

What He Said

Miss Carlson, her face considerably flushed, jerked out the side of her desk, placed her notebook and pencils upon it with much emphasis, switched her skirts to the other side of her chair and sat down.

The other occupants of the stenographers' room exchanged glances. It was Miss Conroy who spoke, approaching her subject with graceful tact.

"What makes your face so red, Kitty?" she asked.

"Red!" exploded Miss Carlson. "Well, I guess it is red. I guess your face would be red, too, if you— Oh, it makes me so mad! That little nine spot!"

"Gee! What's hurting you, Kitty?" inquired Miss O'Hara. "Has O'Brien been tryin' to get funny again?"

"O'Brien!" snorted Miss Carlson. "No. Mr. O'Brien is a gentleman, if he does act foolish sometimes. It was that new guy, Winthrop."

"The one that wears the necktie that looks like a garter snake?" asked Miss Dusenberry, taking a hand-glass from a drawer in her desk and regarding her reflection therein critically.

"Yes, that's the one. Well, he certainly is the limit, and then some."

"What's the matter of him?" inquired Miss Conroy mildly. "I think he's real cute-looking."

"Cute-looking!" With that beard! exclaimed Miss Hogan, scorn depicted in every feature. "Why, I never see him without I want to say 'Be-oo! Cute-looking!' He looks like a bull's goat."

"Oh, cut it out, girls, and let Kitty tell what he did," commanded Miss O'Hara. "Did he ask you to tell him if he went too fast? That's what the new ones gently do, and like he won't they can't dictate Mrs. O'Brien's words a minute."

"Now," replied Miss Carlson, "I wouldn't have minded that. Wait till I tell you."

She whirled her chair around to get a better command of her audience. "When I went in there," she said, "I was nosin' round in a lot of ways, so I sat down and put my gun in my mouth and waited for him to come up. After a while he turns round kind of absent-minded, like he was thinkin' about what he had for supper last night, and he remarks, 'Good maw-winn!' Just like that—'Good maw-winn!'"

"Land!" commented Miss Hogan. "It always did make me tired to hear a person say 'good maw-winn,' instead of 'good mornin' like other folks."

"After he got started on his own, all right, 'copin' for sayin' 'ahab' and 'bahab' and all like that, till he come to a place where he says, 'This matter seems to have fallen into an oculist's desert food.'"

"Well, thinks I, that certainly is a fierce bunch o' words to put in a letter."

"It was a kind of a long letter," continued Miss Carlson, "and when he got through he says, with a smile, I guess he thought would tickle me to pieces. 'Will you please read that!'"

"All right," says, and I started in and I read along till I come to the place where he said that about the oculist's desert food."

"When I come to that he kind of sat up and leaned over, and he says, 'Will you please repeat that in his sentence!'"

"I read it back real slow and plain. 'This matter seems to have fallen into an oculist's desert food.'"

"Well, that chump gave a yell that liked to knock me out my chair, and then he laughed like he's goin' to kill himself."

"I stood it for about a minute, and then I says, just as sarcastic, 'Excuse me, but, not body able to see the joke, I guess you won't need me any longer.' Then I picked up my pencils and my book and started out of the room. You bet I was sore."

"He kind of straightened out his face then and he says: 'Wait a minute, please. I ain't through yet.'"

"I was too mad to sit down and I just stood there like a wooden Indian, waitin' to see what he's goin' to say."

"I beg your pardon," he says, kind of chokin' to himself, "but the last sentence isn't just what I said. I said innocuous do-wot-doo in-n-o-c-u-o-u-s-d-e-s-e-r-t-f-o-o-d."

POINTING THE BONE

Queen Superstition of the Native Blacks of Australia

The native blacks of Australia are steeped in superstition. A black fellow will on no account go near the spot where another black has been buried. He has a deep-rooted aversion to one particular bird—the wagtail—because, he says, "him all day talk, talk along a white fellow, tellin' all about black fellas," and no opportunity is lost of killing these little birds.

Many tribes "bury" their dead by sticking them up into the forks of trees and there leaving them till the flesh has either dropped or been taken, leaving the bones clean. These bones are then taken down, the larger ones buried and the smallest handed round as keepsakes to those specially related to the deceased. Should one black fellow wish the death of a rival or enemy he points the bone at him. This means that he takes one of his late relation's bones from his dilly bag and points it, in the presence of witnesses, at the man he wishes to get rid of, all the time pouring forth threats and curses.

Strange as it may seem, the one pointed at will often languish and eventually die, perhaps in a month, perhaps in a year, for no sooner is the bone pointed than he makes up his mind to die, and there is no saving him.

How Hair Grows

A single hair, which can support a weight of two ounces, is so elastic that it may be stretched to one-third of its entire length and then regain its former size and condition. Dr. Pinous has measured the growth of hair by cutting off circles about one inch in diameter from the heads of healthy men, and so comparing the growth of the patches with that of the rest of the hair. He found that the growth rate generally became slower after cutting; that in some cases the hair on the patches grew at the same rate as the rest, but that it never grew any faster.

The ordinary length of the hair on the head ranges between twenty-two inches and about forty-five inches, the latter being considered unusually long. It has been calculated that the hair of the beard grows at the rate of one line and a half a week; this will give a length of six and a half inches in the course of a year. For a man eight years of age who has been shaved from early maturity, no less than twenty-seven feet of beard must have fallen before the edge of the razor.

His Uncle

The Prince of Wales is fond of telling a good story to his friends in connection with his visit to Ottawa some few years ago. The Prince, then Duke of York, stole away for a quiet bicycle spin early one morning, and in his ramblings met a farmer, heading marketward, his wagon temporarily stilled by the loss of a nut belonging to the whiffletree bolt. His Royal Highness, with his usual democratic kindness, assisted him in putting things right.

On parting, the farmer expressed his rough thanks, and asked if he might know the name of the person to whom he was indebted. The royal cyclist replied modestly: "I am the Duke of York. And may I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?" A broad, amused smile beamed from the farmer's face as he said: "Ma! Ma! Why, I'm your uncle, the Gear of Russia!"

A Most Useful Event

The way in which the first automatic steam engine was produced was undoubtedly this—and it shows how comparatively easily a really great invention may sometimes be made. It was the duty of Humphrey Potter, a boy, to turn a stop-cock to let the steam into the cylinder and on to let in water to condense it at certain periods of each stroke of the engine, and if this were not done at the right time, the engine would stop. He noticed that these movements of the stopcock handles took place in unison with the movements of certain portions of the beam of the engine. He simply connected valve handles with the proper portions of the beam by strings, and the engine became automatic—a most eventful result.

No Hope

Miss Irene Giffcuddy of Millville, Miss., writes: "I have a gentleman friend who has been keeping company with me all this year, but who has never indicated or intimated that he wishes to be considered other than a friend of mine. I am 19 years old, with ruby lips, rose-pink cheeks, golden hair, azure eyes and a gentle disposition. Do you think I should hang up some mistletoe and accidentally stand I catch it while he is around, just to encourage him?" Irene, if a young man needs the encouragement of mistletoe under the circumstances, there is no hope for him.

Insanitary Buildings

The city of Washington is setting an example to other large cities in the country in destroying buildings which the health authorities believe to be insanitary. Thirty-two such buildings were razed during the month of March, and about the same number were destroyed during each of the months of January and February. In less than two years about 1,000 buildings have been either destroyed or have been brought up to the sanitary standard required by the District ordinances.

A Dash for Liberty

Nobody knew that Bobby had heard what they they said. When six women are disposed about a Summer veranda with their tails to fall blast they are not likely to observe little boys temporarily beneath the porch in search of fishing tackle.

There in the musty shadows Bobby sat on the gravel and stared at the outside sunshine through the crevices of the lattice work that inclosed the house foundations. Above him he heard his mother and the rest actually laughing! And after what they had said! In an emotion Bobby squeaked a snub and moaned in consequence.

After he had extracted the stinging carb he laboriously and stealthily crawled out, dragging his pole and line. Back of the house he sat down on a stump to think things over.

"Did you ever know time to go so fast?" Mrs. Jones had chirruped.

"Yes," his mother had responded. "We shall close the cottage and go back to Chicago next week. Bobby's school begins the week after."

Bobby was ulna. As he sat on the stump with the apple orchard in front of him he saw instead of it the long staircase with the monitor at the top and felt the slippery shininess of a stack of brand-new school books. He knew just how the pages would stick together in their abominable hiccups and how weird the unfamiliar contents would look.

He felt cramped, bound down, dominated. All the delightful buoyancy which had been his for three months had vanished and his balls of lead weighed down his toes and fingers and shoulders. He drooped as beneath the weight of the world. He felt very old and very tired. Once, under his breath, he said: "Darn!" as he kicked the stump on which he sat.

His eye fell on the recumbent fish pole and another pang lacerated his heart. No more for him the shiny silverness of the dear little bass he had been catching! And those trees in the woods full of green nuts! And the ripening grapes! And the sumac and sassafras bushes already beginning to hint of red and orange glories! And the rabbits!

With one bound Bobby made for the rabbit-butchers. Eagerly, lifting out the two half-grown black and white bunnies, he stuffed these into his pockets. Then, grabbing up the fish pole, he looked hurriedly round. A new light was in his eye. There was determination about his mouth. He headed for the kitchen.

"Cookies, Norah!" he begged. "Lots of them."

"You won't have no appetite for supper," said Norah, handing over Bobby's perquisites.

His lips tightened, for little she knew! Supper indeed! Crawling under the fence because he was on a desperate expedition that made a gate unbefitting his progress, Bobby struck out for the woods. Once his foot had touched the Indian trail he halted his mad rush.

They never would find him! None of the grown-ups ever walked the Indian trail because their hair caught in the branches and their lace skirts in the prickly wild smilax. Their feet did not know the delight of the stretches of brown hemlock needles nor their noses the smell of woody things. Bobby's nostrils twitched like those of his rabbits as he sniffed balsamic fragrance.

He walked and walked, finding the halpote difficult to carry when taken in combination with a narrow path and eager, reaching bushes. He had walked farther on the trail than he had done before all summer and the trees were bigger and closer together. It was even gloomy, for now the sun had gone down outside. The quick dusk in among the trees chilled his spirits.

He stood still and listened. Not a sound. If you want to realize how eerie absolute silence is you should be a little boy of nine, far from home.

Wait! There was a noise—oh, what was that awful noise! It was the blood pounding in Bobby's temples.

He dragged out the bunnies and nudged them closer. They were warm, and their fur was soft as they cuddled at his neck. He took a few slow steps. A branch cracked up above. Bobby stared feverishly into the gloom overhead. It might be a panther or a lion or a tiger! Dreadful thought!

Turning, he crashed through underbrush, dropping his fishpole. Little whimpers were struggling up to his lips, but he bit them back.

When it was entirely dark he found he was quite lost. After he had cried himself helpless he went to sleep through sheer weariness.

STRIPED HORSES OF MEXICO

Search Began For the Famed Wild Striped Horse of the Sierra Madre

A search for the famed wild striped horse in Mexico may be a patient venture after something new, but probably not more so than the present venture at breeding a new type of horse in Colorado under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture, to be known as the "American Horse," not literally with the American flag stamped in his forehead, but all the same a purely American horse. The venture after the striped horse is related as follows by the news from Mexico, which says that Prof. H. Casanovi, a noted educator and naturalist of Edinburgh, Scotland, has arrived here on his way to a remote and unexplored region of the Sierra Madre.

In the extreme southwest part of the state. He is accompanied by several other scientists, and the object of their expedition is to investigate the oft heard report that there is a large drove of wild horses of most peculiar appearance in that part of Mexico. These animals are said to be striped and bear a close resemblance to the zebra. They are said to make their home in a rich valley which is almost completely shut in by the towering cliffs of the mountains.

It is the theory of Professor Casanovi that all horses were at one time striped and their present coloring and absence of stripes are due to intermingling the breed. He has been studying the question for several years and recently finished an exhaustive research into the prehistoric remains of horses in the island of Porto Rico and Jamaica.

The account of the existence of a large drove of striped horses in the Sierra Madre seems to be authentic. Long before white men had penetrated the almost inaccessible region Indians who lived in the mountains told of having seen this drove of horses. About fifty years ago an American mining prospector named Hampton Bradley, who formerly lived at Parol, where he owned and operated the Marco mine, made a trip into the mountains. He was gone for about three months, and upon his return he told of having visited the valley where he saw this drove of horses. He said there were several thousand of the animals and that their feeding ground embraced many thousand acres of rich, level land, with a small stream of water, running through it.

Would "Ban Was Well"

Not Irish, but delightful, is the story of the automobilist who, in making a cross-country tour in Dakota, had the misfortune to have his machine break down. He saw a small house not far off and cut across to it. The only man about the place was a Swede, who was much amused by the sight of the strange rig the automobilist wore. "My friend," said the automobilist, "my machine has had a bad break and I would like to know if you have a spare or a monkey-wrench about here?" The Swede looked at the automobilist with greater curiosity than anger, and they laughed. "I've had met some strange folks and heard some odd things since he had come to America, but this was the worst! 'Monkey-wrench!' he asked, sarcastically. "I got sheep ranch and my neighbor Ole he got cow ranch, and Meester Ferguson he has hay and pig ranch, but I think annyway a spare monkey wrench in Nord Dakota has was fool!"

Juryman Paid the Price

A Texas correspondent tells "Law Notes" how an obstinate jurymen was circumvented by his fellow judges of the facts. The offense charged was assault with intent to murder. After the jury had been out about two hours they returned the following verdict: "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of aggravated assault, and assess his punishment at \$25 fine, and herewith pay the fine." On inquiry as to the meaning of the last clause of the verdict, it came out that eleven of the jurors had agreed that the defendant was not guilty, but the twelfth doggedly hung out for a conviction for aggravated assault, and would not consent to a punishment less than a fine of \$25. Finding it a hopeless task to bring over the obstinate one to their way of thinking, the eleven finally decided to agree with him, and "chipped in" enough to pay the fine.

Well Dressed

The custom attributed to the Hollanders of wearing several pairs of breeches at a time has been a source of amusement to those who do not relish the idea of carrying all their wardrobe on their own persons, but the Miami Record man knows of a recent come from the Tropics who rattles "beats the Dutch" in that respect, and tells this story in Thursday's issue: "A young man who was raised in Nassau was asked by his employer yesterday, if he was not suffering from the cold. 'No, sir,' was his answer. 'I have on five shirts and three pairs of pants, and old Jack Frost can't get me.'"

An Informal Challenge

The burly prisoner stood unshamed before the Judge. "Prisoner at the bar," asked the clerk of the court, "do you wish to challenge any of the jury?"

"The prisoner looked them over carefully. 'Well,' he replied, 'I'm not exactly wet you'd cut in training, but I wouldn't mind's round or two with that there fat old fellow in the corner.'"

Statement of the

Merchants Bank of Rochester

Jan. 5, 1908.

RESOURCES

Loans	\$2,072,200.00
Real Estate	7,500.00
Bonds and Mortgages	2,911.00
Cash on hand	\$211,000.00
Cash in Banks	595,000.00
R. R. and Other Bonds (Market Value)	425,200.00
	1,261,207.00
	\$3,230,119.00

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	145,817.14
Dividends Unpaid	2,500.00
Deposits	3,072,702.43
	\$3,230,119.57

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