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RONDELET.

"Which way he went?"
know not—how should I go spy
Which way he went?
"I only know him gone. 'Relent'"
He never will—unless I die!
And then what will it signify?
Which way he went?
Say what you please,
But know I shall not change my mind!
Say what you please—
Even, if you wish it, on your knees—
And when you hear me not defined
As something lighter than the wind,
Say what you please!
—Mary Probyn in New York Times.

A FARMER'S LOVE.

Fancy New England farming and com-
mon New England farming were rep-
resented by two farms that faced each
other and were separated by a public
road.

The fancy farm showed the effects of
much money and a cultivated taste. The
house occupied by the owner, who spent
only a part of the summer at his country
home, was a mansion. There were tow-
ers and curious windows, some of them
of stained glass, and many architectural
oddities such as are often seen in the
summer residences of the rich.

At a suitable distance was the home of
the manager of the farm. It was small-
er and less pretentious than the first
dwelling, but was palatial in appear-
ance compared with an ordinary farm-
house.

Near it were the barns, costly and or-
namental structures, painted a bright
red. The land was divided by hand-
some and expensive walls and by artistic
fences. A herd of 50 pure blooded Jer-
sey cattle and other fancy stock were
kept.

The house on the common-farm close-
ly resembled the typical "old home-
stead." The long, rambling roof and
the shingled sides were brown and
weather beaten. The windows were
small, and the panes of glass were many
and little. Ancient pictorial curtains
designated which room was the parlor.

A long bench beside the back door was
covered with shining milkpans. From
the deep well water was still drawn by
means of an old fashioned well sweep.
Rows of box inclosed a small garden,
in which tulips, pinks, forget-me-nots,
streaked grass, etc., grew in picturesque
confusion.

Behind the house was a fine old or-
chard, which bore an abundance of ap-
ples, much of the fruit being better than
can generally be obtained from trees in
modern nurseries.

There were two large barns, unpainted
and uncouth in appearance, but kept in
good repair.

The fields, comprising 200 acres—that
being also the size of the fancy farm—
were separated from each other by rudi-
ly piled but substantial stone walls.

The domestic animals on this farm
were mostly of the ordinary breeds.
Modern labor saving machinery that re-
ally did save labor and promoted econ-
omy was used, but no money was wasted.
It was a beautiful morning in May.
The landscape, clad in luxuriant ver-
dure, was like a pleased child in a new
and becoming dress.

The owner of the common farm stood
in front of his home and looked with
interest at a beautiful girl who was walk-
ing from the fine residence opposite
along a gravelly path that led to the
highway.

That the farmer should prefer to de-
voted his attention exclusively to the
maiden rather than to view the land-
scape generally was not surprising, for
he was young and intelligent and withal
romantic.

To the farmer's surprise the girl, when
she reached the road, did not go down it
toward the little village to get the mail.
She crossed the highway, and after cus-
tomary greetings said:

"I have heard so much about the beau-
tiful appearance of your orchard, now
that the trees are covered with blossoms,
that I would dearly like to see it if you
have no objection."

"No objection at all. I shall be glad to
show it to you," said Mr. Chadwick, his
honest face flushing with pleasure.

They walked into the orchard, and the
sight which greeted their eyes caused
the maiden to utter exclamations of de-
light.

There were four long and widely sepa-
rated rows of apple trees, covered with
a myriad of pink buds and pink and white
blossoms.

Bathed in brightest sunshine, the clus-
ters of apple blossoms looked radiant,
their delicate tints almost sparkled, and
the scent was like one in fairyland.

Not a few of the blossoms had been
detached by a brisk wind during the
night and had been scattered over the
thick grass. The luxuriant greensward,
adorned with pink and white flecks, was
more beautiful than any carpet that
could be seen in the most richly fur-
nished house in the land.

It was a scene that could inspire hope
and joy and love only. The young peo-
ple felt as if a delightful spell had taken
possession of their senses.

Mr. Chadwick forgot that his appear-
ance would not be apt to please a fas-
hionable city girl; he forgot that he wore
an old straw hat, a coarse blue flannel
shirt without a necktie and a pair of
patched trousers, the legs of which were
ruined in the tops of rough cowhide
boots.

His fair companion forgot that her
dress was as fine as the clothes of her
friend were poor, and her social advan-
tage had been far superior to his.

She felt as if she were a country lass
and that the stalwart and manly farmer
was a person to admire.

The talk of the two was pleasant, and
so quickly did the time pass that after a
conversation that lasted a half hour they
supposed they had been talking with
each other but 10 minutes.

"Papa has spent lots of money to make
our farm look fine," cried the enthusi-
astic maiden, "but I like your dear old
place better. It is so homelike and so nat-
ural. There is nothing artificial about
it. I am sure a poet would be delighted
with it. Perhaps you write poetry, Mr.
Chadwick?"

"No, Miss Yoland, I cannot do that. I

am a plain man who has worked hard to
get a living. Poets are dreamy, I have
been told, and I have had no time to
dream.

"I myself love the old farm; to me
it is the most attractive place in the world
but I am surprised that a young lady
who has traveled so much as you have
should find it particularly interesting."

"You do not, understand me, I fear
Mr. Chadwick. The fact is I have all of
my life been surrounded by so much
tiresome luxury and have mingled so
much in artificial society that it is a
positive relief to me and affords me great
pleasure to be able at last to live in the
country and enjoy its simple pleasures."

"I am glad to hear you talk thus. I
imagined that you must already be tired
of your quiet life here and would soon
return to the city."

"Oh, no. I hope papa will let me re-
main here all summer."

"I hope so, too, for I can assure you
that I consider myself very fortunate in
having so agreeable a neighbor as your-
self."

The next moment the young man
blushed and was silent. It occurred to
him that he had too boldly expressed his
admiration in the presence of one with
whom he had never before held a lengthy
conversation.

His embarrassment was relieved when
Miss Yoland, in a sincere and unaffected
manner, said:

"I am sure we shall be good friends."
As they were about to leave the or-
chard, Mr. Chadwick picked a few of
the choicest blossoms and handed them to
her.

"Please take these little favors as re-
minders of your visit," he said gallantly.
"Thank you; I shall prize them much."

He watched her graceful figure until
he could see it no longer and then
directed his steps toward a field where
two men were planting.

Mr. Chadwick was much superior to
the majority of farmers. Although he
had had only ordinary school advan-
tages, he had obtained through his own
efforts an excellent education.

He had studied and read much during
the long winter evenings. Nature had
given him a fine and discriminating
mind and a disposition that was proud
and sensitive.

Although surrounded for the most
part by uncultivated persons, he had
trained himself to speak grammatically
and had had the ambition to fit himself
for association with educated people.

He had been adopted when very young
by the Mr. Chadwick who formerly
owned the farm. The elder Chadwick
had been dead two years. The farm had
been willed to the young man with the
proviso that the old man's widow should
have a life interest in it and be well cared
for by her foster son.

The foster parents were industrious
and possessed plenty of common sense,
but were illiterate. That there was gen-
tle blood in the young man's veins was
proved by the manner in which he had
triumphed over so many obstacles.

He only needed contact with the world
and social advantages to become a fin-
ished gentleman.

When he first saw Miss Yoland, he
knew that he loved her. Her refined
beauty and gracious manners charmed
him.

In her presence that which was best
in him was quickened, and his bearing
and address became noble. He could
understand and appreciate her, he could
adore her, but his heart sank as he real-
ized that circumstances were against him.

Was it not preposterous for a poor,
plain farmer to hope to wed this beau-
tiful heiress?

Faithfully he tried to repress his
growing love and to regard Miss Yoland
only as a friend. But while he was en-
gaged in his sensible mental struggle
she herself did that which defeated all
of the progress that he had made.

Her visit to the orchard was fatal to
his peace of mind. The manner in
which she disparaged the artificialities
of fashionable society and expressed her
preference for simple life of the country
aroused more strongly than ever the de-
licious hopes that he had tried to put
aside.

His mood the next morning was cheer-
ful. He busied himself in his dooryard
in order that he might see Miss Yoland
when it was time for her to go for the
mail.

Dressed in a costly but simple morn-
ing costume, she came forth from her
home. But when she reached the road
she did not look across it. She acted as
if she had not seen him, although she
must have known that he was in sight.

A lover who is uncertain as to how
much he is favored by his mistress is the
most suspicious person in the world.
Anything that can be construed as a
slight is keenly noticed and produces a
most disagreeable mental fever.

Chadwick felt angry and disheartened
and was rendered unfit to do a good
day's work.

The next day while he was coming
home from the village he met her face
to face. She was seated in a fine car-
riage drawn by two horses that were
guided by a coachman who sat in an el-
evated box in front.

She greeted Mr. Chadwick only with a
slight and cool nod. There could no
longer be any doubt as to her intentions.
She desired to discourage his acquaint-
ance.

The young man cursed his folly and
wished that he had never seen her.

Several days later while Chadwick was
planting potatoes he suddenly flashed
upon his mind that Miss Yoland's step-
father might have influenced her to as-
sume her unfriendly demeanor.

That gentleman was a New York mil-
lionaire. He was a man of great recti-
tude of character and had shown extraor-
dinary ability in the management of an
immense wholesale business, but he was
overbearing and aristocratic.

He had but one fail, and that was
farming. Although he took much pride
in his farm, he was vexed by the fact
that the annual expenses connected with
it were about \$6,000 greater than the in-
come from it.

He did not expect to make money from
the farm, but he did think that there

ought to be enough income from the sale
of its products to cover the running ex-
penses.

During the previous year Chadwick
had told one of the neighbors that Mr.
Volombard was impractical, that he
bought expensive machines that were
not needed at all, and that it was laugh-
able to see how little he knew about farm-
ing.

The remarks were repeated to the mil-
lionaire, who regarded them as an insult.
The knowledge that Chadwick could
clear \$1,500 a year above expenses from
the unpretentious common farm also
nettled Mr. Volombard.

At the time Chadwick made his unfor-
tunate criticism he had not become ac-
quainted with Miss Yoland. She had
never seen the farm until two weeks be-
fore she visited the orchard.

The longer Mr. Chadwick thought the
more he became confident that the prin-
cipal blame should be attached to Mr.
Volombard.

Nevertheless the young man conclud-
ed that the indignity which he had sus-
tained required that he should assume a
greater indifference than Miss Yoland
had yet manifested.

He resolved that when he next met
her he would pretend not to see her at all.
The next meeting took place about a
week later. It was in the highway be-
tween the farms.

As Miss Yoland approached, Mr. Chad-
wick noticed that she looked pale and
anxious, but as they were about to pass
each other he turned his eyes from her.

"Mr. Chadwick,"
The tones were low and tremulous,
but they reached his ears. He stopped
and looked at the fair speaker with an
air of dignity.

"I know," she continued, "that you
are deeply offended, but perhaps if I tell
you I am sorry and make an explana-
tion you will forgive me."

She looked so charmingly contrite that
Mr. Chadwick forgave her at once. He
assured her that he would be glad to
have the painful misunderstanding come to
an end.

She then told him that on arriving
home after she had left the orchard she
gave her father a description of her visit
and highly praised Mr. Chadwick's in-
telligence and agreeable manners.

To her amazement her father flew into
a rage and denounced the young farmer
as a low bred and presumptuous fellow
and commanded her never to converse
with him again.

At first she thought she ought to obey
her father and treated Mr. Chadwick ac-
cordingly, although such a course was
repugnant to her feelings.
Later she learned why her father so
much disliked Mr. Chadwick, the reason
being what the young man had suspec-
ted, and she was ashamed of her father
because he was not magnanimous.

She was sorry she had been so unkind
and resolved to apologize at the first op-
portunity.

"Your explanation affords me infinite
satisfaction," said Mr. Chadwick, "for-
for the beatings of his heart almost
choked his utterance; I must tell you that
my feelings toward you are warmer than
those of a friend. If I might dare hope
—but no; it cannot be."

"You frighten me," cried the maiden,
in turn becoming confused.

"I am not surprised. I thought I
would," the badly embarrassed farmer
replied.

At this moment an envelope dropped
from Miss Yoland's hand to the ground.
Mr. Chadwick stepped forward and
picked it up.

It was not sealed, and the lover saw
that it contained some faded apple blossoms.

"Can these be the ones I gave you?"
he cried.

The maiden's blushing cheek eloquent-
ly answered him.

"Then you do care for me?" he ex-
claimed.

"I think I do a little."

That afternoon Mr. Chadwick told his
foster mother that he and Miss Yoland
had plighted their troth, but he believed
that Mr. Volombard would desperately
oppose the match.

"I do not think he will if I tell you a
secret and you tell it to him," was the
old lady's singular reply.

She then imparted to her son some re-
markable information and placed in his
hand a bundle of old manuscript that
corroborated what she had said.

Trembling from the effects of excite-
ment and joy, he hastened to the home
of the millionaire.

"What is your business?" said Mr. Vol-
ombard haughtily.

"Please read," replied the young man
as he produced the manuscript.

Mr. Volombard read a few minutes
and then turned very pale.

"You are"—And he hesitated.

"Your son," said the farmer.

The papers showed that Mr. Chad-
wick's mother was Mr. Volombard's first
wife. The husband and wife had a seri-
ous quarrel. She was high spirited and
left him.

She wandered into the country, was
befriended by old Mr. and Mrs. Chad-
wick, and at their home her child was
born. Soon after its birth she died.

Her husband learned of her death, but
did not know that a son had been born
and survived.

Of course the disclosure of the secret
influenced Mr. Volombard to favor rather
than to oppose the marriage of the
young farmer and Miss Yoland.

The wedding took place the next May
at the millionaire's country residence,
and the ceremony was performed in a
room that was tastefully adorned with
apple blossoms.

Mr. Volombard's son and his wife now
live in the country most of the year, and
the young man manages the two farms,
20 acres in all, in a profitable and sensi-
ble manner, his father having ceased to
offer any suggestions, and having ac-
knowledgeed that his son knows a great
deal more about farming than he does.—
J. A. Bolles in Boston Globe.

The Vagaries of English.

"I'll be back at 11, my love. I give
you my word."

"I'd rather you'd keep it, my dear."

Harper's Bazar.

A PLACE FOR BRIDAL COUPLES.

Why Four People Did Not Count in Mak-
ing Up an Elevator's Freight.

In Washington the other day a re-
porter made a pilgrimage up the Wash-
ington monument, and while he waited
for the elevator, which is no small task,
as it makes only one trip in a half hour,
he fell into conversation with the door-
man in charge of the structure.

"You see," said that worthy, "we have
to watch out sharp about the number of
people in here. The elevator will carry
30, and the first 30 that come in sit over
on that side, and everybody else must
stay over here and wait. It's just like a
barber shop, and if anybody goes out-
side to see the shadder like as not he'll
get left."

"To see the what?" asked the reporter
innocently.

"The shadder. The monument's shad-
der. Haven't you seen it?"

"No."

"Well, don't go out now or mebbe
you'll get left. There's 24 in here al-
ready."

"Twenty-four," said the New York
man doubtfully. "I make it 28."

"So there are, but four don't count."

"Why?"