

JEALOUSY BROUGHT RESULT

The Appearance of Blonde Girl Did the Work

Before She Played With His Affections and Treated Him Like a Chump—A Game of Golf.

She looked so bewitching in her short skirt and green jacket as she stood poised for the first drive that his cast iron resolutions melted into thin air. "I'll try it again this afternoon," he said grimly to his inner consciousness, "and if I fail this time—the devil!"

She smiled sweetly up at him as the ball rolled off about 50 feet and stopped in a mud puddle. "Cheer up, Tom; the worst is yet to come. By persistent digging we may be able to get it out before dark." "He looks dangerous," she said to herself. "He looks dangerous this afternoon. Look out for the stick, Mollie, dear." "Aloud: "You make rather a nice looking caddy, Tom. Quite an improvement on the little bow-legged son of Africa I had last time. He looked so bored whenever I missed a ball!"

"I hope the expression did not become chronic," he said, anxiously. "That is another story," she returned with dignity. "As I was saying, Nature was not kind in dealing out curves to Jimmy, and when he takes an attitude and says: "Dis here's de way to do it, Miss Mollie," it confuses me. I can't tell which is nature and which golf."

He smiled a little, but made no reply as they swung along in the wake of the ball. She stole a glance at him out of the tail of her eye. "He is a dear fellow," she admitted to herself; "the dearest of them all—but my liberty is a thousand times sweeter and dearer. What's to be done? I don't want to marry him, and I don't want to lose him. Brace up, Mollie, dear! A senator from your state once saved his country by talking a force bill to death. Surely a woman can do as much."

Continued silence from him. She hummed mischievously as they walked. "It's a horrible death to be talked to death. It's a horrible death to die!" "You never talk on Wednesdays do you, Tom?"

He answered, coming out of a brown study: "Rarely, but I was thinking of making an exception in favor of today; and I was also thinking that you would be sorry when I began," looking at her meaningly. "As bad as that? Dear me!" she returned carelessly, but he noticed that she missed the next stroke entirely. "The object of the game, Miss Ashford," he said gravely, "is to hit the ball, not to mow the grass. The club pays a man to do that."

She set her teeth and made a good, clean stroke. "Not so bad," he said patronizingly. "I made this hole the other day in four." "Strokes or balls?" she asked sweetly. He looked at her with grave pity, and they trudged on. "Aren't you growing conceited, Miss Ashford?" he asked. "We have walked about twenty yards past your ball."

"I supposed it was the caddy's duty to keep his eye on it," she rejoined with mock severity. "Not when the caddy has something more important to engage his attention. Mollie; I want to tell you something."

She said, nervously and with assumed earnestness, "Wait till I put in and I will listen. There! In in eight. Not so, was it? The last time I made it in thirteen. I beg your pardon, what were you saying?"

wildly around, but no one was in sight. "No use fencing, little girl. You have got to listen, and the sooner it is over the better for both of us. I have been very patient, dear, and tried to keep away from you, but I had to come back. Tell me, Mollie, is there any hope for me this time?"

She looked up into his handsome, pleading eyes, and her heart was very tender toward him, but she shook her head.

"Don't, Tom," she begged. "Let's stay friends, as we have always been. I care for you—lots—but not that way. I'm sorry, so sorry!"

But she did not finish her little speech, for he had released the club and walked on.

"All right, dear," he said, kindly. "I won't bother you any more. We'll be good friends hereafter, and forget that I ever wanted to be anything else. No, we won't go back yet. Let us play it out."

But she played nervously and badly. Like many another woman she had had her way and still was not content.

"He doesn't seem to care much," she thought, resentfully.

"I shan't let her see how it hurts," he was thinking, grimly.

The next hole was played almost in silence.

"Fore," he called suddenly. "By Jove! that was a close call. I did not see those people. Who is the stunning-looking blonde in the red coat?"

"I don't know, but I can tell you the price per bottle," replied she with forced gaiety.

"Don't," he said, shortly. "That doesn't sound like my little Mollie. Besides—why, bless my soul! Will you pardon me a moment?" and to her astonishment he had darted forward and was greeting with evident delight the aforesaid blonde.

"They seem very glad to see each other," thought the onlooker. "I never saw Tom show so much enthusiasm before. I wonder where he knew her. Yes, she certainly is blondined. Bad style."

Tom came back beaming.

"Isn't she a beauty?" he demanded.

"She gets prettier every day she lives. Who would ever have thought of our meeting down here! By Jove, won't the boys go crazy over her?"

Mistress Mollie looked distinctly startled. Visions of an unknown beauty encroaching on her preserves arose before her and were not pleasing.

"She is only here for a few days and I missed her letter, telling me she was coming," Tom continued with unabated enthusiasm, "but I shall ask Mrs. St. John to chaperon her and invite her to stay over until Mardi Gras. That will be the best plan, don't you think?"

"Suppose you tell me who she is," the girl replied, indifferently.

"He looked down at her and hesitated a moment before answering.

"She's the woman who nearly broke my heart some years ago," he said slowly.

"Oh!" said Mollie and looked away.

"I loved her as a boy," he continued, "and as a man I continued to love her, but she did not care for me in the way I wished, and it nearly killed me. I left home and came down here because of her and for a long time I was pretty badly hurt. But, thank God for old time, who heals all wounds, they say, and I was beginning to recover from mine when I met you, and you did the rest. I have never seen her since until today," he added, musingly.

"Why did you never tell me of her before?" demanded she, breathlessly.

"I had no reason to think you would care. Do you, Mollie?" a trifle eagerly.

"Certainly not," said Miss Ashford, coldly.

Another burst of silence.

"She is very pretty," said the girl at last, looking straight before her.

"And as sweet as she is pretty," he said, warmly. "There never lived a truer, nobler woman. It is astonishing how time changes a fellow's feelings."

he continued, ruminatingly. "I did not think I could ever bear to see her again, but now there is only tenderness left, and the truest friendship. That is the way you want me to think of you, isn't it, Mollie?"

"Yes," said Miss Ashford, rather weakly. It occurred to her that that wasn't at all the program as she had mapped it out. Her plan provided liberty for herself, not for him, and had not included the appearance on the scene of a former and more beautiful sweetheart.

She gave the unoffending ball a vicious blow and helped herself across a ditch. For the first time in her reign he seemed to have forgotten her existence.

"I will take her to the club dance tomorrow night, if she will go," he

said. "You must see her in evening dress. She's a beauty."

"Oh!" said the girl. He had never before failed to find out first if she were going. The world was growing decidedly topsy-turvy.

"If this is friendship," quoth Mistress Mollie to herself grimly, "give me—I don't seem to know what I do want."

They were approaching the last hazard now, a little stream of running water with high banks thrown up on either side. There had been a narrow plank aid for the players to cross on, but it was now missing. The girl stopped and looked about helplessly.

"Let me lift you over," he suggested.

"I can jump, thank you," she replied coldly, ignoring his hand.

But she didn't. Instead she fell short of the opposite bank several inches and but for his outstretched arms would have fallen. Even rejected lovers are human, and no one was near, so he held her tight, and at his touch her eyes at last were opened, and she clung to him like a little child.

"Isn't this where you belong, little Mollie?" he whispered.

"Yes, Tom," she answered softly as he kissed her.

The blonde girl was the center of a merry group on the piazza of the Country Club as they sauntered up. Every one turned to greet the newcomers, who were trying hard not to look as happy as they felt.

"Who won?" asked the Duffer.

"Won? Won what? Oh, yes—of course—I did. Fine game!" said Tom, looking every inch the winner.

"Must have been," said the Duffer with a grin. "I'm only a beginner and don't know much, but I did think golf was played with sticks and balls and things. Isn't it?" he asked innocently.

And everybody smiled, while Tom and Mollie turned a bright golf pink, for their bag lay forgotten on the side of that blessed ditch.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Strange Tent in Boston.

Boston, March 31.—Curiosity has been piqued all winter by a tent and its occupants, located on Huntington avenue, beyond Parker street. Smoke curling from the chimney pipe has indicated that the tent was inhabited. The mystery was solved today. The secretary of the experimenter consented to make the purpose of the experiment clear.

The object of the encampment is to develop a cure for the curse of civilization—consumption—a cure based upon scientific principles, consisting in the main of open air, fresh beef and earth radiation. In the type written statement which was handed out from the interior of the tent it is explained:

"Terrestrial radiation is the chief thing in climate that cures consumption.

"The long waves of nocturnal radiation are low in temperature, and, like the Roentgen rays, easily pass through the body. In man the old heat vibrations of radiation cause nervous and vegetative activities similar to those produced by M. Raul Pictet's cold wall, 300 degrees below zero, and yet pass through the skin into the body without sensation of cold. Internally these waves arouse nerve centers in the middle brain, the cluster of great anatomical neurons of the medulla, the rudiment and oldest part of the nervous system, the center of life. This causes the vital mechanism to slowly evolve."

King Carlos' Trouble.

Madrid, March 29.—Reports which reach here from Lisbon concerning the strained relations between King Carlos and his wife point to an early separation and to the departure of the queen from the kingdom.

The differences between the royal pair are looked upon here as not so much due to religious questions as to the pronounced sympathies of the king of England, Queen Marie Amelie, who is above everything else a French princess, was strongly opposed to the alliance between England and Portugal, which was promulgated at the time of the recent visit of the British fleet to the Tagus, and resents the anti-French policy which has been pursued since by King Carlos and his government and which led to a threat of war upon Portugal two weeks ago by M. Delcasse, French minister of foreign affairs.

In the Duke of Orleans' quarrels with the British royal family, the queen has sided altogether with her brother, to such an extent that he has broken off her formerly intimate relations with Queen Alexandra and the latter's daughters, and the present dispute between the king and queen on the subject of the religious orders is merely the climax.

King Carlos has instituted measures to curb the power of the religious orders, which the latter ascribe to his

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English influences, declaring that during his recent stay in England he not only became imbued with Protestant sympathies, but likewise affiliated with Free Masons. There is no doubt that King Carlos has keenly resented the clerical tyranny to which he thinks he has been subjected, as, for instance, when he was prevented by the vatican from attending either the silver wedding or the funeral of his uncle, King Humbert.

The court at Lisbon is divided into two sections, one siding with the queen, among them being the Marquis of Pombal, grand master of the ceremonies, who has tendered his resignation, while the other remains true to the king.

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