

### A MINER'S LOVE STORY

By SAMUEL E. BRANT

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

"The fun's all gone outen this yer country," said the old miser. "Sence the railroads has been built there ain't no more excitement, romantic happenin's and all that. When we traveled in these yer mountains in stagecoaches there was all sorts of things happenen, from lovinakin' to hair-raisin'."

He took a long flat piece of tobacco out of his mouth, bit of a piece and returned. "I've seen all sorts of things goin' on in stagecoaches. I've been held up by road agents half a dozen times, been chased by Indians; seen a couple that had never seen each other before start out in a coach in the mornin' and married the same evenin' a hundred miles from where they started. And I had a romance once. I don't know exactly what you call a romance now."

"Oh, where there's a lot of love goin' on." "That's it—that's my case. There was love enough to pull the coach without no horse. I was ridin' from Cheyenne to Denver, and the only passenger. Right out on the plains among the prairie dogs, not a cabin in sight nor a tree either. I saw a young woman a-cottin' it along the road ahead. I was still in the driver and asked him what he thort she was doin' walkin' that way. He said he didn't know and didn't keer. Like enough she'd ask him for a ride and she would not get it unless she paid her fare."

"When we reached her she stepped onto the road and looked up at us as if of piteer. She was a young thing—not over eighteen—though she was purty tall. I asked the driver to stop. He refused in, and I said to the girl: "Want a lift, miss?"

"I'd like one," she said in a hoarse voice, coughin', "but I haven't any money."

"Get up," says the driver, says he, "but I stopped him, tellin' him I'd pay the girl's fare to Denver. I got down and opened the door. She got in. I offered her a seat by my side, but she was mighty blessin' to me for payin' her fare and cottoned to me that way."

"She had red cheeks and was purty as a picture, all except her hair, that looked as if it hadn't never been combed. It was twisted all over her forehead. I asked her if she'd like a comb outen my satchel for to straighten it out. She larted and said that was the way ladies wore their hair. I asked her what ladies, and she said ladies from the eastern states, where there was big towns."

"Of course, she bein' under obligation to me for payin' her fare, we got on mighty fast. One thing led to another, and we was thick as lead and thick with every relay. Lucky for me nobody got in, though there wasn't a settlement between Cheyenne and Denver. I pumps her to know who she was, and finally she let out that she had been lady's maid to an officer's wife at Fort — She was purty as a picture, and she was walkin' the way of the way, except when she would get a lift."

"Well, we kept gettin' thicker and thicker till at last I begun to make love to a steam engine. When I'd get through talkin' her how purty she was and how I loved her I'd come down to business and tell her I'd strike a hole up on Clear creek canyon and cut 3000 feet of iron; that I was mighty rich, and wanted a wife to help me spend the money I was makin'."

"She said she wouldn't give up her mother for no gold mine and was right right on to St. Louis. I tried to coax her, but it didn't do no good. She said she'd like to see the girl she'd been with at the mine I tried to persuade her. "When we got within about the mile of Denver she opened the door, and we went to get out, but I took hold of her and held her. She turned round, and I never saw such a change in my life in my life. She was just bottin'."

"I beg yer pardon," I said. "I didn't intend to insult you. I was just goin' to try and get you to get you to let me."

"You keep your hands off me! she yelled in a different kind of a voice from before. "I'm goin' to get out of the coach, you bleasin' idiot, and if you try to keep me I'll knock you into the middle of next week."

"It was wonderful how that love that had been swellin' up in my heart like a balloon collapsed and was a-stinkin' down like the outside with the gas all out of it."

### HEALTH AND FOOD.

A Doctor's Idea of a Perfectly Balanced All Year Round Diet.

That every one is more or less susceptible to tubercular trouble is a matter on which all old fashioned medical authorities are agreed. They tell us that we may pass through a phase and out again without knowing it. According to Dr. T. H. Hunt in the Dietetic Gazette, there is only one thing very certain, and that is that if we keep in good health or adapt ourselves to a perfectly balanced diet the danger is slight.

He advocates a reduction of vegetable food, relying more upon butter, meat and nuts. Here, of course, one has to face the increased danger of tubercular meat, itself probably a large contributory cause of consumption.

This is Dr. Hunt's idea of a perfectly balanced diet, calculated to keep the average individual in perfect health all the year round. The basis for the diet is found in meat, eggs, milk, butter, bread, potatoes and fruit. It consists daily of two quarts of milk, five eggs, four ounces of beef, one and one-half ounces of butter, two ounces of nuts (pecan), four ounces of bread, three and one-half ounces of rice, three ounces each of potatoes, peas and oatmeal, one ounce sugar, one ounce raisins, one apple and one orange.

### FOLLIES OF SCIENCE.

Seven Problems That Have So Far Baffled Man's Mighty Brain.

The history of science has seven problems that men in all ages more or less have tried to solve, but which have finally been given up by all. They are called follies.

The usual list comprises the following: First, squaring the circle; second, duplication of the cube; third, trisection of an angle; fourth, perpetual motion; fifth, transmutation of metals; sixth, fixation of nitrogen; seventh, elixir of life. Some lists put the philosopher's stone for the last three and then add astrology and magic to make the seven.

To the untrained it would seem possible to draw a square which shall be exactly equal in area to a given circle. Which is the first problem in the list, but we are told by the highest authorities that it is impossible.

Since the discovery of radium it is claimed that the change of one metal into another has been accomplished, but it is yet too early to determine about the matter.—Chicago Journal.

Learn to Think on Your Feet. It does not matter whether you want to be a public speaker or whether you should have good conversational powers. You should be able to control yourself in any emergency, and you should be able to express your thoughts clearly and distinctly. In all ages history has been regarded as the highest expression of human achievement. Young people do not realize what they have to do. Whether blacksmith or farmer, merchant or physician, should make it a study. Nothing else will call out what is in a man more quickly and more effectively than the constant effort to do his best in speaking before an audience. When one undertakes to think on one's feet and speak extemporaneously before the public the power and the skill of the entire man are put to the severest test.—Success Magazine.

At Sea on Land. A clergyman who had neglected all knowledge of nautical affairs was asked to deliver an address before an audience of sailors. He was discouraging on the stormy passage of life. Thinking he could make his remarks more pertinent to his hearers by metaphorically using sea expressions, he said:

"Now, friends, you know that when you are at sea in a storm the thing you do is anchor." A half-conscious minister spread over the room, and the clergyman knew that he had made a mistake.

After the services one of his listeners came to him and said, "Mr. — have you ever been at sea?" The minister replied: "No, unless it was while I was delivering that address."

Rivulets and the Rivers. All are to be men of genius in their day—rivulets or rivers. It does not matter, so that the spots be clear and pure, nor good walls, encompassing good beams of things known and unknown, but running waters in the great wilderness of things unnumbered and unknown, conscious only of the living motion, in which they partly retreat and partly submerge the shores, and so pass on.—Boswell's "The Lives of Johnson."

Amended. "James is a physical wreck." "Why, he used to have a stroke of constitution." "But the doctors have amended the constitution."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nothing raises the price of a piece of land like its removal, whereas if you do a continuance which should have cost us its value.—Boston Herald.

### THE FORCE OF HABIT

By C. ROBBINS ANDREWS

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

There was revolution in Mexico, General Alvarez was suspected by the president and closely watched. One day a visitor called at the general's headquarters.

"General," said the visitor, taking a manuscript package from his pocket, "knowing your reputation as a man of literary taste, a critic of the highest order—"

"Cut that out," interrupted Alvarez. "I was once chief reader for a publishing house."

"I see. I have here a book of poems. "Poems of any kind are not available. We have a whole room full of them. Excuse me, the force of habit is great. I was thinking I was back in the editorial sanctum."

"But these poems of mine," continued the visitor, "I consider to be of a lighter vein which is the only kind of poetry now popular."

"Have you tried the Mexican Popular Magazine?" "General," replied the visitor impressively after a pause, "if you have been an editor I have been a contributor. I'm on to that honored fashion of getting rid of an author."

The general settled back in his chair as one bracing himself to hear an author's reason why his experience is more valuable than other experiences. "Those in the room went about their various duties. The visitor met the general's eye and winked at him. The latter caught on.

"These poems," continued the man with the manuscript, "were composed during a period of deep feeling. The spring was coming on and nature was awakening."

"You can wake me when you get through," yawned the general. "One word more. Tearful April, with its clouds and thin glided things, had passed into June, and the roses were unfolding their delicate petals." The general closed his eyes.

"I seized my pen and yielding to the balmy—" The general snored. The visitor looked about him and seeing that the others in the room were becoming impatient with the droneliness that had fallen upon them, he laid his manuscript on the table and silently withdrew.

As soon as the door had closed behind the author the general awoke. "Has he gone?" he asked with a shudder. "Yes, general." "Taking up the manuscript Alvarez remarked: "He has put his address on it, but I don't see any stamps for its return. However, here's a mark stating that he will call tomorrow."

That high Alvarez took the manuscript home with him. He was not interested in the literary form, or in the meter of the verse. Even the divine almanac, if it was there, failed to move him. He pushed for hours, trying to find a key to a secret message. At last, by skipping "all but" every fourth word he succeeded. He was invited to join the revolutionists, carrying with him the force under his command. For so doing he was to be appointed minister of war.

Having read all of the message he could find to read, and being satisfied that there was no more of it, he wrote his acceptance of the proposition and laid down his plan of operations by making a dot over the words required to make up his message. This done at daybreak, in the morning he went to bed. When the author came the next day for his manuscript the general said to him:

"I am very much obliged to you for your kind permission to read your beautiful poems. I have not been struck so forcibly with the poetic fervor of any manuscript in many years. In these verses is the very soul of poetry. But—" "Never mind that," said the author. "I have heard it a million times before. I know what you're coming to."

"Oh, I forgot," replied the general. "I am not now, in the position of a publisher; you wish simply my honest individual literary opinion. Well, your poems are tommyrot. There is neither verification nor feeling nor thought in them. But I'll make a suggestion. They are so bad that if you can make them a little worse and stain a few of them in some publication intended to be popular, with a curious story about the author, I'm not sure but you could get a big sum for them."

"Thank you, general, for your very practical advice." The general threw the manuscript at the author, telling him to get out, and if he ever came again on such a matter he would have him arrested and his poetic ambition cut off by the garrote.

The Norman's Coronation. A pretentious monarch stepped at the crowning of William the Conqueror. After the coronation with in which the new monarch promised to protect the church and to execute judgment and equity, the archbishop put the question to the assembled crowd: "Will ye have this prince to be your king?"

A clamorous response of assent startled the Norman garrison. They believed the English had revolted and took up their swords and torches. They set fire to the house, the flames spread, and there was a general alarm.

The English hearing of the plunder, rushed out of church. The bishops and clergy who remained were in such confusion that they could hardly go through with the act of crowning William heard the tumult, but could not conjecture the cause and sat trembling at the foot of the altar. No great mischief was done by the fire, but the occurrence laid the foundation of a long enmity between the English and Normans.

The Shakespearean Sonnets. There are many excellent reasons for thinking that Shakespeare did not write all of the sonnets that have come down to us associated with his name. It is a fact that he never published them never claimed their authorship, never acknowledged them, and never, so far as can be ascertained, gave them consent or authority to have them published in his name. Some of the sonnets imply in their author certain physical defects, peculiar embarrassments and other things which could not have applied to Shakespeare, but which might very well have fitted Marlowe or William Herbert, or Henry Wriothley, or any one of a half dozen other young men in Shakespeare's circle. It is as good as settled that several, if not many, of the sonnets were written by other hands than those of the author of "Hamlet" and "King Lear," though, of course, the task of naming the real authors is an impossible one.—New York American.

Sneaky Aphill. One of the sneakiest places on earth is undoubtedly Achill, off the coast of Mayo, Ireland. A smoky atmosphere is not an unknown thing in any Irish cabin, but in Achill the greater the smoke the deeper the satisfaction of the natives, for there smokes means potatoes, and potatoes mean food. It is to one of the methods of procuring food that the blunderer owes the smoky condition of his cabin. Spots he must have or the potatoes will not grow. In the ill-fated fields he erects little huts, called "scrabhogues," formed by "scraws," or sods, of heather from the mountains. Within these sods he keeps a fire of peat, burning for six weeks or two months, at the end of which period the scraws are, from their continual impregnation with smoke, transformed into soot. Turf or peat is abundant on the island, and the large fire cost nothing.—Harper's Weekly.

Dians of Ephesus. Ephesus was one of the twelve Ionian cities of Asia Minor and was situated in Lydia, near the mouth of the river Caystus. According to Strabo, it was founded by Androclus, son of Codrus. It ultimately came into possession of the Romans, and in the time of Augustus it was the greatest place of trade of all the cities of Asia west of the Taurus. At Paul resided there three years, but the destruction of the great temple by the Goths in 260 A. D. gave it a blow from which it never recovered. This was the famous temple of Diana. Near the western extremity of the town are still to be seen some massive structures, which have since 1869 been carefully excavated. It is now certain that these stand on the famous temple site.

A Famous Windmill. Nantucket possesses what is believed to be the oldest windmill for grinding grain in actual operation in America. Nathán Wilbur, a Nantucket sailor who had seen the busy windmills of Holland as he sailed abroad, built it out of timbers of wrecked ships in 1746. There has never been a day in all the 165 years since that time when the mill has not been busy. There is always a wind to turn the outstretched wings.

What He Would Pay to Hear. "Clemens," said a friend to Mark Twain some years ago, "wouldn't you like to go and hear Ingemann on Moses this evening?" "No," replied the humorist; "I wouldn't give 10 cents to hear Ingemann on Moses, but I would give \$10 to hear Moses on Ingemann."

A Triumph of Retrospection. Damocles saw the sword suspended by the hair. "Since it can't cut the hair, I judge your wife has been sharpening her pencil," he remarked to the king.—New York Sun.

The Feet's Spur. "This is a great poem. You must have been thinking of something inspiring when you wrote it." "I was. I was thinking of the stallion man."—Pittsburg Post.

Unfulfilled Ambition. We confess to a long-unfulfilled ambition, and that is to be able to appear in a new suit of hat and not have everybody in the office comment on it.—Atlanta Journal.

A Well Pleased Man. "Why don't you get married, Colonel?" "I am not so cruel. It would make me happy and a hundred unhappy."—Pittsburg Herald.

### THE NEW SHOP

That Old Piece of Furniture That You Have Stored Away Can Be Made New Again.

We remodel, refinish, repair and reupholster all kinds of Furniture at the Lowest Prices in the city consistent with first-class work and material.

A. A. Chamberlain  
36 Bronson Avenue

### L. W. Major's Sons UNDERTAKERS

150 Clinton Ave. N.

Phones 609

### Thos. B. Mooney Funeral Director

REMOVED

To 33 Edinburgh Street,

Temporary Office, 162 Plymouth Av.

Lady Attendant.

Tele. Phone 2418 Bell Phone 1274

### RYAN & MCINTEE UNDERTAKERS

196 Main St. West

Home Phone 1464 Bell Phone 308

The Best Remedy

Jackson's Cough Syrup 25c

### Geo. Hahn Prescription Druggist

561 State Street

Clothing

or Men Women and Children

CASH or CREDIT

G. W. SEELER, 48-48 Reynolds Arcade

Up One Flight

### For Any Neglect of G. A. R. B. AGE

Collection to Insure Prompt Attention

GENESEE REDUCTION CO.

Foot of Falls Street

Home 1790 Bell 1790 Miles

### BELLS.

Two Breakfasts in Berlin. There is not much to be got by the Berlin clubs in the way of breakfast—simply a cup of coffee and a roll or two—but along about 11 o'clock every body starts for the cafe for a "second breakfast," generally a meat or a cheese sandwich. He makes up for his light regimen at the 1 o'clock sitting of soup, meat, vegetables, preserved fruits, pudding and wine or beer at discretion. Then he does not hasten back to business, but plays or jokes with his children fifteen or twenty minutes, rests or sleeps for thirty more, has a chat, a cup of coffee and a cigar and returns to business at 3 o'clock again, perhaps to work until 8 or 9 in the evening. Then he comes home again to a supper of cold meats, salads, cheese and beer, which will probably be followed by more beer as friends drop in to smoke the black German cigars and play "skat" or "sixty-six."—Joe Mitchell Chapter in National Magazine.

Seven Bells. Everybody who knows anything about nautical matters understands the method of keeping time at sea—eight bells every four hours. From 8 to 2 in the evening is the second dog watch, but on British ships seven bells (half past 7) of the second dog watch are never struck. All other ships, even the American, strike these bells. During the Napoleonic wars there was a great mutiny in the British navy. The crews of the fleet lying at Spithead and the Nile agreed to the simul taneous against their officers. The signal agreed upon was seven bells of the second dog watch. The mutiny actually began at the arranged time, but failed, the flagships being deserted. Ever since then seven bells of the second dog watch has never been struck on British ships, naval or mercantile.

Anything to Oblige. Tourist (at Irish hotel)—You seem dread. Pat. Walker.—Yim, sorr; up very early this morning—half past 6. Tourist—I don't call half past 6 early. Walker (quickly)—Well, half past 6 this—London Punch.

Contradictory Admissions. Father (having caught his son in a lie)—Haven't I always told you to tell the truth? Son.—Yes, father, but you also told me, never to become the slave of a habit.—Boston Transcript.

Lung Complaint. Lodger—I can't stay here any longer. Mrs. Binks. Landlady.—Why not, sir? What is your complaint? Lodger.—Lung complaint. Your baby howls too much.—London Telegraph.

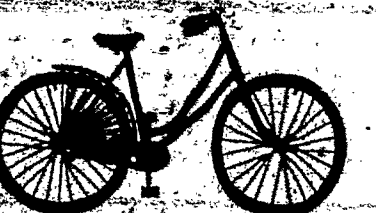
Be true to your word and your work and your friend.—O'Reilly.



Recommended by a Father. A daughter married 4 years from Springfield, Ill. had 3 attacks in a week of that many in a single day. Her doctor treated her with all the best medicine. Her father recommended Dr. King's New Life Pills, which she took, and after that would not get more than one or a few in a month. 1000 copies from the doctor of the Anti-Sepsis Tablets, and she has had no attacks since.

Mrs. C. G. Jones, Springfield, Ill. 4115 Main Street. My daughter, Mrs. J. W. Jones, has had 3 attacks in a week of that many in a single day. Her doctor treated her with all the best medicine. Her father recommended Dr. King's New Life Pills, which she took, and after that would not get more than one or a few in a month. 1000 copies from the doctor of the Anti-Sepsis Tablets, and she has had no attacks since.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Debility and a Complete Guide to the Treatment of the Same. Write for the book to Dr. J. W. King, 100 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at 25c per bottle, 6 for \$1.00. Large Size, 31.75c. 6 for \$1.00.



Only Motor Square Dealings. Andrew C. Court. Agent for Dayton, Free Johnson and Postage and other makes of bicycles. Lawn Mowers repaired. 116 Portland Avenue.

Lawn Mowers Sharpened and Repaired, also lawn mowers for sale. 58 Ocean St. George Orth, Bell 2172, W. Genesee

Nothing Cheap But the Price. Sweets Shoe Parlors. 16 HAND STREET.

Furniture Moving. Piano Moving. Freight Deliveries. Sam Gottry Carriage Co. Powers Bldg. State St. Eastman. Both Phones.

Is Your Lawn Mower Dull? SEND IT TO Chas. Adam's Sons. 36 FRONT ST. BOTH PHONES.

FRANK KLEIN. Livery & Boarding Stables. Also, More Cattle and Dogs. 431 State St. Opp. W. & O. R. R.

ERNST MILLER. C. E. Henderhot, successor. Photographer. First-Class Work Guaranteed. Open Sunday. Special prices for Film Cameras. 126 State Street.

Dr. M. S. Jackson. Surgeon-Dentist. 466 Clinton Ave. N. near Kelley.

John Miller. Wholesale Lumber. 36 Clinton Ave. South. Phones, Home 150, Bell 148 Chase.

THE ECONOMICAL DRUG STORE. Cut Rates on Everything. For coughs and colds try No. 240. M. R. Connor, 142 W. Main St. Phone 1291.

CHAS. H. LAMB. FISH AND OYSTER DEPOT. 78 Front St. Rochester, N. Y.

The Cumberland MEAT MARKET. H. F. SCHRUTZOW, Prop. Dealer in Choice Meats and Poultry. Vegetables in Season. Bell Phone 3046-R Main. Rochester Phone 1573. 211 North Street.

ROCHESTER N. Y.