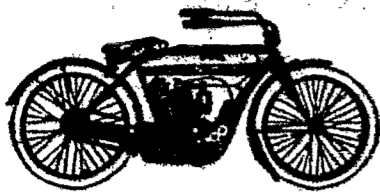


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Romance and John Smith

The Romanticist sighed deeply and pushed back from a very white forehead, two tiny tendrils of golden hair.

"It's no use, Polly," she said disconsolately. "I shall never meet a man who is my ideal—and I shall never marry one who is not."

Polly Nelson laughed a melodious infectious laugh. "For my part," she said, "I prefer something more substantial than moonlight serenades and Harry ever attempted to break my beauty slumbers by any vocal selections, I'd be sorely tempted to empty the contents of the water pitcher on his head."

Patricia sniffed. "You haven't one article of romance in you," she said, "the man I marry must be tall and handsome, and he must write poetry to me. I don't want one of those prosaic, cut and dried business men; my ideal must be above the sordidness of money making."

"And father will foot the bills," Polly interrupted maliciously.

Patricia arose with dignity. "Polly," she said, sternly. "It isn't your suit that you can't understand me (you can't appreciate anything beautiful). Perhaps it's best you don't mind being engaged to a man by the name of Harry Malster!"

"Jealous!" Polly cried after her. "but you wait—I'll get even with you."

Polly looked up from her perusal of the morning's mail with a smile. "Harry says that he and a friend of his will be here on the evening train to spend the week end," she announced.

"And who is the friend?" inquired Patricia, not without interest.

Polly's eyes twinkled mischievously. "The friend's name is Smith," she answered.

Patricia made a charming moue. "That is enough," she said, "my interest has completely vanished."

Polly ignored her remark and picked up the letter. "Smith used to go to college with me," she read aloud, "and he's a fine fellow. When his father died, they found that all their property had been lost on speculations, and the poor chap had to get out and hustle. He's one of the smartest lawyers in the city now, and as a fine practice—but he's worked hard to get the liberty, Pol, of bringing him down to your home for over, unday—because I want you to meet him. Please tell Pat not to try any of her frigid stunts about him—because he's too nice a fellow to be caught with those eyes of hers and then be thrown down flat."

"Indeed," interrupted Patricia, with no sarcasm, "my dear cousin Harry set fine language. You may tell my cousin for me that 'Pat' will give his unusual friend quite alone."

Polly returned the letter in the envelope before replying. Then, "Come, Patsy," she said, "let's go for a ride. We'll both feel better."

Patricia did not drive to the station that night with Polly, but it might be remarked that she spent an unusually long time that evening upon her toilet, and the carriage drove up she went on the portico to meet them.

"There's no danger of you forgetting my name, Miss Lovinging," he said after the introduction. "Just an ordinary John Smith." And he took her hand and then turned to Polly. He did not stare at her and her hand as most of her infatuated admirers did, but rather he treated her as he would a child. He took her into dinner that night, but he hardly noticed her, but rather spent most of the time talking with Harry and Polly's father, of wheat corners and building up stock, things that Patricia knew nothing about.

As Polly and she went to their rooms to get their wraps (they were to ride over to the Country Club dance), Patricia remarked with a scornful carelessness: "Your friend, Mr.—er—Smith, as well as being horribly commonplace, is sadly deficient in manners. He did not even treat me civilly."

"Didn't he?" said Polly airily, "well, I told him that you didn't wish to have anything to do with him."

"Polly!" gasped Patricia, "you never told him that!"

"Why, certainly I did," said Polly innocently, "you did say that, didn't you?" And she rushed from the room.

Harry and Polly occupied the front seat, and Mr. Smith and Patricia the rear seat in the tonneau, on the way over to the club dance. Neither of the two in back spoke for fully twenty minutes. Patricia, huddled in one corner, studied the stern face of the man at her side. She noted the square jaw and the somewhat weary expression in his tired eyes. Yet everything about him denoted strength and power. This was not a handsome god, she thought, but a man in every sense of the word. She sighed softly and he turned, and she

"I trust I am not annoying you, Miss Lovell was rung."

OLD FASHIONED SUMMER BUTTERMILK

Baked Buttermilk for the Complexion

Buttermilk in days long gone by was almost a social in the hands of the beauties of the time.

Enguents for the face as well as the potions in which they indulged were probably responsible for the lovely complexions which made possible those odes to the bloom of their cheeks and patens almost impure of their knees that disdainful beauties should resent so far as to have their charms immortalized in baked buttermilk.

where the sour milk proper came today is it insufficiently diluted the butter milk, the proportions in the genuine old recipe of the past being that of a still to a pint of fresh milk.

This was poured from a height from one vessel to another until, by some magical means, the contents had gone back once more to the smoothness of fresh milk. It was then recombined with one sugar and scalded finally in a stone bottle, corked down tightly and placed before the fire but not too near for five or six hours.

At first baked buttermilk does not always appear particularly pleasing, the mere fact that it is distinctly sour making it an acquired taste.

If it was not acid, however, it was scarcely considered to have been perfectly made, while if it showed when the bottle was opened it seemed not only a mere refreshing summer drink, particularly when well cooled, but was thought to be particularly efficacious as a means of improving the complexion.

A Remembering Machine. Some persons seem to have pigeonholes in their brains.

Some persons seem to have pigeonholes in their brains. The Rev. Richard McMillan gives, in a book entitled "Memories of Three Hundred Years and Ten," some anecdotes of the old library and postmaster at the University of Virginia, one William Werzabaker, who kept track of names and faces in a way that would have made a professional detective jealous.

He could stand at the window of the post-office after he had opened the mail, says the writer, and tell from memory whether there was anything for any one of the hundreds of students, all of whom he was bound to know by name and face.

Mr. friend, Theophilus Allen, dean of Kentucky, a student of law and a fine fellow, told me of the following incident. He said that at the beginning of the session of 1845-46, having been absent from the university during the vacation, on his return, the old gentleman on the path.

"Well, Mr. Werz, is there anything in the post-office for me?" he asked. The reply was prompt: "Jones, Theophilus Allen, three letters and two papers."

This information was found to be correct, and the feat was the more remarkable as there had been probably ten or a dozen Joneses in the university during the preceding session.

Some years later, away from home, I caught a glimpse of my old friend, and as soon as possible went up to him. When within speaking distance I noticed that he eyed me keenly, and I called out, "Good-morning, Mr. Werz!"

We clasped hands, he continuing to look in my eyes, I said, "You don't know me, Mr. Werz!"

"Don't know you!" he replied. "Pat-ar-burg! McMillan! Richard!"

Reductors in Steel-Making. The increasing employment of reducing agents of many kinds in the manufacture of steel is stimulating the necessity of getting rid of blow-holes and gas bubbles.

The increasing employment of reducing agents of many kinds in the manufacture of steel is stimulating the necessity of getting rid of blow-holes and gas bubbles. The reductors effect this by absorbing and removing the gas dissolved in the molten metal. But they render another important service also by adding, by their presence in small quantities, to the tensile strength of the steel.

For instance, when employed as a reductor, increases the strength of the steel about 15 per cent. Calcium also has an excellent effect, and with vanadium the strength of the steel is sometimes doubled.

Vanadium also greatly increases the resistance of steel to the effects of vibration, and consequently vanadium steel is largely employed for the manufacture of automobile machinery.

Considerate. A young Baltimore couple, recently united in matrimony, were going over their wedding presents just after their return from the honeymoon.

"How about that check for \$100.00 we were told your Uncle Tom had promised?" asked the husband. "I haven't seen anything of it," replied the wife.

"Well," ventured the young wife, "perhaps Uncle Tom learned that your father had already given us a check for that amount and didn't wish us to have duplicate presents."

Packing Fresh Fruit on Sugar. A novel plan used in Scotland for packing fruit for long keeping is to pack the specimens when dry in prepared cases containing granulated sugar. The sugar should be dry and the fruit nearly air tight as possible.

Both the sugar and the cases are used repeatedly.

A DEALER IN DISILLUSION

It seemed to Madeline Lane that she had long ago seen her at the hotel and would never grow older. Her hair was gray, and in her manner about she was hurrying away with a nervousness that she had never seen before.

"Lorraine and Violet will enjoy it just as much," she thought. "I must run for directly after dinner and tell them that they are to go with me."

But when she went on her pleasant errand, both the girls were out, and their mother met her enthusiastic in violation with a decided rebuff.

"I don't understand, Mr. Clayton," she said, a little astonished. "The play is all right; I took care of that. I wouldn't ask the girls until I'm really sure. And it can't be that you don't wish them to go with me."

"But that's just what I do object to," answered the older woman, firmly. "Why, you've known me all my life!" cried Madeline Lane. "You've let me take them before, and I've never seen the same how we always was. It's too absurd!"

"It may seem absurd even when I try to tell you," answered Mrs. Clayton. "I'm just being myself, but I'm determined. Perhaps I can't explain it all. I know that you don't break the two Commandments and that you have no doubts about the things that you ought not to have done; you don't even think about them."

"But what?" interrupted Madeline Lane, a little impatiently. "What are you going to accuse me of?"

"Mrs. Clayton went deliberately out 'but in a way you are a thief!'" Madeline Lane gasped.

"Did it ever occur to you that you rob your friends of their trust, their belief in humanity? Did you have any idea that you doubted Mrs. Clayton's word? You were so foolish, so ungrateful, my dear, that you don't hold anything against the girls. What you may be doing, she said, as she looked at her very brilliant and very clever, and, very, very nice, Madeline, and she said, 'You are just the other way. To know all is to see the other way.' And when I told her how foolish it was to say such things, she just laughed and said, 'Oh, dear little motherhood! Don't you know that the suspected always happens? I won't have her checked for them. I won't have them robbed of their illusions. They're young enough to know better!'"

Madeline put out an uncertain hand in farewell as she rose to go.

"You are unjust to me, Mrs. Clayton," she said, and her eyes were full of tears.

But all the way home her clever head and her honest heart strove together. She remembered when she had first read her "Framish Century Maxims" to the girls that Violet had cried out:

"Oh, how splendid! I just love to read them! But—A little wistfully—'doesn't it make you unhappy to believe those things?'"

She remembered, too, how she had laughed and listened Violet with another and more sparkling opinion.

And now she questioned herself, had she been wise, and kind as well as wise? Was she only a dealer in disillusion?

Chilled the "Carpenter." An empty coffin rested on a bench on the Atlantic depot platform one day this week. Out of a crowd of employees in the baggage-checker's office, a young colored man with a jaunty swagger and unusual white hair came along and, willing to rest, settled comfortably on the bench. He fell asleep and was awakened by a distressing moan. The moan was repeated, and then somebody said: "Oh-o-o-o-o. Please get out my dead body." The negro granted the request at once. With a blood-curdling yell he leaped into the air and sped away. He attempted to cross the bridge, but by Smith, leaving that in his frenzy he would leap into the water, despite how blocked the way. Unable to cross the river, the colored man sprang to the railroad tracks, and when last seen was passing the coal-miner and village south.

The Negro in Africa. The Negroes in Africa form perhaps one-fifth of the population that continent, and they dwell in the southern Sudan, with their largest population on the West Coast from Cape Verde south and eastward along the Gulf of Guinea to the equator. Liberia lies in the midst of western Africa, and South Africa is occupied almost wholly by the Bantu races. In the north dwell the Hamites and Semites, with lighter shades of color and mixed with the white type of man.

It was from among the Negroes of the West Coast that some of the slaves imported to the United States came.



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