

# Culver's Joke

By Suse Clements Willis

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"I don't know any girls, simple reason," laughed Narbel. "You see, the paper grew to be a woman later after mother's death. We have treated before civilization ever since."

"I'll give you a couple of mail instructions back east," laughed Culver. "I know a lad. You write a nice little letter, and I'll send it."

"I guess you'd have to write the letter," Narbel chuckled. "I never wrote to a woman in my life."

"You never can tell till you try," suggested Culver. "I wish you'd try now. It would keep you busy until I finish this letter."

He went on with his writing, and Narbel good humoredly picked up a pen. There was a pack train going down from the mines tomorrow, and he could understand why Culver wanted to finish off the letters he was writing back east. The train went down one week and back the next, affording them bimonthly communication with the outside world.

"Whom shall I address it to?" he demanded.

"Miss Lucy Mears," laughed Culver. Then two pens scratched over the paper. Culver's with easy, rapid movement, Narbel's pattingly. He was less accustomed to writing, and Culver had finished half a dozen letters before the other's pen was still.

"Culver laughed over the effusion, in which the writer had pictured his dull life and had pleaded for permission to open a correspondence. He explained fully his relations with Culver as business partner and chum and hinted at possibilities of matrimony.

Had he been in earnest instead of merely seeking a means of killing time while Culver was occupied he could not have done better.

In the morning Culver came across the sheets and, with a wicked chuckle, slipped them into an envelope and addressed them to Lucy Mears, anticipating that she would open the envelope back in the New England town.

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the figure in the tummy beside Narbel was so excited in bustle and yell that no hint of her appearance could be gained, and the men, with many a nod and smile, fell in behind and rode along.

They all turned in at the ranch gate, but Narbel swung his wife out of the buggy and took her into the house. "Mrs. Narbel will be glad to meet you when she has had a chance to tidy up," she said, with a grave face, "but she wants the dust off first."

Culver took the horse to the stables and then rejoined the waiting group on the grass plot in front of the house. "Culver know now why Narbel had insisted upon a grass plot? They had not long to wait, for presently a gasp from the crowd caused Culver to turn, and there on the step stood Narbel and the very girl of the picture. She was smiling now as she acknowledged the various introductions. Culver was the last to come up, for he had not recovered from his amazement until Narbel called to him.

"I feel that I ought to be very grateful to you," she said in a low voice, "even though you were trying to play a joke."

"The joke seems to be on me," he said lamely.

"I don't think there is any joke," she said demurely. "It was just the working of fate."

He turned to receive the farewells of the men from the mine, and more than one joked him on his vivid imagination. It was clear that they thought he had been fooling them, and he was glad that he was at least saved their jeers, but it was a most unpleasant anticipation that he followed Narbel and his wife into the house.

"You lunched better than you knew, Jack, when you sent that letter I wrote in jest."

"But this is not Lucy Mears," he stammered. "I thought you were going to keep faith at any cost."

"Am I Lucy Mears?" she asked.

"No, Narbel," "I suppose no one wrote you. As I was the only Lucy Mears I got the letter."

"And I got the sweetest little woman on earth," supplemented Narbel.

"And I," wound up Culver, "I don't know whether I should be praised or kicked. I think I'd prefer the latter."

But instead he received the praise.

A Typical Hibernian Village.

Imagine a very broad unimproved road, like a dusty, plowed field, and wild gardens trailing around and over white thatched cottages. Each cottage is one storied, with old world eaves and a veranda which runs along the whole front. The thatched roof seems to lean with all its strength upon a top shaggy colonnade, while the cressets afford a contrast to the whitewashed walls. If you walk down the road at dusk you will find at each door one of the household vigorously brushing clouds of dust away from the footpath, while long files of clean, curly pipes are trotting swiftly homeward and lean mongrels "bay the whisp'ring wind" unceasingly. The men wear linen shirts and kilts. On workdays the costume has the appearance of a long, dingy night-dress tied with a leather girdle. On holidays the kilts are white and stiff, with elaborate piping, and the shirts are of satin or corduroy and sets off an elaborate worsted waistcoat. The girls' full dress is still more picturesque, owing to the harmonious blending of the brightest pinks—shades and depths of blue and red and pink; no other colors—and to the graceful fall of the short petticoats, which do not reach the ankle, and are inflated by a slight suction of erinoline.—Saturday Review.

Not So Attentive Now.

"The Tin Snuffers still paying attention to Andy Tompkins?" asked the man who had been away from home for some time.

"No," answered Farmer Cornsloss. "They don't neither of 'em pay any 'tention to the other. They're married."—Washington Star.

The Turkey.

Turkeys are great wanderers. A mother will often lead her brood three or four miles away from home. There they take up their habitation in the unfrequented woods. The instinct for solitude and wild life is very strong among the turkeys of domestication. But a kind instinct impels the mother to bring her grown family back in the fall to where she started out with them in the spring. This is not done, however, till the leaves are all off the trees, the beechnuts have fallen and have been eaten and the cold winds and sometimes the snow have made the sylvan retreats inhospitable.

VICTORIA FALLS.

Called "The Most Beautiful Gem of the Earth's Scenery."

The Zambezi river, carrying a huge volume of water two miles in width, as it reaches the western borders of Rhodesia precipitates itself into a cavernous gorge and thus traverses the northern plains of the country.

This great drop in the river has produced "the most beautiful gem of the earth's scenery," the Victoria falls. Almost twice as broad as Niagara and two and a half times as high, an immense mass of water rolls over its edge to precipitate itself in magnificent splendor 400 sheer feet into the narrow canyon below.

Undeterred, the Rhodesian engineers, without detracting from the natural beauty of the surroundings, threw across the canyon a splendid 650 foot cantilever bridge and thus opened the way to Tanganyika, to Uganda, to Cairo.

This bridge, the greatest railway engineering triumph of Africa, deserves more than passing notice. It consists of a central span weighing approximately 1,000 tons, 500 feet in length and 30 feet wide. The steel works is of mild steel weighing 100 pounds to the cubic foot. The end posts of the bridge are over 100 feet high. The pull on the anchorage apparatus is about 400 tons.

The contract for the construction was obtained by an English firm of bridge builders the contract time fifty-five weeks. The work of erection was carried on from both banks. The material being taken across the river by means of a portable electric railway. The electrical conveyor of this life way was capable of holding with a ten ton load at a lifting speed of twenty feet per minute and a traversing speed of 300 feet a minute.

An initial difficulty in the construction of the bridge was the securing of a firm foundation and owing to the crumbling nature of the bank a much greater quantity of concrete was necessary than estimated.

The construction was happily unattended by accidents of a serious nature, though a few slight accidents to body work and the replacing from England of one piece of steel work were recorded. In spite of these delays the bridge was hiked up at 7 a. m. on April 1, 1905, or exactly forty-eight hours earlier than had been estimated a year before.—Lieutenant Colonel Sir Percy Girouard in Scribner's.

# BOBBY'S GHOST

By Colin S. Collins

Copyright, 1925, by Hester Bredie

Carter threw down the pamphlet with an exclamation of disgust. "You'll never get ahead if you read that sort of trash," he admonished. "Why don't you get good books, Bobby?"

"These are good," protested Bobby. "They're first rate. I'll let you have them if you read 'em for me."

"I don't believe it," Carter retorted. "It was not the first time he had sought to correct Bobby's literary taste, and it generally ended in his defeat. Once he had thought of appealing to Thomas Pace, but he had a liking for the lad, and to report to the head of the firm that the office boy was devoted to dime novels might simply result in the loss of his job.

It was Bobby who had saved the day when Mabel Keeler had been accused of losing an important letter by declaring that he had lost it himself. It had very nearly resulted in his own dismissal, but Bobby could be sworn at, and this had saved the situation by providing a vent for the "old man's" ebullience.

Ever since that night Bobby had been a favorite with Carter and Mabel. They had even married when the long expected raise came, and Bobby knew "I don't want no raise," protested Bobby. "Give it to Carter or Miss Mabel. They want it to get married on."

"I guess that can be arranged, too," laughed Pace. "And as soon as we can get an ambulance here to take care of poor Bruce we'll go uptown for a celebration dinner."

"At a real restaurant?" demanded Bobby.

"At the best," laughed Pace. "I'm glad I saved you. I'm hungry. I only had a cream puff and a pretzel for lunch."

"On the way up in the street car—the cabs had all come uptown at that hour," Bobby said between Carter and Mabel.

"I don't want no raise," he suggested, his mind having turned to the discussion of the afternoon.

"I bet you'll let your boys read them," Bobby added.

to profess myself," explained Pace. "I had no knowledge of your operations. It was purely an accident."

"You lie," snarled Bruce. "You did it to throw me. You knew that with such a start I could have won back to the Exchange. You were afraid of me and you ruined me."

For the first time Pace showed impatience. He must get certain letters, he must have them, the night mail. "Come in in the morning and argue the matter," he said. "I cannot spare the time to talk tonight."

Bruce leveled his revolver. "Unless you give me back the money you stole from me, I shall shoot you dead like a dog, you and these others too. Then I shall take the money that is really mine and flee. I have it all arranged. I will count ten."

Pace's face was beaded with perspiration. No help was at hand, and this man, driven mad by the excitement of his gains, had threatened his life. "I will give him," he said weakly. "Come over to the safe."

"Too late," said Bruce, his brain taking a new impression. "I am going to kill you anyway. One, two, three—"

He sank to the floor with a groan. A large commercial paper had knocked him senseless, and Bobby stood triumphantly over the prostrate figure.

"I thought it was just a row," he said, "until the 'Ghost' began to count. Then I remembered that was the way they did with Antelope Andy." He fished the book from his hip pocket.

"Such a flash!" he read. "Antelope Andy, with herculean strength, seized the chest and brought it down on the head of his antagonist, felling him like a log. I guess them half dime books ain't no good."

He turned to Carter, who explained to the mystified Pace.

"Mabel Keeler," declared the broker, "that there is good in all things. We shall have to raise your salary to enable you to increase your library and so be provided against all emergencies."

"I don't want no raise," protested Bobby. "Give it to Carter or Miss Mabel. They want it to get married on."

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HOW BEAST MEN ARE MADE.

The hideous and cruel practice of flesh sculpture in China.

"Victor Hugo in 'The Man Who Laughs,'" said an ethnologist, "tells of the sculptors of living flesh—those horrible people of the middle ages who kidnapped tender little children and turned them into all sorts of monsters, dwarfs, hunchbacks and the like, selling them afterward for jesters or for showmen's freaks."

"The hideous and cruel practice of flesh sculpture still continues. There is a tribe of Chinese gypsies who steal children and turn them into so called wild men. The practice is, of course, illegal.

"A kidnapped child is flayed alive, but by him, and the shaggy skin a dog is grafted on him. This takes a year. At the year's end the poor creature is shaggy, like a bear, from head to foot.

"The child's vocal chords are destroyed with charcoal in an unspeakably cruel way. He can never speak thereafter. He can only growl and moan like a beast."

"He is imprisoned in a perfectly black hole until every vestige of reason leaves him. Nine months is usually a sufficient confinement to accomplish this.

"Finally, speechless, shaggy, hunched, the victim is sold to a traveling showman and is exhibited throughout China as a genuine wild man or beast man. I am bound to say he looks the part."

LEGEND OF THE GARTER.

Contradictory versions of the Foundation of the Order.

I know, as every schoolboy knows, the legend that a certain Countess of Salisbury dropped her garter at a ball and that the king, picking it up amid the smiles of courtiers, handed it to her with the happy and now immortal phrase, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

But this legend, I recalled, had had to go the way of the story of King Alfred and the cakes, the story of William Tell and the apple and many another pretty fairy tale of history. At last I went to Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas' "History of the Order of the Knights of the Garter," where I found a delightful mass of contradictory authority produced.

The tale of the English and name of the order were first told by Polydore Verall (1470-1533), who wrote in the time of Henry VII. and Henry VIII, and who said that the lady was "the queen of the King's mistress." Segar, whose work "Honor, Military and Civil" appeared in 1692, 250 years after the order was founded, was the first to say that it was the Countess of Salisbury. Other writers say that it was the Countess of Kent, John Anstis (1693-1744), earlier king of arms, who published several heraldic works, ridiculed the work of Segar, and confessed that a nephew of Henry VI's time, who wrote in Latin, whose work is now entirely lost, upheld it.

Raphael Holmsted, a chronicler, who died in 1580, tells the story in detail and says the lady was the queen, which surely rather spoils the significance of the legend. A Spanish vessel, commanded by Juan Bermudez, on its way to Cuba with a cargo of logs, was wrecked there. This was in 1515. Later in the same century, when the English discovered this land, they found a country inhabited by hogs.

It is also interesting to note that the English discovered it in the same way as the Spaniards. An English ship, commanded by Juan Bermudez, on its way to Cuba with a cargo of logs, was wrecked there. This was in 1515. Later in the same century, when the English discovered this land, they found a country inhabited by hogs.

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"A kidnapped child is flayed alive, but by him, and the shaggy skin a dog is grafted on him. This takes a year. At the year's end the poor creature is shaggy, like a bear, from head to foot.

"The child's vocal chords are destroyed with charcoal in an unspeakably cruel way. He can never speak thereafter. He can only growl and moan like a beast."

"He is imprisoned in a perfectly black hole until every vestige of reason leaves him. Nine months is usually a sufficient confinement to accomplish this.

"Finally, speechless, shaggy, hunched, the victim is sold to a traveling showman and is exhibited throughout China as a genuine wild man or beast man. I am bound to say he looks the part."

LEGEND OF THE GARTER.

Contradictory versions of the Foundation of the Order.

I know, as every schoolboy knows, the legend that a certain Countess of Salisbury dropped her garter at a ball and that the king, picking it up amid the smiles of courtiers, handed it to her with the happy and now immortal phrase, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

But this legend, I recalled, had had to go the way of the story of King Alfred and the cakes, the story of William Tell and the apple and many another pretty fairy tale of history. At last I went to Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas' "History of the Order of the Knights of the Garter," where I found a delightful mass of contradictory authority produced.

The tale of the English and name of the order were first told by Polydore Verall (1470-1533), who wrote in the time of Henry VII. and Henry VIII, and who said that the lady was "the queen of the King's mistress." Segar, whose work "Honor, Military and Civil" appeared in 1692, 250 years after the order was founded, was the first to say that it was the Countess of Salisbury. Other writers say that it was the Countess of Kent, John Anstis (1693-1744), earlier king of arms, who published several heraldic works, ridiculed the work of Segar, and confessed that a nephew of Henry VI's time, who wrote in Latin, whose work is now entirely lost, upheld it.

Raphael Holmsted, a chronicler, who died in 1580, tells the story in detail and says the lady was the queen, which surely rather spoils the significance of the legend. A Spanish vessel, commanded by Juan Bermudez, on its way to Cuba with a cargo of logs, was wrecked there. This was in 1515. Later in the same century, when the English discovered this land, they found a country inhabited by hogs.

It is also interesting to note that the English discovered it in the same way as the Spaniards. An English ship, commanded by Juan Bermudez, on its way to Cuba with a cargo of logs, was wrecked there. This was in 1515. Later in the same century, when the English discovered this land, they found a country inhabited by hogs.

HOW BEAST MEN ARE MADE.

The hideous and cruel practice of flesh sculpture in China.

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