

GIRL MADE A FOOL OF HIM

The Story of Miss Wallace's Flirtation
by M. Quad.

The Young Man Was Devoted and in Being so Lost an Ear Which Was Wanted as a Souvenir.

I had been in Athens three or four days when the steamer from Brindisi brought in an English tourist named Burns and an American gentleman named Wallace and his daughter. Mr. Wallace as I soon came to understand was a gentleman of wealth and leisure and his daughter was as handsome a girl as ever landed in the country of fleas, beggars and brigands. As for Burns, I believe he was some sort of civil service employe on leave, but he had some money and greater expectations. The three had become acquainted while doing Italy. More than that, Burns had fallen head over heels in love with Miss Wallace. I am inclined to think she was a bit of a coquette and that she encouraged him out of a spirit of adventure. The father was a dignified, quiet spoken man, who probably had his own plans for his daughter and trusted her not to go too far with the Englishman. While he treated Burns in a courteous manner, there was a reserve which the latter did not dare approach too closely. I thought I saw through the whole thing at a glance. It was love and dollars on the Englishman's part and on the part of the girl a desire for flirtation and a half hope that the man would make a fool of himself.

We all became acquainted in a day's time and after the expiration of another day young Burns gave me his confidence. He was in love for the first time in his life. He had never dreamed that there were angels on earth until he met Miss Wallace. The man who charged him with a mercenary feeling wronged him in the most terrible manner. He had somehow heard that her father was worth \$5,000,000 and that she was an only child, but he begged me to understand that he was loving her with his whole soul before that news reached him. I believed him, and he added:

"And now comes the blooming question, Does Miss Wallace love me in return? There are times when I think she does, and my heels lift off the ground, begad, and there are other times when I doubt it, and I feel as if a house had fallen on me."

"Why not ask her?" I suggested.

"I'm afraid it's too soon," he replied, "and then the old gentleman somehow always manages to show up just as we get sentimental. I don't think he appreciates me. If I'd go to him and say I loved his daughter, I believe he'd keep right on reading his newspaper and smoking his infernal black cigar—begad, I do! If I only had some one to sound him for me."

"You ought to do something heroic to win the girl's admiration and love and the father's gratitude and esteem," I said a ter a long while.

"Bless my blooming eyes, but I will," he promptly replied—"that is, I would if there was a show. I was ready to save them both if the steamer went down, doncher know, but she simply rolled about like a dog in a pond and refused to sink when I prayed for it."

"But there may be other opportunities."

"How can there be unless to keep the fleas and beggars off? Bless me, but I suffer!"

I didn't see how I could help him except to advise him to learn his fate on the morrow and have it over with and then go up to Marathon and see the ruins and the tombs and get out of Greece. Loverlike, he went out into the balmy evening to commit suicide, and I saw him no more until next afternoon. He not only still lived, but there was a look of happiness on his face as I saw him talking to a man I could not have cared to meet a mile out of town at noonday. That evening Mr. Wallace informed me that he and his daughter and Burns were going over to Marathon by rail next day to be gone for a couple of days, and at a later hour the lover sat down beside me to say:

"I've got a blooming game on foot, doncher know?"

"Going to become a hero?" I asked.

"If I don't, then you may call me a donkey. Yes, sir, I've taken your advice, and you'll hear something drop, as you Yankees say, within a day or two. Thanks, awfully, for that hint. I hope to come back arm in arm with the old gent and to have matters all

settled with the daughter, doncher know."

As I had been at Marathon I had declined to make one of the party. They got off in good season next morning, and Burns was in high spirits and acting like a young man who felt solid ground beneath his feet. To my surprise, Mr. Wallace and his daughter returned on the evening train, and they had an adventure to relate. From Marathon you make a tour of the tombs on the backs of donkeys, and it is a rough road and full of ambushes. The trio had started out by themselves and made fair progress when a couple of picturesque villains suddenly bounced out upon them. The escort of a man and his two boys fled at once and the villains were about to lead the donkeys up into the hills when Burns came to the rescue. He alone was armed. He descended from his saddle and began shooting, and after tumbling over themselves the scoundrels left him in possession of the battle field. He had saved the party, and he was a hero, entitled to admiration and gratitude, but before the father could pat him on the head or the daughter announce that his love was returned something else happened. Shots were fired from behind a ruin, and the donkeys ridden by father and daughter started off on a gallop, followed by the others. Burns was not hit, but the hero of one moment became the captive of the next. When the others had reached a place of safety they learned that their savior had fallen into the hands of regular brigands, headed by old Beppo, and, though a show of pursuit was made by a detail of soldiers, the fellows were not overhauled.

As soon as I had heard the story I saw the little scheme Burns had worked. He had hired a couple of rascals in Athens to go over to Marathon and play brigands for him, but after becoming a hero a gang of the genuine article swooped down on him and carried him off. The only man in Marathon or Athens who was at all disturbed over the matter was the landlord of the hotel who feared he might not get his bill. Mr. Wallace and his daughter seemed to have a suspicion after their return that a little job had been put up, but the father came forward and guaranteed the hotel bill and not a great deal was said. Two days later an ugly faced native presented Wallace with a note from Burns. He had not only been carried off, but the brigands wanted \$3000 in gold for his ransom. In his trunk he had about \$20 but they had refused that. The rascals took it that he was a rich man's prospective son-in-law and that the \$3000 would be forthcoming at once, but the American carried the note to the British consulate. The minister was off on a junket and the official in charge had no intention of hustling in the matter. He said he would notify the Greek government and that in due time the matter would be straightened out. Two days later there was a second note. Burns said if the messenger came back without the cash he would lose one of his ears. When this was handed in at the consulate, it was greeted with the remark:

"The case must take the usual channels, and he was an ass to go and get captured."

Two days passed again, and this time the messenger handed Mr. Wallace a bulky letter. Its bulk arose from the fact that one of Burns' ears was inclosed. In the letter he stated that unless the cash was raised he would lose the other. The sight of the ear stirred them up at the consulate—that is, another demand was made on the Greek government, and the Greek government replied that the case would be taken up in its regular order. Then Wallace did a handsome thing. The messenger had been detained to see what the minister would do, and, as it was plain that nothing would be done until too late, the ransom was handed over. It was three days before the captive was handed over. His right ear had been sliced off as slick as you please and he had had a hard time of it moving about on the mountains in the company of the villains. He did not come to the hotel, but sent for me to come to the lodgings he had secured. While his gratitude to Wallace was unbounded and he said he would speedily arrange to repay him, he did not want to meet him.

"Egad, said he, "but doncher see how it is? The hero is no hero, but an ass! He must have seen through my little game. The fact is, the two bloody villains I had hired for the little comedy began to fall down and beg for their lives before I had fired a shot. I believe the old gent was smiling when the donkeys started to run. The brutes overdid it, doncher see. No, I can't see him. He'd quite knock me out as he'd take my hand and press it and say, 'Hero, I thank thee for thy gallant conduct.'"

"But the girl?" I queried.

"Egad, but that's worse yet. I saw her looking at one of the bloody villains to see where he was hit, and I heard her ask her father if the fellow wasn't doing some tall running for a wounded man. I couldn't face it, doncher know. She might fall on my shoulder and call me a hero and declare that I had saved her life, but it's more likely that she'd welcome me as the prize donkey of the century. Really, but I couldn't take chances, doncher know."

"And how about your volcanic and overwhelming love, angels on earth and so forth?"

"Why, hang it, man can't you see the blooming situation? Haven't I lost a blooming ear and made an ass of myself, and does a one eared ass love like a two eared man? Can't you see, and doncher know that the rest of my blooming life will be spent in feeling for the ear that's probably been thrown out to the bloody dogs of Athens? And when I'm not feeling for the ear I'll be training a lock of hair to fall down over where it ought to be, and if there is any time left I'll put it in kicking myself, doncher see?"

I saw and sent his belongings over to him and gave him my sympathy, and that evening when I told Miss Wallace that he would depart on the boat a small grin hovered around her mouth as she replied:

"Papa must find me that ear as a souvenir!"

GIVING A DEFINITION.

A Little Story With a Very Legal Background.

"You understand, of course," pursued the lawyer, "what is meant by a 'preponderance of evidence?'"

"Yes, sir," replied the man whom he was examining with reference to his qualifications as a juror.

"Let me have your idea of it, if you please?"

"I understand it, I tell you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, anybody can understand that."

"Still, I would like to have your definition of it."

"I know what it is, all right. When I tell you I know what a thing is, I know it. That's all there is about that."

"Well, what was the question I asked you?"

"You ought to know what that was. If you've forgot your own questions, don't try to get me to remember them for you."

"I don't want to hear any more of that kind of talk," interposed the court.

"Answer the questions addressed to you by the counsel."

"Judge, I did. He asked me if I knew what it was, and I said I did."

"Are you sure you understand what is meant by the term 'preponderance of evidence?'"

"Of course I am, judge."

"Well, let us hear your idea of it."

"It's evidence that's been previously pondered."—Chicago Tribune.

The Long Distance Telephone.

"Hello, central!"

"Well?"

"Connect me with Peking, please, and let me have the emperor's palace."

"All right."

"Have I the honor of speaking to the Chinese emperor?"

"Allee samee. Whatee wantee?"

"There is a report afloat that you have been killed. Is it true?"

"Allee wrongee. It isn't my funeral."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

In Dreamland.

They were out with a party yachting. Conversation flagging, he remarked, twisting his labial ornament:

"I declare the briny breeze has made my mustache taste quite salty."

"Yes," innocently said she, "I think it has."

And then she wondered why they all tittered.—Answers.

His Mith Gave Way.

The litteratee was clearly mad.

"Let me but write the people's jokes," he yelled, "and I care not who reads proof of these."

"We reported all this to the proper authorities, calling attention at the same time to the wild, hunted look in the fellow's eyes."—Detroit Journal.

A Palliating Circumstance.

"Do you mean to tell me that Mr. Giltington refused his wife pin money?"

"Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "I don't know that he is wholly to be blamed. You see, Mrs. Giltington did not want anything but diamond pins."—Washington Star.

Longevity.

Mr. Gaswell—the dachshund is a long lived dog, I should say.

Mr. Dukeane—What makes you think that?

Mr. Gaswell—Because no one can say that it is not long for this world.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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