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A KNIGHT IN SPAIN By KEITH GORDON

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The partition was not very thick, and the girl often heard him whistling or singing in the next room. His repertory was extensive and confusing. "She's the bestest girl that is, and I need her in my biz," would float in to her, followed perhaps by the strains of "Samson et Delilah" or some music equally fine.

One knew the sort of a man who would sing roon 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 neighbor.

At the end of two months she tabulated her knowledge of him. He was gay and debonaire. 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 tunefully asserting:

If she be not fair to me, What care I how fair she be! He smoked inveterately—a pipe, she fancied. Sometimes the faint, elusive spirit of the thing seemed to float about her hall bedroom, and she sniffed again and again, her small head well in the air, but could never be quite sure. The partition bore her startled scrutiny imperturbably, but—well, she was sure she smelled smoke.

He was about thirty. This she divined from the freshness of his voice and his boyish delight in the chatter of the elderly chambermaid, whose Irish wit would send him into peals of laughter. 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 sense of desolation.

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 about. "Sure, an' he's a foine gentleman," Maggie 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 in the dark green walls, covered with handsome photographs, the low bookcases on either side of the fireplace and the low, broad table with its litter of books and papers.

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; professor, 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 conclusion 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."

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 sources. Farmers in a part of Perthshire had a good reason to become aware of this fact when a couple of years 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 suicide 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 a man, but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred who will stand adversity.—Goldsmith.

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LOOKING IN QUEER PLACES.

Meals Partaken of in Midair and Dinners Eaten Under Water. One of Blondin's most applauded feats was making an omelet while balancing on his rope at a dizzy height. When crossing Niagara 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 1678, 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 1702, 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 gilded 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 tintinnabulatory 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 near at hand.

In 1706 one James Austin laid a 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, the pudding being, if anything, overdone.—London Tit-Bits.

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