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We have made arrangements with the proprietors of Donahie's Magasign, so that the CATHOLA JOURNAL pipe stuffed into the besiding roll, two and the Magazine will be furnished miles from the turnult of the barracks,

be one of the marvels of American jourmalism for the richness of its contents and lish his depot and menagerie for such the character of the price. It has in every i possessions living and dead as could not Issue hundred pages of original and sc- safely he introduced to the harrack room. Testic a nundred pages of two dollars Here were gathered Houdin pullets and of reading matter, it occasionally embell- for terriers of undoubted pedigree and more its pages with timely illustrations, more than doubtful ownership, for Or-The veteran editor, Patrick Donahoe. theris was an inveterate poacher and pre-Tamer of the "Boston Pilot," gives, the eminent among a regiment of neat handmaking that his periodical is making od dog stealers. a steady advance, and because of its proings return wherein Ortheris, whistling

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"A little girl luse filed, " they buy-Unly sixteen! Weep if re may-bend low as re pray:

'What does it mean? But we cannot weep, though the child be

SUBIE.

And bearts beat sore Life droops unwed, by you stirless bed, By the shadowed door.

God fashioned a house. He said: "Build it with care;" Then softly laid the soul of a maid to divell in there.

And always he watched it greated it so, - Both day and night; The wee sorri grew as your lilles do, Splendid and white

It grew, I say, as your lilies grow, Tender and talk Till God smiled "Now, the house is too low For the child and small "

And gently he short the so atters one night, And closed the door; More room and more light to walk upright On a lither's floor

More room and more light for the maid you Only skreen, And on God's high row, where angels ko.

- A. H. Begine in Good Words

## THE PRIVATE'S STORY

She smiles between

Far from the haznets of company officers who insist upon kit inspections, far from keen nowed sergeants who sniff the to 250 a year for both, in advance, hes the trap. It is an invested pipal tree and DONAMOE'S MAGAZINE continues to rears gone by, did Private Ortherisestab

softly, moved surgeonwise among the captives of his craft at the bottom of the well: when Learned sat in the niche giring sage counsel on the management of "tykes," and Mulvaney, from the crook of the everlanging pipal, waved his tenormous boots in benediction above our : theads, delighting us with tales of love sand war and straige experiences of cities

Ortheris-landed at last in the "little stuff bird shop" for which your soul l'longed: Learovd-back again in the amoky, stone ribbed north, amid the clans of the Bradford looms; Mulvaney -grizzled, tender and very wise: Ulvases - eweltering on the earthwork of a central India line-judge if I have forgotten old days in the Trap!

Orthms, as allus thinks he knaws more then other for said she wasn't a real Heady, but nobbut a Hewrasian. I don't like. But she was a landy. Why, she trode iv a carriago, an' good 'osses too, 'an ther 'nur was that miled as yo', could see your faice in it an' she were dimend THE THE CALL TONT BACTORS. TIMES an a goold channar' silk and satin Mecric Bells. Electric Gas Lighting, thresses as man a cost a deal, for it isn't The trie Annunciators, Electric Burgiat to cheap shop as keeps enough o' one pattern to fit a figure like hers. Her name was Mirs. Debuses, an' t' waay I come to the accommission will be were stong of our colonel's landy's dog Hip.

Ive seen a vast o' dogs, but Rip was t' prettiest picter of a cliver fox terrier lat iver I set eyes on He could do owt yo' Like but speeck, an' t' colonel a leady set Dure store by him then if he had been a Christian. Sue hed bearns of her awn. but they was i' England, and Kip seemed to get all t' coodlin' and pettan' as be-Linger has burn by good angle

Ladies' Hair Dressing, Shamppoing a habit o' breakin cont o' barricks like, and brotten round t place as if he were t cantonnent magistrate coun round inspection The gulenel leathers biri once or twice, but Bip didn't care an' kept or goving his rounds, wi his paul a waggio' as if he were flag signallin' to t' world at large at he was 'gettin' on nicely, thank yo' and how's youn'" An ident columnel, as was non sort of a hand wis dog, tees him out A real chipper of a dog, an' it's non wonder you laady, Mrs. De Sussa, should tek a fancy tiv him. Theer'some o't ten commandments says yo' maun't curvet your neefor's ox nor his jackuse, but it doesn't say nowi about his terrior dogs, ar' happen that's t' reason why Mrs. De Sussa cuvvoted Rip, the' showent to church reglar along wi her hashand, who was so mich darker 'at if he hedn't such a good const tiv his back no might be called him a black man and mit tell a tee payther. They said he addled his brees f' jute, an' be'd a rare lot on it.

> Wall, yo' man when they tood Bip up t' pour avi lad didn't enfoy vers good with the st colonel's lastly ands for the se 'ed a named for beer' the desire about a door an' area

With we uttu. "Why," says I, "he's getten t'mopes, an' what he wants is lak libbaty an' company like t' rest on the wal happen a rat or two 'nd liven him oop. It's low, man," sain i, "is rate, bist it's t' hat me of a dog; an' soa's cutkin' round an' meetin' another dog or two an' passin' t' time o' day, an' hevvin' a bit of a turn

So she says her dog marant niver fight an' noa Christians iver forght.

up wi' him like a ('hristiam''

"Then what's a soldier for?" says !: an' I explains to her t' contrairy qualities of a dog, at, when to coom to think on't, is one o' t' curusest things as is. For they larn to behave theirsens like gentlemen born, fit for to fost o' coompany they tell me t' Widdy herself is fond of a good dog an' knaws one when she sees it as well as on mylody; then, on t'other hand, a-tewin' round after hats an' gettin' mixed oop i' all mannérs o' blackguardly street rosss, an' killin' rats, an' fightin' like divile.

T colonel's laady says: "Well, Learoyd, I doant agree wi'you, but you're right in a way o' speeakin', an' I should like yo' to tek Rip out a walkin' wi' yo' sometimes; but yo' maun't let him fight. nor chase cats, nor do nont 'orrid:" an' them was her very wo'ds.

Son Rip an' me gooes cot a-walkin' o' evenin's, he bein' a dog as did credit tiv' a pity he shouldn't go wheer he was so a man, an I catches a lot o'rats, an' we hed a bit of a match on in an and dry. swimmin bath at backo't' cantonments, an' it was none so long afore he was as "if she didn't here t' dog. bright as a button again. He hed a way o' fivin' at them big valler pariah dogs as I ve shall have him, marm, for I've a feet If he was a harrow offers a from, an' in' heart, not like this might blooded though his weight were now the tuk 'em' Yorkshin man; but 'twill cost we not a so suddent like they rolled over like skit penny less than three hundher rupees." tles in a halley, an when they coot he stretched after 'em as if he were rabbit : "I colonel's landy wouldn't tek five hunrunnin. Same with cats when he end dred for him. get t' cat agaate o' runnin'.

them mangocses at he'd started, an' we was busy grabbin round a prickle bush. an when we looks up there was Mrs. me stroke him. Mister Soldier:"

here. Rip, an speeak to this kind landy. An Rip, seein 'at t'mongocese had getten clean awaay, cooms up like t' gentleman he was, nivver a hauporth shy nor okkord.

"Oh, you beautiful—you protee dog!" she says, clippin an chantan her speech; "Well, mum," I says, "I never thowt "I would like a dog like you. You are so verree lovelee—so awfullee prettee." an' all thot sort o' talk 'at a dog o' sense mebbe thinks nowt on that he fides it! v reason o his breedin

An' then I meks him joorno ovver my swagger cane, an' shek hazids, an' beg, an' he dead, an' a lot o' them tricks as laadies teeaches dogs, though I dogn't hand wi' it mysen, for it's makin' a fool o' a good dog to do such like

An' at lung lenth it comes out 'at she'd been thrawm sheep's eyes. as t'envin' is, at Rip for many a day. To see, her childer was grown up, an' she'd nowt mich to do an' were allus form of a dog Soa she axes me if I'd tek somethin' to dhrink. An' we goes into t' drawn room, wheer her husband was a-settin'. They meks a gurt fuss ovver t' dog, an' I has a bottle o' sale, an'he gave me a says I. handful o' cigars.

Sua I coomed away, but t' awd lass sings out, "Oh, Mister Soldier, please coom again an bring that prettee dog.

Mrs. De Sussa, an' Bip he says nowt nawther; an' I goes again, an' ivery time there was a good dhrink an' a handful o' good smooaks. An' I telled t' awd lass a hecap more about Kip than I'd ever hecard; how he tak t' fast prace at Lunnon dog show, and cost thotty-three bounds fower shillin' from t' man as ired him: 'at his own brother was the prouplapped it all oop, an' were nivir tired o gan to suspicion summet. Onny body may give a soldier t' price of a pint in a friendly way an' theor's no harm done. but when it cooms to five supees slipt into your hand, slylike, why, it's what t' lectioneerin' fellows calls bribery un' corruption. Specially when Mrs. De Susse threwed hints how to cold wenther would soon be ovver, and she was goin' to Munsorree Pahar, an' we was gold to on would be kind thy her.

Son I tells Mulyaney an' Ozdris all t' taale thro', beginnin' to end.

"Tis larceny that wicked ould lady manes," says t' Irichman: "the folony she is sejuicin' ye into, my friend Learoyd. but I'll puriout your innovance. I'll save ye from the wicked wiles av that wealthy ould woman, an I'll go wid we this even-

in an space to her the words or truth an homety. But Jose, mys he warde."

that good during an thin the cigars to verself, while Orth'ris here an' me have been prowlin' round wid throats as dry as limekilus, an' nothing to smoke but canteen plug. Twee a dhirty thrick to play on a commade, for why should you, Learvyd, be balancin' yourself on the butt av a satin chair, as if Terence Mulvancy was not the aquil avanyhody who thrades in jute!"

"Let mealone," sticks in Orth ris, "but that's like life. Them wot's really fitted to decorate society get no show, while a blumderin Yorkshireman like foli" --

"Nay," says I, "it's none o' t' blunderin' Yorkshireman she wants sit's Rip. He's t' gentleman this journey"

Soat' next day Mulvaney an' Rip an' me goes to Mrs. He Susan's, an' t' Irishman bein' a strainger she wor a bit shy at fost. But yo've heeard Mulvaney talk, an' yo' may believe as he fairly bewitched t' and lass wal she let out 'at she wanted to tek Rip nilay wi her to Munaboren Pahar, Then Mulvanier changes his tune an'axes her solema-like if she'd thought o' t'consequences o' gettin' two moor but honest soldiers sent t' Andamning Islands. Mrs. De Sussa be gan to cry, so Mulvaney turns round. oppen to ther tack an smooths ber down. allowin' at Rip and be a rast better off int Fille than down i Bongal an 'twas well beliked. An soa he went on backin' an fillin an workin up t'awd lass wal she felt as if her life warn't worth naw!

Then all of a guddint he sais: "But

"Don't vo' believe him," mum," says I;

"Who said she would?" sars Mul-One evenin' him an' me was trespassin' vanev; "it's not buyin' him. I mane, but ovver a compound wail after one of for the sake of this kind, good laady, I'll do what I never dreamt to do in my life. I'll stale him!"

"Don't say steal," says Mrs. De Sussa; DeSussa wi' a parasel ovver hershoulder, . 'he shall have the happiest home. Dogs n-watchin' us. "Oh, my!" she sings out, often get lost, you know, an' then they "there's that lovelee dog! Would be let stray, an' he likes me an' I like him as ] niver liked a dog yet, an' I must hev "Ave, he would, mum." sez I, "for him. If I got him at t' last minute I he's fond o' landy's coompany. Come could carry him off to Munsocree Pahar, an' nobody would niver knew." Now an' again Mulvaney looked acrost

at me, an' though I could mak nowt o' what he was after. I concluded to tak his lecad.

in a way them socart has o' their awn; to coom down to dog steealin', but if my comrade sees how it could be done to oblige a landy like yo'sen, I'm nut t' man to hed back, the it's a had business, I'm thinking and three hundred runees is it i't' saame way. We getten t' brast a poor set off again t' chance o' them

Damning islands as Mulvaney talks on." "I'll mek it three fifty," save Mrs. De Sussa: "only let me hev t' dog!"

So we let her persuade us, an' she teks Rip's measure there an' then, an' sent to Hamilton's to order a silver collar again t' time when he was to be her awn, which was to be t' day she set off for Munsooree Pahar.

"Sitha, Mulvaney," says I, when we was outside, "you're niver goin' to let her hey Rin!"

"An would ve disappoint a poor old woman?" says he. "She shall have a Rip." "An wheer's he to come through?"

"Learoyd, my man," he sings out, "you're a pretty man av your inches an' a good comrade, but your head is made av duff. Isn't our friend 'Orth'ris a I didn't let on t' colonel's lazdy about taxidermist, an' a rale artist wid his nimble white finger? An' wha't a taxidermist but a man who can thrate sideus. Do ye mind the white dog that belouge to the canteen sargint, bad cess to him -he that's lost half his time an' snarlin the rest? He shall be lost for good new; an' do ye mind that he's the very spit in shape an' size av the colonel's, barrin' to this tail is an inch ntty o' t' Prince of Wales, an' as he has too long, an' he has none av the color a pedigree as long as a dook's An she that divarsifies the rale Rip, an' his timper is that av his master an' worse. But admirin him. But when t'a we less took fiwhat is an inch on a dog's tail. An' to givin' me money, an' I seed 'at she fwhat to a professional like Orth'ris is a was gertin' fair fond about & dog. I be few ringstraked shoots av black, brown ar' white? Nothin' at all, at all."

Then we meets Orth'ris, an' that little man bein' sharp as a needle, seed his way through t' business in a minute. An' he went to work a practisin' air dyes the very next day, beginnin' on some white rabbits he had, an' then he droved all Rips markin's on t' back of a white comraissariat bullock, so as to get his and in an' be sure of his colors; shadin' off brown Rawalpindi, an' she would mivir see Rip into black as nateral as life. If Rip hed any more onless somebody she knowed a fault it was too much markin', but it was straingely regiar, up Orth rissettled himself to make a fost rate job on it when he got hand of the canteen sargint's dog. Theer piver was sich a dog as that for bad temper, and it did in get no better when his tall hed to be fettled an inch an' a haif shorter. But they may talk of theer royal academies as they like. I niver seed a bit o'animal maintin' to beat

be copied as good as goold.

Orth risulfus hed us mich to hosit on himsen as would lift a bulloon, an he woor so pleessed wi his sham him wor for taking him to Mrs. De Susai before she went away. But Mulvanes an me stopped thot, knowln' Orth'rig work, though niver so cliver, was note but skin deep.

An' at last Mrs. De Sussa fixed t' day For startin' to Munsuoree Paliar, Wa was to tek Rip to t' stayshun i' a baskel an' hand him or ver just when they was ready to start, an' then she'd give us # brass—as was agreed tipon.

An'my world it were high time she were off, for them 'air dyes upon t' cur's back took a vast of paintin' to keep # reet culler, the Orthirls spent a matter o' seven rupees six annas i' t' best drock. shops i' Calcutta.

An' t' canteen sargint was lookin' for 's dag ever wheer; all wi bein' tled up t' beast's timper got want nor ever.

It wor i't' evenin' when t' train started thro' Howish, an' we 'elped Mrs Ba Sussa wi' about sixty boxes, an' then ha gave her t' busket. Orth'ris, for pride av his work, axed us to let him coom along wi' us, an' he couldn't help liftlif t' lid an' showin' t' cur as he lay collect

"Uh!" says t awd lass: "the bauter How sweet he looks!" An light tlien ! beauty snarled and showed his teeth so Mulvaney shuts down t' lid and saysi "Ye'll be careful, marm, when ye tok him out. He'adisaccustomed to travelling by t' rallway, an' he'll be sure to want his rale misstress an' his friend Lintidyil, 86 ye'll make allowance for his feelings at

She would do all that an' more for flis dear, good Rip, an' she would nut oppes t' basket till they were miles away, for fear anybody should recognize hith an we were real good and kind soldier-meil we were, an' she honds me a bundle of notes, an' then cooms up a few of her relations anfriends to say good-by-not more than seventy-five there wasn't—an' we cuts away.

What coom to ? three hundred and fifty rapees? That's what I can scarce lins tell you, but we melted it. It was share an' share alike, for Mulvaney saidi "If Learny'd got hold of Mrs. De Sussi. first, sure 'twas I that remimbered the sargint's dog just in the nick av time. an' Orth'ris was the artist av janius that made a work av art out av that ugli piece av ill nature. Yet, by way av a thank offerin' that I was not led into relony by that wicked ould woman, I'll send a thrifie to Father Victor for the poor people he's always beggin' for."

But me an' Orth'ris, he bein' cockney? an' I bein' pretty far north; did nut see an' we meaned to keep it. An' son we did —for a short time.

Nos-nos, we niver heeard a wo'd more o' t' awd lass. Our rig'mint went to Pindi, an' t' canteen sargint he got himself another tyke insteed o't' one 'at got lost so reg'lar an' was lost for good at last.—Rudyard Kipling.

Safe from Entry.

First Burglar—Th' paper says th' locks on th' government vaults at Washington is so weak thet any burgler cud pick 'emi Second burglar-Huhl Who wants them big theatre hat silver dollars!-New York Weekly.

Shreds and Patches. "But why do you call such a shabby

rarment your Fifth avenue coat?" Because both are great places for

rents, my dear."-Dry Goods Chronicle. A Brave Little Yankes.

During the revolution a party of Connecticut troops were captured on Long Island, one of whom was a fifer boy much undersized, though full of fire and very strong for his inches. His commanding officer being summoned to the presence of the British general, the boy followed. "Who are you!" said the ganeral. The boy replied, "I am one of King Hancock's men." "Can you fight?" asked the general. "Yes, sir; I can, said the boy.

The general called up one of his away there and sold. Pare you fight him? "Yes, sir," answered the little Vankes. The general then told the lifer to strip and give battle, which he did forthwill The fight ended in victory for the small son of Connecticut. Indeed, the lift Briton was so badly damaged that was deemed best to interfere, lest the Yankee boy should demolish him a

The English officer rewarded the lit-tle fellow's valor and resolution by giv-ing him his liberty, and he lost no time in making his way to the land of stead! habits, where his exploit was duly thron foled in the locks newspaper. Youth Companion.

Dick-What a tremendous lot of candy to send to were and a nomely one w that!

Tack-Abl my hoy, I want to make toopy de Ordoria mede of Ally's marks, her no eich thist eise wort't want to put to party picter went whe needly ally time the order to night. It will make the THE STATE OF THE S