

A SON'S WISH.

Mother, in the lonely ways
Of the home land whence I came,
Where you wait the world apart,
Without fear and without blame,
Keep me ever in thine eye,
As the hills their morning star,
Through I pass into the day,
Where my toiling fellows are,
Keep me ever in thy heart,
With the old remembered things,
Till for me there be no more
April when the robin sings.
Keep me ever in thy prayers,
That at midnight or at noon,
When God needs a man in haste,
He may not forget thy son,
—Elias Carman in Youth's Companion.

MY AUNT'S EARRINGS.

Detective stories have always been my favorite form of literature. I have read many and have gained from them a thorough contempt for probability and the police. The first thing you should do when a crime has been committed, as I often said to Uncle Poffkins, is to suspect the most unlikely man as being the criminal.

That was the course I adopted when Aunt Poffkins' earrings were stolen. It was in the morning when the theft was discovered. Aunt came down late and ran into the room where Uncle Poffkins, Dora and I were breakfasting. My aunt bore traces of strong agitation, and she had forgotten her cap.

"My earrings!" she cried. "They are gone—they are stolen!"
"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Uncle Poffkins, dropping his teacup as if he had been shot and leaping up with a yell of pain. He said the yell was attributed to the heat of the tea, which was trickling down his legs.

My aunt explained. The earrings were kept wrapped in cotton wool in a jewel box on her dressing table. The box was never locked, and the housemaid had access to the room. The girl had only been in the house a week and was known to have a beau. My aunt and cousin at once concluded she was the thief and sent for a policeman, who searched her trunk and found nothing, of course. I could have told them that.

Meanwhile I kept my eye on Uncle Poffkins. He was the one person who could have no motive whatever in stealing the earrings. He was very rich, most respectable and extremely slow and noisy in his movements. Moreover, my aunt would have given him the earrings at any moment if he had asked for them. Evidently he was the last man to attract suspicion. Accordingly I watched Uncle Poffkins closely.

We passed a week of excitement. The police were running out and in. Dora crossed examined the housemaid incessantly. Aunt Poffkins went abroad weeping and reminding every one she met that the earrings were a present from Uncle Poffkins on the occasion of their engagement.

My uncle himself affected to make light of the matter and went so far as loudly and ostentatiously to curse the earrings. He was wrong if he thought he could put me off the scent by that clumsy maneuver. I never left him alone. I tracked him to the city, hung about all the morning, shadowed him when he went to lunch, when he returned, when he crossed over to the exchange.

Unknown to him I was on his heels inside if he rode on the top, and on top when it rained and he stowed himself away inside. He never escaped me except when he was in his office. At last, after 10 days' weary chasing, I was rewarded. I need not say that the police had discovered nothing. The house was still topsy turvy and my aunt subject to intermittent hysterics.

That wronged creature, the housemaid, did her work with a mop in one hand and in the other a handkerchief, wet with innocent tears. But to return to Uncle Poffkins. The tenth day after the earrings had disappeared, as he was brushing his hat before leaving the house and looking at my aunt's tear bedewed visage, his conscience smote him, and he so far forgot himself as to exclaim audibly:

"I'm blamed if I can stand this any longer!" The folly of the man was incredible. I had him now! In an instant I was after him. He took a bus, I took a cab, and we started for the city. Now came the odd thing—Uncle Poffkins disappeared.

How it happened I do not know, but when the bus pulled up to the bank Uncle Poffkins was not to be seen. I questioned the conductor, but he had evidently been bribed, and told me very rudely that he had something better to do than answer my riddles. He drove on, and I was left for the first time at fault.

It was evening before I saw Uncle Poffkins. I was going home in a very disconsolate state, when, about 200 yards from my gate, I espied him ahead of me. Quickening my pace, I stealthily approached him. He opened the gate and passed it noiselessly I followed him.

A little farther on, sheltered by the shrubbery, he stopped, and after a stealthy glance toward the house took from his coat pocket a small morocco case. I stood on tiptoe just behind, and with mingled horror and satisfaction as I looked over his shoulder I saw the earrings! I was right. Uncle Poffkins sighed.

"Shall I give 'em to her or not?" he said to himself. His rank waste. Still, it will keep her quiet." I watched the struggle between his good and his evil angel. Clearly the good angel had triumphed so far as to bring the earrings within 50 yards of Aunt Poffkins, but now came the tug of war. It was severe, and it ended in the victory of evil. Uncle Poffkins, snatching the case with a snap, exclaimed:

"I've all blamed nonsense! I'll take 'em back to Abraham tomorrow." Abraham was the receiver, for my aunt went out in a satisfied tone.

"I'm not a trouble about taking 'em," he was putting the case into his pocket when my feeling overcame me. I respect the old's elderly relatives is a grand old feeling, but it must not be

allowed to override higher duties. I flung myself on Uncle Poffkins, crying: "Surrender! You cannot escape me!" My uncle fell heavily on the gravel path. I dug heavily on the top of him and pinned his arms to the ground.

"Tom!" he exclaimed, "what the mischief—are you drunk?"
"It is useless, sir," I began, "to affect ignorance. I had reached this point when I was violently collared from behind, lifted bodily off my uncle's chest, where I had been sitting, and was deposited on a grass plat, while a deep voice said in my ears:

"Now, then, young man, turn it up. You're a lively un, you are. First your aunt and now your uncle." The pocket-

corner was a policeman. From his pocket he produced a pair of handcuffs and put them on my unresisting wrists. Then I found my voice.

"What are you handcuffing me for?" I demanded. "There's the thief."
"Gammon!" said he, grinning.

"Why, you fool, there's the property," said I. He looked and saw the earrings lying on the ground by Uncle Poffkins. An expression of bewilderment over-

spread the officer's face as he groped again in his pockets he brought forth a pair of earrings. Then gazing at the pair in his hand to the other pair on the ground he ejaculated softly, and to my ears at least mysteriously:

"These earrings in my 'and was found in your drawer, young man, wrapped in cotton wool. 'Ow do you account for that?"

"Those on the ground," I retorted, "were found in Mr. Poffkins' pocket. How do you account for that?" He shook his head sadly. Then he suddenly brightened up. He had an idea. He produced another pair of handcuffs, clapped them on my uncle's hands and cried cheerfully:

"We can't be wrong now, can we? March!" So Uncle Poffkins and I marched, the policeman between us, with a hold on each of our collars, and in this predicament we were presented to Aunt Poffkins, to Dora and to the housemaid. The housemaid giggled consumedly, for which, under the circumstances, one could hardly blame her.

Aunt Poffkins experienced a relapse, and Dora alone was equal to the situation. She made us sit down and gave us each a glass of sherry. Then the recriminations began. Uncle Poffkins declared his earrings were not the stolen pair. Distressed at my aunt's sorrow, he had gone to the jeweler's and bought her a similar pair. They cost 80 guineas. The struggle I had witnessed was between love and economy, not honesty and crime.

I swore that the earrings found in my bureau had not been placed there by me.

"And you are both quite right," said Dora. "Uncle's earrings are not the stolen ones. Tom, do you remember having the toothache?" It was clear to me in a moment. I had asked for cotton wool, and had been directed to my aunt's jewel box and from it grabbed a large handful and carried it to my room. Then on reflection I had tried brandy instead of laudanum, and the cotton wool was thrust into the drawer. The earrings had been buried in the cotton wool.

"So you were the thief yourself!" laughed Dora. It was true.
If only I had strictly followed out what my reading had taught me! For, improbable as it was that I should think Uncle Poffkins guilty, it would have been still more improbable had I fixed the crime on myself. I lacked the full courage of my principles, and the result is Uncle Poffkins and I do not speak—St. James Budget.

The Injustice of Dower Distribution.
The injustice to woman in the common law rule of distribution of dower when real estate is turned into money for division among heirs was recently painfully impressed in a Michigan case. A couple had started in life 25 years ago, having very limited means. The wife was the more robust physically and always of essential support to the husband in his business cares, besides discharging with ability and devotion her duties as mother and homemaker. They possessed a competence at the husband's death. The widow and two minor children survived. They wished to sell a piece of land that had been entirely unproductive up to the death, but at that time there was an inquiry to purchase.

To enable a sale of this land out of the intestate estate the probate court expense was \$50, or only \$10 less than the share allotted to the widow on the basis of her probable life yet to be, while each of the minor children, quite incompetent to handle money in business, received \$195, or three and a quarter times as much as the mother, a prudent business woman.—Woman's Tribune.

Novel Anchors.
The British steamer Bannmore now discharging coal at Mission No. 2, has a novelty aboard in the shape of a stockless anchor. In fact, she has two of them, and they are hauled up "chock a block" to the hawse holes in a way to make a sailor feel like kicking himself for all the risks he has run in the way of catting and fishing anchors in years gone by. The anchor has no stock and no flukes. It consists of a heavy semicircular mass of metal fastened directly to the chain and furnished with two attachments very similar to the old time flukes, but twisted like the flanges of a screw propeller. The anchor can be let go and grounded inside of 10 seconds and hoisted in less than half a minute. It will take hold of the hardest bottom, and the anchors, starboard and port, will keep a ship in position in the worst weather.—San Francisco Call.

Distance Traveled by Odors.
As an illustration of the distance odors are carried it is noteworthy that the fumes and exhalations from the sulphur springs of Colorado can be distinguished at a distance of fully 30 miles. The delicious perfume of the forests of Ceylon is carried by the wind 20 miles out to sea, while in foggy weather travelers 100 miles from the land have recognized their proximity to the coast of Columbia by the sweet smell brought them on a breeze from the shore.—Exchange.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Harry Lindley, the veteran comedian, has just published a book entitled "Merely Players."

John M. Strauss and Emma Belle, both of the late Sidney Drew company, are engaged to be married.

Lydia Yeamaus Titus is no longer one of Russell's comedians. She will star next season if Dame Ramor may be believed.

The play which Sydney Rosenfeld is writing for J. K. Emmet will be called "Fritz in the West." The scenic effects will be elaborate.

Robert E. Graham will be starred next season by the Mullaly brothers in a new farcical comedy by Scott Marble entitled "The Stock Broker."

Manager A. Y. Pearson has been ordered by his physicians to spend several months at Bermuda and to give up, as far as possible, his active business career.

Eleonora Duse will go to Paris for a two weeks' rest after the close of her present American tour and will then make a six weeks' English provincial tour.

T. Henry French intends to bring with him against Nat C. Goodwin, Jr., for not playing "Walker, London," J. M. Barrie's comedy, which Mr. French sold him last summer.

Two of the plays in which Felix Morris will star next season are a 2-act comedy entitled "Champagne" and a curtain raiser called "A Bachelor's Tears." Both are by E. S. Van Zile.

Mrs. John Stetson (Kate Stokes) will play Mrs. Eastlake Chapel in the California tour of "The Crust of Society." Her sister will play Violet Esmond, and Isabelle Evesson will be the Mrs. Echo.

Mr. Charles Frohman has purchased a new farcical piece called "Prince and Pup-pets," which has been running with great success in London. This piece is a travesty on "Lady Windermere's Fan."

BUSINESS TERMS.

Abatement—Amount taken off a bill of goods.

Account Current—A plain statement or running account.

Antedate—To date forward or before-hand.

Bill of Entry—A bill of goods entered at a custom house.

Bills of Exchange—An order for the payment of money.

Bills of Lading—A receipt from a railroad, ship, etc., for goods or freight.

Bill of Sale—A contract, under seal, for the sale of goods.

Bill of Light—A temporary form of entry at a custom house, permitting goods to be provisionally landed for examination.

Bills Payable—The name given by a merchant to notes made and issued.

Bills Receivable—Notes taken or given, except one's own.

Bank Credit—Permission given by a firm or person to draw money on account.

Bond—A note or deed given with pecuniary security.

Bonded Goods—Goods for which bonds are given for duties instead of money.

Bounty—A bonus or premium given to encourage trade.

Cash Credit—Privilege of drawing money at a bank, obtained by depositing suitable security.

Cocket—A custom house warrant to show goods have been entered.

NATIONAL FLAGS.

Austria—Red, white and red (horizontally). A shield and crown in the white stripe.

Belgium—Black (next the staff), yellow and red (vertically disposed). A device in the yellow stripe.

England—A red flag, with a blue canton, barred with a red St. Andrew's cross and a red St. George's cross.

France—Blue (next the staff), white and red (vertically disposed).

Holland—Red, white and blue (horizontally disposed).

Norway—A red flag, quartered by blue and yellow stripes, and the first quarter crossed.

Russia—A white flag, with two blue stripes running from corner to corner like a St. Andrew's cross.

Spain—Red, yellow and red (horizontally disposed).

Sweden—A blue flag, quartered with yellow stripes. In the first quarter yellow stripes and red triangles.

Switzerland—A red flag, with a white cross in the center.

Turkey—A red flag, with a silver crescent and star with eight points.

ETIQUETTE OF CALLS.

For the caller who arrived first to leave first.

To return a first call within a week and in person.

To call promptly and in person after a first invitation.

To call within a week after any entertainment to which one has been invited.

To call upon an acquaintance who has recently returned from a prolonged absence.

To call after an engagement has been announced or a marriage has taken place in the family.

For the older residents in the city or street to call first upon the newcomers to their neighborhood.

To make the first call upon people in a higher social position if one is asked to do so or if they are newcomers.

For a gentleman to call upon a lady if she has invited him to do so, if he brings a letter of introduction or if an intimate friend of the house introduces him.

SNAP SHOTS.

In the making of bromide prints the amateur would do well to adhere to one kind of light, and if possible have it always of the same intensity.

The old, tried developers—ferrous oxalate and pyro—are every day producing results just as good as if not better than some of the latest triumphs of chemical science.

For the month of December, 1902, there were nine patents issued for new ideas, or improvements upon old ones, in photographic apparatus. The more important were a simple flashlight apparatus, a rigid and compact tripod and a hand camera.

The simpler the developer the better, and the less number of bottles to be handled the less chance of error and disappointment. Concentrated solutions are dangerous, for when a developer is so powerful that drops must be counted bromides are necessary, and there are few cases where they may be used with satisfaction.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Jimmy's Prisoner of War.
In 1890 the dervishes from Khartoum made a desperate effort to drive the Egyptians from their advanced post at Wady Halfa. Under the leadership of the famous Wad Nejumi, the great general of the dervishes who defeated Hicks Pasha and was the military adviser of the mahdi, a vast mob of dervishes, with the wives, children and camp followers, advanced along the Nile valley to-



ward Wady Halfa. They were met by the Egyptian troops, led by English officers, at Toski, and after a hard fight were utterly defeated. Wad Nejumi was killed in the desperate charge made by his men, and a great number of his followers were also shot down. Among the prisoners were Abdullah Nejumi, the infant son of the general, and his nurse.

The child was taken to Cairo, where he was placed under the charge of the English nurses in the government hospital as a kind of state prisoner. The English soldiers gave him the name of Jimmy, this being as near as they could get to Nejumi. Jimmy has a high opinion of his own importance and returns the salutes of the Soudanese soldiers and policemen with grave politeness. By the Soudanese he is considered a personage of high rank—in fact, a dervish chief—and already the authorities are beginning to ask themselves what is to be done with the boy. This question will soon become one of importance, for Jimmy is now about 5 years old. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph by Mr. C. S. Sheppard.

A Story of Mr. Blaine's Youth.

A story is told by Mr. Boyd of Mr. Blaine's early boyhood which illustrates his aptitude for diplomacy even at an early period of his career:

"Having access to the river and a frequent witness of the boats that passed, he desired to have a boat of his own. He dammed the stream that flowed down the Indian hill and launched upon it a tiny bark of his own construction. But the neighboring boys repeatedly tore down his dam and spoiled his navigation. He applied to a stalwart ferryman for help and offered to bring home his cows for the entire week if he would build him a dam out of stone so large that the mischievous boys could not move them. The ferryman accepted the offer, and little Jimmie soon had the satisfaction of complete triumph over his enemies, for the rocks which the strong ferryman piled in resisted all the efforts of the boys for their removal."—Cor. New York World.

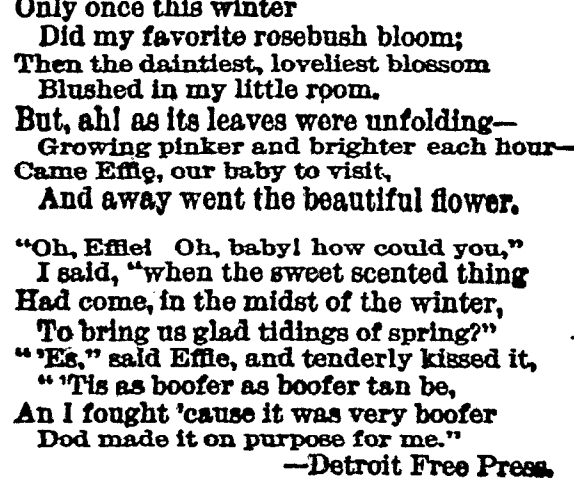
Mechanical Kittens.

A wonderful mechanical toy has been on private exhibition in Paris lately, and it is understood that efforts are to be made to secure the curiosity or curiosities for the Chicago exposition. This remarkable piece of mechanism consists of seven life sized kittens covered with real skin, but with eyes of emeralds set in white enamel. Each kitten is provided with some musical instrument, such as a flute, a zither, a violin, a drum, a harp, a cornet, an accordion, all perfectly harmonized. With these the kittens play the most difficult pieces of music, operas and such. The mechanism is similar to that of a common music box, and the apparatus, kittens, etc., is valued at about 20,000 francs. The curiosity is even reported to be insured for 12,000 francs.—Paris Letter.

Emile and the Rose.

Only once this winter
Did my favorite rosebush bloom;
Then the daintiest, loveliest blossom
Budded in my little room.
But, ah! as its leaves were unfolding—
Growing pinker and brighter each hour—
Came Emile, our baby to visit,
And away went the beautiful flower.
"Oh, Emile! Oh, baby! how could you,"
I said, "when the sweet scented thing
Had come, in the midst of the winter,
To bring us glad tidings of spring?"
"Em," said Emile, and tenderly kissed it,
"Tis as bonny as bonny can be,
An' I fought 'cause it was very bonny
Dad made it on purpose for me."
—Detroit Free Press.

Easy For the Judges.



Geoffrey (to rejected candidate for honors at the dog show)—Never mind, Smut! We'll have a dog show that shall be all cats except you, and then you'll have it all your own way!

It Didn't Work.

Nervous Lady—There! I've had some snakes put on the hill outside, and now I guess those noisy coasters will go somewhere else.

Boy (outside)—Hi! All of you! Here's a bully place to shine y'r runners.—Good News.

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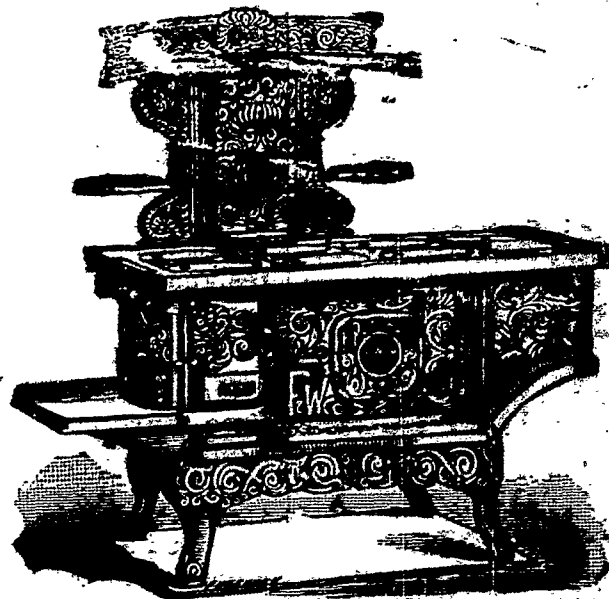
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