

# HOLIDAY PRESENTS FOR ALL.

Gifts that will add comfort and beauty to the home.

FOUR BUILDINGS FILLED TO OVERFLOWING.

An exposition showing choice selections from all that is latest and best, from more than 300 furniture factories and from scores of carpet and rug mills, domestic and foreign potteries, lamp, clock and picture frame factories and other art establishments.

## A few Open Pages

From our Christmas Library.

We Give you a cordial invitation to come to our store and turn over the pages of entire volumes.

**Parlor Furniture**  
Beautiful odd pieces  
Framed suites  
Overstuffed suites  
Made for comfort  
Rich and beautiful  
coverings

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3 Large bed room  
3 Piece suites \$12.75 to  
\$135.00  
Bran and iron beds \$2.35  
to \$65.00  
White enameled dressers  
\$7.85 to \$25.00  
Scribbles, mattresses, complete  
bed blankets in great variety.

**Enamelled Dresser**  
Four drawers.  
Beveled mirror.  
Artistic design.  
Our white and  
gold floor down  
a great variety  
of white goods

**Gold Chair**  
\$3.65 for  
Silk Damask  
Tuffed Back.  
11 Style  
\$3.90 to \$22.50

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**RUGS**  
All Grades  
All Sizes  
Low Prices

**Choice Patterns Durable Fabrics**  
Carpet Department occupies  
two stores

**Tapistry Rugs & Body Brussels 88c**

**For this \$1.65 for this \$3.75**  
Cobbler Rocker  
Antique Oak  
35  
SAMPLE  
ROCKERS  
68c to \$9

**88 Cts. For this \$6.75**  
Oak Diner  
Drace Arms  
11 Range  
119 Style  
50c to  
\$12.50

**Extension Table**  
Glass Frame  
Patented Oak  
\$3.98 to \$45.00

**2.38**  
RUSK CABINETS  
LADIES'  
DESKS

**\$12.95**  
Combination  
Case  
Glass  
Chest  
\$9.75 to  
\$62.00

**\$9.08**  
For this  
Five drawers.  
Beveled mirror.  
Artistic design.  
Our white and  
gold floor down  
a great variety  
of white goods

**\$1.25**  
for this  
Porcelain  
Clock  
Always Clocks Warranted  
10 Sample Clocks  
68c to \$35.00

**PICTURES  
FRAMED  
TO ORDER**  
Water Colors, Engravings,  
Photographs, Artwork,  
Flaques, Etc. framed in  
material at low prices

**Our Artillery for  
the Holiday**  
We have  
a large stock  
of Artillery  
for the  
Holiday  
Always  
Warranted  
at low prices

**Our wide range in  
Always Warranted  
at low prices**

**Our Artillery for  
the Holiday**  
We have  
a large stock  
of Artillery  
for the  
Holiday  
Always  
Warranted  
at low prices



### ILLUSTRATIONS OF VARIETY IN EACH LINE.

**Rocking Chairs**, 25 samples, 60c to \$1.40  
**Fancy Parlor and Library Tables**, 15 samples, 45c to \$8.  
**Youth's and Ladies' Desks**, 12 samples, \$2.50 to \$16  
**Combination and Library Cases**, 10 samples, \$4.75 to \$12. Finest assortment shown in Western New York.  
**Dining Chairs**, 119 styles, 50c to \$1.50  
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**Couches**, one entire floor filled with choice samples.  
**Chiffoniers**, choice woods, 12 samples, \$1.50 to \$12.00  
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**Dinner Sets**, 76 styles dinner sets, fine stock patterns in French china, from which the number of pieces may be ordered.  
**Fancy Crochery**. Many large packages for Christmas trade. More than 100 pieces for assigner a sale of the P. H. Leonard stock. All perfect up to date goods at 30 to 75 per cent less than regular prices.  
**Jardiniere**, 141 samples to choose from, 10c each to \$35 with pedestal.

### A CHOOSING LIST.

Tapistry Rugs  
Turkish Rugs  
Suzani Rugs  
Cobler Rockers  
High polished Wood  
Scribbles  
Marquetry Rockers  
Verona Marble Rock  
Solid Mahogany Rock  
Rest Rockers  
Sewing Rockers  
Cane Seat Rockers  
Children's Rockers  
White and Gold Rock  
Turkish Chairs  
Rattan Chairs  
Rattan Chairs  
Reception Chairs  
Office Chairs  
Gold Chairs  
Enameled Chairs  
Bamboo Chairs  
Hall Chairs  
Desk Chairs  
Reed Chairs  
Leather Chairs  
India Seats  
Dining Chairs  
Club Chairs  
Bathroom Tables  
Side Tables  
Sofa Tables  
China Closets  
Kitchen Cabinets  
Hall Cabinets  
Parlor Suites  
Teas.  
Dinner Tables  
Parlor Tables  
Parlor Cabinets  
Youth's Desks  
Office Desks  
Book Cases  
Library Tables  
Combination Cases  
Revolving Cases

Couches  
Jardiniere stands  
Music Cabinets  
Chests  
Baby Rockers  
Carpenter's  
Chest Sweeper  
Chesters  
Dressers  
Hassle Beds  
Lace Curtains  
Children's  
Wardrobes  
Dressing Tables  
Shaving Stands  
Foot Rests  
Toilet Stools  
Hassocks  
Pictorial  
Tapestry Paintings  
Water Colors  
Racels  
Picture Frames  
Curtain Rings  
Banquet Lamps  
Jardiniere  
Lace Curtains  
Portiers  
French Bins  
Toilet Sets  
Dining Sets  
Salsas  
Cake Plates  
China Ink Stands  
Decorated Bon Bon  
5 Piece Tea Sets  
Pin Trays  
Pen Trays  
Comb and Brush Tray  
Cresters  
Bric a brac  
Vases  
Landscape  
Cut Glass  
Solid Silver  
Plated Ware  
Aluminum  
Rummed Clocks  
Porcelain Clocks  
Onyx Clocks

Presents for the children, for brother, for sister, for father, for mother, for grandfather, for grandmother, for friends, cousins, uncles and aunts.

**H. B. GRAVES, 116-113 STATE STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

### IF WE DIDN'T HAVE TO EAT.

Life would be an easy matter  
If we didn't have to eat.  
If we never had to utter,  
"Won't you pass the bread and  
butter,  
Likewise push along that platter  
Full of meat?"  
Yes, if food were obsolete,  
Life would be a jolly treat,  
If we didn't—shine or shower,  
Old or young, 'bout every hour—  
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—  
'Twould be jolly if we didn't have  
to eat.

We could save a lot of money,  
If we didn't have to eat.  
Could we cease our busy buying,  
Baking, boiling, brewing, frying,  
Life would then be oh, so sunny  
And complete;  
And we wouldn't fear to greet  
Every grocer in the street  
If we didn't—man and woman,  
Every hungry, helpless human—  
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—  
We'd save money if we didn't have  
to eat.

### THE MISSING FAN.

"My fan; some one has taken my fan!"  
Lady Mary Vancouver was a pretty, smart little widow, richly endowed and a great personal favorite.  
It was at the hunt ball at Weatherly that she exclaimed about the loss of her fan, having left it for a few minutes on a seat while she danced with Sir Henry Willock. Lady Mary always had a court of admirers. They assembled round her when she stated her loss, and a vigorous search for the missing fan was at once begun, but with no successful result. It was nowhere to be found.  
"It belonged to my great-grandmother, is a Louis XIV fan, and more than that, has always brought its possessor good luck. Oh, why did I bring it to this ball? Now my luck is gone, and I shall henceforth be the most miserable of women."  
Vainly did "the admirers" and some of her lady friends seek to comfort her. Lady Mary was inconsolable.  
"It must be found—someone has taken it by mistake," said Sir Henry. "Suppose we offer a reward?"  
"I don't believe the richest of rewards will bring back my poor, dear fan," she murmured sorrowfully.  
"How much would you give to get it back?" asked one of those who stood around.  
"Myself and my whole fortune," was the somewhat astonishing answer.  
There was a laugh and a murmur of "Happy fan to be so highly valued."  
But Lady Mary did not apparently perceive that she had spoken extravagantly. She was of Scotch descent, very superstitious, and on that account far more than on account of the intrinsic value of the fan she was inclined to make herself downright ill and miserable at its loss.  
No more dancing! She could not dance when she was in mourning for her beautiful fan, but as she was chaperoning two young cousins she stayed on till the ballroom was thinning. Sir Henry Willock remained in devoted attendance, but he was not the only one who did so. He was supposed to be the favored suitor, and there were others who were jealous of him. The loss of the fan and the reward she had offered, though of course he could not believe that she really meant it, annoyed him. To the others it gave fresh zest, and the fervor to win Lady Mary's much coveted hand was increased, since she herself had shown the means by which the race might be won.  
Sir Henry conducted her to her carriage. It was a four-mile drive to the Moated Grange, which was a lonely dwelling for a lonely woman.  
"Do you know M. de Lanteuil—Margolis de Lanteuil is he?" she asked Sir Henry as they went down the staircase.  
"Never saw him till to-night."  
"He is handsome," she went on, "staying at the duke of Forthingay's, so he must be somebody. If I had not been so unhappy I should have cultivated him and asked him to the Grange."  
"A mere foreigner," remarked Sir Henry. "One can never be sure of those fellows."  
He was becoming more and more jealous, and Lady Mary, who did not fail to see it, was in spite of her mourning, bent on teasing.  
"I'll give a breakfast," she said, "more fashionable than a luncheon, and ask all the Forthingay party—less compromising than asking him alone. You can come, if I have room."  
"Thank you, I am going to town to-morrow for a few days on business."  
She laughed, for she did not believe him.  
"Good-night, Sir Henry. Glad to see you when your business is over. Oh, my poor fan! Perhaps it will be found before you come back."  
Two or three days passed. Lady Mary did not ask the Forthingay party to breakfast. Perhaps, like the rash reward offered for the fan, it was merely pippant talk.  
That she was really unhappy about its loss was nevertheless very certain,

and since the fan was not returned it seemed evident that the thief did not pine for the possession of Lady Mary and her worldly effects.  
"Some woman, of course," she said bitterly. "How I hate my own sex! They are always mean and cruel!"  
It was an unpleasant, misty day, which might perhaps account for an increase of bitterness. A ring at the visitors' bell, however, made Lady Mary once more alert.  
"Who can that be in such weather?" M. de Lanteuil was announced. She looked just a little bit astonished, as she had not asked him to call.  
He bowed profoundly and explained. "I have been sent by the duchess of Forthingay on a mission to ask you if you will waive ceremony and come over to dine this evening. I bring a note from the duchess."  
Lady Mary took the note and wondered way this man was sent with it instead of a servant.  
It told her that "M. de Lanteuil was a favorite at Forthingay and asked if she would be kind to him as a foreigner and show him the beauties of the Grange; also to be sure to come that evening, as a surprise awaited her."  
"What is the surprise?" she asked, looking up at him.  
"If Mme. la Duchesse has not revealed the secret, how shall I?" was the guarded answer.  
"The duchess loves mystery," she said, laughing, "and you, monsieur, if you would see the beauties of the Grange you must come in the summer."  
"With pleasure, madam."  
"All I can show you now is the orchid house."  
She led the way along a covered path that led to a hothouse. The rearing of orchids was her pet amusement. M. de Lanteuil was entranced. Never before had he seen such lovely specimens. He himself was a connoisseur. But what seemed to entrance him was even than the exquisite blooms was the lady herself. It was in order to pass an hour with her that he had persuaded the duchess to let him go with a message to the Grange. And what did Lady Mary think of him? He cultivated orchids on his French estate, and from this discovery there were not for her many steps to take in order to cultivate him. Besides, had she not told Sir Henry that he was handsome? Poor Sir Henry! He had no slight cause for jealousy, and so he would have thought could he have watched the *re-to-ate*.  
At last M. de Lanteuil felt that he must linger no longer, and having obtained a promise that Lady Mary would drive over to Forthingay castle to dinner he departed, leaving the lady in a state bordering on flutter, which was by no means her chronic condition.  
She was beautifully dressed, wore lovely jewels and looked charming when she entered the drawing room at the castle.  
Dinner was soon after announced, but not a word was said about a surprise, though Lady Mary was on the tip-toe of expectation, longing to know what it could possibly be. So excited was she about the surprise that she almost forgot how much she was in love with the marquis, while, as for the fan, she had for the time being ceased to remember that she ever possessed one.  
It was not till the gentlemen had joined the ladies after dinner that there was any question of the momentous surprise. Then it was that the groom of the chambers came up to Lady Mary with all the pompous dignity his office imposed and presented her with a packet.  
With impatience and in some trepidation, since every eye was upon her, she tore asunder the paper that enveloped it.  
"My fan—my dear, darling lost fan!" she cried. "Who is the lucky being who found it? This is indeed a surprise."  
"M. de Lanteuil," said the duchess. "He found it under a chair at the hunt ball."  
Lady Mary looked at him without speaking. She did not thank him, for she was wondering why he had kept it from her so long. She forgot that by the reward she had offered she had made the immediate delivery difficult.  
A few minutes later he was conducting her to her carriage, the duke remaining discreetly in the background. Then only did she find words to thank him.  
"And the reward, Lady Mary—the large reward you offered?"  
"My promise shall be redeemed," she whispered.  
For a moment their hands met in one fervent grasp, and she was gone.  
Poor Sir Henry Willock! No one thought about him during the wedding festivities brought about by the dear, quaint old fan which played no insignificant part in the toilet of the bride.



**CHILDREN'S CORNER**  
A SERIOUS QUESTION.  
A kitten went a-walking  
One morning in July,  
And idly fell a-talking  
With a great big butterfly.  
The kitten's tone was airy,  
The butterfly would scoff;  
When there came along a fairy  
Who whisked his wings right off.  
And then—for it is written  
Fairies can do such things—  
Upon the startled kitten  
She stuck the yellow wings.  
The kitten felt a quiver,  
She rose into the air,  
Then flew down to the river  
To view her image there.  
With fear her heart was smitten,  
And she began to cry,  
"Am I a butter-kitten?  
Or just a kitten-fly?"

### THE CARPENTER BIRD.

These industrious little fellows fly many miles to secure their stores.  
Down in Mexico there lives a Woodpecker who stores his nuts and acorns in the hollow stalks of the yuccas and agaves. These hollow stalks are separated by the joints into several cavities, and the sagacious bird has somehow found this out, and bores a hole at the upper end of each joint and another at the lower, through which to extract acorns when wanted. Then it fills up the stalks solidly and leaves its stores there until needed, safe from the depredations of any thievish bird or four-footed animal.  
The first place in which this curious habit was observed was on a hill in the midst of a desert. The hill was covered with yuccas and agaves, but the oak trees were thirty miles away, and so it was calculated, these industrious birds had to make a flight of some distance each season toward their distant stores.

An observer of birds remarks: "There are several strange features to be noticed in these facts. The provident instinct which prompts this bird to lay by stores of provisions for the winter, the great distance traversed to collect a kind of food so unusual for its race, and its seeking in a place so remote from its natural abode a storehouse so remarkable."  
Can instinct alone teach, or have experience and reason taught these birds that, far better than the bark of trees or crotches in rocks or any other hiding place are these hidden cavities they make for themselves with the hollow stems of distant plants?  
This we cannot answer. But we do know that one of the most remarkable birds in our country is this California Woodpecker, and that he is well entitled to his Mexican name of el carpintero—the carpenter bird.—Ex- change.

To strike the knuckles without hurting.  
Select a marble mantel or any other hard surface, then tell the spectators that by a certain preparation you use, you have made your knuckles so hard nothing can hurt them, in proof of which you offer to strike them on the marble slab of the mantel. To do this

strike the marble, then close them again as represented in the engraving, 1, 2, and 3. If this is quickly done, you will seem to have knocked your knuckles violently.

**Grandma's Ignorance.**  
Little 5-year-old Nettle, who had been brought up in the city, was spending a few days in the country. "Grandma, what are those funny little green things?" she asked, as they were passing through the garden one day. "Why, those are peas," was the reply. "Peas nothing!" exclaimed Nettle. "I'm sprized at your ignorance, grandma." "Why, dear, what do you mean?" asked the old lady. "I'd think," replied Nettle, "that a woman of your age ought to know that peas come in tin cans."

**The Costliest Bicycle in the World.**  
The most costly bicycle is owned by a Transvaal millionaire, who recently visited the Industrial Exposition in Vienna, and took a fancy to this wheel, which secured the first prize for costliness of material. He determined to purchase it for his wife. It was inlaid in gold and beautifully carved. The price paid amounted to \$500. He then brought it to a Vienna jeweller, where he ordered nearly a half million dollars' worth of diamonds and precious stones to be inserted in the frame.

**A Shoal of Herrings.**  
A shoal of herrings is supposed to consist in numbers from 800,000 to 1,300,000.

**A Pastime.**  
A pastime indulged in by the farmers of Korea is known as "packing off widows." It consists of a raid by some disconsolate widower and his friends on some village known to contain a young widow, the forcible abduction of the lady in question and her marriage to the widower.

**Carrier Pigeons.**  
France has more than a quarter of a million carrier pigeons trained for use in time of war.

**Fifty pounds a year is devoted to dusting the books in the library of the House of Lords, London.**

**A Child's Understanding.**  
Teacher—"Now that you have taken part in the Memorial day exercises, can you tell me what the especial significance of this day is—why we keep it as we do?"  
Tommy Jones—"We have Memorial day so the boys can have their road races and the magnates can work in two ball games."  
**Fame Going to Waste.**  
"What was your chief impression of New York?"  
"Well, I never before saw a city so full of unknown celebrities."  
**Had His Convictions.**  
"Did you ever have any convictions, my good man?" asked the kindly-faced old gentleman.  
"But yer life I did! I've served 'ree terms," answered the tough-looking specimen.  
**Subterranean City.**  
A subterranean city exists in Galicia, Austrian Poland, which contains a population of over 1,000 men, women and children, many of whom have never seen the light of day.  
**Fifteen women in the parlor car ask for hassocks who never think of using them.**  
**Rain on the roof may sound very soothing unless you happen to be out, in it with your best frock on.**  
**ODDITIES IN PRINT.**  
Alexandria possesses the largest artificial harbor in the world.  
There are 230 glaciers in the Alps said to be over five miles in length.  
Among the Chinese a coffin is considered a neat and appropriate present for an aged person, especially if in bad health.  
The greatest height ever reached in a balloon was 26,100 feet. Two of the three aeronauts who made this ascent were suffocated.

### USEFUL, SENSIBLE, ACCEPTABLE Presents.

On purchases of \$25.00 or more we will pay freight 100 miles.

**A Wonderful Alarm Clock.**  
Something new in the way of alarm clocks has been invented by a Frenchman, who utilizes clockwork and the phonograph. Instead of the clanging bell that rings, stops and rings again, and finally becomes useless because one gets accustomed to it, the Frenchman's scheme contemplates calling a man in the morning with all the force necessary to awaken him.  
Some of the new speaking clocks have been exhibited in Paris. One is timed to shout at 6 o'clock in the morning. "Get up; it's 6 o'clock. Don't go to sleep again." This can be repeated until the sleeper is awakened, gets up and turn off the machinery. Other calls are more emphatic; in fact there is no limit to what can be said by the new clocks, for all that is required is for one to talk any desired message into the phonograph cylinder and set the mechanism so that the vocal pyrotechnics may be exploded at a given time.