

ASKS FOR A FORTUNE.

RAVAGES OF TIME HAVE NOT DISAPPEARED.

Denver Woman Sues the Man Who Took the Contract to Remodel Her Face—Her Wrinkles Increase—Will Sent to the Dead-Letter Office.

Dimple Is a Fable.

Because, as she alleges, her hand-made dimple did not show when she smiled, and for other reasons, Miss Helen Brooks feels damaged in Denver and wanted to become beautiful. With that end in view she engaged a dermatological institute of New York to make extensive repairs and alterations to her face. Miss Brooks says the job was a fizzle, and she has been sent in the Supreme Court to recover damages. Her face will be offered in evidence as people's exhibit A. Having read voluminous advertisements, Miss Brooks adds, she declares several trips from Denver and paid \$275 to have her features improved at the institute. That was in April, 1896. She asserts that the two wrinkles in her brow were to be obliterated by removing some of the scalp and drawing the skin back. This was also expected to make the arched eyebrows horizontal. Inusions in the upper eyelids would, she was told, render the optics larger and brighter. Her eyes, she also claims, were to be whitened down and brought in contour with the rest of the face, and a cunning little dimple in the chin was to complete the rejuvenating process. A doctor overhauled and made these extensive repairs on the face of Miss Brooks, she says, and the lady weeps now every time she looks in the glass. The dimple that was to be, she contends, is nothing but a scar, one ear is shorter than the other, and the lobes curl outward like the edge of a gooseberry tart.

IN DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

Eccentric California Miser Left an Estate of \$100,000.

Peter Christensen, a wealthy bachelor farmer who died a few weeks ago on his ranch near Waterloo, Cal., left an estate worth upward of \$100,000, and so far as known no heir of his resides this side of Denmark. No will has been found. Now comes a story that he made a will several years ago and left it with the late Judge Baldwin. After the death of Baldwin the document was mailed to Christensen, and after lying in the postoffice at Stockton thirty days was sent to the dead letter office, and is now in Washington. Efforts are being made to get the important document, which it is said, will give large bequests to old friends of the eccentric miser.

LIVES WITH A BROKEN NECK.

Case of an Emporia, Kan., Man Punishes Surgeons and Doctors.

William Kirby, a hostler employed by W. H. Gilchrist, is baffling the surgeons of Emporia, Kan., by living with a broken neck. While clipping a horse Kirby was kicked in the back of the neck. He at once became unconscious and an examination showed that the fifth vertebra of the neck was dislocated. When the doctors pulled the neck back into position Kirby pulsed consciousness, but when he was led in a chair the neck again became dislocated. The doctors fitted up a harness for the man's head, and Kirby is able to talk. 'Hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Tells of Murder at Revival.

General elections for the Ontario legislature took place throughout the province and resulted in a virtual, if not actual, defeat for the liberal government, which has held power for more than twenty-five years.

Tried to Kill a King.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate King George of Greece. One of his assailants, Karditsa, a minor employee of the Mayor's office in Athens, has been arrested.

Burglar Is Asphyxiated.

Edward Evans, burglar who was being pursued by the police at Portland, Oregon, ran into an old gashouse, where he remained until he was asphyxiated.

Loaded with Real Estate.

Mayor Oscar F. Price of Jamestown, N. Y., has made a general assignment for the benefit of his creditors. An overload of real estate was the cause.

Southern Postmaster Shot.

J. F. Freeman, a white man who was appointed postmaster at Ada, Ga., in February, was shot in front of his house by unknown persons in ambush.

Fleet of Cuba.

The United States fleet at Key West received orders to hold themselves in readiness to start for Havana at the tap of the drum.

Fatal Fire at Kalamazoo.

Ten men met their death as the result of a fire and an explosion in the Hall Bros. pharmaceutical works at Kalamazoo, Mich.

Prohibition in Kansas.

A druggist has been refused a permit to sell liquor. This is the first permit applied for in Olathe, Kan., under the present law, and it was for signing this druggist's petition that ex-Gov. St. John, the former prohibition leader, was denounced a week ago by the W. C. T. U.

Fire Makes Many Homeless.

Fire broke out at midnight in a four-story tenement house at Brooklyn, damaged property to the extent of \$30,000 and made seventy families temporarily homeless.

Fight Fire on Shipboard.

The British steamer Legislator, Captain Tenant, bound from Liverpool for Colon, was burned at sea in latitude 31.23 north and longitude 44.10 west. The fire burned fiercely for three days, during which time six men lost their lives and four were severely injured.

La Roca Dock Completed.

Consular Clerk Murphy reports to the State Department at Washington, under date of Colon, Feb. 8, the completion of La Roca dock, the Pacific terminus of the Panama canal. He says that as the tides run twenty-five feet there the value of the work is yet to be demonstrated.

WOODED AND MARRIED

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

on who were so strangely to cross each other's lives looked almost eagerly at each other.

Lady Caraven saw before her a tall, graceful, lovely blonde, whose sunburnt eyes and golden hair were bright and beautiful, whose red lips smiling shone teeth like pearls. After returning in the most musical of voices the greetings of her hostess, she requested that she might be shown to her room.

She was in some measure just what Lady Caraven had expected to see. She appeared in the drawing-room two minutes before the announcement of dinner was made, and then Hildred examined her more critically. Her entrance made a sensation among the gentlemen. Hildred stood watching the scene, watching the pretty maneuvers of the royally beautiful coquette, and how soon they took effect.

Hildred sighed as she turned away. This was the kind of beauty that her husband loved—blonde, tall and graceful.

She looked at her husband; he had not joined Lady Hamilton's circle of admirers, and she felt all the happier on seeing that.

"Do you know, Caraven," asked Lord Damer, "one of the guests, 'who is the handsomest woman here?'

The Earl looked around with a smile.

"Amid so many how can I decide?"

"The decision does not require a minute's hesitation," said Lord Damer.

"Look around and you will see that there is no one to compare with your wife. She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life."

The Earl looked up wonderingly.

"Is she? Do you know that I have never thought so much of her appearance?"

"Then you have been blind. Look at her now."

Lord Caraven looked up. He saw a tall, beautiful figure and a magnificent face, with dark, proud, brilliant eyes and a lovely mouth, round which played a half-grave, sweet, timorous smile. He seemed to be impressed.

"You are right," he said; "she is very beautiful."

"I should imagine so," returned Lord Damer, emphatically. "Why, by her side even the brilliant Lady Hamilton looks faded. Every one is talking about your wife; you do not know how many predictions were fulfilled.

But he was not misled; he saw exactly how things were—that the Earl had started with the conviction that his wife was an unformed school-girl, and that, though believing her now to be a very clever woman, he still retained much of his early impression. Lord Caraven had accepted the fact that he did not love her with a lover's love, and that their marriage was a fatal mistake into which his own folly had led him—and he had not changed his opinion; he absolutely never thought of love with reference to her. They were good friends, with one common interest—that was all.

But with Hildred it was not quite the same thing. She had once loved him; and now, as his better nature appeared, she began to care for him again. Not that she ever betrayed such a feeling to him. She was kind, affectionate, patient; she devoted herself to his service; but no word indicating a warmer feeling than friend ship ever escaped her lips. She did not even own to herself or know that she was beginning to love him.

One day, after luncheon, when some visitors were staying with them, the conversation turned on a certain Lady Hamilton, who had just returned, a widow from India.

"Lady Hamilton was one of your early loves, Ulric, was she not?" said Sir Raoul, laughing.

"I suppose so," said the Earl, carelessly. "I had a great many early loves. Do you know what my opinion is?"

"No," answered Sir Raoul, "I do not."

"I do not believe that I have ever loved at all—that is, using the word 'love' in its best and highest sense."

She looked at the pretty tablet and then smiled at him.

"Then it is for want of appreciation," said Sir Raoul, curiously.

Neither of them knew that Hildred had overheard the few chance words, but they had pierced her heart as with a double sword.

A kind of jealousy that she could not understand took possession of her. If, on looking at pictures or photographs, Lord Caraven praised one or thought it pretty, she would examine it in detail to find out if possible what he admired in it. If, in speaking of any lady friend or visitor, the Earl expressed his admiration of her, she would try to understand what attracted him. He had a frank, careless, easy way of expressing himself. Often, when she heard him, her face would suddenly grow pale even to her lips. If he loved at all, he must love her.

Lord Caraven deserved nothing of this, but Sir Raoul was more deeply versed in human nature, and he saw that the young countess was beginning to love her husband with a passionate love. He did not know whether to be pleased or sorry—whether her love would ever be returned. Yet he could not feel surprised.

One morning a letter came to Renvenue. It was from Lady Hamilton, to say that she was returning from Cowes, where she had been staying some time, and would be glad to pay her promised visit.

Lord Caraven's first sensation on reading the coquettish little note was not one of unmitigated pleasure. They had been spending a very happy week alone, the Earl, the Countess and Sir Raoul—a week that he had thoroughly enjoyed because the greater part of it had been spent in the open air with his wife and Sir Raoul. They had been watching the builders' progress, watching the improvements; and the Earl was more pleased than he would have cared to say at seeing once more a smile on the faces around him. He did not feel quite sure at first that he cared for the coming interruption. He gave the letter to Lady Caraven.

"If she comes," he said, "it is pretty certain we must invite a party to meet her."

The young Countess looked up.

"We are a party," she told him—"we are three."

Lord Caraven laughed.

"Three is a very small number, Hildred. What would Lady Hamilton say if she came here and found that we had not invited any one to meet her?" Raoul and I would be exhausted by the amount of homage we should have to pay. Lady Hamilton is the very queen of coquettess."

"I do not like coquettess," said Lady Caraven, curiously.

CHAPTER XVI.

Autumn came with its golden wheat, its ripe fruit, its gorgeous beauty of coloring. The spirit of improvement was at work at Renvenue, and already the omnibus cottages had disappeared, and in their places clean, healthy, well-drained dwelling houses were springing up. Lady Caraven worked hard, allowing herself little rest, and the Earl was filled with wonder at her systematic method.

They worked together. She made their duties so pleasant to him that he would not for the world have renounced them. Husband and wife were to be obliterated by removing some of the scalp and drawing the skin back. This was also expected to make the arched eyebrows horizontal. Inusions in the upper eyelids would, she was told, render the optics larger and brighter. Her eyes, she also claims, were to be whitened down and brought in contour with the rest of the face, and a cunning little dimple in the chin was to complete the rejuvenating process. A doctor overhauled and made these extensive repairs on the face of Miss Brooks, she says, and the lady weeps now every time she looks in the glass. The dimple that was to be, she contends, is nothing but a scar, one ear is shorter than the other, and the lobes curl outward like the edge of a gooseberry tart.

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