

The Boy Who Ran

"Suppose they are very often like that—fact cries arose from the Harris so sure they are going to get well home. This was followed by the again. An' maybe, it's just as well sudden disappearance of the boy. He the folks don't tell him the truth," was in full retreat followed closely And old Billy plodded along at his by the terrible Harris favorite gait and was not reproved. The boy ran a little ways and then It was two days later that the boy something remarkable happened. The opened the gate and came upon the lad suddenly turned and attacked the path in the wide spreading shadow big pursuer with tremendous vigor of the great oak. He rained blow after blow upon The old lady was sitting on her wife beater. The brutal husband vine covered porch. She shaded her head with her hand as he approached. eyes with her hand as he approached. He was forced backward, shouting and cursing. The boy, close He took off his cap. He followed, with lightning strokes, hammering down the big man's de fence and finally forced him to the ground. As he fell he struck his head against the side of the house. The boy was over the prostrate form in a flash and catching up ruffian's head by the ears banged it rudely against the side of the house. At this the woman in the phaeton suddenly turned away. Presently the banking stopped and the voice of the boy was heard. The woman could not bear the man's reply but the banging at once recommenced. Then it suddenly stopped and the boy spoke again. When the woman looked around he was climbing the fence and the man and he drank two glasses with a had disappeared. The boy took his great relief. It's fine," he smilingly told her. And are you still continuing the treatment?" she asked him. Yes, ma'am," he answered. I've helped me a great deal. I've lost three pounds in a week." Her compassionate look came back. "And have you no home?" she asked. No, ma'am," he answered. I can't remember that I ever had a home. I'm just a boy out of the streets. I've taken a lot of hard knocks but I've never seen this day when I didn't have enough to eat and some kind of a place to sleep. An' that's about all there is to it, ma'am." She shook her head at this some what grim bit of philosophy but before she could answer it he had drawn away from the porch. "This won't do, ma'am," he said and his eyes kept up their twinkling. I'm forgetting the treatment. Every moment I better here adds an ounce or two to my weight. Goodby, ma'am. An' heaven keep you." And he leaped down the walk to the highway and disappeared behind the high hedge. "I wish old Dr. Phipps could see him," said the lady. "I feel sure his treatment is too severe. Poor boy, he up your hands. It's a small with no home and nowhere to go in his last illness. I'll talk to Dr. Phipps about it." Next day the good lady was urging old Billy to a faster gait when the boy walking briskly came along side the ancient phaeton. "Good mornin' ma'am." "Good mornin' She looked at him closely. Did you sleep well last night?" she asked. "Never slept better," he answered. "An' I've lost nearly another pound, ma'am. If I can get rid of two more I'll be in fine shape." He laughed as he said this and nodded comically. Her heart warmed to him. He was a light hearted so carefree so in different to his own condition. "I'm afraid it's not the right treatment," she said. "I wish to call in old Dr. Phipps. I will gladly assume the expenses. Come and make my house your home while he studies your case." She spoke gently yet earnestly and the boy was much affected by her words. "You're very good, ma'am," he said. "I'm not a finish out your treatment a little more comfortably." "That wouldn't help me any thank you, ma'am. But I'll walk along side your carriage. If you'll let me." "To be sure you may," the old lady replied. She drew up the reins and spoke to Billy. "That's a fine fat horse you have, ma'am," said the stranger as he strode along by the carriage wheel. "Billy is a pet and sadly spoiled," said the old lady. "Maybe a little of my treatment would help him, ma'am." They both laughed at this and then the kind old face grew grave. "Do you cough?" she solicitously asked. "No, ma'am." "They don't in some stages," she murmured. "I did cough a little," he explained, "but that was before my broken rib slipped into place." "You had a hurt then?" "Yes, ma'am. It bothered me quite a bit. You see I didn't know anything about it until—until it was all over, and the bone jabbed me in the lung." Again the kind old face clouded. "I have an excellent strap for coughs," she said, "but as far as I know it isn't good for anything else." A smile lighted the freckled face. "Thank you, ma'am. If I get a cough I'd be glad to try it." The old lady nodded. "My name is Miss Summers," she said. "Elen Summers. My home is back on the road where the big oak stands by the gate." "I know the place, ma'am, an' a fine little place it is. An' a great oak it is, too. Sometime I'll drop in when I'm 'round by an' have a taste from the glass that stands on the old well box, ma'am." "You'll be quite welcome," the old lady told him. "We think the water is very good. An' there is always plenty of cold milk in the cellar, an' very often a pitcher of buttermilk." "Thank you kindly, ma'am, I won't forget. But here's where I turn down the side street—an' so I wish you a very good day, ma'am." She watched the slender figure as it strode away, and sighed. "Poor boy," she murmured.

There are 500 inhabitants on the Tonawanda Indian Reservation in western New York. Though divided by clearly defined party lines into Christians and Pagans they retain in common many of their ancestors' primitive customs a very conspicuous one being the annual corn drying in the Indian style of expression. The corn drying season opens during the harvest time and closes just before the period when the first fall of snow is anticipated. By braiding the husks which are not detached from the cobs several ears of corn are firmly secured in a cluster. Then near to the houses and huts the corn clusters are closely strung on cross poles and the branches of trees sun and wind do the rest. When the drying is over the ears are taken down and stored. Instead of being ground the corn is pulverized by means of a crude wood mortar and pestle but in the Indian tongue both of these implements have the same name. Only a sufficient quantity of corn for immediate use is pulverized at a time and it is then sifted through fine sieves. Hominy is made of the hard flint corn and flour of the white squaw corn. The success of the pulverizing and sifting processes depends very much upon the corn being properly dried. He Knew His Business. A story is told of a well known amateur yachtsman who was one night anchored near a rocky and dangerous shore. Suddenly, just before dawn a stiff inshore wind started up. The anchor began to drag. Another was rapidly thrown overboard in the increasing squall that too fast to hold. The schooner seemed in imminent danger of drifting on the rocks but at last another anchor was thrown and the danger was past. The yachtsman nearly exhausted his efforts dropped off the deck to recover his breath and rest. In the quiet that followed there came to him the click-click-click-click of a watch. He looked down and saw a small, black, round object on the deck. He picked it up and listened for a moment and then went below. The clock was preparing to address. Why Sam?" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "Didn't you know that watch was mine?" Oh, yassir, yassir," came the unobtrusive reply. "I thought she was on one of the rocks, sah." Well, in a case like that, don't you go on deck? We had a mighty nice one." Well, you see it's like this. You can't leave mayonnaise a minute unless it'll turn right back." Crimes and the Telephone. From the beginning to the end of a transaction of crime the telephone brought into extensive use serving with sides with equal fidelity. The thief used it to determine which house he may safely rob. The man next door uses it to call the police station. The police arrive catch the burglar. The burglar into insensibility and telephone for the wagon or ambulance. The thief has some use telephone a lawyer to defend him. The lawyer telephones the clerk of the court telephones the lawyer and both sides telephones for their witnesses. When the burglar is convicted and sentenced the telephone summons the jailer to take his prisoners. After that the telephone is kept busy by bankers, politicians and petitioners who make an effort to have the prisoner pardoned. Opposes Course in Cobbling. A suggestion that shoe repairing or cobbling be made a part of the manual training activities in the ungraded schools and in the Parental School of Baltimore has been made to the authorities, but the Sun of that city sees no merit in the scheme. It says: "That class of boys who would desire to become cobblers or who would profit by learning the trade have as a rule only a few years to devote to school, and those few years had best be devoted to learning how to read, write and cipher, with such other practical and necessary elementary studies as their time will permit." The Technical Way Out. Of Sabbath-breaking north of Tweed there is the story of the Scot and his wheelbarrow, which has been fathered upon Sir Archibald Geikie. Donald was hammering away at the bottom of his garden when his wife came to the door. "Mon," she said, "ye're making much clatter. What will the neighbors say?" "Don't get me 'ba'barra mendit'," "Oh, but Donald," it's vera wrong to work on Sabbath," expostulated the good wife, "ye ought to use screws." Masks for Reading. The bookseller displayed a kind of muzzle a contrivance of silk and wire to fit over the mouth and nostrils. "Reading mask," he said. "Latest thing from Paris. It is worn at the Bibliothque Nationale by the students of old books and manuscripts to prevent the inhalation of disease germs." "These age volumes are nests of germs. In the great French library masked readers are as common as masked motorists in the boulevards." Foul or Fair Weather. Small Wallace accepted an invitation to a party, as follows: "Dear Louis: I will come to your party if it don't rain" (then thinking that he might have to stay home in that case)—"and if it does."

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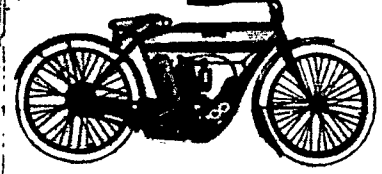
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The Purple Poppy

By Grace R. Dweley.

One doesn't expect a man to butt in where women tread with dainty feet, nor does one look for such interest to be displayed by a man as Roger Camp showed that raw November night when he followed the Purple Poppy up the avenue. But the interest developed when it first passed by, flaunting in incomprehensible pride from a fur hat, black like the hair it sought to cover, but could not, for Roger saw the soft wave just back of one pink ear. It was a black fur hat with a Purple Poppy on it," he said dramatically to his friend later in the evening. But the friend merely laughed and asked how long popples had been purple and invited him to take something to brace himself up with. So he accepted the invitation and tried to forget it all, beginning with the sound of the quick firm step behind him the sudden glimpse of her face, the glory of the Purple Poppy that nodded a signal to him. He had followed a long way, lost, it welcomed it again among a queer bobbing ocean of heads, had striven to catch up with it, and watched it disappear with a queer stinking sensation. It flew up the steps of the English tea room. Probably she was hungry or thirsty or whatever was on her when they frequent tea rooms. He reached that conclusion while he stood watching the soft glow that marked the windows where she must be. But it suddenly came to him that he could not reasonably expect such luck as that and knew that if he were to come face to face with the Purple Poppy and learn just what that enigmatical thing had become to him down the avenue it would be through his own endeavors. There desperation got in its work and without letting go its grip on him up the steps that had stood to shock of the Purple Poppy a passer buttoned darkly at the door. He just went to see, sah," and the girl enveloped him as Roger slipped a coin in the willing palm. The light dazzled him so that he couldn't have told the Purple Poppy had he seen it. A bright faced girl caught his eye and he followed her white cap to an obscure corner. Then an unheard of thing happened. The Purple Poppy came and sat down directly opposite him. He glanced at him seriously and said in a voice of molten sweetness that rang in his ears afterwards: "I was so afraid you wouldn't come. I hurried, but I meant that you should come just the same." He gazed into two big brown eyes and knew they belonged to the dream but they did not help him. Only sent him whirling into space. He looked higher up above the white curve of forehead until he reached the Purple Poppy and then he was quite sure. That was real a half-hour ago. It was real now and the girl must be real. "I was not sure you wanted me of course I couldn't be sure so I stopped to think it over carefully. You see the Poppy caught my eye. He paused for an instant. Yes I know of course that what I wore if for I knew if a one had seen it once it could have been forgotten. You won't mind if I don't tell you," she asked. I can't believe that I'm really at ease, an' I'm wondering how they got along. There seemed nothing for him to say so he said nothing. Seven thirty," she said finally glancing at her watch. That is the time set. She began to draw on her gloves, and he wondered as he waited for change what another man would do in his place, and what the whole thing meant. But she was ahead of him at the door and jumped out a waiting cab. That was why he sought his friend and took a drink. He had heard of people looking out for persons after having an adventure, so he took to watching. It came at last and made him gasp. "The Purple Poppy wants to explain the wretched mistake she made to the friend with big C on the silver knob." He lost no time in writing to the address given, and soon received his explanation. The Purple Poppy's sister was eloping with a friend of the man the Purple Poppy thought she was having tea with. It was a sad affair, as her sister's sweetheart had almost killed their guardian in a rage, and was wanted in case he died. They had arranged to lead the detectives off the track by having the Purple Poppy put on her sister's clothes and meet the sweetheart's friend and seem to arrange a meeting, the cab being intended to lead the detectives a chase while the real girl went to her sweetheart and took the train with him. It had worked all right except for her foolish mistake, and now that the guardian was out of danger, the newly wedded couple were getting settled in a cozy little apartment where they would be glad to welcome their deliverer as they were pleased to call Roger Camp, for the real friend had been unable to keep the appointment made for him, and goodness only knows what would have happened if Roger Camp had not followed the lead of the Purple Poppy. He accepted the invitation and continued to follow the lead already established until it brought him face to face with the solution of the whole puzzle of existence.

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