s man forgots his ideals he may Oliver Hobbes. ler, love-sick youth believes lovely woman ne'er deceives

de curses cynic prods. The idel sometimes nods.

the may, indeed, be passing fair, sparkling eyes and golden hair If he should ever get a hint That lovely tresses change their tint?

Ah, me, the idol nods!

again, the merry maiden's feet Look very small, divinely sweet, In glossy leather shod. What praise he'll lavish, goodness knows at if he saw her tortured toes The idol then would nod.

For him her face is wreathed in smiles There's joy where she has trod; then one day he sees her frown, His airy castles tumble down, Why does the idol nod?

well for him who comes to think That life has drab as well as pink, That man is not a god; and happiness he'll only find on as he makes up his mind That idols always nod.

## A HUSBAND TAKEN BACK.

The bed stood in the middle of the room, its foot in the open window. From far beneath came the night hum of Oblcago, but it was quieted by the distance to a mere luthaby. So high was the top of the great hotel that the garblue-white of the electric lights. which so lavishly dorted the city, was toned down to a gentle luminous haze.

The man on the bed tossed from side to side uneasily, rolled on his back, lay with his mouth upon the pillow. In his right hand be held crunched a letter written in a woman's writing, and as certain waves of dream crept over him he rumpled the letter savagely and mumbled through his clinched teeth words of inarticulate fury. At last his dream seemed to culminate, and he broke into a paroxysm of coughing, which a woke him. His senses, dim at first, drew rapidly to the aler. His eyes, so recently glued with sleep, oped quickly to their fullest stretch. His nostrils worked like the nostrils of a dog on a trail.

Smoke! Tobacco smoke? I don't think so. It smells to me like the reek of burning wood."

His eyes were beginning to open wider, with the unnatural expansion of terror. George Carr had been in America before, and knew what these things pertended. Quickly dropping his feet on to the boards of the floor, he walked across them, unlocked his door, and, opening it, looked into the passage. He had no doubt then as to what had occurred. Not far below him was the crisp crackling of fiames, and with it came the cries of badly frightened women and men.

My God! the hotel is on fire." he exclaimed. "It is built of wood from cellar to roof tree; it is crammed with people, and I am close under the shingles on the eleventh floor!"

He went out on the landing in his night gear as he was, and attempted to cend. Columns of gray vapor which stung the eyes and nostrils rolled up the shaft of the stairway, and, looking over the halosters he saw through the smoke arms of tawny flame which shot greedily up toward him. The heat was terrific: It drove him back to his room even before the smoke forced a retreat. Baked by the continued heat of summer, the great wooden hotel was burning as though it had been anointed with

Carr ran back to his bedroom and stood in the midst of the floor, trembling like a leaf. He still held in his pers the crumpled letter in a woman's handwriting-his wife's, but, remembering it, broke out into new fury, and tore it into tiny squares, which fluttered like white butterflies before the teine draught.

Grasping, heartless wretch that she be cried. "If it had not been for this letter, goading me to make more bey and still more money, I should estching this morning's home boat from New York harbor. As it is, I'm re to burn slowly to death unless I to make a quicker ending of it ng out on to the road 200 feet He gave a flerce sport of a "Suicide is wrong, we are told. der if it would be sinful for me to my miseries quickly, instead of re sall life is tediously roasted me here. It is a nice point, but Il not argue it out now. I'm going to shut my eyes and jump-into eter-

He walked steadily across to the win at one leg over the sill, and look wa from a dizzy height which no pe on earth could span. Flames inning to jet through many of ws below. In the street two fire engines were already at others were coming up with at a furious gallop. The black set of people in the vacant space a curious white mottling of upturns. Carr threw the other leg over i, and, stooping over, wondered he should drop. He wanted to tear, and—the ghastly thought ne be did not want to splach

eroar of the flames in the

"Bah! what a coward I am!" he cried, "fearing to leap into necessary death with my face toward it. I suppose I have a woman's nerve just now; I must humor myself like a woman."

He turned about breasting the still and lowering himself steadily down till all his body hung down against the wooden wall suspended only by the finger tips. And, then he saw something which caused such a revulsion of feeling that he was within an ace of relaxing his old and being dashed to rags in the street below.

Gradually, however, his muscles stiffened again, and he drew himself up and fell faint and trembling on the board floor of his bedroom. Screwed to the jamb of the window was a stout eyebolt; fastened to this was a long coil of rope. These things are the ordinary accompaniment of American hotel bedrooms anywhere above the first floor. and Carr had seen them scores of times before. Still feeling sick and dizzy, Carr gathered himself up from the floor, and with trembling fingers set about casting the rope from its coll. The stuff tangled, and in his hasty clumsiness he tied it into hard knots. Time was wasted.

At last, however, the long, snaky length of rope was nung out of the window; and gripping it with his hands and legs, the fugitive started his descent. He was no practiced climber. and the rough hemp ate the skin from his hands as it passed through them, but such an inconvenience was only of slight moment. A far greater danger encompassed him. During his delay the fire had gained in strength and flerceness, and torrents of yellow blaze were pouring from dozens of the windows.

He had to pass through two of these and emerged at each lower end stiffed and blackened. But the rope remained, hanging like a thin, black snake in the heart of the licking tongues of fire, getting deeper and deeper charred every moment. How long would it continue to hold him?

Fully conscious of his new peril, he let the cord slip past him still more rapidly, till it felt as though his hands were being cut through to the very bone by a red-hot saw; and then-it

He felt a numbing rush through the air, a jarring thud as or ten thousand earthquakes, suns shooting before his eyes-and that was all. Oblivion held bim entirely. . . . . . . . .

Later on the doctor presented the patient, over whom there had been some controversy, with a paper which contained a lengthy account of the fire, and the patient marveled at the inventive powers of Chicago journalists. When, however, he came to the list of the killed, about which there could not well be any sentimental romancing, he put the paper down with a start. For awhile he lay still with his eyes on the ceiling. Then his glance descended again and roved round the ward rather guiltily. Finding that no one was noticing him, he once more picked up the naper. Yes, there it was, in unco promising black and white, described with gruesome adjectives and Carr of Wingford, England. Curiosity made him search further among the columns. and he found the method of his death described with gruesome adjectives and startling headlines. This last owned to being imaginative, as it mentioned that he had never been seen alive after retiring for the night.

Yet it was a bad conjecture of what might have occurred to a man who was slowly suffocated to death.

Again the paper fluttered to the floor. and again Carr's eyes sought the celling. He was thinking very hard indeed, and couldn't quite make up his mind to something. A course seemed open before him, a course which had some drawbacks, but a multirude of good points. For one thing, it would ease him forever of his wife, who has tormented his love into something akin to hatred; for another-

The doctor came and broke into his

"Say, friend, I want to know your The hotel registers are burned, and the papers wish to print a list of survivors, so that we may tot up with more accuracy how many poor wretches are missing. It's been a sad business, this, all around; a mighty sad business Many deaths, and what did you say your name was, sir?"

It was now or never. The choice had to be made or the chance missed.

"Carev. The doctor noted it down on his cuff. Initials, please?"

"Henry G. Where of? You're English, I guess

-isn't that so?"

"Yes, a Londoner." "Thanks. I won't ask you how you

like our city, because, perhaps, you've got rather a bad first impression. But that'll wear off, sir. You'll like it be-

"I hope so," said the patient, dream-"I'm here in America to stay. I hope I shall get on."

'Hope so, I'm sure," said the doctor, briskly. "Wish you every kind of luck."

An outcast, ragged, bent and prems turely aged, slopped along beside a high park wall. The slushy snow of an Engish spring elshed and flowed across the soles of his bursting boots; the chill of the wind bit myagely through his rage of clothes. Presently the wall gave lace to a sunk fence, and the tramp

ed physically unable to leave his sent gased at him for a moment is haughty

The tramp, with a sigh, started wear ily on his way. "It seems even grander than I was told of," he murmured to himself, "Wealth, comfort, happiness everywhere. And it might all have been mine. Every stick and every shrub left to the wife and me betwee us. It fell to us by will the day be fore I-I died; the day before I was burned to ashes in the Chicago fire. Fancy the irony of that! The day be-Why didn't the news reach me? I'd a fine fund of selfishness about me then.

"And Louise was right after all. It was her duty to urge me to business. I was as lazy as the day was long then. and she told me of it, and I hated her for speaking. I've thought since over that letter, and the pain it must have caused her to write.

"Eh, well, that's all past and done with. I died. I was full of conceit in myself, and thought an American fortune was easily made, even if it was sometimes lost with suddenness. Pah! any moment to bless the union of the I never reached the first rung of the lad- two loving hearts of Angeline and der. I never rose above laboring with Thomas Jefferson, Jr., and Angeline my hands at unskilled trades, and it and Thomas Jefferson, Jr., were alwas being constantly shown me how I ready one in their hearty harmony with was an indifferent laborer at that.

"No. I've missed it badly, and all through my own short-sighted fault. I against the Widow Muggins. might have had a wife children and a stately home. What I do have is my share of the queen's wet highway and weary aches to lie down upon. Of myself I shall never now be more than what I am-a broken waster. But there is one thing I won't do, and that's ask help from her. She'd give it, if I sought for it; she'd call me back as her husband if she knew me to be alive: she'd share with me willingly what is, perhaps, after all legally mine to share. But no, I'm blamed if I do. She's a good woman, and I'm what they call in won't remake it even if I have the chance. Things are uncomfortable. but I guess they won't drag out much longer.

He sat heavily down on the wet way side turf, his legs dangling over the ditch. "Ten years; ten terrors for me. Ten years of her thinking herself a widow. She's had the chance to marry again; I beard all about it. Leslie asked her, the only man I was jealous of before I won her for myself. She likes him, I know; she always did; and for him she's the only woman in the world. But she wouldn't marry him for all that, though he could have given her love, title, more wealth, yes,

everything a woman could want." A crunching noise made the tramp turn his glance. A smart carriage with a pair of ponies was coming up round a driving; a man in livery sat behind. live with you." The tramp gazed for a minute with starting eyes, then turned away and, with bowed head, faced the ditch. "Oh, my God," he murmured, and clinched his hands till the nails drew blood.

The noise of the wheels ceased, and there was the sound of matting skirts The tramp also noticed the faint smell of sealskin, but he kept his back resolutely immovable.

The tramp did not stir. A trembling hand was placed on his wet shoulder. "George, look up. I know it is you." "Woman, go away. You are making

a mistake." "Look me in the face and repeat that." "I\_I will not I can't."

She slipped down to a seat beside him down through wonder.

"Oh. Louise, why can't you pass me by? I only came for a peep. I didn't intend you to see me-God knows I but all at once she glanced out of the didn't. It's all yours now, and I'll not door, dropped the teacup she was polchosen my path like the scoundrel that out of the kitchen into the house. It was and I must keep along it. It isn't fit that I should turn back now." found you."

"I tell you I cannot. You would not ask me if you knew what I have been how vilely I have sinned against you. Don't shake your head; it is true. If rou won't credit that, listen."

She threw her arms around his shoulders, pressing him flercely to her breast "Dear," she said, "you have come back to me. I know that: I do not want

to know any more." The tramp tried to pluck himself from he embrace without avail. Then he ay against her furs and shuddered, but made no more resistance.

Louise Carr had taken back her husband.-Black and White.

The Obstacle Overcome.

They are telling the story in London that the impossible American in Paris alighted at a hotel to find it absolutely full. "I have nothing," expostulated the host, almost tearfully, "nothing. The first floor is taken by the King of the Ostenders; the Queen of Monte garia occupies the second; the Duke of Cottonoplis is sharing the third floor with the Caliph of Port Said; and the Crown Prince of Nova Esperanza is deeping on the billard table. As for myself, I have to make up a bed in the office, and there only remains the chamber of my daughter. Of course "Is that your daughter?" interrupted the American, pointing to the roung lady at the desk. "Yes, sir." 'All right: I'll marry ber after lunch. And, giving his value to the speechless Boulface, he added, "Now, you can take my laggage up to our room.

Camela Cannot Swim. Camels are perhaps the only animal



## WIDOW . MUGGINS' . OPPOSITION.

ow of Jethro Muggins, of Codfish Haven, was violently opposed to the very idea of her daughter marrying the red-faced, long legged son of Thomas Jefferson Biggs; first, be cause she wanted to see her Angeline the wife of a rich mian, and, secondly, because Thomas Jefferson, Jr., was not a rich man.

As an offset to this violent opposition on the part of the Window Muggins, Thomas Jefferson Biggs was ready at the views of Thomas Jefferson Biggs. Thus do we find odds of three to one

"The very idee, Angeline," the Widow Muggins was saying, as she washed the dishes which Angeline wiped, "the very idee of your marrying Thomas Jefferson, Jr., is prepost'rous. Why. you ain't got a thing in the world to go on but a few clo's and a good constitution, and Thomas Jefferson, Jr., ain't much better off."

"Thomas Jefferson, Jr.'s, father own the farm they live on, and it will come to him some day, mother," ventured the rosy-cheeked Angeline.

"And so do I own the farm we live on," said the Widow Muggins, with au the States a mean man. Yes, mighty air of aggressive pride; "and it will mean and down at the heel, not at all come to you some day; but what have white; but I've made my bed, and I you both got to go on now? Nothing under the blue canopy, and if you get married you'll have to go to the poor house or the orphan asylum, or, more like, to the lunatic asylum."

"Couldn't we marry and wait, moth-

"Wait! Wait, for what? Wait till me and Thomas Jefferson Biggs dies? No. you can't. Who'd support you while you waited?"

"I can work, mother, and so can Thomas Jefferson, Jr."

"I see you working. You can work in my house, and Thomas Jefferson, Jr., can work on his father's farm; but do you think I want to take a son-in-law to raise and do you think I'm going to let you go over there and slave your life out for them Biggses! Indeed, I'm not, and if you get married at all, Angeline, with my consent, you'll marry a man that is able to support you and me, turn of the west road. A woman was too, if I take a notion that I want to

"Maybe he wouldn't want you to live with us, mother," said Angeline, hesttatingly.

"Wouldn't?" sniffed the widow Well, I'd show him very soon whether he wanted me or not." "Thomas Jefferson, Jr., likes you,

mother." Insignated Angeline "And Thomas Jefferson, Jr., would like to live in my house. If he likes me so well, why doesn't he have a house where I might go if I wanted

"He will have, some day, mother." "Yes, and I'll be in my grave by that time.

"Oh, no, you won't," coaxed Angeline, "Don't get to palaverin' now," snapped the Widow Muggins. "You can't wheedle me into givin' my consent n the sodden turf, and the groom at to your marrying Thomas Jefferson, the ponies' heads felt his jaw drop Jr., now, henceforth or forever. My mind's made up and will stay made up.

Angeline might have argued further. take a fraction away from you. I have ishing, and, with a small acream, darted was Thomas Jefferson, Jr., within a dozen feet of the open door, and An-"Yet you must stay, now that I have geine wouldn't have had him see her looking such sight for anything in the

Mehitabel Muggins looked hurriedly toward the door through which Angeline had vanished, and then toward the one which Thomas Jefferson, Jr., was approaching.

"Oh. It's you, is it?" she said, in a one of welcome that Thomas Jefferson, Jr., was accustomed to.

"Yes'm," he responded, meekly, 'How do you do? Where's Angeline?' "That's more than I know. She went out of here without telling me where

she was going." Thomas Jefferson, Jr., stood in the kitchen door without the slightest expectation of being invited to come any

"I'd like to see Angeline if I could," hesitated Thomas Jefferson, Jr. "Didn't I say I didn't know where

she was? "I guess that don't make any great difference in my liking to see her; would you think it did?" said Thomas Jefferson, Jr., stumbling awkwardly over the words.

"I was talking about you just before you come up," remarked the widow, veering from the subject in hand to a light extent. "I hope you was saying something

good, ma'am "I was saying the best thing I could, which wasn't saying that you could

marry Apgeline. "Pap said he hoped I would marry her," said Thomas Jefferson, Jr., throwing the burden on his father's shoul-

"I'd like to know what you pap's got o do with it?" exclaimed the widow. is he running my lided, with intense irony. 'Is he running my family now?" she

"No'm," replied Thomas Jefferson, r., with meekness; "but he said he night as well begin now as any time." "Oh, he did?" and the widow banged

EHITABEL MUGGINS, wid | a saucer down on the table and broke it in two. "He did, did he? Well, you can go back and tell him that when I sin't able to attend to my own business I'll hire him as a hand to do the rough work. And you might as well tell him at the same time that if he thinks you are going to marry Angeline, you are very much mistaken."

"Why can't I marry her?" asked Thomas Jefferson, Jr., with more cour age than he thought he had.

The Widow Muggins looked him all over very slowly, very critically, very contemptuously, and with her nose turned up.

"You're a pretty looking thing to talk about marrying, ain't you?" she asked. "You are just like Angeline, All you've got is clo's and a constitution and no place to put 'em. You haven't got enough to pay for the llcense.

"But pap has," argued Thomas Jefferson, Jr.

"And so have I," asserted the widow, with the same old aggressive pride, for to her comparisons were odious, "but that's no sign you are going to get it. won't have you in my house and-"I'll take Angeline home to pap's house," interrupted Thomas Jefferson

"No you won't either. I won't have my daughter slaving her life out for you and your pap, as you call him." Over by the gate through which

Thomas Jefferson, Jr., had come stood Angeline in a cool, white muslin and pink ribbons, as sweet as an apple blosom. She had arrayed herself and come out of the house by another door, and Thomas Jefferson, Jr., was to take her to a picnic down in the Haven woods. "Good morning, ma'am," said Thomas Jefferson, Jr., when he saw her, and the abruptness of his parting almost made the cold chills run down the back of the Widow Muggins, for she had done what she could to avert this picnic in a ladylike way. Her efforts had proven all in vain, and as the two walked away she almost pawed the floor in her disappointment and anger. and there is no telling what would have happened before the day had finished if a vent to her surcharged feelings had not been sent to her by a kind Providence. It came about 3 o'clock in the afternoon in the comfortable per-

son of Thomas Jefferson Biggs. Thomas Jefferson Biggs, as may be inferred from the use of the word 'comfortable" in describing him, was just the sort of a person that sort of an adjective would describe. He was comfortable; he had a comfortable farm, a comfortable house, a comfortable gig, a comfortable old horse to pull it, a comfortable appetite, a comfortaa comfortable temper, and, unlike Wid-ow Muggins, his life-long neighbor and friend, he had a comfortable time, for he took things as they came and gave them up as they went. He was a widower with no one to look after except



felt that he had ample cause to be satisfied and thankful. The Widow Muggins sat on the stoop as be approached, but he did not notice

the fire in her eye, and the red ring around her nose "Good day, Mehitabel," he said. cheerily, as he came up.

"It's anything but a good day to me. she replied, like a great dump of gray sky into a heaven full of blue. 'My, my, what's the matter? You

and I ought to be the happiest people in the world." "Speak for yourself, Thomas Jefferson Biggs," she said, with an effort to

maintain her good manners.

"Tut, tut." laughed Thomas Jeffer-"You need a tonic, Mehitabel. I'll send Thomas Jefferson, Jr., over with some that I have just had made by the herb doctor. It's guaranteed to make the sun shine on the cloudiest day of the year."

"Well, don't send it by that boy Thomas Jefferson, Jr.," she snapped. "Why, Mehitabel, what is the matter with Thomas Jefferson, Jr.?"

You know well enough, Thomas Jefferson," she half whimpered, and then she became strong and went on. 'And right here I want to tell you, Thomas Jefferson Biggs, that that Thomas Jefferson, Jr., of yours shall something higher for her, and I will never consent to her marrying against

Mehitabel Muggins was tangling up her language, and Thomas Jefferson Biggs laughed.

"Oh, you may laugh," she went or petting redder in the face, "but I mean just what I say. Angeline hasn't got anything to marry on, and Thomas Jefferson, Jr., hasn't, and I'd like to know what in the name of goodness they are going to do to make a living?" Work, Mehitabel," suggested The

as Jefferson Biggs. "Where'll they work?" she retorte "I won't take no son-in-law to raise, and Angeline sha'n't go to your be to slave her life out for the Bigget "We might rent a small place for

them, or buy it and set them up com-

fortably," said Thomas Jefferson Biggs.

"Then I'd like to know what's to be come of me," almost sobbed Mehitabel Muggins. "I'm sure I can't live all by myself and let my only child go out in the world without my belp and advice." The widow was actually sobbing now, and Thomas Jefferson Biggs pulled a big red silk handkerchief out of his pocket and stuck his nose into it sympathetically.

"And think of me, Mehitabel," he said. "I, too, will be all alone, with my only child gone out into the world without my help and advice."

"I don't know what's going to happen," sobbed the widow, without any

particular aproposness to anything. Thomas Jefferson Biggs laughed and laughed so heartly that the widow loked at him in amazement through her

"If I tell you bow to arrange it all, so that Angeline and Thomas Jefferson, Jr., will have a home of their own, you will have a home of your own, and I



"GOOD-DAY, MEHITABEL," HE SAID.

will have a home of my own, and none of us will have to live alone, will you be satisfied?" he asked her.

"Indeed, Thomas Jefferson, I would," she said, after the manner of belpless women when relief is promised. "Well, then, let Thomas Jefferson,

Jr., move into your-" "Didn't I tell you I wouldn't take any son-in-law to raise?" and she became

aggressive again. "Well, then, let Angeline come to

"Didn't I tell you Angeline shouldn't slave her life-Thomas Jefferson Biggs laughed

again, interrupting her.
"Very well, madam," said Thomas Jefferson Biggs, with great dignity. "there is but one course to pursue. You must come to my house and take-

"Wha-wha-what do-," the Widw Muggins began to splutter. "Charge of me," continued Thomas Jefferson Biggs, "and let the children take your house and farm. Then you won't have any son-in-law, and I won't have any daughter-in-law, but will all be one family, with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Biggs in charge of every thing and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jef-

ferson, Jr., as tenants." Then Thomas Jefferson Biggs stooped down and kissed Mehitabel Muzzins with a loud explosion, and as strange as it may seem to those who expected something more of a temper such as Mehitabel Muggins' she actually put her head down on the shoulder of Thomas Jefferson Biggs and felt comfortable for the first time since the de parture of the late lamented Jethre Muggins, of Codfish Haven.-Washing-

ton Star. Whiskers Under the Vest. "Are beards lucrative, or, in other words, can sone make any money by wearing them long?" said a young man about town. "Upon the first thought and perhaps even after one has evolved the question carefully in his mind, he would reply no. But they are wrong, as the following case of an old artis will show. By 'old artist' is not meant a gentus like Harnet, Angelo or men of that class, but a painter who, besides being noted for his superior work in portraits, is conspicuous for the quantity of hair which sprouts from his chin. This gentleman, it is said, has won many a wager on his beard, which is of such length that he is compelled to wear it underneath his vest. No one ever sees the hirsute growth, except when he exhibits it to settle a bet. To saunter into a saloon and get into conversation with some of the customers there has become a hobby with him, for in doing so he has an object. He frequently gets a drink in consequence of betting with some other fellow who has a fairly long beard as to whose is the longest, and it is seldom that he loses a wager of this kind, for his whiskers extend to the bottom of his walstcoat."-Philadel-

phia Call. Singular Loss of Memory. A curious instance of sudden loss of memory is reported from Brighton, England. While sitting on the sea front a woman felt something break in her head. She thereupon became unable to tell her name, address, or anything connected with her past life. She is at present in the Brighton work her continual cry being: "Oh, shall I get my memory again?" Her clothing does not contain a single mark or in tial whereby she might be identified

A Severe Criticism Probably no two artists ever crist cised each other more severely than did Fusell and Northcote, yet they remain ed fast friends. At one time F looking at Northcote's painting of the angel meeting Balaam and his ass. "How do you like it?" asked North-cote, after a long silence. "Northcote," cote, after a long silence. "Northcote, replied Fuseli, promptly, "you are as ingel at an ass, but an ass at an angel?"

The man carried away by enthusias is frequently brought back by diego