

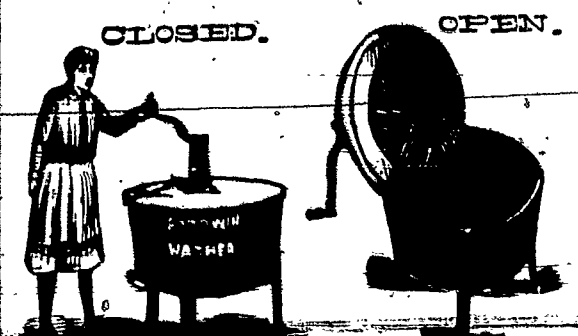
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Economical buyers are assured that in the line of Carpetings we can please them as our stock is large and well assorted and our prices uniformly reasonable.

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Our New Department contains Drapery and Furniture Goods in endless variety.

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STOCK

Has been transferred to

One-Price

BECK

At A Low Figure

You will find Bargains in Every Style of Footwear.

We have Ladies' Shoes from \$1 to 2.50; worth from 2.00 to \$4.00.

Men's Bal. and Cong. reduced from \$3, 4 and 5 to \$1.50, 2 and 3.

A special lot of Childrens shoes for 35 cents.

Also a special lot Men's and Women's shoes at 95 cents, worth from 1.50 to \$3.00.

I INTEND TO CLOSE OUT The Entire Stock

At My Annex

206 E. Main St.

At Figures that must sell the goods.

I am still doing business at my other store

196 E. MAIN ST.

Where I carry as Fine a Line of

Gent's, Woman's, Misses', Boys' and Childrens Shoes

to be found in Western New York.

One-Price Beck, 196 East Main St. Annex 206

If you are wounded, and secure the burglar, you are a hero, and the intruder will doubtless be fitly punished. Meanwhile you suffer more or less pain, inconvenience and trouble before you can return to your business.

But supposing you were crippled for life. That is not pleasant to contemplate, is it? You are a hero, it is true, but cannot run, dance, skate, hunt and the like.

Again, it might be death; lingering or sudden. Will the fact that justice takes the life of the murderer give you any recompense? The seasons—the green carpet of spring, the half-blown roses of summer, autumn's mellowed glory, and the feathery signals of winter—these will come to you and find you all unresponsive.

Men and women you will heed not, for your feet shall have dipped in the tide of the unknown, and your lips will be silent.

No; this positively will not do. It is probably 1 o'clock at night. I am awake and vigilant. There is a man in the room, and he is armed.

Supposing, now, that I were armed. I have used and been familiar with firearms since I was a mere boy—accustomed to the use of rifle, shot gun and revolver.

The revolver is necessarily the weapon which appears in these affrays between the burglar and the householder. Now, although I am not what is termed a "crack" shot with a revolver, it would be an easy thing for me to put a 35-caliber ball into a man if he were sitting or standing thirty feet from me.

If I had my revolver now, would it be advisable to begin operations? Let us see. This man is either sitting or standing in some corner of the room. He would not stand in the center of the room, for the tendency is to skulk where the shadows lie deepest. Supposing my revolver was in my hand and I fired a shot. That would change the aspect of this matter into an absolute question of life or death. The burglar would return the shot. He would fire at the flash of my weapon; perhaps hold a dark lantern to one side and dispose of me at once or at the most two shots.

As it is almost impossible to determine where a man is who is merely somewhere in your bedroom, I am led to conclude that promiscuous firing on the part of the occupant of the bed is not a wise action; further, that it is suicidal.

This man in the room is doing one of two things. He either believes that I am fully awake and cognizant of his presence, or that I am restless without suspicion and may soon be again in dreamland.

If I adopt the first idea, he has his hand on his weapon ready at an instant's notice to fire. He may be even anxious and a trifle startled. It is within the bounds of possibility that he may even believe that I am similarly armed and watchful, and he may entertain a sort of fear of me. Ha, ha. If it were not so ghastly it might be ludicrous.

On the part of the second theory, if he thinks me merely drowsy he will wait for the regular breathing that denotes sleep before he stirs again. Failing to hear that he may proceed to stern measures—intimidation or worse. I have given up the idea of his being an assassin. It is an illogical supposition, and the darkness shall not make me superstitious or childish.

What if I simply counterfeit sleep and let him go on with his scheme of plundering? But I cannot sleep. As alert and cool as I feel myself to be, this experience has made me wrought up and nervous. I wish it were light, or failing that, I wish this prowler would make up his mind to do something. The darkness is alarming, but the knowledge that it envelops this wretch makes it tenfold more fearful. Look into a dark cave. It is not the mere gloom that makes it seem so awesome; it is the thought that in this cave hides—what? You do not know, but observe you rolling thunder cloud; it is black, lowering and tremendous. Perhaps it is a tornado charged. At least, what it may hold renders it more an object of fear than its mere outward form.

How doubly and quadruply sickening, then, when we feel that the darkness surrounding us is hiding that most terrible of beasts, man?

For as the intelligence of man predominates over the craft of animals so does the ferocity of man surpass that of the tiger and shark.

I cannot go to sleep. This man must be the first to make a move on the chess board. Does he intend to wait? So will I—till the rumble of the early wagons shall resound along the paved street. Till the watchful stars have donned their gray uniform and the faint, silver dawn shall pry with tremulous fingers in the

But will he wait? Now that is a fallacious conjecture. He must fulfill his object and depart. He must obtain something for the extreme risk taken. It is no light thing to come into a home on an errand of this nature. Slaying him under most circumstances would be perfectly justifiable even in the eyes of the law. And in the eyes of the juror it would require extraordinary circumstances indeed to make you liable to punishment.

Besides, if convicted for burglary the punishment is extremely severe; in some states and under some statutes the death penalty may be given.

Therefore this man in my room will shortly commence operations. Where will he begin and how? Will he first ascertain if I am asleep, or will he conclude that I am awake and proceed to the pleasing task of terrorizing me? And what, after all, will be his reward? I have no money, my watch is a key winder and a cheap one, and my other jewelry is of the plainest possible kind.

Why do not these fellows select a residence more likely to afford better opportunities for riches than my humble rooms? They usually do. Do they not always? Almost invariably.

It is long past midnight. I am awake. I appeal to logic and calm common sense. It is I, myself; I am the man in the room. It was even so. I turned to my pillow and slept.—Ernest McGaffey in Chicago Times.

To produce sufficient silk to make a dress requires more time and capital than most people would imagine. If we take one and one-quarter pounds as the weight of pure silk required, this would be equal to two pounds of raw silk. To produce two pounds of raw silk would require the entire silk obtained from 7,000 to 8,000 worms, allowing a percentage for death by disease and other casualties.

The Austrian national hymn has, it appears, become almost unrecognizable in the midst of the orchestral flagrant work with which band masters have decorated it; so the order has gone forth that the hymn is to be played throughout the empire only as Haydn originally arranged it.

The celebrated tun at Kenigstein is said to be the most capacious wine cask in the world—holding 1,869,236 pints. The top is raised in, affording room for twenty persons.

The Father of Photography.

What fact more commonplace to our mind than the photographic process of portrait taking! Many of us remember the original form of these sun pictures—the daguerrotypes, specimens of which, once in awhile, we draw forth from some unexplored drawer, carrying us back to the forgotten days of childhood. It was no further off than 1838 that Madame Daguerre, the wife of the inventor of the process, had an earnest consultation with one of the medical celebrities of the day concerning her husband's mental condition.

After acquainting the physician with the many indications of Daguerre's mental aberration, she added, with tears in her eyes, that the concluding proof of his insanity was his absolute conviction that he would succeed in nailing his own shadow to the wall or in fixing it on magical metallic plates.

The physician listened with profound attention to this unmitigated evidence of mental derangement, answering that he, himself, had observed in Daguerre strong symptoms of madness. He closed the consultation by advising that her husband should be sent quietly and without delay to the well-known lunatic asylum, Bicetre. Two months later the world of art and science was stirred to its center by the exhibition of a number of pictures actually taken by the new process. Arago, in January, 1839, laid an account of the process before the Academie des Sciences, and soon the "lunatic" was heralded as the father of photography.—Aréna.

A Husband's Trick.

The devices that men employ to fool their wives as to the hour at which they reach home are numerous, but a newspaper man hit on a new one not long ago. It is queer the same trick has not been adopted with enough frequency to have become popular. This man has a clock in his house that strikes "1" at the half hour, and when he has a night off he gauges himself to get home a few minutes before some half hour. If it is 4 o'clock he waits until about 4:20, and then he goes bustling in, making noise enough to wake up the dead. The sleepy wife throws the covers off her head and says: "Oh! is that you? What time is it?" The husband replies carelessly: "Time? Nearly 1, I guess; I don't know exactly, my dear." By this time the clock strikes "1" and the wife is satisfied. Long before the hour of 5 is reached the wife is again fast asleep, and she never suspects her lord and master has played it on her.—Chicago Herald.

SEQUEL OF A HANGING.

A Reporter's Experience with Two Murders, One of Whom Was Hanged.

In the days when Horace Greeley was Ex-Governor of the New York Tribune, Fred Harriott was a reporter on that paper. In Binghamton, N. Y., a burglary was committed by three men. Two of these entered a store to secure the booty, while the third was left outside as a guard. This guard was vigilant and he saw by the movements of a young man who appeared on the scene that the burglars had been discovered. Prompt action was necessary and the guard was the man for the situation. Before the young man could give the alarm the guard had grappled with and killed him. Hiding his victim in a dark corner he waited until his accomplices finished their work and then, without a word of the deed he had committed, repaired with them to a rendezvous where the spoils were to be divided. While thus engaged the murderer managed to start a quarrel and in the scrimmage that followed he killed his two confederates in crime and took all the booty himself.

The murderer, however, was not cunning enough to elude the officers of justice. He was arrested, tried and sentenced to be hanged. A few days before the hanging Harriott was sent by Mr. Greeley to report the affair. Harriott interviewed the condemned, and found him to be in many respects a wonderful man. He was a crank of the first water, and was thoroughly unbalanced in mind. He was a scholar of wonderful attainments, and as acquaintance progressed Harriott learned he had some manuscript works in original Greek that any college or institution of learning would be delighted to possess.

Upon his arrest the man had given the name of Rulof, and that was all the public knew of him, but Harriott found more than that in the man, and he became so interested in him that he also interested Mr. Greeley, and by their combined efforts a respite was obtained for the prisoner. Harriott worked hard to secure the man's pardon, but he did not succeed, and Rulof was hanged. The newspaper man was the last one with whom he spoke before the cap was pulled over his head.

Harriott quit the newspaper business and married Clara Morris. He became her manager and in that capacity found himself some years ago in San Francisco.

While there the actress wished to have some pictures taken, and Mr. Harriott went to the well known photographers of San Francisco, Bradley & Rulofson. After a few moments' talk with one of the firm he thought that he had seen him before arose in his mind, and he directed questions that in turn caused questions to be asked. The photographer's appearance, manner and speech brought to his memory the hanging of Rulof in Binghamton, and when he found he was talking to Mr. Rulofson his wonder grew greater than ever at the similarity of the names. Mr. Rulofson drew from him the whole story of the triple murder and the hanging. He told how he had labored for the condemned man and the interest he had taken in him.

The proprietor listened intently all through and noted down in a book of orders the appointment for Miss Morris for the next day. They parted and Mr. Harriott began a stroll through the gallery, looking at the pictures. He had not been long thus engaged when he became aware of a commotion down on the street below. He looked out of the window and saw a crowd. Presently it parted and some policemen emerged bearing the form of a man. Even at that distance Mr. Harriott recognized it as the man he had, but a few minutes before been talking with. It was Rulofson. He had left the gallery and gone to the roof of the building and deliberately thrown himself to the pavement below.

Rulofson was a brother of the murderer hanged in Binghamton. He had not heard from his brother for years, as was learned a little later. The brother had been the black sheep of the family and had caused no end of trouble. He had been all over the world and had traveled under many aliases. His last one was Rulof—he had merely dropped the last syllable. The story Harriott told was the first knowledge Rulofson had had of his brother's fate, and it affected him so that he committed suicide.—Chicago Herald.

More Baranisms.

P. T. Barnum was introduced to Sir Arthur Sullivan, at the Waterloo station, in London. "Sir Arthur," said Mr. Barnum, "I am glad to have the opportunity of meeting you. You are celebrated. I am notorious." It is said that a rather pompous minister once met Barnum and said to him: "Mr. Barnum, you and I have met before on the temporary platform, and I hope we shall meet hereafter." "We shall," was the reply.