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Carpets, Stoves and Household Goods. Contents of house purchased complete if desired. Camping parties and Cottages at lake or bay can get complete outfit at lowest prices. Goods delivered.

WM. CURTIS,  
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WANTED—Ladies to learn Prof. Livingston's French system of dress cutting, the same as taught 27 Broadway, New York. Instructions in Basting, draping and designing, matching of plaids and stripes, also long garments and the new French skirt, pupils must cut a test waist for their own form, if any alterations on any shape or form, no charge for instructions. Mothers bring or send your daughters, they can learn more in two weeks than they could in a dressmaking establishment in one year. Lessons day and evening. 138 East Main-st., Marble Block, Room 3.

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- \$8,600—House on Lake ave.
- \$5,500—House on S. Goodman st.
- \$5,600—House on Phelps ave.
- \$5,000—House on Grove st.
- \$5,600—House on Fulton ave.
- \$3,500—House on Glenwood park.
- \$3,500—House on Rowe st.
- \$3,200—House on Second st.
- \$3,000—House on Fourth st.
- \$2,900—House on Breezel park.
- \$2,900—House on Rowe st.
- \$2,800—House on Ravine ave.
- \$2,700—House on Rowe st.
- \$2,500—House on Costar st.
- \$2,500—House on Glenwood ave.
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3m

MISS S. C. MINGES,  
Ladies' Hair Dressing, Shampooing  
CUTTING AND CURLING BANGS  
LADIES' WHOLE WIGS MADE TO ORDER.  
82 Osburn House Block.  
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South St. Paul St. Coffee House,  
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Meals served at all hours on the European plan. Also Table Board at \$2.50 per week. Furnished Rooms at Reasonable Rates.  
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Gents' Clothes Cut and Made to Order.  
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Call on Jas. N. Leonard,  
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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
Clams, Pickled Pigs' Feet, Pickled Tongue, Pickled Tripe, French Mustard, Sardines, Canned Goods, Mince Meat, &c.  
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## LOW CUT LOW PRICED SUMMER SHOES

AT THE  
SHOE STORE

In tan, in black, and all colors, ranging in price from \$1 upward. Largest stock and lowest prices. Ladies' Fine Dongola Button Boots, \$1.50 upward. Men's Shoes, \$2 and upward.

68 East Main St.

TASTE AND TRY!  
Ask your Druggist or Grocer for the only genuine article, the C. A. D. brand California Orange Wine.

THE C. A. D. BRAND OF CALIFORNIA Orange Wine is warranted to contain no adulteration whatever, being made of the pure juice of selected oranges, it is therefore absolutely pure. It is non-alcoholic and a strict temperance drink. It is the most refreshing, exhilarating and invigorating tonic in the world. Beware of imitations. Drink none but the C. A. D. brand, as every bottle, jug, keg or barrel is warranted strictly pure. The new wine is now on tap at our saleroom, 283 East Main st., and free for all to come and test the quality. We are sending out large quantities of it daily to the trade.  
C. A. DEAVENPORT,  
Agent for the United States and Canada,  
283 East Main-st., Rochester, N. Y.  
Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Peanuts, Cocoa nuts, Pineapples, etc., in carload lots this week.

Bicycle Storage Room  
BENJ. SUTTER, 86 Exchange St.

Parties desiring to leave their bicycles while they transact business can now do so with perfect safety, knowing that their valuable property will not be stolen or tampered with. The rates of charges are low and great care will be taken of all wheels left for safe keeping.

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PROMPT AND ACCURATE. REASONABLE.

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232 W. MAIN STREET,  
Fine Imported and Domestic Cigars,  
Tobacco, Cigarettes, etc.  
Wm. T. BOLGER, Rochester, N. Y.

Save Your  
HAIR  
Guggenbain's Hair Parlor,  
Open also Evenings. 321 E. Main St.

## THE WORLD'S WAY.

The world is cold and scornful,  
And though heartless it is gay,  
And merit starves while knavery  
Upholds its soverign sway.  
The sacred things are mocked at  
And unbelief today  
Is prevalent. We sigh alas!  
'Tis but the wise world's way.  
The rich forget that misery  
Is not so far away,  
Tomorrow wrapped in darkness lies,  
We live but for today.  
And he who borrows trouble  
Will soon be bold and gray;  
Be young, enjoy life while you can,  
This is the gay world's way.  
Cold, cynical and careless,  
We grow more so each day,  
And kind attention to the poor  
We have no time to pay.  
O ye who do in kindness  
Your duty day by day  
Among the friendless, blessed your lot,  
You are not of this world's way.  
—Brooklyn Eagle

## FALSE DAWN.

No man will ever know the exact truth of this story; though women may sometimes whisper it to one another after a dance, when they are putting up their hair for the night and comparing lists of victims. A man, of course, cannot assist at these functions. So the tale must be told from the outside—in the dark—all wrong.  
Never praise a sister to a sister in the hope of your compliments reaching the proper ears, and so preparing a way for you later on. Sisters are women first, and sisters afterwards; and you will find that you do yourself harm.  
Saumarez knew this when he made up his mind to propose to the elder Miss Copleigh. Saumarez was a strange man, with few merits, so far as men could see, though he was popular with women, and carried enough conceit to stock a viceroy's council and leave a little over for the commander-in-chief's staff. He was a civilian. Very many women took an interest in Saumarez, perhaps, because his manner to them was offensive. If you hit a pony over the nose at the outset of your acquaintance he may not love you, but he will take a deep interest in your movements ever afterwards. The elder Miss Copleigh was nice, plump, winning and pretty. The younger was not so pretty, and, from men disregarding the hint set forth above, her style was repellent and unattractive. Both girls had, practically, the same figure, and there was a strong likeness between them in look and voice; though no one could doubt for an instant which was the nicer of the two.  
Saumarez made up his mind, as soon as they came into the station from Behar, to marry the elder one. At least, we all made sure that he would, which comes to the same thing. She was two-and-twenty and he was 33, with pay and allowances of nearly 1,400 rupees a month. So the match, as we arranged it, was in every way a good one. Saumarez was his name and summary was his nature, as a man once said. Having drafted his resolution, he formed a select committee of one to sit upon it, and resolved to take his time. In our unpleasant slang, the Copleigh girls "hunted in couples." That is to say, you could do nothing with one without the other. They were loving sisters, but their mutual affection was sometimes inconvenient. Saumarez held the balance hair true between them, and none but himself could have said to which side his heart inclined, though every one guessed. He rode with them a good deal and danced with them, but he never succeeded in detaching them from each other for any length of time.  
Women said that the two girls kept together through deep mistrust, each fearing that the other would steal a march on her. But that has nothing to do with a man. Saumarez was silent for good or bad, and as business-like attentive as he could be, having due regard to his work and his polo. Beyond doubt both girls were fond of him.  
As the hot weather drew nearer and Saumarez made no sign women said that you could see their trouble in the eyes of the girls—that they were looking strained, anxious and irritable. Men are quite blind in these matters unless they have more of the woman than the man in their composition, in which case it does not matter what they say or think. I maintain it was the hot April days that took the color out of the Copleigh girls' cheeks. They should have been sent to the Hills early. No one man or woman feels an angel when the hot weather is approaching. The younger sister grew more cynical, not to say acid—in her ways; and the winningness of the elder wore thin. There was more effort in it.  
Now the station wherein all these things happened was, though not a little one, off the line of rail, and suffered through want of attention. There were no gardens, or bands, or amusements worth speaking of, and it was nearly a day's journey to come into Lahore for a dance. People were grateful for small

things to interest them.  
About the beginning of May, and just before the final exodus of Hill goers, when the weather was very hot and there were not more than twenty people in the station, Saumarez gave a moonlight riding picnic at an old tomb, six miles away, near the bed of the river. It was a "Noah's ark" picnic; and there was to be the usual arrangement of quarter mile intervals between each couple, on account of the dust. Six couples came altogether, including chaperones. Moonlight picnics are useful just at the very end of the season, before all the girls go away to the Hills. They lead to understandings, and should be encouraged by chaperones; especially those whose girls look sweetest in riding habits. I knew a case once. But that is another story. That picnic was called the "Great Pop Picnic," because every one knew Saumarez would propose then to the eldest Miss Copleigh; and, besides his affair, there was another which might possibly come to happiness. The social atmosphere was heavily charged and wanted clearing.  
We met at the parade ground at 10; the night was fearfully hot. The horses sweated even at walking pace, but anything was better than sitting still in our own dark houses. When we moved off under the full moon we were four couples, one triplet, and Mr. Saumarez rode with the Copleigh girls and I lolloped at the tail of the procession wondering with whom Saumarez would ride home. Every one was happy and contented, but we all felt that things were going to happen. We rode slowly, and it was nearly midnight before we reached the old tomb, facing the ruined tank, in the decayed gardens where we were going to eat and drink. I was late in coming up, and, before I went into the garden, I saw that the horizon to the north carried a faint, dun colored feather. But no one would have thanked me for spoiling so well managed an entertainment as this picnic—and a dust storm more or less, does no great harm.  
We gathered by the tank. Some one had brought out a banjo—which is a most sentimental instrument—and three or four of us sang. You must not laugh at this. Our amusements in out-of-the-way stations are very few indeed. Then we talked in groups or together, lying under the trees, with the sun baked roses dropping their petals on our feet, until supper was ready. It was a beautiful supper, as cold and asiced as you could wish; and we stayed long over it.  
I had felt that the air was growing hotter and hotter; but nobody seemed to notice it until the moon went out and a burning hot wind began lashing the orange trees with a sound like the noise of the sea. Before we knew where we were the dust storm was on us, and everything was roaring, whirling darkness. The supper table was blown bodily into the tank. We were afraid of staying anywhere near the old tomb for fear it might be blown down. So we felt our way to the orange trees where the horses were picketed and waited for the storm to blow over. Then the little light that was left vanished, and you could not see your hand before your face.  
The air was heavy with dust and sand from the bed of the river, that filled boots and pockets and drifted down necks and coated eyebrows and mustaches. It was one of the worst dust storms of the year. We were all huddled together close to the trembling horses, with the thunder chattering overhead, and the lightning spurring like water from a sluice, all ways at once. There was no danger, of course, unless the horses broke loose. I was standing with my head downwind and my hands over my mouth, hearing the trees thrashing each other. I could not see who was next me till the flashes came. Then I found that I was packed near Saumarez and the eldest Miss Copleigh, with my own horse just in front of me. I recognized the eldest Miss Copleigh, because she had a pagri round her helmet, and the younger had not. All the electricity in the air had gone into my body and I was quivering and tingling from head to foot—exactly as a corn shoots and tingles before rain. It was a grand storm. The wind seemed to be picking up the earth and pitching it to leeward in great heaps; and the heat beat up from the ground like the heat of the day of judgment.  
The storm lulled slightly after the first half hour, and I heard a despairing little voice close to my ear, saying to itself, quietly and softly, as if some lost soul were flying about with the wind: "Oh, my God!" Then the younger Miss Copleigh stumbled into my arms, saying: "Where is my horse? Get my horse. I want to go home. I want to go home. Take me home."  
I thought that the lightning and the black darkness had frightened her; so I said there was no danger, but she must wait till the storm blew over. She answered: "It is not that! It is not that! I want to go home! Oh, take me away from here!"  
I said that she could not go till the

light came; but I felt her drift away and go away. It was too dark where. Then the whole sky was open with one tremendous flash, and the end of the world were coming, all the women shrieked.  
Almost directly after this I felt man's hand on my shoulder and heard Saumarez bellowing in my ear. Through the rattling of the trees and howling of the wind I did not catch his words once, but at last I heard him say: "I proposed to the wrong one! What shall I do?" Saumarez had no occasion to make this confidence to me. I was not a friend of his, nor am I now; but fancy neither of us were ourselves in then. He was shaking, as he stood, with excitement, and I was feeling queer over with the electricity. I could think of anything to say except: "Might I do you for proposing in a dust storm? But I did not see how that would prove the mistake."  
Then he shouted: "Where's Edith, Edith Copleigh?" Edith was the younger sister. I answered out of my astonishment: "What do you want with her? Would you believe it, for the next minutes he and I were shouting at each other like maniacs—he howling that was the younger sister he had meant propose to all along, and I telling him till my throat was hoarse that he must have made a mistake! I can't account for this except, again, by the fact that we were neither of us ourselves. Every thing seemed to me like a bad dream from the stamping of the horses in the darkness to Saumarez telling me the story of his loving Edith Copleigh the first. He was still clawing my shoulder and begging me to tell him where Edith Copleigh was, when another lull came and brought light with it, and we saw the dust cloud forming on the plain in front of us. So we knew the worst was over.  
The moon was low down, and the was just the glimmer of the false dawn that comes about an hour before the real one. But the light was very faint and the dun cloud roared like a bull, wondering where Edith Copleigh was going, and as I was wondering I saw the things together: First, Maud Copleigh's face came smiling out of the darkness and move towards Saumarez, who was standing by me. I heard the girl whisper "George," and slide her arm into my arm that was not clawing my shoulder and I saw that look on her face which only comes once or twice in a lifetime when a woman is perfectly happy as the air is full of trumpets and gorgeous colored fire and the earth turns in cloud because she loves and is loved. At the same time I saw Saumarez's face, he heard Maud Copleigh's voice, fifty yards away from the clump of orange trees I saw a brown Holland habit getting upon a horse.  
It must have been my state of over excitement that made me so quick to meddle with what did not concern me. Saumarez was moving off to the habit; but I pushed him back and said: "Stop here and explain. I'll fetch her back!" As I ran out to get at my own horse, I had a perfectly unnecessary notion that every thing must be done decently and in order, and that Saumarez's first care was to wipe the happy look out of Maud Copleigh's face. All the time I was linked up the curb chain I wondered how I would do it.  
I cantered after Edith Copleigh, thinking to bring her back slowly on some tense or another. But she galloped away as soon as she saw me, and I was forced to ride after her in earnest. She called back over her shoulder: "Go away! I'm going home. Oh, go away!" two or three times; but my business was to catch her first and argue later. The ride just finished in with the rest of the evil dream. The ground was very bad, and now and again we rushed through the whirling, choking "dust devils," in the skirts of the falling storm. There was a burning fire of stale brick kilns with it, and through the half light and through the dust devils, across that desolate plain, flickered the brown holland habit on the girl's horse. She headed for the station first. Then she wheeled round and off for the river through beds of burnt down jungle grass, bad even to the pig over. In cold blood I should have dreamed of going over such a country at night, but it seemed quite right and natural with the lightning crackling overhead, and a reek like the smell of the Pit in my nostrils. I rode and shuddered, and she bent forward and lashed her horse, and the aftermath of the storm came up and caught us both, drove us downwind like pieces of paper. I don't know how far we rode, but the drumming of the horse hoofs and the roar of the wind and the race of the blood red moon through the yellow seemed to have gone on for years, and I was literally drenched with sweat from my helmet to my gaiters when the gray stumbled, recovered itself and pulled up dead lame. My horse was used up altogether. Edith Copleigh was in a sad state, plastered with