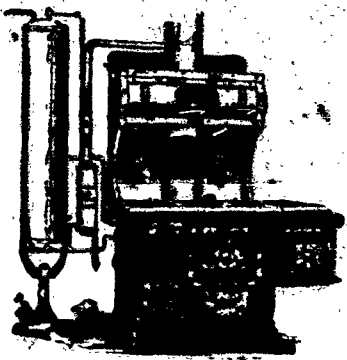


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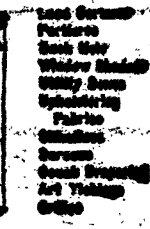
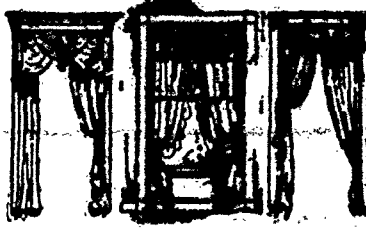
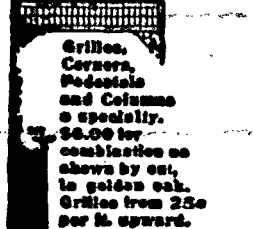
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DISCIPLINE OF ANANIAS

Miss Deborah's talk at the Ladies Aid meeting was really at the root of it. "What talk the men had," she had said, "is to have their eyes opened to the women that really want them. Why, one of the biggest marriages I know was brought about by the man's reading one of his sister's letters for me. In it a chain of hers was raving over his own perfection and he was so taken with her good taste that he set on to cultivate her acquaintance, fell in love with her and married her, so there."

Ruth Norcross was idly turning over the smug words in her mind as she slowly walked homeward up the long village street when suddenly the great idea flashed across her brain! Involuntarily her steps quickened and the blood surged hotly into her face at the very audacity of the thought—and yet, why not?—she could never find out the truth, and if it only should come true—

She was almost running by the time she turned in at her little cottage, the little home that had sheltered so many tender, half-sisterly dreams that the smiling of a certain doctor's happy eyes failed to set in motion. Hurriedly, without removing hat or coat, as if she feared her courage might fall her, she seated herself at her writing desk and with hardly a moment's pause for consideration, for the next half hour or so she wrote frantically.

Her letter finished, without re-reading a word she inclosed it in an envelope, stamped and addressed it, and inside of five minutes more she had dropped it in the corner post box and was back again in the house. Then, when it was too late, woman-like, the horror of what she had done came over her.

She, Ruth Norcross, who in all her 22 years had hardly permitted a man to even "look her home," had laid her heart bare to a man who had never shown her more than the merest passing attention. Oh, she could never look him in the face again!

She would leave today to-morrow—no, that would be to confess all—what should she do?

From the rather heterogeneous mass of his usual morning's mail, Dr. William Alston selected one envelope addressed in a peculiar feminine hand, studying it for a second or so with a rather puzzled frown.

His next movement, after reading it, must be confessed, it was to walk deliberately to the mirror and stand appreciatively gazing into its depth. What he saw there was evidently not far from pleasing, but what he said was, "What a confounded shame!"

Ruth dragged her reluctant feet to the door in answer to his brisk ring at her bell along about noon. Oh, why couldn't he have stayed away? What could he want?

"Ah, good morning, Miss Ruth," began the doctor, cheerfully, as she slowly opened the door. "I believe you wrote to me last night."

"Why, er—" stammered the unhappy culprit. "Well," he went on gayly, "with not a glance for her confusion, 'I really must ask you to repeat what you said.'"

Repeat, oh, Lord, forbid! Had her life depended upon it she could not have succeeded in a syllable.

"Because I must confess to mere than criminal carelessness, I had only just glanced at the signature; that's a habit of mine you know, looking at my correspondents' signatures first, when somehow I obviously let the whole thing slip through my fingers and it landed tight in the middle of the open great fire, and puff! up it went in smoke, so here I am to find out what was in it."

Shades of Ananias! Any man less confident than Ruth might have guessed the over-glossiness of his expression, but in the great ways of thankfulness that swept over her Ruth could think, could feel, but one thing, she was saved! The next moment she heard her own voice saying, lightly:

"Oh, it was nothing, doctor. I merely asked if you happened to have the holiday number of Harper's. I knew you took the magazine and as I was getting on a lot of belated letters, I made bold to drop you a line. But won't you come in, Dr. Alston?"

Dr. Alston would, and sure enough that Dr. Alston ended by having the bewildered Miss Norcross to drive with him the following afternoon to the neighboring village of Trenton on some professional calls—a proceeding so utterly foreign to his usual custom as to excite even that happy young woman's momentary suspicion.

"What if he had read it after all?"

So she did, not once but many times, and the following evening from the county weekly some months later speaks for itself:

"Married.—At Autos, by the Rev. S. W. Brown, Miss Ruth Norcross to William Beaver Alston, M. D."

In closing it may not be amiss to mention that long before this Ruth had discovered that the doctor's room possessed no semblance of an open grate.—JESSIE ANDERSON-FOOT, NEW YORK.

THE SILENT PLEADER

"Are you alone, mother?"
"Yes, my boy, come in," and Mrs. Raymond beamed with gladness as her stalwart boy entered her sitting room. He went straight to her and sat on the ottoman at her feet, as he had often done when he had come to her with childish petty troubles. The mother drew his head down on her lap, smoothing his hair with a gentle hand.

"What is troubling you, Richard? Can I help you?"
"I don't know, mother. I hardly know how to begin to tell you." He paused a moment then went on: "There is a girl, mother, a little brown-eyed, brown-haired, soft-voiced girl and I love her."

"You had best tell your father."
"No, Richard!"
"She is of good family, but, oh, so poor! She thinks I am but a poverty-stricken mechanic, and loves me because of it. I am going to marry her."
"You had best tell your father."
"I have and he informed me I was crazy. He had arranged a marriage for me with Miss Lincoln, one that our joint fortunes would enable me to further my railroad interests. I told him he might be general manager of the concern so wired and which employed me, but he was not director of my heart. That I would marry Ann and if he disapproved, I had still enough of a mechanic to support her."

"Richard!"
"Mother, I love Ann! and so will you when you see her. I do not want to antagonize father, but I will go with me to his will."

"I will try to win him over, for I know you would select some but a worthy girl to be your wife."
"Thank you, I know you will not forget it." He kissed her forehead and as he walked out of the room his mother watched, with just dimmed eyes, till he was out of sight, then turned to the milk set before her.

Her husband sat in his study, the papers scattered on his desk instead of, his brown drawn into a frown as he stared after her. "The mechanic of his wife's gown broke his meditation."
"That young fool," he began, but then, speaking his anxious thoughts a weary face had succumbed to him. Ignoring his wishes and actually reading his own life.

"Come, William, I have ordered the carriage and we can talk it over as we drive."
He believed her positively enough in the waiting carriage. He was surprised to find it the simplest in his stable.

"I wished to drive myself," explained his wife.
An engagement was he in sitting upon the summit of his own tentacles that he did not notice where his wife was driving to, with him would be a pretty country lane.

"This road seems familiar," he remarked, then sat up straight as his wife stepped in front of a tiny house set back from the street. "Why, this is the house we lived in when we were first married."

He followed her down the stone-bordered walk and into the house.
"Mother, it looks just as it did the day we left it. What does it mean? How is it you have the key?"
"Do you remember that first check you gave me?"

"Yes, to buy jewelry with."
"William, this was the jewel I bought." With a sudden change of humor she laughed merrily. "William, let us stay here for the night. I will look it up. You go down and carry up some wood. Here, hang your coat on its old hook. It will seem like old times to see you in your shirt sleeves."

"Mother," he yelled in her anxiety. "My old world table is still down there. Do you remember how pleased we were when the day I finished it?"
"Yes, indeed I do, Billy," she said unconsciously, she knew the identical William had long ago resigned.

When she placed the faint, simple meal on the table Mr. Raymond drew up his chair with a sigh of satisfaction.
"I can't remember a meal I have enjoyed as much as this in a great many years; but since we left this little house, we were happy those days, Mother. How happy, then, you have been since. You look just as you did then, except your hair is gray. I will remember how proud I was of my pretty bride and the day I was my first day was supporting." "How, Mother, dear, let me dry your dishes."

Twelve in hand, the mechanic dried each dish, and as he set the last cup in the closet, slipped the arms about his wife and drew a kiss, just as he had done in the most happy days of their married life.

She held her close, resting her head first time in many years; how does she was to him.
"Billy, don't let me see you at the joy we shared in that quiet corner the past. He looks a girl who must be worthy of what love, just as you loved me. You would brook my fatherhood and you must not blame me for not wishing to obey your command. Let our love and happiness in that days be were good plans for him now." Her voice was trembling with excitement, her eyes reflecting the great love she bore them both.

"Come, Mother, let us go home and win our boy's goodnight."
As she locked the door she was tempted to stop the little house, courtesy and whisper, "Thank you, BENEZIA E. SUGLENTING."

ALLIANCE BANK

Alliance Bank Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Statement

Of the Condition of the Alliance Bank at the Close of Business March 24, 1909.

RESOURCES

- Loans and Discounts \$4,184,152.46
- Banking House and Lot 117,000.00
- R. R. Bonds, Municipal Bonds and Equipment Notes 600,000.00
- Bonds and Mortgages 31,000.00
- Stocks 5,700.00
- Cash on Hand 601,000.00
- Cash in Banks 1,000,000.00

LIABILITIES

- Capital \$1,000,000.00
- Surplus 250,000.00
- Undivided Profits 250,000.00
- Deposits 5,071,152.46
- Approved Interest 100,000.00

Deposits March 24, 1909 5,071,152.46
Deposits March 24, 1908 4,500,000.00

Increase in Deposits for Year 571,152.46

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- JAMES G. CUTLER, Vice-Pres.
- ALEXANDER M. LINCOLN, Cash.
- THOMAS K. LAMMERS, Compt.
- CHARLES E. BARRETT, Sec.
- WILLIAM J. HENRY, Asst. Sec.

MANAGERS

- James G. Cutler, Charles E. Barrett
- Ernest W. Blakey, Albert O. Frank
- George Rummel, Thomas K. Lammers
- Albert O. Frank, William J. Henry

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