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A GREAT MARKSMAN
By Alice W. Norton

Tallahassee was an Indian living in the long ago -- never lived a better marksman with an arrow and a bow.

He could shoot a flying eagle, quicker than a man could wink. Beavers feared him when they saw him, so did racoon, fox and mink.

Out across the wide broad meadows, on the hills and through the dales, on the brooks and singing rivers, o'er the mountains winding trails---

Tallahassee wandered daily, never with a thought of care, until one day the boy discovered his companion was a bear.

From a vantage point he eyed him, placed his arrow, drew his bow. Yet to his surprise, his fingers did not let the arrow go.

Keenly each surveyed the other; then, without a seeming care, Tallahassee headed homeward, followed by a friendly bear.

Now 'tis said his children's children, living in the South today -- in a mountainside museum, keep his weapon on display.

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WHAT AM I?
By Ellen Brown

Sometimes I have
Some fish in me
And yet I'm not
The deep, deep sea.

Sometimes I rock,
But I am not a chair
Though when you sit in me
You will sail somewhere.

Ans: boat.

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