

There was no response.

"John Stackpole!"

The stout man stirred uneasily.

"Be down in a minute," he drowsily called. "Keep things hot for me."

The pastor's voice rang out. "You're going down, all right, John Stackpole!" he roared. "And things will be kept very, very hot for you! Let us now sing the ninety-ninth hymn."

A REMARKABLE ECHO

An American and a Scotchman were walking in the highlands, and the Scot produced a famous echo. When the echo returned clearly, after nearly four minutes, the proud native, turning to the Yankee, exclaimed:

"There mon, ye canna show anything like that in your country."

"Oh, I don't know," said the American "I guess we can better that. Why, in my camp, in the Rockies, when I go to bed, I just lean out of my window and call out: 'Time to get up! Wake up!' and eight hours afterward the echo comes back, and wakes me."

AN EXPERT DRIVER

A South Dakota congressman tells a story of the old coaching days, when a certain Pete McCoy, one of the most skillful of old stage drivers, operated a conveyance that made a circuit of Deadwood, Carbonate, Spearfish and Bear Gulch. Pete was famous for his fast, furious, daring driving.

One day, the story runs, Pete tore into Carbonate