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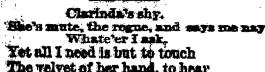


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The velvet of her hand, to hear The rosebud call me Shepherd, dear-Clarinda's shy.

REFUSAL

Clarinda's shy. The resebud pouts and bids me hence Whate'er I ask. Yet all I need is but to hold. For she has never been embraced, The living circle of her waist-Clarinda's shy.

Clarinda's shy. Her pinky ears, those lovely shells, Whene'er I speak She floods apace with rain of gold. Yet all I ask is only this, To melt upon her snow a kiss-Clarinda's shy. —Norman Gale.

SAVED BY LIGHTNING The effect of the electrical phenome non on the nerves of finely strung indi-

viduals is not unlike that communicated by a sudden and severe fright when the controlling power of the brain seems entirely cut off from action. In persons of stronger nerves the effect is not so great unless at some former period the nervous system has been severely shocked, and even stunned, by the force of an electric

current. No person has had more frequent demonstration of this fact than myself.

I am strong and robust by nature and would scorn the idea of being nervous. I have several times been placed in peculiarly dangerous positions, where considerable nerve and pluck were required

for the right performance of my duty. and on all such occasions I have acquitted myself to the satisfaction of all my friends. But brave and strong as I am in the face of most dangers, I am weak and helpless in a heavy thunderstorm. Since a certain memorable night in

1883 I have been absurdly susceptible to the influence of electricity in any form, and it is an easy matter for me to predict a rising storm long before it has come up by the condition of the atmosnhere and the effect it has upon my nerves.

I was telegraph operator at a small way station on a northern railway. My duties consisted in signaling the trains that passed by my door, selling tickets and acting as telegraph operator. These combined duties kept me busy and as there was scarcely a house within two miles of the station the quietness of the place would have been unbearable had I been at leisure to notice it. But

"Yes, and you turned it wrong in the I started along the platform with an answering shout and had not some far first place, didn't you?" before I encountered a woman stagger-"Yes, I did."

her in útter abhorrence. "What's the matter?" I inquired in as

loud a voice as I could command. "For heaven's sake, come quick!" she company, and I'm so sensitive!" shricked wildly. "Come quick! The train has run off the line! All are lostmy husband-my child-dead-dead!"

The horrible situation flashed over my into its proper position?" Another light laugh. bewildered senses in a moment. Just around the curve was a deep crossing, and the rain must have washed down the em-"You want to draw me out, I see. bankment in time to wreck the evening

express. This woman was the only one saved, and she had managed to crawl up a dezen or more mortals would have to the station for assistance. I helped the woman up on to the plat-

ing along the track.

form, and told her to hurry into the station house and wait until my return. to have the train wrecked near the cross-Then, with lantern in hand, I started on | ing, but as that couldn't be I thought a run toward the scene of the disaster. It was barely a quarter of a mile to the you saved her and came near balking crossing, but it seemed ages to me before my plans. That stupid guard, who im-I reached it.

All was quiet; not a moan nor shriek of any kind could be heard. The storm still raged around. I looked down the story."

embankment, expecting to see a heap of broken, twisted iron mixed up with the dead and dying passengers.

I then examined the crossing and found the line in good condition. A small slip had been caused by a large current of water, but everything-so far as I could see-was in perfect order.

What could it all mean? And in an agony of fear and dread I stood still and thought. In my excitement I had not asked the woman where the accident had happened, but took it for granted

that it was at the crossing. It might be half a mile farther on, or it might be a mile or more, I reasoned. But, at all events, it would be better to return to the station and get the right place from the woman's own lips. So I

station once more and began running balk us he left it here with you. At the with all my strength.

As I hurried along I glanced occasion ally at the line to see if it was in good condition. When I reached the new switch, which was used for siding trains, I suddenly stopped. The switch was turned. I could not believe it possible that I had been so careless as to leave it in such a condition. If the express should come along when it was turned, nothing could save her from being dashed down

a steep embankment. While I was still wondering at th

"You she fiend!" I cried as I gazed on A POMPADOUR THAT CAME FROM BE-ING CHASED BY A BEAR.

in the first had a set and a set and a set and a set and a set a set

George F. Leidig, the proprietor of

Grant's Springs hotel, Mariposa county.

who arrived here a day or two ago, says

"I have known of some curious things

n reference to the varied wild game of

"Well, he and Ridgeway thought they

would go up above Glacier point and

have a look around. You know that to

get to Glacier point you must climb

about 3.500 feet and do it all in but little

more than a couple of miles. It's a hard

task, and when you get up there you

look sheer down, as it were, from a bal-

loon upon the world. Before you are

spread the waterfalls of the Merced river.

the snow capped cones of the Sierras

"Don't call me hard names. It makes me think that you don't appreciate my Experience of an Adventurous : Young Traveler Among the Mountains of Har-"Do you know what would have hapipesa, Cal.-A Terrible Race Down a pened if I had not turned that switch Mountain Side-A Rash Shot.

"Oh, yes, I know," said she. "I don't think you do."

that game of all kinds is very plentiful Man, if you hadn't righted that switch in his vicinity and a few miles away in the high mountains. been hurled into eternity, and you would be tried for murder. I had no grudge against you and should have preferred Mariposa," he said, "but I never knew of a stranger thing than happened to my son George and Stage Driver Joe Ridge-Id throw her off near the switch. But way of the Yosemite line some time since. George, you know, is engineer on the Central Pacific railroad, on the divisagines himself so clever, arranged everyion between Wells and Carlin. thing so nicely that he will be surprised tomorrow when you tell him the whole

"Are you crazy?" I asked.

"No, my dear. I never was saner than I am at this moment!"

"Pray what are you driving at then, I'd like to know?" "I will enlighten you. You see that

little parcel on the table, which your friend the guard let you keep for him?" I laid my hand on the parcel and gave her a sinister look.

"Well, what of it?" I asked. "It contains a sum of money anywhere between £5,000 and £10,000."

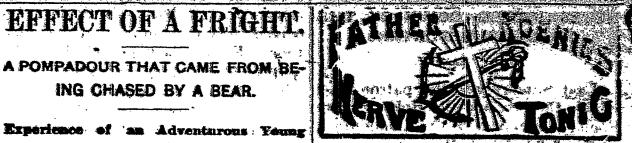
"Indeed?" I said contemptuously. "Yes. It was to be sent to Edinburgh

today, and as two or three of us got wind of the affair we concluded to stop it. By some strange mistake on our part the guard heard of our little plan turned my face in the direction of the at the other end of the road, and so to

> same time I concluded to play a double game and get the whole treasure for myself. For that purpose I called you out and turned the switch in order to wreck the train and so get hold of the money. You interfered and saved the train, but not the parcel. It is now in vour hands, and I will ask you to hand it over without demur."

She made one step toward the desk, but I leaped toward it and grasped the parcel in both hands.

"Never!" I shouted. "This goes into



IS WITHOUT AN EQUAL PERRYVILLE, Mo., March 19, 91.

Nervouness and scrupulosity serva in entre from which I suffered for six y ars, and sifrom which I suffered for six y are, and ar-though trying many medicines without relief, I at last, by the advice of our minister, Rev. R Mueller, tried Pastor Koung's Nerve Tonis, and my nervousness and other aliments dis-appeared. This pervetonicis without anequal LOUIS C. DELASSUS.

Had the Desired Effect.

HAMBURG, Iowa, May, 1890. 1 recommended Pastor Roenig's Nerve Toute o several of my parishioners, for nervous prosration, one for alcoholism, seven for whom i am assured the Tonic was more than man (er time could procure-s perfect (ure in th ... cases. Hoping this will suffice to prove the ed. collent effect of the remedy. I thank you for the extreme kindness shown to the poor in the past

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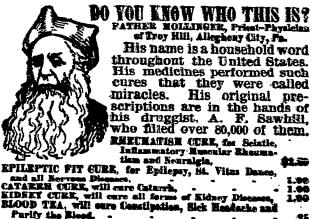
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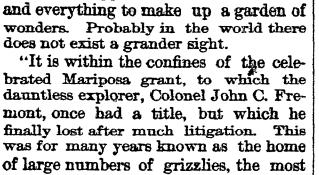
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of large numbers of grizzlies, the most formidable to be found anywhere. Since there were so many of them, not all the hunters that have gone into that region have succeeded in wiping them out.

"When George and Joe had finally succeeded in getting to the top and they had gazed upon the panorama before them, they started to the south on a shoulder of the mountain. They had not proceeded far when there were indications of bears. Their great tracks

were visible in some places along the trail, and they kept a sharp eye out for them. They thought without noticing

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when my work was finished, late in the afternoon, I always found a short time to devote to reading before the evening express came in, and this was soon looked forward to with genuine delight by me

as a relief from my other duties. The express was not always up to time, and I frequently found myself waiting until 8 o'clock before she arrived, reading, walking and otherwise passing the time as pleasantly as possible. I was engaged in the former occupation rather earlier than usual one warm. sultry afternoon in August.

The weather had been so excessively hot that I had been compelled to lay aside all superfluous garments and to do my work in my shirt sleeves. It was just such a day as always closes with a heavy thunderstorm.

About 5 o'clock the atmosphere began to change. A few clouds appeared upon the western horizon, and the sounds of distant thunder could be faintly heard. A gentle breeze swayed the pines and rustled the green leaves of the tall oaks. I thought at the time that it had a mournful, ominons sound, and as the distant cry of a loon fell upon my ear an unaccountable shiver ran through me. I laughed at my own fears and arove from my feet to dispel all gloomy forebodings, and began to lock up things around the freighthouse before the storm was upon me. When this was fin-

ished, I returned to my seat and watched the clouds scud across the now dark heavens. In a little while the rain began to de-

scend in torrents, pattering upon the tin roof of the station house like leaden bullets. The thunder pealed out with heavy reverberations, and the lightning

was fairly blinding. I closed up my instrument in the of fice and did not approach it again until the storm had passed. To have tam-

pered with it in such tempest would have been folly. The lightning, as it was, played with the wire and the keys in an unpleasant manner and made me

move farther away from it. For half an hour the storm continued with unabated fury, and all along the track little rivers of rainwater were surging and rushing. The afternoon had grown suddenly dark, and it was impossible to discern an object twenty yards off. The usual time for the arrival of the evening express had passed, and still of death. no indication of her coming had been re-

ceived. This did not seem strange to me. as there was some danger of the track being washed out at different crossings. and it was probable that some delay

strange condition of things I heard the fore I pitch you out.' long, shrill shrick of the belated and, as I supposed, wrecked express. The next moment the headlight of the engine rushed in sight around the curve and made a

long path of light along the line. There was evidently no accident, but senses." there would be one in a few moments if the brake was not turned back.

This could be done in one way onlyby reaching the station before the train reached the switch, and turning the heavy lever that connected the two. Could I do it? I started for the station on a dead run.

I do not know how I reached it. I was dimly conscious of running blindly through the darkness, stumbling against | my strange visitor in the same easy the rails, and finally leaping upon the platform, sgizing the iron lever desperstely in both hands.

I heard the heavy bolts fly into their sockets, and then, before I could "key" it, the heavy wheels rumbled over the switch. It seemed for a moment that the heavy pressure would jerk the lever out of my hands, but I clung to it tenaciously, and finally the last wheel rumbled over the fatal place.

The evening express did not usually stop at the station, but merely slowed up to see if there were any nassengers. But before I could recover from my ercitement the long line of black carringee were brought to a standstill and the guard was hurrying toward me.

"Jim," he said, "take this package and lock it up securely in the safe until called for. Be very careful of it, for it is something valuable. I will explain later." Then, without waiting for a reply, he choved a small, heavy parcel into my hands, blew his whistle and leaped upon the train.

The next moment the long line of carriages was swiftly flying southward, and I was once more alone.

By this time I felt so thoroughly exhausted by the excitement and strain upon my nerves that I reeled into the station like a drunken man.

I dropped into a chair, completely bewildered. The parcel lay before me. but I took no notice of it, my thoughts being busy with the strange events of the evening.

There were no signs of the woman who had started me off to find the wrecked train. In fact. I felt too tired to search for her. She had sent me on a wild goose chase and came near causing the death of many people, and to my mind she seemed to deserve punishment little short

The storm was still raging without. The thunder shook the station to its foundation, and the wind helped to make it seem like a cradle rocked with invisible hands.

the safe, and I warn you to get out be-

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" she laughed derisively; "what pluck! I didn't think you would make such a fight over mere money. But this will bring you to your

Throwing back the cloak which enveloped her small form, she stood before me a wiry looking man, with piercing dark eyes. In the right hand a jeweled pistol glistened in the lamp light, and the hand that held it was as cool and steady as possible. I glanced into the

small barrel of the pretty plaything and shuddered. "You needn't be frightened." continued

tones. "I don't care to commit murder if I can help it, but don't drive me to desperation.' At this I recovered my self possession

and began to think of a way to get near enough to grapple with this desperate villain. In such an encounter I knew I could easily handle him. A sudden. heavy blast of wind, followed by a blinding flash of lightning, fairly stunned us

for a moment. "That was a terrible flash," I said, no-

ticing that my companion slightly paled. "Yon are not afraid of thunder, are you?" He recovered himself in a moment.

"Afraid? No, you idiot!" he replied. "But give me that money, or I'll send a bullet through your head."

"One moment!" I cried.

"Not a"-----

The sentence was never finished. There was a peal of thunder that seemed to rend the heavens in twain, and then a brilliant streak of fire flashed between us. I felt the building tremble, heard a confused murmur of strange noisesand then a blank.

When I awoke to consciousness, daylight was just breaking in the east. The sky was clear as on a summer morning. and the fields and woods were vocal with the songs of birds. But in my office everything was changed. At my feet lay the stranger of the previous night, with a little dark spot near his left temple. The heavy timbers of the station were burned and cracked, and my papers were scattered all about. The work of the thunderbolt had been effective, but on the table lay the money untouched.

When the guard came, I handed him the property. The stranger was identified as a notorious thief, and I was duly rewarded by the company for my work in saving the money. But since that terrible shock a thunderstorm has been to me the most undesirable thing on the face of this earth .- True Flag.

together the boys were enjoying themselves.

"Just as they began to descend a winding knoll on the ridge they heard a thrashing in the bushes as of some one whaling them with a long club. The two had become separated. Ridgeway was where he could get the best view, and he suddenly caught sight of a big. gravish black object lying on a log. He knew at once that it was a grizzly, and be let fiv at him.

"Whether he hit him or not was never found out, but immediately there was more thrashing and a shriek from the bear that made the tall pines ring. Then there began a journey of that bear toward George. It was rapid, for a grizzly can run like a wild buffalo. unwieldly as he looks. Ridgeway could see that he had sniffed George or caught a glimpse of him through the bushes. and he yelled to him to look out, as the grizzly was after him. Then he took to his heels himself. George had scarcely got the warning when the bear was almost upon him. He turned and flew down the mountain.

"It was a terrible race. Now it would look as though George would evade the bear, and then it would appear that there was no escaping his paws. George zigzagged over stumps, fallen trees and through bushes, the bear still after him, and finally fell down a rocky declivity, where for a time he lay half dead. The great brute had finally given up the chase, luckily for the young man he was after, and at length Ridgeway got to George and helped him to stand up.

"Now, here a strange discovery was made, to which I call your attention. You have heard of people's hair turning white in a night, as though a man had lived a lifetime in a few hours.

"When George got down to my place. his hair, which since his birth had been flat on his head, stood up like stubble, as though it was waxed and combed up. More than that-it staid so for two weeks before he could get it down to where it was formerly.

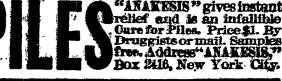
"The terrible race he had with the bear had caused it. We all took notice of it and talked about it during the whole two weeks. I suppose this may seem impossible to some, and they may not believe it, but it is entirely true. Nothing any of us could do during the fortnight would make the hair stay down.

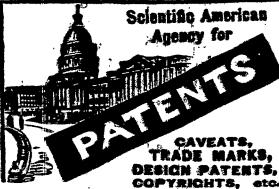
"George is as brave as anybody, but he couldn't help knowing the awful danger he was in. and when his hair rose up the consciousness of the danger was so great and remained so long with him that it took this length of time for it to get down again. Since then he is having no use for bears, especially grizzlies, and those familiar with the dangerous



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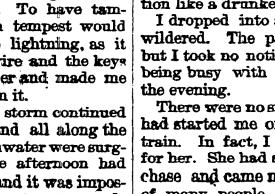




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would be caused. I felt the lonesomeness of my position extremely that night. When I glanced ont of the window into the murky darkness and heard the fittal rush of the

wind through the pines and tremble at the heavy craits of the thunder, I was forced to admit that I did not enjoy the

situation.

Twice I went out on the platform to see if I could hear anything of the coming train, but on each occasion I was met with such a blast of wind and, rain that I was only too glad to seek the shelter of the house again.

When the small office clock struck 9, 1 could stand it no longer, but donning my cloth cap and cost I opened the door to mally forth again. As I did so the shrill shnok of a woman greeted my astomaned ours.

At ant 1 00 o nded that it was the work of the wina, but a second time the by row shows the storm, clear and dis-BEC. There was no mistaking the sound. It was the cry of a woman in distress, at came out of the secret not far dis-

I remained seated in my chair, staring blankly at the wall for probably 10 minutes. A thousand thoughts and conjectures flashed through my brain during that time, and then, as I involuntarily turned my head. I started back with a nervous jump.' In the doorway stood the woman who had told me about the accident.

> "Good heavens!" I cried. "what is the meaning of this?"

She smiled, displaying her white teeth. "The meaning of what?" she asked in the quietest manner possible.

I jumped from my chair.

"Of what" E should "Of telling me that the express had jumped the track-that your husband and child were dead. "That's what, mad.m." She laughed solly.

"That was a ruse to get you to leave the station," she replied. "You are such a home body that I couldn't get you to go out in the storm unless I resorted to a trice. Dut you cause mer debath my purpose, after all. You turned that switch back in its proper place just in

the mick of time."

Handshaking In the Morning. Speaking of "little things that sweeten

life." the English have a pretty custom in

the matter of handshaking. One hears a good deal from time to time about shaking hands being good form, then again

nichts . 55 a Inchine Post.

》 发扬

race he had do not at all wonder at it." -San Francisco Examiner.

Wailing For the Modern Woman. Mrs. Lynn Linton, who has constituted herself the judge and censor of not being good form, and one can't help woman, has come forth in The Ninethinking what a vapid nonsense it is - teenth Century with a new grievance. It quite on a par with that style of hand- is woman as a housewife whom she shaking that was introduced by a boil holds up to public scorn this time. Homeunder a fashionable arm. But, to get made bread, says the lady, is as extinct back to the Cardish, in every household as the dodo and home cured hams as -middle class or aristocratio-it is the scarce as great auks' eggs. She laments custom for every one to shake hands the desuctude into which brewing and with every one else when they meet in winemaking have fallen, forgetting that the morning and when they separate at this is scarcely a theme for poetic regret. and she utters a last despairing wail be-

The children of the house come into cause we have no longer ""the pretty the president room, and instead of alid- girls who mased in sweet security." ing into place at the table with a mum- And all through the article she takes the bled "Good morning" they greet father anique ground (for her) that women and mother with a kiss on the cheek and should be the playthings of love, gracions a cheery "Good morning, papa," and and graceful, living to please and be "Good morning, mamma," and then go pleased. No thought has Mrs. Linton farotien an inter little ceremony with for those who are compelled to go out brothers and meters, giving to the guests into the world to fight, and fall or stand, a basid and the pleasant words.-Wash- as the conditions shall direct.-Chicago

Tribune.

othing new when we state that it pays to engage a a permanent, most healthy and pleasant busi-

nothing, new when we state that it pays to engage in a permanent, most healthy and pleasant busi-ness, that ircturas a profit for every day's work. Such is the business we offer the working class. We teach them how to make money rapidly, and guarantee every one who follows our instructions faithfully the making of \$300.00 a month. Every one who takes hold now and works will surely and speedily increase their earnings; there can be no mention about it; sthers naw at work are doing it, and you, reader, can do the same. This is the best phying business that you have ever had the changes to scoure. You will make a grave mistake if you fail to give it a trial at once. If you grasp the situation, and set quickly, you will dinately and yourself in a most properour business, at which you can surely make and save increase and scoure. The work and save in you are old or young, man or women it work work will often equal a week's wages. Whether you are old or young, man or women it nakes no difference, - do as we tell you, and save can will make you at the servy statt. Neither experience or capital necessary. There work for fail particular, free ? E. C. ALLEN & OD.