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### ONE MAN'S IDOL

(Original.)  
Many years ago in Madrid there lived a grandee, Don Roderigo de Sandoval. His house was on a little square, or rather court, in the center of which was a fountain with a cup where any one might quench his thirst. Don Roderigo had married a girl very much younger than himself and set her up on a pedestal as his mother had placed a crucifix on her dressing table, to worship. Signora de Sandoval while she at first found it pleasant to be thus adored, especially since adoration brought with it every comfort, soon found it tiresome. Her husband devoted but a brief time to her every day, the rest being given to affairs of state, he being one of the king's cabinet. The rest of the time the young wife spent alone, and it did not occur to the husband that the time would hang heavy on her hands or that she would crave society, especially of the opposite sex. Did she not have servants at her beck and call, the finest apparel to wear, the most savory dishes upon her table? What more could any woman need?  
One night when Don Roderigo was returning from the palace where he had been in conference with the king, just before entering the court in which he lived he stopped short and fastened his eyes on a scene before him. A young man stood at the fountain holding the cup in his hand and looking up at the balcony projecting from the second floor of Don Roderigo's house. Just within a window opening on to the balcony fluttered a handkerchief, while the young man was making signs with the cup. His back was toward De Sandoval, so that he could not be recognized.  
The husband watched this pantomime in a sort of stupor. He could not have been more thunderstruck had he seen an angel from heaven alight on the fountain and pour mud upon the waters. That the being he had worshipped could thus dishonor him filled him with agony. While he looked he saw a fan waved frantically from within the window and the man drinking at the fountain dropped the cup and walked rapidly away. Don Roderigo, awakening from his stupor, followed, but the stranger had only a short distance to go to turn a corner, and by the time Sandoval reached it the man he sought was nowhere to be seen.  
Don Roderigo went to his house, kissed his wife (she noticed that his lips were cold as ice), and went to bed. He did not accuse her nor ask the name of the young man who had been making signs at her window. From that time his manner toward her was changed, though no one except herself noticed it. She was allowed the same privileges, enjoyed the same comforts, but somehow she felt that she lived in the shadow of death.

A few weeks after the episode that had such a marked effect upon Roderigo he was coming home late at night when he saw a man drinking at the fountain. Advancing, he knocked the cup from the stranger's hand. The man turned, hot at the insult, and seeing one worthy of his steel drew his rapier and attacked the insulted. Sandoval drew and defended himself, casting from time to time an eye on his wife's window. All was dark there, and in time he called a halt in the fight, apologized for the insult, refilled the cup and offered it to the stranger. The latter, puzzled, drank and went away.

After that on numerous occasions—always at the dead of night—some stranger stopping to quench his thirst at the fountain would report in the morning that the cup had been knocked from his hand and, sometimes after a fight, the insulted had apologized and proffered a full cup. The police seemed singularly apathetic about the matter, not even taking pains to watch the fountain. Thus it became the belief that the person who gave these insults was high in favor of the government.

One night a man entered the square and, seeing another at the fountain, withdrew under the shadow of a slight of steps. While the man at the fountain was drinking a third figure approached and knocked the cup out of the drinker's hand.  
"What means this insult?" asked the man attacked.

At that moment a glimmer of white appeared on the balcony of Don Roderigo's house. Roderigo saw it in an instant.

"It means that I have at last found the man I have been so long looking for," said Roderigo.

His rapier flashed, but before the man for whom it was intended had turned to draw his own weapon a third man shot from a shadow and stood, sword in hand, between the two.

"You are mistaken, signor," he said. "I am the man you have been looking for. I was a lover of your wife's before you married her. Thrice I have passed a few words, or rather signals, with her from this fountain, but I have never been nearer. She is pure as marble. Go and continue the worship which till you found me here you bestowed upon her, for she is worthy of it."

The reply to this was a lunge on the part of Don Roderigo and a shriek from the balcony. The stranger caught the blade on his own steel and replied in kind. In a few minutes Don Roderigo de Sandoval lay stretched upon the pavement.

"You made an idol of your wife," said the stranger, sheathing his rapier. "I have made a widow of her."

A year later Signora de Sandoval married the man who made her a widow and became one of the most attractive of all the dames of the capital. From being worshipped by one man she was worshipped by a whole city.  
BLANCHE J. CARVES.

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### Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

#### LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

If I had my life to live over again  
What splendid success I would win  
I never would make a single mistake  
Or waste golden moments in sin.  
By cutting out things that are not worth  
the while  
The world very soon would be mine;  
Success at my beck would most break its  
neck  
To come when I gave it the sign.

If I had my life to live over again  
What wonderful things I would do!  
Without an excuse I'd turn myself loose  
And grab off a dollar or two.  
Whenever a good thing presented itself  
I'd know it was good at a glance,  
And on the sure things without any  
strings  
I'd play without taking a chance.

If I had my life to live over again  
I'd capture the ladies indeed,  
Because I would know just when to go  
slow  
And when to go fast to succeed.  
I'd always have twenty or so on the  
string  
And one or two more in reserve,  
And no one in town would ever turn me  
down  
Because of my wit and my nerve.

If I had my life to live over again  
It seems to me now I'd be wise,  
Nor waste precious time in nonsense or  
crime  
Or things that good people despise.  
At least that's the way I have mixed up  
the dope  
From what would appear a hot tip,  
But I must confess I'd make a worse  
mess.  
I fear, than I'm making this trip.

Better Yet.



"Her walls are so smooth that a fly  
fell off them and broke its leg."  
"I suppose she has the fly to show  
for it."  
"No, but she has the walls."

#### A Royal Name.

Before the heir to the German throne  
had been in the world long enough to  
know whether he was going to like it  
or not they broke the news to him that  
his name was William.

Having in prospect the job of running  
so large a country as Germany, it  
was not necessary to hand him one of  
those continued-in-our-next names so  
popular with royalty that is obliged to  
impress the neighbors in order to carry  
out the bluff.

It can generally be depended on that  
the length of a royal name is in  
inverse ratio to the size of the kingdom  
over which the kid expects to rule. If  
it is a power of the first class plain  
Bill will do, but if it is one of those  
toy kingdoms that a race horse man  
can put in his vest pocket you can  
depend on it that his folks looked in  
the back part of the dictionary for the  
six or eight pages of names and said to  
him pleasantly, "They are all yours."

#### But It Dare Not.

Break, break, break  
On the hotel bills, O purse!  
Oh, would that my tongue could utter  
The language, I madly nurse!

#### Always Bag.

"The eternal fitness doesn't apply to  
trousers."  
"No?"  
"Because no trousers ever fit long."

#### Personal Animus.

"Jones says you are cold and heart-  
less."  
"That's because I never felt his  
touch the other day."

#### FERT PARAGRAPHS.

A milliner who would invent a hat  
that would stay on straight without a  
hatpin would do much to put the  
paragaphers out of business.

Some women seem to think that nag-  
ging is necessary to make the nag go.

It appears to take all of a young  
man's time to be the son of a rich  
father.

Self interest can put sympathy out  
of business any day.

A deep seated sense of your own  
rights is not a bad thing to have if  
you are a good pugilist.



Many people  
who have a good  
aim select a poor  
target.

It requires an  
expert to make  
good connection  
between an easy  
job and a good  
salary.

The more practice you have in trying  
to look young the less your success.

If there were fewer fools in the  
world some of us would find our occu-  
pation gone.

Good talkers rarely make such an  
effort for your benefit alone.

A summer resort is a place where  
you find all the modern inconveniences  
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