The GIRL from TIM'S PLACE

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods, is sold by her father to Pete Bridge, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Pringle, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Shedah, and guides. She tells her story and is offered for by Mrs. Pringle. Lodgers of Pringle's party write words to Vera Fuller of Mrs. Frisbie, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray discuss canoe dance. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisbie's father, and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe shanks, found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to procure an outfit for McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's only human friend, Tomah, an Indian visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Peter Bolduc, who escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi, as they are returning from the settlement. Bolduc recaptured. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the woods with himself and Amil and trap during the winter, and consents to do so. Others of the party return to Greenvale, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school in Greenvale and finds life unpleasant at Aunt Comfort's. Finds an unpolished diamond. Old Cy and Ray discover strange tracks in the wilderness. They determine to further into the wilderness and discover the hiding place of the man who had been sneaking about their cabin. They investigate the cave home of McGuire during his absence. Bolduc finds McGuire and the two fight to the death; finding a watery grave together. Chip returns to Greenvale and finds Chip waiting for him. Ray wants Chip to return to the woods with him, but she refuses. Later the old comradeship with Ray has been broken, refuses. When they part, however, it is as lovers.

CHAPTER XX.

For a few more days Chip lived the life that had now become unbearable, and then the end came. It was hastened, perhaps, by Hannah, for that ill-tempered spinster, had been ever watchful, and with shrewd insight had seen or guessed all that had transpired.

"I s'pose ye know why the Frisbies hurried away so soon after Ray got back," she said to Chip that last day. "If you don't, I can tell ye." It was "cos they noticed the gal-darn's on 'em you an' him an' wanted to head it off."

Not a word of protest came from the poor child in response to this sneer, and that night she wrote two notes, one to Miss Phinney, the other to Aunt Comfort. Then, making a bundle of the few belongings she could call her own—the beaded moccasins, cap and fur cape old Tomah had given her, and other trifles—she waited until almost midnight and stole out of the house.

Where to go, she knew not nor cared—only to leave Greenvale and all the shame, sorrow, and humiliation it held for her, and make her own way in the world as best she could.

The village street was as silent as midnight always found it. The low murmur of the Mizzy Falls whispered down the valley. A half-moon was just rising, and as Chip reached the hilltop where she had waited for Ray, she halted. From here must be taken the last glance at Greenvale, and as she turned about a sob rose in her heart, in spite of her stern resolve, for ties cannot be sundered easily.

And how vivid and life-lasting was that picture! The two long rows of white houses facing the broad street, the tall spired church in the middle of them; scattered dwellings to the right and left, and, on one side the little brown schoolhouse that had been her Mecca; the stream, that wound through the broad meadows, and over all the fairy sheen of the rising moon.

Only for a moment she paused for this mood by took, then turned and ran. On and on she sped mile after mile, up hill, down hill, halting now and then for breath until a cross-road was reached, and here she stopped. Here also came the question of direction. To follow the main road was to reach Riverton, between which and Greenvale the stage journeyed. To go there meant being recognized perhaps. In her study of geography, she had found that the village which was her birthplace lay northeast from Greenvale. She must sometime and somehow to reach that spot and visit her mother's grave once more, and also, if possible, to send word to Old Tomah.

From now on the road became narrow. Miles elapsed between houses, and Chip, wearied and heavy-eyed, could only creep along. The way became more devious now, bending around a wooded hill and then crossing a wide swamp to enter a stretch of forest. Direction became lost in these turnings, the road grew hilly and less traveled. The moon scarce showed it; and Chip, almost exhausted, stumbled over stones and felt that she was becoming lost in an unsettled country. And then, just as she emerged from a thicket and ascended a low hill, the light of coming dawn flecked her, and with it the need of sleep and concealment.

Full well she knew she must avoid all observing eyes and place many more miles between herself and Greenvale to be certain of escape. And then, as the daylight increased, she caught sight of an old, almost roofless dwelling half hid among bushes just ahead. Even if empty, as it appeared, it would serve for shelter, and finding it so, she crept in, so wearied that she fell asleep at once on the warped and mouldy floor.

It was only a brief nap for soon the rattle of a passing farm wagon woke her, but refreshed somewhat by it, she again pushed on.

Soon a brook, shining cheerfully as it tumbled down a ledge, was reached, and here Chip bathed her face and hands and drank of the sweet, cool water.

Hunger also asserted itself, but that did not daunt her. She had faced it once before.

Then something of a plan as to her future movements began to shape itself in her mind, following which came an increased courage and self-reliance. Not a cent did she now possess. Food she could not have until she had made good her escape and could earn it somewhere.

But the sun was shining, the birds were singing, her young, supple body was strong, life and the world were ahead, and, best of all, never again would she have to feel herself a dependent upon any one.

With these blessings, spent to most of us, hardened as she had been by servitude at Tim's Place, came a certain buoyancy of spirit and defiance of all things human.

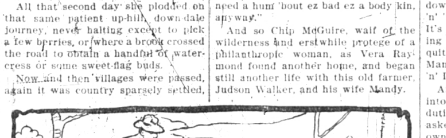
No wild beast were here to menace, no spites to creep and crawl along fence or hedgerow, no hideous half-breed to pursue, and as she counted her blessings, while her spirits rose, a new life and new hope came to her.

And now another feeling came—the certainty that she had come so far that no one would recognize her. At first that morning, when she heard a team coming or overtaking her, she had hidden by the roadside until it passed. When a house was sighted ahead, she made a wide detour in the fields to avoid it. Now this sense of caution vanished, and she strode on fearless and confident.

When night came again she crept into an unused sheep barn, and when daylight wakened her, she hurried on once more.

All that second day she plodded on that same pathless up-hill, down-dale journey, never halting except to pick a few berries, or where a brook crossed the road to obtain a handful of watercress or some sweet-flag buds.

Now and then villages were passed, again it was country sparsely settled,



Watched Her Second Old Cy Pulling Trout from Each Pool and Cascade.

where farm houses were wide apart, and when this day was waning, even these had vanished and she found herself in almost a wilderness once more.

Hills now met her already weary feet; they seemed never ending, for as the crown of one was reached, another met her eyes. The roadway also became badly gullied, always stony, with grass growing in the hollows.

By now she was faint and dizzy from two days' fasting, and so footsore that she could scarcely limp along. So far her defiant pride had kept her from begging food, but now that was weakening, and at the next house she would have asked a morsel. But no next house came. Only the same scrub growth along the wayside with now and then a patch of forest, with never a fence even, to indicate human ownership.

The sun had now vanished. Already the stretches of forest were shadowy, and as Chip reached the apex of another long hill, beyond and far below she could see another darkened valley. Night seemed creeping up from it to meet her. Not a house, not even a fence or recent clearing—only the unending tangle of green growth and this dark vale beyond.

"I guess I'll starve 'fore I find another house," poor Chip muttered, and then as the utter desolation of her situation and surroundings were realized for a moment her defiant courage gave way.

For two days and half a night she had plodded on without food and with scarce a moment's rest. Her feet were blistered, her eyes smarted from sun and dust, her head swam. She was miles away from any human habitation, footsore, weary and despondent, with night enclosing her—a homeless waif, still clinging to the small bundle that contained her all.

"I ain't so bad off as I was then," she said. "I'm shre of finding a house to-morrow."

And now, as if this moment marked the turning point of her fortunes, from far down the hill she had climbed came the faint creak, creak, and jolting sound of an ascending wagon. Slowly it neared, until just at the hilltop where Chip sat, the tired horse halted, and its driver saw her rise almost beside the wagon.

"Mister," she said, "I'm nearly tuckered out and 'bout starved. Won't you please give me a lift an' a chance to earn my vittles for a day or two?"

The man gave a low whistle.

"Why sartin, sartin," he answered in a moment, "but who be ye? I thought for a minute ye was a sperit. Git up here," he added, without waiting for a reply and moving to make room. Then as Chip obeyed, he chirruped to his horse and down the hill they rattled.

"Who might be ye, girlie, an' what d'ye come from?" he asked again, as they came to another ascent and the horse walked.

"My name's Vera, Vera—Raymond," answered Chip, "an' I run away from where I was livin'."

"That's curis," answered the old man, glancing at her, "whard ye run away from, some poor farm?"

"No, sir," replied Chip, almost defiantly, "but I guess L-was a sort o' pauper. I was livin' with folks that fetched me out o' the woods an' was schoolin me, and I couldn't stand it, so I run away. I don't want to tell them coming or overtaking her, she had hidden by the roadside until it passed. When a house was sighted ahead, she made a wide detour in the fields to avoid it. Now this sense of caution vanished, and she strode on fearless and confident.

When night came again she crept into an unused sheep barn, and when daylight wakened her, she hurried on once more.

All that second day she plodded on that same pathless up-hill, down-dale journey, never halting except to pick a few berries, or where a brook crossed the road to obtain a handful of watercress or some sweet-flag buds.

Now and then villages were passed, again it was country sparsely settled,

Watched Her Second Old Cy Pulling Trout from Each Pool and Cascade.

where farm houses were wide apart, and when this day was waning, even these had vanished and she found herself in almost a wilderness once more.

Hills now met her already weary feet; they seemed never ending, for as the crown of one was reached, another met her eyes. The roadway also became badly gullied, always stony, with grass growing in the hollows.

By now she was faint and dizzy from two days' fasting, and so footsore that she could scarcely limp along. So far her defiant pride had kept her from begging food, but now that was weakening, and at the next house she would have asked a morsel. But no next house came. Only the same scrub growth along the wayside with now and then a patch of forest, with never a fence even, to indicate human ownership.

The sun had now vanished. Already the stretches of forest were shadowy, and as Chip reached the apex of another long hill, beyond and far below she could see another darkened valley. Night seemed creeping up from it to meet her. Not a house, not even a fence or recent clearing—only the unending tangle of green growth and this dark vale beyond.

"I guess I'll starve 'fore I find another house," poor Chip muttered, and then as the utter desolation of her situation and surroundings were realized for a moment her defiant courage gave way.

For two days and half a night she had plodded on without food and with scarce a moment's rest. Her feet were blistered, her eyes smarted from sun and dust, her head swam. She was miles away from any human habitation, footsore, weary and despondent, with night enclosing her—a homeless waif, still clinging to the small bundle that contained her all.

"I ain't so bad off as I was then," But a sorrow deeper far than Chip ever realized fell upon Aunt Comfort when her brimming eyes read her note the morning after her flight.

Dear Aunt Comfort:

I can't stand Hannah, or being a pauper any longer, glad as good as I be. I wanted your money and I never thought of it. She said I wasn't good enough for Ray, either, and that was the reason Mrs. Frisbie took him away so soon. I know I ain't good for nothin' to nobody, but I didn't ask to be fetched here and I am going away, never, never never to come back. If ever I can I will pay you and Mrs. Frisbie for all I've eat and had. Good-bye forever.

CHIP.

CHAPTER XXI.

When the sun rose again and Chip awoke, she scarce knew where she was. Outside, and almost reaching the open window of her little room, was the top of an apple tree in full bloom. Below she could hear ducks quacking now, and then a barnyard monarch's defiant crow, from farther away came the rippling sound of running water, and as she lay and listened to the medley, a robin lit on the trellis not ten feet away and chirped as he peered into her window. A scent of lavender mingled with apple blossoms became noticeable; then the few and very old-fashioned fittings of the room,—a chest of drawers with little brass handles, over it a narrow mirror with gilt frame, two wood-seated chairs painted blue, and white muslin curtains draped away from the window.

And now, conscious that she was in some strange place, back in an instant came the three days and nights of her weary tramp, the nights when she had slept in a sheep barn and in a deserted dwelling, and at last, faint, footsore, and almost hopeless, she had been rescued from another night with only the sky for a roof.

Then the quaint old man, so much like Old Cy, whom she had accosted, the rattling, bumping ride down into this valley, and the hall where a cheery light beamed its welcome and a motherly woman made it real.

It was all so unexpected, so satisfying, so protective of herself, that Chip could hardly realize how it had come about.

No questions had been asked of her here. These two quaint old people had taken her as she was—dusty, dirty and travel-worn. She had bathed and been helped to the guest chamber and shown to this sweet-smelling room as if she had been their own daughter.

"They must be awful kind sort o' people," Chip thought, and then creeping out of bed she dressed, and taking her stockings and sadly worn shoes in hand softly descended the stairs.

No one seemed astir anywhere. The ticking of a tall clock in the sitting room was the only sound, the back door was wide open, and out of this Chip passed, and seating herself on a bench, began putting on stockings and shoes. She had just done so when she heard a step and saw the old man emerge from the same door.

"Wal, Pattycake, how air ye?" he asked, smiling. "I heerd ye creepin downstairs like a mouse, but I was up, 'n' 'bout dressed. Hope ye slept well. It's Sunday, we added, without waiting for a reply, "an' we don't git up quite so arly ez usual. Ye can help Mandy 'bout breakfast now, if ye like, 'n' I'll do the milkin'."

And this marked the entry of Chip into the new home, and outlined her duties. No more questions were asked of her. She was taken at her own valuation—a needy girl, willing to work for her board, insisting on it, and yet, in a few days, so hospitable were these people and so wimonie was Chip, that she stepped into their affection, as it were, almost without effort.

"I don't think we best quiz her much," Uncle Jud (as he was known) said to his wife that first night. "I found her on the top o' Bangall hill, where she riz like a ghost. She 'lowed she run away from somewhar, but where 'twas, she didn't want to tell. My 'pinion is that's a love 'fair at the bottom on't all; but whether it's so or not, it ain't none o' our business. She needs a home, sartin sure. She's brought sun hat, and other much-needed clothing were bought for Chip.

Neither was it all one-sided, for these people, well-to-do in their isolated home, were also quite alone. Their two boys had grown up, gone away and married, and had homes of their own, and the company of a bright and winsome girl like Chip was needed in this home.

Her adoption and acceptance of it were like a small stream flowing into a larger one, for the reason that these people were almost primitive in local and social custom.

"We don't go to meetin' Sundays," Uncle Jud had explained that first day after breakfast. "We're sorter heath en. I s'pose, but then ag'in, thar ain't no chance. That used to be meetin's down to the Corners, 'n' a parson; but he only comes once a hundred year, an' hard work to collect that, 'n' so he gits the job up. Since then the meetin' house has kinder gone to pieces, 'n' the Corner folks use it now for storin tools. We observe Sundays by bein' sorter lazy, 'n' I go fishin' some or pickin' berries."

And then Uncle Jud was so much like Old Cy in ways and speech that her heart was won. And besides these blessings, the old farm house, hidden away between two ranges of wooded hills, secure from the world and secure from observation that she felt that no one from Greenvale ever could or would discover her. She had meant to hide herself from all who knew her, had changed her name for that purpose, and here and now it was accomplished.

That first Sunday, also, became a halcyon one for her, after chores, in the performance of which Chip made herself useful, Uncle Jed took his fish pole, and giving her the basket to carry, led the way to the brook, and the four bright hours Chip knew not the lapse of time while she watched the leaping, laughing stream, and her second Old Cy pulled trout from each pool and cascade.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Freak Statuary To Order.

Sculptor Tells of Queer Orders Given Him by His Patrons.

A sculptor was talking about freak statuary. "I turn out a lot of it," he said. "Not that I like to. I have to. So many of our millionaires have in our touch tastes. I made last fall portrait busts of a western millionaire and his wife. The wife wears spectacles, and nothing would do but I must put spectacles on her bust. I argued, but in vain. That bust stands in the millionaire's spacious library to-day and spectacles rest on its nose. I did last month a bust in colors, a bust of a young girl. The marble hair I gilded, the marble eyes I painted blue, and the marble lips and cheeks I decked with red. A hideous thing, yet the family was immensely pleased. The freakiest of my freak statues stands in a Boston garden. It is the statue of the sweet, graceful fawn, and the presbyterian grandfather, an old man stands in the center of a bed of jonquils, and out of the top of his plug hat a jet of water spurts, falling into a marble basin that he holds in his hands, a basin wherein swim half a dozen goldfish. The idea of treating one's grandfather like that!"

"You may know a man's power when you know the things that provoke him.

WITH THE FLEET AWAY

RAMMING HOME A PROJECTILE IN A TEN-INCH DISAPPEARING GUN.

Now that the American battleship fleet is well on its way to the Pacific, leaving the Atlantic coast practically without any warships for its protection, the question naturally arises in the minds of a great many people as to what would happen if foreign complications should suddenly arise with some of the European powers? Would the big cities along the coast—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities—be at the mercy of a hostile fleet. Only a few years back, during the Spanish-American war, when the American fleets were ordered to Cuban waters in the course of the Spanish-American war, some persons were troubled because the shore resorts of the country were suffered to be left to the mercy of what proved to be the weakling fleet of the Spanish fleet. Apparently they assumed that it was essential to the success of the enemy that it should shell summer hotels with a great expenditure of powder. And now once again an American fleet, comprising a large proportion of the vessels of the Atlantic squadrons, has left the eastern coast of the country for a period of several months. No war is now in progress, but the "radiophone," a swifter than thought in its flight, possessed of the power to lift ships from their watery ways and transport them thousands of miles through the air, has yet to be invented. What would happen to New York or Boston or Baltimore or Washington should war break out unexpectedly? Are these ports amply protected?" asks the man in the street.

The war department makes little noise about the condition of the coast defenses. Such activity as one sees about the fortifications reveals little. The sun spreads a flood of gold upon the soft, grassy covering of their sloping sides, and, somehow, one does not think of them as impregnable fortresses. Such guns as one sees look innocuous enough. They do not seem as formidable as one imagines they ought to look. In fact, however, these fortresses are mailed fists with a velvet covering. Army officers assert that no hostile war vessel could reach the upper bay of New York harbor if it could be seen. It would be annihilated before it reached the Narrows.

Gunnery has shared in the modern tendency to specialize and to become highly scientific in its practice. Gunners are now specialists. A battery is a highly organized mechanism working almost automatically. In the old days the men who fired the guns used to see what they fired at. To-day, with guns capable of throwing a thousand-pound shell as far as the eye can see on a clear day, the men who discharge the guns no longer necessarily see the object which is to be struck by the giant ball they release. Until the shot is fired the gun itself cannot be seen above the parapet. Hitting the target has become almost an exact science. By mechanical means the striking of a target has become so nearly an infallibility that the tugs which tow the floating targets are separated from them by only 600 feet of line. The men upon the tugs have no more expectation of being struck than if they were a mile behind the gun. They never have been struck, although the different batteries have frequent practice. The song of the shell to the men on the tug is not like the song of the Lorelei, for death does not follow in its wake. To be sure, like motoring, one has to become accustomed to face what seems like impending death. Faith in the gunner, as in the chauffeur, and in the gun, as in the motor car, is an essential.

What is done by the guns in some of our forts is illustrated by what has recently been accomplished at two of the forts along the Atlantic coast. At Boston recently a target four and a half miles from the fort and moving along the horizon at the rate of five miles an hour was struck by every shot fired from a ten-inch battery in less than four minutes, the number of shots being six. The following day a battery of 12-inch guns performed the same feat, bunching the shots more closely than did the ten-inch guns. The shots of both batteries were so close together at the target that they might have been inclosed in a rectangle ten by 20 feet.

Battery Parrott, Capt. Kilborn, at Fortress Monroe, recently was called upon to fire at a moving target an unknown distance away. Actually it was about three and one-half miles away. Pyramidal in shape, it looked as it moved across the water about as a leg-o'-mutton sail on a skiff would appear at a distance of four miles. Every shot was a hit, and the fourth and last destroyed the target. The entire round was fired in one minute and nine seconds.

One of the firing tests is called "fire command." In this test the gunners are expected to change the fire from one target to another of the three in the string as directed and hit it without changing the speed of the fire. The targets are supposed to represent the vitals of a warship. This mythical vessel is considered to have a freeboard, or height out of water, of 24 feet. In estimating the hits, the basis is that of a representative battleship. A shot which does not actually hit the target, but which would have pierced a vessel had it been where the target was, is counted a hit. Officers on the tug towing the targets work out the score by means of the "range rake." This is an implement which looks like a garden rake with a short handle. The spaces between the teeth each represent a given number of yards. When a shot strikes the officers sight along the handle and note how many spaces to the right or left of the center the shot hit.

A gunner of the old school would turn gray if he had suddenly to adapt himself to the new methods in the face of the enemy. Hairline telescopes, surveying instruments, barometers, anemometers, weather vanes, tide gauges and stop watches are required to secure the requisite results. The accuracy of the fire is obtained only by taking into consideration such details as the curvature of the earth, the speed of the target or the hostile warship, the range or distance of the object from the gun, the speed and direction of the wind, the temperature and age of the powder when placed in the gun, the height of the tide at the moment of firing the shot and the "drift" of the projectile. There can be no guesswork in securing such artistic results as making hits with successive shots.

The effect of all of these factors in the combination under all possible conditions has been worked out by experiments and computations and the result utilized in devising apparatus which automatically registers the information which is essential at such a speed that half a dozen half-ton shots can be thrown into a ship from a single battery in the space of less than four minutes. The "drift" of the shot is the distance to the right which a revolving projectile from a rifled gun will go in the course of a given distance. The range and the point where a vessel will be at the moment a shot would reach it are reckoned in actual practice at least once in every 20 seconds. The establishment of 20 seconds as the interval when a fresh survey shall be taken is based upon the fact that no boat could change its speed or its course sufficiently in that space of time to affect the probability of a shot hitting it.

Largest Sunday School in India.

The largest Sunday school in the Methodist Episcopal church is said to be at Merut, India, with a membership of 4,134. There are 99 schools in the denomination with an average membership of 1,489.

INTELLIGENCE OF PLANT LIFE

Writer Declares There Is No Proof of Its Existence.

But as the animal is nearer to us than the vegetable so is animal intelligence nearer to our own than plant intelligence. We hear of plant physiology, but not yet of plant psychology.

When a plant growing in a darkened room leans toward the light, the bending, we are taught, is a purely mechanical process; the effect of the light upon the cells of the plant drives it about in a purely mechanical way, but when an animal is drawn to the light the process is a much more complex one and implies a nervous system. It is thought by some that the roots of a waterboiling plant divine the water from afar and run toward it.

Little truth is the plant or tree sends its roots in all directions, but those on the side of the water find the ground moisture in that direction and their growth is accelerated, while the others are checked by the dryness of the soil. An ash tree stands on a rocky slope where the soil is thin and poor, and yet it sent down roots 60 feet deep.

After a while it sent so many roots down into the garden, and so robbed the garden vegetables of the fertilizers, that we cut the roots off and dug a trench to keep the tree from sending more. Now the gardener thought the tree allowed the rich patuvage down below there did reached for it accordingly. The truth is, I suppose, that the roots on that side found a little more and better soil and so pushed on till they reached the garden, where they were so well fed that they multiplied and extended themselves rapidly. The tree waxed strong, and every season sent more and stronger roots into the garden.—Outing Magazine.

The king of England buys no cigars. The czar sends him every Christmas a cabinet containing 10,000 of the finest Havanas.

AS A TASK FOR CENTURIES.

Seems There Are Altogether Too Many Kinds of Wall Paper.

"I read somewhere the other day," said Mr. Bringlily, "that there are now produced 7,942,714 different styles of wall paper and I guess that must be true.

"We are going to have a few rooms in our apartment repapered, and there have been submitted to us to choose from great books of wall paper samples representing altogether 200 styles. And these 200 styles, you understand, represent simply the styles of one grade of paper produced by one manufacturer, and there are many grades of wall paper and many manufacturers, and I guess if you were to take all the grades and styles made by each of the manufacturers and add them all together you'd find that the number of styles given as the grand total, namely, 7,942,713, was not far from correct.

"And I can't tell you how glad I am that we didn't have all those styles to choose from. As it was, with only 200 styles we had a great time.

"First we couldn't tell at all, and then we'd half settle on one paper, only to find another that was a little better when we turned over the leaf, and then we'd find something that was about as good, and then we didn't know what to do.

"Then we finally selected one paper and settled on that, and then we decided on another, these two for adjoining rooms, but when we came to put them together, why, they wouldn't do, and so we had to start all over again for one, and maybe before we got through we discarded both and had to start once more at the beginning.

"And I thought we'd never settle on which we'd have. A job to decide? Why, it took us just one week to choose the papers for five rooms from 200 samples, and here's what I wanted to say:

"Suppose they had sent us to choose from the full complete lines of all samples, numbering 7,942,714. I shudder to think of it.

"We never been satisfied in the world unless we'd looked them all through, never, and it took us one week to look through and decide upon 200 samples, why, to look through 7,942,714 samples would have taken us 39,713 weeks, or nearly 764 years.

"My! My! What an escape that was; and just as likely as not we wouldn't have found in the whole 7,000,000 samples anything that we'd really like any better than what we've got now."—N. Y. Sun.

Modern Socrates.

In that genial form of gossiping about current affairs that is something dignified with the name of philosophizing, Prof. McAdie of the weather bureau is most charming. Usually when he meets a certain friend on the street the conversation covers a wide scope and is illuminated by a droll humor that pervades the McAdie school of philosophy. "So they did in Greece," said Prof. McAdie one day. "So the ancient philosophers of that highly favored land settled all questions to their own satisfaction, at least in their daily communion of minds. The philosophy of the Greeks is the source of western philosophy. I suppose we enjoy philosophy as well as the Greeks did. From now I will call you Plato."

To this the response was: "Greater art than profundity. Thy name is Socrates, who boasts of having Plato and Aristotle as his most famous disciples." Therefore if any citizen hear one man call Prof. McAdie "Socrates" or even "Old Soc," it is a fair guess that the explanation of that modern day Greek phenomenon in San Francisco is explained fully here.—San Francisco Call.

Are Men Neater Than Women?

The proprietor of a city laundry claims that men are neater than women.

"The average man's laundry bill," he said the other day, "is a prodigal, reckless, extravagant thing beside the average woman's. Take collars—to go no deeper. A man will never wear a collar more than one day, and sometimes, if he is going out, he puts on a fresh collar in the evening. But a woman wears her collar very carefully before she throws it in the wash. She watches it turn, from day to day, first dull, then livid, then—but let us avoid details. I will just say, in one word, that a woman's collar must be dirty, positively dirty, unmistakably dirty, before she gives it up.

"Ex pede Herculem," said the learned laundryman. "From her collar the woman in her entirety may be judged. I claim, and I have statistics to back me up, that woman, with all her vanity and coquetry, is not nearly so neat an animal as man."

The Kaiser's Talisman.

Kaiser Wilhelm is said to have worn to England the famous Hohenzollern talisman, which for centuries has been credited with a supernatural power to protect its wearer from harm of any kind. This talisman is a massive gold ring with a square, dark-colored stone, which the emperor is said to wear on the middle finger of his left hand, has a highly romantic history, dating from the far-off days when his ancestors, the margrafs of Nuremberg followed their footsteps to the capture of the holy sepulcher from the Moslems. The ring, which was captured in a hard-fought battle under the walls of Jerusalem, came into the possession of Margrat Ulrich, from whom it has descended to his successors, generation after generation, as a highly prized heirloom. The sentence from the koran which adorned the ring when worn by Saladin and his successors has been removed and a Latin cross engraved in its place.

A Mystery.

"When I last saw Mildred her hair was brown and now it is golden. What made such a change?"

"For one thing, her mother, who is a regular matchmaker, thought golden-haired beauties had more of a chance in the matrimonial market."

"But how could that change Mildred's hair?"

"Don't you see she was obliged to obey a mother's dyeing request?"