



That won't be any Christmas fun  
Brought our house this year,  
For Sandy Claws in passing by,  
'Til just lean down his ear,  
An' we can hear the chimney's cold,  
He'll grant: 'I'll put right on;  
No need o' stoppin' in to Clay's,  
The children's all gone.

An' 'till I've seen the time when he  
'Ud hev to hump hisse'f  
To all the stockin's hangin' up  
An' let the chimney's she'f.  
An' we an' me'd be up 'till twelve  
An' see a poppin' co'n,  
No use o' sech-like dols now;  
The children's all gone.

I uper feel plump like a boy,  
To see them young 'uns sit  
An' talk o' 'Christmus' bein' nigh,  
An' wonder what they'd git,  
An' fix thes'ves to stay awake  
'Till Sandy kem along!  
That's no one watches for him now,  
The children's all gone.

They're all grow'd up an' married off  
Exceptin' little Joe.  
They spoke for him up yander,  
An' we had to leave him go.  
'Twas pe'ful rough to lose him,  
But now we're glad that's one  
The'still a little shaver,  
Though the children's all gone.

An' settin' yere this 'Christmus' night,  
I see to maw, it seem'd  
Ez if I sensed his rosy face  
Right whar the frelight gleamed.  
An' maw, she 'low'd that mebbe he  
Had lent us back our own,  
Cuz 'Christmus' an't a smeller w'en  
The children's all gone.

It kinder made my bones thaw out  
To judge that w'en we die  
We'll find our little tad ag'in,  
Not grow'd a smitch more high.  
I want him like he uster be,  
Jest big enough to run.  
I won't stay up 'till I find  
The children's all gone.  
—New York Ledger.



THE CITY EDITOR sat at his table hard  
at work, when the green-shaded  
electric lamp revealed Billy Mc-  
Guffy, the newest reporter, approach-  
ing, embarrassed and apologetic in de-  
meanor.  
"Mr. Banwell," he began, "could I have  
two passes for the theater to-night?"  
"Passes for two?" responded Banwell,  
staring hard. "Two! Oh, Jonesey, come  
here, quick! Billy's gone wrong. He  
wants theater tickets for two!" chuckled  
the editor, throwing out the coveted  
pasteboards, and Billy, blushing like a  
girl, fled from the office, followed by  
Jones' solemn warning:  
"Billy, my son, pause and reflect."  
Billy made his way down the street till



"IT WAS EVIDENT SHE HAD A TEMPER OF HER OWN."

he reached a tall building that rose from  
a corner, entered it, took the elevator to  
the top floor, and paused at the open door  
of a great brilliantly-lighted room. Facing  
the wall, on high stools, sat some dozens  
of girls, apparently playing games with  
pegs on a continuous brass checker board  
that extended around the room. The  
girls had small round discs fastened to  
their ears, but hands free to place the  
pegs or ring up a subscriber. It was the  
city telephone exchange.  
Perhaps it was the free magnetism of  
electricity of the place, or Billy's hypnotic  
glance that made one girl turn her head,  
smile and gracefully slipping from the tall  
stool come quickly into the hall.  
Billy narrated how he had just got  
theater tickets, and exhibited them. The  
telephone girl took them to look at.  
"Why, Billy," she said, after a pause,  
"these tickets are for the 24th."

"Of course. Christmas eve; that's all  
right, isn't it?"  
"I'm on duty. Why didn't you tele-  
phone to me, and ask what night I could  
go? You knew I was at the end of my  
wire, and you would have done it, if you  
cared anything for me," and down went  
the tickets to the floor. It was evident  
that pretty Sadie had a temper of her  
own.

She turned with dignity, and left Billy  
standing there. The quarrel had come  
on so suddenly that he hardly realized it  
was all over. Then, feeling as if all the  
world had suddenly turned to ice and ink,  
he mournfully regained the street.  
Sadie sat at her work, as the night went  
on, listening to calls from people who  
wished "Merry Christmas" over the  
wires, and wondered why hers did not  
come. Then, about 1 o'clock, a sharp  
ring came in. No, it was not Billy's  
voice!

"Give me one-naught-six-four, quick!"  
Now, it invariably irritates a telephone  
girl to be told to be quick. She is always  
quick. The "quick" aroused Miss Sadie's  
temper, but she said nothing; 1,064 was  
the number of the Blade editorial rooms,  
the rival of Billy's paper.

"Hello! that you, Barker?" continued  
the voice. "Say, there's the biggest thing  
on to-night, and we've got the deadwood  
on the Argus, if we work it right. There's  
been a Christmas eve tragedy in the Italian  
quarter at 708 Bremer street. Two  
men are dead, and one's so bad he'll die  
before morning."

"Who's on that beat for the Argus?"  
came the breathless inquiry.  
"Oh, I've fixed that," Billy McGuffy,  
and I've got him out the way. I had a  
fellow tell him there was a frightful acci-  
dent out at Bloomfield, and he thinks he's  
got a scoop on it. Take the murder case;  
here's the details."

Sadie had made up her mind what to do.  
She knew she was wrong, but—poor  
Billy! She had been on the newspaper  
wires long enough to know the value of  
time to a morning paper. She listened  
carefully to the message, then she rang  
up the Argus.

"Hello, Banwell, city editor," she said.  
"Take a frightful tragedy in the Italian  
quarter. Billy—Billy McGuffy."

"All right; hurry it along. Say, Billy,  
you're scared—you talk like a girl."  
"It's enough to scare anybody—two  
men dead and another on the way."

Sadie gave the full particulars, rang  
off abruptly, and sat back looking scared  
herself at what she had dared to do.

About 4 o'clock a call came from the  
Argus office, and Sadie's answer had a  
tremble in it.

"Hello," sounded Billy's voice. "Is  
that you? Merry Christmas. I just got  
back from running down a rumor. Do  
we make up, Sadie?"

"Well, I'll be free at 6 o'clock, and then  
you may come over and see me home."

At the Argus office, Billy just arrived  
from his bootless errand, stayed all alone  
till daylight. As he started after Sadie  
the watchman handed him a copy of the  
paper damp from the press. He read the  
startling headlines:  
AWFUL CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

Two Men Instantly Killed in a Brawl,  
and a Third Dies This  
Morning.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" wailed Billy. "I'm  
a goner! Right in my district, too! Here  
I was fooling about the suburbs, and  
Banwell so short-handed. Well, it's all  
up with Billy McGuffy."

He hurried to the telephone exchange  
building, where he found Sadie at the  
door waiting for him.

"Oh, Billy!" she cried; "I've done the  
most dreadful thing."

"So have I."

"But I'll lose my situation if I'm found  
out."

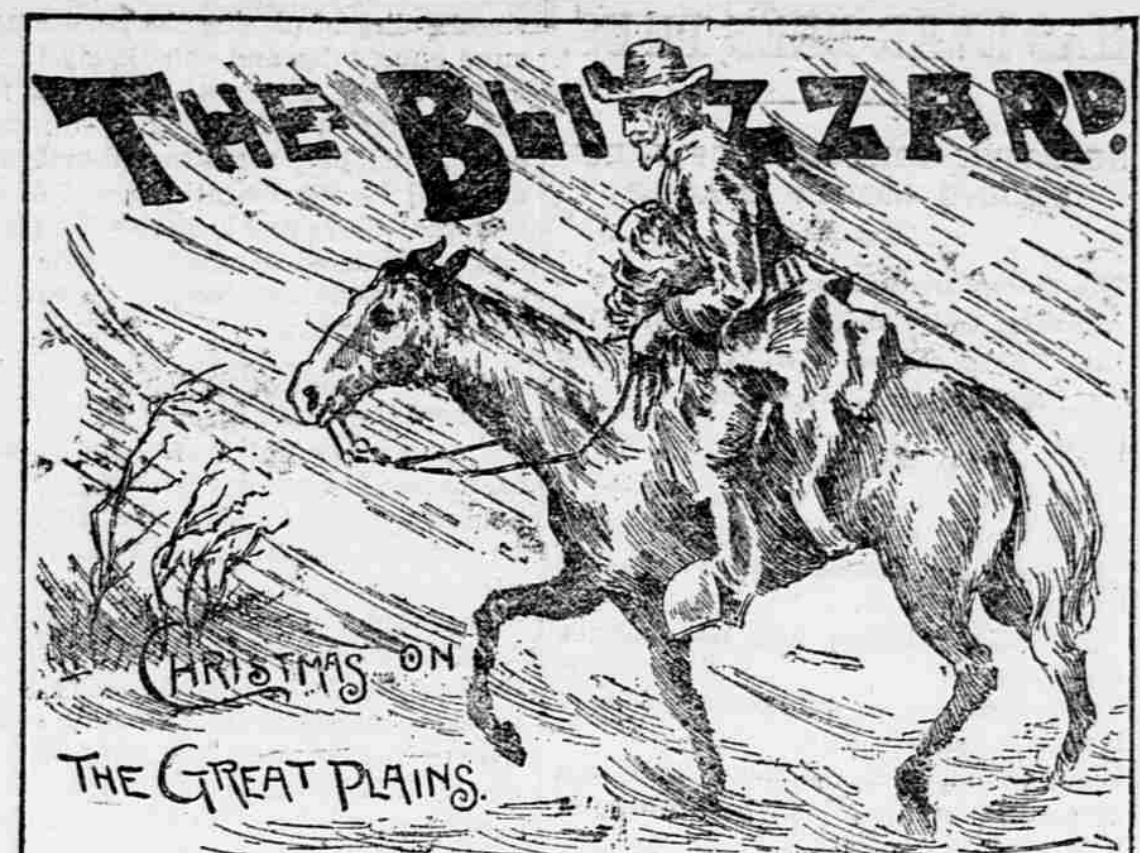
"I'm found out now," sighed Billy, "and  
my situation is as good as gone. But tell  
me about your trouble first," and Sadie  
told him as they walked along.

"Yes, Billy," she said, as Billy accused  
himself of being a fool (they were stand-  
ing in the porch of her home now); "yes,  
Billy, you're green. You never know  
enough to do the right thing at the right  
time."

"Oh, don't I?" said Billy, and he kissed  
her as they stood there.

"Oh, Billy," she cried, catching her  
breath, "I did not think you had the  
courage."

All of which shows that a young man  
on a daily paper learns many things; as  
time goes on, which thought passed



IT was Christmas eve, and the wind  
blew keen  
Across the prairies that lie between  
Fort Dodge, on the Arkansas, under  
the hill.  
And the straggling hamlet of Purdyville,  
Where dwelt Niles Nelson, who rode that  
day  
From his home to the northward, far away,  
Over the bunch grass, bare and brown,  
Into the bustling frontier town.

The night was dark—not a star on high—  
And a blizzard blowing up there in the sky.  
Niles Nelson stepped out into the street;  
The wind was driving a blinding sheet  
Of powdery snow right into his face.  
But Niles was happy; he left the place  
With a glow in his heart, for little Moll,  
His baby daughter, would get her doll,  
The Christmas gift he had promised long.  
Niles Nelson, treading a Christmas song,  
And facing the north wind, sturdily rode,  
While past him the Storm Fiend's coursers  
strode.

The snow grows deeper, the night more  
wild,  
When he hears the wail of a little child,

If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."  
Niles Nelson paused, at the sound dismayed,  
And then—and then Niles Nelson prayed;  
"Lord save," was all he could think of then.  
"Lord save," he muttered, "Lord save,  
amen."

Then starting to northward, and into the  
night,  
"I see it!" he shouted, "Thank God, a light."  
'Twas a beam from a lamp on the window  
sill

Of his own old cabin. With right good will  
His pony quickened its lagging pace,  
And soon in that dear, familiar place,  
His cosy cabin, Niles Nelson stands;  
He kisses his wife and he holds her hands.  
"Where's Mollie?" he cries; "where's little  
Poll?"

I've brought her a wonderful Christmas  
doll!"  
Then he points to the bed where the blanket  
lies

In a queer little bundle: "That's my surprise.  
Why don't you answer? You're deadly pale.  
You tremble and shiver, you sob and wail,  
Answer! Where's Mollie?" "Oh, Niles,"  
she said,

# AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS DINNER

MENU	
OYSTERS	
Petites Marmites, St. James	Morlaissienne
Cream of Artichokes	
FISH	
Boiled Pompano, Moulon Rouge	
Filet of Salmon à la Doré	
Carps Scandinavien style	Smelets à la Meibla
Hothouse cucumbers	
CELERY RADISHES, OLIVES, SALTED ALMONDS	
RELVEE	
Saddle of Mutton, Piemontaise	
Tenderloin of Beef, Larded, with Green Pease	
Smithfield Ham, au Supreme d'Americaine	
ENTREES	
Sweetbreads Idealistrique à la Grand Chicken	
à la Chapeau	
Solmis of Woodcock Avignonaise Filet of Partridge	
à la Marie Antoinette	
Lamb Cutlets à la Chevalier	Terropin, à la Holland House
Sorbet Mont Carlo	
ROASTS	
Rhode Island Turkey, Stuffed with Chestnuts	
Roasted Onions	
Suckling Pig, à la Bourgeoise, with Apple Sauce	
Baked Sweet Potatoes	
VEGETABLES	
Boiled White Potatoes, Stewed Squash, Stewed Turnips	
Celery Stewed in Cream, Fried Egg Plant, Green Corn	
PASTRY	
English Plum Pudding, Mince Pie, Chantrelise d'Oranges	
DESSERT	
Molaga Grapes, Oranges, White Mocha Ice Cream,	
Nuts and Raisins, Tosted Crackers, Cheese	
Coffee	

Lost on the prairie and doomed to die  
If he ever prove deaf to his feeble cry.  
He leaps from his pony, he searches long;  
He feels it; he has it within his strong  
Rough hands; he presses it to his breast—  
A place of shelter, a place of rest.  
"Don't cry, little honey, you'll catch more  
cold."  
And he wrapped the child in many a fold  
Of his blanket coarse, and he hugged it  
tight  
To his big, broad breast, but the blizzard's  
blight  
Still strove to wither its tender life.  
He mounted his pony, and then the strife  
With the wellich wind, and the blinding  
snow,  
And the biting cold (that the plainmen  
know  
When the Storm Fiend flies) began once  
more,  
And under his breath Niles Nelson swore.

Then a silence fell in the tumult wild,  
And he heard the voice of the little child:  
"Now I lay me down to sleep;  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;

Patent New Year's Resolves.  
I will get up and dress when the break-  
fast bell rings.  
I will not complain when everything  
goes to suit me.  
I will treat my wife as politely as  
though she was a perfect stranger.  
I will strive to be more thoughtful for  
my own comfort, that others, seeing me  
happy, may also endeavor to be con-  
tented.

I will not spend so much money this  
year on the useless frivolities of life.  
I will endeavor to impress upon my  
family the duty of greeting, with cheerful  
voices and laughing faces, the father of  
a family when he returns home, wearied  
with the depressing cares and labors of  
a long business day.

I will go out by myself oftener, in or-  
der that my family may enjoy the tran-  
quil and improving pleasure of a long,  
uninterrupted evening in the quiet sanctity  
of a happy home.

I must be more unselfish, and take bet-  
ter care of myself that I may long be  
spared to be the joy and light of the  
home which it has pleased an apprecia-  
tive Providence to bestow upon me.

I will pay my pew rent this year, if I  
have to deny myself a new overcoat, and  
my children have to go without shoes. I  
feel that we have not heretofore suffi-  
ciently denied ourselves in little luxuries

"My God, how can I? Oh, Niles, she's dead."  
"Dead?" "Yes, Niles, she's lost in the  
snow."

To-day was pleasant, and Mollie would go  
On the prairie to play, and she didn't come  
back.

When the night shut down, all stormy and  
black,  
I set the lamp on the window sill,  
Rushed into the storm and sought her until  
The blizzard drifted me back to the door,  
That shall open for Mollie, our Mollie, no  
more."

Niles Nelson stood like a statue of stone;  
Then he raised his hand and said, with a  
groan:

"Is there a God that will kill a child  
And bring its father across the wild  
Of wintry plains to save from death  
The child of another?" He drew his breath  
With a savage hiss, as he snatched away  
The blanket in which the baby lay.  
The blue eyes open; the rose lips call:  
"Oh, papa, you're home! Now I want my  
doll!"

for the sake of maintaining a good ap-  
pearance at church.

I will be, in all things, an affectionate  
husband, a loving father, a good provider;  
and I will rear up a family that will love  
and respect me, and render to me prompt  
and cheerful obedience, with perfect de-  
ference to my comfort, or I will break  
their backs in the attempt.—Burdette, in  
Ladies' Home Journal.

An Ocular Demonstration.

Drop Toys Here

Drop Toys Here

Drop Toys Here

Drop Toys Here

Drop Toys Here

Drop Toys Here

Drop Toys Here

Drop Toys Here

## CANDIES FOR CHRISTMAS.

Sweetmeats for the Delectation of the  
Boys and Girls.

It would not seem Christmas to the lit-  
tle people without candy, any more than  
it would without dolls, and even older  
ones would have the same feeling if  
something sweet were missing. There are  
many pretty ways of serving bon-bons  
with the Christmas dinner. Pretty dis-  
hes filled with them can be placed upon  
the table. Dainty bags of various col-  
ored silks, with sprays of flowers painted  
upon them and filled with bon-bons, either  
with dinner card attached or name paint-  
ed upon them, are pleasing souvenirs.  
The variety of candies that can be made  
at home is infinite as to color, shape and  
flavor. The purity and cheapness of  
these manufactures are worthy of con-  
sideration, also. Here are a few good  
recipes:

French vanilla cream—Break into a  
bowl the white of one or more eggs, as is  
required by the quantity you wish to  
make and add to it an equal quantity of  
cold water; then stir in the finest pow-  
dered or confectioners' sugar until it is  
stiff enough to mold into shape with the  
fingers. Flavor with vanilla to taste.  
After it is formed into balls, cubes or  
lozenges, place upon plates to dry. Can-  
dies made without cooking are not as good  
the first day. This cream is the founda-  
tion of all the French creams.

Nut creams—Chop almonds, hickory-  
nuts, butternuts or English walnuts quite  
fine. Make the French cream, and be-  
fore adding all the sugar while the cream  
is still quite soft, stir into it the nuts, and  
then form into balls, bars or squares.  
Three or four kinds of nuts may be mixed  
together.

Maple sugar creams—Grate maple sug-  
ar, mix it in quantities to suit the taste,  
with French cream, adding enough con-  
fectioners' sugar to mold into any shape  
desired. Walnut creams are sometimes  
made with maple sugar, and are deli-  
cious.

Orange drops—Grate the rind of one  
orange and squeeze the juice, taking care  
to reject the seeds. Add to this a pinch  
of tartaric acid; stir in confectioners'  
sugar until it is stiff enough to form into

## JOHNNY AND JENNY.

THE BRAKEMAN'S STORY OF  
ONE NEW YEAR'S EVE.

It Was To'd in the Caboose of a Cattle  
Train Between Stations—What Came  
of Holding the Front" of No. 6 in a  
Storm of Sleet.

A Sad Romance.

I was so quiet out-  
side that when the  
long freight train  
could come to a  
standstill with an  
awkward jerk, we  
could almost hear  
the drifting flakes as  
they fell. The soft  
coal fire splintered  
fitfully in the old-  
fashioned, cast iron  
stove. Without  
knowing precisely  
why, we sat mostly  
in silence. We were  
four hours behind  
time.

Sitting in the lit-  
tle red caboose, rum-  
bling along through a blind fog of snow  
with a flying express at our heels gave  
an uncanny sensation. The drummer  
who had boarded the train at Dubuque  
sat morosely on a pile of grips. A couple  
of shippers anxiously discussed the pros-  
pects for getting their stock to market. At  
the entrance of Joe, the brakeman, how-  
ever, the gloom little party seemed to  
thaw. He swung down off the roof in a  
cheery sort of fashion.

"Joe," said one of the shippers, "be  
going to reach Chicago in time for a  
New Year's dinner?"

"Isn't this good enough for you to live  
in? How'd you like to be out brakin'  
to-night?"

"Tain't no snap, that's a fact."

"No, you bet it ain't," said Joe, decis-  
ively. "But this ain't a patching to what  
it is sometimes. Somehow to-night re-  
minds me of the night after New Year's  
two years ago. That was when we brought  
Johnny Haines home. Guess you must  
'a known Johnny," he added, turning to  
the shipper.

"Nope. Heard of him. Go on, Joe.  
What was the story?"

"Not much of a one," Joe replied de-  
precatingly. "Just a brakeman's yarn.  
The first day I ever saw Johnny Haines  
I thought he was about the handsomest  
lad I ever set eyes on. He came up on  
No. 6 on his first trip, and there wasn't a  
girl along the road that hadn't a smile for  
him as he went by. One of the fellows  
told us Johnny belonged to a good family,  
but got kicked out for some reason or  
other."

Joe stopped, pulled vigorously at his  
pipe for a few minutes, and finally the  
rather husky voice went on:

"Up the road not very far from here  
there is a pretty little farm and right at  
the corner of it was a water tank. It  
happened that on this farm there was a  
dark-eyed little girl who was the idol of  
all the boys along the road. To woe was  
to win with Johnny, and regular as the  
train passed the farm Jenny was always  
there to meet him. Things ran along  
through the summer and fall, and we  
found out that Johnny had been promised  
a raise, and along about the holidays he  
was going to get married. I used to no-  
tice, though, that every once in a while  
his brow would cloud up, as if he was  
thinking of something that hurt him.

"We had a big train that New Year's  
Eve, and with the snow and sleet and  
the cold it gave us no end of trouble. She  
parted three or four times, and it was  
dangerous work setting brakes or get-  
ting down to make couplings. Several  
times we thought we were stalled in  
drifts. We wanted to get through to Chi-  
cago, for the next day was New Year's,  
and all hands had a day off. Johnny and  
I fought like beavers against the cold.  
I was more anxious about him than  
myself, and was warning him how a sud-  
den fling might send a man flying down  
under the wheels, when the whistle sound-  
ed down brakes. Johnny ran ahead, the  
car tops being slippery as glass. I looked  
up, and through the snow and the dark I  
recognized the water tank. Just at that  
moment the train gave a frightful jerk,  
and I saw the engine go rearing in the  
air, a lantern swing wildly and go down.  
I went flat on the car and hung there  
for dear life. We stopped in ten or twenty  
yards and I swung off the car like mad.

"Something made me feel that Johnny  
had gone under the wheels, and when I  
crawled ahead a few cars there I found  
him, lying all white and still. We picked  
him up and started to carry him to the  
house—where Jenny lived. I saw that  
the wheels had run over both legs. A  
white little face came to the door and  
looked at us a moment, but Jenny didn't  
faint or cry. 'We just carried him in and  
put him on the bed and she took charge  
of him. One of the boys rode over to get  
a doctor. Johnny lay very quiet, until  
the doctor's examination was finished,  
and then pulling Jenny's hand weakly, he  
said in a husky voice, 'Little girl, I want  
to go home.' And that he insisted on all  
the rest of the night. We decided to put

him on board the morning-express. All  
Jenny would tell us was that his father  
lived in Cincinnati. But she gave the  
conductor an address for a wire. We  
didn't think that he would last the jour-  
ney, and about half way down he sud-  
denly clutched Jenny's hand hard. The lit-  
tle girl threw herself upon him sobbing  
as if her heart would break. Poor John-  
ny was gone."

Joe paused a moment and looked into  
the fire.

"Well," he said, "to cut it short, when  
we got to Chicago Johnny's father was  
there. I led him to where the boy lay.  
He looked very hard at the little girl who  
sat there sobbing, and said, slowly, 'Is  
this—Jenny?' And then he took her very  
quietly in his arms and kissed her."

"Little girl, I want to go home."

him on board the morning-express. All  
Jenny would tell us was that his father  
lived in Cincinnati. But she gave the  
conductor an address for a wire. We  
didn't think that he would last the jour-  
ney, and about half way down he sud-  
denly clutched Jenny's hand hard. The lit-  
tle girl threw herself upon him sobbing  
as if her heart would break. Poor John-  
ny was gone."

Joe paused a moment and looked into  
the fire.

"Well," he said, "to cut it short, when  
we got to Chicago Johnny's father was  
there. I led him to where the boy lay.  
He looked very hard at the little girl who  
sat there sobbing, and said, slowly, 'Is  
this—Jenny?' And then he took her very  
quietly in his arms and kissed her."

"Little girl, I want to go home."

him on board the morning-express. All  
Jenny would tell us was that his father  
lived in Cincinnati. But she gave the  
conductor an address for a wire. We  
didn't think that he would last the jour-  
ney, and about half way down he sud-  
denly clutched Jenny's hand hard. The lit-  
tle girl threw herself upon him sobbing  
as if her heart would break. Poor John-  
ny was gone."

Joe paused a moment and looked into  
the fire.

"Well," he said, "to cut it short, when  
we got to Chicago Johnny's father was  
there. I led him to where the boy lay.  
He looked very hard at the little girl who  
sat there sobbing, and said, slowly, 'Is  
this—Jenny?' And then he took her very  
quietly in his arms and kissed her."

"Little girl, I want to go home."

him on board the morning-express. All  
Jenny would tell us was that his father  
lived in Cincinnati. But she gave the  
conductor an address for a wire. We  
didn't think that he would last the jour-  
ney, and about half way down he sud-  
denly clutched Jenny's hand hard. The lit-  
tle girl threw herself upon him sobbing  
as if her heart would break. Poor John-  
ny was gone."

Joe paused a moment and looked into  
the fire.

"Well," he said, "to cut it short, when  
we got to Chicago Johnny's father was  
there. I led him to where the boy lay.  
He looked very hard at the little girl who  
sat there sobbing, and said, slowly, 'Is  
this—Jenny?' And then he took her very  
quietly in his arms and kissed her."

"Little girl, I want to go home."

him on board the morning-express. All  
Jenny would tell us was that his father  
lived in Cincinnati. But she gave the  
conductor an address for a wire. We  
didn't think that he would last the jour-  
ney, and about half way down he sud-  
denly clutched Jenny's hand hard. The lit-  
tle girl threw herself upon him sobbing  
as if her heart would break. Poor John-  
ny was gone."

Joe paused a moment and looked into  
the fire.

"Well," he said, "to cut it short, when  
we got to Chicago Johnny's father was  
there. I led him to where the boy lay.  
He looked very hard at the little girl who  
sat there sobbing, and said, slowly, 'Is  
this—Jenny?' And then he took her very  
quietly in his arms and kissed her."

"Little girl, I want to go home."

him on board the morning-express. All  
Jenny would tell us was that his father  
lived in Cincinnati. But she gave the  
conductor an address for a wire. We  
didn't think that he would last the jour-  
ney, and about half way down he sud-  
denly clutched Jenny's hand hard. The lit-  
tle girl threw herself upon him sobbing  
as if her heart would break. Poor John-  
ny was gone."

Joe paused a moment and looked into  
the fire.

"Well," he said, "to cut it short, when  
we got to Chicago Johnny's father was  
there. I led him to where the boy lay.  
He looked very hard at the little girl who  
sat there sobbing, and said, slowly, 'Is  
this—Jenny?' And then he took her very  
quietly in his arms and kissed her."

"Little girl, I want to go home."

him on board the morning-express. All  
Jenny would tell us was that his father  
lived in Cincinnati. But she gave the  
conductor an address for a wire. We  
didn't think that he would last the jour-  
ney, and about half way down he sud-  
denly clutched Jenny's hand hard. The lit-  
tle girl threw herself upon him sobbing  
as if her heart would break. Poor John-  
ny was gone."

Joe paused a moment and looked into  
the fire.

"Well," he said, "to cut it short, when  
we got to Chicago Johnny's father was  
there. I led him to where the boy lay.  
He looked very hard at the little girl who  
sat there sobbing, and said, slowly, 'Is  
this—Jenny?' And then he took her very  
quietly in his arms and kissed her."