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Best to take after dinner; prevent indigestion, cure constipation. Purely vegetable; do not grip or cause pain. Sold by all druggists. 25 cents. Prepared only by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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This is a first-class article and at the price all can occasionally enjoy a bottle. 30c per Pint or \$5.00 per Case of 24 Pints.

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60c, \$1.00 and \$1.25 Per Gal.
Claret, Angelica, Port, Sherry, Tokay, Madeira, Malaga, etc. etc. For fine Wines and Cigars, go to

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A BLUE UMBRELLA.

"Colonel, why did you never marry?"
If a cyclone had struck the sharp-featured man who sat with his feet elevated upon the iron railing of the veranda, it could not have caused him to start up more quickly.

"Harry, what made you ask me that question?"
"Why, all men marry; that is, men of means or—anyhow they should marry."

"But you are not married."
"And for a good reason; I am not able."

"But you could support a very comfortable household if you were not—well, what you are," said the Colonel, as he moved away.

"Ah! Hold on, Colonel! Do not leave me in that—he's gone!"
The other, paying no attention to his words, went down the broad steps and walked away into the moonlight.

"I know what he means; he might just as well told me in so many words—spendthrift! Hang it all! Ah, well! Life is too short to fret over mistakes gone and done for. Edith Lisle is a—here she comes now."

Was it the tap-tap of tiny feet or the fro-frou of snowy skirts that made Harry Lancaster's heart throb tumultuously. Rising, he tossed his cigar away, lifted his hat and offered the charming creature in white a chair.

"Do not disturb yourself, Mr. Lancaster; I merely came for a brief walk up and down the veranda."

"If you will not rest here for a few moments, will you permit me to offer you my arm for the stroll?"
She laid her dainty hand upon his arm, and the pair strolled slowly to the farther end of the veranda; they turned to retrace their steps when Edith said:

"Was not that a frey? Over there among the bushes to the left? See, there it is again, and such a glowing one, too!"

"It may be a frey, but it is my opinion that Col. Drake, of the Regulars, is smoking a cigar out there among the showdowns," said Harry.

"Is that charming old bear here?" she suddenly asked, allowing her hand to slip from the other's arm.

"He came this afternoon."
"And as I was not down to tea, I did not meet him."

"You seem to be acquainted with the Colonel, Miss Lisle."

"Fairly; but really I ought not to have spoken so shockingly about a very fine gentleman. He is quite engaging—but I detect that absurd idea about his strange umbrella."

"Umbrella? What umbrella, may I ask?" inquired Harry, puzzled at her remark.

"Col. Drake possesses a blue, old-fashioned umbrella, which is supposed to be a very potent love-charm or something like that. Plainly, so it is told, when he invites a lady to share its shelter against the rain, her heart is won forever. Strange, is it not?"

"Absurd! Have you ever?"
"No, not yet."

"I should not like you to accept its shelter—though I do not believe in such silliness," softly said Harry.

If she understood this meaning she was coy of acknowledgment, for, lifting her hand to his arm again, the pair resumed the stroll.

The next morning Harry Lancaster's heart sank when he looked from the window and saw the leaden clouds scurrying along the darkened sky.

When he entered the dining-room he saw that Miss Lisle's chair was vacant. Ah! the Colonel's chair, too, was vacant! Over his coffee Harry made the resolve to make a break before night. He would ask her for that dainty white hand.

After breakfasting he went to the smoking-room and seated himself near a window overlooking the white stretch of sand, the curling waves and foam-capped billows beyond.

Ah! A couple approached from the beach. The gentleman carried a blue umbrella!

It was the Colonel's blue umbrella; it was the Colonel, but—who was the lady?

"Miss Lisle, by heavens! Pshaw! I'm a fool to think there is anything strange about this. What do I care about the blue umbrella and its potent love charm?"

Two hours afterwards, Edith Lisle blushed as Harry Lancaster asked her a question. She recovered quickly and said softly:

"Mr. Lancaster, the potency of the blue umbrella is not a fiction. He is a charming gentleman, and—always did like soldiers. I—I thank you, and well—I simply said yes under the blue umbrella, and I hope we shall remain friends."

How to Get Fat.
"Did you hear about the woman in Dunkirk?" asked the kid as he rolled a cigarette.

"No; what about her?"
"Why, she sent a half dollar to a firm in Boston who promised for that sum to send a recipe on how to get fat. Two days afterward she received a postal card which read, 'Buy it of the butcher.'"

Coughing
Constant coughing is very annoying, and the continuous hacking and irritation will soon attack and injure the delicate lining of the throat and air passages. Take advice and use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in time. This wonderful remedy will cure you.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP
Cures a Cough or Cold at once.
Does not irritate and is pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cts. At all druggists.

Cat Comedian's Soliloquy.
Grieved over the loss of her little ones, Tounette, a beautiful black Angora cat, put an end to her life most strangely.

Her litter of kittens were drowned, being very much in the way, and when Tounette returned her grief at their absence knew no bounds.

Going to the top floor of the tenement house the cat acted in a peculiar manner.

She looked down, pondered a while, then deliberately leaped over and was dashed to death on the pavement below.

A cat always falls on its feet, but Tounette's head struck first, for she deliberately doubled up her feet and would not be saved.

The Caterpillar's Muscles.
The common caterpillar has more than two hundred muscles.



JIM.
I bet if I was Jim I'd stay
A lookin' 'lea that awful way
That he does now.
'Cause everywhere the folks we meet
Turn round to see him on the street,
And smile and how.

An' girls, of course I wouldn't care
To have 'em cry an' smile an' stare
Like that at me.
But a'longs a Jim stands it, what's the dif?

He lets 'em kiss him 'ee' as if
He didn't see!

One time I heard a lady say
We had a skellington hid 'way
In closet dim.
But I'd bet you she'd laugh to hear
That what made her so scared was dead
Old soldier Jim!

His arm ain't half as big as mine,
But he says he ain't got no whine.
Er kick to make.
He 'listed 'cause he knew 'twas right;
An' 'licked the Spaniards out o' sight,
'For freedom's sake!'

He said it awful foud an' grand
An' father thinks he's got more sand
Than any one.
But Jim laughed: 'Pshaw! this kid, I bet,
Will make as brave a soldier, yet,
As holds a gun.'

An' then I orfied; I wasn't mad,
Er wasn't urt, er wasn't bad;
But 'cause, you know,
The war is done—(I say it's tough!)—
Before a feller's big enough
To even go!

THE EDUCATED FLY.
Manner in Which Two Boys Can Perform a Wonderful Feat of Magic.

The educated fly travels across a marked mirror to any number or letter called for. The trick is explained by the illustrations. The mirror, which rests on an easel, is divided by the magician into twenty-eight squares, and a number and letter are written in each. The mirror is first removed from the easel for inspection, and is

then placed on the floor, resting against the easel. At this point a boy crawls behind the mirror and lets down the wooden back of the easel, which serves for a shelf seat for the boy after the mirror has been restored to its place. A cloth at the back of the easel behind the mirror space conceals the boy when he climbs to his perch on the shelf. The cloth is numbered and lettered in duplicate of the mirror, and the boy is armed with a powerful magnet. The fly is of cork, with an iron core, which is set flat against the glass in a lowered corner of the mirror, where it is held by the magnet. It is evident from this arrangement that by moving the magnet to the square called for the fly will be seen to travel to exactly the same spot.

Getting Ahead of Queen Victoria.
Little Prince Alexander, the eldest son of the dead Prince Henry, husband of Princess Beatrice, of England, has always been noted, from his earliest childhood, for bartering proclivities. He lends marbles and tops at interest to his cousins, the little Connaughts, and, on one occasion, got up quite a little corner in dolls, which he succeeded in purchasing at a great reduction from his small Albany cousins.

The other day he received a present of one sovereign (\$5) from his mother, and, having quickly spent it, applied for the second. He was gently chided for his extravagance, but, unabashed, wrote to his grandmamma. "The Queen had been warned of the financial embarrassment, and she replied in the same strain of remonstrance, whereupon the Prince responded:

"Dearest Grandmamma: I received your letter, and, hope, you will not think I was disappointed, because you could not send me any money. It was very kind of you to give me good advice. I sold your letter for 24 10s."

How the Trick is Done.
Every body who has once been a child knows the rhyme about "Little Jack Horner," who "sat in a corner." That there was a real Jack Horner, and that the plum extracted from the pie was a very valuable plum indeed, few of the little folks who enjoy his exploits know, or would care to learn.

It appears that this worthy was stung to an abbot of Glastonbury. The good abbot learned that his majesty Henry VIII had been at to be indignantly because the monks had built a kitchen which he could not burn down. Now, a king's indignation was dangerous, and must be appeased. Therefore the abbot sent for his steward, Jack Horner, to present the sovereign with a suitable peace offering. It took the form of a big and tempting looking pie, beneath the crust of which the transfer deeds of twelve manors were hidden.

But Master Jack had an eye for the profit of number one, and on the road he slyly poked the crust and abstracted the deeds of the Manor of Wells. On his return, bringing the deeds, he plausibly explained that they had been given to him by the king. Hence the rhyme.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner (of the wagon),
Eying his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum (the title deed),
Saying, "What a brats boy am I!"

An Aquarium in the House.
An aquarium in the house is becoming popular among fashionable people. Especially is it in favor in homes where there are children or invalids, as it not only gives object lessons in natural history, but serves to amuse and please. Aquariums are sold by the hundreds, and may be beautifully stocked with goldfish, the minnow, perch, snail, eel, and carp; all of whom thrive well together. News are very interesting, too, as there comes a time when they shed their skin and swallow it, and surprise the little ones by losing a leg and having another grow in its place in a short time. Plants must be secured, of course, as they furnish the oxygen for the life of the little water-dwellers, and are in turn nourished by the carbonic gas which the animals supply. The snail should not be forgotten, as it is a part of the economy of nature, and performs the scavenger's part very well in eating off the diseased portion of the plants. Starwort, milfoil, oxheart, sweet flag and brook mosses are the plants best suited to a fresh-water aquarium.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP
Will cure Croup without fail.
The best remedy for whooping cough. Does small. Price 25 cts. At all druggists.

LARGEST TOY EVER MADE.

Contains a Variety of Familiar Objects in Miniature.

The largest toy on record has just been completed at Baltimore, Md. The designer and builder is Adam J. Winfield, and his workshop, where the toy was constructed, is one end of his parlor. The toy is apparently located on a large plateau and is a composite affair containing all sorts of familiar objects in miniature.

There are a Ferris wheel with eight cars; sixteen swings; an old-time flour mill, operated by water power; a morning train of cars; a pump, with a little girl at the pump handle; an old-fashioned sawmill; a carousel or merry-go-round; a lake dotted with boats of all descriptions, containing hundreds of silver and gold fish; a miniature boat club in a race, negroes fishing and a shoot-the-chutes; a fortress; a castle; a church; a log cabin; a light house in the center of the lake, from the top of which a tiny light gleams; farm houses, picnic grounds, pavilions, band stand, scores of children, etc.

Mr. Winfield has occupied all his spare time for the past two years constructing this beautiful toy, the various features of which are as natural as can be. Not a detail is omitted to render all things realistic. For instance, at the grist mill a miller is seen raising barrels of flour by a pulley, and around the farm houses are figures apparently engaged in the various occupations which are so familiar in connection with agriculture.

The power which operates all the mechanical features of the toy is a water motor, but it is so concealed that for a time the cause of action is a mystery to the onlooker.

A Kiss That Collapses.
Kisses are being made bigger as the boy of each generation increases his demands. It is comfortable, therefore.

WITH CHERRY AND CLOVER.
To know that there has been invented one of these gigantic toys which can be spread and then changed into a small compass after the same principle as an umbrella.

Jack Horner.
Every body who has once been a child knows the rhyme about "Little Jack Horner," who "sat in a corner." That there was a real Jack Horner, and that the plum extracted from the pie was a very valuable plum indeed, few of the little folks who enjoy his exploits know, or would care to learn.

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DIOCESAN NEWS.

Notes and Items from the Diocese of Rochester.

From Our Special Correspondent.
Catholic.

The glass cutting shop of O. P. Egghouse has been working overtime until 10 o'clock on account of a rush of orders.

Edward Doyle, who for many years has conducted a grocery store at 24 West Market street, has sold his stock of goods to the late James, who will continue the business.

The condition of young Oliver Egghouse, the 10-year-old boy who was accidentally shot in the neck last week on Five street by a companion is much improved, and he will probably recover fully. Fears were entertained at first for his life, and his wounds were almost miraculous. The ball passing very close to the jugular vein.

Michael Moore, a glass cutter for J. H. Moore & Co., has recovered from a protracted illness of fever, and his many friends are pleased to see him out again.

James T. Sullivan, the versatile, appears in a new role as the leader of the "Judy Minstrels," a troupe composed of little boys of the town who expect to give a show at the Opera House next week. New songs, dances and fresh "bits" are announced to be given by these little ten-year-olds, and the whole idea is, at least, very original.

Newark.
Rev. Father Libert, of Rochester, was in Newark at 10 o'clock last Sunday morning. Father Libert came to Newark the day before Sunday for the purpose of saying mass and preaching to the English portion of the congregation. Rev. Father Kavenagh officiated at second mass, which was at 2 o'clock.

James McCarthy, who has been dangerously ill the past few weeks, is slowly recovering.

Miss Anna Ward, who has been living in Michigan the past week, is still in town. Mr. H. G. Ward.

It is rumored that another fair will be held next spring by St. Michael's congregation, but nothing definite has yet been stated. It will be remembered that the fair held here in 1897 was a decided success, the proceeds being about \$2,000.

Mass was celebrated here Thursday at 8 o'clock, a large number receiving Holy Communion.

Miss May McAvoy has accepted a position in C. W. Shaw & Co.'s office.

Mrs. P. White and daughter, Francis and Eva, and Miss Kathleen O'Neil, of Lyons, were guests of Mrs. White's mother in Rochester last week.

Success of Father.
The General Social Club will hold their regular meeting Tuesday, December 1st.

Miss Alice Cook has returned to Elmira, after a two days' visit to town.

Rev. Father Wallace, of Chicago, who lectured on the 10th inst. in St. Patrick's church Sunday, has given a sermon on the day's gospel. He also gave a sermon on the afternoon of the 10th inst. at the Holy Trinity church, which was most interesting.

L. K. Coffey was in St. Patrick's church last week.

Miss Alice McAvoy has returned to town, having been absent for a week.

Joseph P. Coffey has returned to town, having been absent for a week.

Charles F. Coffey has returned to town, having been absent for a week.

William A. Coffey has returned to town, having been absent for a week.

John A. Coffey has returned to town, having been absent for a week.

The body of Samuel J. Coffey, who was killed by a train at Elmira, was returned to his home in Rochester last week.

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