

## C. M. B. A., ATTENTION!

JAS. M. NOLAN,

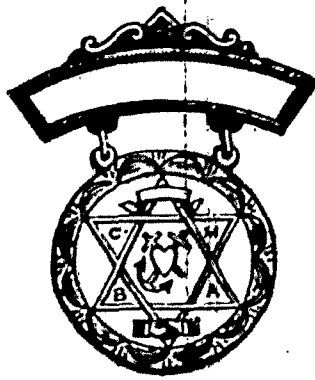


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James M. Nolan,

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COME ALL!

to the

**FURNITURE PALACE.**

## THE TIME CAME.

"Oh, if Dick would only do something," sighed Millicent very softly to herself. "I do believe if it were nothing more than getting run over by a carriage with nobody in it, so he would not really be hurt very much, that papa would be so pleased he would let us marry each other after all. But Dick won't. I'm afraid he'll never do anything. He never has." And then she looked over at Dick, who sat very meekly on the other side of the room twirling his gloves listlessly, and she pouted.

"I suppose you are pouting at me?" said Dick.

"Yes," she answered.

"I'm sorry," he continued. "I suppose it's because I don't amount to anything."

"Of course it is, Dick," she answered. "Well, what in the world can I amount to?" asked Dick dejectedly. "I cannot go and make a fortune, for I'm rich already. I can't find a great family, because ours has been as good as one for centuries as a fellow can wish, and besides that would take too long. I haven't the talent to be an artist. I haven't brains enough to be a professional man. Every one agrees on that. I am too small to be a soldier, and if I went into business it would only be a question of time before I'd lose my money instead of making any. They all agree on that too. All I can be is a gentleman, and no one seems to care anything about a gentleman any more. I believe your father would like me better if I were an adventurer."

"Oh, no, he wouldn't," interrupted Millicent. "But the colonel would like to see you once in awhile without such awfully good clothes on. Papa has had a hard struggle in this world, and he doesn't seem to have any confidence in any one who has not. He is always talking about the duty a man owes to the world to do something for it."

"I would be willing to do anything for the world I could, Millicent, but I don't know what to do, and don't believe I could do it if I did know."

"I believe if you had got angry and called him names when he refused to let me marry you he would have turned right around and said yes. But all you did was to pick up your hat and gloves, bow very politely, and say good evening and walk out. That's no way to handle papa; he needs an iron hand, and he gets it occasionally from his only daughter too." Here Millicent shook her head emphatically.

"But I respect your father too much, Milly, to say anything mean to him, and if I had, then he wouldn't have let me come to see you any more, and that would have been more than I could have stood."

"You're not like other men, Dick?"

"No, I'm afraid not. I suppose that's why they call me a dude. But I'm not a dude; I'm not silly. I can't get my clothes soiled, no matter how I try, and I never seem to wear them out, I never get any that look like old ones."

"That is I can't help looking what I am. I have been brought up in a family where I am always said a

hannel shirt they'd always look new. "Why couldn't you get into a fight with some one?" suggested Millicent despondently.

"I'm afraid no one would fight with me, I'm so small," he answered.

"Papa was awfully delighted with the butcher's boy and the grocery boy the other day when they got into a fight in our back yard. It frightened me, but the colonel went out and gave them each a dollar, and laughed all the rest of the afternoon about it."

"I might get the boxing master at the club to give me a black eye; I don't suppose it would hurt very much. But if I did the colonel would find out that I didn't get it in a fight, and he would think that I had been trying to deceive him."

"Dick," said Millicent seriously, "I wonder if you are afraid?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Afraid of the dark, or of danger, or anything like that—for instance, I'm afraid of the dark."

"No," answered Dick. "I don't think I am afraid of the dark. I don't know about anything else, for I don't believe I ever had anything to be afraid of."

Millicent sighed again very softly to herself. It was rather a hard state of affairs. Here was the man she wanted to marry; just the kind of a man with her impulsive ways could get along with beautifully; a boy whom she had known all her life; whose father had been her father's friend; whose mother had been her dear mother's friend; and a man, too, whom she loved—and always had—since she was a little girl in short dresses and he a boy in knee trousers, and they could not get married because in the eyes of her father he didn't amount to anything. Would he ever amount to anything? What did she care? Was he brave and manly? What did she care? Was he brave and manly?

The question gave her an inspiration. It wouldn't be much of a trial, but it would at least be a little bit of fun, and all they had done in all their courtship was to sit on opposite sides of the parlor and talk to each other. She rose and went out into the hall. Dick eyed her as she went out, but he never questioned anything she did, so he said nothing. She walked back to the stairs leading to the basement and looked down. Everything was satisfactorily dark. The light in the lower hall had been turned out, and from this she knew that the servants had gone to bed. It was nearly midnight she noticed by the dining room clock. With a satisfied smile she walked on tiptoe and with a great pretense of fright back to the parlor.

"Dick," she said in a whisper that seemed quite terrified, "I heard some one down stairs, and I'm afraid it's a burglar. Would you just as lief go and see?"

"With pleasure," he said, in that calmly polite way he never forgot. She smiled as she noticed that he carried his gloves in his hand as he walked on the street, and felt unconsciously of his necktie to see if it were adjusted correctly. Dick walked to the head of the back stairs while she remained in the parlor peering out, half hidden by the curtains. He leaned far over the

transoms, and his necktie all awry, and with no gloves at all. He did not have to ring at the door, for it was opened ere he was half way up the front steps by the colonel himself, who came out with his great grizzled hand outstretched toward him.

"I came back to get my hat and overcoat," Dick began to apologize.

"No, you didn't," said the colonel, shaking his head heartily. "You came back to see Millicent. Did you get the fellow?"

"Yes, sir; a policeman taught him eventually, and he's in the station house now."

"We'll attend to him tomorrow," said the colonel. "In the meantime come in and see your sweetheart. She fainted, and I'll tell you right here that if you expect to wear a hat away from this house tonight it will have to be one of mine, for she has hugged that one of yours ever since the alarm was given, and it's rather out of shape."

Millicent, still very pale, was reclining in an easy chair when Dick entered, and a maid was rubbing her temples. She looked very much as though she wanted to cry. Undoubtedly she had been crying.

"Good evening, Milly," said Dick.

"Oh, Dick! did he hurt you?" she asked.

"He hit me over the head with something down in the kitchen just as I discovered him. But don't worry; the doctor said it wouldn't amount to anything."

And then of course Millicent did cry, and Dick stood staring at her and looking very foolish and very much as though, as usual, he did not know what to do; and probably he would still be standing there if the colonel, in his gruff voice, hadn't said to him:

"Go over and kiss her, my boy. Don't you see that's what she wants?"

"But I'm all blood and dirt," apologized Dick.

"Blood and dirt!" roared the colonel. "Blood and dirt! You ought to be proud of it. Why, you're the first member of your line who has had any blood and dirt on him since your great grandfather was wounded at Bunker Hill. Go and kiss her."

And Dick did, and it seemed to him that fortune had suddenly concluded to shower on him all her blessings when he heard the colonel saying as he went out of the room:

"I'll give you two just half an hour to decide when you are going to get married, and then you must say good night."—T. W. Hall in Harper's Weekly.

Agreed with Her.

Wife—I know I do foolish things sometimes, and you do, too, you'll admit, won't you, dear?

Husband—Yes, I know you do.—Yankee Blade.

A farmer was standing at the foot of an enormous cornstalk. "How big is your corn?" asked a stranger. "I don't know," answered the farmer; "I sent one of my boys up to see a little while ago, and I'm worried to death about him." "How so? Can't he get back?" "No; that's the trouble. The cornstalk's growing up faster than he can climb down."—La Presse (Paris) Chronicle.

It was but half an hour later that a cab drove up to the colonel's door, and Dick alighted—not the immaculately clad Dick that he usually was, but Dick with a bloody handkerchief tied around his head, and a much dirtier shirt on his

## MAILS AT A DOG TROT

IT TOOK TWENTY-FOUR DAYS FROM NEW YORK TO CINCINNATI.

Mail Service Less Than Sixty Years Ago. An Interesting Account of the Big New York Fire of 1835 from an Old Letter Written at the Time.

It is hard to believe that only fifty-seven years ago, a time within the memory of many old residents of this city, a letter took twenty-four days in transit between New York and Cincinnati. Here is a letter addressed to "Nicholas Carroll, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio," postmarked "New York, Dec. 18," and also marked "Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 11," the difference between the two dates being three weeks and a half. The letter was afterward forwarded to New York, "care of Messrs. Gideon Lee & Co., No. 20 Ferry street." The name of this firm will have a familiar sound to some leather merchants still doing business in "the swamp."

In addition to the interest which this old letter has as a curiosity of the mails, it contains the account of an eye witness of the great fire of 1835. It is written upon a full sheet of foolscap paper, and was mailed, after the fashion of that time, without an envelope, the address being written upon the blank fourth page and the whole sealed with a wafer. There is no stamp of course, but the postoffice department has marked it with a pen, "2P 25-50." The postmarks, in red ink, are much larger and plainer than those of the present.

The letter is dated New York, Dec. 17, 1835. "It is with the deepest feeling of regret," the writer says, "that I try to give you a faint idea of the horrible calamity that befell our city last night. It is indeed one of the greatest disasters that ever visited this country, or probably any country since the memorable conflagration of Moscow. Almost the whole business part of the city is one heap of ruins."

"About 8:45 o'clock last evening fire was discovered breaking out in two or three places in the stores in Pearl street, just below Wall street, on the side nearest the exchange. There was almost a gale blowing from the northwest, which immediately drove the flames across Pearl street, where they enveloped ten or twelve stores, and in a few minutes the fire was driven through to Water street, and thence to the East river, sparing nothing in its course on the lower side of Wall street. The shipping in that quarter was almost every moment catching, and the tide was too low to float them out into the river, some of them being aground."

"The fire continued to drive on toward the Battery, enveloping the exchange and making steady progress down toward Old slip and to William street, sweeping everything in its way to a level with the ground. It then extended through Exchange place to William street, up William to Wall on both sides, then through the South Dutch church, taking the whole block below through to Broad street, and on to the river."

"The fire was not so much as it was in the case of the great fire of 1835, when the loss was estimated at \$18,000,000. The houses and stores destroyed numbered 945. There was no Croton water then to fight the fire with. The Croton system had been determined upon a year before, but it was not opened till 1842. The first transatlantic steamship entered the harbor six years later, in 1841, and in that year the first telegraph line was established. The writer of this interesting reminder of a half century ago was Edwin R. Trueman.—New York Times.

An Embarrassing Question.

First Actress—Why, haven't you heard, dear? I'm engaged for one of the principal parts in "Beauty and the Beast."

Second Actress—How nice! And how long will it last?

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can now imagine the whole space from the block fronting on Broad street down to the East river one broad sheet of fire and rapidly moving down to the Battery. The engines had long since given up all hope of doing anything; it was utterly out of their power, as the hose froze so fast as it was filled up.

"I was on the spot a few minutes after the fire broke out and staid till about 7:30 this morning, helping, as much as I was able, my friends to move their own and their employees' books and valuables. It was a bitter cold night, and this morning you can perhaps imagine my feelings, but you cannot my looks. It is now 12 o'clock and I have not been from the stove since I came from the fire, but I hear that it is raging almost as much as ever and has burned up everything this side of Coenties slip."

"Dec. 18—Your letter remained unfinished yesterday, as I thought it would be useless to attempt to mail it in the confusion necessarily attendant upon the removal of the postoffice. They saved everything, I believe, connected with that department, and are now under the custom house. The fire is got under and has not reached below Coenties slip. They stopped its further progress in Pearl street by blowing up one of two stores in Pearl street on the corner of Coenties slip, where, you will recollect, the slip is narrow and there was danger of the fire reaching across. Among our acquaintances burned out are Cheesebrough, lost all his clothes, saved \$15,000 out of \$70,000; D. Stoutenburgh, John Birdsall, etc. People are more cool today, and say the loss is between \$30,000,000 and \$50,000,000."

"The case now stands thus: Begin on the lower side of Coffee House slip and come up Wall street to William, thence diagonally back of the Phoenix bank to the stores fronting on Broad street; then it has made a clean sweep within this circle to the East river down to Coenties slip, where it is now burning. Everything within this is destroyed—the exchange, postoffice, A. Tappan & Co., everything is gone. Everybody wears a gloomy face this morning, and with reason. Some of the effects will be the failure of all fire insurance companies in the city, and people coming in while I am writing say that at least half of the merchants in New York must fail, and half the banks. In short, there is no end to the misery that will be produced. The loss at the present time is variously estimated at from \$30,000,000 to \$100,000,000 in goods and property. The cause of the fire has not been ascertained."

People were not cool enough even on the second day to reach rational figures, for the loss by the great fire of 1835 was afterward computed at \$18,000,000. The houses and stores destroyed numbered 945. There was no Croton water then to fight the fire with. The Croton system had been determined upon a year before, but it was not opened till 1842. The first transatlantic steamship entered the harbor six years later, in 1841, and in that year the first telegraph line was established. The writer of this interesting reminder of a half century ago was Edwin R. Trueman.—New York Times.

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When Men Were in Darkness. Man was once in comparative darkness when the sun went down. His primitive habitation was a place of rest, unlighted by the oil which prolongs the hours of labor, doubles the speed of progress and shortens life. After ages of groping about—feeling for the key-hole on the wrong side of the door, so to speak—he stumbled on the fact that fat would make a light. Looking around for something to hold the fat the skulls of animals were found useful, and so the antediluvian discovered the principle of portable illumination.

From skulls and seashells light proceeded to vessels of burned clay, dish-like, with wicks of flax, rushes and other fibers. Many of these primitive lamps have been found in the ruins of Pompeii, Herculaneum and elsewhere, but the invention of the lamp is supposed to belong to the ancient East Indians. Until the beginning of the Nineteenth century there was little improvement in lamps. The candle kept humanity in semidarkness, which was relieved by the introduction of mineral oil, which stimulated invention and brought about the lamp of beauty and utility of the present.—Mechanical News.

The Size of the Gulf Stream. People think the Mississippi a great stream, and it is so in truth, so far as land rivers go, but great as it is it would require 8,000 such rivers to make one Gulf Stream. The great ocean river is an irresistible flood of water, running all the time, winter and summer, and year after year. It is as difficult for the mind to grasp its immensity as it is to realize the distance of the nearest stars.

At its narrowest part in the Straits of Florida it is thirty-nine miles wide, has an average depth of 2,000 feet and a velocity at the axis—the point of fastest flow—of from three to more than five miles per hour. To say that the volume in one hour's flow past Cape Florida is 90,000,000,000 tons in weight does not convey much to the mind. If we could evaporate this one hour's flow of water and distribute the remaining salt to the inhabitants of the United States, every man, woman and child would receive nearly sixty pounds.—Detroit Free Press.

Oscar Wilde's Little Joke. Oscar Wilde does not appear to have lost his nimble wit. At a dinner party in London the other night the coffee had been sipped and the men were becoming weary of the tardiness in bringing on the cigarettes. Suddenly some one remarked that a lamp was smoking.

"Happy lamp!" exclaimed Oscar, and the hostess took the hint.—Exchange.

A Clam-digger's Remark. The Chinquese clam-digger works during the greater part of the year, and a very spry man in a spot where clams are thick can tread out a great many hundreds in a day. Clams fetch from \$1 to \$1.50 per 1,000 at Chinquese, which seems a great deal for the money when one thinks of clam-chowder at a fashionable restaurant.—New York Sun.

She—With what were you particularly struck when you were in the States?

He—The fact that the people here are so much more interested in the future than the past.

She—What was the most interesting thing you saw?

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