

WOMAN AND FASHION.

Parisian Styles of Feather Coiffure Popular Here—A New Moire Dress. Who Should Wear Gams.

The fashion of feathers for the ornamentation of the hair may be said to have reached a towering stage. If one is inclined to doubt this statement, let him spend an evening at the opera. The men declare that the women's heads look like those of Indians, while the women of high aspirations and limited incomes look down from the topmost balcony and agree that the waving sea of plumes, aigrets and what not, is a-against the black, brown, gold and white tresses of their much envied sis-



NEWEST IN HAIR-DRESSING

Below are too small for illustration. The men who sit in the orchestra or occupy box seats say that the women might just as well wear hats as decorate their heads with feathers and wings of great height and breadth.

In this connection the New York Sun gives illustrated descriptions of the season's newest style in hair dressing:

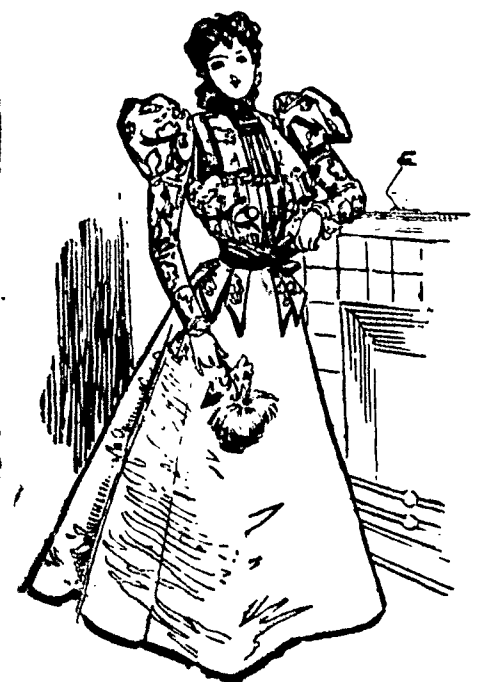
The hair is now worn very high on the head, with large waves meeting the locks from the forehead and the apex of the neck. One of the favorite decorations is effected by means of a single fine, fluffy Prince of Wales tip, which is fastened in the knot and towers often a foot high over the wearer's head. Bunches of Prince of Wales tips, sometimes two and again as many as three, are also used. Three very small tips tied with a bow of ribbon of contrasting color and with a bunch of aigrets rising from the center like a palm tree is a style more popular than becoming.

It is nipped and tucked with feathers and aigrets as to which is the more used in dressing the hair. The bridal robe of the snowy heron is certainly very popular. Straight, stiff aigrets are used when the hair is worn high, but the curved ones are the thing when the locks are coiled or puffed lower down on the head. Many of the aigrets for hair ornamentation are spangled in silver and gold and are very showy.

Maroon feathers were never so much worn in the hair on this side of the Atlantic as they are now. Old and young have taken them. Frenchwomen shun the maroon. Why? Because this fluffy, innocent looking little plume makes one look old. It properly belongs to a dowager and looks well on no one else. Wings are making an effort to fly into vogue evidently, for in every fashionable assemblage one sees some woman with a pair outspread in her hair. Flowers and feathers or aigrets are used in combination. A tiara is made of tiny rosebuds, forget-me-nots or other small flowers, and straight up from the center shoots a bunch of feathers or aigrets, the latter tipped with rhinestones.

A New Moire Dress.

Moire silk is to the fore again, and a dress made of this fashionable material and recently seen was built with an unusually pleasing blouse bodice. The blouse waist was of moire silk, with pink flowers and leaves in a blurred



MOIRE DRESS WITH BLOUSE BODICE.

chino design on it. The vest was of cherry colored satin veiled with creamy lace, and the neck and waist bands were of two shades of red ribbon. On the coat fronts were handsome buttons. The skirt, if for evening wear, may be made of white moire velours; if for day occasions, it may be of black moire silk.

The New Veils.

The latest idea is a lisse veil, in either cream or pale pink, with black velvet spots on it, which give the effect of the patches which used to be worn on the face years ago. White gossamer veils, with black chenille spots, are especially suitable for wearing, generally with white felt hats. The new brown Russia veil, with black chenille spots, is double width. This is exceedingly becoming for brown hats or toques trimmed with fur. Black Russia net veils, with black velvet spots, are very fashionable and effective and promise to be much worn.

Who Should Wear Gams.

An exchange says: Diamonds should be worn by the brilliant woman, but the quiet one should choose pearls. The beauty of a bracelet is enhanced by rubies and topazes and of a fair skinned woman by emeralds.

SHORT NEWS STORIES.

The Latest Christmas Cards He Used a Tombstone—The Latest Kick. His Apt Speech.

He had been her "steady company" for about three years, and she was beginning to feel some anxiety inasmuch as her other half hearted suitors had come to accept it as a foregone conclusion that they were engaged. Furthermore, tiny "crow's feet" were appearing about her eyes, the gas bills were larger than they should be, and last, but not least, she was a determined young woman and wanted to know just where she stood.

So it happened that when this tardy lover appeared as usual at the pretty home on Ellis avenue, not far from the university, the object of his adoration met him with profuse smiles and showed him more than usual attention. She escorted him into the dainty parlor, carefully fluffing some dust from the collar of his coat meanwhile. As soon as he was comfortably seated and she had brought him a little ash receiver and granted him permission to smoke she seated herself in close proximity to him and looked at him intently.

Now, the object of these attentions was not unkindly of his duty in the case, and he repaid them with a look of admiration and the remark, "Say, Nettie, you're a treasure."

"Do you really think so?"

"Why, certainly. You're the only girl."

"Oh, Joe, this is so sudden!"

It was rather sudden, and Joe took a second look at her to see if she showed any traces of losing her mind, but she rattled on, "I have known that you loved me better than any one else for a long time, and you have made me happy."

"But I—I—"

"And you needn't mind saying anything to papa about it, for he likes you and knows we will be married."

"But wait a minute, Nettie, I—"

"And now you dear old goose, that this part of it has been settled, I suppose I can have something to say about when it shall take place. I think it would be just lovely to get married on Christmas day. Oh, you dear old fellow, how very, very happy you have made me! You would just as soon make it Christmas, wouldn't you? Say yes; say it," and she fell upon him and so warmly mothered him with kisses that he could not say anything.

And the cards are out for Christmas.—Chicago Times-Herald.

He Used a Tombstone.

Milton C. Barlow, the veteran minstrel, who has been portraying negro character for more than a quarter of a century, is at the National. Although he does not look it in years, his career did not begin with the stage. He was sole manager of a newspaper in the very early sixties and still remembers some of his trials in those days. "In 1860," he said, "I was engaged to run a paper in Paris, Ky., called The True Kentuckian. I had everything in readiness to get out the first issue, when I discovered that I needed an imposing stone. I told the proprietor, who was so economical that he used to walk barefoot from his house in the suburbs to the edge of the town in order to save shoes leather, and it is an actual fact that the next morning he took a dray and went out to a graveyard and brought back his father's tombstone. His lawyers begged me not to tell it for fear it would ruin the paper, but the tombstone remained there three or four years, and the paper was a success."—Washington Post.

The Latest Kick.

"Of course we get curious to the regulation kick of the average guest. It is always about the same thing—the inferiority of his room, the bad service, the exorbitant charge," said a veteran hotel clerk.

"In the six and twenty years I have been in the business I thought I had run the whole gamut of kicks, had sounded the depths of all hotel grievances, but what happened to me the other day shows that a man never really gets to the bottom of anything. I got a kick of a brand new variety. Of course it came from a woman—all novelties do. This one came down to the office, and I saw from the hard lines on her face that there was something wrong.

"I pay you," said she in an injured tone, "\$2 per day for my room, and I think it a perfect outrage that you can't furnish me with gas to heat my curling irons with, so that I can curl my bangs. Your miserable old electric light is no good at all!"—Washington Post.

His Apt Speech.

Dr. J. L. Withrow, pastor of the Third Presbyterian church of Chicago, usually has an alarm clock tilted at the foot of his pulpit while he is addressing his congregation. By occasionally glancing down at the clock he is enabled to correct time the length of his discourse. The alarm attachment had never come into use until a recent Sunday.

Perhaps it was an accident that the alarm had been set; perhaps not. Dr. Withrow was proceeding calmly with his discourse when the alarm suddenly went off, under his very feet, with a vigor that would have done credit to a fire gong.

The minister was startled at first, and the congregation was frightened and puzzled. As soon as the noise had ceased Dr. Withrow smiled at his flock and said, "I am very sorry that I find it necessary to wake up my audience."

And to this day some of the members suspect that he touched off the alarm for purpose.—Chicago Record.

Several varieties of grasses, herbs and flowers, the roots of sundry plants, and the sugar cane and also, and even beets, are used by various tribes and peoples as a basis of drinks. In earlier times spruce trees, fir trees, birch trees and ash trees were tapped for their sap, which was fermented to make stimulating beverages.

CURRENT MISCELLANY

The race of African pygmies which have been known in tradition since the dawn of history are now known in tradition since the dawn of history are now known to have an actual existence, thanks to the investigations of Emin Pasha and Professor Fowler. The skeletons sent to the British museum by Emin and measured by the expert osteologist of that institution were all found to be under 4 feet in height, and some that were known to be the bones of adults were shown to have for merely belonged to persons not over 3 feet 8 inches in height.

This wonderful race of Jiliputan Africans are true negroes, to which Hanley, the ethnologist, has given the very appropriate name of negrito. They live in the interior of Africa on both sides of the equator, dwelling apart from the full sized negroes of the same region.

Professor Fowler says: "One very interesting and almost unexpected result of a careful examination of the skeletons sent from Africa by Emin Pasha is that they conform in relative proportions of the head, trunk and limbs, not to dwarfs, but to full sized people of other races. They are, therefore, strikingly unlike the stumpy, long bodied, short limbed, large headed pygmies as graphically represented on Greek vases as fighting with their lances against the cranes."

The Cat Wears Glasses.

Max, the handsome Maltese pet of Miss Thompson of this city, is perhaps the only cat on record that wears spectacles.

Miss Thompson says she has owned Max since her early youth and has found him a most invaluable possession, besides being a loving little companion to her loneliness. A few months ago, much to her distress, Miss Thompson discovered that Max was losing his eyesight, so she carried him to a well known oculist to be treated. At first the man of science refused to make the experiment, scarcely knowing how to begin, but at Miss Thompson's suggestion he secured a line and the picture of a mouse, and by holding these alternately and at varying distances before Max was finally enabled to test his eyes quite thoroughly.

After the necessary treatment the doctor fitted Max with a pair of glasses, the gold frames having to be made to order, of course, and now the big cat looks as wise as the proverbial owl, with his double eyes, and Miss Thompson declares they are as good as new again.—San Francisco Letter in Philadelphia Times.

An Encounter With Lions.

This is an extract from Outing that follows a description of a charge of lions on a hunters' camp. It shows a boy lion hunting gets to be decidedly interesting.

"We took the direction the lions had taken, but the lion in hand. The light streamed to the right, then to the left, as the Zulu guided its beams. At length the light streamed straight ahead and revealed, three short spear-throwers, a picture that will live while I have memory—two great, tawny forms, with four yellow, burning eyes. A lion, with a great maned head, half crouching, with one fore paw upheld from the ground; behind, and at his flank, a lioness, with bloody beard and throat, crouching over the naked body of the Makololo, Wani, whom they had carried from the camp, whose dead face lay, with its jaw dropped and white teeth shining.

The hunt ended in the death of one lion instantly. The other lion fell after a charge that knocked the wind out of the party.

The Antiquity of Beds.

Beds were unknown among the ancients, who slept on the floor or on a divan covered with skins. It was in the middle ages that beds first became common, being made of rushes, leather or straw. It is supposed that feather beds were known to the Romans, since men are reviled by one of the Latin poets for their luxury in sleeping upon "feathers." Hellogabalus, the most effeminate of the Roman emperors, possessed an air cushion and an air mattress as early as 210 A. D. In England the better classes began to use feather beds for the first time during the reign of Henry VIII, and in certain districts of Holland and Germany bedsteads are still fitted as they were then, with two feather beds. Upon one the sleeper lies, the other being used for covering. The Russian peasant places his bed on the top of the oven for the sake of the warmth given out by the fire.

Crane's Superstition.

On one occasion William H. Crane found himself confronted by the fate which now and then overtakes actors. He found in his hotel that he had been assigned to room No. 13, and he hurried down to the office to avert the bad luck that he felt sure would fall upon him if he should step across that threshold. "What do you mean by giving me room 13?" he said to the clerk. "Why, Mr. Crane," said the clerk, "that is the best room in the house. All the distinguished actors sleep in that room. Why, John T. Raymond died in that room." Mr. Crane turned blue. "Go down to the train yard," he shouted to his agent, "and get me a sleeping car. I won't stay in the house, let alone room 13."

Holman Hunt's Model.

Holman Hunt, telling of the many difficulties he was subjected to in securing the proper models for his "Finding the Saviour in the Temple," explains how he went to Jerusalem and found it impossible to secure his subjects, as the Jews believed his aim was not art, but religious conversion. That was in 1854. He was then fortunate in meeting Sir Moses Montefiore, who explaining the matter to the Jews all the difficulties were removed. Strange to say, it was in London, in one of the Jewish schools there, that he found the model for his Christ.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

Two cronies, fed of their drink, got in their usual supply the other night of the strong stuff. They had their drink together and went to bed, leaving the bottle not quite empty. One of them, wakening through the night and feeling not a little thirsty, got up and gulped the contents of the bottle, after which he returned to bed and lay quietly down. Not long after this the other one got up and made straightway for the bottle. Watching from underneath the blankets, his mate cried out, "What are ye lookin' in for, Wall?"

Well, taken by surprise, replied, "Oh, nothing!"

"Well, ye'll get it in the bottle," retorted the other.—Scottish Nights.

Adroit Reply.

Dr. Howley, archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1848, upheld the dignity of his position in the fashion deemed necessary.

One day he drove up to the door of the house of lords in a coach and four, with liveried coachman and two footmen. A Quaker who knew him addressed him.

"Friend Howley, what would the Apostle Paul have said if he had seen these four horses and the purple liveries, and all the rest?"

The archbishop, who was seldom retorted, replied with a benign air: "Doubtless the apostle would have remarked that things were very much changed for the better since Paul's—Youth's Companion.

His Waterloo.

"Isn't Water Hitting perfect in the mid since he came to me to-day? If the Naval Academy" asked the waist girl. "The air he puts out is that sort of thing are simply horrid."

"He didn't last long with me," said the blondest girl. "I found he knew nothing about golf, so I just overhauled him with all those awful Scotch words I could think of."—Indianaapolis Journal.

Rose to the Occasion.

Williboy—That dowdy Jones girl tried to be sarcastic at my expense, but I think I made her feel that I was suspected, don't you know.

Hargraves—Yes, she told me about it. She said you were positively queerly in your indignation.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Eyes Opened.

Mrs. Reilly—Oh, hear yer man best at the drink.

Mrs. Kulligan—He is.

Mrs. Reilly—Whin did he get his eyes opened?

Mrs. Kulligan—Phin O' closed them wid me fast.—New York Journal.

A Suggestion.

Maggie—There's something the matter with the dumb water, ma'am. I can't raise it.

Mr. Cook—You'd better go and see dear. Perhaps she's put on it the apple dumplings you made yesterday.—Youkers Statesman.

The Real Test.

Yatsley—The truest test of a man's friendship is his willingness to lend you money.

Mudge—Oh, most anybody will lend money. The real test is when you strike him for a second loan.—Indianaapolis Journal.

The Comfort of Job.

Porter (returning in a hurry)—Beg pardon, sir, but I was a makin a mistake when I says your train starts from No. 6 platform. I have ascertained that it has previously started from No. 6. In other words, sir, you 'ave lost it.—Pick Me Up.

No Bet.

"Is it true, Votey, that Scraggs offered to bet you his head against a football that he would run ahead of you for clerks?"

"Yes, and I told him that he wanted too much odds."—Detroit Free Press.

High Geared.

Watson—Those South Americans are so high strung that they want to fight on the smallest provocation.

Cranksaft—High geared, I should judge, from the number of revolutions they make.—Brooklyn Life.

Eastly Done.

Cashier at Bank—Can you identify this gentleman?

Resident—Certainly. I identify him as a man I never saw before in my life.—New York Journal.

But He Did Then.

She—You remind me of a nonpuncture tire.

He (puzzled)—I do?

She (wearily)—Yes, you never pop.—New York Sunday Journal.

In Oriental Quarters.

Fatima—My lord, spare me! This will never happen again.

The Sultan—Certainly, my dear. I can easily spare you. I have 299 other wives left.—Truth.

It Seemed Impossible.

She—What is your business?

He—I am a gentleman.

She—I don't see how you can do business without capital.—New York Sunday Journal.

Hispano-American Poetry.

(Three reasons for fighting Spain.)

There came to the town Santa Fe A young man who who always said he When to join in a drink He was asked, and I think That he hasn't been seen since the fra. There was a young man from Conchos Who blindly neglected to pejos When he drank of our beer, So we got on our ear And pounded his face into chejos. There once lived a woman in Taos Who, while making the bed, found a mao. She arose and in a fright At the terrible sight And ran fifteen miles from the base.

GEO. E. DODDS,

PLUMBING, GAS FITTING, SANITARY VENTILATION, 92 Exchange St. Telephone 1322

Open all the time First Class Service Telephone 277

PAYNE'S Rubber Tired

Coaches, Coupes & Broughams Are the Proper Article for Wedding Parties and Funerals, Etc Office and Stables 136 and 138 Jefferson Avenue.

Security Trust Co.,

306 Exchange Street.

SHANITE BLDG. Rochester, N. Y.

Capital \$200,000 Surplus \$150,000

Stockholders' Liability \$200,000

Interest paid on Deposits subject to check

The Deposits of Individuals, Firms and Corporations solicited

A Legal Depository for Court and Trust Funds

Acts as Administrator, Executor, Trustee Guardian or Receiver.

Safe for Rent, \$5 to \$40 Per Annum

OWARD HARRIS, President

WILLIAM L. MERCER, Secretary

FRANK M. ELLERY, Asst. Secretary

Barr Reynolds & Co.

Hot Water and Steam Warming and Ventilation, Plumbing and Gas Fitting, etc. in all kinds of work. Special attention for gas and electric jobs of work.

Phone 1011 33-35 Mill Street.

Redfern & Shtuchka,

MACHINISTS. Bicycles Manufactured, Repaired, and sold on Commission. Bicycle Frames a Specialty. Pumps, Dies, Pattern and Model Making. Engines, Builders and General Repairing. 199 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Geo. Engert, Adolph F. Schmitz, John H. Engert, Edward H. Engert

Geo. Engert & Co., COAL.

Principal Office and Yard. Telephone 257.

306 Exchange Street.

Get Your Roofs Ready for Winter.

J. S. McCONNELL, Practical Tin, Sheet Iron and Corrugate Worker. Roofing and all kinds of jobbing. 308 State St., cor. Platt.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

PURSUANT to the order of Hon. George A. Benson, surrogate of the County of Monroe, notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Catherine O'Brien, late of the city of Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers there of, to the undersigned, the executor of the will of said deceased, at his place for the transaction of business as such executor, at No. 310 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of February, 1907. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, Executor IRVING PAINE, Attorney for Executor, 310 and 312 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

JOHN H. FOLEY, Dealer in LUMBER AND COAL,

Lumber Office 515 Exchange Street, Telephone 236 A Coal Office, 566 Plymouth Ave Telephone 236 D. Planing and Sawing Done to Order. Yards on W. N. Y. & P. R. R. N. Y. L. E. & W. with N. Y. C. and W. S. connection

Hollister Lumber Co., LIM. LUMBER and COAL.

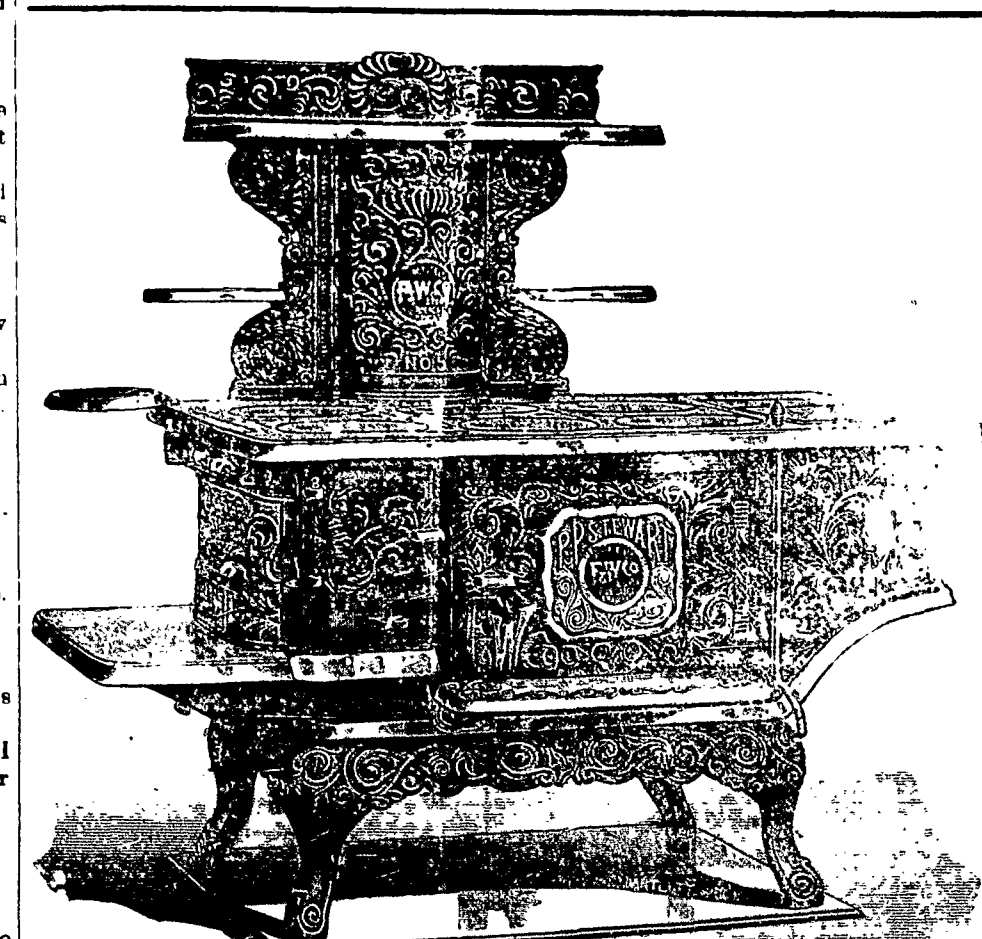
106 North Goodman Street next to N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Telephone 61

WOOD COAL WOOD. W. H. McCarty, 75 Bartlett St. Wholesale and Retail.

BEST SODA BEST IN STRENGTH IN PURITY. GOLDEN SHIELD BEST CALORATUS BEST IN FINENESS IN UNIFORMITY FAIRPORT, N. Y.

HOLIDAY GOODS. For Xmas Gifts we have Books of all kinds for old and young, Bibles, Prayer Books, Rosaries, Etc., Games that will please the young folks. Fine line of Albums, Pocket Books, Writing Paper and Envelopes, Etc. Xmas Cards in large varieties.

L. MERK, 234 East Main Street, near North Clinton Rochester, N. Y.



If you are ready to give up the old range, with its inconveniences, its extravagant use of fuel and its inability, we would esteem it a pleasure to show you our full line of

STEWART RANGES

Which are considered to be without equal. Among heating stoves the SPI ENDID STEWART still maintains its supremacy.

LEVI HEY & CO., 311-313 State St., COB. PLAT

Sole Agent for Fuller & Warren Co., of Troy