

# A FOOL AND HIS MONEY

By EDNA MANNERS

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The haze of the semitropics was everywhere, blending the gorgeous tints of hills and valleys in its elusive veil. There were tears in the Mexican's eyes as he sang to his tinkling guitar, and his notes were laden with grief. He looked up from beneath his sombrero, his black eyes showing the clear white beneath.

"What's the matter?" came in a foreign voice, and he glanced up to see the American miner looking down on him. There was something unpleasant in the American's eye that held people aloof and made them speak with restraint when he was near. Raphael stopped playing, covered his face with his hands and sobbed aloud.

"Buck up, friend!" the American cried, then added in Spanish, "What's wrong, anyhow?" Raphael grew calmer. He stood up and leaned on his guitar, looking toward the humble home where his little brothers and sisters were at play.

"Oh, señor," he cried in confiding dejection, "tis the beautiful Senorita Anita! Señor, they have shut her up, and I shall never see her any more. I die of love for her."

"No, you won't," muttered the American, turning away to hide a cynical gleam. The dam of Raphael's grief was loosened, and the contents of his soul poured into listening ears. And this was the tale he told: He loved the Senorita Anita, a bewitching damsel far above him; was dying of love for her. Many times they had met on the plaza, and she had glanced shyly from beneath her mantilla and smiled at him. Yes, he could swear she smiled. She was beautiful and good. He had had no glimpse of her since except from behind the bars of her window. He could neither eat nor sleep.

The American turned away, while his lips curled unpleasantly. Raphael amused him. He was an exceptional Spaniard. He had scraped together a kind of education for himself and was



"HERE'S A PUNNY FOR YOU AND YOUR GIRL."

something of a genius in music. Under more favorable conditions he might have made a way for himself in the world.

The cynicism faded from the American's eye as he asked where the senorita lived and who her family were.

Anita lay asleep. The moonlight came through the roses at the window, and all was still. Suddenly, through the darkness came a single sweet note. The girl sat up to listen. She pushed back her hair and listened again. Her eyes shone, her cheeks flushed, and her little heart beat fast. She stole to the window, holding her mantilla close about her chin. Beneath the orange tree stood a man. Her heart fluttered faster, and the hot southern passion shone in her eyes. It was the rich Senor Americano. Several times he had passed the house, after the custom of the Mexican lover. The maid clasped her hands softly in acknowledgment that she accepted the tribute. The notes grew more pleading still.

"Senorita."

"This was going beyond the bounds of the serenading lover, but Anita leaned out and waited.

"Senorita."

"Senor, I am here," whispered the girl and then drew back coyly.

"Fair one, listen." Then he poured into her ears a tale of love.

"One," said he, "loves thee senorita. Loves thee unto death, but he cannot marry thee in this country. Will you leave sunny Mexico and go to America with your lover—as his wife?"

The little senorita giggled. She had "been in love ever since she could talk," her mother complained. This one and that one she had flirted with or had even been shut up as punishment for making eyes at Raphael, a

common youth on the plaza. Lately her mother had noticed the Senor Americano passing the house, and she was well content that he should pay court to her pretty daughter and end all the trouble.

"Senor," came in soft Mexican Spanish, "has he money to buy the wedding clothes?"

"He has enough to buy the finest any bride could wish."

"And does he love me well, senor?"

"To distraction, oh, divine one!"

She drew back and shivered a little, but the dimples played in her cheeks. Anita must love and be loved and would make a good, true little wife for any man who would only love her enough.

"Senor," she leaned far out into the silver night, pulled a rose and threw it down to him. "Senor, when?"

He picked up the flower, kissed it and pressed it to his heart. He was so coldly, artificially Mexican. It frightened and attracted her.

"Now," he answered. "Now, Anita. Will you come with me now?"

The realization came to her like a shock. Leave her father and mother? Go with this man? To America? Love and romance were her guiding stars, poor little soul. Yes, she would go.

"In two minutes, señor," she whispered.

A victoria sped away from the house. The girl kept up a soft giggle as the carriage bumped over the stones that covered the street, but as they reached the outskirts of the city she turned silent.

"Senorita," that was the first word her strange lover had spoken. He now leaned forward in the darkness. "Senorita, are you afraid?"

His gaze was cold and steady.

"Are you afraid, gentle senorita?" he repeated, as she did not answer.

"No-o, señor. But why are you so—so still? You do not love me?"

Her voice shook.

"Senorita, I have loved many beautiful ladies. I am—bah"—he seemed to be talking to himself—"tired of it all."

"Tired of love?" A cold hand knocked at the door of her heart. The carriage was on a lonely, white country road now.

"Senorita, I cannot—I—er—well, you see, I cannot marry you—!"

"You cannot marry me? Then why did you bring me here?"

"Wait, senorita. Do you love me?"

She was dazed by the sudden, practical question; then she shuddered and answered: "No, I hate you, I hate you, señor! Oh, take me back to my mother! Take me home!"

"Have you ever loved any man? Ever truly loved?" he asked without heeding her.

In her heart arose the vision of a pair of faithful, gentle eyes that had sought hers on the plaza and a form that bent over the guitar at twilight. She burst into tears. "Oh, yes," she moaned. "Raphael, dear Raphael!"

The carriage stopped. The driver climbed out, then, leaning on the window ledge, he whispered, "If you are wise, keep still."

And she obeyed. The horses stirred, the coachman dozed and the time grew long. Then the night quiet was broken by the twangy voice of the American, mingled with the soft tones of her native tongue. The carriage door opened, and there before her stood Raphael.

"Now," said the American, "if you want to go home I'll take you back. If you want to go with your lover, go."

For answer she threw herself into Raphael's arms, and caste and propriety were forgotten in the bliss of a first kiss of love gratified.

"Here's a punny for you and your girl, Raphael. Hope you'll like married life."

He told the driver to drive to the station with the pair and stood watching them disappear down the white road. Then he took out a cigar, bit off the end and laughed as he said aloud: "I always thought Miles Standish was a fool. Half my mine gone too. The fool and his money are soon parted. Well, it's the only fun I'll ever get out of it."

Then he went down the road toward the city alone.

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Old Scotch Apprentice Laws.

A newspaper of Dundee, Scotland, publishes the regulations established for apprentices in that town several hundred years ago. Here is one which deals with the custom of apprentices drinking at night: "It is statute that forasmuch as the gyt abuse among the prentices and ament the many complaints given in to the deacons and maisters declaring that they debore at night by visiting and drinking, neglecting their due time to come to their work, and rise early in the morning for entering thereto, intollerable to be suffered in ane civill burgh. For remeid thereof it is condescendit that like servant and prentice of the craftes keep their ordinar dyet of intermediate and go to their beyds at ten hours at night, and wha bees drinking or walgering in other men's houses or in the streets of the get after ten hours night sall pay to the crafts box, servants, three shillings and eightpence, and prentices, six shillings and fourpence, and if he have not monies, to be punished at the will of the deacon and maisters."

Monuments of Ears.

Throughout Korea a number of monuments are still standing which date from the war of 1592, when Japan invaded Korea with 30,000 men. These "monuments of ears," as they are called, mark the burial places of 10,000 ears which were cut from the heads of the Koreans as trophies of victory. There are many of these monuments in Japan also, for some of these grievous relics were taken home by the conquering army.

**POSITION IN SLEEP.**

**The Connection Between Health and the Way of the Bed.**

A French scientist claims to have established a distinct connection between our health and the position which our beds occupy with regard to the points of the compass. He relies upon the fact that the sap of trees is gradually driven toward the east by centrifugal force, so that they develop more on that side. This induces him to argue that when we remain in bed for several hours with our heads toward the east this will tend to drive the liquids of our body from west to east, and our blood has a tendency to flow toward the brain, so that we sleep uneasily and find ourselves less fresh when we awake than if our feet had pointed eastward.

If our bed stand north and south it is better to lie with the head southward, as the centrifugal force acts from north to south in our hemisphere.

This old inscription on a bedstead is good: "So that ye harte be rite, it matters not which waye ye head laye."

**His Line.**

"So Speeder has turned out to be a confidence man. Does he sell gold bricks?"

"No. He's an architect and plans those \$2,500 houses that cost \$6,850 when they're finished."—Cleveland Leader.

**Preaching and Practice.**

She—Papa is preaching a sermon tonight on "Love One Another." He—And we are staying at home practicing what he preaches, aren't we?—Chicago Journal.

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7:00 p.m.		9:40 p.m.
Leave	ASTORIA	Arrive
7:45 a.m.	for Portland and way points	11:30 a.m.
6:10 p.m.		10:30 p.m.
Leave	ASTORIA	Arrive
11:35 a.m.	for Seaside Direct	5:20 p.m.
Leave	ASTORIA	Arrive
8:15 a.m.	for Warrenton, Hammond, Ft. Stevens, Seaside	10:45 a.m.
5:50 p.m.		7:40 a.m.
Leave	SEASIDE	Arrive
4:30 p.m.	for Astoria Direct	12:30 p.m.
Leave	SEASIDE	Arrive
6:15 a.m.	for Warrenton Ft. Stevens, Hammond, Astoria	9:25 a.m.
9:30 a.m.		7:20 p.m.

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