WOMAN'S PAGE

NEW YEAR'S GAMES

SOME SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ENTERTAINING TO-DAY'S GUESTS

HOW TO GIVE A GHOST PARTY

Good Resolutions Entertainment Is Another Felicitous Idea for Celebrating the Last Night of the Old Year.

The New Year's ghost party originated with two inventive art students in a New York studio. Women who have copied their scheme say that it has never failed in any point of witchery, picturesqueness, and interest.

The invitations, which are calculated to excite curiosity from the outset, are worded somewhat as follows:

"Dear Spirit: You are invited to meet the spirits of the past, who will come together at Mrs. Eben Windermere's house on New Year's eve, at 11 o'clock. Ghosts only admitted, but all ghosts welcome whether of epochs, past, present, or to come. Whether of persons, things, or merely ideas."

From this mysterious note each spirit invited is quick to glean the fact that the party is to be a costume affair, and that all costumes are to suggest the spirit world.

A charming scene is guaranteed, for the evening of the party. Soft, floating, filmy materials fill the room; net, veiling, chiffon in white, gray or dun color cover the more solid hues of each costume and give the desired ethereal effect.

Ghosts of every time and country, of every nation and rank of life, of both sexes and all complexions, float hither and thither in eerie silence. For all conversation goes on in dumb show. The hostess greets her guests by bows, smiles and handshakings only. The guests communicate with each other by signs.

Among the shade groups one recognizes Marie Antoinette and Priscilla, Julius Caesar and Napoleon. The ghost of Wedding Day, of Schooldays, and the Golden Age are also present. The ghost of the Crusades is easily known by the cross emblazoned upon his bresat. Old Christmas by holly wreath and wassail bowl.

Each ghost on entering is given a card on which is written a line asking to keep secret the identity of the personage or epoch whose spirit he is, but to do his best at the same time to guess what other shades are present. Pencil and paper are given him for the purpose of writing down the ghosts guessed.

The ghost writing down correctly the greatest number of spirit names receives a well printed copy of that immortal ghost story, "Hamlet." Silence is observed until the stroke of 12, which ushers in a New Year, when the spell is broken and spook tongues loosed.

The evening ends in a picturesque cotillion.

Among the many felicitous ideas for your New Year's party is that of the good resolution affair. Outside of the social nature of the affair, and the fun of this new plan, it has the additional recommendation of being the simplest affair in the world to prepare for. No preparation on the part of guest or hostess is needed.

Guests, on entering the parlor, at the appointed time, are given pencils and paper. When all have appeared ask the company to form mentally and in secret one good resolution apiece, each resolution to be put in rhyme. Explain that rhyming of the simplest forms will do, and that the poem may consist of any number of lines that the resolver prefers.

When the last man or woman has finished work and said "ready," collect the papers and number them. Read each resolution aloud, and let the company guess by whom the resolution was taken. Guesses are not made verbally, but are written down, numbered according to the number of the verse.

Collect these papers and award to the best guesser the first prize. In order to do this each resolver is called upon to acknowledge his own effusion. The prize could take the shape of a dairy for the New Year.

Now arrange for a lively balloting to decide which of the verses was best in point of humor, meter, and sincerity. Every person present votes for some particular verse. The prize in this case is an artistic calendar. In order to show the unpretentious nature of the rhymes a handful of these selected at random from the work of a most successful resolution party is added here:

The midnight oil no more I'll burn.
The light of day shall serve my turn.

Novels, novels, nothing learned,
All my novels I have burned.
Empty book and empty mind,
But can I read the other kind?

The tinsel stage, the play at night
I frankly own is my delight.
The play soon goes, my money's spent,
I do not save a single cent.
So, friends, I vow, and sign it here,
That I will better do this year.

Too oft I scorn right wholesome meat,
Of sugary lollipops to eat.
Cakes, custards, sweets, I'll say them nay,
From their temptations turn away.

Carlessness in gloves and shoes,
Sudden fits of dumps and blues,
High heels and demi train,
None of these I'll have again.

Kissing Bracelets.

Kissing has come back in style. I mention it because it is to be upon the back of the hand, and the most beautiful kissing bracelets are the fad. I wear an inviting one of black velvet, with a sliding buckle of turquoise set around with fire opals. Cousin Dolly has one of black satin, with a clasp of gun metal with lace, the product of the housewife's own needle, is laid over an underpiece of pale green lawn. The low glass dish contains fruit for the dessert, while at either end stands a green glass vase containing a few sprays of flowers and foliage. At one end of the table is the soup tureen with ladle and two soup plates, each on a second plate for convenience in handling. At the opposite end are the platter for roast and such dishes as are required for the vegetables. At each cover is a water glass and napkin, at the right a knife and soup spoon, at the left two forks, also the small bread and butter plate and butter spreader. Vinegar and oil bottles in glass tray, salt and pepper shakers, bread plate and whatever is selected for pickles and relishes are disposed about the table. The two small coffee cups, cream and sugar are in readiness and the housekeeper after carrying the meat course to a side table will bring on the dessert and the coffee from the kitchen where it has been kept hot.

Two or three people can get along conveniently without a waitress, but where there are four or more the services of even an untrained general houseworker is a great help towards keeping meals orderly and food served at its best.

—Alice E. Whitaker.

A TABLE SET FOR DINNER.

A Family Dinner.

While it is not possible or desirable to make the everyday family dinner an elaborate affair, it should never be served carelessly. If time is limited have less variety, but let the few kinds of food be cooked without a flaw if possible. Housekeepers have read enough advice about the value of clean table linen, shining silver, the bunch of flowers, etc., yet they always like to see how someone else arranges her home table. Therefore the illustration may be of interest as one set for two people where there is no waitress. The centerpiece bordered and rhinestones, a mystical thing with a bit of emerald in the center. It demands close inspection.

It is the fad for the caller to salute you upon the back of the hand, and, if you hold out two hands in welcome, upon both hands! Cousin Dolly has a suitor who brought the fad from Paris and introduced it in New York. Dolly, clever girl, crosses her hands upon her breast and he kisses them where they lie. After a while, if one becomes engaged, one can be kissed, properly, where one should be.

Kissing is a rather peculiar thing. You first endure, then pity, then embrace. Hearing so much about it, I experimented a little. Held out one hand, with a kissing bracelet upon the wrist. It was a success, and, all the rest of the evening, after the others had come in, I sat looking at my hand in a dazed sort of way. All men seemed miraculously endowed with a knowledge of kissing. Girls, not.

How very faddish the season is to be. The kissing bracelet, the talisman, the conversation buckle and the beauty clasp! Are these Greek to you?

Well, the talisman is a bangle which hangs suspended from a very slender gold chain. I was reminded of the subtle style of this ornament by seeing one hanging from the neck of a pretty girl who is visiting Mrs. John Jacob Astor. The talisman was in Italian silver, made to open, and inside there was a photograph and a motto, one facing the other. The whole must match the scheme of dress.

Ministers' Club Meets.

Judge Green M. Orr read a paper on "Criminal Work in the Municipal Court in This City" yesterday afternoon at the regular monthly meeting of the Presbyterian Ministers' club. The club met with Rev. M. D. Edwards, of the Dayton Avenue Presbyterian church. The paper considered the best methods of preventing petty crimes and of dealing with petty criminals. A general discussion followed the paper. Rev. J. H. Sammis read a review of a recently published book that treats of theological matters. After the meeting Dr. Edwards entertained the members of the club at dinner. Covers were laid for sixteen.

"Ben Hur" Lecture.

A large audience crowded the Central Presbyterian church last night to enjoy the Christmas entertainment given by the Sunday school. There were carols by the children and a distribution of candy to everyone, but the chief feature of the evening's programme was a stereopticon lecture on "Ben Hur" by B. H. Schriber, superintendent of the Sunday school. He told the story of Ben Hur and illustrated his talk with seventy-two pictures of the narrative. J. L. Blain, J. C. Sanborn and N. S. Baker had charge of the programme.

Ball at the Aberdeen.

The management of the Aberdeen will give a New Year's ball Wednesday evening in the parlors of the hotel for their guests and the friends of the latter. The numerous entertainments announced for the day are all afternoon or early evening affairs and this ball will serve to close the day. A series of dinner parties will precede the ball. Among the hosts and hostesses will be Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hartin, Mr. and Mrs. Howard James, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Flynn, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Wilkes and Miss Seymour.

1c a Ride on Street Cars.

Call at Twin City Coupon Co., 220 Germania Life building, St. Paul.

PREACH IN SALOONS

LOCAL WHITE RIBBONERS DECIDE TO INAUGURATE A NOVEL CAMPAIGN

MUST FIRST GET PERMISSION

Women Interested Think Saloonkeepers Will Not Object to Short Services—Tracts for Lumberjacks.

Local white ribboners have determined to carry the war into Africa. At yesterday's meeting of the Central Women's Christian Temperance union the matter of holding gospel meetings in various saloons was brought up and favorably discussed. No action will be taken until the next meeting of the union, when a committee will be appointed to arrange a plan of campaign. It is the intention of the women interested in this work to get permission from the saloonkeepers to hold short services in their respective saloons. They think that by doing this a class of people will be reached that could not be reached by means of the usual home or hall gospel meetings.

Mrs. Jane Morrison, who has charge of the jail visiting for the Central union, gave an encouraging report of the work in her department yesterday. Mrs. M. J. Russell urged the members to make an effort to establish a Loyal Temperance league as an auxiliary to the union. If a suitable hall can be found the union will start an industrial school in connection with the league.

Mrs. Seymour reported yesterday that a barrel of temperance literature had been sent to the lumbermen in the vicinity of Hibbing.

Of Social Interest.

The marriage of Miss Esther Kelly, daughter of the late Patrick Kelly, and Charles Den Bell, of Spokane, Wasn., was solemnized late yesterday afternoon at St. Mary's Catholic church. Rev. Thomas J. Gibbons read the marriage service in the presence of relatives and a few intimate friends. But, although a quiet affair, the wedding was an exceptionally pretty one. Arthur Bergh played violin selections previous to the appearance of the bridal party, and for a processional Miss Elsie M. Shawe played the bridal music from "Lohengrin." The bride, who entered with her brother-in-law, J. B. Meagher, was attended by her sister, Miss Katherine Kelly, as maid of honor. Two other sisters, Mrs. E. W. S. Tingle and Mrs. J. B. Meagher, preceded her to the altar, where the party was awaited by Mr. Bell and his best man, Charles B. Pratt, of Los Angeles, Cal.

The bride was gowned in a beautiful creation of point and duchesse lace made over heavy white satin. The long lace veil was fastened to the high coiffure with a diamond butterfly. No flowers were carried.

Miss Katherine Kelly wore an exquisite costume of white panne velvet and white crepe. She wore a Paris hat of white lace and carried a muff of lace, chiffon and violets.

Mrs. Tingle and Mrs. Meagher were gowned alike in white broadcloth trimmed with lace. They wore white velvet hats trimmed with white ostrich plumes.

Following the ceremony a wedding dinner was served at the Aberdeen. Covers were laid for twelve. Among the out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Spencer and H. F. Meagher, of Mankato, and Miss Anglin, of Crookston.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell left last evening for the East. They will reside in Spokane.

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Miss Florina Kluckhohn gave an informal dinner party last night at her home on Goodrich avenue.

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Mrs. E. G. Willis, Miss Willis and Miss Suemerrille Willis, of Selby avenue, gave a reception yesterday afternoon from 4 to 6. About sixty women called during the receiving hours. The drawing rooms and dining room were decorated in red and green, the Christmas colors. The hostesses were assisted by Mrs. W. E. Bramhall, Mrs. M. E. Patterson, Mrs. John McClure, Miss Edna Mills and Miss Edith Willis.

The hostesses, assisted by the same women, received about forty of the younger set during the evening. Cards and music being the principal features of the evening's entertainment. Vocal solos were rendered by Miss Lancaster, Miss Overpeck, Ervine Dugan and Hugh McElkinny.

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The Misses Brown, Miss Lillian Mills and Miss Irvine will receive at the residence of the Misses Brown, 605 West Central avenue, this afternoon from 3 to 5.

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The St. Paul German club will give a colonial german tonight at Summit hall on Laurel avenue. The chaperones will be Mrs. E. S. Lawler, Mrs. E. V. Appleby, Mrs. E. A. Jaggard, Mrs. Alexander Cathcart and Mrs. A. B. Sibley. W. W. Price will lead the german.

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The marriage of Miss Marion Ritzinger and Nicholas Bruning, of New York, will be solemnized tonight at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ritzinger, on Fairmont avenue. Only relatives and intimate friends of the bride and groom will be present.

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Mrs. George C. Squires, of Summit court, will give a reception this afternoon to introduce Miss Edith Barnum to military society at Fort Snelling. Miss Barnum's marriage to Lieut. Henry A. Freeman, of the Thirteenth cavalry, U. S. A., will soon take place. The bride and groom will make their home at the fort.

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Miss Hal Black will give an informal reception this afternoon from 4 to 6 at her home on Goodrich avenue.

Miss Mildred Hubbard will give a dancing party tonight at her home at Macalester park.

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Mrs. William P. Allen will give a needlework tea this afternoon at her home on Lincoln avenue.

* * *

Miss Wood, of Laurel avenue, gave a luncheon yesterday at the Twin and Country club for Mrs. Henry Leonard, of Fort Snelling.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

The Hebrew Ladies' Aid society will give its annual charity ball tomorrow evening at Elks' hall.

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Unite Hive No. 33, Ladies of the Maccabees, will give a ball on New Year's eve in Central hall, Sixth and Seventh streets. The committee in charge is Mesdames Marion Brown, Ella Wilson, Mary Bywatter, Hattie Williams and Gertrude Porter.

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The Monday Shakespeare club met yesterday at the home of Mrs. Parkhouse, of East Central avenue.

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The women of the Universalist Church of the Redeemer gave a "brownie" party yesterday afternoon at the church for the children of the Sunday school. A large pie filled with sawdust, when opened, was found to contain presents for each member of the school. Games, stories, recitations and exercises by the children made up the afternoon's entertainment. Miss F. B. Whitney, Miss Barnet and Miss Minnie Gruber had charge of the entertainment.

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The teachers in the primary department of the Dayton Avenue Sunday school gave a supper last night in the parlors of the church.

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Rev. and Mrs. A. J. D. Haupt gave a reception yesterday from 2 to 5 and from 8 to 10 o'clock for the children and their parents and teachers of the Memorial English Lutheran church.

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The following lodges will give New Year's eve dances tonight The St. Paul Lodge of Elks, at their hall on West Fourth street; the Terpsichorean club at Bowlby hall; the Opechee club, at Woodruff hall, in Merriam Park; the Laurel Cycle club, at Litt's hall; the degree team of St. Paul Camp No. 3101, at Odd Fellows' hall, and the Knights of St. Paul Lodge No. 43, Knights of Pythias, in the West side opera block.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Fred Hunter is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Bassett, of Arundel street.

Miss Maria Tower, of St. Mary's, is the guest of Miss Overpeck, of Merriam Park.

Mrs. A. H. Sheldon, of Mason City, Iowa, is spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. De Vault.

Mr. and Mrs. John Grove and Miss Louise Mathieu, of Dayton avenue, are spending the holidays in Morris.

Mrs. J. B. Meagher, of the Aberdeen, is entertaining Mrs. E. W. S. Tingle, of Philadelphia; Mrs. J. H. Spencer, of Mankato, and Miss Anglin, of Crookston, Minn.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Stoltz, guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Stoltz, of the Aberdeen, have returned to Philadelphia.

Mrs. S. H. De Forest, of New York, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dean, of Summit avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Langford, of Joliet, Ill., are guests of Mrs. Langford, of Grand avenue.

Miss Clara Gianville, of College avenue, spent Christmas in Richland Center.

Miss Alice Shields, of Sidney, N. S., is visiting Miss Louise Crosby, of Lincoln avenue.

Miss Loew, of Le Mars, Iowa, is the guest of Miss Florence Kluckhohn, of Goodrich avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Coates, of the Aberdeen, are in Chicago.

Mrs. F. D. Parlin, of the Aberdeen, has returned from New York.

Mrs. A. H. Sheldon, of Mason City, Iowa, is spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. De Vault.

Miss Lillie Kimm, of Oakdale avenue, has gone to Lake Crystal, Minn., because of the illness of her cousin at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Hall, of Kalispell, Mont., formerly of St. Paul, have been the guests during the past week of Mrs. A. H. Grey, 579 Wabasha street.

Mrs. A. P. Moss has returned from the East, and for the present Mr. and Mrs. Moss are at the Miner, College avenue.

Lieut Henry Meyer, of Fort Assinaboine, Mont., has arrived in St. Paul, and is a guest at the Ryan. He will be married on Wednesday afternoon to Miss Edith Barnum. Lieut. Wilen, who is to be Lieut. Meyer's best man, is with him. Both are officers in the Thirteenth cavalry.

Industrial Exhibits on View.

The Industrial exhibit in the Ryan Annex will be open today from 10 to 6 o'clock. Pupils of the Central high school will give a working exhibit in woodwork, clay, modeling, domestic science and business practice. The admission is 10 cents. The proceeds will go to helping normal training in the grade schools.

MENUS FOR NEW YEAR'S.

It is the custom in many families to sit up and watch the old year out in company with a few invited guests and to serve refreshments exactly on the stroke of 12. Just what these refreshments shall consist of must largely be determined by the state of the mercury at the time. In our erratic climate it is not unlikely that during the last week of December we may be having a "warm spell," and if that is the case few people will care for heavy dishes, especially at night. But we will suppose that the frost of an old-fashioned winter has heightened our interest in material comforts. Therefore, something hot and tasty will be enjoyed. Below are several menus for New Year's eve suppers, also two outlines for New Year's dinners:

SUPPER.
Broiled Sweetbreads. Tomato Sauce.
Stewed Celery.
Vienna Rolls. Lettuce Salad.
Toasted Crackers.
Pound Cake. Preserved Ginger.
Tea and Coffee.

SUPPER.
Broiled Chicken. Cream Sauce.
Currant Jelly.
Roast Beef Sandwiches. Coffee.
Chocolate Ice Cream.
Sponge Cake.

SUPPER.
Shell Oysters.
Welsh Rarebit. Warmed Crackers.
Celery Salad.
Potato Chips. Rolled Sandwiches.
Coffee Jelly. Vanilla Wafers.
Chocolate.

DINNER.
Clam Bouillon.
Bread Sticks. Olives.
Roast Turkey. Giblet Sauce.
Cranberry Jelly.
Roast Duck. Potato Stuffing.
Celery.
Baked Sweet Potatoes. Creamed Carrots.
Tomato Salad. Salted Wafers.
Sherbet.
Queen Pudding. Whipped Cream.
Cheese.
Raisins. Walnuts.
Coffee.

DINNER.
Cream of Corn Soup.
Bread Crisps.
Boiled Fresh Cod. Drawn Butter.
Cucumber Pickles.
Roast Chicken. Brown Sauce.
Currant Jelly.
Mashed Potatoes. Stewed Tomatoes.
Olives.
Cabbage Salad. Butter Crackers.
Plum Pudding. Brandy Sauce.
Sunshine Cake. Cheese. Lemon Jelly.
Salted Peanuts. Marshmallows.
Coffee.

PICTURE PUZZLE.

Find Sleeping Beauty's Father and Mother.

Solution of Puzzle in Yesterday's Globe: One rabbit is under the right arm. The duck is under the left arm, and the other rabbit is to the left of the professor's face.

The Globe's Daily Short Story

The Return of an Expatriate.

BY GRACE S. COFFIN.

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Florence De Voe was a woman born to have experiences, to suffer sorrows, to arise alert from the buffets of fate. Her character showed in every line of her imperious, slender figure, in the set of her rose-red lips, in her firm chin, aquiline nose and flashing black eyes. Her father had achieved his many millions through steady battering at the gates of finance. Much of his aggressiveness was in her—his obstinacy, his courage, his fine disregard of the feelings of others. He worshiped her, and she loved him deeply, but their wills were in clash twenty times in a year. He was the only one who had ever bent her; she the only one who had ever successfully defied him.

There came into her young life Alexander Patton, countrybred, raw, patient, brainful and determined. Poverty-stricken, but with limitless confidence in his ability to conquer fortune in Chicago, he became a clerk in the offices of De Voe & Fotheringay, promoters and speculators; made himself useful and gained the senior partner's confidence. From there was but a step to the senior partner's house, and from there not half a step to falling passionately in love with the senior partner's daughter. Unused to the ways of society and realizing that in the city dollars weigh heavily, he proposed, was laughed at and left the house, pained, but not crushed. He began business for himself and went utterly out of her life.

There came then Clifton Warren, young, handsome, dashing. Samuel DeVoe, with a judgment of men that had failed seldom, mistrusted him from the first. Stormy scenes with the girl followed. The upshot of these was a stern order that Warren should be denied the house. The result of this was an elopement. Warren returned immediately to the city with his bride, and old De Voe would see neither of them.

"You have made your bed," he wrote to his daughter. "Lie on it. It will be a bed of coals, but if you have my blood in you, your moans will be too soft for outsiders to hear."

Two days afterward Warren was arrested on a charge of embezzlement. He had not a friend. Moneyless and cordially disliked, the road to the penitentiary was swift and smooth. On the day that he got his sentence his wife got a divorce. On the day that she got a divorce her father, his hair whitened and dry, his cheeks sunken, his form stooped, went wearily to sleep. One bold newspaper said that it was poison, but it was not. De Voe, man of trade, of merciless business methods, of a giant's strength, died of a broken heart.

Florence Warren did not attend the funeral. She did not wait for a reading of the will. She had a private bank account and she drew on it to the last cent. Before the sods had fallen on her father's coffin she was on the Atlantic, plunging eastward—her one idea to get beyond the sound of old voices to shatter old associates, to be henceforth all in all to herself, to bear in silence her hurts, to nurse in secret her desperately wounded pride.

"Anywhere, anywhere out of the world!" she said to herself, pacing the deck at night. A bold and decisive woman, she felt competent to face all ills of the future if only she could escape those of the past.

In a village set back from the sea in the hills of one of the Barbary states she rested. It was a queer colony of which she was a part. Here were men "wanted" in half the capitals of the globe; here were women with unspeakable pasts. A tall, pale man, gray and wrinkled, was a Nihilist who had helped to make the bomb which slew a czar; a dapper Frenchman, debonair and absinthed, had bought the knife which found the life of Cornot; a woman with red hair and green eyes had stabbed her keeper, an Austrian prince, in Monaco; a fat, red-faced politician, who spoke a fractured grammar, was spending a part of $200,000 abstracted from the treasury of New York City; a slender man, with mustache and goatee, sallow of skin and an incessant chewer of tobacco, had come from one of the Southern states of America, stopping en route long enough to dispose of a quarter of a million of stolen bonds. Back at home he was known as "Honest Jim" Brown. They were much alike, these lonely criminals, not bad-hearted for the most part, bound by common ties of sin and expatriation and they were disposed to welcome her. But she put them aside.

The only man who seemed to have no stain on him was an Englishman named John Spencer Norton, and he had gone to the hills in the hope of staying the ravages of consumption. To this derelict with some odd idea of atonement, she devoted herself. She talked to him, she sang to him; she gave him his frequent medicine; at his weakest she wheeled him up and down the long hotel piazzas. He was very grateful and his gratitude grew into liking, and his liking into love. One day he asked her to marry him. Still with the idea of atonement dominating in her she consented without hesitation. One of the colony was a little parson who had fled to Barbary because of a deficit in his church accounts. He was still a minister, however. The queer, half-lawless laws of the country being complied with, and the nearest Cadi liberally fed, the ceremony took place in the hotel parlor. The nihilist gave the bride away, and the red-haired murderess cried copiously. So Florence Warren, nee DeVoe, became Mrs. Spencer-Norton. There was no change in the relations between her and her ghastly husband, save that she occupied a room with him and gave him medicines at stated hours of the night as well as of the day.

He had no money at all, a fact of which she was aware when she agreed to take his name, and she charged herself with his care and maintenance. She led the life of a slave, and this gave her some relief. Then, young and healthy and strong, a longing for the old scenes came over her. It had been her misfortune in the past that a half-formed desire was cause for instant action. She examined her funds and saw that she had enough to take them to her home. "Home!" She laughed when the word formed itself in her mind. They left Africa by the next outgoing steamer.

Arrived at Chicago, an interview with her father's attorney gave her food for thought. The old man who handled her father's affairs for years shook hands with her cordially enough, motioned her to a seat, showed no surprise when he learned her new name and plunged into business. It took him fifteen minutes to tell her that she had not a dollar of patrimony. DeVoe's death disclosed that his firm was bankrupt, his stocks worthless and his bonds sold. Every square foot had been seized to satisfy his creditors. The old lawyer said finally:

"I paid for his burial from my own pocket."

That closed the interview. She thanked him, rose and walked rapidly out in the sunshine. In her purse was $20, her sole capital. From the hotel to a cheap boarding house was a matter of course. Her husband's violent cough disturbed other boarders. From the cheap boarding house to cheaper rooms was another matter of course. Here for a week she was still while her little hoard melted. To obtain some sort of employment was a necessity, yet what could she do? Looking into herself she found that not one of her accomplishments was worth a cent in the market. Nevertheless she bought the morning paper, though she grudged the two pennies it cost, and went through the advertisements. So reading, while the steady cough went on in the other little room, with now and then an impatient whine for more medicine, she saw in staring headlines:

MILLION CLEARED IN WHEAT.

Pile of Golden Dollars Amassed by Brain and Nerve—Chief Raider Has Dropped Out.

Alexander Patton, Napoleon of the Board, Forces a Settlement With "Shorts," Collects Ten Hundred Thousand and Retires Rich and Smiling.

Alexander Patton. The name woke memories. The man had loved her once, honestly, almost insanely. She could close her eyes and see his white face as he pleaded; she could hear, too, the laugh with which she answered him. Yet she liked him well—better, in fact, than any man she had met before or since—infinitely better than the flasny scoundrel she had used as a weapon with which to strike her father dead; more consumingly than the wreck for whom she was immolating herself. Why had she refused him? Pride, of course; an idiotic, stiff-necked pride! There had been in her, too, a desire to run counter to her father's wishes, for she knew that the speculator liked the resourceful, strong employe whom he had introduced to his home. Five years had passed since he went from her—five years, long, leaden and full of misery. And now he was at the top of fortune's wheel, rich, powerful, courted, and she at the bottom, poor, unrecognized, almost in hiding. Try as she would, however, she could not fancy him in high estate. To her mind's eye he was still young, obscure and pleading thickly, but passionately. A warm blush stole from throat to cheek and from cheek to forehead. From the room beyond sounded the cough and a querulous call:

"Florence! Florence!"

She rose and went to him, still youthful, still strong, still healthful. She looked down upon his fallen jaw, his black lips, the hectic flush on his face, into his eyes burning. Under the sheet his knees showed sharply. His narrow chest, with a dreadful hollow at the base of the throat, rose and fell pantingly.

"Florence! My God! I must have fresh air; I must have nourishing food; a physician should be called; why am I suffered to lie here without the services of a trained nurse? You are willing enough—I admit it—but unskilled. With proper care I should be well in a week. You are killing me!"

"I have no money, John."

"But you have friends, acquaintances. You were born here! Your father was rich. Surely—"

Her hands, hanging loosely at her sides, closed tightly. She half turned from him, then stooped over him and shifted his pillow.

"I have no friends," she said gently; "no acquaintances, no one upon whom I could call for aid."

A complaining whine followed her as she went out. Once more her eye fell upon the paper lying upon the common table. The black head lines forced themselves upon her persistently. Could she go to the man whom she had laughed at? This time her cheeks went white and she shrunk as if to avoid a blow. All of her old stubborn pride arose and fought. She shivered as though in ague.

"I cannot do it!" she whispered. "If my soul's salvation were the reward, I could not do it!"

The deep rending cough was followed by a weary moan. She put on her hat and gloves and the front door closed behind her.

"Mr. Norton, older and graver, sat as his desk in his inner office. A quiet light of exultation was in his eyes, but he was impassive. His bookkeeper had shown him a trial balance. The sheet lay before him. He glanced at it and half sighed. A uniformed boy handed him a card.

"I do not know the lady," he remarked unconsciously aloud, "but show her in."

A moment later he rose with eagerly outstretched hand. Recognition was instant. If twenty years had passed he knew known that queenly form, that patrician, haughty, beautiful face, the dark eyes, not imperious now, but softened in the shadows of shame and suffering.

"Florence—Miss DeVoe—Mrs. Warren," he stammered, then looked down at the card and was silent.

It was the woman in her that made her the calmer of the two.

"Mr. Patton," she answered, taking the hand and speaking softly and slowly, "I have come to you a broken, impoverished woman. Without a dollar in the world or a friend to whom I can appeal, I ask you to forget the past and aid me. My husband lies in our shabby rooms, dying of consumption. He is doomed, and lacks everything which should lessen his agony. Can you forget?"

"He has you," the man said. "I have remembered but as one whose presumption merited more punishment than he received. I can say that in all of these years thought of you has been with me and I have wished you happiness. It is not for me now to tell you why, but you know—you know."

Her head was bowed and again the blush stole over her cheek and brow.

"I know," she murmured.

Patton turned and unlocked a drawer. For an instant his eye met hers and his hand trembled. In every vein pulsed some new and strange delight, which he did not understand, nor try to understand.

His voice sounded repressed and strained and he ran through some papers and selected one that was yellow and timeworn.

"Mrs. Norton," he said, "I have here something I have longed often to show you. You would have known of it long ago if I could have reached you. I knew that you were alive because I felt that you were alive, but I could not find in what part of earth you had buried yourself. This is a memorandum of a large sum loaned to me by your father when I left his employ. He sympathized with my foolish hopes, you see. It was not paid to his creditors because they got all and more than they should have had. It is in memorandum form because Mr. DeVoe would not accept my note of hand.

"'It may happen some time, Aleck,' he said to me, 'that my daughter will need your assistance. If that time comes, aid her.'

"This sum has grown largely. It has grown as fast as my own fortune. You are now credited with $225,000. I will draw my personal check in your favor and then I will drive you to the bank."

She sank into a chair and looked at him writing. His brown hair was sprinkled with gray and there were lines on his forehead, but the deep, tender, masterful nature of the man showed plainly. It was not of the money that she was thinking.

Half an hour later they entered the shabby rooms.

"John," she called clearly. "Dear John; I have brought a friend!"

There was no answer. She stepped hurriedly to the rear room. The blue-veined lids down-pressed, one skeleton arm hanging listlessly, John Spencer-Norton was only waste clay. Patton drew up the sheet reverently, then took her hands. She bent forward and her head rested on his shoulder.

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