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enough to lose his own, with provocation—at least, most of us thought so.
 "The doctor had been to the sub-post on the Mexican border on some duty or other, and the day after he came back Captain Lane, the gossip of the post, stopped as he was passing the doctor's house for a few minutes' chat with the doctor's wife. She was reclining negligently in her hammock, which was stretched across the corner of her porch. The captain stood on the board walk, some five feet lower than the porch floor. As they chatted about nothing in particular, along came one of those naughty breezes that are always up to some mad mischief in the prairie country and—the captain told every officer in the post, except Gaul, all about it before call to quarters, omitting none of the harrowing details. Indeed, he declared, on his word as an officer and a gentleman, there was not another pair in the world like them. He said the silk elastic was a peculiar shade of red to be had nowhere outside old Pablo's tienda in the Mexican town across the river from the sub-post, and that the buckle was a tarantula, done in gold, a work of art, also Pablo's, the work of a true artist, who wouldn't duplicate a design for love nor money. Years and and experience lent authority to the captain's statement.
 "The morning after the captain's interesting adventure, he, two other officers and the doctor went to Gaul's quarters to see him about one of his troopers, whose discharge had been ordered. Gaul was out, but the boy who looked after 'bachelor quarters' said he would return in a few minutes, so all of them went into his room to wait for him. They were no sooner inside before something on Gaul's dressing table caught the captain's eye and held it. Naturally the others looked in that direction, and in two strides the doctor was beside the table. From it he took a dainty red circlet clasped with a tarantula worked in old gold. Then he swore awfully. He was still swearing in his beard, in a muffled, dispirited sort of way, when Gaul walked in, humming a Mexican love song and looking as innocent as a Sunday school picnic.
 "What does this mean, sir? What does it mean? shouted the doctor utterly beside himself at the sight of Gaul, waving the innocent cause of his excitement like a battle flag in the face of the enemy.
 "None of your damn business!" said Gaul, as promptly as you please, but he colored to the roots of his hair.
 "Whereupon it took all of us to hold the doctor and hustle him out of the room, and then we had to divide our forces to keep Gaul from following him, for the doctor held on to the piece of elastic and gold like grim death to a gravestone.
 "Eventually we got the doctor to the hospital and sent Captain Lane to the major, for the doctor swore he'd kill Gaul on sight and his wife afterward.
 "The major swore some himself, and then he ordered both the belligerents in arrest, one in the hospital, the other in his quarters. He also posted a sentry at both places to see that his orders were obeyed.
 "Before proceeding farther the major waited till he was calmer and felt the others must have cooled off a bit. Then he sent for Gaul.
 "What explanation of this matter have you to offer? he asked as sternly as he could.
 "None whatever, sir," answered Gaul, defiantly.
 "Report back to your quarters in arrest, then," roared the major, his temper asserting itself for the second time that day under stress of the situation, and, possibly, some little curiosity. When Gaul was gone he walked the floor and tried to think.
 "Ten minutes afterward the major's

orderly, his adjutant and his office were taken successively and literally by storm, and the doctor's wife was asking him between sobs what on earth was the matter.
 "As the major's explanation progressed she became calmer, then angry.
 "Absurd!" she exclaimed. "He ought to be ashamed of himself."
 "The identification of the—ah, article was complete—a very peculiar clasp, a golden tarantula, I believe," continued the major.
 "With a little scream her hands reached instinctively downward—the gesture was not finished. Blushing rosy red, she said:
 "Take me to him at once."
 "I beg pardon, which him?" asked the major.
 "To my husband, sir!" Her eyes flashed angrily.
 "Not just yet," said the major. "He threatens your life—"
 "The major's desk was between them. A moment she leaned forward. A slight movement of her shoulders showed that her little hands were busy. Before he had time to suspect what she was doing, she said:
 "Take these, then"—with averted face she laid two silken circlets of red, each clasped with its golden tarantula, on the desk—"and tell him for me that he is a jealous old fool," and with face still more averted, "I—I will sit here until you bring them back."
 "Just how and when and wherefore Gaul came into possession of his golden tarantula none of us ever discovered. His devotion to the doctor's wife was another matter. When he married the room-mate of her boarding-school days, and it came out that she had patched up their first and only lover's quarrel at a time when Gaul's letters were being returned unopened, about the date of the doctor's discovery and demonstration, Gaul's reputation as a gay Lothario collapsed, but he was dubbed "Knight of the Garter" by his brother officers to the day of his retirement.—Town Topics.

CHECKS A LA CUPID.
 The other day a young lady, daughter of a well known millionaire, drove up to the door of a jeweler's shop, went in and selected a turquoise and diamond ring valued at \$250. She quietly made out her check for that sum and passed it on to the assistant. The alert young man glanced at it and then looked inquiringly up at the young lady.
 "There is some mistake here, I think," said he with an apologetic smile.
 The young lady flushed and demanded to know if the check was not for the right amount. She was told it was but—"But what?" she exclaimed, haughtily. "Do you mean that my check is not acceptable?"
 The assistant mildly acknowledged that he knew who the young lady was, but explained that the check was not made out just as it should be, and handed it back.
 The girl ran her eyes over it and then turned a deep crimson.
 "Oh," she exclaimed; "I see." And then she proceeded to make out another check.
 She had signed the first one, "Your own sweetheart, Jessie."—The New Yorker.

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