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IN SHADOW. One moth sucks in a flaming flowers.

A light issue on the old church towers watch the moth, I watch the moon-A moth white slip-

One silver tip.

From ragged tree tops slipping soon
To burn above them for an hour. The spiced dew keeps the moth awake. While heads of purple poppies shake And gape drugged mouths against the

That loves to sing Of wave and wing, Appealing to the ghostly trees That sow broad blossoms on the lake,

My soul dreams at the blood red heart Of what thou art, of what thou art: Sad silence whispers something rare. As spirits know

Beneath sweet heavens, woman fair-Ghosts' lips and lips that speak apart. My heart is wan as any bloom The moonlight haunts beside a tomb; So weary wasted with a love

No words may speak, Oh. dear and weak! Here where your tombstone's marble dove Makes all the brightness plaintive gloom.

-M. Cawein in Fetter's Southern Magazine.

GOING ON BOARD.

It was a wet, dreary night in that cheerless part of the great metropolis known as Wapping. The rain, which had been falling heavily for hours, still fell steadily on to the sloppy pavements and roads, and joining forces in the gutter rushed impetuously to the nearest sewer. The two or three streets which had wedged themselves in between the docks and the river, and which, as a matter of fact, really comprise the beginning and end of Wapping, were deserted, except for a belated van crashing over the granite roads or the chance form of a dock laborer plodding doggedly along, with head bent in distaste for the rain and hands sunk in trousers pockets.

"Beastly night," said Captain Bing, as he rolled out of the private bar of the Sailor's Friend, and ignoring the presence of the step, took a little hurried run across the pavement. "Not fit for a dog to be out in."

He kicked, as he spoke, at a shivering cur which was looking in at the crack of the bar door, with a hazy view of calling its attention to the matter, and then pulling up the collar of his rough peajacket stepped boldly out into the row passage, which ran between two houses to the waterside. By a slight tack to starboard at a critical moment. he struck the channel safely, and followed it until it ended in a flight of old stone steps, half of which were under

"Where for?" inquired a man, starting up from a small penthouse formed of rough pieces of board.

"Schooner in the tier—Smiling Jane." said the captain gruffly, as he stumbled clumsily into a boat and sat down in the "Why don't you have better seats in this 'ere boat?"

"They're there, if you'll look for them." said the waterman; "and you'll find 'em easier sitting than that bucket."

"Why don't you put 'em where a man can see 'em?" inquired the captain raising his voice a little.

The other opened his mouth to reply, but realizing that it would only lead to a long and utterly futile argument, contented himself with asking his fare to trim the boat better, and pushing off from the steps, pulled strongly through ing. the dark, lumpy water. The tide was

"When I was a young man," said the fare with severity, "I'd ha' pulled this boat across and back afore now."

"When you was a young man," said the man at the oars, who had a local reputation as a wit, "there wasn't no boats; they was all Noah's arks then."

"Stow your gab," said the captain, after a pause of deep thought.

The other, whose besetting sin was certainly not loquacity, ejected a thin stream of tobacco juice over the side, spat on his hands, and continued his laborious work until a crowd of dark shapes surmounted by a network of rigging loomed up before them.

They give the greatest amount of inquired, lugging strongly to maintain his position against the fast flowing tide. "Smiling Jane," said his fare.

"Ah." said the waterman. "Smiling Jane, is it? You sit there, cap'en. an I'll row round all their sterns while you strike matches and look at the names. We'll have quite a nice little evening."

"There she is," cried the captain, who Rochester Boiler Works, was too muddled to notice the sarcasm; "there's the little beauty. Steady, my

> He reached out his hand as he spoke, and as the boat jarred violently against a small schooner seized a rope which hung over the side, and swaying to and fro fumbled in his pocket for the fare. "Steady, old boy," said the waterman affectionately. He had just received twopence halfpenny and a shiring by mistake for threepence. "Easy up the side. You ain't such a pretty figger as you was when your old

such a bad bargain." The captain paused in his climb, and noising himself or one foot, gingerly felt for his tormentor's head with the other. Not finding it, he flung his leg over the bulwark and gained the deck of the vessel as the boat swung round with the

tide and disappeared in the darkness. "All turned in." said the captain, gazing owlishly at the deserted deck. "Well, there's a good hour an a half afore we start; I'll turn in too." "He walked slowly aft, and sliding back

the companion hatch descended into a small evil smelling cabin, and stood feeling in the darkpess for the matches: They were not to be found, and growling profanely he felt his way to the stateroom and turned in all standing. It was still dark when he awoke, and hanging over the edge of the bunk cautionaly felt for the floor with his feet, and having found it stood thoughtfully of the seamen: "leastways," he added

scratching his head, which seemed to hive swollen to absorbed proportions. "Timethay were guiding under weigh," skipper, "What is it, then?"

to the foot of the steps he opened the door of what looked like a small pantry, estonished crew. but which was really the mate's boudoir.

"Jem." said the captain gruffly. There was no reply, and jumping to the conclusion that he was above the captain tumbled up the steps and gained the deck, which as far as he could see was in the same deserted condition-as when he left it. Anxious to get some ides of the time he staggered to the side and looked over. The tide was almost at the turn, and the steady clank, clank of neighboring windlasses showed that other craft were just getting under weigh. A barge, its red light turning the water to blood, with a huge wall of dark sail, passed noiselessly by, the indistinct figure of a man leaning skillfully upon the tiller.

As these various signs of life and activity obtruded themselves upon the skipper of the Smiling Jane his wrath rose higher and higher as he looked around the wet, deserted deck of his own little craft. Then he walked forward and thrust his head down the forecastle hatchway.

As he expected, there was a complete sleeping chorus below-the deep, satisfied snoring of half a dozen seamen, who regardless of the tide and their captain's feelings, were slumbering sweetly in blissful ignorance of all that The Lancet might say upon the twin subjects of ment. overcrowding and ventilation.

"Below there, you lazy thieves," roared the captain; "tumble up, tumble up." The snores stopped. "Aye, aye," said s sleepy voice. "What's the matter.

violently. "Ain't you going to sail to-"Tonight!" said another voice, in surprise. "Why, I thought we wasn't

"Matter!" repeated the other, choking

going to sail till Wen'sday." Not trusting himself to reply, so careful was he of the morals of his men, the skipper went and leaned over the side and communed with the silent water. In an incredibly short space of time five or six dusky figured pattered up on to the deck, and in a minute or two later the harsh clank of the windlass echoed

far and wide. The captain took the wheel. A fat and very sleepy seaman put up the side lights, and the schooner, detaching itself by the aid of boathooks and fenders from the neighboring craft, rain. Three or four minutes' walk, or moved slowly down with the tide. The rather roll, brought him to a dark, nar- men, in response to the captain's fervent orders, climbed aloft, and sail after sail

was spread to the gentle breeze. "H! you there," cried the captain one of the men who stood near him coiling up some loose line.

"Where is the mate?" inquired the "Man with red whiskers and pimply

"Sir?" said the man.

nose?" said the man interrogatively. "That's him to a hair." answered the

"Ain't seen him since he took me on at 11," said the man. "How many new hands are there?"

"I b'lieve we're all fresh," was the reply. "I don't believe some of 'em have ever smelt salt water." "The mate's been at it again," said the captain warmly; "that's what he has.

He's done it afore and got left behind. Them what can't stand drink, my man, shouldn't take it; remember that." "He said he wasn't going to sail till Wen'sday," remarked the man, who

found the captain's attitude rather try-"He'll get sacked; that's what he'll

get." said the captain warmly. "I shall report as soon as I get ashore." The subject exhausted, the seaman returned to his work, and the captain continued steering in moody silence.

Slowly, slowly darkness gave way to light. The different portions of the craft, instead of all being blurred into one, took upon themselves shape, and stood out wet and distinct in the cold gray of the breaking day. But the lighter it became, the harder the skipper stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked from the deck to the flat marshy shore, and from the shore back to the deck again.

"Here, come here," he cried, beckoning to one of the crew. "Yessir," said the man advancing. "There's something in one of my eyes," faltered the skipper. "I can't see straight; everything seems mixed up. Now, speaking deliberate and with-

out any hurry, which side o' the ship de you say the cook's galley's on?" "Starboard," said the man promptly,

eying him with astonishment. "Starboard." repeated the other softly "He says starboard, and that's what it

seems to me. My lad, yesterday morning it was on the port side." The seaman received this astounding communication with calmness, but as a

slight concession to appearances said "And the water cask," said the skip per: "what color is it?"

"Green," said the man. "Not white?" inquired the skipper leaning heavily upon the wheel. "Whitish green," said the man, who

always believed in keeping in with his superior officers. The captain swore at him. By this time two or three of the crew who had overheard part of the conversa-

tion had collected aft, and now stood in a small wondering knot before their strange captain. "My lads," said the latter, moistening his dry line with his tongue, "I mean no drawn by a four horse team, went over names-I don't know 'em yet-and I cast

the grade not far from the same spot. no suspicions, but somebody has been and rolled 100 feet without doing a bit painting up and altering this 'ere craft, and twisting things about until a man 'ud hardly know her. Now what's the little game?" There was no answer, and the cap; defy explanation, but which point a tain, who was seeing things clearer and

clearer in the growing light, got paler and paler. "I must be going crasy," he muttered. "Is this the Smiling Jane, or am-

I dreaming?" "It ain't the Smiling Jane." said one cantiously, "it wasn't when I come sbcard." "Not the Smiling Jane" roured the

"Why, the Mary Ann," chorused the

"My lads," faitered the agonized cantain, after a long pause. "My lads." He stopped and swallowed something in his throat. "I've been and brought away the wrong ship," he continued, with an effort; "that's what I've done. I must have been bewitched." "Well, who's having a little game

now?" inquired a voice. "Somebody else'll be sacked as well as the mate," said another.

"We must take her back," said the captain, raising his voice to drown these mutterings, "All hands stand by to shorten sail." The bewildered crew, went to their

posts, the captain gave his orders in a voice which had never been so subdued and mellow since it broke at the age of fourteen, and the Mary Ann took in sail, and dropping her anchor waited patiently for the turning of the tide.

The church bells in Wapping and Rotherhithe were just striking the hour of midday-though they were heard by few above the noisy din of workers on wharves and ships—as a short, stout captain and a mate with red whiskers and a pimply nose stood up in a waterman's boat in the center of the river and gazed at each other in blank astonish-

"She's gone—clean gone," murmured the bewildered captain. "Clean as a whistle," said the mate. "The new hands must ha' run away

with her.' Then the bereaved captain raised his voice and pronounced a pathetic and

beautiful eulogy on the departed vessel, somewhat marred by an appendix in which he consigned the new hands, their heirs and descendants to every conceivable misery. "Ahoy!" said the waterman, who was

getting tired of the business, addressing

grimy looking seaman hanging meditatively over the side of the schooner. "Where's the Mary Ann?" "Went away at half past 1 this morn-

ing," was the reply. "'Cos here's the cap'en an the mate," said the waterman, indicating the for-

lorn couple with a bob of his head. "My eyes!" said the man. "I s'pose the cook's in charge then. We were to have gone, too, but our old man hasn't turned up."

Quickly the news spread among the eraft in the tier and many and various were the suggestions shouted to the bewildered couple from the different decks. At last, just as the captain had ordered the waterman to return to the shore, he was startled by a loud cry from the mate. "Look there!" he shouted.

The captain looked. Fifty or sixty yards away a small, shamefaced looking schooner-so it appeared to his excited imagination—was slowly approaching them. A minute later a shout went up from the other craft as she took in sail and bore slowly down upon them. Then a small boat put off to the buoy, and the Mary Ann was slowly warped into the place she had left ten hours be-

But while all this was going on, she was boarded by her captain and mate. They were met by Captain Bing, supported by his mate, who had hastily pushed off from the Smiling Jane to the assistance of his chief. In the two leading features before mentioned he was not unlike the mate of the Mary Ann. and much stress was laid upon this fact by the unfortunate Bing in his explanation. So much so, in fact, that , both the mates got restless; the skipper, who was a plain man, and given to calling a spade a spade, using the word "pimply" with what seemed to them

unnecessary iteration. It is possible that the interview might have lasted for hours had not Bing suddenly changed his tactics and begun to his life." throw out dark hints about standing a dinner ashore, and settling it over a friendly glass. The face of the Mary Ann's captain began to clear, and as Bing proceeded from generalities to details a soft smile played over his expressive features. It was reflected in the faces of the mates, who by these means showed clearly that they under-

stood the table was to be laid for four. At this happy turn of affairs Bing himself smiled, and a little while later a ship's boat containing four boon companions put off from the Mary Ann and made for the shore. Of what afterward ensued there is no distinct record, bevond what may be gleaned from the fact that the quartet turned up at midnight arm in arm and affectionately refused to be separated—even to enter the ship's boat, which was waiting for them. The sailors were at first rather nonplussed, but by dint of much coaxing and argument broke up the party, and rowing them to their respective vessels put them carefully to bed.—True Flag.

The Freakishness of Chance. Chance is a queer word, and chance is a queer thing. Chance cannot ever be counted on, and the chances are that those who take chances miss the great chances of life. which is one of the queer things about it. As a further evidence of the peculiarities of chance, a western paper narrates a singular instance. A wagon loaded with gunpowder, this paper says, moving on a perfectly level road near Wenachee, Wash., exploded last week, while in the same week another wagon, loaded with dynamite,

The freakishness of chance was never more fully illustrated than by this episode. It is one of those things which moral. The moral is, don't take chances. -Harper's Young People.

Not to Be Expected. "Pshaw!" exclaimed the professor to

the student who was rehearing his Latin oration, "you are too solemn. There's no life in your speaking at all." "Of course not," responded the student lively enough. "You don't expect it in a dead language, do you?'-Detroit Free Press. 17 1 TENT . 13

High on a camel's hump she sat. Couched on a sliky Forton mat, And salled along the waste of sand More like the ocean than the land. Ayesha!

And many an armed and valiant man Guarded that glittering caravan. His turban, show white in the sun. Where estriches and zebras run. Ayeshal

A troop of Bedouins with their spears In the Sahara quick appears; And, spurring with sirocco speed, Each Moslem strides a fiery steed. A furious charge-a broken line-

Above the sands their crescents shine. Onward the fierce maranders dash To clang of hoof and falchion hash. Ayeshal Her cries unheard, her convoy slain, The Paynims scouring o'er the plain

Praise Allah for the prize thus sent

A captive to their chieftain's tent.

Avesha! But he, a shiek of stately mien, Swore by his beard that ne'er was seen So fair a maid since Mahmoud's day, And sent her scathless on her way.

Upon a courser fleet she rodel Unconscious of its lovely load, With precious gifts of silk and gold. Her slave the Arab chieftain bold. -David Graham Adee in Washington Star.

Ayesha!

Doing Some Shooting.

"It once cost me fifty dollars to shoot at myself," said Frank E. Blair to the Story Tellers' club that was holding an informal session on the sidewalk at the Southern. "I got into a Baltimore hotel very late one night and very tired. A thunderstorm was raging at the time, and I am as afraid of lightning as a sweet girl graduate of a mouse, so I turned off the light, intending to disrobe in the darkness. I had taken my pistol out of my pocket to place it under my pillow, when there was a blinding flash of lightning. I caught sight of a villainous looking fellow not ten feet distant with a pistol in his hand. He was standing in a crouching, expectant attitude, and I felt sure that his intention was to murder and rob me. 'Who's there? I called, but got no reply. grasped my pistol firmly and advanced a step or two. There was another flash of lightning, and there was the villain. almost within arm's length, gun in hand. I pulled the trigger twice. There were two stunning reports and a crashing of glass. Then I realized that I had down on the edge of the bed, ashamed to turn on the light. It was a full length mirror. I had shot my own shadow to smithereens—had mistaken myself for a cutthroat."—St. Louis Globe-Demo-

A Noble Husband. The historian Xenophen relates 'that when Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire, had taken captive a young prince of Armenia, together with his beautiful and blooming wife, of whom he was remarkably fond, they were brought before the tribunal of Cyrus to to be reinstated in his kingdom, and he renlied that he valued his crown and his liberty at a very low rate, but if the noble conqueror would restore his beloved wife to her former dignity and possessions he would willingly pay his life for the purchase. The prisoners were dismissed to enjoy their freedom and former honors, and each was lavish in praise of the conqueror. "And you." said the prince, addressing his wife. "what think you of Cyrus?" "I did not observe him," she replied. "Not observe him!" exclaimed her husband. "Upon whom, then, was your attention fixed?" 'Upon that dear and generous man," she replied, "who declared his readiness to

Canvass Orators. sister. Lady Duncannon, of whom, when they canvassed the electors of West- him, and one saw me immediately and minster on behalf of Fox in 1784, it was said that "never did two such lovely portraits appear on canvas."-London

How One Painter Was Started. The Pall Mall Gazette tells a story of British—or was it an American?—collector, who paused before a picture by the late Belgian artist, Mauve, for the first time, having been struck by its beauty. He asked how much it cost, and was told \$125. "Nonsense," he said. "it's too cheap. Make it \$500 and I'll take a dozen more from him at the same price." Thus was Mauve's financial suc-

Corsican Bandits.

Corsican bandits have friends in every village, who supply them with what they want, and those who have only taken a life or two out of revenge are not regarded as criminals. We have seen a girl scarcely out of her teens flash up with anger if anything were. said against the vendetta.-London Saturday Review.

The greatest day's run of an ocean steamship was about 515 miles. The steamer in question was 562 feet long and had previously been known to make 500 miles per day for three days in succession.

The number of students of electrical subjects entered at Cornell university has increased from 28 in 1884 to 230 in 1892, and in many other institutions the proportionate increase is even greater.

One or two slight circumstances may bend the twig and thus incline the tree. | nothing daunted, has set about buying A Christmas gift bent Dr. Schliemann, the discoverer of buried Troy, to his life

KIHANGALBBABUAK

AN EXHILARATING ADVENTURE AT TWO OCEAN PASS.

An Interesting Description of a Hunting Trip-Out for Big Game-Chasing Wounded Bull-Creeping Upon a Dozing Hord-A Cantion About Piring

From an interesting article on An Elk Hunt at Two Ocean Pass," by the Hon, Theodore Roosevelt-in The Century, the following quotation is made: Next morning dawned clear and cold.

the sky a glorious blue. Woody and I started to hunt over the great tableland and led our stout horses up the mountain side by elk trails so bad that they had to climb like goats. All these elk trails have one striking peculiarity—they lead through thick timber, but every now and then send off short, well worn branches to some cliff edge or jutting crag commanding a view far and wide over the country beneath. Elk love to stand on these lookout points and scan the valleys and mountains round about. Blue grouse rose from beside our path: Clarke's crows flew past us, with a hollow, flapping sound, or lighted in the pine tops, calling and flirting their tails; the gray clad whisky jacks, with multitudinous cries, hopped and fluttered near us. Snowshoe rabbits scuttled away, the great furry feet which give them their name already turning white: At last we came out on the great plateau, seamed with deep, narrow ravines. Reaches of pasture alternated with groves and open forests of varying size. Almost immediately we heard the bugle of a bull elk and saw a big band of cows and calves on the other side of a valley. There were three bulls with them, one very large, and we tried to creep up on them, but the wind was baffling and spoiled our stalk, so we returned to our horses, mounted them and rode a mile farther, toward a large open wood on a

V. hen within 200 yards we heard directly ahead the bugle of a bull and pulled up short. In a moment I saw him walking through an open glade; he had not seen us. The slight breeze brought us his scent. Elk have a strong characteristic smell; it is usually sweet like that of a herd of Alderney cows. but in old bulls while rutting it is rank. pungent and lasting. We stood motioness till the bull was out of sight, then stole to the wood, tied our horses and trotted after him. He was traveling fast, occasionally calling, whereupon others in the neighborhood would answer. Evidently he had been driven

out of some herd by the master bull. He went faster than we did, and while we were vainly trying to overtake him we heard another very loud and sonorous challenge to our left. It came from a ridge crest at the edge of the woods. among some scattered clumps of the northern nut pine, or pinon, a queer conifer growing very high on the mountains, its multiforked trunk and wide receive their sentence. The warrior in- spreading branches giving it the roundquired of the prince what he would give ed top and at a distance the general look of an oak rather than a pine. We at once walked toward the ridge-up wind. In a minute or two, to our chagrin, we stumbled on an outlying spike bull, evidently kept on the outskirts of the herd by the master bull. I thought it would alarm all the rest, but as we stood motionless it could not see clearly what we were. It stood, ran, stood again, gazed at us and trotted slowly off.

We hurried forward as fast as we dared, and with too little care, for we suddenly came in view of two cows. As they raised their heads to look. Woody squatted down where he was, to keep their attention fixed, while I cautiously tried to slip off to one side unobserved. purchase my liberty at the expense of | Favored by the neutral tint of my buckskin hunting shirt, with which my shoes, leggings and soft hat matched, I succeeded. As soon as I was out of Humorous, if a trifle unkind, was the sight I ran hard and came up to a orator, who, when describing the in- hillock crested with pinons, behind ordinate love of praise which character- which I judged I should find the herd. ized an opponent, said, "He is so fond As I approached the crest, their strong, of being praised that I really believe he sweet smell smote my nostrils. In anwould be content to give up the ghost if other moment I saw the tips of a pair of it were but to look up and read the mighty antlers, and I peered ever the stonecutter's puff on his tombstone." crest with my rifle at the ready. Thirty This is in striking contrast to the graceful yards off, behind a clump of pinons, and witty compliment baid to the beau- stood a huge bull, his head thrown back tiful Duchess of Devonshire and her as he rubbed his shoulders with his horns. There were several cows around

took alarm.

I fired into the bull's shoulder, inflicting a mortal wound; but he went off. and I raced after him at top speed, firing into his flank; then he stopped, very sick, and I broke his neck with a fourth bullet. An elk citen hesitates in the first moments of surprise and fright, and does not get really under way for 200 or 300 yards; but when once fairly started he may go several miles, even though mortally wounded; therefore the hunter, after his first shot, should run forward as fast as he can, and shoot again and again until the quarry drops, In this way many animals that would otherwise be lost are obtained, especially by the man who has a repeating rifle. Nevertheless the hunter should beware of being led astray by the ease with which he can fire half a dozen shots from his repeater, and he should aim as carefully with each shot as if it were his last. No possible rapidity of fire can atone for habitual carelessness of aim with the first shot.

Occupation for an Invalid. One of the most complete and unique collections of newspaper clippings ever made perhaps was badly damaged by fire in this city about a week ago. It belonged to an invalid who for years has cut the biographical, political and news matter of different daily journals. and pasted the clippings so obtained on sheets for filing, after the manner of a library card catalogue. A very rich collection of accidents, murders, pickpockets, etc., had been amassed, and obituaries, marriages and sudden deaths appeared by the hundred. The owner. old newspapers to repair as far as possible the gap caused by the fire.—Phila-