QUIZZ.

Still They Come, People Who Are Anxious to Know Facts and Figures.

The Man With a Question to Ask is About as Numerous as Ever.

Some Questions Are Sensible, Others Seem to Be Propounded for Fun.

Gueries From Nearly All Parts of the Great Northwest Willingly Answered.

OLD READER.

Sauk Center—I am one of the GLOBE's readers and like to peruse Old Quizz, therefore I am tempted to ask these questions: How old must one be before he is eligible to the office of the president of the United States?

Is Blaine of Irish birth?

Do I write a fair business hand and what is my disposition?

First—Twenty-one years.

Second—His mother was of Irish parentage.

Third—Yes. Careless.

T. D. R.

St. Paul—Where can I get a copy of either Marqu's of Queensberry or London Prize Ring rules?

What is Sullivan's fighting weight?

First—Write to the New York Clipper sporting editor.

Second—Two hundred and five pounds at present.

LEO.

Stillwater—Is the sentence, "show how the type look," grammatically correct, or should it be, "show how the types look," or "show how the type looks," in speaking of the appearance of the letters made by a type-writer?

Show how the type looks is good enough.

M. L. R.

Grand Forks—If I sell a horse for $100, then buy him back for $85, then sell him again for $90, what profit do I make!

Are you married or unmarried?

What is your age and what size boot do you wear?

If you can judge character from handwring, please give me your opinion of my character.

How old do you suppose I am?

Why is the writer of this always kept in short clothes?

Have I a sweetheart, and is he true?

First—$1.05.

Second—Married.

Third—Twenty-eight years. No. 7½.

Fourth—Upright and without a shadow.

Fifth—Sixteen years.

Sixth—Because she wears a small shoe.

Seventh—You probably have, and if he isn't true he don't know when he is well off.

H. R. D.

St. Paul—Four are playing draw poker, A, B, C and D. A is dealing, and after all have stayed, in dealing, he, after having given B his cards, turns up one intended for C. Must C take this card:

In playing straights, does this form one—king, ace, deuce, tray and four?

First—No.

Second—No.

EBST.

St. Paul—Do I drink spirituous liquors? Are there any grammatical errors in this letter? Is my punctuation correct? Am I slovenly in business?

First—Judging from your writing, you wallow in them.

Second—Too many to enumerate.

Third—Yes, what there is of it.

Fourth—You undoubtedly are.

J. W. S.

St. Paul—Is it proper or customary of a groom to give his bride a present at their wedding? If so, what would be most suitable?

Quite proper. A muzzle.

J. B.

Bird Island—"A" bet "B" that Kilrain will whip Smith in their coming fight. The fight is declared a draw. Who wins?

"B."

AUGUST J. F.

St. Paul—What is the proper style for an engagement ring to be presented to a lady. Either plain gold band or a set ring? On what finger of what hand is it proper for her to wear same?

First—Either is correct.

Second—Second finger of left hand.

J. W.

Duluth—When did John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan fight the last time?

Last year in San Francisco.

J. R.

St. Paul—Is John L. Sullivan a married man? What would you call a woman with brown hair and gray eyes? What women do men most admire, blondes or brunettes?

First—No.

Second—A female of the pronounced type.

Third—Yes.

F. H. HANSON.

St. Paul—Ask Col. P. B. Groat, of the Northern Pacific land department.

M. E. G.

St. Paul—Is there any place in Vancouver Island by the name of Miles Sales, or Miles Hayes, or anything that sounds like either? If so, how would you address a letter there properly?

Don't think there is. You might telephone and find out.

ANONYMOUS.

Henderson—What was Gen. Washington's second name?

Where can a history of the world be bought, translated into English?

When was Marie Antoinette killed?

At what age did Edgar A. Poe die?

First—He had no second name.

Second—At any book store.

Third—Oct. 16, 1793.

Fourth—Forty years.

A CONSTANT READER.

Ashland, Wis.—Will you please state in the SUNDAY GLOBE whether there is an office in St. Paul for the purpose of sending men on the government survey to Alaska? If not, where is it located?

Has the government any army recruiting station at St. Paul?

First—No. In Washington.

Second—Yes.

MINSTREL.

Spring Valley—Which is the best cornetist, Levy or Liberati?

How do Hi Henry's minstrels rank with other troupes?

What is the best minstrel company now on the road?

First—Liberati.

Second—Second.

Third—Haverly's.

NEMO.

St. Paul—Can you tell me the exact number of miles between St. Paul and Washington by the shortest way?

Twelve hundred and eleven.

PLEASE ANSWER.

St. Paul—The high license law doesn't hinder my husband from having all the whisky he wants, but can't I prosecute a saloonkeeper for selling him whisky on Sundays?

Yes.

THOMAS PLUNKETT.

Albert Lea—If you had a dog would you feed him cheese?

When is a man justified in swearing?

Is Gov. Marshall a Scandinavian?

First—Yes, sage cheese. That would make him wise.

Second—When he is putting up a stovepipe.

Third—No.

ALFRED SLOAN.

Hayward, Wis.—Will you please, through your paper, give me some pointers on chess playing?

Buy Hoyle's book of games.

J. W. S.

Kranzburg, Dak.—How many territories are there?

Which was the last organized?

What is the capital?

First—Nine.

Second—Colorado.

Third—Denver.

SUB.

Crookston—Could Arensdorf, of Sioux City, be tried for the murder of George Haddock again, provided they could find any amount of evidence against him?

Yes.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Hastings—Is it lawful to read the Bible and pray in the public schools of this state?

Yes.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

St. Paul—Will you please inform me in what part or county in Ireland the lakes of Killarney are situated?

In the County Kerry, forty-four miles N. N. W. of Cork.

St. Paul—Which is the longest street in St. Paul?

Where is the largest opera house in the world?

First—Seventh.

Second—Paris, France. It covers nearly three acres of ground.

T. M. JUNOD.

La Moure, Dak.: What is the average weight of trotting horses now living, having a record under 2:20?

How many stallions are there now living having a record under 2:20?

First—Nine hundred and fifty pounds.

Second—Eleven.

L. W. NELSON.

St. Paul—In an evening paper appeared the following paragraph regarding a railroad accident. "The terrific speed at which both trains were running made the effects of the collision most disastrous." Now would the effect be any less in case one of the trains was standing still?

Yes. If two trains meet both running at a high rate of speed, the forward coaches of both trains are invariably telescoped. If one train is standing still the coaches of the running train only are telescoped. This will illustrate the comparative force and the effect of two trains meeting in motion or one standing still.

DIED AT NINETY-FIVE.

Strange Story of the Early Days Recalled by a Death.

The death of Mrs. Briggs, which occurred on Wednesday at No. 1310 Eleventh street, says the Denver Tribune, is not in itself a matter of much public comment, but it brings once more to light the story of a miraculous escape of a couple from the notorious Brigham Young and his territory in the days when capture meant certain death at the hand of the ever-watchful and much-dreaded Danites, who were then in tne full zenith of their power. Then it was that murder was no crime in the eyes of the zealous apostles of Mormondom, and it needed but a significant nod from some chosen leader to send a soul from the narrow confines of earth. There was no retaliatory vengeance, and the story of the escape of Mr. and Mrs. Briggs becomes more romantic when the facts in regard to the affair become fully known. It was just twenty-nine years ago when the couple made their first appearance in Denver. They came in the usual way in those days—by teams—and their story at first was hardly credited. Years before, imbued with the Mormon principle, they had gone to Utah and became willing subjects of Brigham Young, who was at that time in the height of his power. Mr. Briggs became a chosen desciple and an elder of the Mormon church, and bid fair to become a fixture in the territory. But he remained true to his first wife, and never would consent to avail himself of the Mormon privilege by increasing the number of his "better halfs."

Where the trouble between Briggs and the church arose is not exactly known, although some say that his disinclination to be a much-married man aroused the suspicions of his brother elders, who seemed to think he was not doing quite the right thing in not practicing what he preached. Another story has it that the amorous Brigham Young was slightly inclined to fall in love with Mrs. Briggs, and as it was a well-known fact that anything the "old man" wanted he was sure to have sooner or later, Briggs concluded to shake Utah and the Mormons and thus save his wife from becoming famous and probably having her hair pulled by the score or more of other Mrs. Youngs.

Both stories are probable, but which is the strict truth is not known. Suffice it that the Briggses arrived in Denver in the fall of 1858, and Briggs was nicknamed "Gov." Briggs, after the governor of Massachusetts. It was not long afterward that "Gov." Briggs passed to the home of his fathers and left the wife he had snatched from Mormon hands a widow.

Mrs. Briggs went into mourning for the good old man and was much bereaved at his demise, especially after the troubles they had gone through in the wild, wooly West together. Five years ago, however, she brightened up, looked young again, and astonished her friends by marrying, at the ripe old age of ninety years, a miner by the name of O. E. Collyer, who was considerably younger than she was.

Her biography, if it were possible that it could appear truthfully in print, would probably read like a novel, and go far to prove the strange truth which exists in some lives and is hidden, for the most part, to the world.

ANOTHER CANCER VICTIM.

It Started From a Little Pimple at the Root of the Tongue.

New York World.

Dennis Corbett, one of the most prominent and active members of the Clanna-Gael, died yesterday morning at his residence, No. 439 West Forty-ninth street. He had suffered for nearly two months with a cancer of the tongue. In the beginning of November a pimple appeared upon the tongue at its root. It was scarcely noticed for a few days, but it grew so much in size and became so painful that Drs. Kelly, of No. 16 East Twenty-ninth street, and McGraun, of No. 454 West Fifty-first street, were summoned. Notwithstanding their earnest efforts to prevent the growth of the malady, the cancer became in a short time as big as an egg, and Mr. Corbett was unable to take solid food of any kind. The swelling increased daily until the left side of the neck resembled a bladder.

Milk was the only food of any kind that the patient could assimilate, and finally he was unable to take scarcely a tubeful of that at one time. Mr. Corbett, during his terrible ordeal, was frequently attacked with fits of choking, due to the clogging up of the throat by the big lump at its entrance. His powerful frame was reduced to a comparative skeleton, and early yesterday morning he died, suffering the most intense agony. His inability to receive nourishment is thought to have precipitated his end.

A Suggestion to Plymouth.

Ortonville Headlight.

The young Mr. Berry, of England, has declined the call to the Plymouth pulpit, and now the trustees will do well to search our American roadsides and try an elder berry.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Two Important Resolutions That Man Makes the First Day of the Year.

He Resolves More From Force of Habit Than Any Other Reason.

A Woman Hates to Wake Up And Find Herself Hugging Her Husband's Legs.

How a Man Usually Breaks His Resolution in the Rear of the Barn.

AS HAS been customary with man ever since Adam quit his job as leading man of the Garden of Eden company, moistened the palms of his hands with saliva and informed his wife that henceforth he proposed to earn his bread by the perspiration of his forehead this bright January morning so fraught with chilblains, myself and the rest of the gang will fill ourselves up to the laryux with new resolutions of a solemn cast of countenance, that as the months roll merrily by we shall violate with demoniacal glee. In speaking of the gang I refer to that portion of the human family who enter their raiment feet first and never seat themselves on the floor when they put on their stockings.

I do not wish to insinuate in any way that women ever make new resolutions. They don't have to. That important duty is left to men, along with the pastime of fire-building, rent paying and other cheerful amusements that unite in making man's existence a bright red thing cut low in the neck, to give his lungs a chance to work up and down as he gasps his way along the highway of life in the direction of the long, black undertaker.

As I said before, on this bright January morning, when Blaines are chill, especially in New York, Maine and other Eastern states, where Republican majorities are small, I paint myself red with resolutions that could not be reasonably objected to by the board of directors of the most carefully conducted zoological garden in the world. I enter upon a new life. The newness of which I have become quite familiar with since I have entered upon it from the same direction ever since I reached that age of wisdom when I understood the multitudinous meaning of that beautiful sentence, "I've been out with the boys."

This beautiful morning, when the guileless birds are trilling their innocent lays, not so much in this country, however, as in Australia and in other climes where thermometers are always of steady habits, I solemnly resolve with the rest of the gang to totally abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors. I do this more from force of habit than from a desire to break away from the enemy, BEEN OUT WITH and it is just so THE BOYS. with the other fellows. They are not any of them confirmed drunkards much to their regret, but along toward the latter part of the year and the same part of the night, they get in the habit of sauntering home in the middle of the street, more for personal convenience than to avoid waking up time-worn policemen. Much practice of this kind of course interferes more or less with the bloom of youth on a man's cheek, but it is not so much this that he regards as it is the feelings of his wife. It is not pleasant for a woman to go to bed with herself during the early part of the evening and wake up during the corresponding part of the morning to find her arms clinging fondly to a couple of cold, clammy legs, while her cheek is fondly pressed

A RUDE AWAKENING.

against a chilly, unfeeling boot that measures eighteen inches in the reach. Such rude awakenings are not relished by women whose early training has been according to the rules governing light gymnastics. No married man has ever gone so far as this, without regretting it as he looked into the mirror for the purpose of getting the court plaster on the right spot at once.

When a man draws up his set of resolutions on the first of the year the second item that he resolves against using is tobacco. He solemnly swears that he has smoked his last cigar and chewed his last chaw, and before his respiratory organs get settled down to their regular routine his wife buttons him up in her arms, kisses him all over his front elevation, inquires if he didn't make the terrible sacrifice all for her sake, and without even hinting that he has been in the habit of doing the same thing on the first of the year ever since he smoked his father's pipe loaded with corn silk, he looks as far into her eyes as possible and, with a sort of an angelic halo about his mouth, swears that he would have smoked himself into a premature grave and chewed his way into the cold and cheerless to come, if it hadn't been for her. She sighs about three feet deep, thinks what sacrificing love, leans her head on his bosom, while he passes the time away by looking at a pile of cigar ashes she has saved to polish her teeth with, wishing he could get near enough to eat them without getting caught. No man whose brain weighs

BACK OF THE BARN.

the amount stipulated by law will allow the first day of the year to pass without foreswearing the use of tobacco, and if he is balanced right he will do the swearing about two feet from his wife in a loud tone of voice. The after effect is always pleasant and then when three, or possibly four days later, he wanders carelessly out back of the barn and in a manner noted for its sang froid, loads his pipe with Perique and plunges recklessly into the midst of a cloud of dark blue smoke; the previous transactions add a spirit of adventure to the occasion that is deeply relished by the wild and reckless disposition of this prone man.

At this time of year there are but very few resolutions that a man can't make. At this time of the year there are but very few resolutions that a man can't keep at least three days if he possesses a strong will. To expect a man to keep a resolution longer than that would be cruel and uncalled for. Proud woman sits in her high chair of virtue and laughs scornfully at our weakness, still we go on paying her current expenses and furnishing her with subdued fireworks warranted to remove moles and superfluous hair from her face and impart an added glow and glamour to her complexion. Let them laugh. Let their ghoulish ha-ha's awake the echoes in the sepulchre of our life. Let them te-he to the full content of their porous hearts. Let them poo-hoo until their epiglottis gives back a metallic ring. We will still go on making our resolutions and drowning our sorrows by breaking them once before each meal and as much oftener as our appetite demands.

Tom Holmes.

"OLLIE" ROPED HIM IN.

Mrs. Sidelinger's Husband Saw Her in a New York Court Room and Fell in Love With Her.

Mrs. Sadie R. Sidelinger, who attempted suicide on Washington street, Boston, a few days ago, proves to be the Miss Olive Sutton who created quite a sensation in New York about the end of last May.

The story of her marriage is substantially this:

On June 2 last Olive Sutton appeared as complainant in the Jefferson Market police court, New York, against the proprietress of a house on Rivington street. Olive was a pretty girl of twenty-six. Her parents were wealthy and lived in Canada. She had been educated at the convent of the Sacred Heart in Montreal.

A few weeks after leaving this institution she became fascinated by a young fellow who represented himself as being a wealthy ranch owner out West. Under promise of marriage he betrayed her. In Boston his money gave out, and leaving her to her own resources, he deserted her.

After a two years' struggle as a schoolteacher, Olive came to New York and hired rooms in a house that had been recommended to her, in Rivington street. As soon as she discovered what sort of house it was the young girl left it. On the following day she returned for her trunk and was fiercely attacked by the landlady. This was Olive's story to the court and to Agent Young, of the Children's society, in whom she trusted.

Mr. Sidelinger was a big-hearted man and a gullible one. His susceptibilities were moved by what most New York people considered a ghost story of the shadiest type. Day and night, always, everywhere, the fair young martyr's face haunted him like a vision of judgment; he would help the forsaken one; he would be her savior.

As a matter of fact the artless Sidelinger forwarded money to Olive. A letter accompanied it, in which he promised that if she came to Boston he would befriend her and help her find a suitable situation.

Sidelinger had not long to wait for a reply. Olive thanked him profusely for his kindness, accepted the money "as a loan," and expressed a desire to emigrate to Boston. Her benefactor at once sent her a ticket via the Fall River line. This she pawned for $1.50 and came by rail. Sidelinger met her at the depot, brought her to his boarding house, and gave up his own quarters to accommodate her.

As time went on acquaintance ripened into friendship and friendship into love. Sidelinger was already engaged. Miss Sutton knew it. One day she wept copiously, and when pressed to give a reason, declared that life without Sidelinger for a partner was a blank. The other girl was forthwith jilted and Sidelinger married Olive.

The good man's connubial experience was by no means a rosy one. The honeymoon foreshadowed the future. Olive proved careless, thriftless, high-tempered and willful. To poor Sidelinger any place was better than home when she was there.

Little by little the unhappy husband learned a good deal of his wife's past history. She had been the traveling companion of a showman. She had bowed before the Boston public as the wife of a dime museum cowboy. She had jumped through gilded hoops for cheap circus companies. She was not the angelic ex-convent girl Mr. Sidelinger imagined, but an adventuress of the most questionable character.

"Ollie," as she now called herself, suddenly became stage-struck. After lengthy negotiations with the proprietor of the Bijou theater, she was offered, and of course accepted, an engagement at Providence. She left Boston, and this is all her husband knows or wants to know about her.

Donning Her Clothes in Public.

San Francisco Alta.

A remarkably strange scene was enacted at the depot opposite the broad-gauge ticket window yesterday. A party of Italians, consisting of four women, one of whom was a pretty young lady of twenty years, had come off the boat. It was a wedding party, or rather the damsel had come from the country to meet her love and be married. Dusty and traveled-stained as she was, she could not possibly meet her intended husband. Accordingly the party slipped out of the stream pouring from the ferry, and gathering against the bulkhead the young lady commenced to divest herself of her clothing. Regardless of the crowd, which soon collected, she proceeded to strip herself until she was standing in a state of Eve-like simplicity. Then she commenced to don her wedding trosseau. This was soon accomplished, and when the young lady found herself completely arrayed for her nuptials she walked off with her party through the laughing crowd, unmindful both of the laughter she excited or that she had done anything immodest or indecent. She was, indeed, an exemplification of the saying, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

New Invention.

"Hear about the newest invention?"

"No; what is it?"

"Edison has invented a contrivance to give national bank depositors protection. It is an electrical apparatus that the government is going to place in every bank in the United States. Whenever the word wheat is mentioned by anybody in a bank a riot alarm is sounded by the machine, and all routes to Canada are instantly flooded."

A Mummified Musician.

New York Sun.

PANAMA, Dec. 21.—About nine years ago there died in Bogota a popular musician named Josias Dominguez. Recently his friends determined to remove his remains to another locality. On opening the grave the body was found to be completely mummified, while the hair and nails had grown enormously.

ATLANTIS.

Somewhere beneath the waves a sunken town
Lies nestled in a valley fair to see.
There ocean trees of dazzling brilliancy
In pearly earth and coral rocks are grown;
Unpaved the streets save by deep shadows thrown
From buildings tall, whose crumbling majesty
Vies with the beauty of the scenery
Translucent through the waters amber brown.
All silence there. No sound of busy tread,
No storms come nigh this city of the dead.
Above the ships sail on, sometimes so near
Their shadows glide down through the waters clear.
The sailors little think, far down those deeps,
How silently long-lost Atlantis sleeps.

—Thomas Abbe in Boston Transcript.

FOREVER.

Forevermore! nay, sweet,
Do not say forevermore;
Life has yet for us some golden hours,
Hours as sweet as we have lived before.

Forevermore! nay, dear,
I will not say forevermore;
The changing scene of life will bring us
Side by side again once more.

Forevermore! nay, sweet,
It cannot be forevermore;
Such pain will last, time heals all wounds,
Let's pray for help until the worst is o'er.

Forevermore! aye, love,
It e'en must be forevermore;
This love of ours—so pure, so tender—
Will endure more perfect than in days of yore.

—S. S. E. M.

BON CAMARADE.

BY M. E. HOLAHAN.

"Hide me up from my despair,
And the ghost of a dream I dreamed."
—Owen Meredith.

With that invisible hand of hers, Night was drawing a sable veil across the world's wild, desolate face.

A bleak, bad night it promised to be in many localities, no doubt; but here, on the exposed coast, a bitter and awful one, not soon to be forgotten.

Up from the sullen moaning sea swept blasts full-laden with myriad knives of December's quality.

Driving away inland, they pierced to the very marrow in his bones any pedestrian whom duty, or perchance, bad luck, might drive against that baleful gust.

Sullen, gray, drearily overcast was the dome above. No chink in its somber monotony gave room for the tiniest star to gaze down upon the wind-wracked planet underneath.

Frozen, barren and pitilessly bare lay the adamantine bosom of Mother Earth.

If only a fleecy shroud there had been to mantle her gaunt skeleton! to hide away from human view that dead, spectral face so lately beautiful with life!

But how can one reasonably hope for snow when the winds come howling down, apparently unobstructed, from iceberg regions, and the thermometer creeps steadily up to register their birthplace temperature.

Foiled of human victims the element demons took fiendish, exultant vengeance upon such inanimate objects as crossed their path.

They shook the windows, banged the shutters, twisted the giddy weathercocks and moaned around the eaves in an uncanny, diabolical way, calculated to remind one of the first impressions when thumbing an illustrated edition of Milton's Paradise Lost.

That night, if never again, out-door sports and polar-swept streets were well abandoned in favor of indoor pleasures and sparkling inglesides, for it was Christmas eve. Yet—Ugh! One needs must shudder even while gladly exchanging its pleasant greetings.

Back on the very outskirts of Edgecombe stood, in weird, external solitude, a low stone cottage, grayed by age.

Around it several trees moaned and tossed their naked arms like human things in pain.

The rose bushes in front—last June rarely sweet—beat a ghostly cadence upon the window where John Howard stood looking out.

So had he stood for the last half hour, perhaps, in his eyes a strange look of thought, thought so intense that, turning somewhat impatiently as his housekeeper entered with a note, a look of pain repressed still half lingered on his face.

Mrs. Mordaunt lit the gas and quietly retired.

In the uncompromising light now filling the handsome room, Howard stood fully revealed, tall, commanding, dark; a man of two and forty, perhaps, and bearing upon his strongly marked face evidence that not always had his life lines fallen in pleasant places.

Time is a strict accountant. He will not be cheated of an hour—a moment, even—and upon Howard's full brow, around his deep, inscrutable, cynical eyes, he had marked a long debit for "burnt midnight oil and endless toil" that had yet made Howard a brilliant, successful lawyer.

He turned from the gloating light, and, walking to a desk near, took up a pen and swiftly wrote:

"Bon Camarade: Yet still are we the children of the heather and the wind.

"Like all life's most coveted treasures, your nice invitation came too late.

"Pray, hold me excused, and enjoy yourself, ma chere. Don't you know that a soured, cynical old bachelor, who has had his day and lost it, should never intrude on childish pleasures?

"Need I say what pleasure your presence, 'far from the madding crowd,' would be to me? And how quickly I would go to you but that the gods, and a previous engagement, forbid.

"Your crusty, but humble correspondent has promised himself at Wayside—the residence of my charming widowed client, you remember—for a rubber of whist, more suitable for the years and graces of such a donkey than 'skipping the light fantastic toe' with you youngsters.

"But perchance I shall see you to-morrow. Who knows?

"Anyway, I wish you a merry Christmas, and send by bearer a trifle, yet sufficient, I hope, to atone for the absence of Fate's particular butt, and not only cousin, but also your humble servant,

"JOHN HOWARD."

Slowly he read it over and smiled.

That smile was simply a slight unbending of firm, bearded lips, and just now almost pathetic with weariness.

It did not, as usual, extend to his eyes, which were more thought-concealing than expressive. Yet they seemed to keenly absorb all things, visible and invisible, and could no doubt express whatever he pleased, had he ever given view to the passions locked within his iron will.

Unlocking a desk near, he took from it a tiny velvet case.

When he raised the cover it flashed forth a thousand rays of light.

Unon a bed of crimson satin reposed a magnificent locket, set with diamonds and held by a golden chain. In silence the keen, eloquent, cynical lawyer surveyed it a moment; then for a sensible man he did a very foolish thing, of which no one would have believed him guilty.

Bending his head, the temples of which were fairly white, not only with mental toil but years—he pressed his bearded lips upon that cold, sparkling bauble.

"It will lie upon her breast," he said softly, a touch of tender passion thrilling the words. Then:

"Bah!" he exclaimed, shrugging his shoulders and laughing bitterly, as he straightened up. "There is no fool like an old fool. She will probably have an ivory miniature of some handsome, foolish young Apollo in it within a week; and, indeed, why should I care?"

Indeed, why? Yet somehow he did.

Despite all cynical philosophy we cannot

Shut our hearts up nowadays,
Like some old music-box that plays
Unfashionable airs, that raise
Derisive pity.

Resolving to drive around that way on his route to Wayside and leave his offering in person, Howard placed it in his pocket and flung himself into a great chair by the grate.

Dreamily he saw, not coals of fire, but a fair, fresh young face, daintily chiseled in saucy mold. A sweet girl-face, vaguely sad in repose, with a tender, witching, riante mouth and great innocent, dark eyes, dangerous with a childish, wondering coquetry.

As if to shake his mental vision, Howard took up a book; but ere long its pages became but senseless hieroglyphics. His brain refused to leave its groove.

He rose and left the room. He got half-way up the stair-case, then paused,—hand on the baluster.

All at once a vision had risen before him—before him stood a dainty girl who looked with smiling eyes into his own. He even heard her soft sweet voice, and heard a small, laughing child clinging to her skirts, call him "papa."

As it had suddenly come so the vision died. The wild strange thrill in Howard's heart gave place to the old, undefined bitterness.

He stood alone, alone as he must always stand now. Outside the winds sobbed, the trees moaned; inside prevailed the silence of—death. Then slowly Howard proceeded to his room.

Never here would ring the happy childish laughter he had but lately fancied. Could his mind be going astray? He had often heard of people having visions before such catastrophes.

He felt unnerved, frightened, surely something must be wrong to thus upset his middle age. For a strong man like him the feeling was absurd—a shock; yet he could not shake it off.

How dull, tired and worthless a thing his life had grown, full of draughts, apparently, for he shivered. Well, he had burnt the candle at both ends all his life. It probably would not extend far into the hidden future. If it should what a loveless, childless, wifeless old man he would be, cynical to the core with no better demand than self upon his love.

Ah, well! Man when badly wouded is not, after all, so much unlike a forsaken, wounded rat, that creeps away to die unseen by its kind. That would be his fate, probably—a pleasant one, certainly. As if owing it a grudge, he jerked out his watch.

Eight! Mabel's party must be in full blast by now, and—would she be sorry he was not—

"Castles in the air," he muttered scornfully, appropos of some by-gone thought. "Now for the solid facts and—Mrs. St. Vaile. Now, if a man wants to be fool enough to fall in love, why can't he be reasonable and fall into it with some one suited to his years, some one whom he might have a show of getting. In other things I fancy I am a sensible man, but— Well," he mused, tying his cravat before the looking glass and scowling at his own reflection, "it is not, I suppose, so much the fault of man as the fate of mankind to regret an Orient of youthful illusions while he stands in the western shadows! Damme! I never could tie a cravat decently, and this one." The scowl upon his face became positively appalling.

Snatching up his coat Howard yanked it on with a vengeance.

Then, with a sigh, yet more like a groan, he went out into the winter night, leaped into his waiting vehicle and dashed away down the gusty streets as if determined to out-ride himself, to escape from the dark, brooding demon of his own thought.

Outwardly a cynic, Howard was at heart a philanthropist. Few of his friends ever guessed how many homes his money had brightened that Christmas eve. If they had found it out, and complimented him on charity, Howard would probably have shrugged his shoulders, and said his money might better "go to the dogs" than accumulate for God alone knew who at his death.

* * * * *

In those "wee sma' hours ayant the twal" Howard returned home.

Strangely abstracted the charming widow had found her distinguished guest all evening.

Not her beauty, her wit, her charming acts nor yet the champagne her jeweled hands poured, her ruby lips just kissed, could woo him to his usual brilliant eloquence and gallantry. Her genius, as she called him, even seemed indifferent to the sound beating he received in a rubber.

As he now stood under the cold gas in his own room, and over a lately resurrected fire, how barren and bleak his lot seemed. How pleasant would have been a woman's companionship, provided, of course, she loved him. Through his brain ran the words of a song he had heard sung by Mabel Hurst while delivering her Christmas packet:

"Nothing is half so well, I think,
As love. The hidden well-water
Is not so delicate to drink.
Nothing is—"

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

The cry and clang of bells commingled.

Waking from his reverie, Howard walked to the window, dashed its curtain aside and looked out.

Instantly from his face dropped its dreamy expression. "My God," he whispered, as a tongue of flame shot up into the wintry, windy darkness. "It is—Cliff street. Mab—God grant they are safe. God grant it—God grant it."

In the interval which elapsed between his locating and reaching that fire, Howard was insane.

The pretty cottage, so gay a few hours previous, was now a flaming ruin when he dashed up.

"Is everybody safe?" he cried, with intent wildness. "Mab—where is she? quick! Bon camarade, where are you?"

From a crowd of women huddled near a slight, thinly clad, white-faced figure advanced to meet him.

"Isn't it awful," she whispered hoarsely. "O, Jack—"

But, regardless of all observers, he caught her in his strong arms. He held her fast. He kissed her eyes, her hair, her mouth. She was his world—she was safe, safe! He could never be quite unhappy again so long as she was safe, secure. He mumbled wild, fond, foolish words above that pretty gleaming head upon his breast, and then—

Like a log he fell forward, holding her still.

The physicians pronounced it brain fever, and for weeks he lay at death's door, wildly raving in delirium, and tenderly nursed in his own home by Mrs. Hurst and her daughter.

The latter grew strangely pale and womanly, listening to the wild ravings of the weak man she never could remember as otherwise than strong before.

* * * * *

On his recovery, who shall describe the change in Howard? Contrary to his wildest dreams, his life was at last to be illumined with woman's love—the love of that tiny, fragile, mocking creature in whom his every thought was centered, around whom his great heart was wrapped and twisted. Oh, the wonder of it. To have her always with him—his wife! To fear no other man, younger and handsomer—or—

Yet the difference in their ages was a sharp thorn in his flesh, after all. Would she not some time regret and "I wish I were not such a gray old fogy," he said, looking down with anxious eyes into her face, more spirituelle from her sick-room vigils. "Oh, sweetheart, how could you have loved me out of all the world?"

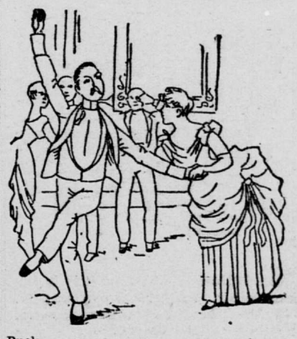
She returned him a charming moue.

"Don't flatter yourself too much, ma chere. Titania once fancied a donkey, you know, and"—with a soft, exquisite blush—"you really were the greatest donkey alive that night, Jack, when you kissed me so before all those people."

"What did I care?" recklessly. "What were they to me when I had found you safe, darling? An old fool I was, darling, but"—

"An old fool is the worst fool," she quoted. Then, very shyly placing her face against his, "love is a great equalizer," she says. "A few years—and I—shall be old and gray as you are, Jack; but we shall have each other, and I—I shall not mind at all. As for aging, I think," with a shaky little laugh, "I took a great stride toward catching up with you there in that awful time when they—they said you might die, and I didn't even have a picture of you to put in my locket, you know."

An Unfortunate Selection.



Puck.

Miss Smith (whose brothe just arrived from Texas)—Duke, you are making a perfect exhibition of yourself!

Duke (continuing the exhibition)—I don't care a rap. You can dress me up in dude clothes, make me cut my hair and insist on my sayin' "ither" for "either;" but when the band strikes up "The Old Keg," I'm goin' to dance Alamo style or bust!