

THE MASTER BUILDER.

The Truth is a builder that buildeth slow,
Yet builds exceedingly strong;
Each morning, in consequence of trial part
Is tried with the test of a master's art;
With the delicate touch of an artist's hand
The lightest and truest grain of sand
Is arranged in its place in that edifice grand
Whose architect never goes wrong.

The Truth is a builder that few may know,
The work is so wonderfully slow;
Noticing, concealing, delving the earth,
Selecting, inspecting each object of worth,
Exploring the depths of the sea and the air,
On the realm of the infinite everywhere
Treasure of value beyond compare
Is gathered with consummate skill.

The Truth is a builder that buildeth slow,
Yet the edifice stands for aye;
When glittering records of warrior's deeds,
Bewildering rules of philosophers' creeds,
The dogmas of schools and political schemes,
Fanciful follies, enthusiasts' dreams,
And all of the rubbish with which the world
Teems,
As stubble has vanished away.

The Truth is a builder that few may know,
And yet all the world may see;
For tribute is levied at every one's door,
The weak and the humble each add to the store,
And in that great future how great the surprise
If we, as the shadows escape from our eyes,
Find the simple have often done more than the wise
In building that home for the free.
—Washington Post.

AWAY DOWN SOUTH.

I am happier now than when I last
went down south.

Why?
Because they are all home again.
You see, Fannie got homesick, and I
got homesick—or rather sick of home—
and I went down after them.

It was a sweet old ride as we went
merrily dancing, dancing down the
Georgia Southern.

Autumn days and autumn dreams had
taken the place of drowsy scenes and
brazen skies of summer.

Cotton fields, where the last furrows
of the "laying by" were scarcely dried
when we went down, were growing
white for the harvest.

And the broad acres where then the
Georgia melons grew and fattened under
the genial influences of sun and dew and
summer rain looked grass grown and
desolate.

The bleaching remains of those that
were left by the harvesters dotted the
fields, and reminded one of the buffalo
plains of Dakota, where the herds have
been slaughtered and their skulls left to
bleach on the broad expanse of grassy
prairie.

And there were many other changes
in field and forest. The dogwood had
begun to flout its red banners in the
thickets, and the hickory nuts were
getting large enough to furnish a juicy
dessert to the brown squirrel after his
feast of savory pine mast.

And the long, undulating expanse of
wire grass levels were growing brown,
even as the billows of the sea change
from emerald green to sober brown as
the sun sinks down in the western sky.

But when I got down there—away
down south—they treated me like com-
pany folks.

There was where I wanted to go, across
the river and over on the Ocoilco. I
met a fair haired girl three years ago,
who put an end to a good deal of my
foolishness. I had always been a sus-
ceptible 'cuss, and had made love to
everything from the Okefenokee to
Tampa Bay, but when I met her that
settled it.

I met her at one of those country af-
fairs which they call shindigs down
there. I was one of the greatest shind-
diggers in the whole lay-out then—I'd jump
around by the hour with those jolly
young people and sing:

All around the merry pole,
The merry pole, the merry pole,
All around the merry pole,
As merry as we can be!

She was not like the rest of them.
She was very much different. They
called her proud because she did not go
into these things with as much gusto as
they. They had some kissing games
that night, and I kissed along promiscu-
ously with the rest, until I came to this
damsel, and lo! I was taken aback.

She would not be kissed, and that put
me on my mettle.

I talked to her a great deal that night,
and somehow I did not romp around
and kick up as much as usual.

Oh, the golden days that followed!
That was in the winter, and many a
crisp evening have I mounted my black
horse Pompey and galloped away over
the hills for the sole purpose of getting a
glimpse of those rosy cheeks and a shy
flashing of those blue eyes.

I had to do all the courting, and with
very little encouragement at that. She
would outstep with other fellows, make
me as jealous as old Dan Tucker, but
when I tried to make any advance she
quietly withdrew and left me to my
own devices.

I used to go there Monday evenings.
Galloping down the big road, up to the
gate and the my horse to one of the
hazelnut trees at the front of the

gate. Her old, gray headed father, dear
old man, would meet me at the door
and welcome me. He knew I was his
meat for an hour or two. He'd rather
argue Scripture than eat, and I have
suffered martyrdom trying to listen to
him, when every tap of a light step on
the floor would make my heart jump
into my throat.

He meant well, and no doubt he en-
joyed it, but it was perdition to me.
After a while she would put in an ap-
pearance, and I would sit there and fum-
ble with my hands, cross and recross my
legs, make foolish remarks and do all
that I did not want to do for the balance
of the evening.

But as the skies of winter threw off
their mantle of gray and spring began to
dawn upon the hills, and the whip-poor-
wills began to chant in the thickets, and
crickets chirped and woodsy musk arose
from leafy places life began to take on
a deeper meaning for me.

She never missed an engagement. If
she promised to be at home on a certain
Sunday evening she was always there.
And, bless her sweet soul, she was there
most all of them, and so was I.

Pompey got so he knew the way so
well that all I had to do was to drop the
bridle reins and give a chirrup, and
straightway he was off in that direction
at a gallop, and he would go right up to
the hitching place and stop.

I'm not going to tell you how one
warm spring evening, when the twi-
light was falling, we stood up close to
the water shelf at the end of the lovely
plazza, and I became very nervous, and
I tried to say something, and I don't
know hardly what I did mutter out, and
how she just nodded her head the tiniest
little bit, and then—

I kissed her!
When I mounted Black Pompey an
hour later I just gave him loose rein,
and we went cantering along the big,
white road like something wild.

The warm breeze blew softly on my
flushed cheek, and the scent of the haw-
thorn blossoms welled up from the dim
woods, and I was very, very happy as I
murmured:

Stars, let me hear you shout,
Oh, leaves, hang not so still!
Wind, call your music out;
My love has said, "I will!"
Oh, hour that bankrupts joy
But perfects nature's plan,
This morn I was a boy,
But now I am a man.

Then came the long, sweet season, the
days of golden anticipation, the nights of
delicious dreams.

I used to hang around her at church,
and when they would go down to the
spring after water, it used to make me
feel awful badly for any one else to hand
her a dipper of water. I wanted to do
that myself.

[Had anybody told me then that one
day I would lie in bed while she got up
and wrestled with the kindling of an ob-
stinate fire I would have indignantly
refuted the suggestion.]

Somehow she always kept me at a
distance. I had a sort of dude cousin
that was older and better looking than
I, and she would go on powerfully with
him, but the moment I would dare at-
tempt a little playful familiarity she
would swallow her tongue.

[Had any one told me then that one
day she would call me up to confes-
sional and lay down certain precepts
and maxims of moral conduct and good
behavior, I should have scorned the im-
putation.]

That was after we were engaged, too.
She would greet me as coolly and call
me "Mister" when I would go to see her,
and it was only after I had exhausted
every effort of brain and tongue—that
away long late in the evening she would
thaw out a little, and her eyes would
shine something like two stars in a sum-
mer sky.

Talk about literature, why I told that
girl more love stories than, if they were
printed, you could stock in any book
store in town.

I didn't know then, as I afterward
learned, that she would peep through the
window and watch for my coming, and
that the dear heart would go pit-a-pat
at the sound of the hoof beats of Black
Pompey. Nor did I dream that she
would remain in her room for some
time to get the blush out of her toll tale
cheeks and to string up her nerves to
give me a dignified greeting.

She was awful cunning, with all her
innocence, and all those years and cares
of wedded life have but sharpened her
wits, and to me she grows more inco-
prehensible every day.

She knows just as well as I do when I
am perjurying myself and trying to whey-
tail the devil around the stump to clear my
self of some misdeed.

Summer came and went, and the sweet
autumn time arrived in all its gorgeous
splendor. I had been here as a bee all
that year getting ready for a certain im-
portant event that was not to happen at
home indefinitely period.

We had a quarrel or two, an all round
have, and once we broke it all up and I
stayed away two whole weeks. I ate

powerfully independent, and began to
lavish my wounded affections on Black
Pompey. I bought a new saddle and
bridle and a beautiful saddle cloth, and
curried Pompey and rubbed him till his
hide shone like silk. I resolved to leave
the fickle sex to their own devices, and
lead a life of freedom somewhere far
away, and assured myself that I'd soon
forget this trifling episode.

And I succeeded beyond my expecta-
tions, for three whole days. But some-
how I wanted to go back to the old
church once more, and see all the dear
familiar faces as I took my departure
for foreign parts.

There was a big to do at Sardis that
day, and when I started for a stroll
down to the old spring I found a group
of young people sitting under the shade
of the trees waiting for services to begin.
They were laughing and talking right
merrily, and in the midst of the group
sat the only woman on earth to me.

She had not fallen into any green and
yellow melancholy. No, sir; she was
just as fresh and bright and piquant as
could be, and her laugh was the mer-
riest of the merry.

"Well," thought I, "you don't seem to
miss me worth a cent. I believe that
since I have given you a rest you have
improved."

But who was that sitting by her toy-
ing with her fan?

It needed no second glance to confirm
my worst suspicions.

It was that jackanapes whom I super-
seded when I first began paying her at-
tentions. The presumptuous fellow was
trying to be restored to her good graces.

"Ah, my fine fellow," thought I, "you
shan't do that. I'll have my revenge on
you. I'll just make up with her long
enough to send you to the dignation
bow-wow, and then I'll cut loose and
go on about my business."

But, my God, what a time I had! She
greeted me with a casual greeting, and
kept on talking with him, and I was too
proud to push myself forward. When
they started for the church she got right
in the center of the party, and I was left
alone with my offended dignity.

I suffered in silence for many long
hours that day, but along late in the
afternoon, when they were all going
home, I watched my opportunity. Rid-
ing close up to her I dismounted and
was at her side before she hardly
knew it.

"May I speak a word to you?" I asked,
and it was in a tone of abject humility
that I uttered the words.

"Yes," she said simply, turning those
blue eyes full upon me, and I saw that
the angel of mercy was hovering around
that brown head and I was comforted.

By the time the first star peeped trem-
ulously forth from the purpling arch of
heaven we were talking and laughing
like two happy children, heedless of all
the world save the little heaven self created,
in which it was bliss ineffable to
simply live.

After that the sun shone with a ten-
der light, the stars took on a more be-
nevolent glow, and there was a misty
sweetness on the softened skies. That
little disagreement did more to draw
her out than anything, and I believe
even now that every quarrel we have in-
creases our attachment.

I began to catch about for some scheme
to ask the old gentleman a very im-
portant question. But he was so full of
politics and religion that I could never
decy him into a discussion that would
lead up to the point.

At last one evening late we were sit-
ting on the back porch rather close to-
gether, when the old man came stalking
around with a favorite grandchild in his
arms. Suddenly he turned the little
chap toward me and blurted out: "Ask
that young man if he thinks I will ever
have another as fine looking grandson as
you."

"Great Caesar! the goose bumps went
racing up and down my spinal column,
and when I glanced at her I observed
that her face had caught the reflection of
the sunset glow on the western sky.

And the old man went gulping off
just as unconcerned as if he had said
nothing whatever to embarrass anybody.
"Ahem!" I muttered; "that settles it.
I am going to attack the old fellow,
front, flank and rear, right now. I'm
going to know whether or not that was
meant as a hint to me. No man
shall!"

"I don't understand you," she replied,
looking just as innocent as a lamb.

"Yes, you do, and it is no use playing
the hypocrite about it, although it is
quite charming. I am going to ask him
if he is willing to give you up without a
row, or if I shall be compelled to meet
you out of the back window at dead of
night, and carry you off behind my ear
on Black Pompey. While I speak to him
you might as well be making up your
mind about the state of the wedding."

"If you go to Pompey with any woman
you needn't come back to me any more.
Why, I'll never hear the last of it."

"I can't help that, you'll have to get
used to it some time. Excuse me for a
few minutes."

"Oh, please don't!"
But I was gone. The fact is I really
enjoyed the fact that I was putting her
in a flutter.
[Poor ignorant cuss, I didn't know till
long afterward that she peeped through
the window and watched me when I ap-
proached the old man, and kept putting
my hands in my pockets and pulling
them out again, and stood on first one
foot and then the other like a schoolboy
trying to recite a lesson that he is afraid
he has not fully memorized. And she
was just dying with laughter all the
while that I imagined she was hot and
cold with fear and doubt.]

The old man was very kind, and con-
sidering it was the first and only time
that I ever asked anybody for as big a
thing as a full grown woman I came
out very well.
At least I got what I asked for, and a
nice little admonitory lecture concern-
ing her being the pet of the family, and
that I must treat her well, and she was
a good girl and so forth, and so on.

Well, when I went down there we had
our little romance over again. We
walked down the big road in the gloom-
ing and talked as lovers talk, and we sat
side by side in the twilight, and I held
that hand in mine and felt that every
pulse beat was a lesson of faith and de-
votion.

I called the attention of the old man
to my sons, and he took me by the hand
and said that taking all things into con-
sideration they were mighty fine boys,
worthy of any granddaddy in the district.
—Montgomery M. Folsom in Atlanta
Constitution.

The Fickle Alarm Clock.
The workings of the cheap alarm
clock are beyond understanding. One
of these fickle inventions took it into its
cranky head, to stop short the other
night, apparently for no reason in the
world. It was a simple case of "pure
cussedness." Violent shaking, gentle
coaxing, resetting and rewinding had
not the slightest effect on the willful
mechanism. Finally the owner, in de-
spair, pushed it aside on the table. He
pushed it too far, for it fell to the floor
with a rattle and slam. It at once gave
a lively chirrup, started merrily on its
way and has been trotting faithfully
along with Father Time since that mo-
ment. If it should stop again the own-
er says that he should not now be alarm-
ed. He would pick it up and play foot-
ball with it for a while, since this seems
to be the best way to repair it.—New
York Tribune.

Equal to the Occasion.
A family of new wealth in Wash-
ington have just set up a butler. The head
of the family formerly lived in Michi-
gan, and some friends from this state
have recently been visiting them. Among
them was a lady who had known them
for many years. One day at dinner she
wanted some bread. The bread basket
was within easy reach of the host, and
the guest asked him to pass it to her, but
he shook his head.
"Darsn't," he said grimly; "Maria's got
her eye on me, and if I didn't wait for
the butler she'd give me Jessie as soon as
she got me alone."—Detroit Free Press.

Where They Go.
Laundryman—Does Mr. Robinson fur-
nish a list of his collars and cuffs when
he sends them?
Assistant—No, sir.
Laundryman—Then hand me over one
of his collars. I'm going to the ball this
evening.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Painted Shirt Fronts.
The latest reliable fashion news from
Paris notifies us that hand-painted dress
shirts are to be the exceptionally elegant
thing for the coming season. These de-
liriously original devices of fashion are
to be decorated in designs appropriate
to the wearer's tastes or practices.

Thus the yachtsman in full dress will
display upon his manly bosom a water
color drawing of a regatta or the portrait
of his favorite craft; the devotee of dogs
will have his front elevation embellished
with canine designs instead of diamond
studs; the horseman will wear horse
races or stable scenes on his starched
linen, and in a similar style each indi-
vidual hobby, fad or characteristic in
dulgence of the man of fashion may, at
his pleasure, mirror itself to the world
as a legitimate part of his outfit.—Phila-
delphia Record.

Savannah College Bells.
The Savannah College bells, the choicest
of the Savannah bells, have succeeded in land-
ing upon the tower water tower "44" in
bright green colors. The tower is 120
feet high and the space painted meas-
ured 20 feet by 8.—Savannah Letter.

The Savannah government has offered
prizes to the architects of all buildings
for the best plans for its new assembly
and senate chambers. The first prize
for each building is \$10,000, the second
\$1,000, third, \$500.

New Ready!
Suits, Trousers, Vests
and Overcoatings,
IN ALL THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Julius C. Altpeter
401 East Main, near Glass Street.

Gormly Bros.
Importers of and Dealers in
Crocery, Glassware, Silver Plate,
LAMP, &c.
67 State Street, opp. Market.

THE GRAND HOTEL,
LOKPORT, N. Y.
W. C. Comstock, - Prop.

Remodeled last year. Refurnished
entirely with new and elegant furni-
ture. Fitted with all modern im-
provements including Electric Lights,
Steam Heat, Call Bells, Elevator, etc.
Free Bus to all day trains.

O. B. DAVIS,
Fire Insurance,
839 Powers' Block.

TELEPHONE 127. RESIDENCE, 128 BROADWAY.
Open All Night.
THOMAS B. MOONEY,
UNDERTAKER
AND MANAGER OF
Joyce Undertaking Room
126 West Main Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MURPHY
BOOKS BALTIMORE
Our Christian Heritage.
Cardinal Gibbons, set \$1.00
Carmel in America, " 3.00
1791, A Tale of Sea Domingo, " 1.00
Falls of Our Fathers, ed. \$1.00 per. 100
Manual of Prayer, " 51.35 to 4.00
Agents wanted. SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Charles Abercrombie,
Professor of True Tone Production
and
ARTISTIC SINGING.
711 Powers Bldg. & 82 State St.

CHARLES J. FABLE,
Marble & Granite Works
508 and 510 State St.

B. J. BURKE,
LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE,
NEAR 111 EAST AVENUE.
TELEPHONE 581, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Saddle Horses can be Rented by the Hour.

LEGAL NOTICES.
Mortgage Sale.

DEFEAT has been made in the payment of
\$1000 dollars claimed to be due at the date of
this notice on a mortgage bearing date the 24th
day of February, 1900, between Charles E. Fable
of Rochester, Monroe County, New York, of the
first part, and Adella R. Hopkins of the same
place, of the second part, to secure the payment of
(\$1000) five hundred dollars with interest, part of
the purchase money of the premises hereinafter de-
scribed and recorded in said Monroe County Clerk's
office the sixth day of February, 1900, at 2 p.m.
in which the said mortgage, at page 20, has
therein, under the great seal of said county, a
power of sale contained in said mortgage,
authorizing the same to be sold under the great
seal of said county, and covered by said mortgage,
located in the City of Rochester, County of Monroe
and State of New York, being part of the premises
then belonging to said Charles E. Fable, and situate
in the southeast corner of the lot, which
was purchased by the said Charles E. Fable, and
which said lot, being located in the west line of
lot 125, 126 and 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134,
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