

THE ORIGINAL WEEKLY PAYMENT JEWELER OF ROCHESTER.



NOLAN,



**146 EAST MAIN ST.
UP STAIRS.**

Xmas Presents.

Would you like to make a present of a nice Clock, with a bronze ornament, or something in Silverware—Knives, Forks, Spoons, Tea Sets, Castors, Cake Baskets, Butter dishes, and lots of other pieces—if so, come up and get them.



Diamonds.

are the most interesting of all jewels. They have figured in history, poems, and songs—been the cause of deaths without number, linked hearts together, provided ready money, all while serving as beautiful ornaments. Nothing could be more acceptable or economical, as a gift to one's, or one's friends. Prices range from \$5.00 to \$75.00 on all good flawless stones.

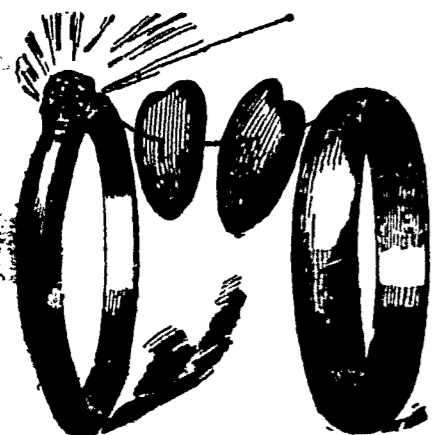


Don't Scold Your Watch.

It isn't to blame. You need regular oiling and doctering occasionally. It's the same with the watch. It may need only a rest—a little cleaning—a few touches from skillful hands. We will make your watch well—and we will supply you with a new one at an honest price.

Watches.

Are always acceptable Xmas gifts. We have them at all prices. Any watch we sell will give you the correct time. The wearing qualities are the best on the market.



We Keep Lots else besides rings. We make a specialty of stringing beads, but our stock comprises everything a well stocked jewelry should keep. Our prices start at good and keep on going up. You may come in here with a little money, or a lot of money, and we will guarantee you satisfaction. We are as anxious to sell you a \$2 pin as a \$100 diamond.

If you are thinking of purchasing anything in Diamonds, kindly give me a call. I have some very fine goods in this line (not all that is in the city), and my prices and terms are right.

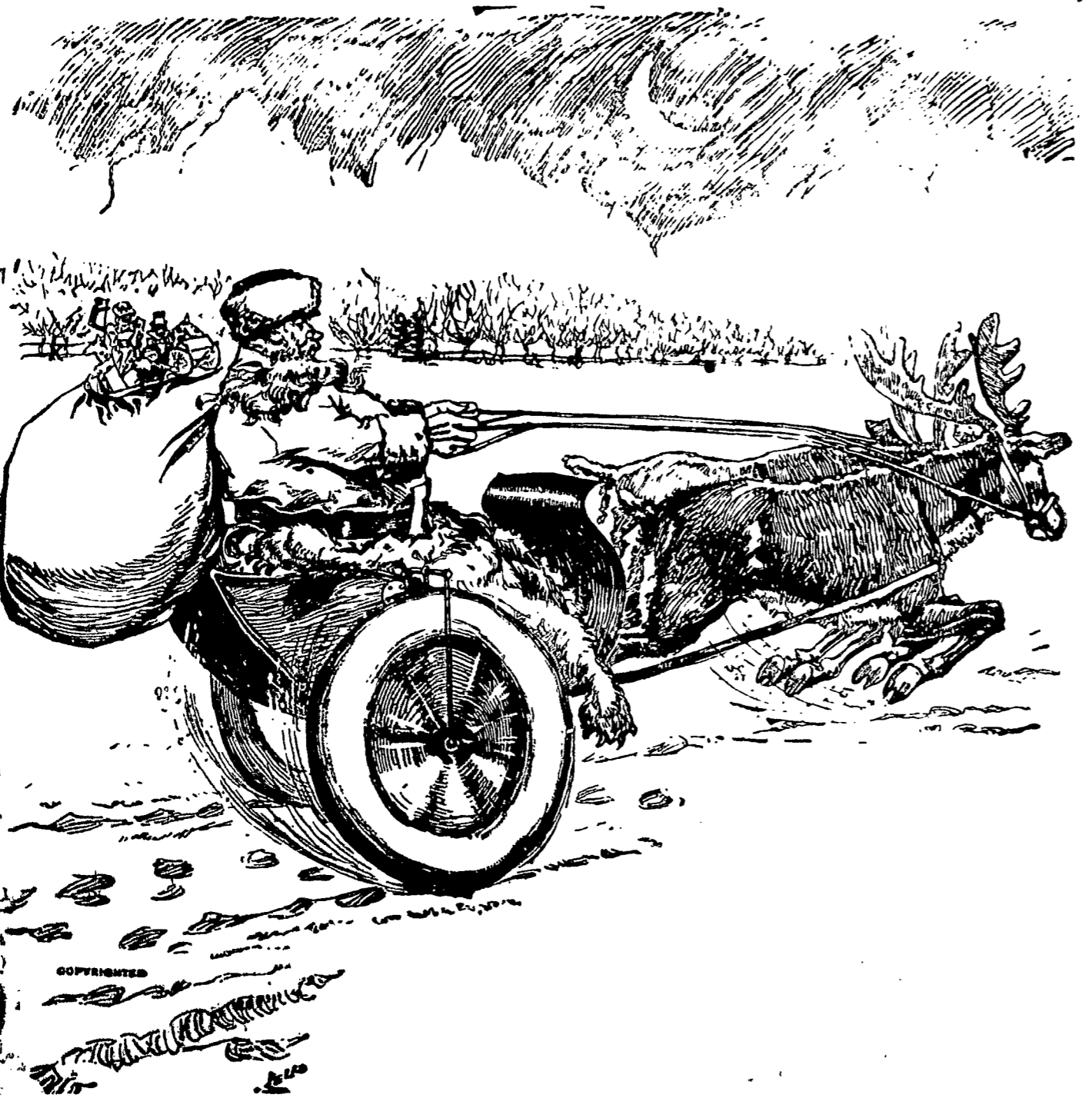
C. P. B. A. C. R. & B. A. A. O. H. FORESTERS.



Maccabees, Red Men, Daughters of Erin, And all kinds of

Society Pins and Emblems

JAMES M. NOLAN, Over Carroll, Beadle & Mudge. Look for Illuminated Watch.



A BEAUTIFUL CHAPEL.

Archduchess Valerie Erected It on Learning of Her Mother's Danger. The empress of Austria recently made a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of Maria of Zell, situated in the very heart of the Styrian Alps in the neighborhood of which she so nearly lost her life in 1855. Just before reaching the chapel she and the shrive the mountain road traverses a bridge rudely made of trunks of fir-trees, which spans a deep and raging torrent. The empress was riding a spirited horse. Somehow or other the animal caught one of his hind feet between the crossed planks and immediately commenced rearing in his frantic efforts to free himself. It was only with the greatest difficulty that Elizabeth, perfect horsewoman though she was, could retain her seat and avoid being hurled on to the rocks below. At length one of the grooms who was following her succeeded in quieting the terrified animal sufficiently to enable her to dismount, and after having assisted to extricate the horse's foot from between the planks she continued the remainder of her way on foot. On learning of her mother's danger Archduchess Valerie was so impressed thereby that she erected a beautiful chapel which now covers the shrine. Over the entrance is a marble block bearing the following inscription, composed by the archduchess: "Holy Mother and blessed St. George, patron of cavaliers, who can preserve us from all danger and by whom my mother has been so often protected when no human help could avail her, I pray to you both with confidence that you will not disdain my humble petition and that you will always be the saviours of that precious life which gave life to me. Marie Valerie, in memoriam, Aug. 21, 1888." The chapel is built in Gothic style on some shelving rocks in the midst of a dense pine wood which partly covers the mountain side. Its treasury is filled with magnificent offerings presented by the ladies of the reigning house and of the nobility. Around the neck of the Virgin hangs a huge diamond cross that had belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette of France, and at its feet are tied with a faded ribbon the magnificent golden tresses of a village beauty who had given her glorious hair as a vote of offering for the recovery of her dying sweetheart. —Marquise de Fontenay in Philadelphia Press.

though she was, could retain her seat and avoid being hurled on to the rocks below. At length one of the grooms who was following her succeeded in quieting the terrified animal sufficiently to enable her to dismount, and after having assisted to extricate the horse's foot from between the planks she continued the remainder of her way on foot. On learning of her mother's danger Archduchess Valerie was so impressed thereby that she erected a beautiful chapel which now covers the shrine. Over the entrance is a marble block bearing the following inscription, composed by the archduchess: "Holy Mother and blessed St. George, patron of cavaliers, who can preserve us from all danger and by whom my mother has been so often protected when no human help could avail her, I pray to you both with confidence that you will not disdain my humble petition and that you will always be the saviours of that precious life which gave life to me. Marie Valerie, in memoriam, Aug. 21, 1888." The chapel is built in Gothic style on some shelving rocks in the midst of a dense pine wood which partly covers the mountain side. Its treasury is filled with magnificent offerings presented by the ladies of the reigning house and of the nobility. Around the neck of the Virgin hangs a huge diamond cross that had belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette of France, and at its feet are tied with a faded ribbon the magnificent golden tresses of a village beauty who had given her glorious hair as a vote of offering for the recovery of her dying sweetheart. —Marquise de Fontenay in Philadelphia Press.

precious life which gave life to me. Marie Valerie, in memoriam, Aug. 21, 1888." The chapel is built in Gothic style on some shelving rocks in the midst of a dense pine wood which partly covers the mountain side. Its treasury is filled with magnificent offerings presented by the ladies of the reigning house and of the nobility. Around the neck of the Virgin hangs a huge diamond cross that had belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette of France, and at its feet are tied with a faded ribbon the magnificent golden tresses of a village beauty who had given her glorious hair as a vote of offering for the recovery of her dying sweetheart. —Marquise de Fontenay in Philadelphia Press.

THE SAGEBRUSH.

When a Colorado morning the purple mists unfold, And a phantom mirage picture is on mountain wall encroiled, Then the air from distant foothills is like odor of new wine; And the breath from scrubby sagebrush is more fragrant than the pine.

The Eastern birdling hies him to a forest deep and wide; On a treetop's highest branches, he wags his feathered bride— But the Western songster warbles of "the land that is mine ain," From a clump of pale-green sagebrush on the gently pillowed plain.

The gaunt and long-eared rabbit's longest gallops gage, To rest at home securely in their hutches neath the sage; And the coyote calls together all his gray and wily train, Swift shadows in the shadow of the sagebrush on the plain.

Its brave and woody armor the Winter's frost defies, And it clothes the lonely sand-world with a bonny sweet surprise. Summer smiles upon its prowess, guarding fields of golden grain, It is forest, grass, and hedgerow—to the wild and sandy plain. —MARY AMELIA ROBERTS in The Overland Monthly.

A LUCKY BULLET.

"This silver bullet three times has saved my life, and it had a history when it came into my possession. Do you wonder that I wear it as a talisman?" said Senor Don Faustino Ortega of Sinaloa, Mexico, talking with two friends in the reading room of an uptown hotel. He speaks excellent English, and as he said this he held up to view the battered silver ball which he carries always strung by a gold wire to his watch guard.

"It weighs just an ounce," the Senor Don continued. "It was given me by my grandfather, who told me the story of it when he put it into my hands on his dying bed. He was clear of mind, and I could not doubt a word of his story, strange as it may sound to you. 'It was more than fifty years ago,' my grandfather said, 'that a monster wolf appeared at my ranch on the San Ysidro and destroyed many sheep and calves and colts. My herders chased the creature with lances and fired at it to no purpose. It was fierce that it would not retreat before one man. My major domo sent word of these things to me, and I went to the ranch. Three different times I fired at that wolf, feeling sure every time that I must have hit the creature, but it trotted away with no sign of hurt. When after my third trial I found the flattened bullet at the place where the wolf had been when I fired, I gave up trying to kill the monster with powder and lead, and I rode 100 miles to consult with a man who was learned in such matters. He heard my story.

"Make a bullet from the first silver you find," he said. "Scratch upon it a Christian cross and try the wolf with that. If your aim be true, the bullet will not fall flat like the other.

"The rest of the story I will tell in my own words. My grandfather made the wise man a present and started back for the ranch. Crossing the channel of the San Ysidro, at that season of the year nearly dry, his horse stumbled, and where his hoof had disturbed the sand and pebbles there lay exposed a nugget of pure silver, such as often is found in the bed of this stream, washed down from the mountains. Dismounting, my grandfather picked up the nugget, and after his arrival at the ranch, hammered it into the bullet you see. The next night he watched for the wolf, which came with the rising moon, and he killed the creature with this silver bullet. His flocks and herds were troubled no more by any wolf, and he kept the bullet until the last day of his life.

"Keep it, my dear grandson," were his last words to me concerning the bullet. "It has been lucky for me, and it may succor you in some bad time." For six years I carried the silver bullet in my pocket before the chance came to demonstrate that it was a lucky piece for me. The house at my hacienda, like Mexican houses in general, is of one story, so that all its rooms are on the ground floor. My sleeping room opened upon a long, narrow hallway with a door opening upon the courtyard. I had occasion one morning to go into the further end of this hallway to get some business papers that I kept there on a shelf. A snake must have crawled in to the hallway the day before when the outer door was open. I passed where it lay without seeing or arousing it, for the first that I knew of its presence was the loud buzzing of its rattle behind me as I rummaged among my papers. I turned to see a six-foot rattlesnake coiled between me and both the doors. It was thoroughly angry and was advancing upon me after the fashion of a rattlesnake that means to attack—lunging forward with a third of its length and then bringing its coils up the same distance—while its rattle in the closed and narrow passage filled the place with its sound.

"I was clad only in nightshirt, trousers and slippers, and there was nothing in sight with which to defend myself. The reptile was all the time drawing nearer, and had covered half the distance to me before I thought of the silver bullet in my trousers' pocket and realized that my one chance of stopping the snake lay in my striking its head with the bullet. I was in my boyhood very skillful in the throwing of a stone, and the art has never left me. A thing that made my chance a little better than it might seem in telling the rattlesnake's manner of moving an attack. It does not try to avoid, but confronts whatever threatens it, always turning its head so as to face the object. I chose a time when, after a forward lunge, it drew forward into a coil and, at six feet away threw the bullet at its head with all my force. It struck true, and as the snake half straightened its coils and writhed upon the floor I stepped safely past it into my room. After that course it was easy to make an end of the snake with my pistol.

"The silver bullet had certainly been my salvation in this case. It was less than two years afterward that it was the means of saving my life in another and very surprising way. I was in Chihuahua visiting the Las Quesadas mines, in which I held an interest, and on the day after my arrival rode in from the hacienda six miles away, where I was staying, to see the mine superintendent. He was in the magazine where the explosives used in blasting were kept. It was a stone house, or dugout, built in the side of a hill, and was reached from the foot of the slope by a steep path. I started there to find him, and had climbed the hill to the very top of the house when in taking my handkerchief from my pocket I pulled the silver bullet out and it fell and rolled down the slope. I turned and ran back after it, keeping my eye on it as it rolled, for I knew that if I once lost sight of my bullet my chances of finding it were small.

"I followed it to the foot of the hill and saw it roll into a ditch that once had been used in draining a mine working. The ditch was about four feet deep, and just as I jumped into it and stooped to pick up the bullet there came a roar like the bursting of a hundred cannon and a shock that sent me flat on my face, stunned in the bottom of the ditch. When I came to my senses I found myself half buried in dirt. I got clear of that and upon my feet, so that I could look around to see what had happened. Where the magazine had been there was a great hole in the hillside, with smoke floating about it, and not so much as one story of the building to be seen.

"The wreck was caused by the explosion of half a ton of giant powder that had been stored there. What had set it off could not be known for not a trace of the superintendent, the foreman and two Mexicans who had been with them was ever found. The shock and flying rock wrecked half the buildings at the mine camp and several persons there were hurt. You can judge for yourself what my chance would have been of ever telling this story to you if I had gone on into the magazine. The bullet, falling from my pocket had not been the cause of my turning back down the hill and going into the shelter of the ditch just as the explosion came.

"This silver bullet is the bullet that killed the bandit Tomas Vieja, who, for several years following the fall and banishment of President Lerdo, terrorized the Sinaloa and several of the adjoining States of the Mexican Republic. He had been one of Lerdo's partisans and was very bitter toward whoever was prominent as a supporter of the Diaz Government. The best that one who was so unfortunate as to fall into his power could hope was to be held for ransom. I was on my way to my ranch, a journey of two full days on horseback, carrying money with which to pay my men. Being delayed by the difficulty in crossing a flooded stream, I was not able to get on to the estancia—the home ranch. Americans would say—by daylight on the second day, but stopped in the early evening at the hut of one of my shepherds for supper and to rest my horse. The man, Antonio Bajada, an old and faithful employee had something important to tell me.

"Tomas Vieja has planned to waylay you in the Puerta del Leon," the shepherd said, "to rob and kill you, or hold you captive for a ransom. I learned of it only to-night. How I found out? Well, senor, my daughter at San Elizario has a sweetheart in Vieja's band, and my little son overheard him telling her yesterday what the chief meant to do, and came to-night to tell me. He started back for home only a few minutes before you came.

"The Puerta del Leon was a gap in the foothills four miles beyond, through which the road to the estancia lay. I felt that my course was to try to get to the estancia that night.

"Antonio," I said to the shepherd, "give me to eat what you can get most quickly, and then I will go on to the estancia by the path round the Venada peak. The bandits will have no idea of my coming by that route. You shall guide me.

"While the shepherd set out his earthen platter of frijoles and a couple of tortillas, the remains of his supper, my eye fell upon his gun hanging upon two pegs against the side of the hut. It was an old-fashioned, smooth-bore affair, but I knew that Antonio could do some wonderful shooting with it.

"You'll want to take your gun along, Antonio," I said to him. "We may run in with the bandits on the way we're going."

"Alas, senor, but it cannot serve us to-night," said the shepherd, shaking his head. "I have no bullets. Powder and caps I have, but my last bullet I fired at a coyote yesterday.

"I thought of my silver bullet. The case was urgent. 'Try this,' I said, and handed it to him. 'Will it fit the barrel of your gun? Just a bit too large, is it? A little hammering out will make it the right shape.'

"While I bolted the tortillas and frijoles as fast as I could, knowing that the quicker we got away from the place the better, Antonio, with the back of his axe, pounded the bullet out so that it would go easily into the barrel of his gun. You can see the marks of his hammering upon the silver jacket and pantaloons and the silver braid on his sombrero, and I knew by these that he was a caballero, a man of pretensions above those of a common cattle herder. Across his saddle horn he held a carbine.

Behind my horse Antonio dropped to one knee and levelled his gun beneath the horse's belly at the horseman. The stranger, perhaps detecting this movement, suddenly raised his carbine, and with the motion Antonio jumped. At the explosion my horse jumped and ran, throwing me from my feet and dragging me by the rista,

which I had not taken from his neck. I kept my hold on the rope and managed to bring the horse to a standstill after being dragged a considerable distance. When I got to my feet, a good deal shaken up, Antonio was running to me, bringing the saddle and his gun. He clapped the saddle on the horse and cinched it fast.

"For God's sake, senor, mount quickly," he said, as he helped me into the saddle. "But the man—the man you shot at—where is he?" I asked, for the horseman was nowhere to be seen. "God knows, senor. He was hit, I know, and his horse carried him away. That caballero—I am not mistaken, for I have seen him often—was Tomas Vieja. Heaven preserve us if his men are near."

"With the shepherd running ahead, picking the way, we rode into the shadows of a spur of the mountain, and from there made our way by a roundabout route to the estancia, where we arrived after midnight without having seen or heard anything further to cause us alarm. Next morning I despatched a messenger to the nearest post of the rural guards, and within 36 hours a detachment of the rurales were on the trail of the bandits. They tracked them night and day and hunted them down, killing seven and bringing five back, who were tried at drumhead court-martial and shot. Not one would confess what had become of their leader, more than to say that he was dead, and no searching arrested to find his body.

"Nearly three years afterward, as I visited my ranch, the major domo handed me my bullet.

"Miguel Quintana, the hunter, found it in the mountains," he said. "The bones of a man were lying about as the coyotes had left them. The bullet was in the skull. Miguel buried the bones and brought the bullet to me. We know now, senor, what became of Tomas Vieja."

NOT KISSABLE.

A Parisian Girl Who Wore a Lovely Neck Made of Wax.

"The use of the false neck is more common than one could naturally suppose," writes a Paris correspondent. "It is worn by ladies who are too thin to look well with their necks entirely uncovered, and also by those who have delicate lungs, and so are forced to keep the bust and throat thoroughly protected from the cold.

"I once saw one of these false necks worn by a Parisian belle who had just recovered from a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs. The dress was cut square in front, the opening (which was very wide) being only filled in with a single thickness of silk, slightly frilled and met at the top by a collar necklace of pearls fitting closely round the throat. Under this slight veiling of tulle there was visible what was apparently the rose-tinted flesh of the fair wearer.

"But I noticed that after she had indulged in a dance and came panting back to her seat, that part of her chest which was shown by the square opening of her dress never moved. It was not stirred in the least by her quickened breathing. My curiosity was aroused by this phenomenon, and on looking closely I could see how the thing happened.

"The false neck was in wax, sitting closely to the breast, and met at the throat by the collar of pearls. Sheets of flesh-tinted wax slightly softened in warm water to render them pliable are moulded upon the wearer's chest and shoulders by skilful fingers so cleverly that it is almost impossible to detect the deception. It is said that five pounds is the charge for such beautifying."

Women as Balliffs.

England has not succeeded in ridding herself of the institution of the balliff, who comes and sits in possession of the household goods and chattels. But the character is no longer as unpleasant as it has been—for women are now balliffs.

The sturdy man, with his short pipe and unattractive pervading odor of beer, will no longer enter the halls, but will sit in the dining rooms of hotels, or have managed to outrun the balliff. Instead, a neat-handed woman, substantial even to cap and gown, will add distinction to the cashmere and silk she keeps an eye on the plate and furniture. Possibilities for romance in the innovation are endless. The moral story of the balliff will present the beautiful balliff's home, undertaking the regeneration of the youthful rake.

The Strongest Steel Ropes.

The strongest steel ropes ever made are probably the two recently finished by Messrs. Felten & Guilleaume, Mulheim, Germany, for a bridge over the Ager river, near the Bodee Lake. These ropes are made of 250 wires, each about a quarter of an inch thick. They weigh some 135 pounds per yard, and their strength is such that it would require a force of 1,600,000 pounds weight to tear them. The bridge for which they are made will be 152 feet long.

Strangest Vagrancy of Nature.

Perhaps one of the strangest vagaries of nature in a freakish mood ever seen in Kentucky is a negro who lives near Savoyard, Metcalf county. This diminutive Afro-American is only eleven years old, but has already mastered the common school rudiments of his scholastic education, and is away up in algebra, geometry, astronomy, calculus and the higher branches. He is said to be lightning calculator and a marvel in many respects. His name is J. R. Thompson.

Austrian Sardines.

Along the Austrian shore of the Adriatic there are now fifteen establishments for canning sardines, which have brought prosperity to as many villages. On the other hand, the number of the fish has considerably decreased in recent years, and the price risen accordingly. In 1881 it was about \$1.35 per 1,000, while last year as much as \$3.15 was paid.

Tornado Drills in Kansas.

A movement has been started in Kansas to have a tornado cave attached to every school house as a refuge for the children in times of need. In some of the schools tornado drills have been instituted.

fo
to
H
W
ot
fo
no
PH
ITS
Bright
in El
Merr
sora
Hav
girl
bloom
York
Well
moral
two G
the G
street,
high
vari
girls
school
Dr.
his fo
cause
this
since
Norw
work
ed per
cation
"I h
parten
Dr. W
"The
into a
two to
minute
in the
when I
and I
ing th
many
whe
the
class o
"It v
make
the sch
gymna
stiles
times
would