

## CHRISTMAS PROCLAMATION OF JAMES M. NOLAN.



The Official C. R. and B. A. Badge  
Can only be Obtained at Our Place.



C. M. B. A. and C. B. L. Badges  
A Specialty.



Rochester's Popular Installment Jeweler,  
To All My Old Patrons I Extend a Cordial Invitation to Call and See the Elegant  
Stock of  
Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Clocks, Opera Glasses and Fancy Pieces  
SUCH AS ARE SUITABLE FOR XMAS GIFTS.

FAIR DEALING.

GOOD GOODS.

REASONABLE PRICES.

ALL KINDS OF



You can make terms to suit your own convenience. My Weekly Payment Plan has made me  
Thousands of Customers. To any who read this Adv. and need anything in my Line I would be  
pleased to Open an Account with you. Come up and See my Stock. We will talk things over and  
Perhaps MAKE A DEAL.

JAMES M. NOLAN,

146 East Main-st {UP-STAIRS} Over Carroll, Beadle &amp; Co's.

Marble Entrance.

Electric Light.

## WHAT SHE SAID ABOUT IT.

Lyrice to Inez and Jane.  
Dolores and Ethel and May;  
Senoritas distant as Spain;  
And daisies just over the way!  
It is not that I'm jealous, not that,  
Of either Dolores or Jane,  
Of some girl in an opposite flat,  
Or in one of his castles in Spain,  
But it is that, salable prose  
Put aside for this profitless strain,  
I sit the day darning his hose,  
And he sings of Dolores and Jane.  
Though the winged horse we know must be  
free  
"To spin for the pretty" the plain,  
Should the team work fall wholly on me  
While he soars with Dolores and Jane?  
I am neither Dolores nor Jane,  
But to lighten a little my life,  
Might the poet not spare me a strain—  
Although I am only his wife?  
—Charles H. Webb in Century.

## A TRANSFER TICKET.

It was 7 o'clock and Marjeval hadn't come in yet. Naturally madame, his wife, a spirited little blond of six and twenty years, was in a very bad humor, as was also Toinette, the bonne, who had looked in three times already to announce that the dinner would be done to a chip.

What in the world had happened to him? Some accident of course, for, accustomed to leave the office at an established hour, Philippe's arrival could usually be foretold to the minute. Really it was frightful! Philippe had surely been run over! That Montmartre crossing doubtless! He was so reckless always, with an absolute mania for crossing a street when it was filled with a pack of vehicles! Hark! no, a key grates in the lock!

"Toinette! monsieur comes; quick, bring in dinner!"  
The door opened; Marjeval entered; his wife flew to him.

"There was an accident then, Philippe? You are hurt, crushed at last! I knew it; I told you so! It doesn't astonish me the least in the world!"

"But—such a late return!"  
"Oh, I see; but come, let us have dinner; I'm dying of hunger. I'll tell you about it at table."

"As you please, but everything's dried up now. No matter, though, since you've no bones broken."

And while his wife placed the screen, turned up the gas and ran her eye over the silver to see that nothing was lacking, Marjeval drew off his topcoat and mopped his brow; for he had, clearly been on the run to reach home.

Unfortunately, as he drew out his handkerchief he pulled out with it an omnibus transfer ticket, which fell on the floor unseen.

The edge of his hunger blunted, and while attacking the remains of a pate de foie gras Philippe became communicative, and told his wife that passing the house coming home some one had

"Some one" was no other than Prouidine. Madame tilted her nose with an air that said plainly:

"And who, pray, is Prouidine?"

"Prouidine, you know," continued her husband, "whom I've told you of a thousand times, and whom I met at Vincennes. A regular character, that fellow—a journalist, practical joker and out and out Bohemian! It's five years since I saw him; judge then of my amazement and pleasure for Prouidine and I were always great chums. Briefly, we entered Beron's to take an absinthe together; Prouidine was joking and talking and time passed before I knew it."

And dinner finished Marjeval got up, whistling cheerfully, and passed to his room to don his slippers and smoking jacket.

Meanwhile his wife assisted Toinette to clear the table; they sat in the salle-a-manger instead of the salon—because it was warmer and made it necessary to keep but one fire going. In stooping to pick up a napkin, she suddenly perceived the "transfer" on the carpet, and mentally asked herself, "How did that scrap of pasteboard come there?" adding, naturally enough, "Philippe dropped it of course."

Marjeval just then returned with the last new novel.

"You walked home, I think you told me, Philippe, did you not?" Jeannette asked carelessly, as he came in. "Or did you take an omnibus?"

"No, I walked, as I said."

"You are sure you walked? Think well!"

"Certainly, I'm sure; and what should I think about? The office is only some twenty minutes from here!"

"You are positive then, Philippe, you did not?"

"See here, Jeannette, this is a bore! Why should I say I'd walked if I'd taken a bus? And why do you ask this?"

"Why? Oh, only to know whether you are fatigued."

"What an idea!"

And Marjeval installed himself in an easy chair by the fire, took on his knee and paper knife in hand, while Jeannette took her seat opposite. Mme. Marjeval, however, closely watching him, was mentally discoursing with herself.

"There's something under all this," thought she. "I haven't been out of the house today; no more has Toinette. This transfer couldn't have got here alone, therefore my husband brought it. He has taken an omnibus today and did not wish me, to know it; therefore he has been in some place that he seeks to conceal from me. His delay at dinner, too—ah-h! I begin to see—that tale of an old friend at the cafe was pure invention. Philippe is deceiving me, and I am determined to know why."

And rising quietly she thrust the famous ticket behind a candelabra on the mantelpiece, Philippe, absorbed in his book, seeing nothing.

"I am going for my work," said she, and left the room.

Five minutes passed and Philippe, still reading, took a long walk at his step.

Something was wrong with it; it refused to draw, clogged and went out. Philippe rose impatiently for another match, and groping on the mantel for the box his eye alighted on the transfer ticket.

"Halloo!" he exclaimed, "Jeannette's been out today. The Bon Marche again, of course, though she says she never goes there!" Jeannette just then returned, embroidery in hand, and Philippe said carelessly:

"You have been out I see, dearest, today in all this bad weather."

"No, indeed! Such weather as this would give a cat cold to venture out in."

"You have staid at home, then, all day long?"

"Of course, and it isn't the first time either!"

"No-o," said Philippe, "not the first time—and to finish the subject, let us read again."

But if Philippe demanded silence of his wife in order to return to his book it was not to enjoy more at his ease the prose of the romance, but simply to be undisturbed while thinking over this discovery of his wife's untruthfulness.

"Something is hidden from me here," he told himself. "I haven't been in an omnibus today; Toinette never goes out except on Sunday; this transfer ticket didn't come here alone, and no one but my wife could have brought it. She has been out, and she wouldn't admit it to me because she had been somewhere that she didn't want me to know. Yes, it's plain as a pipe stem—Jeannette deceives me; that much, at least, I know!"

And resuming his book Philippe sought to take up the interrupted thread of his story. Pains thrown away. His eyes were firmly fixed upon the printed text, but his thoughts were flying elsewhere; he simply could not read; he closed the covers brusquely and slammed the book on the table.

Jeannette jumped with a little scream. "Heavens!" she cried, "have you lost your senses, Philippe, to stifle me like that?"

"Tell me the truth, then, Jeannette—did you go out today, did you not?"

"Go-out—to-day? Look here, Philippe," returned Jeannette angrily, "this is a little too much! Why, here for ten minutes past I've been sending the needle into my finger instead of my work, absorbed by the thought that you had taken a bus to-day and would not tell me!"

"Yes, yes; I know; that may be, but you say this now only to turn me on the matter in hand. I beg of you, Jeannette, to answer my question—you did go out today, did you not?"

"No, I did not; and as it was I that asked you a question first I demand to be answered first." And both of them cried out at one and the same time:

"Did you, or did you not, take an omnibus today?"

With this there was an ominous pause. Mme. Marjeval, desirous of ridding herself of an unnecessary witness to conjugal discussions, and whom the servant's coming and going in the salle-a-manger greatly annoyed, turned sharply and touched the bell.

"Toinette," said she, "put the wood

and coal in the corner and then you are free to go to see your sister."

The door had scarcely closed upon her when Philippe, who had restrained his rage only by drumming upon the table, burst out furiously:

"There is no use denying it longer, Jeannette; you've told me a story, and told it to me because you were afraid to tell me the truth! The fact is, and you know it well, all these comings and goings to the shops—the Louvre, Bon Marche, etc.—are pretexts pure and simple, just as the bath—every three days a bath—I see it all now—is a pretext like all the rest! Fool that I've been to have suspected nothing! To have seen how strange these bathing excuses were! It is always so when one has confidence!"

"Eh? What's that you are saying?" cried Mme. Marjeval, whom very naturally, we must admit, this suspicion deeply wounded. "If either of us has sought with which to reproach one's self, that one is not I! These constant delays, these flimsy excuses—sometimes one thing, sometimes another—a friend at the cafe, overwork at the office—in plain words are tales sewed with white thread! It is not the first time either that I've thought the same. Mme. Adelberg, your sous-chef's wife!"

"There! I knew it! I knew that name would come up before you were done. Now look you, Jeannette, and mind what I say. If ever you speak that name to me again!"

"Threats, monsieur, threats to me! Well, this is perfect! I'll go, sir—go at once back to my mother, poor soul! She'll not be surprised!"

"Go; go by all means, and if you stay till I come for you, you'll stay a long while!"

And one word brought on another in this bitter sweet dialogue—which, from the expressive pantomime that accompanied it, was rapidly approaching a crisis—when suddenly a turbulent stir on the staircase was heard, the passage door flew back, and Toinette, red as an overripe tomato, her eyes bloodshot, her dress disordered, and followed by two sergents-de-ville and a much benedicted little old man, burst breathlessly into the salle-a-manger.

"Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! What's the matter, what's happened?" Toinette, Toinette," cried Mme. Marjeval alarmed, quick, tell us what's happened?"

Toinette, the old gentleman and both sergents-de-ville all responded, and kept on responding in excited chorus; in the avalanche of sound only the words "tramway," "prison," "conductor," "ticket" and "honest girl" made themselves heard. Marjeval threw up his hands to heaven.

"If you all talk at once, like this, I cry he desperately, "no one can understand. Stop, be quiet; you speak, monsieur, please," addressing the benedicted old party.

"No, monsieur, no," Toinette cried. "I'm the one that should tell it, since the business concerns me!"

"Very well," said Marjeval; "but first calm yourself."

"Then, monsieur and madame, it was just this way, you see. My sister lives

as I've told you, in the Rue Poullet, just off the Boulevard Ornano, and to reach her house, as madam gave me permission, I took the 8:30 tramway that passes below and demanded a transfer. At the Gare de l'Est I got out, ran for the St. Owen tramway, just that minute about to start, got on and gave the transfer to the conductor. But the conductor refused it. I was no good, he said, and I must pay over again."

"What? said I. 'Why, it isn't three minutes since they gave it to me! See, yonder's the car on which I came!'"

"Yes, yes, I know," said the conductor, "it's no good, I tell you; you must pay, I say, or foot it, my dear."

"But I tell you, I cried, 'I tell you, sir—'

"'A lie, young woman; pay up at once or off you go!'"

"I tell you a lie, sir—"

"This was too much! Bang! and such a thump as I gave him! The conductor was going to slap me in return, when the gentleman here, who had seen it all, interposed. The car was all in a commotion. A policeman came and pulled me outside. I begged monsieur, who had seen it all, to come along too, and then I demanded that the agents bring me here first, to the house of my master, why would tell them that I am an honest girl, and did not seek to cheat the company as that fool conductor said!"

"Maybe, miss," suggested an agent smoothly, "you had another ticket in your pocket?"

"No, sir, only this," answered Toinette, beginning to rummage vigorously; "how could I? I had just got off the car and—"

She stopped suddenly, drew out her hand, and there in the palm lay the duplicate of transfer number one.

"Well," said she staring stupidly, "where did I get the bad one that I gave the conductor?"

Mme. Marjeval meanwhile had been examining the two bits of pasteboard that Toinette held in her hand.

"See," said she suddenly, "where did you get this one?"

"How should I know, madame—ah, yes, now I see it all."

"Well, well, quick, go on—where?"

"I am, madame, I am going on. Madame recalls that before going out I put the dining room to rights, and as this transfer ticket was thrown upon the mantel I brushed it into my apron intending later to put it into the fire!"

"That same transfer again!" the eyes of M. and Mme. Marjeval said plainly as they glanced at each other.

At the same instant there was a swift rush in the corridor and the apartment bell pealed furiously. Every one jumped. Toinette flew to open the door; a gentleman whom she had never seen before, pushed by her hastily, darted through the anteroom like a meteor and fell breathlessly into a chair.

"You, Prouidine!" cried Marjeval, amazed.

turned wonderingly, pointing to the one in Toinette's hand.

"Exactly!" shouted Prouidine, seizing it eagerly. "Heavens! I'm glad to find it! Such a chase as I've had!"

"But look here, Prouidine, what does all this mean, and how the dickens did that ticket get into my pocket?"

"The easiest thing in the world. It comes from that devilish mania of mine for practical joking! I put the ticket in your pocket at the cafe, without reflecting that I had written on the back of it the address of a friend—a friend who expected me to dinner this evening, and whom I must find to explain."

"Well," said Marjeval grimly, "if it were not for our old friendship, Prouidine—However, let it go this time; only all I have to say is that when you next try your jokes on any one it had better not be on me!"

"What makes you look so serious, Philippe?"

"No matter what; as I say, let it go; it's too long to tell, but, thanks to your charming piquancy, I've had a quarrel with my wife and Toinette has come within an ace of spending the night in a police station."

Prouidine was desolate, heart broken, but forced to go; to go at once, too, on the jump. He was booked for 7; twice now 9. "Madame, Monsieur, Philippe, old boy, an revoir, an revoir!"

"Monsieur," said a policeman, to the benedicted and patient old party, "it's time we were moving. Come, please. As for you, my girl, another time no more slaps, remember."

And the door closed upon the representative of the law.

"Philippe!"

"Will you take back the—the bath?"

"With all my heart, dearest."

"Very well, then, I'll withdraw Mme. Adelberg."

And the transfer ticket being safe now in Prouidine's pocket, they fell into each other's arms.—Translated from the French of Galipaux by E. C. Waggener for Short Stories.

**Blood Red Snow.**  
At the head of Holy Cross creek near Leadville, Colo., and at another place in the almost inaccessible defiles of Mount Shasta, Cal., there are hundreds of square feet of ground continually covered with snow that is as red as blood. These two places are the only ones in the United States where red snow is known. The phenomenon is due to the presence of minute animalcules in the snow. How the little midgets manage to get into such high altitudes is not known.—Boston Globe.

**The Monks' It's Bitter!**  
No sensible person will ever wear a single eyeglass unless he is blind of one eye. Its use means that one eye is neither employed nor unemployed, but is engaged in caselessness, though no doubt unconscious, efforts to see as much as its more favored fellow. This straining is as harmful as anything could well be, and cannot fail to lead to the gravest results.—Yankee Blade.

**Mending Table Linen.**  
A housewife whose table linen always does her good service mends it with an embroidery cotton of a number to correspond with the quality of the cloth. Under the ragged edges of the tear she bastes a piece of stiff paper and makes a network of fine stitches back and forth over its edges, carrying the stitches about as much beyond the edges of the cut. Thin places and breaks in linen may be run with the flax or embroidery floss, and towels should be mended in the same way.

**Candied Orange Chips.**  
Cut some oranges in half, squeeze the juice through a sieve; soak the peel in water; next day boil it in the same until soft, drain it and slice the peels, put them to the juice, weigh an equal quantity of sugar and put all together into an earthen dish; place near the fire, stirring often until the chips candy. Set them in a cool place to dry for about three weeks.

**Potato Olives.**  
Peel the potatoes and cut them into shape of olives; drop into boiling salted water and cook until tender, but quite unbroken. Drain them carefully, then dip each one into beaten egg, and roll in a mixture composed of fine breadcrumbs, half the quantity of grated cheese, a little minced parsley, and salt and pepper. Fry in deep fat, drain and serve hot.

**Lemon Jumbles.**  
Mix into a stiff paste one egg, one teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of butter, three teaspoonfuls of milk, one of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, the juice of two small lemons and the grated rind of one; when the dough is ready, roll it out rather thin, cut into shapes, bake in a quick oven, having previously sifted sugar over them, or not, as desired.

**Shakespeare's Allusions to Strawberries.**  
Though history and story are alike silent as to the cultivation of the strawberry in early times, we know that the fruit was well known in England in the fifteenth century. Shakespeare has three allusions to strawberries. In "Henry V" the Bishop of Ely, in illustration of the good qualities which the young king possessed, in spite of his wild habits and objectionable companions, says:

"The strawberry grows underneath the nettle, And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best Neighbored by fruit of baser quality."

The reference here is obviously to the wild berry. But in the play of "Richard III" strawberries are spoken of as growing in the Bishop of Ely's garden at Holborn, and this seems to show that the berry was cultivated with considerable care as early as the latter part of the fifteenth century, though Hayden's "Dictionary of Dates" asserts that the common strawberry was brought to England from Flanders in 1580.

It is curious to note that 100 years after the cratty Richard begged some of the bishop's strawberries, we find a description of a garden at Holborn, the property of the rich barber surgeon, Gerard, wherein four kinds of strawberries—a great variety for the time—were successfully cultivated. The third Shakespearean allusion to this fruit is in reference to the ill-fated handkerchief of Desdemona, which was "spotted with strawberries."—Horticultural Times.