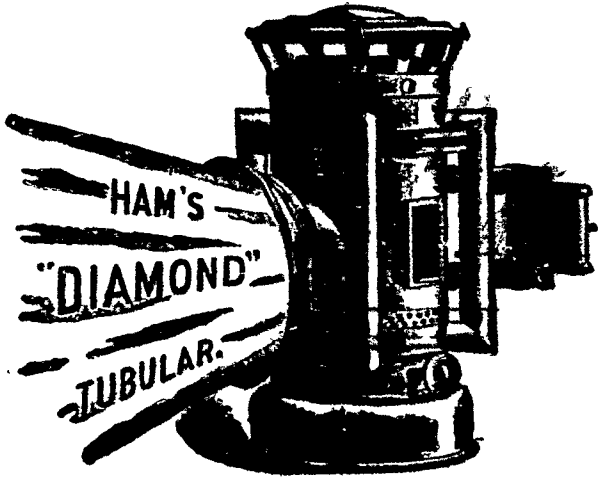
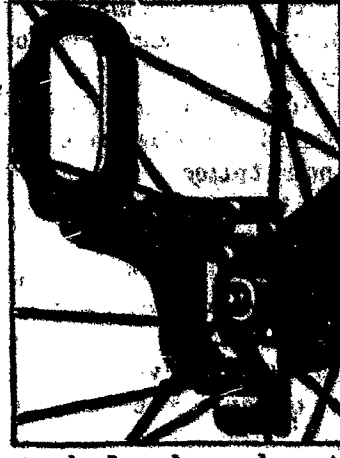


BICYCLE LAMPS.



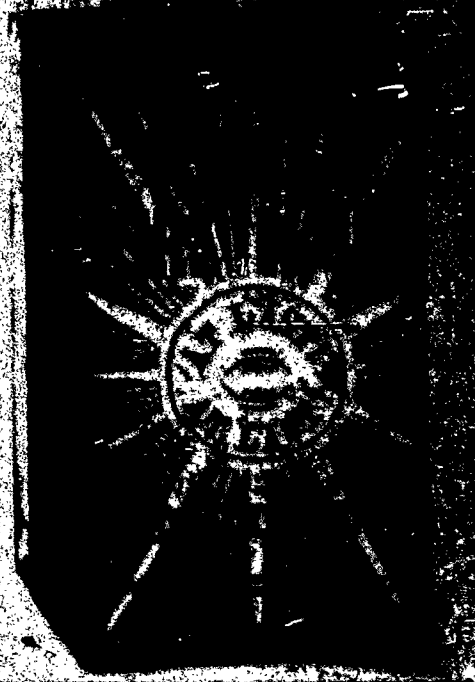
Ham's Diamond, \$3.00. Crescent Japanned, 90c.
Crescent Nickled, \$1.50.
All First Class Goods. Brackets for attaching lamps to wheel given free with all lamps.

U. S. Detachable Lamp Brackets



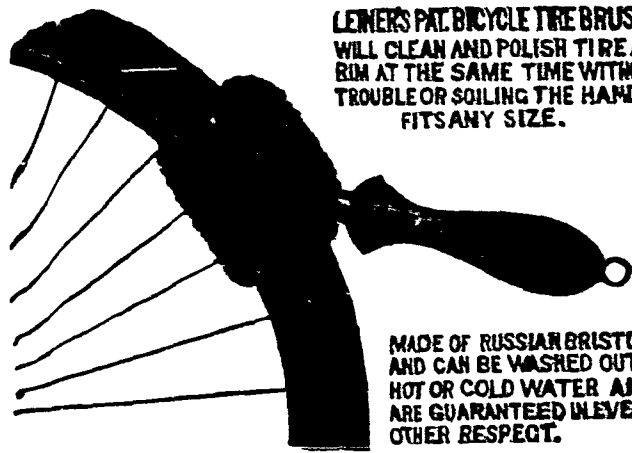
The best thing made for fastening lamps to the wheel.
Bracket "B" is instantly removed with the lamp, leaving only the small clip "A" attached under axle nut.
Fits any bicycle and any lamp. Light and durable.
Bracket is left in the lamp and both are put on or removed together. Held in place by a strong spring catch. No bolts to fuss with. Taken off and attached instantly and nothing left on the wheel unsightly.

Never Leak Tire Fluid.



Guaranteed not to injure tires in any way. This material insures you against walking home. It will surely take care of any ordinary puncture.
Price Per Can Sufficient for
Two Tires, 50c
Price When we Apply it, 75c

Tire Brushes.

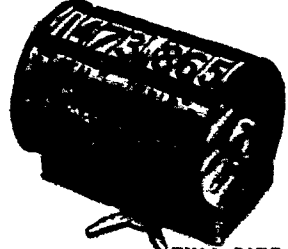


LEWERS PAT. BICYCLE TIRE BRUSH. WILL CLEAN AND POLISH TIRE AND RIM AT THE SAME TIME WITHOUT TROUBLE OR SOILING THE HANDS. FITS ANY SIZE.

MADE OF RUSSIAN BRISTLES AND CAN BE WASHED OUT IN HOT OR COLD WATER AND ARE GUARANTEED IN EVERY OTHER RESPECT.

Price, - - 25 cents each

U. S. Trip Cyclometers.



ABOVE HEADS FULL SIZE. TOTAL 1473 MILES. TRIP 86 3/4 MILES.

Price, \$1.25.

Tells you how far you go on each trip without it being necessary to do any figuring. Figures in plain sight as you ride.

Trip Cyclometers.

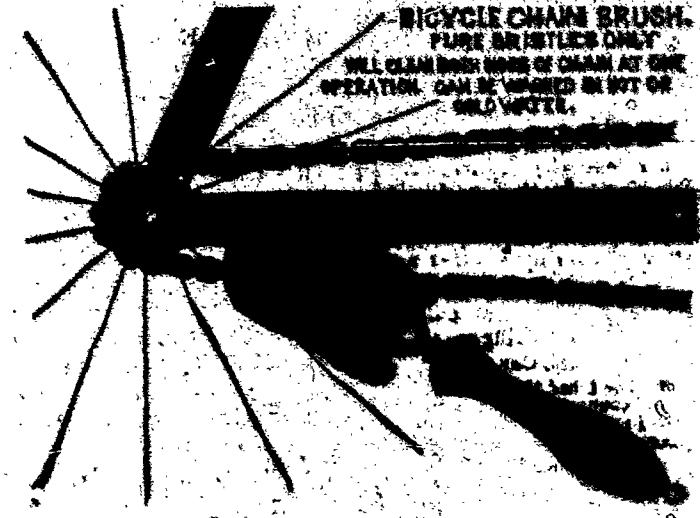


We offer these for a few days for

\$1.00,

There are none better.

Chain Brushes.



BICYCLE CHAIN BRUSH. FITS IN CRACKS ONLY. WILL CLEAN BOTH SIDES OF CHAIN AT ONE OPERATION. CAN BE WASHED IN HOT OR COLD WATER.

Price, - - 15 cents each

WEAVER, PALMER & RICEMOND

31-35 EAST MAIN STREET.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL HARDWARE.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"Marriage is the saving of a young man," said my Aunt Tabitha sentimentally.
I assented, for I find it pays to give a ready acquiescence to abstract propositions.
"You must marry," continued my aunt.
"I am still very young," I said meekly.
My aunt turned to my mother. "Whom shall Alfred marry? What do you say to Letitia Brownlow, or Amelia Stafford?"
"Is she not rather"—my mother waved one hand—"and Alfred is so slim."
"I think she has a very fine figure," responded my aunt. "Or there is Gertrude Williams. She will have a fortune if she outlives her sisters."
"There are only five of them," I said hopefully.
"Or Mabel Gordon?"
"No, none of these," I cried decisively.
My aunt looked offended. "Very well, then; choose for yourself," she said tartly.
"Perhaps that would help," I remarked thoughtfully.
"Well," said my aunt impatiently after a short pause, "whom do you suggest?"
I thought for a moment.
"What do you say to Winifred Fraser?"
"That mix!" cried my aunt.
"Oh, Alfred!" echoed my mother.
"Why not?" I asked.
"Such a dreadful family!" said my mother.
"So fast!" interjected my aunt.
"But have you never noticed the sun on her hair?" I asked innocently.
My aunt drew herself up.
"We have not noticed the sun on her hair," she said with much dignity, "nor do we wish to observe the sun on her hair."
I was justly annoyed. "I really think it must be Winifred Fraser," I said. "She is very fond of me, and—"
"How can you be so cruel to me?" cried my mother. "Have you noticed how gray my hair is getting? You will not have me long." She drew out her handkerchief.
"You will come to a bad end," said my aunt. "I always thought you were depraved. If you marry that painted hussy, you must not expect my countenance."
Under the circumstances, I will not marry Winifred Fraser, I said with great magnanimity, for I did not particularly want my aunt's countenance.
My aunt sniffed. "You had better not."
"I merely joked," I said soothingly, remembering she had not made her will.
"Indeed!"
"The truth is"—I dropped my voice—"I am in love with some one else."

"And you never told me," said my mother reproachfully.
"The girl I love is not free."
"Married!" cried my aunt.
"Not married—but engaged."
"Who is it?" asked my mother gently. I was silent for a moment, and then I sighed.
"It is Constance Burleigh."
"It would have been a most suitable match," murmured my mother.
"Very suitable," repeated my aunt. There was a momentary silence, broken by my aunt.
"I did not know Constance was engaged."
"It is a secret. You must not repeat what I have told you."
"I don't like these secret engagements," said my aunt brusquely. "Who told you?"
"She told me herself."
"Who is the man?"
"I do not think I should repeat his name."
"I hope Constance is not throwing herself away."
"I shook my head doubtfully.
"You know the man?"
I nodded.
"Is he quite—quite—"
Again I shook my head doubtfully.
"What have you heard?" my aunt asked eagerly.
"I don't think I ought to repeat these things."
"You can surely trust your mother," murmured my mother.
"And my discretion," said my aunt.
"Well," I said, "I have been told he is cruel to his mother."
"Really!" cried the two ladies in a breath.
"His mother told me so herself."
"How sad!" said my mother.
"And what else?" asked my aunt.
"Another relation of his told me he was depraved."
"Poor, poor Constance!" whispered my mother.
"And would probably end badly."
"I expect he drinks," said my aunt grimly.
"Does Constance know this?" asked my mother.
"I don't think so."
"You did not tell her?"
"Of course not."
"I consider it your duty to."
"I really cannot."
"Then I will," said my aunt resolutely.
"What I have said has been in confidence."
"I do not care."
"I beg you not to do so."
"It is my duty. I am too fond of Constance to allow her to throw herself away on this worthless man."
I shrugged my shoulders. "Do as you please, but don't mention my name. By the way, Constance said she would probably call this afternoon."
At that moment the bell rang.
"That may be she," said my aunt, flying to the window. "It is."
I got up slowly and sauntered into the conservatory, which adjoined the

drawing room. From behind a friendly palm I could see without being seen. I saw my aunt look toward my mother.
"If we open her eyes," I heard her whisper, "it may pave the way for Alfred."
My mother said nothing, but I saw the same hope shine from her eyes.
The door opened, and the servant announced Constance. She came forward with a little eager rush, then stopped short, embarrassed by the want of reciprocity.
"We are glad to see you," said my mother, and kissed her.
My aunt came forward. "We were just speaking of you," she said solemnly. "Sit down."
Constance looked a little crushed. "I thought Alfred would have told you," she murmured.
"We have heard"—began my aunt.
"Hush," interposed my mother. "Come nearer me, Constance. Won't you take off your hat?"
Constance came and sat by her side.
"I was anxious to come and tell you that—that!"
"If you are alluding to your engagement," said my aunt somewhat severely, "we have already heard of it."
"You have heard!" cried Constance.
"With the deepest sorrow."
Constance drew herself up.
"You do not approve?" she asked proudly.
"We love you too much," said my mother gently.
Constance looked bewildered.
"You are too good for the wretch," cried my aunt.
"What! Oh, what do you mean?" exclaimed Constance.
"If you marry this man," continued my aunt vigorously, "you will regret it."
My mother took her hand. "My sister should not tell you this so suddenly."
"It is my duty to speak, and I will," cried my aunt. "I will not let Constance unite herself to this man with her eyes closed."
"What have you against him?" demanded Constance, a red spot beginning to burn in each cheek.
"He drinks," answered my aunt almost triumphantly.
Constance sank back in the cushions.
"I don't believe it," she said faintly.
"He ill treats his mother—beats her, I believe," continued my aunt.
"This cannot be true," cried Constance. "Mrs. Granville, tell me."
My mother nodded sadly.
"Alas! I cannot deny it."
Constance rose. "This is awful!" she said, holding on to the back of the sofa. "I could never have believed it." She put her hand to her forehead. "It is like a bad dream."
"My poor, dear Constance," murmured my mother, rising and putting her arms round her.
My aunt brought up her artillery.
"He is thoroughly depraved and will come to a bad end. His relations are at one on this point."
Constance buried her face in my

mother's bosom. "Oh, dear, oh, dear! And I love him so!" she sobbed.
In the adjoining room I was becoming uncomformable.
"We thought it right to tell you," said my aunt, moved by her tears, "though Alfred begged and implored us not to."
"I could never, never have believed it," sobbed Constance. "Poor, poor Mrs. Granville!"
My mother soothed her.
"How difficult you must have felt it to tell me this!" exclaimed Constance, drying her tears. "It was so good of you. I will not give him another thought. To treat his mother so cruelly! Oh, Mrs. Granville, I am so sorry for you!"
"It is I who am sorry for you," said my mother doubtfully.
"And no one would have dreamed it. We always thought you were so fond of him and spoiled him—so utterly. And all the time you were hiding your sorrow. How noble of you!"
My mother looked at Aunt Tabitha, who returned her stare.
"Who ever is it?" said Aunt Tabitha, whispering. "Find out."
"Where did you meet him, dearest?" whispered my mother.
"Meet him? Why, here, of course," said Constance, with opening eyes.
"Yes, yes, of course," said my mother, mystified.
"I thought you would be so pleased, and I hurried across to tell you."
"Can Alfred have made a mistake?" muttered my aunt hoarsely.
The two elder ladies stood still in the utmost embarrassment.
"I shall never be happy again," said Constance mournfully.
"Don't say that," implored my mother. "Perhaps there is a mistake."
"How can there be a mistake?" asked Constance, raising her head.
"There can be no mistake," said my aunt hastily.
"How could he be cruel to you?" cried Constance, kissing my mother.
"Cruel to me!" cried my mother.
"Of whom are you speaking?" cried both ladies.
"Of Alfred, of course."
The two elder ladies sat down suddenly.
"You are not engaged to Alfred?" they gasped simultaneously.
"To whom else?" said Constance in amazement.
"There is some misunderstanding," I observed smoothly, coming in at the moment.
The three fell upon me together.
"It took at least an hour to explain. Yet I had said nothing which was not strictly true."
"You will not allow these practical jokes when you are married, will you, Conny?" said my mother fondly.
"I will not," replied Constance, tightening her lips.
"Marriage is the saving of a young man," repeated my aunt grimly. —Chambers' Journal.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Auburn.
Mrs. Daniel Dowling of Van Anden street has returned from a three month visit with friends and relatives in Buffalo.
Dr. F. E. O'Brien has returned from a business trip to the metropolis.
Mr. and Mrs. John Ryan were surprised on Thursday evening of last week by about fifty of their young friends at their home, 103 Chapel street. Vocal and instrumental solos interspersed with dancing, was enjoyed till midnight when a tempting repast was served. The guests departed at an early hour, declaring the young couple a charming host and hostess.
Mrs. James Grish of Wall street is the guest of relatives in Van de Lac, Wis.
Rev. Father Van Ness of Rochester was the guest of his parents in this city last week.
Mrs. J. C. Leonard of Brooklyn is visiting her brother, J. Madson of Chestnut street, this city.
Miss Veronica McCarthy has accepted a position as nurse in the Women's and Children's hospital of Syracuse.
George Malone is spending a few days in Syracuse.
Rev. William C. Reilly of Brooklyn was in the city last week.
C. Alexander Duffus of Philadelphia, who has been the guest of friends in this city for the past few days is now making an extended tour of the larger Western cities.
Miss Adelaide McCarthy of Potsdam returned home after a few days' visit with friends here.
Rev. Father Ragsdale was in Rochester last week.
Branch 103, C. M. B. A., celebrated the tenth anniversary of its organization in its pleasant rooms on Geneva st. with a banquet, luncheon and a pleasing programme of music and happy remarks.
The marriage of Miss Margaret Callaghan, daughter of Owen Callaghan of this city, and Peter Brennan of Skaneateles was celebrated at Holy Family church on Wednesday morning. The nuptial mass was said by Rev. Fr. Malley. The bride, attired in white silk, was attended by her sister, Miss Lillie Callaghan, who also wore white. The groomsmen were William Maher of Skaneateles. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's father. Mr. and Mrs. Brennan will reside at Glen Side, whither they left on Wednesday evening with the best wishes of a host of friends for a happy wedded life.
Michael Elliott has returned from an extended visit with friends in Dalton, Mass.
Miss Mary McGrath of Geneva has returned after a few days' visit with friends in this city.
Michael Madden, one of the best commissioners of this county, and a most honored and respected citizen, died at the age of 76 on Monday evening, at his home in Thurstonville. He had been in failing health for some time, but had been able to attend the funeral of his son, which was held in the morning of last week. He was born in Ireland in 1827 and came to

country when about 20 years of age. He first settled in the village of Skaneateles and soon moved to Geneva, where he has since resided. He was married and had three children, James, William and Mary. James, formerly of this city and Mrs. James McGraw of the village of Thurstonville, died on Sunday last week at the residence at 345 Thurston street. Services were held at Holy Family church, which deceased had long been a devoted member. At 2 o'clock mass was said by Rev. Fr. Malley, and a requiem mass was sung by Rev. Fr. Malley, with the aid of the choir. The deceased was buried in the cemetery at 11 o'clock.
A. M. Williams of Skaneateles was killed last week when crossing the Erie Railroad.
Several of our friends are expected to arrive in this city on Monday.
Harry Burton of Skaneateles has been in the city.
Several cases of measles have been reported.
It is said that the following is the list of the names of the children of the late Mrs. James McGraw who were buried in the cemetery at 11 o'clock on Sunday last week:
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