

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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NO. 32

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STORIES FOR IDLE HOURS



A Miracle at Painted Rock
 By CLARISSA MACKIE
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Mr. Loring's manner changed to one of grave anxiety. "You heard what I said, Miss Susie?"
 "I heard," snapped Miss Susie. "When I change my mind I'll not send Swanson. I'll come right over myself and tell you!"

"I ain't lookin' for no miracles in these days," retorted Mr. Loring good naturedly. "I hope you're keepin' watch on the river, Miss Susie. Last year your brother pretty near got floated off, and it wasn't anything to what it is now. It's rained for nearly a week up in Harpers, and if that bridge goes—well, your house and crop 'll go too."
 "I'm not afraid so long as we don't get any rain here," returned Miss Susie comfortingly.

"You better make that lazy Swede keep an eye on the river, and if it rises any more 'll come over and help on." "Well, I must be movin' along!"
 "Afternoon, Miss Susie," returned the lady behind the morning glories. "Miss Swanson strained her eyes for a backward view of Pete Loring's hand when he reached the corner of the last field, but his head was turned toward the river, whose yellow current was gradually rising to the level of the steep banks. Once or twice he glanced back at the low leaved houses lying so near the bank and felt some degree of relief in the recollection that his own comfortable dwelling was perched on a knoll above highest water mark and must necessarily be a place of refuge for his less fortunate neighbors.

Six months previous Miss Susie had come from her eastern home to live with her widowed brother, but scarcely three months had passed before he had an attack of heart disease and thus had left Miss Susie mistress of the hundred acre farm and the well meaning but sluggish Swanson and his capable wife, Selma Comely, dark eyed Miss Susan had not lacked for advice and vigorous assistance in managing the farm, for she found kindly neighbors all about her, and Pete Loring had been her chief adviser in caring for the crops, that had been planted by the harvest.

"The morning glories, where Miss Susie's plant rocked and to and fro she knitted."
 "Them there kids are gettin' wilder and raggader every day. Old Mahona fit out last night, and we're keepin' house alone. Only had cornmeal mush three times so far, an' I reckon we'll have it for supper." His voice trailed pathetically into silence.

There was a contemptuous snort from Miss Susie. "I didn't come out to Kansas as missionary to the stray wilder men of Painted Rock. I ain't a Mormon," she added sententiously. "Jake Lyon was around this mornin'!" His four children have the measles."
 "Mr. Loring frowned jealously. "That there Jake Lyon is a low, sneakin' coyote!" he exclaimed bitterly. "He knows you wouldn't have him nohow, and he!"
 "How do you know I wouldn't have him?"
 Pete fairly jumped with surprise. He could dimly see the outline of the swaying rocker and a plump occupant, but he felt all the influence of the baleful glance he knew Miss Susie had directed at him.

"Far be it from me to express my opinion again, ma'am," returned Pete humbly. "I hope you'll excuse what I had to say about Jake, I not knowin' how patterns was fixed between you." "I don't know what you're talkin' about, Pete Loring," she retorted. "I might know I couldn't make up my mind all of a sudden after being single for forty-five years," she murmured as she watched him ride out of sight. She thought of the miles of whispering grain fields that divided her farm from Pete Loring's place, and her face grew somewhat anxious. In the northern counties rain had fallen abundantly, but in Painted Rock the crops were slowly crisping in the merciless heat, and now this swelling tributary of the Missouri, fed by the copious rains at its source, threatened complete annihilation of the harvest.

JOYFULLY, "TANK GOD!"

"Why didn't you call me?" she asked crossly, balancing her plump form precariously on the edge of the opening and placing her feet on the top rung of the ladder below. She could make out the dim outline of the figure of the



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Do You Want to be Well Dressed?

Footwear in Summer.
 Summer shoes and stockings should be of the lightest weight. Brown shoes are always cooler than black, being more porous, and white canvas shoes are delightful for summer wear. BLACK STOCKINGS SHOULD BE TABOONED IN HOT WEATHER. The dye is bad for the feet, sometimes really injurious. White stockings, of course, are the best of all, but tan or gray may be worn to great advantage.



Chain the Baby Up.
 Put the baby on a dog leash! That's the latest freak of society; but, unlike many society freaks, this has the sanction of medical men, who claim that it is a lot better to have a child on a leash than to yank it along the street, dragging its arms out of their sockets. Already a few women have been seen in the gardens with their children in leashes, and from the appearance of mothers and children it seems as though all are pleased. The child has a little more freedom than it would have if it were held by the hand, and the women—well, they have more freedom too. The baby leash is made exactly like a dog leash, and it is bought at any of the harness stores.

Shoes.
 "Yes, I can shoe you, too, with the latest in shoes and socks to match. Also Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Cravats, Underwear—in fact make you 'well dressed' at a moderate cost."

A Monument to a Bomb Thrower.
 Italians love statues and occasionally erect them to some singular persons. The little town of Meldola, near Ravenna, Italy, has just been the scene of an imposing ceremony. In the presence of the town grandees the people have unveiled a monument to Pli Orsini, who made the historic attempt on the life of Napoleon III. on March 24, 1858, in Paris, when the casualty numbered 120. The statue represents Orsini on the way to his execution. Meldola is the birthplace of Orsini.

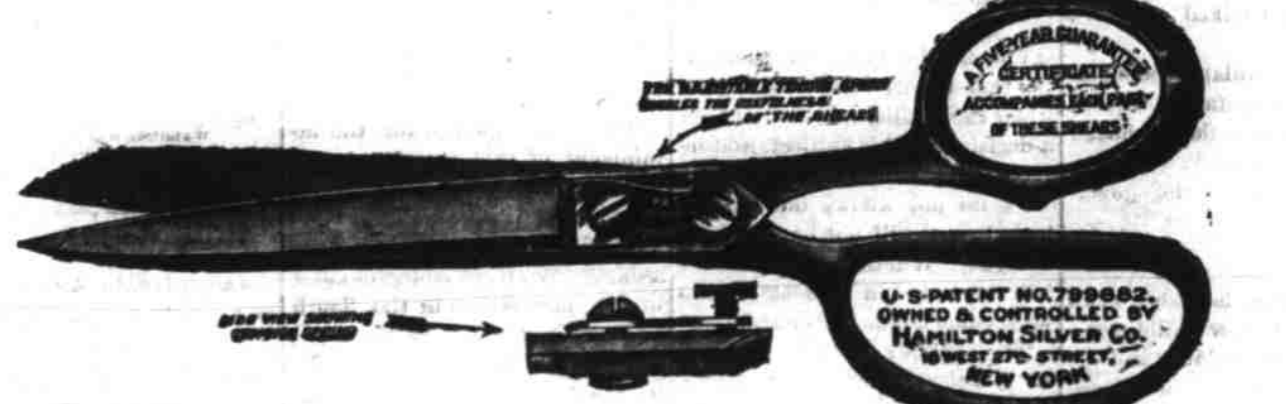
Stopped in Time.
 Congressman John T. Lenahan of the Luzerne bar was once engaged in a bribery case and was questioning a prominent witness. "Have you yourself ever refused a bribe?" he asked. "No, but—" "That's all," thundered John. Later on Mr. Lenahan was asked why he dismissed the witness so soon. "Because," he replied, "I knew by the 'but' that he was going to tell me no one had ever attempted to bribe him."—Philadelphia Record.

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