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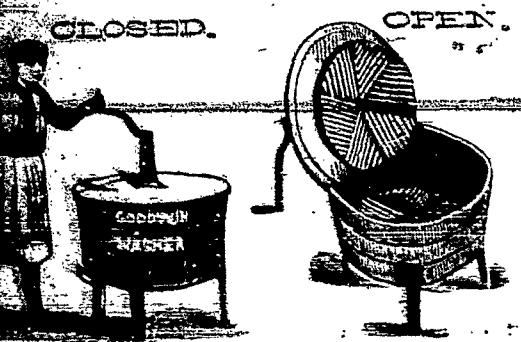
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have told, but they never did.

"Then, Ethel," he said, "I have a way. It is a little dangerous; I will not deny that. If you love me, dear, as well as I do you, you will not fear."

The hand in his trembled slightly, but she made no protest.

"I cannot give you up. This is a desperate remedy, but desperate cases need such. I am going to make a heroine of you. You must fall over the rail into the water."

"Tom!" she gasped, staring at him with wide eyes.

"Yes—wait. You must fall into the water, you see, and then I will jump over and save your life. It will be easy. As soon as you fall I will be overboard too. Do not be afraid to trust yourself to me; there is really not much danger, because I can swim as well as I can walk. It is the only way, dear, believe me. You are not afraid?"

She considered a little.

"I see, Tom; you think mamma will be so glad to have me brought back to life that she will—will let us have our way."

"Yes, that is just it," he agreed.

"But, oh! is there not some other way?"

"Well, Ethel," he said, "I can see no other way. I shall be sure to save you, and then—then, little girl, you are mine for always."

"But, Tom," she urged, "suppose mamma will not yield even then?"

"She will, though," he asserted confidently.

Something of his own daring spirit infected her. The spice of danger, her full confidence in his ability, their long love, otherwise hopeless—she made no further objection, but entered heart and soul into the wild scheme.

"How am I to know when to fall?"

"You must find your opportunity. Scream as you fall, and then away I will go. I shall be very near you all the remainder of the day; but do not notice me at all. You will be very careful, so that no one may see that the fall was premeditated. And—there goes the first bell! Run, Ethel! No one must know we have been talking. And, Ethel, do not let that Lord"—but she was gone.

Slowly passed the day. Luncheon was over two hours ago and the afternoon was slipping on. In the saloon the tinkle of a guitar mingled with the sound of merriment and singing; only a scattered few were left on deck. Watching the waters were Ethel and the inevitable Lord Fenyl with his inevitable eyeglasses.

She could not get rid of him; the miserable young man was too infatuated to perceive her abstraction.

Little by little she drew near to a part of the boat where she thought she might make the dreaded plunge most easily.

Tom, in the shadow of a sail, appeared to be absorbed in a novel. No one, not even himself, knew that the book was upside down. Ethel stole a glance at him. Will he be in time? she wondered in an agony of fear and anxiety. How blue the water was—and how deep! What if—but no! no! she would not think of this. Now was the time, she decided feverishly.

"Is not that a sail, Lord Fenyl?" she asked.

"A sail! In which direction?" Eagerly he took up his telescope. This was just the opportunity she wanted. Slowly he swept the horizon with the glass.

"Why, yes," he says, "I see it quite plainly. I can even read the name on—oh, Miss Van Zandt! Help! help!"

With a shriek of terror she had disappeared over the side; only one terrified scream, but in an instant the deck was filled with eager, frightened faces.

Lord Fenyl was rushing from one end of the place to the other, dragging with him an immense coil of rope, tangling up himself and every one else, crying out the awful accident at the top of his voice.

Mrs. Van Zandt and another lady had fainted; the gayety had vanished; all was confusion and haste.

Tom saw nothing of this. He was in the water before the echo of her voice had died away on the startled air. With firm, rapid strokes he beat the waves, and his eyes were alert to catch the first glimpse. The sun glared into his face, but he did not find her. His heart failed him. God! he could not see her! Why did she not rise? "Ethel!" he cried aloud in a frenzy. But what was that white speck yonder? Could he reach it? A moment more, only a moment more, with ebbing power, as the white face came to the surface, he threw one arm around the body. His strength all but exhausted, he was taken with his lifeless charge into the boat lowered to meet him. The glad news was shouted to the waiting yacht, and willing help was ready to greet the rescued and rescuer.

The little figure in its clinging white seemed devoid of life. The soft baby curls around her forehead clustered darkly golden; the large drops of water slipped off one by one, till there were little pools on the floor. Pale and pure and still as death itself she was—ah! pitifully still. The red, leaping fire were

pained now; the soft white hands limp and inert.

"My girl, my little girl!" moaned and sobbed Mrs. Van Zandt, and while they talked in undertones, and while tears fell, they took her below, and laid her for hours to summer back the wavering spirit.

Tom—unhappy Tom—was the hero of the hour. But he could not be quiet; he could not wait in patience. Great waves of remorse filled his breast, till the drops stood out upon his forehead and his lips whitened. The dull boom of the sea seemed to roar in his ears; he felt that lifeless body still lying passive in his arms. Never again to see her smile, never again to hear her voice, with its gentle, tender accent; never—ah, no! It could not be too late—she must not die! Up and down, outside the door, he paced, listening to each sound, wrestling with his misery, praying to God as he had never prayed before. To the excited groups, gathered here and there, he paid no attention at all, nor, indeed, did he even see them. Blind to their curiosity, deaf to their whispered words of wondering sympathy, heedless to remonstrance, alone with himself, he suffered on his mental rack.

Minutes passed like hours. There was a little hope, a bare chance of life for her; but still it was hope. The glad news spread, but the suspense to Tom became still more torturing.

Suddenly the door opened again, and Mrs. Van Zandt came out.

He dropped into a chair and hid his head in his hands. He heard her coming directly toward him; to tell him—to tell him—what? And then Mrs. Van Zandt's arms were around his neck, she was calling him her dear boy, her hero; she was thanking him through her tears and sobs. He a hero! He could have laughed aloud bitterly at the mockery of it. She was telling him that Ethel had come back to them; she was awake again; she wanted to see him; would he come? With a choking in his throat, he made his way to where his little love was lying. Mrs. Van Zandt softly closed the door, and they were alone.

White she was, like a bent lily; the damp yellow hair lay over her pillow and brushed back from her white forehead, where his eyes saw the mark of a cruel bruise, a blow as she fell; but her lips were smiling, and one hand was outstretched to him. He could not take it; he sank on his knees at her side.

"Ethel, sweetheart, can you forgive me?" he groaned, and with the words the flood-gates were swept away, and he sobbed aloud. "Ethel, it was almost death—it would have been murder, and I your murderer!"

"Tom, Tom," she whispered, weakly, "do not frighten me so. I am not dead; I will soon be well now."

"Forgive me, Ethel; say you forgive me!" She stroked gently the brown head buried in the pillows.

"Yes, Tom, I forgive you."

And then he raised his haggard face at last, and a great pity swept over her tender heart. Both hands were outstretched to him now, and as he took her feverishly in his arms, she murmured, so faintly that he could barely hear it, "And I love you, dear, dear Tom!"—George Wilson Prescott in Times-Democrat.

Use of the Telephone.

A—I told him that he was a lying thief.

B—You have got pluck. It's a wonder he didn't break your neck.

A—O, I told him what I thought of him through the telephone.—Texas Siftings.

What Good Butter Is.

The scale for judging butter has changed. It has been often said that perfect butter is that which, made and put down today, will be just as good next June as it is now; but it is not the statement that has to be given at the present time. To my mind, perfect butter is that which perfectly suits the taste of the person or customer for which it is made and will draw out of his pocket-book the largest amount of cash for it. I do not think we can make butter on any other basis.—Professor Cooke.

Destruction of the Dead Sea Myth.

Arthur Stanley, dean of Westminster visiting the country and thoroughly exploring it, allowed that the physical features of the Dead sea and its shores suggested the myths and legends, and he sums up the whole as follows: "A great mass of legends and exaggerations, partly the cause and partly the result of the old belief that the cities were buried under the Dead sea, has been gradually removed in recent years."—Popular Science.

Wanted a Rest.

At Mechanicsburg, Pa., a woman named Mosher spent the afternoon with two female friends, and upon reaching her home her voice was gone. For three months she could not speak a loud word. Her voice then suddenly returned. All the doctors could say about it was that she had talked her tongue into being tired and needing a rest.—Detroit Free Press.

VOICES AND TINTS OF NATURE.

How They Differ in the Cold and Hot Months of the Year.

Many readers have probably at various times observed two phenomena and perhaps never given the subjects but little thought afterward. First, that natural sounds are very different in the colder than in the warmer months of the year; and, secondly, that waters have different tints during the colder and warmer months.

In illustration of the first we will take a number of examples. Many of us have noticed the contrast in the noise of the wind in different seasons when it blows around the corner of the house; in summer what a soft, mellow tone it has, and in winter what a harsh, rough whistle!

Then, again, let us stroll along the banks of a stream in May, June or July, and we will observe that the water will then make a gentle, babbling sound, while in November or winter it will, with no greater volume, make a hoarse, gurgling noise.

Still again, if we ramble in the woods during late spring or early summer, we cannot but notice what a softness and mildness the wind has when blowing through the tops of the trees. On the other hand, what a roaring it makes in cold weather. Perhaps the trees being with or without foliage may cause some difference, but it will be observed in May, before the leaves are out to any extent, there is even then a marked difference between that time and December. Often we have heard it along telegraph wires during summer and winter, and have noted the contrast.

Again, listen to the waterfall on mill dams. The water in the warm season seems to fall in smooth, murmuring tones, but in cold weather it seems harsh enough to make chills run down one's spine. Then take the ocean; many of us know while strolling along the beach or sitting on the sand during the warm season with what a mellow sound the waves splash upon the sandy beach, while in winter, with no higher tide, what a roaring and hissing they make!

Even among birds we observe a contrast in their notes, being mellow in spring and summer, but harsh in cold weather; it may be owing to the difference in their love, feeding, call or migration notes.

There is also a corresponding difference in the notes of insects.

A musician once told me that to his ear the sounds of winds and waters were nearly all in the key of B flat. Perhaps some readers who have good ears for music could tell us if they are so.

Then, secondly, we will take notes of the various tints that waters have during different seasons. For example, let us commence by taking the brook again. As we ramble along its banks in June or July we see that the water has a silvery white look as it merrily dances on its way, but in cold weather it has more or less of a bluish tint, on some days quite a dark blue. The same is true of lakes and ponds. What a soft silvery appearance they have in early summer; then in November or December what a dull leaden color!

Still again, take waterfalls or mill dams, then the waters seem to fall in a glistening white sheet during the warm season, but in winter they have more or less of the blue tint again, sometimes real dark; although at Niagara Falls I never recollect of seeing any other but the two colors, emerald green and white—the white greatly predominating in the summer, but more of the green in late fall. I have never seen the falls later in the year than November; even they, too, may have the bluish tints during the winter.

And lastly, take the ocean; we have noted particularly the difference in aspect there, in summer pale green and silvery; in winter a much darker shade of green or a dark blue.

But whichever way these voices and tints of nature are, we all like to hear and to see them, don't we?—Forest and Stream.

Senators and Women.

The senate reception room always has a number of ladies on its comfortable sofas, and not infrequently a half dozen senators are seated beside the fair ones discussing their cases. This room is one of the beautiful rooms of the Capitol, and the claimants do considerable work in it. Most of the senators are very kind to women, and the only thing that angers them is the professional book agent, who calls them out with an engraved card and then asks them to buy a ten dollar volume of "Pictures from the Holy Land."—Washington Cor. New York Star.

A Wisconsin man bought a pickerel that weighed eighteen pounds the other day. The pickerel had swallowed a bass that would weigh two or three pounds, and when he dressed the bass he was rewarded by finding two good sized perch in him that he had swallowed, so he really bought four fish instead of one, as he supposed.—Boston Herald.

Worse Up There.

There were seventy-three passengers packed into a rapid transit Woodward avenue car. A little woman, who had for ten or fifteen minutes submitted to a pressure of 2,000 pounds to the square inch, finally appealed to the conductor with:

"Conductor, is there not a second story to this car?"

"Yes'm," he replied, "but there are twenty-four passengers on it."

Japanese Politeness.

The politeness of the Japanese has long been proverbial. Whoever comes in contact with them anywhere speaks of their gentle manners, and in their own country this trait is much more marked than when one meets them as isolated individuals away from home. An American traveler in Japan tells a story bearing upon this point.

This American was from Ohio; he was captain of a gunboat, and though a brave and efficient officer, he was somewhat noted for his sense of his own importance.

He had put in at a Japanese port, and with his officers had been most politely received by the Japanese authorities. As the Americans proceeded with their escort through the town the young captain was very much pleased to see that every one whom they met bowed profoundly; but what was the soft, three syllabled word that they uttered with this graceful salute?

The captain did not understand the Japanese language or Japanese urbanity. He did not know that it was the custom of the people whenever they passed a stranger to salute him with an inclination of the head. Nor did he know that the Japanese "How do you do?" or "How are you?" is contained in one word, "Ohayo," the pronunciation being, as nearly as possible, O-yo-yo.

Presently one of these polite Japanese townspeople happened to speak louder than the others, and our captain received, as he thought, a sudden illumination. With a flush of gratification he turned to one of his officers and whispered: "How in the world did they happen to know that I came from Ohio?"—Youth's Companion.

Antiquity of Shoemaking.

The first sole protector or rudimentary shoe was the sandal, which consisted of a sole of some kind of skin or of wood, held in place by straps and thongs. In all countries, ancient and modern, which have laid any claims to even the rudest kind of civilization, some kind of a covering or protector for the feet has been recognized as a part and parcel of the wearing apparel. The thong fastened sandals of the Greeks and Egyptians were the shoes of Holy Writ. In Egypt the materials used by the shoemaker were strips of the papyrus, the paper reed of the Nile. Woven strips of papyrus made a light and durable foot-covering.

As seen by paintings on the walls of Thebes, shoemaking formed a distinct branch of trade in the time of the reign of Thothmes III, about 1,495 years before Christ, or about the time of the flight of the Israelites. Foot coverings of the Romans were both the highly ornamented sandal and the boot reaching to or above the knee.—St. Louis Republic.

Servants' Wages in England.

A butler seldom gets more than \$20 a month, and a cook must be a good one to get \$15. A laundress gets \$10 to \$12.50, and a very good one \$15 a month. A footman may get \$12.50, but the price runs from \$8 upward, and housemaids can be had in shoals at \$5 to \$10 a month, and excellent servants they are. Kitchen maids at first get but little, sometimes \$2 or \$3 a month, but they rise gradually until they become cooks. Coachmen get about the same as butlers and grooms, and helpers the same as footmen.

The head gardener will get about \$350 to \$500 a year and a house, and under gardeners about \$3 to \$5 a week and a certain amount of vegetables and fruit in season. The household servants always receive washing expenses. These vary according to the grade of the servant. A butler will get \$3.50 a month and a lower servant only \$1.50, a housekeeper \$3 and a lower maid as little as \$1.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Murder With Out.

During a thunder storm a large oak tree in the Masonic graveyard of Salem, Va., was struck by lightning and rent from top to bottom. While looking at the ruin the next morning Matthew Turner, who has charge of the cemetery, spied an object which had fallen from the cloven trunk. Picking it up and cutting away the mass of moss, fungus and earth with which it was crusted over, he found that it was a large, old fashioned teapot of solid silver. Opening it, he discovered that it contained the skull of an infant a few days old, and further investigation showed the teapot to bear an inscription: "From D. T. to R. L., 1823."—Chicago Herald.

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