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the stone pile and was lifting up a rock that must have weighed seventy-five pounds. He was lifting it up because when he was up to get it in his arms and made a hop or two and then great black wings shot out, and up he went. I saw the "petit" around and the strutting stranger overhead every minute till he was so straight up, I could not see him any more from the window. Must have been a couple of hundred feet up when I lost sight of him. Then of a sudden I got cold and I thought, "What if he has not come up to now—know it as well as I!" He had told me. And I wasn't mistaken. He had been right. About a quarter of eight, a small-bug and that rock came through the kitchen roof a thousand or brick and knocked me stone dead. I was there.

TO BE CONTINUED

Simple Lines

"What we all need is grand simple lines in our characters and our work as well as in our toilets."