

MY FRIEND WIGGINS IS INTRODUCED

caroons, and all that sort of thing. They call it the Asolando" —

I was ambling on, expecting to sharpen his curiosity gradually as I recited the joys of the tea-room; but at "Asolando" his spoon dropped, and he stared at me blankly. It should be known that Wiggins is not a man whose composure is lightly shaken. The waiter who served us glanced at him in surprise, a fact which I mention merely to confirm my assertion that the dropping of a spoon into his soup was an extraordinary occurrence in Wiggins's life. Wiggins was a proper person. On the ranch, twenty miles from a railroad, he always dressed for dinner.

"The Asolando," I repeated, to break the spell of his blank stare. "Know the place?"

He recovered in a moment, but he surveyed me quizzically before replying.

"Of course I have heard of the Asolando, but I thought you did n't go in for that sort of thing. It's a trifle girlish, you know."

"That's hardly against it! I found the girlishness altogether attractive."

"You always were tolerably susceptible, but broiled butterflies and moth-wings soufflé seem to me rather pale food for a man in your vigorous health."

"They must have discriminated in your favor;