



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSN. CHAPTER I—(Continued.)

The fragment of conversation, audible to the new comers, appeared to disturb the old man. He abandoned his hold on the stalwart arm which had served him on the path, and groped for the gate. His features twitched convulsively, and the look of furtive distrust deepened in his restless eyes.

"Rich!" he repeated, as if speaking to himself. "Why should Dolores wish for wealth? Ah! Poor child!"

He stared at his companion abstractedly for a moment, and then pushed open the door in the wall.

Under ordinary circumstances the officer would have pursued his way, thus evading all expressions of gratitude on the part of the old man's family, but the laugh of the girl Dolores, floating out on the sunny air, had bewitched his ear. The sailor on shore wished to see her. Accordingly, he followed his recently helpless charge, who appeared to be more discontented than gratified by the measure.

A girl, small, slender, and very young, stood beside a fountain in the middle of the space of garden, with the branches of an orange tree, laden with blossoms and fruit, brushing her shoulder.

A young man lingered opposite, gazing intently at her.

The garden was full of flowers, untrained and luxuriant in growth, yet such life, bloom and sweetness as the spot could boast belonged to Dolores, glowing on her flimsy red and yellow gown, adjusted with a certain grace by means of a crimson sash confining the little waist, the rose fastened in her black hair above one tiny ear, and the softly rounded brown face, with two large and limpid eyes. At the moment she was a presence full of vivacity and gaiety.

And the young man, tall, olive-hued, grave in bearing and indolent of movement—who was he? Was he not a lover? Did not the masculine instinct of hostility, ever ready to flame in the breast of man under similar circumstances, swiftly supplement in that of Lieut. Curzon—rival?

The house differed from those mansions of modest dimensions often to be found in the locality, built of stone, with an occasional balcony, and even some curious effect of Baroque ornamentation in the heads of Nereids and Centaurs carved on the cornice. This habitation was an ancient square tower, resembling an old Norman keep the base of roughly-hewn stone, and filled in with rubble. Above the door was an armorial shield sculptured in stone, with the nearly effaced design of a crane bearing a blade of wheat in its beak. Like the casas solares of similar spots, a lack of repair and the ravages of years were clearly discernible in the structure, which had not attained any height, as if an original project of building had been checked before the completion of parapet. Who had designed the tower—Moor, Spaniard, Sicilian or French conqueror? Why had the task been abandoned? The girl Dolores lived here, as a rose blooms where grim sentinels should keep watch for an invading foe.

A dog, resembling a ball of white floss silk, and scarcely larger than the toy animals mounted on wheels of shop windows, announced the new arrivals with shrill barking, then prudently retreated behind his mistress, and peered forth from the folds of her dress with a miniature countenance full of canine wisdom and absurdly shaved in the semblance of a military mustache.

Dolores turned her head quickly, with a rapid change of expression to one of surprise, and sprang to the side of the old man.

"Grandpa! How pale you are! Has an accident happened?" she inquired in English, and speaking with affectionate concern.

Lieut. Curzon lifted his cap courteously, thereby revealing his golden curls, and apologized for the intrusion of his presence.

Dolores regarded him with her dark eyes dilating, and her color ebbing and deepening with rapid pulsations of emotion.

She reminded the sailor of a pomegranate blossom, such as he had seen ripening to perfection on the terraces of Grenada and Seville.

He accepted her faltering thanks with the more complacency that the opportunity was afforded him of studying the purity of her profile, the piquant curves of red lips and dimpled chin, the symmetry of slender hands and feet. He asked himself with awakening interest how this Spanish maiden happened to be dwelling with an English grandfather in the mixed population of Malta.

Dolores urged the stranger to accept a chair and be served with fruit and wine. Was the girl inspired by the innate instincts of gratitude and hospitality, or mere coquetry! At the same



LIEUT. CURZON EXAMINED THE RELICS.

The mobile countenance of Dolores clouded, and she frowned.

Lieut. Curzon examined the relics, and listened attentively to the garbled speech of the old man. The reveries of the previous moment were rudely dispelled.

Dolores caught up her little dog Florio, placed him on her shoulder, and whispered treasonable confidences to the woolly pate pressed closely against her cheek. Youthful indignation and mortification at the course pursued by her venerable relative lent an additional brilliancy to her beauty.

Doctor Busatti smiled faintly, and gazed into the stagnant depths of the fountain. Cupid is apt to take wing when prosaic barter intrudes on the scene as an unwelcome third presence. He had thus his revenge.

"Your collection is interesting, only I am awfully ignorant about such matters," said the officer, with easy good humor. "Perhaps you will kindly teach me something more of the Greeks and Phoenicians—another day."

He stole a glance at the granddaughter as he uttered these words.

The old man blinked. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

"Here is a rare medallion, if you wish to secure such a souvenir," he rejoined, curtly. "It is worth a great deal of money, but you may have it—humph!—under the circumstances, for, say, a couple of sovereigns."

"Grandpapa!" implored Dolores, in an undertone.

The warm blood mounted to the girl's temples and she stamped one lit-

tle foot on the ground with an irrepressible movement of anger.

Dr. Busatti became absorbingly interested in the orange tree, and touched a golden ball pendant among the glossy leaves without plucking the fruit.

Lieut. Curzon's lip curled involuntarily. He took the medall, which was bronze, representing Astarte on one side and three sprigs of grain on the reverse, emblematic of the fertility of the island of Malta.

"I should like to send this medallion to England," he asserted, after a pause, with assumed fervor of enthusiasm.

"And this gold Lamina!" added the grandfather, eagerly receiving the coin of payment in his shriveled palm. "I found it myself near the Grand Port—"

"I hope the gentleman does not consider us too ungrateful," interposed Dolores, with a sorrowful and depreciating dignity, which was not becoming to her dimpled youth. "We do not forget the service he has done us in helping grandpapa home from the temple."

The old man looked at her with an irascible impatience, resenting frivolous interruption.

"Your grandpapa must be very clever," said the officer, thrusting the medallion into his pocket, with every appearance of rejoicing in its possession, and rising to depart.

"Either the old beggar is poor, or he is fond of money," was his mental addition of decision.

"Would you accept Florio?" suggested the girl, holding the little bundle of canine life toward him, with a graceful gesture of deprecating submission.

Lieut. Curzon shook his head, caressed the tiny animal, without accepting the gift, and replied—

"Thanks. Florio would be sorry to exchange masters and knock about on shipboard."

Florio cowered back in the arms of Dolores, inexpressibly relieved by the decision.

"I should like a Maltese rose," supplemented the visitor, glancing at the bud in the girl's black tresses. "No flower is sweeter."

She detached the rose and gave it to him. Her face had cleared once more, and gratitude beamed on her stormy brow.

"Farewell!" said the blue eyes of the young Englishman.

"Farewell!" replied the dark eyes of Dolores, a flash of mockery gleaming in their liquid depths.

Lieut. Curzon had scarcely quitted the boundary limit of the garden when he was joined by Dr. Busatti.

"You are returning to Valletta?" he inquired, bowing courteously. "Permit me to show you a better path."

"Thanks," assented the officer in a somewhat dry tone.

The two young men walked on together. The Englishman, with an inherent sentiment of national superiority, found the Maltese tall, thin and slightly cadaverous, with a certain resemblance to plants which have grown up in the shade of a damp palace wall, or in a church cloister.

The bearing of Dr. Busatti was offensive, even ingratiating. His tenacious pride in his native island became speedily apparent in the desultory conversation which ensued. He spoke of historical sites with enthusiasm. He dwelt not less warmly on the delicious oranges and apricots ripened here to send all over Europe; the cauliflower, so superior in size and flavor to those of Italy, Holland, or the island of Cyprus; the delicacy of the artichoke, pea, and bean, in perpetual supply for the need of man.

Lieut. Curzon, in rueful remembrance of tough beef and mutton, as well as of months of sirocco, lent an abstracted ear and monosyllabic assent.

Then the other adroitly mentioned the persons just quitted, the eccentric grandfather and the maiden Dolores. The old man, long a resident of Malta, was afflicted with a malady of the heart of which he was ignorant, and should therefore avoid all excitement, while he appeared to be consumed by a restless fever of agitation, wearing alike to mind and body. A similarity of tastes in study had led to an acquaintance between the father of Dr. Busatti and the Englishman, whose name was Jacob Deatry. Under the circumstances, it was to be expected that all means of selling the little objects (for the most part worthless) which he picked up should be eagerly embraced. Jacob Deatry was poor, and possibly a struggle for mere existence induced the restlessness of temperament characteristic of him.

Such was the volunteered explanation of Giovanni Battista Busatti.

The town gained, the young men separated, with mutual coolness of civility.

Dr. Busatti was convinced that the officer had placed the rose given to him by Dolores in his pocket-book, as he did not wear it in his button-hole.

"May San Gregorio confound all Englishmen!" muttered the Maltese as he pursued his way.

As for Lieut. Curzon, dislike of the native, whose thin lips in smiling, revealed long teeth, unpleasantly discolored by the use of tobacco, led to the reflection—

"Dolores, poor girl, may be left alone in the world at any time. She would be quite thrown away on this fellow. The cad! I am sure he is in love with her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Search for Treasure.
Little Johnny—I've got on my rubber boots.
Little Tommy—So've I.
Little Johnny—Have you? Let's go hunt for a puddle.

Helena, Mont., is 4,200 feet above the sea and has an average of 260 sunshiny days every year.

Sugar employs 20,000 Hawaiians.

The people of Great Britain consume less tobacco per head than those of any other civilized country—only 23 ounces to the inhabitant.

British savants say the influenza microbes breed for their world-circling journey of destruction in the big, bare, cold churches of Russia.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons has received from the Vanderbilt family and from Mr. Sloan since 1884 gifts amounting to \$2,270,000.

Elbert, the center of the French woolen manufacture, is so well off that it has abolished nearly all its town taxes, and now petitions the government for leave to do away with the octroi, the duty on provisions entering the town.

In France, a very good gas is made from the fatty material contained in the soapuds, after washing wools and the wash water of a woolen mill with 20,000 spindles will annually yield enough of this substance to produce 1-100,000 feet of gas.

A new imitation of gold is made of 94 parts of copper and six of antimony, with a little magnesium and carbonate of lime added while it is melted. It is said that it preserves its color, is an almost exact imitation of gold and that it costs only a shilling a pound to make it.

A Russian Church, to be known as the Church of St. Nicholas, is to be opened in New York city shortly after Easter. Prince Cantacuzene, the Russian Minister to the United States, is one of the trustees.

Deafness Can Not be Cured by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.

J. C. HENNEY, Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Mexico produces anything that can be raised in any other country. So varied is the climate that in the same State can be raised any product of the tropics and of the polar regions. Cotton, wheat, rye, silver, silk, coconuts, bananas, rice, cocoa, vanilla, logwood, mahogany, hides and wine are the principal products.

The yearly production of peanuts in this country is about 88,000,000 pounds—Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee and North Carolina harvesting the most, in the order named. But, after all, the American crop of peanuts is small compared with that of Africa, which in 1892 shipped 460,000,000 pounds of peanuts to Europe.

Notices.
Dr. H. H. Green & Sons of Atlanta, Ga., are the greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Cure more patients than the entire army of physicians scattered over this beautiful land of ours. A valuable discovery outside any medical book or published opinion. A purely vegetable preparation. Removes all dropsical symptoms rapidly. Ten days' treatment mailed to every sufferer. See advertisement in other column.

Spelling Ten Years Hence.
Teacher—Spell "laws."
Pupil—L-o-z, loz.
Teacher—Spell "paws."
Pupil—P-o-z, poz.
Teacher—Spell "cause."
Pupil—C-o-z, coz.
Teacher—Spell "legislature" and give definition.
Pupil—Can't be spelled, but it's a relic of barbarism.

The Malucca Islands have a combined area of 24,000 square miles, a little more than Ohio.

FOR ALL THE ILLS THAT PAIN CAN BRING
ST. JACOBS OIL
..... AS CURE IS KING; Alkne with ACHEs in Everything.

STEEL TANKS
We furnish steel tanks with covers, all galvanized after completion, in nests of ten, 8 to 12 feet high and 30 to 36 inches in diameter, at 2% per gallon. They do not rust, shrink, leak, give taste to water, nor allow foreign substances to get in. They can be put in garret or barn and thus are protected from freezing. They take no setting up, are cheaper than wood. Tanks constructed of all sizes made to order. Send for price list and designs for substructure and ornamental water supply.

AERMOTOR CO. CHICAGO.

2 1/2 CTS PER GALLON

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE
IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.
\$3.00 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. FRENCH CHAMÉLÉ CALF.
\$3.50 FINE POLICE SHOES.
\$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE.
\$2.99 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
\$3.25 BEST DONGOLA.

Over One Million Pairs of Shoes Made.
W. L. Douglas's \$3 & \$4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. Their custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform, stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$5 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you write.

DROPSY
TREATED FREE.
Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimony of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial send the stamp to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to whom.

PATENTS
Thomas P. Simpson, Washington, D.C. No. 1117 F St. N.W. Patent Attorney. Write for Inventor's Guide.

Agents Wanted
On uncovered ground. Output 8070, max., over \$1000, in 90. P. O. Box 107, New York.

DENSION JOHN W. HORNES
Washington, D.C.
Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Sole Principal Examiner U.S. Patent Bureau. 14 1/2 yrs in last war. 13 adjudicating claims. 655 cases.

W. N. U. WICHTA—VOL. 5, NO. 17.
When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Idaho is twice as large as Arkansas. Sumatra is nearly as large as California. Pitt had a fiery red face and a terrible scowl. Napoleon III, had a dull, almost stupid face. He generally seemed half asleep. The Duke of Wellington has a great Roman nose and a stern, forbidding face. Germany, with 211,000 square miles, is almost the combined size of Nevada and Colorado. Mexico has an area of 751,000 square miles, or nearly one-fourth that of the United States. After six years' suffering, I was cured by Pisco's Cure.—MARY THOMPSON, 20 1/2 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '04. Montenegro having 3,600 square miles is almost exactly three times the size of Rhode Island. Paganini looked like a caricature of a man, so thin was he, with every feature exaggerated. Short Journeys on a Long Road is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone. A copy of "Short Journeys on a Long Road" will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. H. Heald, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill. "Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents. Humboldt had a broad, well fed, intellectual countenance, showed a love for the good things of life. Raphael's face, painted by himself, represents him as a man with more than ordinary personal attractions. There are aluminium beer checks.