

THE PARIAH

By S. B. HACKLEY

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Lydia Bromley dropped her big corn cutter's knife to listen to the coo of a mourning dove in the far side of the cane field. The time of killing frosts was near and Adlai Booth had been bought her to help cut his cane—a man's job, but all the young fellows of the neighborhood were either in France or on the way; besides, she needed the work.

"Oh, little dove—oh, happy little love"—the woman unconsciously spoke aloud, "wish me happiness, too! Wish me miles away from these cruel people on the nice, big farm, with cows and pigs and flocks of fowls that would bring in a living that wouldn't keep me tied to the ax, chopping wood all winter, and bound to the hoe, chopping weeds all summer, with all my leisure time being hired man to the neighbors. Decent enough to hire me! Oh, little dove, if I could, right this minute, I'd run away and play and look for Dutchman's Pipe in the brown leaves in the woods over there."

Just behind the hedge that bordered the cane field, a lean, brown-faced man stood. Lindsay Temple had come up the little hill path back of Lydia's cottage that sat below on the road, in the midst of the two acres that belonged to it, stopping on his way to town to speak to her about some quilting she'd agreed to do when the outer work was done, for, since his wife's death, four years before, Lindsay had lived alone and tended for himself.

Listening, Lindsay gazed curiously at her from behind the leafy screen.



Gazed at Her From Behind the Leafy Screen.

A hundred times he had seen her, and though her straight erectness, her blue eyes, sparkling with a proud independence, and her clear, pink skin—fifty, smooth as a girl's—had always appeared to him as pleasantly different from his neighbor women, he saw her now with new vision. Unseen, he went back down the hill to where he had left his buggy.

Six years before, in hope, Lydia had brought her consumptive husband and her young daughter from Vermont. But Park Bromley had died in their third month in Tennessee, and Lydia learned the misery that comes of misunderstanding.

A spring, ice-cold and deep, ran out from under a mighty rock by her front door, and passersby, men and women, often stopped for a drink. And Lydia did not consider it a detriment to her character to talk to the men, easily, pleasantly, of the affairs of the day—even to invite them, as she did the women, to sit sometimes for a little time on her porch.

But in that section of the country it was not the custom of the women folk to converse much with men, and this innocent sociable practice of Lydia's came under bitterest condemnation. Fanciful tales were circulated about that "bold Northern woman," and, in the course of time, she found herself ostracized.

And Lydia, become a pariah, hid the hurt in her friendly heart, and met them who ceased to speak in passing, with a proud mien of defiance.

Laura, the daughter, found occupation in a town in another county, and Lydia stayed alone—the only bright spots in her life her love of the outdoors and the occasional visits of her daughter and of the storekeeper's wife and daughter, good women, educated and cultivated.

rain' and comes from a different cup-torned place to this. I'm a-go'n' to—I'm a-go'n' to—"

"That evening at dusk, with infinite care not to arouse the woman in the kitchen, Lindsay left a basket of fine Concord grapes and "The Rose Garden Husband," a book he had that day bought at the drug store. He didn't quite understand the title, but it sounded good, and the clerk had told him it was a pretty love story.

"That night, at his five miles' distant home, he sat until midnight, thinking. At last he rose and faced the crayon portrait caricature of the meek spirit who had been the mother of his three daughters. "Sene," he whispered, "you was a good girl and we loved one another; but, oh, Sene, you're gone and I'm lonesome—lonesome as a bear on the mountain."

He rose and went out to the grave under the maples beside the highway. Reaching down one big lean hand he reverently brushed aside the red and yellow leaves that covered the dead grass.

"'Twouldn't be showin' no disrespect to you, Sene, honey, if I was to marry again?—his voice was a pleading apology—I wanted to tell you Sene, I'm thinkin' of somebody. Fahn't nobody about here, Sene, you ever saw a young needin' worry about it bein' one of these women hereabouts, Sene?"

Each week Lydia found a pleasing parcel on her porch, and she went about her work in happy expectation. One man of all these people was trying to tell her he respected her, admitted her, wanted to marry her!

One evening at dusk, at the end of the fourth week, Lindsay knocked at her door.

"I've been a wantin' to be your beau for a month," he said bashfully, "only I was afraid you wouldn't let me be! May I come in and see for a while?"

The humility and the tenderness in his voice brought the tears to her eyes, but his tone was bitter:

"I can't let you—they'd scandalize you!"

He flushed through his tan. "It's dark now—nobody'd know—but I'd a come in broad daylight only I couldn't have no stones unjustly cast at you over me!"

"I couldn't marry anybody and live about here," she told him at last. "Now Laura's married, I'm going to sell this place Christmas and go away off some-where."

"I were born where I live," Lindsay found himself saying; "it would pull me powerful to give it up."

That night while Lydia wept over this remark, Lindsay knelt in the frost under the maples.

"Oh, Sene, I never loved to sell the place and you air a layin' on it, but Sene, I'd see the spot where you air wouldn't never be neglected, I'd see to it, Sene, dear!"

In a few days Lindsay came to Lydia with news.

"I'm thinkin' of buyin' a place down in Monroe county," he told her, "close to White Rock."

She colored with pleasure. "Laura, my girl, lives there!"

"Does she?" he said innocently.

"But your farm here, where you were born?" she breathed.

"I'm selling it on condition."

She came close to him. "Oh, Lindsay, you are giving it up—because—"

"Because I'm lovin' you better'n keepin' a parcel of ground. Say you'll marry me, and I'll go home and tell Nick Prosser he may have it, and I'll go tomorrow to White Rock and buy the farm there and set a carpenter to mendin' the house—I can git it habitable by Christmas. Maybe sooner."

The pariah's eyes grew starlike—happiness enveloped her like a golden cloud.

"You are the best man in the world, Lindsay Temple!" she cried. Lindsay drew her close in his arms.

"No, I ain't—but you air the finest woman, Lydia, darlin'!"

Says Napoleon Detested Tobacco.

In a letter from Mlle. Bertrand, daughter of General Bertrand, Napoleon's devoted companion at St. Helena, Mlle. Bertrand maintained that, although the emperor was commonly credited with being a snuff-taker, he detested tobacco in any form. "Only once," she wrote, "was Napoleon persuaded to try a pipe. As soon as he placed the amber tube in his mouth he flung it from him with a gesture of disgust and shouted: 'Take the disgusting thing away!'"

To soothe his chronic indigestion the emperor had a mixture of licorice and brown sugar made up, which he carried loose in his waistcoat pockets. He frequently had recourse to this, and when in company would convey a pinch to his nostrils as if it were snuff, but instead of inhaling it he would slide it surreptitiously into his mouth.—Detroit News.

Diet and Longevity.

The subject of diet and its relation to longevity is one of perennial interest, and there is no surer road to fame, or at least to notoriety, than that of promulgating rules of diet and living. Everybody would like to pass the century mark and as many of them as possible, providing his physical vigor and functions could remain unimpaired or nearly so, and even Methuselah's 969 years would scarcely suffice for a man who would like to taste all experiences, acquire all knowledge, and accomplish all his hopes, dreams and desires. Even then he might be reluctant to shuffle off this mortal coil and enter upon new experiences in the beyond.

Spikes for Roofs.

To enable a man to walk on an inclined roof spiked frames, to be strapped under the shoes, have been patented.

NATION'S FORESTS BEING DEPLETED

Great Eastern Centers of Production Near Exhaustion.

U. S. FORESTER URGES ACTION

High Prices of Lumber Not Wholly Due to Increased Costs of Production—Mills of the South Have Not More Than 10 to 15 Years' Supply of Virgin Lumber—Enlarged Program of Public Acquisition of Forests Urged.

The rate of depletion of the forests of this country is more than twice, probably three times, what is actually being produced by growth in a form serviceable for products other than firewood. Consequently, high prices of lumber are not wholly due to increased costs of production. An important factor is the ever-retreating sources of timber supply. Already the supplies of all the great eastern centers of production are approaching exhaustion, with the exception of the South, and even there most of the mills have not over 10 to 15 years' supply of virgin timber. Already the southern pine is being withdrawn from many points as a competitive factor and its place taken by western timbers. This inevitably results in added freight charges, which the consumer must pay.

Want Enlarged Program.

These facts are called to public attention in the annual report of the forester of the United States department of agriculture, recently published. Their presentation is accompanied by a plea that the nation adopt an enlarged program of public acquisition of forests by the government, the states and municipalities, and protection and perpetuation of forest growths on all privately owned lands which may not better be used for agriculture and settlement.

In the early years of the present century it looked as though the management of forests as permanent, productive properties might be voluntarily undertaken by private owners on a large scale, but since then the situation has materially changed. The need for the adoption of an enlarged program of acquisition, the United States department of agriculture points out, has become increasingly urgent.

Must Join Hands.

More than 20 years ago the division of forestry, as it was then called, offered to give advice and assistance to private timber owners who might wish to consider applying forest management to their properties. By the middle of 1905 requests had been received for the examination of private holdings, large and small, comprising in all 10,000,000 acres of land. Many of these requests were from large lumber companies and other owners of extensive timber tracts. On the strength of the showing made by the preliminary examinations, a number of these large owners entered into co-operative agreements for the preparation of working plans.

But private forest interests failed to follow up the beginning, and the government and the states, in the opinion of the department of agriculture, must join hands to work out a program that will correlate public and private efforts looking to the protection and proper administration of forests. The function of the federal government in addition to handling the national forests, it is suggested, would be to stimulate, guide and co-ordinate state action and conduct necessary investigations regarding the best methods of forestry, to assist the states in the classification of land, and to harmonize action between the different states. The states would also handle public property owned by them and they would have a further direct responsibility in connection with the protection and perpetuation of private forest lands.

SUN'S RAYS AS WAR WEAPON

Airplanes, "Roosting" High, May Work Terrible Havoc.

Airplanes, "roosting" 15,000 to 20,000 feet in the air, will, through the use of powerful lenses, destroy ammunition dumps and entire cities 75 to 100 miles away without firing a shot or dropping a bomb, declared Capt. Eddie Rickenbacher of Columbus, O., America's ace of aces in the war with Germany, while before the house committee on accounts in Washington.

Captain Rickenbacher noted that by the use of the lenses it will be possible to set fire to the object which the aviator wishes to destroy, just as it is possible to set fire to paper or wood under the magnifying glass held in the rays of the sun.

"Future wars will be won or lost in the air," Captain Rickenbacher observed. "That is true because just such devices as I have mentioned will be brought into play."

Nine U. S. Aces Still in Service.

Nine of the 60 "aces" developed by the United States air service in the world war still are connected with the army, according to an official report.

Cut Off Cat's Tail to Cure Animal.

Found guilty of cutting off the tail of a family cat to cure the mange, Joseph Farrone of New York city, was fined \$15 in court.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

QUEER FISH.

"What are you?" asked a little fairy riding in her boat of foam.

"I'm a fish, I'm a fish," said the creature.

"Well, I guessed that much," said the little fairy. "I didn't think you were a bird or a wild animal."

"Didn't you?" asked the fish. "Well, you're bright, aren't you?"

"I'd like to be bright," said the fairy, "but I couldn't call myself bright just because I knew you were a fish. Now if I had known the sort of a fish you were, or you are, I would have been brighter."

"I am not sure that I know myself," said the fish.

"What?" asked the fairy. "You mean to tell me you don't know your own name?"

"I may, if I stop to think," said the fish. "But what does a name mean to me? Nothing. When I'm swimming along I don't care whether I know another fish by name or not. It doesn't make any difference when I wave my fin at him whether I say,

"Hello," or "Hello, fish," or "Hello, Mr. Whale," or whether I call him something else entirely."

"Have you ever waved your fin at Mr. Whale?" asked the fairy.

"No," said the fish. "I haven't. Of course some day I might. Probably the great honor, however, would be too much for me. I couldn't stand the weight. I might fall headlong into the whale's mouth. So it is just as well, I suppose, that I don't meet Mr. Whale."

"Well, tell me something of yourself," said the fairy.

"I haven't much to tell you," said the fish. "I've heard that folks called me the frost fish. Maybe that's right, and maybe it isn't."

"You don't believe people?" asked the fairy.

"Sometimes, and sometimes I don't," said the fish. "They make mistakes, I don't blame them. They're not fishes. They don't know all about our lives. They can only tell by watching and seeing what some one of us has done, or perhaps what a lot of us have done."

"What are you supposed to do?" asked the fairy.

"I have no regular rule for anything," said the fish, "except I'm fond of this season of the year."

"Why?" asked the fairy.

"The year does anyone like this season of the year?" asked the fish.

"Well, some like it because it is clear and cool and some like it because it is such a beautiful time of the year with so many lovely colored leaves," said the fairy. "and there are

"What Are You?"

some who don't like it because it is the end of the year. For then they feel that time is passing."

"Well, it is, isn't it?" asked the fish.

"Of course," said the fairy.

"Then why do they object?" asked the fish.

"Oh, they hate to see time going on because they love everything so they think they might like it to stop and not go on for awhile."

"Will Time do that?" asked the fish.

"No," said the fairy.

"Not very obliging of Time, is it?" asked the fish.

"It's not Time's fault," said the fairy. "It's just the way things must be. And after all it is for the best, for it keeps creatures from wasting Time. But you haven't told me anything about yourself, fish."

"Well, all I know is that some folks call me the frost fish because I appear in the fall when I come to the top of the water and look at the shore all around. I'm a pretty whitish color, eh? I like the fall because it is crisp and cool, that is why I like it. But then folks call me a queer fish, a queer looking fish, so maybe my ideas are queer."

"That one isn't," said the fairy. "That one is all right, quite all right."

Why Billy Was Licked.

Mother—What's the matter, Billy? Weeping Liddle—Teacher whipped me.

Mother—What for? Weeping Liddle—Just for answering a question, and it was the right answer, too.

Mother—But I don't understand. What was the question? Weeping Liddle—She asked who put the dead mouse and the box of worms in her desk.—London Tit-Bits.

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