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## PASQUALE GIUNTA SONS

1030 So. 9th STREET

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

### FROM A CLEAR SKY

By AGNES C. BROGAN.

Rosalia walked beside the tangled hedges of roses in her garden and looked wistfully up and down the road.

"Reckon," she said, "we may as well give up looking for some one to come or something to happen Susan, we've been looking a good many years."

The black cat who was the lone little woman's only companion, answered by a sympathizing purr.

"Seems," Rosalia went on, "that we ought to get over expecting. If anything new or pleasant had been coming our way, it would have come when the old house was fresh, when father tended the rose vines and kept them neat, when carriages drove past our door with happy folks coming to town for holiday, or stopping in to visit."

Rosalia sank down upon a grassy mound and drew the cat into her lap, silent with her memories.

"Carriages come no more down our quiet lane," she told the cat, "it's autos now, great whirring autos flying along the great white road." Rosalia rose to her feet smiling whimsically upward, "anything that will come our way these days, puss, must drop from out a clear sky." And as the woman stood gazing absently upward, a whirring sound coming not from the main road, rent the air. Then she saw it—the wonder thing with the outspread wings of a monster bird sweeping the sky. And before Rosalia could catch her astonished breath, the wonder thing circled, drooped, and still circling, came crashing toward her own neglected garden.

Like a throbbing monster it lay in the wide space beyond the rose hedge; and Rosalia, trembling, rushed to a man who frantically beckoned from its side. He was a young man and deadly white.

"You'd better get someone," he gasped, "to help carry me inside. Nothing but a broken bone, I guess—awful jar, but made landing—in time." Then the man of the airplane fainted.

When she returned with the assurance that help would soon come, the young man turned upon the cushions she propped about him.

"It's probably nothing to worry about," he said slowly, "but you never can tell. Might be internal injury. So I wondered—if you'd be kind enough—to write a sort of—message to a girl. You could mail it to her from me in case—" he smiled faintly. "Well, in either case," he said.

So Rosalia brought her best note-paper, and seated herself close to the great broken bird, which had soared toward the sky.

"Yes," she prompted.

"Begin it," the man said steadily.

"Dearest, that includes everything."

"Dearest," Rosalia wrote, and waited. "Today only, do I dare to tell you that which has long been in my heart, I love you. Always, I think I have loved you—" She still waited as he lay with closed eyes apparently thinking.

Rosalia was thinking also. She had wished for something to happen. Something miraculous had happened, the 'something' had darted into her solitude from out a clear sky. Romance itself, was close to her, and she, as usual, but an onlooker. She thought of this dearest 'girl' far away, wondering if she had listened wearily for a step that never came back. But the 'Dearest girl' did not live, she was sure, in an old house set far back from the road, where briars and cares grew thick, to screen and choke young life. The dearest girl's lover had not gone away years before. He was a young lover still. Neither had heartless parents sent him abroad to finish a medical education, killing romance—country romance they had called it, with one blow. And after twenty-five years the memory of that broken romance still had power to bring a mist to Rosalia's blue eyes.

He had married—her own lover of long ago—a gay creature abroad, who had not lived long enough to return with her husband to his home. And when he had returned, taking up in later years his father's practice of medicine, Rosalia kept resolutely and proudly out of his way.

As an auto rounded the curve, she jumped apprehensively to her feet and hurried into the house. It was the same step she remembered, which now crossed the porch, as the doctor carried the aviator upon his own broad back. The same confident laugh which echoed back from her sitting room.

Presently the doctor sought her out. "We shall need you," he said, but his eyes were upon her, as he talked with his patient.

And later when Rosalia and her lover of long ago stood together beside the airplane in the garden, the doctor bent to pick up a piece of paper.

"Dearest," he read, "today only, do I dare to tell you that which has long been in my heart, I love you. Always, I think, I have loved you."

He turned, as he was leaving, to put the paper into Rosalia's hand.

"I will come again this evening," he said.

And as she would have continued the young lover's letter, she saw beneath her own handwriting a hastily added line:

"This is my message to you, Rosalia, the message I, myself, would have written."

And when the moon shone through the old house windows at evening, she found herself again listening for a step.

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### What's All This Commotion About?



#### Should Use Judgment.

Teacher—"When little George Washington told the truth about cutting down the cherry tree his father forgave him. Now, Henry, what lesson does this teach us?" Henry—"It teaches us that we should learn when to tell the truth."

#### Conception of Cultivation.

Cultivation a generation ago meant acquaintance with letters and the fine arts, and some knowledge of at least two languages and literatures, and of history. The term "cultivation" is now much more inclusive. It includes elementary knowledge of the sciences, and it ranks high the subjects of history, government and economics.—Charles W. Elliot, in Atlantic.

#### Not Always Happy.

It is customary but I think it is a mistake, to speak of "happy" childhood. Children are often overanxious and acutely sensitive. Man ought to be man and master of his fate; but children are at the mercy of those around them. Mr. Rarey, the great horse-tamer, has told us that he has known an angry word to raise the pulse of a horse ten beats in a minute. Think then how it must affect a child!—Lord Avebury.

#### Why Teachers Enjoy Life.

Felix Novakowski was absent one morning, and when he came in after dinner he brought his teacher this excuse, "Pleas teacher exkus Felix Novakowski he got lat vven ve stud up de kloek she stant stil unt bilge his mother."

#### Game in Mexico.

Mexico cannot be said to offer a field for hunters of big game, and the term, "a sportsman's paradise," which is sometimes applied to it, is an exaggeration. Among animals may be enumerated the peccaries or javelines, deer, rabbits, hares. The reptiles include alligators, turtles and iguanas. Whales, seals and sea lions are encountered on the Pacific coast.—New York Telegram.

#### How to Remove Cinders.

A medicine dropper may be used with good effect in removing cinders from the eyelids by drawing them out by suction along with the fluids that have formed. A little pointed roll of soft paper also may prove useful.

#### The Inept.

Some people would try to dodge a flood by hiding in the cellar.—Lafayette Courier.

#### Our Sawed-Off Sermon.

It is sometimes better for a young man to get the marble heart than to marry the girl and have to eat her marble cake.

#### Turned White Overnight.

A black cat which was accidentally locked in a safe at Athens, Ga., duplicated the feat of Marie Antoinette and a few other celebrities, if a dispatch to the Buffalo Express may be believed. When the safe was opened next morning the cat walked out, unharmed, but perfectly white.

#### Caustic.

"I tell you, hearing those star opera singers on the phonograph is almost as good as hearing them on the stage." "Far better. You can shut them off whenever you like on the phonograph."

#### Words of Wisdom.

"A man should inure himself to voluntary labor and should not give up to indulgence and pleasure, as they begot no good constitution of body nor knowledge of the mind."—Socrates.

#### Point to Be Remembered.

The dog may be an enemy to quail, but before we tax him out of existence let us remember what a good friend he is to man.—Charleston News and Courier.

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