

SCHOOL CHILDREN OF ROCHESTER AND VICINITY, ATTENTION!

A WATCH FOR YOU FREE WITHOUT MONEY OR PRICE!

100 WATCHES TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

To Each of the Parochial and Public Schools of Rochester and Vicinity

We shall Present to the successful Scholar of each, who will compete for the Prize,

A Splendid Time Piece, A Stem Wind and Set Watch,

WITH NICKLE MOVEMENT

UNDER THE FOLLOWING CONDITION:



The Scholar, Boy or Girl, must write an advertisement for the FLOWER CITY WATCH CO. the substance to be as follows: The best written, punctuated, and nearest legible copy to win. The Flower City Watch Co., was established in this city three years since and is exclusively a Rochester enterprise. Their method of doing business has commended itself to every thrifty, honest person who has had dealings with them. Through their system useful, ornamental, reliable valuables such as Watches, Diamonds, Rings, Chains and Jewelry, they have enabled many to secure such articles through small investments each week, and having the use of them after first payment. The office of this company is located at 112 Ellwanger & Barry Building. They have as references thousands of customers in Rochester and vicinity.

Now Boys and Girls do your best to get a Watch. Write your name and address on your letter, and the name of the school you attend, then mail it to us. The decision shall be left to competent judges, and we will publish the names and address together with the advertisement, of the Boy or Girl who wins a Watch.

We will distribute the Watches as fast as the decisions are made, send your letter right away.

Flower City Watch Company,

112 Ellwanger & Barry Building.



A SISTER'S LOVE.

A sister's love! A love that knows
No earthly stain, no selfish part,
A love pure as the love that glows
In heaven within an angel's heart;
For you in early morning light,
For you in silence of the night,
Its prayers go up to heaven above—
This is a sister's love.

A love that if you faint and fall
Beneath the burden of your cross,
Will share your griefs and sorrows all,
And help you to retrieve the loss;
A love all patient to endure,
A love forever strong and sure,
Yet meek and gentle as a dove—
This is a sister's love.

A love that as the years go by,
And age and days of pain draw near,
Still like a star that shines on high
Will shine upon you pure and clear;
A love no absence can estrange,
A love no time can chill or change,
Or from its deep foundation shove,
This is a sister's love.

A love that still will live when this
Brief life has like a vision passed,
When you shall sit enthroned in bliss
In your celestial home at last;
A love that will unchanging be
Through all a glad eternity—
Part of that blessed life above—
This is a sister's love.

—Constantia E. Brooks in Home Journal.

OLD UNCLE BILL.

Any one who visited Mr. Norris at his place on the Hudson would be sure to notice, after a while, an old man who wandered about the place dressed all summer in a white shirt and linen vest and trousers and a fisherman's hat, and all winter in a woolen dressing gown. He was a meek, tall, bald old man, and people at first took him for a superannuated servant, but, finally, his nice linen hat, his neat hands, and a certain well bred tone of voice, by chance, they heard him speak, made them ask:

"Who is that?"
If they inquired of Miss Belle, the old man's unmarried daughter, she would answer:
"An old connection of poor mamma's. I can't see why pa has him here—horrid!"
If they asked Mr. Norris' maiden sister she would reply:
"One of the blessings my late sister-in-law brought with her into the family. A miserable near-to-weel of a relation." If the question were propounded to poor Mr. Norris, as he sat in his chair on his piazza, or drove about in property in one of his handsome cars, he would answer:
"I don't know a word of a relation of mine."

my wife's, a near-to-weel. The black sheep of the flock, you know. Always is one in every family. For her sake—she was a very benevolent woman—we let him stay about. He prefers eating by himself. He's very stupid, very; but she wanted him here, and she had her way, poor soul. I grudge her nothing. Yes, that's poor Bill."

But if it was Miss Phemie of whom the question was asked she always answered:
"Why, that is Uncle Bill. He's a little eccentric, but the dearest old soul. I'm very, very fond of him, and he of me. Dear old Uncle Bill!"

Certainly Phemie was the old man's only friend in that pompous household. She it was who went up to his little room with his meals and sat with him while he ate them; who saw that he had the newspaper and his pipe; who had fixed that little out of the way place with a pretty carpet, book shelves, a student's lamp, lots of pretty ornaments in worsted and painted silk; who never received her monthly allowance without buying something for him.

His pretty, snow white shirts were her gift, and she saw that they were "done up" properly. The flannel dressing gown he wore in winter was of her contrivance. In fact, up in that dormer roofed room there were hours that were more home-like than any spent in the great parlors, or the big dining room, where Miss Belle was only affectionate to "pa" when she wanted him to give her more money to spend; and Miss Norris, the elder sister of the master of the house, made bitter speeches in the pauses of the needle work in which she was perpetually engaged. Sometimes directed at her brother, sometimes at Belle, sometimes at Phemie, but all worded so circumspectly and clothed in such a guise of piety that no one dared resent them.

"What a comfort you are, Uncle Bill," Phemie would say, as she poured out the old man's coffee.
"And what a comfort you are, Phemie," old Uncle Bill would say. "If I was a rich uncle, just home from India, like those in plays and novels, you couldn't make more of me."
"I shouldn't make so much of you, Phemie," she would answer, "for you'd be a victim of liver complaint, and that would make you ill natured, and you'd scold me and say naughty words. They all do, you know. Now you haven't any money or stocks to worry about, like poor pa; and you're not irritable, and I like to be with you. You're like mamma too. You have her eyes."

"You are sister Susan's image," the old man would say. "Do you remember the day that you came to the hospital with her?"

"Yes," said Phemie. "I was just 12 years old and mamma was crying over the telegram. My only brother, Phemie, she said. 'So sick that he may die, and so poor that he's in a hospital.' Then we came and I saw you in bed, and after a while we brought your home and nursed you well again."
"And died herself, just as I got about," said Uncle Bill. "And your father and the rest did not like a shabby old man around the house. Well, I was lucky to get a home I suppose, and luckier still to find such disinterested love as yours. You're like Susan. She was the dearest girl that ever lived. Yes, you're like Susan."

But they did not always talk thus. They were very busy often, over books; over Phemie's embroidery, for which he designed patterns; teaching her little dog a thousand tricks; feeding the blind kitten Phemie saved from drowning; making a little well, from which the canary drew buckets of water. And Phemie and the old man would wander off to the river side, where he would fish, seldom catching anything, and she would read or knit.

None of the family knew of these intimacies. Belle, older than Phemie by six years, preferred that she should consider herself a child until Miss Norris was married. And Aunt Marcia detested her for her resemblance to the sister-in-law who "had never been congenial."

No one in the house knew, but some one not of the household did, and shared at times in them.
Sometimes, when the old man's rod dangled over the water, a younger angler would take his place near him—a handsome young fellow with black hair and the brightest eyes in the world; and then the hours went by like hours in a dream, and Phemie felt happy as she had felt when a child by her mother's side. And Uncle Bill laughed and told fisherman's stories. As for the young man, slender, talkative, he was always charming. So thought Phemie. She was 17; she had never had a lover. She was well read in romantic lore. What happened was only to be expected. In a little while two lovers sat beside old Uncle Bill on the banks of the pretty stream, and walked together as far as the little gate in the hedge that nobody else used, and did not hide from the old man that they parted with a kiss.
Fred Howard was not a fashionable

man, only the son of a poor widow who had made a bookkeeper of her boy. What holidays he had he spent at home. This was his midsummer vacation; he was bright, and good, and handsome, but Mr. Norris surely would have had other views for his youngest daughter.

And so, one day, as the two, having met accidentally on the road, were talking together, with an expression on either face that made an old country lady who drove past remark to her husband: "Hiram, take my word for it, them's heaus," Mr. Norris marched up behind the pair, and appeared like a very florid ghost between them, with an "I was not aware, Mr. Howard, that you had ever been introduced to my daughter!"

The young man blushed, but answered: "But I have, sir—by my friend, her uncle."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Norris, lowering his tone a little. "Then you know my brother, Mr. Whipple Norris, in the city? He is a relative I am proud of—worth half a million if he is a cent."

"I often heard of Mr. Whipple Norris," replied the young man frankly; "but I owe my introduction to Miss Phemie Norris to her Uncle William—ah—ah." The young man suddenly remembered that he did not know Uncle Bill's last name.
"Her Uncle William!" repeated Mr. Norris. "Euphemia, does young Howard allude to your poor mother's unfortunate brother Bill?"

Phemie bowed her head.
"Young Howard," repeated Mr. Norris. "That person has no authority to introduce my daughter. Consider yourself a stranger to her henceforth."
Phemie looked at Fred. Fred looked at Phemie.

"It is too late, sir," the latter said. "I love your daughter, and have won her heart. She has promised to be my wife."
Mr. Norris stared at him, lifted his eyebrows; stared again through his double eyeglass, and spoke sternly:
"I have one daughter who is a credit to me. Lord McTub paid great attention to her last winter. He has written to ask my consent to their nuptials, which I shall give, and he will return in fall to be married to her. An English nobleman would hardly like a brother-in-law who makes, perhaps, twenty dollars a week. My eldest daughter, Mrs. Pimpkins Trotter, has married a gentleman who is esteemed the wealthiest man in Mineville. My son is with my brother in New York—a man I am proud of. Now I shall never make

a fuss about Phemie. I only tell you this if she marries you I disown her. You can take her if she chooses; I shall never give her a penny. She may have her clothes and trinkets and go. If she obeys me she shall be married or single well provided for. She is plain and unpossessing; but I know a young clergyman who will attain eminence who only needs my permission to propose. She might do very well with a proper position for him. She has a thick waist, a large mouth and ordinary features," continued Mr. Norris, turning his eyes on his daughter, "but a clergyman should not look for beauty."

"She is the prettiest girl I know, and if I may earn her bread and butter I can do it," said Fred Howard. "You give her to me, sir?"
"No," replied Mr. Norris. "She may give herself to you if she chooses to be a beggar."

Then he walked away.
As Phemie and Fred stood looking at each other old Uncle Bill's head arose above the shrubbery.

"I give my permission," he said, with more than usual dignity; "and I am her mother's brother. I think you will make her happy, young Fred Howard."

The maiden aunt and the sister, who was to be the bride of an English nobleman, Phemie a sad life of it for a while, but one morning she walked out of her home in her simple church-going costume, and was married in the little chapel of St. John. Old Uncle Bill, in his old fashioned broadcloth suit, went with them, and gave the bride away. Mrs. Howard was there, and a school friend of Phemie's, a staid fellow clerk of Fred's. None of the Norris family. And at the wedding they were to go upon a little trip. Phemie's trunk had been sent to Fred's mother's little house. The bride was not as happy as she might have been under other circumstances, but at home no one had ever loved or considered her since her mother's death, and Fred loved her, and she loved him. Her only trouble was that she must leave old Uncle Bill.

"That is hard," the old man said, very hard, Phemie. And then Fred held out his hand.
"Uncle Bill," he said, "we shall live in a very plain way, but if you will live with us we will do our best to make you happy and shall be happy ourselves."
"Will you be so, boy?" cried Uncle Bill. "A poor old man likes me—ah—ah!"
"Really," cried Phemie, dancing with joy.