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THE SCALE TURNED

By ARTHUR GRIGSBY

Edwin Hoxie, an American artist seeking subjects for his brush in Spain, left Madrid to go to the mountains of Toledo, some sixty miles from the capital. Arriving at an inn midway between the plain and the summit of the range, he concluded to make it his headquarters, going about among the mountains sketching. He arrived in the evening and concluded to put off any work till the morning. The inn being in a lonely spot and at the time apparently no other boarders in the house, he seated himself on a veranda, where he could overlook the plain far below, and called for supper.

The cloth was laid by a girl in a short petticoat encircled with stripes of various gay colors, beneath which appeared a dainty foot and ankle.

Hoxie was very young, and youth is unthinking. He permitted himself to gaze too admiringly on the senorita and did not take the pains not to do so while she was looking. He spoke some Spanish and began to chat with her, but could get nothing except "Yes, senor," and "No, senor," for she was a diffident little thing, especially in the presence of one in the social scale so far above her.

There were many points in the vicinity where attractive views were to be obtained, and Hoxie attended to his work, not thinking about the girl when doing so. But in the evening between supper and bedtime he needed company and after supper would invent ways to keep her with him on the veranda. The inn was kept by her aunt, and the two women were the only persons in the house besides the few wayfarers who stopped there. The aunt Hoxie addressed as senora, the girl as Pepita, which was her name. When he was not out sketching he was continually calling on the one or the other for something—either a glass of wine or a bit of cheese or for Pepita to bring her guitar and play for him.

"You are troubled about something, Pepita," he said one evening to the girl while she waited upon him at supper. "What is it?"

"Nothing, senor," she said. "Yes, there is something you fear. Tell me."

"Well, then, senor, there are bandits in these mountains. You should not go out sketching."

"You must be mistaken. I asked about that before coming here and was told that I would be as safe here as in Madrid."

This did not appear to relieve the girl's fears. There is something that draws a man to a woman who fears for him, and Hoxie drew the girl to him and kissed her.

"It is very lovely for you," he said, "to be anxious for my safety. Don't worry. I think I can take care of myself."

There was a sound in some shrubbery just beyond the veranda. Pepita started, gasped and trembled. Hoxie looked up at her, surprised, and was about to ask her what had frightened her when she ran into the house.

The next evening was very warm, and Hoxie lay smoking in a hammock in the yard. The moon was at the full and in the rare atmosphere at such a height cast a bright light. Hoxie dozed. Suddenly he roused himself and looked upon a shadow cast by the moon on the ground directly before him. It was the shadow of a man with arm uplifted. The closed fist seemed to grasp something, for there was a protrusion from it not clearly enough shadowed for Hoxie to discern what it was. Hoxie divined that it was a weapon of some sort, most probably a knife.

Whatever was done must be instantaneous. Hoxie's reasoning certainly was. He reasoned that some one was about to kill him; that the murder would be committed silently. The only method of escape seemed to be to call to some one. This might frighten off the murderer.

"Senora!" he called without displaying any alarm in his voice.

"What do you wish, senor?"

"A glass of wine."

At the first word the shadow withdrew so that he did not see it. His enemy had sprung back.

"Never mind," Hoxie said, rising as he spoke. "I will drink it in the house."

Not daring to betray his knowledge of his danger by looking back, he walked into the house without turning his head. He had not seen his enemy—only his shadow. Nor did he see him later. His coolness had saved his life. His enemy quite likely was in such condition of mind that a word spoken by the man he would kill was enough, momentarily at least, to deter him, and before he had time to begin again it was too late.

Hoxie was never in a hurry about anything. He said nothing to the bandits about the matter, preferring to think it over before doing so. He remembered the sound in the bushes, where the evening before he had kissed Pepita, and her flight. Here was an explanation.

"Pepita," he said the next morning when he was alone with her.

"Yes, senor."

"You have a lover one whom I have never seen."

"Yes, senor."

"Is he a good fellow?"

"Yes, senor," faintly.

There was silence for a few moments, when Hoxie asked: "I am going down to Toledo. Goodbye."

While at breakfast—I didn't hear you last night when you came in.

Stubby—No. I thought at first I'd gotten into the wrong house.—Chicago News.

"What is the matter?" demanded the grand duke.

"Excellency, your cook demands a vacation."

"Give her a knocking," was the autocratic command.—Kansas City Journal.

The Solo.

He, during a number—I don't care much for this solo. She—Solo! Can't you see that there are two ladies singing? He—Yes, but one hasn't any voice.—Boston Transcript.

Playing Safe.

"I want you to understand my card is as good as my head."

"That's why I'm playing safe and making on the cash."—Detroit Free Press.

His Opposite.

Jenkins—I am told that the happiest marriages are between people who are exactly opposite in every respect to each other, so I am looking for a young lady of that sort. Don't you know?

Miss Pert—Then you have come to the right place. Come to the other side of the room and I'll introduce you to a bright, intelligent, well educated girl.—Exchange.

The Moon.

Astronomers long since came to the conclusion that the moon's surface is very hot during the height of the lunar day, which, as will be remembered, lasts two weeks, and very cold during the lunar night, which is equally long. These extremes of temperature reach their height at the lunar noon and midnight and are greater than any natural temperatures on the earth.

Compound Interest.

All interest is payable annually or oftener; therefore there is no such thing as simple interest in the long run. One dollar at compound interest at 1 per cent per annum will double in a little less than seventy years—to be exact, it doubles in 69.56 years. As near as we can calculate, this earth is about 3,000,000,000 years old. If it took the earth 3,000,000,000 years to grow, how much will interest grow in that time? One cent at compound interest at 1 per cent per annum for 3,000,000,000 years will amount to so much that one sextillion balls of gold, each as large as the sun, will not then pay the interest for a billionth part of one second of time.—New York World.

A BOY'S LOGIC.

WHEN I'm a man I'll be a knight. A noble knight in armor bright. With a coat of mail and a helmet tall. And a sword, and a shield, and a spear, and all.

I'll be a splendid, glorious sight. When I'm a flashing, dashing knight. And then I'll travel far away. Until somewhere I find a day. Because it seems to me it's right. For a day to associate with a knight.

—Oscar Lewis in St. Nicholas

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

Go on in all simplicity. Do not be so anxious to win a quiet mind and it will be all the quieter. Do not examine so closely into the progress of your own soul. Do not crave so much to be perfect, but let your spiritual life be formed by your duties and by the actions which are called forth by circumstances.—Francis de Sales.



Bill—I'm afraid to propose to her. You—How she offered you no encouragement? Bill—Oh, you! She gives me a hot whisky when I call, but one ain't one on a. —Boston Globe.



Hoggy—Yes, I was going abroad, but I—aw—I changed my mind, you know. Hoggy—Well, I do hope you got a better one in the change.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



"Musical men are never business men." "Oh, I don't know. They finger a lot of notes, sayhow."—Chicago News.



Tramp Rooster—Won't you please help me, m'am? I have seven children at home, with no mother to take care of them, all born in an incubator.—Brooklyn Citizen.



"Help, help! I can't swim!" "Neither can I, but I don't go around bragging about it."—Chicago Daily News.



Jones—You say the 4:30 train is not late? Why, it is now 4:30! Station Master—Yes, but when that train is only ten minutes late it's ahead of time!—New York Globe.

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