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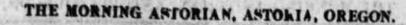
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in the dark green walls, covered with COOKING IN QUEER PLACES. WOOD A WOOD WOOD handsome photographs, the low bookcases on either side of the fireplace

about.



the strange man in Spain. When she told him he shot a quick, piercing look from his deep set eyes. but evidently there was so connection in her mind between the

tick girl's fancy and himself. Instinctively he knew the truth. "Poor little girl," he mused. "Lonely, struggling, with nothing to feed her

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A KNIGHT

Copyright, 1806, by Frances Wilson

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The partition was not very thick, and

the girl often heard him whistling or

singing in the next room. His reper-

tory was extensive and confusing.

"She's the bestest girl that is, and I need her in my big," would float in to

her, followed perhaps by the strains of

"Samson et Delilah" or some music

One knew the sort of a man who

would sing coon songs with gusto; also

the sort that would hum bits from the

grand operas. The puzzling thing was

to know what sort of a man would

take an impartial delight in both. So

in the intervals of her work she began

to speculate about her unknown neigh-

At the end of two months she tabu-

lated her knowledge of him. He was

gay and debonair. Witness the scraps

of song that floated in to her. He was

carelessly indifferent to women. This

she gleaned from the fact that five

days out of seven she could hear him

If she be not fair to me. What care I how fair she be!

He smoked inveterately-a pipe, she

fancied. Sometimes the faint, clusive

spirit of the thing seemed to float

about her hall bedroom, and she

sniffed again and again, her small

be quite sure. The partition bore her

He was about thirty. This she di-

vined from the freshness of his voice

and his boyish delight in the chatter of

the elderly chambermald, whose Irish

wit would send him into peals of

Also he was a man of the world,

since she heard him come in early

many evenings and move about his

room as if dressing for dinner. Then at half past 6 or 7 he would go out

again, leaving her with an absurd

They never encountered each other

in the halls, much to her satisfaction,

but she came to have a very distinct

idea of his appearance. He was tall,

broad and straight, with a clear cut

face and an air of knowing his way

"Sure, an' he's a foine gintleman."

Maggle informed her once; but, though

she might have verified her idea of

him, she refrained with a fine sense of

personal reserve. Sometimes through

the open door she caught a glimpse of

his room, and her interested eyes took

head well in the air, but could never

startled scrutiny imperturbably, but-

well, she was sure she smelled smoke.

tunefully asserting:

equally fine.

bor.

laughter.

sense of desolation.

KEITH

GORDON O

IN

SPAIN

love of companionship and romance upon but the sense of fellowship with the unseen occupant of the next room.

It is well that she hasn't seen this ugly mug of mine," he concluded grimly. So he fell into the way of stopping to inquire about her of the nurse each morning and then of sending great bunches of violets, upon which the sick girl's half conscious eyes rested later on with dreamy pleasure.

"Who picked them?" were her first intelligent words when the fever left her and she became herself. Then, realizing where she was and what had happened, she laughed weakly and corrected herself, "Who sent them, I mean ?"

At the reply a faint color crept into her cheeks, and she murmured something the nurse did not catch.

Then came the days when she sat up, feeling like a new creature come to a new world, though in appearance she was more than ever like a frail child.

"Come in. I think she would like to thank you," said the nurse when one day the man stopped to make his usual inquiry, and a moment later he was standing before little Miss Mouse, his heart thumping at the gaze of two dark fringed eyes that reminded him of violets.

She stammered out her thanks, scarcely knowing what she said, so great was her astonishment, for, in fact, the Knight In Spain, whose face she thought she knew as well as her own, was dark and most uncompromisingly ugly. Besides, he was oldforty if he was a day-and-and-

In another moment her surprise was forgotten. A big, strong hand was holding hers, and the voice that she liked so much was speaking. There was a vibrant tenderness in it that she had never noticed before-that seemed personal, that suggested, outlandish as the idea was, that to her of all the women in the world would be ever speak in just that tone.

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Mouse!



ANIMALS' WANDERINGS.

Country Mouse and Town Mouse Fable Has Foundation In Fact. The fable of the country mouse and the town mouse has a foundation in fact, Mice occasionally migrate in large numbers when food grows scarce and travel considerable distances to fresh souses. Farmers in a part of Perthshire had a good reason to become aware of this fact when a couple of rears ago vast swarms of mice invaded their cornfields at harvest time.

But the mouse only travels when it has to. The rat, on the contrary, seems to take a yearly outing, in very much the same fashion as do human beings. Rats are the most migratory creatures in the world. Troops of rats leave the towns at the end of summer and spend a month or two in the country, apparently in order to enjoy the change of food which the country affords at that time of the year in the way of fresh fruit and grain. Before the cold weather sets in they are all back again in their old quarters.

Reindeer migrate with the same regularity as swallows. They move south when winter sets in, but as soon as ever the snow begins to melt they travel steadily north, sometimes for as much as a thousand miles.

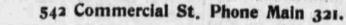
To end a holiday by deliberate sulcide is so strange a phenomenon that for a long time naturalists looked upon the stories of the migration of the lemmings as an improbable fiction. Yet the facts are beyond dispute. At irregular intervals these ratlike creatures start out from their homes in the fastnesses of northern Scandinavia in huge droves numbering tens of thousands and travel steadily southward. Death pursues them in a hundred forms. Hawks and other birds of prey hover above them. Thousands are drowned in rivers. Yet the rest struggle on until they reach the sea. They do not stop. They plunge in, swim out and struggle on until at last their strength fails and they drown. Not one ever returns from this Journey of death.-London Answers.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon man, but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred wh will stand adversity.-Goldsmith.

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and the low, broad table with its litter

"It certainly looks as if he were an interesting man," she thought to herself, and thereupon she entered her own room, and, taking out a sheet of paper bearing the mystical heading "My Knight In Spain," she wrote: "Evidently educated-a college man;

profession, law, literature or something of the kind."

"Maggie, is there any one in the next room?" she heard him inquire one Sunday morning. Then in answer to Maggie's muffled reply: "Little Miss Mouse, I should call her. I didn't know there was any one there, though once or twice I've thought I heard some one." The girl blushed guiltily. Apparently he had no idea how plainly she could hear him. Then she smiled to herself. So he would call her little Miss Mouse. Well, it was fair enough, since she called him her Gentleman of Spain.

For awhile after this she noticed a decided effort on her neighbor's part to go softly. In the midst of a stave he would cease abruptly, only to begin afresh and stop again with an impatient exclamation, as if he were annoyed at not being able to remember to be quiet. At all of which, in the aclusion of her room, little Miss Mouse laughed immoderately, though in silence.

Then one morning Maggie found her in bed, her usually pale face flushed, her heavy hair covering the pillow in a tossed and tangled mass.

"It's nothing, but perhaps you'd better get a doctor," gasped Miss Mouse. "My head's so queer, and, oh, I'm so warm!"

Soon after a serene faced nurse in a striped uniform and white apron was installed in the room, and to her little Miss Mouse, down with brain fever, talked an unending jargon.

"If you can have a castle in Spain, you can certainly have a knight in Spain, can't you?" she demanded over and over again. "Of course you can," soothed the

nurse

"I'd be very lonely if he vanished, as castles in Spain do," she said at another time, with wistful, puzzled eyes. "You don't think he will vanish, do you? Because I'm all alone here. He's the only person I really know

"Won't you ever tell, upon your honor?" she rambled on. "It's very strange. I don't just understand it, but actually I have never seen him! Can you believe it. I've never seen him, and yet I know him so well. I

The man in the next room was very quiet these days. From Maggie he Meals Partaken of In Midale and Dinners Eaten Under Water.

the beautiful truth, he questioned:

ing an ugly brute like me?"

One of Blondin's most applauded fents was making an omelet while balancing on his rope at a dizzy height. When crossing Nlagara he performed this culinary exploit, which he subsequently repeated in England in many strange situations, not the least being above the Thames, which he crossed more than once.

The summit of Salisbury's spire was used as a kitchen in 1685, when a plumber named Handley, having surmounted its height of 400 feet, proceeded with the utmost nonchalance to cook an ample repast, consisting of a shoulder of mutton and a couple of fowls. Again, in 1762, when the same spire stood in need of repair James Grist, to whom the job was intrusted, cooked and ate a dish of beans and bacon, to the astonishment of the crowd collected below.

On one occasion five adventurous spirits, under the leadership of a certain Pierre Roubaud, taking with them cooking utensils, scaled the spire of Bayeux cathedral. On reaching the gigantic glided statue of St. Michael, which then stood on the summit, they proceeded to cook their dinner, which they ate with great gusto, much to the amazement of the onlookers, whose health they drank at the conclusion of the feast.

In the tower of Erfurt cathedral hangs a huge bell ten feet high and thirty feet in circumference, weighing thirteen tons. Within this in July, 1713, dined ten of the town's most opulent burghers on dishes cooked in a kitchen temporarily erected on the beam that supported the ponderous mass of tintinnabulary metal. To celebrate this repast medals were struck. having on the obverse the portraits of the guests and on the reverse the representation of the curious scene,

A diving bell was some years since utilized as a kitchen to supply a repast for half a dozen convives who, for a wager, had undertaken to cook and eat a dinner of half a dozen courses beneath the water. This entertainment. which took place at Naples, was held in emulation of a somewhat similar achievement by six gentlemen who had used a diving bell for partaking of a meal cooked on board a barge moored pear at hand.

In 1706 one James Austin laid i wager of £100 that he would cook a plum pudding ten feet beneath the surface of the Thames, near Rotherhithe, The bet was readily accepted, and many people flocked to the appointed locale to watch this strange exhibition of the culinary art. Inclosed in a tin pan in the center of a sack of lime, the pudding was lowered beneath the water, where for two hours and a half it remained. It was then taken up and partaken of by a committee, who declared that Austin had won his wager, "cination about the done -London Tit-Bits.



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