

We bade a sad farewell to her Who started out one day, A sad-faced little sufferer, But smiling glad and gay.

but searchingly into the upturned face. "How do you feel this morning, mother?" asked Elizabeth gently.

where she was going. Two or three of the party wanted to go in her stead, but this she positively refused to allow.

ve.ope mechanically, looked at the direction and then took out the inclosure of two sheets of closely written note paper—looked at that and then up at her husband.

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LEGAL NOTICES. Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT has been made in the payment of fifteen dollars claimed to be due at the date of this notice on a mortgage bearing date the sixth day of February, 1890, between Charles E. Bogie first part, and Adella R. Hopkins of the same place, of the second part, to secure the payment of \$500.00 five hundred dollars with interest, part of the purchase money of the premises hereinafter described and recorded in said Monroe County Clerk's office the sixth day of February, 1890, at 3:40 p. m., in Liber 324 of mortgages, at page 392, now, therefore, notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a power of sale contained in said mortgage, and of the statutes in such cases made, the premises described in and covered by said mortgage located in the City of Rochester, County of Monroe and State of New York, being part of the Jennings Tract, beginning at northeast corner of lot 131, eleven links south of the southeast corner of lot 112; thence west parallel with the line of lot 132 one hundred and fifty links; thence, north, in the west line of lot 134 to the west line of Alexander street; thence from south line of lot 134 and lot 133, and all of lot 132 fronting on Alexander street, will be sold at public auction at house No. 45 Elm street, in the City of Rochester, on the 24th day of November, 1890, at 9 o'clock a. m.

ONE OCTOBER MORNING.

Flowers stood on the window sills; all sorts of pretty knick-knaeks and feminine appointments brightened up young Mrs. Clifton's morning room, while over everything the soft autumn sunshine fell with enhancing touch.

The golden rays lingered longest in the chestnut braids which crowned the bride's shapely head, but they found no reflection in the face beneath; its beauty was clouded by a look of sorrowful perplexity.

Elizabeth Clifton had been married just a month, and the first shadow had come over her happiness.

"I suppose it was some tiresome business that upset Henry so," she sighed, "for it was just after he had read his letters; it must have been the one he thrust into his pocket that had the bad news. But how completely his manner to me changed! I don't understand it.

When I asked him if anything was the matter he actually mumbled something I couldn't make out, and then the clock struck, and we heard the whistle of the train; that provoking train! it always comes at the wrong time. But the worst of all was his not kissing me good-by!

To be sure, he had done so once when he first got up from the breakfast table, thinking he wouldn't wait for the mail, and I know he was in a hurry when that whistle sounded, for it just gives him time to reach the station; but it wouldn't have taken a minute to say good-by again, and instead he rushed off without a word!

By this time the young wife, in spite of herself, was crying quietly. But she was a brave girl, and did not give way any more than she could help. After a little she decided to go out and take a walk.

She would probably have time before her mother-in-law had risen, and the fresh air might do her good. No, she would not sit and mope any longer; so, jumping up suddenly, Elizabeth carefully removed all traces of weeping, and stepped toward the door when a knock sounded thereat.

Looking hastily in the mirror to see whether any tear stains were visible on her face she opened the door as little as possible, that she might not be seen.

Her mother-in-law's maid stood in the hall. "Mrs. Clifton is ready to see you, ma'am, whenever you wish to come," the girl said respectfully.

"Very well, Jane; I will be there in a few moments." And giving another peep into the glass to be sure that her eyes were not red Elizabeth went to make her regular morning visit to the invalid.

The young couple had spent the first part of their honeymoon in a pleasant trip to Niagara, returning thence to pay a visit to the elder Mrs. Clifton in her pretty country home in one of the picturesque valleys of Pennsylvania.

The bride had never seen her husband's mother, and had rather dreaded the ordeal of making her acquaintance. She found her very charming, but was haunted by a secret fear that her admiration was not returned; she fancied that she was undergoing a critical scrutiny from the fond parent whose only child she had married.

Elizabeth particularly shrank from the interview, for she feared that her face was a tell-tale one. However, the visit must be gone through with; so, summoning all her courage, she boldly knocked at the door of her mother-in-law's sitting room, and was at once admitted.

"Good morning, my dear," said the elder Mrs. Clifton in a low, sweet voice, and the young lady knelt to receive her usual kiss.

The invalid pressed her pale thin lips against Elizabeth's soft rosy ones, and then, laying her hand gently on her daughter-in-law's shoulder, looked mildly

"Don't trouble about that, I am not in the least lonely," answered Elizabeth, "and, as you say, the honeymoon is over."

But her heart sank within her at the ominous words. Was this what Henry's manner that morning meant? "My dear," said the elder lady, closing the book which had been lying open on her lap and putting it on a wicker chair that stood close by, "I was only joking; I hope and pray that Henry's and your honeymoon will never be over. As long as you love each other you have a glimpse of Paradise."

There was silence for a few moments. Elizabeth seated herself in a rocking chair, took off her hat, which she had forgotten in her preoccupation, and began talking about indifferent matters.

At last, in obedience to her mother-in-law's suggestion and thankful to be released, young Mrs. Clifton started out for a walk. It would be better than staying in the house, trying to sew or read, and there was a shady wood near by where she could be undisturbed. It opened on the high road, but a fence kept out all intruders. As Elizabeth neared her destination she noticed that a tall tree outside the wood was bent and nearly uprooted, while the branches were almost denuded of the leaves which only two days before had glowed in all the red and gold glory of autumn.

Then she remembered that it had stormed the previous day—one of those violent storms which sometimes come early and rob the forests of their foliage. With a shiver Elizabeth wondered if it could have come over every one—was the winter indeed come?

Left alone in her quiet room the elder Mrs. Clifton leaned back in her armchair looking grave. "Poor child! I wonder if they have had their first quarrel? Well, I suppose it must come some time. They will be all right by evening. I am sorry Henry was obliged to be gone all day; I wish I could help them," and she ended her soliloquy with a sorrowful shake of the head.

In the meantime Elizabeth did not get a chance to enter the wood; for, as she stopped by the bent tree, she glanced up the road and saw in the distance a party of ladies and gentlemen whom she fancied she recognized. They evidently knew her, for they waved their handkerchiefs, shouting and gesticulating frantically. As they came nearer she saw that they were the young people belonging to several families in the neighborhood, all of whom had called on her and at whose houses she had visited.

Elizabeth stood her ground. "There is no use in retreating into the wood," she told herself; "they would only follow and hunt me up. I must submit."

She did so very unwillingly, however, for she did not feel in the least like seeing strangers; she consoled herself by thinking that they probably had some object in view and would soon go on their way. She was disappointed in this; for no sooner had greetings been exchanged than the foremost of the party—Miss Earle, a young lady to whom Elizabeth had taken quite a fancy and who was a favorite of Mrs. Clifton's—cried out: "How lucky! We were just coming to the house after you. We had planned a picnic for today, but yesterday's storm has made the woods too damp, so we have decided to take a straw ride instead. You must come—it is great fun—and your husband, too; isn't he at home?"

"Mr. Clifton was called away today on business," answered Elizabeth, "and I'm afraid I can't leave mother for any length of time."

But the party would not accept this excuse. Mrs. Clifton the elder was used to being alone—they knew that, and she—young Mrs. Clifton—must be lonely, with her husband away.

Protestations were useless; so finally, seeing there was no way of escape, Elizabeth yielded gracefully, only stipulating

Hardly had Elizabeth entered her room when her husband knocked at his mother's door. "Why, Henry! you have got back very early," cried the invalid in surprise, when her son appeared in answer to her "Come in."

"Yes, Ormsby was away; I couldn't do anything. I shall have to go tomorrow," Mr. Clifton answered, as he stooped to kiss the face upturned to his. "If I hadn't known you expected me home this evening I would have remained all night."

This total ignoring of his wife startled Mrs. Clifton, and one look into her son's stern face strengthened her fears. "Poor babies! they must not really quarrel," she thought, and then she spoke.

"Henry, my dear boy," she said gently, "if you and Elizabeth have had a disagreement find her at once and make it up. Don't let it go on, I beseech you."

"Mother, it is much worse than a disagreement. Has she said anything to you?" "Nothing, my son, and I do not wish to know; it is entirely between you two. I only beg you to do as I say."

There was silence for a moment or two, and then Henry asked gloomily: "Where is Elizabeth?"

Mrs. Clifton explained her daughter-in-law's whereabouts, adding: "If you go at once, Henry, you may be able to overtake her before she reaches the rest of the party." And she accompanied the words with a beseeching look.

An instant's hesitation, and with an abrupt good-by the young man left the room, while his mother leaned back with an air of relief. "It will surely all come right now," she told herself.

Young Mrs. Clifton was just leaving the wood to set out on the high road toward the farm when she heard her name called in a voice she recognized at once as her husband's, though the tone was new to her ears. She waited until he came up to where she stood. Then, in a very ceremonious manner, he accounted for his unexpected appearance. In a tone equally cold Elizabeth informed him where she was going, pointing toward the farm house as she spoke.

Young Mr. Clifton had removed his hat and held it in his hand when addressing his wife; but a sudden gust of wind made him put it on again. After she had finished speaking he said gravely:

"Elizabeth, I have something to say to you. Will you give up this pleasure party, if I make you excuses to them, and listen to me for a few minutes?"

The idea of giving up this pleasure party struck young Mrs. Clifton with a sense of bitter absurdity. For a moment a spirit of defiance possessed her, and the answer "No" trembled on her lip. In that short space of time her life's happiness, perhaps, hung in the balance.

"I will wait here," Elizabeth said at last, and, lifting his hat very ceremoniously, her husband, with a formal "Thank you," walked rapidly up the road.

The minutes seemed like hours until he returned. Elizabeth stood motionless just where he had left her. He came quite close and looked keenly into her face.

"I have a letter here I would like you to read," he said, in horribly judicial tones; "but first let me explain how it came into my possession. If you will look at the address you will notice that the word 'Mrs.' is written very much like 'Mr.'—the 's' is hardly noticeable. Jane gave it to me this morning with my mail. I hastily broke it open without even glancing at the outside, not being a woman, and—perhaps you can explain the rest."

Elizabeth received the extended en-

velope mechanically, looked at the inclosure and then took out the inclosure of two sheets of closely written note paper—looked at that and then up at her husband.

"I have not read it all," he said, in a very quiet tone. "Perhaps if you had you would have seen it was not for me," his wife answered, just as quietly.

Elizabeth felt only a terrible anger—all other feelings seemed in abeyance. She looked at the letter again, while her husband watched her in dull amazement. What did this mean? Was it guilt or innocence?

Suddenly it flashed over her what her husband must have felt when he saw the words of endearment on the page—"My own darling"—that must have stared at him the instant he unfolded the sheet. "Henry," she began, lifting her clear eyes to his, "if you had shown me this before you went away?"

"I had not time," he hastily interrupted. But she went on without heeding him: "It would have saved us both a very unhappy morning. I have been foolish. I knew that, and so I did not dare to tell you. Henry, that letter was intended for Cousin Kate Ashton. See, the signature is 'Edward St. Clair.' Don't you remember he was in love with her, but the family forbade an engagement, would not even permit a correspondence? In a moment of weakness I said he might address his letters to me, and then I would re-enclose them to Kate. I have been sufficiently punished for my folly."

"Elizabeth, forgive me!" was all her husband could say, and for answer she smiled up at him through her tears. Presently Henry told her how near he came to not showing her the letter. "It was my dear mother who induced me to do it," he said, tenderly, and Elizabeth whispered: "Let us go to thank her; she need not know how foolish I have been."

"Dear, we will lock the secret of our folly in our own bosoms," Henry answered; "and perhaps we have learned a lesson we shall never forget, this one October morning."—Peterson's Magazine.

A New Explosive Carbonite. The new explosive "carbonite" is giving satisfaction to coal miners. At a meeting of the South Wales Institute of Engineers Mr. W. Stewart stated that within his experience a ton of the material had been used without a sign of flame or sparking. It is a stable compound and can be stored without deterioration for any length of time. It is rendered comparatively safe by the fact that a detonator is required to explode it. If struck with a hammer or stone no danger need be apprehended. Carbonite is lighter than dynamite, is of a brownish color, and contains 25 per cent. of nitro-glycerine. Certain sulphureted hydro-carbons are added to moderate the susceptibility of the nitro-glycerine. —New York Telegram.

A Historic Chair. During his visit to the Ottumwa, Ia., coal palace President Harrison sat in a chair in which the four first presidents of the United States and also President John Quincy Adams had sat during their terms of office. The relic is the property of a citizen of Keokuk and is over 200 years old. —St. Joseph News.

His One Error. Jiggs—What's the matter with Snoope, anyhow? Jiggs—Oh, nothing much—except that he seems to be convinced that he that sneaketh findeth. —Texas Siftings.

The Man with a Loud Voice. As a safe rule the man who howls at his dog in the field may be put down as a poor sportsman, and the dog that is howled at as a poor dog. For the matter of that, the dog which finds game for a noisy master usually does about what his dog sense tells him to. The very fact of the man's noisy demonstrations implies that he cannot make his dog obey. With dogs as with horses, the master who handles them best is not he whose voice can be heard in the next county. The quiet control of horse or dog is the only true mastery.

There is nothing to be said for noise in the field. Properly trained, a dog will obey as readily and as intelligently and as effectively a motion of hand, or gun, or head, as the bawling and roaring of a Boanerges. It is true that the dog exhorter may thereby secure a needed and beneficial degree of lung exercise; but he is not at all likely to secure so large a count of game. Of all sounds that startle the birds that of the human voice is most certain to alarm them. Every expert gunner knows this and keeps still. The shouter is a tyro, or if he shouts year after year he is certainly a poor sportsman, and when in company with others who do not share his noisy proclivities, he is voted a general nuisance. Many a grouse has been lost for no other reason than because it was startled and flushed by ill timed speech. —Forest and Stream.