, the rage of the old man made her quail. She rose to her feet, trembling in every limb, and averted her head.

The crisis was terribly brief. One moment a white face confronted her, with the pinched features drawn and contracted, and a pair of gleaming eyes projecting from the sockets, and the next she was thrust out of the gate, with her dog, and the boy drawn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

From the German. Drill Sergeant (to awkward recruit)—You unmitigated rascals, if you don't quit flinging your legs around as if you were trying to catch flies with them, I'll hit you a whack on the top of your fool head that will knock the birds at the antipodes out of their nests.

Rough on Men. He—Ha! ha! ha! Here is a good hit in this paper at the female sex. She—What does it say about the women?

He—It says that more than half the women in this country are crazy. She (with a sigh)—I expect that's so. There are a great many married women in this country.

A Lawyer Baffled. Jim McSniffer was being tried in San Antonio, Texas, for trying to bribe a colored witness, Sam Johnson, to testify falsely.

"You say this defendant offered you a bribe of fifty dollars to testify in his behalf?" said Lawyer Gouge to Sam Johnson.

"Yes, sah."

"Now repeat precisely what he said, using his own words."

"He said he would git me fifty dollars if I—"

"He can't have used those words. He didn't speak as a third person."

"No, sah; he tuck good keer dat dar was no third person present. Dar was only us two. De fendent an' too smart ter hab anybody listenin' when he am talking about his own reskilty."

"I know that well enough, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?"

"I was de fust person myself."

"You don't understand me. When he was talking to you did he use the words, 'I will pay you fifty dollars?'"

"No, boss, he didn't say nuffin' about you payin' me fifty dollars. Your name wasn't mentioned, 'ceptin' dat he tole me ef eber I got inter a scrape dat you was de best lawyer in San Antonio to fool the judge and jury. He said you was good at almost any kind of reskilty."

"You can step down."—Texas Siftings.

Meteorological Inquiry. Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never to his neighbor said, When in close confab, close together— When in close confab, close together— "Naow isn't this damnation weather?" —Texas Siftings.

A Mere Suggestion. First New Yorker—There is some talk of introducing female street car conductors over in Brooklyn.

Second New Yorker—That would never do. The cars would be so crowded with soft-eyed dudes and bald-headed fashers that a respectable old washer woman or a wet nurse with twins would stand no earthly chance of getting a seat.—Texas Siftings.

Getting Used to It. A rich man once lived near a tanner, and not being able to bear the unpleasant smell of the tannery, he pressed his neighbor to quit the business or move away. The tanner put off his departure, saying that he would move soon. But as he still continued to stay as time went on, the rich man became accustomed to the smell, and feeling no manner of inconvenience, made no further complaint.

Cold Comfort. "The weather we have been having will make ice cheap."

"I don't know about that. Very likely they will claim that much of the ice crop in the Hudson river was badly injured by the frost, and that prices will be higher next summer."

Society Note. Mrs. Churchly—Christian people ought to do penance and set a good example to their neighbors during Lent.

Mrs. Worldly—That's just what I am doing. I have given up balls and parties and taken to progressive euchre, which is not a matter of public notoriety.

Diabolical Suggestion. Kosciusko Jones is an amateur writer of plays. He wrote a very sad tragedy and it was brought out by some local amateurs—but the public expressed their disapprobation. Jones was indignant.

"The New York public are a set of fools," he exclaimed.

"I'll tell you how you can get even with them," said Gus De Smith.

"How?"

"They laughed at your tragedy; now you write a comedy and see if that doesn't take the laugh out of them. Make them feel bad. Make them cry. Write a comedy and spring it on them." —Texas Siftings.

Strained and Unnatural. The wife of a New York bank cashier remarked at the supper table:

"Have you read the late novel by Wilkins Jones?"

"Haven't read it."

"Well, there is a cashier of a bank in it, just like you. He is honest and faithful and does not run off with his employer's money."

"That's the way it is with those novelists. They are so unnatural and improbable in their descriptions of men."

N. B.—Since the above was written the cashier has disappeared and an examination of his books shows a large shortage.

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Picture of Health, all life and full of mischief—thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am a minister in the Methodist Protestant church, and it affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all as a safe, sure remedy. Even my wife, after taking Hood's, became healthy and dainty and has the bloom of girlhood again." Rev. J. M. PARK, Brookline Station, Missouri.

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Interesting Facts. The manufacturer who is watching the progress of the times, is always on the lookout for changing conditions, and such a man naturally turns to the locality where he finds the raw material, and easy access to markets for his products.

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