

# By Way of Spain

By SUSE CLEMENTS WILLIS

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"No," said Marcia decidedly. "I must adhere to my decision."

"But, sweetheart," persisted Campbell, "surely the fact that you have known me so short a time should not be a bar to our love."

"Jack," she pleaded, "this has been such a pleasant summer. Please do not spoil it by persisting in your proposal. I have told you 'No.' Is not that enough?"

"It is not enough. I was your lover for eight weeks. I know it is an absurdly short time, but I loved you from the first time you came out on the piazza like a rose colored cloud."

"No," she said steadily. "Let things be as they are. Do not spoil it all."

For a moment he scowled her face in the light which streamed from the open window. Hope died in his own as he read in her eyes only steadfast purpose, an unflinching denial. For an instant he bent his head, and it seemed to Marcia as though his lips brushed her fair hair. Then, with a choking sob, he was gone.

And, being a woman, Marcia promptly broke down and cried.

The boat express was rushing along the level roadbed toward Southampton, and Jack Campbell was taking his last look at the well kept English fields. He was not altogether sorry that he was going home. He had planned this trip to forget Marcia, and it seemed as if the fact had conspired with Cupid to intensify his memories. The sunset had come down in Spain at one of the cheap cafes in Madrid.

He had dropped in more because it was raining and the place was busier than the hotel than because he felt any interest in the performance. It



TAKING HER IN HIS ARMS, HE BORE HER TO THE BANK.

was of the usual type of continental show—a good acrobatic pair, a clever juggler, a sharpshooter and the overdressed, hard faced women, who outnumbered the other performers two to one.

He was just deciding upon returning to the hotel when the lights were lowered and from the wings came the melody of a song popular in the States the summer before.

The singer's accent was marked, but her voice was sweet, and the melody carried Campbell back to the summer hotel piazza where Marcia, in the fluffiest dress she affected, was singing the same song to him.

The stuffy theater, with its oblong balcony, the lights and smoke, the noise of clinking glasses and animated conversation, faded away. He could hear the roar of the Atlantic just behind the music of the hotel orchestra, and the tinkling of Marcia's mandolin as she played the accompaniment.

Then the lights went up, the singer came forward on the stage, and the picture faded, leaving Campbell with a quaked memory. The music brightened, and the singer dashed into a rollicking Spanish air, the sentiment of which the audience seemed heartily to approve, and Campbell rose to go.

"What is that song?" he asked as he settled his seat with the waiter.

The waiter struggled with his scanty store of English words. "She says you love a woman who says 'No.' The more she tells you 'No' the more you love her. A woman is not to be dealt with by force—what you call it? Ah, yes, you must fight for her."

"You mean box for her," corrected Campbell.

"Is not the box to fight?" asked the waiter. "Grazie, senor," he added, for Campbell, with a laugh, had tossed him gold and had waved away the change.

The following morning he had booked for Paris, and now he was on his way to Southampton and the steamer. Every turn of the wheels was bringing him nearer to Marcia. He could almost hear the word as the wheels thumped across the rails.

But a grinding shock broke in upon his reverie. The car in which he sat was flung from the track and had fallen upon its side. The windows in the door on the uppermost side had been let down, and he crawled through the opening.

There had been a rear end collision, and the flimsy cars nearest the engine had been telescoped by the heavier cars of the goods train ahead. A few passengers were clambering out of the rear cars, but none came from the forward carriages, and already the smoke was curling up dangerously near the baggage cars. There were only four of these, mere shells to Campbell, accustomed to the heavier trains on American railways, and he hurried forward with the guards, now hastening from their compartment at the extreme rear.

He was in splendid form, and he worked like a Trojan, throwing aside the wreckage and extricating the wounded from those cars most badly smashed. Others worked with him.

Suddenly Campbell stopped and stepped back to let the light fall on the face of one of the wounded passengers. He was stooped over the body eagerly, half fearfully. It was Marcia Bennett. Taking her in his arms, he bore her to the bank beside the right of way.

He had supposed that she was in America, and it was a rude awakening to his dream to find her here, perhaps mortally hurt.

Tenderly he loosened the high collar about her neck, and in doing so his

untrained hands broke a tiny gold chain from which suspended a heart shaped locket.

He slipped this into his pocket that it might not be lost and ran for water. The simple treatment was sufficient, for beyond a bruise over the temple she was unhurt. The shock alone had rendered her unconscious. An hour later a new train had been provided, and they were again on their way to the steamer.

It was the third day out before Marcia was able to come on deck again. Campbell, who had found odd comfort in sending messages to her through her chair in which she was tucked, but it was not until evening drew down that in the soft spring twilight he sought the courage to speak of her recovery.

"Before he could frame a speech she turned toward him.

"Jack," she said softly, "who attended me while I was unconscious?"

"I did," he said promptly. "Why?"

"I wondered if some one had stolen a locket."

Campbell gave a start. "By Jove," he cried, "I just remembered it."

Marcia gave a cry of delight. "You found it? You have it now?"

"Yes. Was it so valuable?"

"There was a photograph," she said, blushing prettily. "Did you look at it?"

Campbell sat on the deck. "No," he said slowly. "But I should like to."

"You must not," she cried in alarm. Something in her expression determined him. He pressed the catch. A loose photograph of himself fell out. He remembered that it was one from a group taken at the beach. He carefully slipped it into his pocketbook.

"Marcia," he said slowly, "a girl down in Spain gave me a message from you. She said a woman liked to be fought for. I am going to fight for you. Then you can have the original and have me photographed as much as you like. Is there a chance for me?"

"I think," she said demurely, "there is more than a fighting chance."

No clocks in gambling houses. There are no clocks in gambling houses, and there never will be. There is a reason for this, and a good one. In the opinion of the gentlemen with female converse shirt fronts who personally the tiger.

"Why don't we have a clock hanging up?" said one of them. "Cause they cost money. I don't mean it takes more than the result of one deal to pay for one of 'em in the first place, but they're expensive in the end. You see, if it's this way, if we had a tiger on the wall and a fellow had promised to be home on the last car and he happened to look up and see that he had seven minutes to catch that car, why, it's nearly an even thing that he'd quit us and go home. That sort of business would soon burst us up. If he doesn't know what the time is, he misses his car. Then he doesn't give a rap what time he goes. He generally waits for the cable to start again. That's where our 'soft money' comes in. Men get reckless as the morning draws in."

"No, sir. No clocks on my wall. I'm not going to fix things so that a man will have to tie his wife when he tells her he didn't know what the time was. I don't like a liar nobody."

And Mr. Surething pulled his watch out of his pocket and told a man who had just arisen from a poker table that "It is just 2:50, sir." The man muttered, "Missed it!" and bought another stack.

It was 2:15 a. m.—Chicago Tribune.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The Famous Painter Was the Son of a Devonshire Rectory.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was born at Plympton, Devonshire, in 1723. His father, rector of the grammar school, early trained him in classical studies, intending his son to be an apothecary, but he displayed such an inclination for drawing, diligently copying the prints which fell in his way, that the father yielded and sent him to London as a student of art. After two years he returned to Devonshire and established himself as a portrait painter in Plymouth, where he was taken up by Commodore Keppel, who, being appointed to the Mediterranean station, invited the young painter to accompany him in his ship, the Centurion. While he was able to visit Rome, spending two years there in very close study, especially of the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo.

It was while painting in the corridors of the Vatican that he contracted a cold which brought on the deafness that afterward afflicted him during the rest of his life. Leaving Rome, he visited Parma, where he fell under Correggio's influence, then Florence and Venice, in the latter city studying the works of the great colorists. On his way home he stopped in Paris, making acquaintance with the work of Rubens. Arrived in London, he settled in St. Martin's Lane, and adopted a portrait of his patron, Commodore Keppel, which he painted in the presence of the foundation of his fortune. Later he established himself in Leicester square, where his house, 47, may still be seen.—St. Nicholas.

Speak Good of the Living.

Few will be found to dispute the spirit of the old Latin proverb, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum." Is it not a pity, however, that we are all so inclined to offer fulsome adulation of the dead, about whom, while living, nothing was said? This is not to be understood as criticizing unfavorably the natural tendency to forget the faults and foibles and to remember only the virtues of the people who have "gone on before," but it does seem too bad that more even justice, greater toleration and charity cannot be shown to the living.—Success.

Lovers of Coffee.

The London Globe doubts whether there is anywhere in the world a place more addicted to coffee than the little island of Gozo, about nine miles distant from Looe. The annual consumption of coffee in the island is about 90,000 pounds. Now, the population is 5,000, and, as the men pass practically their whole lives about as seamen, this large quantity must be consumed by about 3,000 women, children and old men. It works out at thirty pounds a head per annum.

Richard Wagner, the composer, was an ardent republican in 1849. In the archives of Dresden there is a document setting forth a case of high treason against the musician. He was accused of having written to a friend a letter proposing to turn Saxony into a republic. "But whom shall I make president?" he asked. "I see nobody competent for the office except our present sovereign, Frederick Augustus II." Frederick Augustus does not seem to have appreciated the humor of the suggestion that he should don the crown and content himself with the dignity of a republican president. For this act of unconscious fun Wagner had to bolt to Switzerland.

THE HOBBO'S RETURN.

By G. B. LEWIS.

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"Now, then, I want this old hobo locked up!" exclaimed the conductor of a Yellow Line freight train as it rolled into the station of Clymer. He approached a policeman on the platform, dragging behind him a typical specimen of the railroad tramp.

"What's the row?" queried the officer.

"Holding my train. He was put off at Round Top, at Owosso and at Delhi, but he somehow managed to get on again each time. Give him at least a night in the coop."

"Gentlemen, let me tell you how it is," said the hobo as he removed his old cap and bowed to both. "You see—"

"Come on, Willie," interrupted the officer, as he reached for the man's collar.

"It was only two blocks over to the police station, and when the officer had arrived with his prisoner he turned him over to the sergeant with the brief remark:

"Here's another of them fellows."

The sergeant was alone, and he made no move to lock the hobo up. On the contrary, he looked him over as he smoked his pipe, and at the end of five minutes he asked:

"Why don't you quit it?"

"Quit it?"

"When?"

"As soon as I'm under ground, which will probably be within two weeks."

"Come up here to the desk. Say, you do seem to be played out. What's the matter?"

"Well, this sergeant," replied the hobo as he was seized with a fit of coughing that left blood on his lips.

"Consumption?"

"Yep."

"You'll find a bit of lunch there in my basket. Help yourself and then tell me all about it."

The hobo had little appetite. He appeared to eat more to show his appreciation of the sergeant's kindness than because he craved the food. When he had finished he turned to the officer.

"You've heard the story often enough, true and false," he began, "but it happens."

Sheridan's Lips Were Sealed.

Among the great wit's who have been members of parliament probably none was quicker to seize upon an opening than Sheridan.

At one time, when he was a member of the opposition led by Fox, the proposed to eat more to show his appreciation of the sergeant's kindness than because he craved the food. When he had finished he turned to the officer.

"You've heard the story often enough, true and false," he began, "but it happens."

THE PUZZLE TANKARD.

It Was a Feature of the Seventeenth Century Tavern.

"This is a puzzle tankard," said the antiquary. "Try it."

The tankard, of peculiar shape, with odd little spouts protruding from it in unexpected places, was made of blue glazed ware, and on it was scratched the stanza:

From Mother Earth  
I claim my birth,  
I'm made a joke for man,  
But now I'm here,  
Filled with good cheer,  
Come sports me if you can.

The old man filled the vessel with fair water, and the youth tried to drink from it. He could not, though, succeed. To whatever spot he put his lips the water refused to flow from that opening, flowing from half a dozen other ones instead all over his face and neck.

"That's enough for me," he said.

"This puzzle tankard," said the antiquary, "dates back to the seventeenth century. Every tavern had one in those days. The landlord would fill it with ale or sack or beer, and if you could empty it down your throat you got your drink for nothing. Otherwise you must stand treat. Many a seventeenth century lough these puzzle tankards must have caused."

"It was your knowledge, quite impossible, unaided, to solve a tankard's secret. The secret of this tankard of mine is to place your little finger over the further spout, your thumb over that one and your left hand thumb over the bulb. Now you can drink, you see, from the small under-spout in comfort."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

An Appreciative Welshman.

The following tasty inscription is from a family mausoleum erected by a Welsh landowner and magistrate in Merionethshire. To expend turf windings on erecting a tomb looks at first a little eccentric, but possibly the builder was moved by the reflection that as betting has brought many to their graves:

As to my latter end I go  
To seek my Jubilee  
I know the good horse fender,  
That built this tomb for me.

Didn't Dare.

"Mr. Meekton says he never spoke a harsh word to his wife."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but I'm not sure whether that is due to kindness or caution."—Washington Star.

Hot Cross Bun Memorial.

At Bromley, by Bow is a public house with the sign of "The Widow's Son," and there is a curious old custom in that neighborhood. Once the tavern was kept by a widow with an only son. He started on a sea voyage on a Good Friday and promised that he would be back by that day in the following year. He did not come, but for years the mother kept her promise to prepare a hot cross bun for his return. Each year she lives of the anxious mother about the birthday of the son, which has been maintained by successive hosts and hostesses of the inn ever since. Now, as for long time past, "within its guest chamber may be seen odd open rafters with long hung up between"—London Standard.

Subborn.

"Self-ophantastic! Well, I should say he is. I never met any one so dogmatic."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Why, he's positively bulldogmatic."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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WHAT HE WOULD DO.

Colonel Hayes Had an Answer Ready For General Scott.

Of Colonel John C. Hayes, who served with distinction under General Winfield Scott in the Mexican war, an amusing story is told by T. E. Farish in his "Gold Hunters of California." Hayes, with his command, had been out scouting. On his return he made no report to General Scott, who sent for him. General Scott was a veritable martinet in enforcing military discipline. After Hayes was seated in the commander's headquarters Scott said:

"Colonel Hayes, I have received no report of your expedition against the Indians. I did not think it worth while," said Hayes. "Every officer of the army is required to make a full report of everything to his superior officer. Please make your report verbal."

Hayes began by saying that he struck the padre's trail on a certain day, followed it for two days, and on the third day, while his command was resting at noon and taking their siesta, the old padre came down on them. The "boys" gathered themselves together and whipped the Mexicans off, killing quite a number of the padre's command. His own loss was insignificant—one killed and three wounded.

"Surprised you, eh?" queried Scott. "Yes, we were not expecting him. Where were your pickets?"

"Did not have any."

"What?" shouted General Scott. "A colonel in the regular army of the United States go into camp in the heart of the enemy's country and never place a picket on guard? What would you do if surprised when asleep?"

"Shoot the first man that waked me up!" was the cool reply.

STAGE REALISM.

Why Joe Jefferson Didn't Have a Real Dog Schneider.

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BAR HARBOR.

The Early Days of This Now Famous Maine Summer Resort.

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For years the island remained a solitary place, with long stretches of unbroken forests into whose labyrinthine paths stranger dared venture without a guide, its land uncultured, its future undreamed of, but artists, weary of the commonplace, found out the spot and here to dwellers in towns glimpses of its wild charms, and now and then a world worn, brain spent man would steal away to seek the island's solitude and stimulus. These seekers for beauty or health would carry their own camp outfit or later would patronize the hotels.

The first summer cottage there was built on a site that was bought for \$200. When fashion had put her stamp of approval upon the place land that would not have brought a dime an acre during the time of the Gregoires was sold at \$25,000 to upward of \$100,000 an acre.—Four Track News.

Grinding Incense In China.

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Horrible Example.

"May, what is a horrible example?" asked the youngest boy, looking up from his newspaper.

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