

WOMAN AND FASHION.

The Bridal Dress and Other Gowns—Street Costume For a Widow—Things Women Want to Know.

Bridal trousseaus are worth nothing from a fashion point of view, as prospective brides have to consider what the forthcoming modes are to be. It is a convenient fashion to make the bridal dress low, but filled in to the throat and wrist with chiffon, so that it can be easily removed. Ivory satin, with graceful draperies of mousseline de soie, represents a fashionable combination for the wedding dress.

A charming bridal gown to be worn next month by a New York bride is of rich white satin. The corsage is draped softly with white silk chiffon caught up at the shoulders with sprays of orange blossom and drooping over the



LATEST IN WEDDING GOWNS.

top of the crinkled, tight fitting chiffon above in a double puff. The top of the bodice and a shaped panel on the skirt are richly embroidered in tiny seed pearls, and sprays of orange blossom are arranged with charming effect at each end and at the middle of the embroidery.

The going away gown for this same bride is of fine green cloth, quite novel in its arrangement. The bodice is alabaster over the bust so that fawn cloth puffs appear, and the sleeves are treated in the same way, the green cloth being edged with beaded trimming of many colors, in which green predominates.

Everything seems to point toward a short life for the perfectly plain skirt. The newest skirts are medium as regards width and are trimmed enough to at least balance the breadth of "boudoir." The fullness is pushed toward the back, and, even there, there is no effect of "bunchiness" near the waist. Sleeves have the appearance of a long mousseline glove, ending snugly under a short shoulder sleeve. The jacket effect is very much in evidence. It may be a fitted jacket outlining a soft vest and ruffling over the hips. It may be short jacket fronts that cover the bust and meet the high directoire belt. It may be the afgar form, which lavishly pretends to be a jacket in respect to collar and revers, but ends in a fitted bodice at the waist, or it takes the form of the bolero in one shape or another. There are many variations of the bolero jacket.

Horticulture Schools For Women.
The nation calls attention to a horticultural school for women which was opened at Friedland, near Berlin, Germany, in the autumn of 1904. The first class, of seven members, will be graduated next fall, when one of the graduates will enter, as teacher, a similar school recently established at Riga, in Livonia. Oct. 1 next the second institution of the kind in Germany will be opened near Plauen, in Saxony. The courses of study extend over two or three years and include the varied branches of gardening and horticulture, as well as scientific and commercial instruction needed for successful conduct of the business. Two students of the first named school have already established themselves on rented land and proved their occupation profitable.

Widow's Street Costume.
A gown for the street, designed for a widow's wear and depicted in Vogue, is of fine black cloth, trimmed on the bottom with a fold of crape extending



COSTUME FOR WIDOW.

up the seams a short distance. The open jacket bodice has Eton fronts and basque back. There is a pointed vest, with black chiffon chemiselet above. The small, close bonnet is covered with a net veil trimmed with triangles of crape.

Things Women Want to Know.
The well bred voice which stamps its owner as a thoroughbred is exceptional. The poster party craze, which originated in London, has arrived in this country.

A cabinet of wood in which to store a bicycle represents the newest piece of furniture. It is designed to stand in the hall.

The art of dressing well, in great measure, means the avoidance of what is common. As soon as the masses are arrayed in a fashion then avoid it.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

The Fresh Editors In Council Consider Some Great Schemes.

"How did you like the last issue of The Sunday Wornal?" asked the Sunday editor of that worthy publication, with the cheerful grin which anticipates a favorable response.

"Hardly up to our standard, Mr. Dredfuhl," said Mr. Gore, the managing editor. "It was a fair number, but you are getting a little stale. Better take a vacation. You seem to be suffering from brain fog."

Mr. Dredfuhl looked his keen disappointment.

"I thought that story about the young scientist who cremated his roommate with a live electric wire was pretty fair," said Mr. Dredfuhl after an awkward pause.

"A little too precise for our readers," said Mr. Gore deliberately. "Not enough vim and go about it. Mr. Provost's pictures helped it out some, but it was not up to our standard. That story about the sea serpent with pneumatic flanges was better, but it did not make much of a hit with me. You must get a swifter move on yourself if you expect to keep pace with the intellectual development of New York. That yarn about the man who is going to travel 100 miles a minute on the outside of a skyrocket was stolen from Jules Verne. Who worked that off on you?"

"I think I had better resign," said Mr. Dredfuhl. "My work does not seem to give satisfaction, and I cannot permit myself to stand in the way of the success of The Wornal."

"Do not resign, Mr. Dredfuhl," said Mr. Gore soothingly. "Take a rest. Spend a few days on Blackwell's island and then take a run up to Sing Sing. You are simply run down a bit and have become passive, as they say in Chicago. I will run the Sunday paper for a week or two while you rest. I have some crackjack schemes for special."

"What are they?" queried Mr. Dredfuhl, with renewed interest.

"They were tipped off to me by an innuendo man whose delusion is that he is the editor of The Wornal," said Mr. Gore, with much pride. "It's a lucky thing for us that he did not imagine himself the editor of our competitor, the New York Sunday Press. Here are some of his ideas, and I can work them up in great shape. A cable road from New York to Liverpool. What do you think of that?"

"Great!" exclaimed Mr. Dredfuhl.

"Listen," said Mr. Gore, lowering his voice. "At each end of the continuous cable are two great wheels, or sheaves, as the mechanics call them. Ocean steamers take hold of the cables just the same as do the grip cars on Broadway. How is that as far as it goes?"

"Superb," returned Mr. Dredfuhl.

"But that is not all," continued Mr. Gore. "This cable is equipped with huge wire fannets, set at intervals of ten miles apart. As the cable moves at the rate of 40 miles an hour these nets scoop in all the fish which happen to be in the track of the cable. Half of them are moving from west to east and the other half from east to west. Every 10 minutes one of these nets dumps 20 or 30 tons of fish in New York and the same amount in Liverpool. These two cities would therefore control the fish trade of the two continents. I can work up some great pictures and make a trout page story of it. Capital \$50,000, 900 and all that sort of thing, you know."

"That is warm stuff," said Mr. Dredfuhl. "What else did he give you?"

"A great psychological story," replied Mr. Gore, with proper pride. "A man, all of whose senses and faculties are eight seconds behind time. It takes just eight seconds for any sensation to reach his brain. Do you see?"

"Great idea," said Mr. Dredfuhl.

"Your insensibility is a bute."

"I should say so was," continued Mr. Gore. "This man with the delayed senses has an awful time. Cannot walk the streets without a guide. Thinks a man is a rod away when in fact he is about to bump into him. It takes eight seconds for an impression to pass from the optic nerve to the brain. He is not hot stuff, isn't it? Takes a drink of whisky, and it is eight seconds before his stomach is jolted."

"An intellectual treat," said Mr. Dredfuhl. "Are you going to make any big money over next week?"

"I should say we were," said Mr. Gore. "That scheme of mine in offering Queen Victoria \$25,000 to write the lead of the Henley regatta was a great thing. We received an autograph letter—which I have had reproduced and will print on the front page of The Wornal—from the third assistant chamberlain of her royal highness, in which he says that Victoria will do nothing of the kind, or words to that effect. That is a warm feat, I can tell you. That shows enterprise."

WASHINGTON LETTER.

A Stable Washington Wedding of the Future—Plumpness for Wheeler.

(Special Correspondence.)
Miss Lydia Faulkner, who will wed Mr. Carter of Virginia, Sept. 30, is a daughter of Senator Faulkner and one of the society belles of the capital. She is a daughter of the Revolution, fond of society, but domestic in her tastes. She rides like a Diana, but has of late deserted the horse for the superior attractions of the bicycle. In fact, the whole Faulkner family have fallen victims to the charms of the wheel.

Mr. Carter belongs to one of the best families in the Old Dominion, among his ancestors being the renowned "King" Carter of Shirley. Mr. Carter's father went out to Wyoming in 1854, and is now the owner of large estates and ranches in that country. The Carter home is at Fort Bridge, where the young couple will live in summer, taking up their winter residence in the east or in California.

Senator Faulkner was educated at the Virginia Military Institute and was one of the boys belonging to the corps of cadets who fought so bravely at the battle of New Market that one-fourth of the number was left dead on the field. He afterward served under Wise and was present at Appomattox, though but a lad of 16. Since the close of the strife Senator Faulkner has identified himself closely with the interests of his state and now stands at the head of West Virginia's most distinguished lawyers and statesmen.

General Joe Wheeler turned down. In the political shuffle now going on General Joe Wheeler of Alabama, who has been in congress for seven terms, has been discarded in the deal for a renomination. General Wheeler has been one of the most picturesque characters in the house during the past decade, and Democrats and Republicans will regret his absence. He is pointed out by his constituents as the capital as "great cavalry leader of the Obsolete army," although it is difficult to realize that he is entitled to that distinction when one considers his diminutive figure. He is about 5 feet 2 inches in height and would tip the scales at about 110 pounds.

However, what he lacks in physical development he makes up in mental vigor and energy. He is at present a member of the committee on ways and means, and when congress is in session he is conspicuous for his rapid transit. Being a strenuous worker and believing over with zeal, he dashes in and out of the house, through the corridors and into the committee and office rooms with the speed of a record breaking sprinter. So swift is his action that he has been nicknamed "Maid G" after the famous trotter.

A Picturesque Character.
He can talk as fast as he can skip about the house. Consequently it is almost impossible for the most expert stenographers to take down his remarks as he utters them. He has frequently been known to address the house for "one minute" and then add scores of pages in The Congressional Record as a part of his "one minute" speech. The earnestness he displayed on everything he engaged in excited amusement rather than censure from his associates, and he has become one of the amusing and picturesque characters in public life at Washington.

It is said that he distributes more public documents, garden seeds and other perquisites that go with a seat in congress among the people of his district than any other senator or representative. He is an indefatigable collector of all kinds of material to which congressmen are entitled, and being a man of means he employs several clerks to distribute it among his constituents.

Too Much Garden Seed.

During the last congress, when the secretary of agriculture refused to carry out the law providing for the distribution of garden seeds in the various congressional districts, General Wheeler purchased 40,000 packages of seed and sent them to his constituents. In spite of all his efforts to serve his constituents faithfully he has been turned down. It is said that he overdid the garden seed and public document distribution in his district. His constituents complain that a great deal of the material distributed was practically worthless, and that in mailing such quantities of it their representative was making good the statement once made about him by a colleague when he said, "Wheeler is one of those men who mistake activity for usefulness."

An X Ray Experiment.

By means of the X ray physicians at the Army Medical museum recently located a bullet that had been lodged in the thigh of a lady for eight months. The light had to penetrate one of the thickest and most muscular portions of the body. All previous attempts to find the bullet had failed. The patient was a girl who some nine months ago was accidentally shot by her brother at Falls Church, Va. The shot was a .33 caliber bullet, and it entered the left groin. The girl was in bed from the effects for eight months, and only left her confinement to hobble about on crutches. Every movement was attended with the most excruciating pain. Four or five operations probed for the bullet, but in all cases unsuccessfully.

Four weeks ago Dr. Gray of the Army Medical museum consented to use the X rays in the case, and the girl was accordingly taken to the museum. After several unsuccessful experiments a seven minute exposure speeded admirably. The bullet could be seen lodged in the bone at the upper border of the neck of the femur, and just above the spiral line. A fourth plate confirmed the third in every detail, and the rays were turned off. As soon as practicable the limb will be operated on and the bullet removed. The doctors are confident that a ray which will pierce the thickest part of the leg successfully can be used for any such surgical purpose.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

He was a bold, bad man, but he did not look so when he walked up to the policeman and said:

"I've made you fellows a good deal of trouble, ain't I?"

"You've broken up a good deal at times, Jim," was the answer.

"Well, you needn't have any more of me. I've handed you up to tell you that you kin search me off in your visitin list as far as any good I'll do you to call in concerned."

"I've heard that kind of a story before. But I reckon we'll be around here and then just the same when any job turns up that seems to have your finger marks on it."

"Course, I didn't expect you'd take my word for it. But just the same I'm done."

"How are you going to live?" asked the policeman.

"I can't say yet. I'll drive a dray or something. Anyhow I'm clean discouraged with the old life that I've been a-ladin'."

"I'm glad you've come to show something of a conscience."

"I don't want no credit when I ain't earned it. Tain't no conscience, I'm just clean discouraged. Times is hard and vagabond is scarce, but I could a hung out if it hadn't been that these modern improvements is gettin' common."

"Burglar alarms and such things?"

"Not exactly burglar alarms, though they're bad enough. I could a' kep on dodgin' them. But when I go into a teller's room, as I did the other night, and wake him as he's just about up in his knothole bed and shoots at me through a window, I don't see nothin' for a man to do but lay down and turn respectable."

—Detroit Free Press.

The Same Old Problem.

"Mabel—Miss Featherworth, I should say," said the young man, "is your father at home? I want to ask him something."

"Yes," said the young woman triumphantly.

"I wish to ask him," he continued, "I wish to ask him the question that nearly every man has found necessary to ask. In short, I wish to ask him: 'The young woman tilted, and the young man 'swished.'"

"I wish to ask him," said he, with a malignant tone in his hitherto honeyed voice, "what is the latest meaning of it to 1." —Indianapolis Journal.

Comparative Answer.

"I'd hate to have to escort the way you do," grunted the pig through the pallings of his inclosure. "You can't get much satisfaction gobbling it down like that and you can't chew it because you haven't got any teeth."

"H'm," chuckled the hen in the adjoining coop. "You have to chew your own because you haven't got any gland!" —Chicago Tribune.

His Mixed Perceptions.

"It only remains for me now," roared the fiery orator, "to say, in the words of our eloquent leader, 'You shall not press the brow of scorn upon the brow of labor!'"

And as he set down the appliance hilarily loosened the "plastering." —Chicago Tribune.

Another Similarity.

He—As near as I can get at it, the general idea of heaven seems to be a place where it is always summer.

She—Yes, and the proportion of men to women will be about as it is at most of the summer resorts. Am I right? —Indianapolis Journal.

A Feudal Speech.

Well—Miss Bionce was French phurser in the most peculiar manner.

Belle—Does she?

Well—Yes, indeed! Why, at breakfast I asked her how she liked her eggs, and she said they were very chick. —Philadelphia Record.

Changed.

Willie—Since you have come to the manure doesn't Cholly miss you?

Eleanor (significantly)—No, he does not miss me any more. He "miss" me now. We're married, you know. —Town Topics.

An Antelope.

Mother—I'm afraid your husband is going to be ill. How did he look this morning at breakfast?

Young Wife—I didn't see him. He was reading the paper. —Harlem Life.

Bubbling Passion.

Bubbles—My wife and I met by accident—thrown together by chance, as it were.

Wheelwoman (urgently)—Did you break the bicycle? —Buffalo Times.

His Theory Confirmed.

"Burdette is in pretty poor shape," remarked the energetic man.

"Yaws," replied Cholly Dawdle. "I've always heard it was bad form." —Washington Star.

They're With Us.

In every blizzard weathered
When did the white jumps
You had 'em in your shirt sleeves
A-peckin' from the stumps
An' shakin'
The country roundabout
They're here to win
We vote 'em in
An' then we vote 'em out
There ain't no place so secret
No field or cabin track
But that you'll find 'em howlin'
To leave the country," shooed
A-peckin'
An' shakin'
The country roundabout
They're here to win
We vote 'em in
An' then we vote 'em out
It ain't enough the weather
Is hot as hot kin be
That a big old premium's offered
For the skunk o' every tree
A-peckin'
An' shakin'
The country roundabout
The shade they win
We vote 'em in
An' then we vote 'em out.

DRUCKERY NEWS.

The On Board Correspondence.

Point View.

Thomas, Connally, Reg. address, Democratic mass meeting at Horner's recently.

Miss Emma Sullivan of Auburn was the guest of Miss Louise Hobart last week.

Miss Anna Burns, who was taken sick while visiting in Geneva, a few weeks since, has returned home.

At Rev. John Conway, Bishop of Elkhart, Indiana, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Patrick Burns, and other relatives in town last week. Wednesday evening reception in honor of his visit was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Burns, near the Five Points.

Miss Farrell of Elmira is the guest of Miss Mary E. Meade.

The body of an unknown man was found in the waters of Lake Keuka last Saturday evening.

Mortimer B. and Daniel Culhane visited recently in Geneva, the guests of Mr. E. Burke.

Miss Anna Farrell is the guest of her sister, Miss Mary Farrell.

Thomas M. Elliott of Dundee, was in town last Sunday.

Palmira.

Mrs. Mary Murphy accompanied by her niece, Marie Farrell, went to Albany last Monday to attend the funeral of her aunt, Mrs. Mary Bulger.

Edward McCull of Buffalo was the guest last Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah McGarr at their home on West Main street.

Miss Minnie McGowan of Macedon was in town last Sunday, the guest of her sister, Margaret.

Tony Bushnell, son of Patrick Bushnell, who has been seriously ill, is recovering.

Ray Cottrell of Medina was in town last Sunday.

Miss Mary Martin was in Rochester last week visiting her brother, Thomas Martin.

Mrs. John Shack is visiting her sister, Mrs. Garry Burns, on Market street.

Mrs. James Moran of Elmira is visiting relatives in town.

Rochester Point.

Text 15, K. O. T. M. held their annual banquet on Saturday last.

H. O. Lathrop was chartered for the occasion. Several people from outside towns were in attendance. Grand Marshal McDonald of Buffalo delivered an address on behalf of the Marchants of the State. He left on the 5:15 train and was accompanied by the Marchants of the State. A game of bill was played on the billiard grounds between the Marchants and the local team, which resulted in a defeat for the Marchants by a score of 4 to 1.

John Cassin, chairman of the State branch of the K. O. T. M. is a son of a local family. He is a member of the local team.

C. Stearns and daughter, of New York were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer last during the past week.

Miss Grace Boyd of Syracuse is the guest of Miss May Schell.

Elmer.

Last Wednesday the Young Men's club held a grand ball on the billiard grounds. It was well attended.

The principal event of the day was a prize fight between a silver medalist and a champion of sound money.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills

CHARLES S. ELLIS, ARCHITECT

784 Powers Block, Rochester

G. E. DONOVAN

COAT

MADE AND MADE

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