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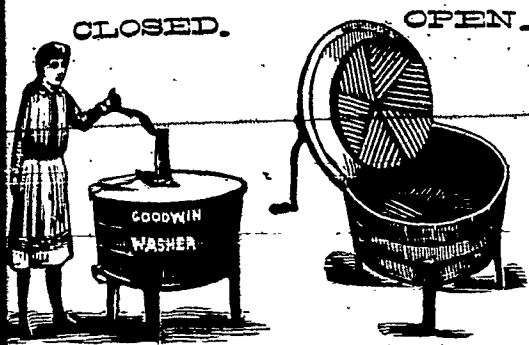
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You will find Bargains in Every Style

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

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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 " " "

dared about how old a lad was.

"But you have 'boys,' surely?"

"Oh, yes, sir. They're all boys, of course, 'till they get to be men. Only these are the different kinds of boys."

—Youth's Companion.

Manners.

I make it a point of morality never to find fault with another for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic, I care not what they are, if the man means well and acts from honest intentions, without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantages of "good society," as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies; and if there is any standard of manners, it is well founded on reason and good sense, and not upon these artificial regulations. Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous and not studied. I always suspect a man that meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face, the same bending of the body and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand, the careless nod of recognition, and, when occasion requires, the homely but welcome salutation: "How are you, my old friend?"—New York Ledger.

Diet of Old People.

As we increase in age—when we have spent, say, our first half century—less energy and activity remain, and less expenditure can be made; less power to eliminate is possible at 50 than at 30, still less at 60 and upward. Less nutriment, therefore, says Sir Henry Thompson, must be taken in proportion as age advances, or rather as activity diminishes, or the individual will suffer. If he continue to consume the same abundant breakfast, substantial lunches and heavy dinners which at the summit of his power he could dispose of almost with impunity, he will in time certainly either accumulate fat, or become acquainted with gout or rheumatism, or show signs of unhealthy deposit of some kind in some part of the body—processes which must inevitably poison, undermine or shorten his remaining term of life. He must reduce his "intake," because a small expenditure is an enforced condition of existence.

Sheep vs. Pigs.

Niece—What do you think about this carpet? It is only \$1.50 a yard, and Brussels.

Aunt—Too much. I got one, all wool, for \$1, and I'm sure I'd rather have wool than Brussels.

White Lead Injurious.

It is said that painting floors with any color containing white lead is injurious, as it renders the wood soft and less capable of wear. Other paints without white lead, such as ochre, raw umber or sienna, are not injurious and can be used with advantage. Varnish made of drying lead salts is also said to be destructive, and it is recommended that the borate of manganese should be used to dispose the varnish to dry. A receipt for a good floor varnish is as follows: Take two pounds of pure white borate of manganese, finely powdered, and add it little by little to a saucepan containing ten pounds of linseed oil, which is to be well stirred and raised to a temperature of 300 degs. Fahrenheit. Heat 100 pounds of linseed oil in a boiler till ebullition takes place, then add to it the first liquid, increase the heat and allow it to boil for twenty minutes. Then remove from the fire and filter the solution through cotton cloth. The varnish is then ready for use, two coats of which may be used with a final coat of shellac, if a brilliant polish is required.—Philadelphia Record.

Liked the Features.

She was showing George over the grounds at her father's new country residence.

"I like it immensely," said George.

"There are some very pretty features about the place."

"You think so?"

"Yes, indeed; yours, for instance."—New York World.

A Kitchen Gardener.

Lady—Have you any oyster plant seeds?

Grocer—Yes, ma'am.

Lady—Well, send me two or three dozen, and, mind you, I wish to raise Blue Points.—Detroit Free Press.

Love and Thoughtfulness.

A pleasing story of family affection and thoughtfulness is given by The Fairfield (Me.) Journal. In a quiet farmhouse by the banks of the Kennebec, near Fairfield, dwells an aged couple whose only son runs on the Maine Central between Bangor and Portland, and each night the rattle of his train rocks the humble abode of his parents. To assure them that he is all right, whenever the engine reaches the cottage he touches the bell a single stroke. They signal to him by having a lamp burning brightly in a particular window to tell him that they, too, are not only in their usual health but bear him in mind. Every other night the signals are exchanged at 7 a. m. and 10 p. m. respectively.

WAITING.

From dawn to night at her window sitting, she waits, while drifts the heavy snow away, and like the swallow, all her thoughts going— To that sweet south wherein they fain would stay.

Yes, all day long she listens for his coming, All the long day she dreams of one dear face; She hears his whisper in the bees' low humming, She feels his kisses in the wind's embrace.

Lonely she dreams, while the warm sunshine lingers Upon her face, her pallid face, yet fair; Alone sits sobbing, while with silver fingers The moonbeams thread her soft, unbraided hair.

Ah, heavy heart! so passionate thy yearning, She needs must know that all her peace is o'er; That eager pain 'neath her white bosom burning, Tells her 'tis gone, to enter there no more.

But once to feel, unchecked, his fond caressing! One wild, sweet hour, close to his heart to press! There her thought stops; what else of bliss or blessing— The great world holds, she does not care to guess.

Still at her window dreaming, longing, weeping, While to their mates the gray doves coo and call, She leans, and watches the slow clouds go creeping Far down the blue, beyond the city wall.

—New York Ledger.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

The Pleasures of Keeping a Horse and a Cow in the Dooryard.

"I'll tell you," said the doctor, "we'll buy a cow and make our own butter! And we'll fence in the adjoining lot and keep a pony for the children! What's the use of living in the country if you don't keep a cow or a horse?"

To this outburst there came no answer save a maniac smile, for the doctor's only audience was a feeble minded woman, whom sad experience in suburban life had bereft of hope.

Perhaps she remembered the slow alienation of neighborly affection brought about by marauding fowls, and also those lurid months during which a blithe Newfoundland pup had devastated the land, but if so she made no sign. A long experience with men had taught this gentle being that the only way to get the best of men and hens is to appear to give them their own way in the start, so she smiled a slow, weird smile and consented to the insertion of an advertisement in the county paper for a superior cow and a tractable pony.

Scarcely a week had fitted by when one day there walked into the back yard a strange cavalcade. First came a dejected dwarf of a steed, whose head had evidently been designed for a Normandy draught horse, but whose legs had been sawed off short in a dream. His bust measure was all right, but he presented the general appearance of an oak that had started with the best of intentions from an acorn, but had suddenly changed its mind and decided to become a head of lettuce. There was a masterful look in his eye that bespoke decision and force, and the way his fore shortened members touched the ground was indicative of business. Behind the horse came a wrecked cow. I put it mildly when I say a wrecked cow, for she had no horns, no tail and scarcely any hair. She had bones, however, and they showed and seemed to creek in the morning air like a week's washing frozen on the line. Back of the horse and cow strode a gigantic boy. He was evidently young, for he wore knickerbockers, but he was very large and powerful. I soon discovered he was a Swede, and neither spoke nor understood the language of the land of his adoption. He seemed resolved to leave the horse and cow. In vain I gesticulated, danced, expostulated. Sadly, yet resolutely, he cast off the leading strings from the two beasts and turned them loose in my dooryard. I followed him to the corner, and if I had had a shotgun I should probably have stained my innocent soul with boyslaughter, but he paid no attention to me and retraced his steps to the unknown country from whence he and his living menagerie had come.

I went home in tears and found the horse had regained his spirits and was chasing the cow around the yard. When he got tired of that he began to kick at the hired girl, who had gone out to the rescue of the cow, frightening the poor girl so badly that she fell in a fit upon the door sill, over which I dragged her at the risk of my own life.

After a time the horse wearied of his surroundings and started off at a tearing run down street, leaving a five barred gate as easily as a wind blown feather skims the air. Where he went I know not, for my eyes have never rested upon him since he disappeared in the direction of the lake bluff, but I am told that after a night's wandering he was taken up and returned to his owner.

Turning from the window where I had stood spellbound with delight to see the gentle beast vault through the crowd of helpless school children on their way to school, I turned my attention to the hired girl and the cow. They both seemed delicious. The former moaned something about taking the first train to town, and the latter was rubbing herself against the side of the house in a way

that made the windows rattle and rattled out and gave the poor thing a beam of water which she absorbed with one loud inhalation and seemed anxious for more. The better part of the morning was spent in humanitarian service. I do not think the poor animal had tasted food since the preceding June. When the doctor came home at night he found the hired girl gone forever and the cow asleep on the garden walk like an emaciated watchdog on guard.

"Who brought that rack of bones here?" he asked.

I wanted to say who I thought had a direct hand in it, but the children stood around too near, so I contented myself with a few gentle words, descriptive of the boy, the goblin pony and the cow.

Next morning the large and muscular boy came back and evidently wanted money. The doctor gave him the cow, and chased him up street with a hatchet, but that did not bring back the hired girl nor restore the lightness of heart of which such experiences are likely to rob an emotional nature.—Chicago Herald.

The Fitness of Life.

"A few weeks ago," says a man returned from the west, "I was in Minneapolis. With me was a friend who himself had a friend in the city. This third person was taken suddenly ill and died in a few days, and to my friend were intrusted the arrangements for the burial. When we went together to the undertaker's to select a casket, one particularly pleased him, but there was some reason why it did not commend itself to him for his friend. Having finally chosen one, he ordered it sent up; 'but,' said he to me, as he gave the order, 'when you order one for me choose that other one.' We left the establishment and separated. So far as either of us knew he was in perfect health, but in two hours from that time I was back at the undertaker's and ordered that very coffin to be sent out for my friend. He had dropped suddenly dead on the street from heart failure. It's such a thing as this that makes a man feel eerie, isn't it?"—New York Evening Sun.

Heat of the Moon.

A problem of great interest in physics and astronomy, on which Tyndall, Lord Roese and Professor Langley labored in vain, has been solved, and trustworthy evidence at last been obtained as to the thermal value of moonlight. This has been accomplished by Mr. C. V. Boys, one of the professors at South Kensington, who, by means of his quartz filaments has produced a thermopile of almost incredible delicacy. By this apparatus he can render sensible the heat of a candle up to the distance of a mile and three-quarters, and by directing the minute disk of the instrument to the moon he has shown that the warmth received from its reflected light is equal to that given out by a candle at twenty-one feet distance. The result accords with the anticipations of Professor Piazzi Smyth. Observations seem to show that, although the moon's face is under the blaze of an unclouded sun for fourteen days, it remains comparatively cool, and that whatever heating it does ultimately receive is rapidly gained and as rapidly lost.—London Standard.

Mind Your Own Business.

Keep your mind on your share of the work; do not try to manage for the whole firm. I remember a man who used to amuse me very much. He never earned more than \$15 a week until he had passed 50 years of age, and during his married life his wife had earned more than he had. Yet he would grow intensely excited because a large and exceedingly prosperous corporation would not adopt his plans, though his connection with it was paying his fare as passenger on its cars. The firm employing him would, if managed by him, grow wealthy in a year, he insisted. Still the firm dispensed with his valuable services and were able to conduct business. That man had been so busy all his business life planning affairs with which he had no connection that he really had no time to think of his personal work. He was not lazy, but he did not know enough to mind his own business.—Christian Union.

Judging by the Label.

"What queer pumpkin! looks more like squash, don't it?" remarked one Lewiston woman to her visitor, lately. "That's just what I thought," replied the other, letting her work drop into her lap. "I looked and looked at my can, but it was labeled 'Pumpkin,' and so I supposed it must be pumpkin and made pumpkin pie of it, but Tom declared they were queer pumpkin pie." "Well, it says pumpkin and I believe—why, see here!" Her little girl had torn off the outside paper and on that next the can was a picture of a squash, and underneath: "This squash, etc." Henceforth these women put no more confidence in labels. And perhaps when Tom gets over saying, "queer pumpkin pie," one of them will feel more kindly disposed towards the manufacturer whose squash is pumpkin if pumpkin will sell better.—Lewiston Journal.