MISCELLANY.

Intry-Mintry. Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—
Once, as these children were hard at play.
An old man, neary and tottering, cause
And watched them playing their pretty game.
He seemed to wonder, while standing there,
What the meaning thereof could be—
Ana, but the old man yearned to share
Of the little children's innocent give
As they circled around with laugh and shout
And told this rhyme at counting out:
'Intry-marry, curry corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber, lock,
Twolve geese in a flock;
Some flew over the cuckoo's next."

Willie and Boss, Georgie and May—

Some flew over the cuckoo's nest."

Willie and Bess, Georgie and May—
Ah, the mirth of that siminer day.

Twiss Father Time who had come to share
The innocent joy of those children there:
He learned betimes the game they played
And into their sports with them went heHow could the children have been arraid,
Since little they racked who he might be,
They laughed to hear old Father Time
Mumbling that currous nonsense rhyme
Of Thry mintry, cutrey corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wirs brier, limber, lock,
Tserlve geose in a flock;
Some flew east, some flew west,
Some flew east, some flew west.

Wille and Ress. Georgie and May.

Some flew over the cuckoo's nest."

Wille and Bess. Georgie and May,
And the joy of summer—where are they:
The grim old man still standeth near
Crooning the song of a far-off year:
And into the winter I come alone,
Cheered by that mearnful requiem,
Soothed by the alcorous mototone
That shall count me off as it counted them—
The solemn voice of old Father Time
Chaning the honely inusery rhyme
He learnest of the children a summer morn
When, with 'apple seed and apple thorn."
Life was full of the dulect theer
That bringed the grace of heaven anear—
The sound of the little ones hard at play—
Willie and Bessie, Georgie and May.

Eugene Field. Engene Fields

AN ESCAPADE IN CORDOVA.

finely chiseled features, and in the way his clothes, though slightly the worse for wear, fitted his graceful, slender figure. You saw it also in his winning mouth, full of white eurl enough to suggest the Don Juan-ready for fan, slipper or blade. And yet with all this there was a certain air of sadness about him that enlisted your sympa-

The swarthy landlady who peered through the lattice blinds had never seen him before, and expressed, rather pointedly, I thought, the hope that she never bull fights occupied a room on the floor above mine charged down upon him very much as he would on a wounded bull, and returned to me, waiting behind the halfopen door, with a shrug of his broad shoulders, a lifting of his eyebrows, and the single word, "Nada!" ("Good-for-noth-

ing").
Still the silent young man continued to occupy my sidewalk, to bow with his hat to the ground, and to follow me with his eyes around the corner of the narrow street that led to the Moorish mosque.

had disappeared. I instinctively sought out my silent young man. He was standing in his customary place, hat off, my trap in one hand, the umbrella under

"My friend, you have my trap." "Yes, senor, "Why?"

"It is too heavy for the painter. Let

the brush case at once; had it been filled with doubloons I would have done the

"What is your name?" "Manuel."

"Why are you always here?"
"To wait upon you."
"For what?"

"To keep from starving." 'Have you had no breakfast?"

"No; nor supper." Below the mosque there runs a crooked street lined with balconies hooded with awnings shading tropical plants, and now and then a pretty senorita. At the end of this street is an arcade flanking the old bull ring. Through one of its arches you enter the best cafe in Cordova.

To see a hungry man cat has always been to me one of the most delightful of all the expositions of the laws of want and supply, to assist in equalizing these laws ost exquisite of pleasures. I exhausted my resources on Manuel.

He had a cup of coffee as big as a soup bowl. He had an omelet crammed full of garlic. He had a pile of waffles smothered in sugar. He had chicken livers broiled in peppers and little round radishes, and, last all, a flagon of San Vicente. All these he ate and drank with the air and manners of a gentleman, smoking a cigarette through the entire repast, as is the custom, and talking to me of his life—his people at home, his year at the military school at To-ledo, of the unfortunate scrape which ended in his dismissal, of the anger of his father, of the beauty and devotion of the girl who caused it all, and of his coming to Cordova to be near her. Who does not recollect his own shortcomings in the hot, foolish days of his youth? I could see it all; hardly twenty, straight as an arrow, lithe as a whip, eyes like coals of fire, cheeks like a rose, and his veins packed full of blood at fever heat.

He had watched me painting in the pla-za the week before and had followed me to ble father? Had Manuel ever been a stumy lodgings, hoping I would employ him to carry my trap, but had been too prond to bleed me day by day, and, awaiting a or too timid to ask for it until chance chance, rob me, or worse? A man who carry it now all day to pay for his break-been, was no ordinary man. Perhaps he

the only thing I lacked in this most charmwith him on the spot—so many pesetas per week, with three meals a day, he to occu-

py the other side of the table.

It was delightful to see him when the terms were concluded. His face lighted up and his big brown eyes danced. Now he could hold his head up. His father per-haps was right, but what could he do? Florita was so lovely! Some day I should see her; but not now; I would not understand. His father by and by would relent and send for him. Then he would take my hand and place it in his father's and say, "Here is the good painter who saved my life and Florita's.

into the mosque at twilight, sitting in the shadows of the forest of marble columns stretching away on every side; up into the tower where the pigeons roost; across the old Roman bridge; along the dusty high-ways on the outskirts of the old city, crowded with market people; through the streets at night, listening to the tinkling of guitars and watching the muffled figures inder the balconies, and the half-opened lattices with the little hands waving hand-kerchiefs or dropping roses; everywhere and anywhere; in every nook and crack and cranny of this once famous home of the hidalgo, the cavalier, and the inamorata with the eyes of a gazelle and the heart

ile. I knew that she was young, graceful as a doe, seductive as an houri, and beautiful beyond compare. I knew that she loved Manuel wildly, that he idolized her, I passed under it the beggar, to my astonand would starve rather than desert her. I knew also that she lived within a stone's throw of the cafe; for Manuel would leave me at breakfast to kiss her good morning, and at mid-day to kiss her again, and at sundown to kiss her once more good night, and would return each time within ten minutes. I knew also, of course, that her name was Florita. All this the young fellow told me over and over again, with his face flushed and his

eyes aflame; but I knew nothing more.
One night of each week was always Any part of any other night, or all of it, for that matter, was mine, and he was at my service for sight-seeing or

prowling; but Saturday was Florita's. Except on festival nights, Saturday, of all nights in the week, is the gayest in all the Spanish cities, for then the cafes are city, the beggar keeping straight ahead and people, but with the country folk who come to market on that day. These cafes have raised platforms, are edged by a row of footlights, and hold half a dozen chairs for as many male and female dates.

uel had taken himself off as usual, and I was left to follow my own free will alone. So I strolled into the garden of the mosque, sat me down on one of the stone seats un-der the orange trees, and watched the women fill their water jars at the old Moorish well, listening meanwhile to the chatter of ceeding began to dawn upon me. well, listening meanwhile to the chatter of their gossip. When it grew quite dark I passed out through the Puerta del Perdon, turned to the right and wandered on aimlessly down a narrow street leading to the river. Soon I heard the click of castanets

it also in his winning mouth, full of white teeth, shaded by a dark mustache with just to the very walls with water carriers, cargadors, gipsies, hucksters, and the young bloods of the town. They were cheering wildly a black-eyed señorita who had just finished her dance, and who was again at the footlights bowing her acknowledgments. She made a pretty picture in her short yellow skirts trimmed with black, her high comb and her black lace mantilla, thing should happen now. See, here is his a seat near the door, called for a bottle of am so grateful to you! You see it was this letter saying we can come home! Oh, I am so grateful to you! You see it was this see mine charged down upon him very chas he would on a wounded bull, and fellows drinking Aguardiente. It is a villege.

was very tired, the young caballeros began pounding the table with their glasses. "Lie to you, senor!" said Manuel, flush tired girl advanced to the platform's edge er lie to you. You do not know." street that led to the anorism mosque.

Then a break occurred in the daily program. I had forgotten my brush case, and ran back into the house, leaving my white umbrella and trap on the doorstep. When I emerged again into the blinding sunlight, stant a heavy carafe filled with wine grazed my head, struck the ruffian full in the face and tumbled him headlong to the floor.

Instantly the place was in an uproar. Half a dozen men sprang past me, one waving an ugly knife, made a rush for the table in my rear, and threw themselves on a young fellow who had thrown the carafe and who now stood with his back to me est, his manner so courteous, his desire to serve me so apparent, that I surrendered the brush case at open bad it had been served as the brush case at open bad been served as the brus dashed past and bounded over the foot-lights. As he plunged through the cur-tain in the rear I caught sight of his face. It was Manuel!

the door reaching the sidewalk just as the police forced their way past me into the scattering throng. A few sharp orders, a you? crash of breaking glass, a rattling of car-

Humiliated at Manuel's deception, and yet anxious for his safety, I hid myself in the shadow near a street lamp with my eye on the swinging door, and waited. The first man thrust out was the ruffian who had emptied his glass over the dancer. His arms were pinloned behind his back, his head still bloody from the effects of Manuel's carafe. Then came a villainouslooking cutthroat with a gash across his check, followed by three others, one of

whom was the manager.

The mob surrounded the group, the prisners in front. I crouched close until they disappeared in a body up the street, then crossed over and swung back the door. The place was empty. A man in his shirt sleeves was putting out the lights.

There has been a row?" I said. 'Unquestionably. Yes, schor, "Did they get them all?"

"All but one "Where is he?"

The man stopped, grinned the width of his face, and, thrusting up his thumb, waved it meaningly over his left shoulder. Manuel had escaped.

For half the night I brooded over the unfaithfulness of human nature. Here was my hero telling lies to me about his Florita, spending his Saturday nights in a low cafe engaged in vulgar brawls, and all over a dancer. I began to consider and Was there any such fair creature dent? Was it not all a prearranged scheme Manuel was a prize. He would supply was simply a decoy for one of the numer-ous bands of brigands still infesting the ing of Spanish cities—a boon companion—der the forefinger of the Englishman for-with nothing to do. I made a bargain—warded to his friends in a paper box as a sort of sight draft on his entire bank ac-count. I began to bless myself that mere accident had warned me in time. I would pick up no more impecunious tramps, my heart and pocket-book wide open.

When the day broke, and the cheery sun that Manuel always loved streamed in my windows, the situation seemed to impro I thought of his open, honest face, of his extreme kindness and gratitude, of the many delightful hours we had spent together. Perhaps, after all, it was not Manuel. I saw his face only for a mo-ment, and these Spaniards are so much alike, all so dark and swarthy. He w We ransacked Cordova from end to end: surely come in an hour, and we would have our coffee together. I dragged a chair out on the balcony and sat down, watching anxiously the turn of the street where I had so often caught sight of him waving

his hand. At eight o'clock I gave him up. It was true; the face was Manuel's and he dared not show himself now for fear of arrest. Then a new thought cheered me. Perhaps after all, he was waiting at the cafe, or, it being Sunday, was late, and I would meet him on the way. I ran downstairs into the sunlight and stopped at the corner near the church, scanning the street up and down. There was no one I knew except the old bare-headed beggar with the with-ered arm. Manuel often gave him alms. One subject, however, by common silent He bowed as I passed, stood up, and put consent was tabooed—the whereabouts of on his hat. the sweetheart who had made him an ex- | Near the café at the bottom of the hill

Santa Maria, the one with the red marble of footlights, and hold half a dozen chairs for as many male and female dancers. Here you see on gala nights the most bewitching of all the sights of Spain—the Spanish dances.

On this particular Saturday night Mancony was reached by a stone staircase. The beggar crossed the overgrown tangle, mounted the steps, swung back a heavy green door with Moorish hinges, and wait-ed for me to pass in. I drew back. The "I will go no further; where is the man

ishment, started up as if from the ground. He had followed me.

"Certainly; where is he?"

He glanced cautiously about, and took a scrap of paper from inside the band of his hat. It bore this inscription:

"I am in trouble; follow the beggar."
The old man looked at me fixedly, turned sharply, and retraced his steps through the

The way led across the plaza of the bull ring, through the market, up the hill past the little mosque—now the church of

My decision was instantaneous;

You are the painter, senor?" "And Manuel's friend?"

would find Mannel at all hazards.

who sent you? The beggar placed his fingers to his lips

and pointed behind him.

At the same instant a blind opened cau-It was plainly evident that he belonged to the better class of Spaniards and not to "the people." You could see that in his ing door, I entered a small cafe. The slats. The beggar entered, closed the to the beggar, and led me to an opening in the opposite wall. Manuel sprang out and seized my hand.

"I knew you would come. Oh, such a scrape! The police searched for us half the night. But for old Bonta, the beggar

iainous liquor, and more than a thimbleful sets a man's brain on fire. They were measuring theirs in tumblers. When at a second recall the girl again refused to dance, the manager explaining that she

shouting out in angry tones, "La señorita! ing angrily, and with a certain dignity I la señorita!" When for the third time the had not seen in him before; "I could nev-"I do know.

"Then Bonta has told you?" and he looked toward the beggar.

"Honta has not opened his lips. I saw it all with my own eyes, and you may thank your lucky stars that you were not sliced full of holes. What would Florita

Florita? Ah, I see!" said Manuel, springing forward, pushing open the door, and calling out: "Florita! Are you there! Come quick!" A hurried step in the adjoining room, and a young girl came running in.

It was the dancer! What could I do, senor? What would you do if your own wife had been so in-sulted? See how lovely she is." And he kissed her on both checks.

What would I have done? What would t was Manuel! you have done, my friend, with that Grasping the situation, I sprang through startled shrick in your ears, and that fright-

My hair is not quite so brown as it was, bines on the floor, and the tumuit was and the blood no longer surges through my veins. I am cooler and calmer, and even phlegmatic at times; and yet had Florita been mine, I would have broken a carafe over every head in Cordova.

While he was calming her fears, kissing her cheeks and patting her hands, the whole story came out. Day after day he had hoped that his father would relent. One word from him, and then I need never have known how the dainty feet of his pretty young wife had helped them both to This is why he had kept it from me.

That night a painter, with a pretty Span-ish consin, and a servant carrying his coat and traps, occupied a first-class carriage for Toledo. The painter left the train at the first station out of Cordova, shoulders his trap and coat himself, and took the night express back to his lonely lodgings. The servant and the senorita went on alone. When the train reached Toledo an old Spaniard with white head and mus-tache pushed his way through the crowd. took the servant in his arms and kissed the pretty cousin on both cheeks.

Then a high-springed old coach swal-

F. Hopkinson Smith in October Century.

2 and Advice from Two Different Sources. Wait on the Lord and keep His way,

and He shall exalt thee to inherit the land. Watch your hat and overcoat; the proprictor is not responsible for them. These are the inscriptions on two placards that hang near each other on the walls of a Chestnut street lunch house, Philadelphia Record.

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And another that I had a stone in my left kidney. I was constantly growing worse. At this time I saw Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," of Rondout, N. Y., advertised, and concluded to give it a trial, and the result was a little short of a miracle. My speedy recovery was the surprise of my neighbors, and they inquired "Who is doctoring you, or what are you taking?" Favorite Remedy also cured my Stomach and Liver trouble which I had for years. OSCAR LAMBERT Jerico, Mo. DH. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, prepared by DR. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION, Rondout, N. Y. Om dollar per bottle; six for \$5. By all druggists. the Bladder,



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