

...An... Experiment

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

I'd been plantin' corn all day, and when I started for him I met Martha. ... "Evenin', Mr. Rogers," she said "On your way home, I reckon it must be mighty pleasant to have such a nice home as yours to go to after a hard day's work."

Paul's Personal Appearance. All that we know of Paul's personal appearance from his own writings is found in II Cor. x, 10, which indicates that he did not possess the advantage of a distinguished or imposing presence.

Her Rival

By OSCAR COX

Mrs. Ver Beck was sitting in her boudoir sewing when there was a ring at the doorbell, and a few moments later a maid handed her a telegram addressed to her husband with the book for signatures.

The message was signed with the initials of Mr. Ver Beck's most intimate friend, of whose influence over her husband the wife was distrustful.

Replacing the telegram in the envelope and pressing down the flap, she took it downstairs and left it in the hall for mail on a table in the hall.

Trapped the Witness. Nearly every murder trial has its tense moments when every eye is on the witness in the box.

"You are quite certain of the exact time?" asked the prosecuting counsel. "Certain!" replied the witness.

"The" in England. D'Annunzio, an excellent English scholar himself, likes to tell the following story: One day Mme. Ida Hainstein's maid when handing him a cup of tea-D'Annunzio's favorite beverage, and one whose many merits he has mentioned in his works-ventured to ask whether tea was not a very popular drink in England.

Lost Articles in Railroad Wrecks. Did you ever stop to think what might become of your grip, coat or other belongings if you were caught in a wreck? The shock felt after a railroad accident is usually so great that material things in connection with it are lost sight of.

Oddities of Human Skin. Human cuticle reacts peculiarly to stimuli. The makers of billiard balls test the smoothness of the finished article by rubbing it against the cheek.

Bertie's Tramp. "You had a story not long ago about the supreme impudence of a tramp at the back door," writes Bertie H. "Let me give you another from actual observation."

Wife. The doctor said right away that I needed a stimulant. Then he asked to see my tongue. Hub-Hav'ent I hope he didn't give you a stimulant for that! -Boston Transcript.

JOE BAKER'S GIRL

By M. QUAD

That was the way she was referred to in a general way--"Joe Baker's girl"--and there were plenty of soldiers, teamsters and others who did not know that her name was Mary.

A girl of about eighteen when I knew her--slight, blue eyes, short, curly hair, a strong face, dressed for climbing, riding and walking, and one who commanded both admiration and respect the moment you laid eyes on her.

Two miles east of the cabin we made our camp and began work, but the Indians were ready sooner than we had planned for. On the second night of our stay we were fired into at midnight and routed out of camp with the loss of two men killed.

"I shall remain here and help the soldiers to fight you," answered the girl. "Then you will be killed with them!" The chief turned away and went back to his warriors, and ten minutes later there was a circle of fire all about the cabin. It was not long before two of the soldiers were dead.

Needless. There was no more fighting that night. Consumed by thirst and racked with pain, I remember nothing except that Mary spoke hopeful and sympathetic words now and then, and that she had the guns distributed around so as to cover as many loopholes as possible in case of an attack.

Marvels of the Grand Canyon.

The Grand canyon cannot be described in measured terms. Every beholder sees it in a different form, just as the rolling clouds suggest different resemblances to the eyes of the beholder.

Our anxieties are openly all artificial and are bred indoors, under the stifling oppression of walls and roofs, to the maddening clangor of pavements, and a day in the open will dispel them like a bad dream.

A striking warning against the floods that rise with inconceivable rapidity and volume in the Rocky Mountain streams is seen in a gorge twenty-five miles west of Denver. Here Bear creek a mere rivulet, hardly visible through a narrow canyon, in places hardly wide enough to permit a roadway beside the stream.

No Beauty For Him. Haggerty and his wife were riding home on the street car. Haggerty was in that mellow state which urged him to be extra nice to his wife--to treat her as if he was courting her again.

What to Do when Confronted with a Lion. This is not a problem that would have puzzled the editor of one of the earliest newspapers published in South Africa. Asked by some inexperienced forerunner correspondent for information about "the best way to get a good bag of lions in the Kalahari desert," he crisply replied in an editorial note.

South Africa's Feathers. Next to gold and diamonds feather raising is the most profitable of South Africa's industries. The ostrich yields between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000 per annum to the subcontinent. There are some 500,000 birds in South Africa, and they yield an average of from £4 to £5 worth of feathers per head per annum.