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I HAVE LOVED YOU SO.

Sweet, I have loved you so these long years past. With all the passion of my ardent youth

That o'er our lives a lovely glamour

I staked my honor on your ceaseless truth. And now, with dreamy wonderment I

miss The clinging tenderness of long ago,

he gentle sympathy, the answering kiss • • • And I have loved you so.

Dear, for one hour, one little hour tonight. We two must face the weary length

of years That looms before us, bare of all delight.

tears. Are we to break the ever-loosening chain

That held us once so closely in its keep; Or will the sharpness of our present pain

Be lulled by patience to a fitful sleep? Dear, in your hands I leave our afterfate.

With but one prayer for all the old love's sake; If you should answer, it is all too late

To dream a dead affection should awake Speak without bitterness. Around us

The tender memories of long ago, That witness mournfully our last good

• • • And I have loved you so.

#### THE YACHT ORCHID.

He was looking at May's portrait-a nousemaid brought the packet to him. the girl entered timidly, with a furier heart was bleeding. But if her timidity had arisen from the fear of seeing some exhibition of terrible sorow, she had alarmed herself needlessly. No sign of tears, either past or "lenched lips like adamant.

er astonished ears. She fled to the kitchen and with scared face whismust be going mad.

Small wonder, perhaps, if he were! He had written a few days before to William Robinson for those putterns that he might choose the materials for his wedding suit. What a weighty matter that choice would have been! May was so particular about what he wore He used to be a little careless about his dress once-going about in coats with creases in them, and farmer's boots. Then, in his endeavor to gain May s approbation, he had overdone it in the opposite direction, sporting collars of absurd height, and impossible ties, enduring like a martyr the pinch of patent leather shoes a size too small for him and getting himself a little chaffed by appearing in suits ors. Alwyn Bny," printed upon it. The unmistakably in advance of the fash-

May, with gentle tact, had changed all this. Never hurting her ardent God. Three septences and the signayoung lover by open condemnation of his apparel, but by artful suggestions had first roused him to an interest in his attire, then toned down his some- kindly given us shelter. . . Mr. what crude tastes, and finally schooled Griffiths is addressing this. him into that quiet perfection of dress. Your loving May." ing which is the attribute of a gentleman. He had written for the pattern from Robinson's a few weeks before the important suit should be needed, as he wanted to have May's opinion with regard to the materials. Already the little, laughing, gay girl had begun to be more than a mere piece of loveliness for his admiring eyes to rest upon. He consulted her about everything. He had no sisters, and until the last yearwhen the death of an uncle and the inheritance of a fortune had made him bis own master-he had lived a solitary life in a remote country town with the relation by whose sudden death he was enriched. May Carden. one of the first young ladies he came across in town, had taken his heart by storm. The mixture of frivolity and sound practical sense in her nature was exactly what he needed. The one broke the crust of a certain moroseness born of an unloved life, and the other steadied the propensities to extravagance of taste and living which unexpected wealth had not unnaturally

After that laugh of harshness, which had so startled his servant, Laurence Ord went back to the study of May's portrait. It was indeed a veritable 'May" face. Cheeks like young roses, hair brown as hawthorn twigs, lips which were akin to the deep pink buds of the apple blossom, and eyes

Tinct with azure, like two crystal wells

These latter laughed back as if in macking merriment to the hard gray them. A sob of anguish broke in a figure of Britannia. groan from Ord's lips. He tried to realize that those dancing eyes were closed forever. Tried-tried as many and many a bereaved one has striven in vain to do-to grasp the fact that the dear lips would never speak again; that no more until the day of results rection would so much as the faintest one by one, a circle of islands, which color tinge the still white face. The

picture before him bubbling over ca it was with life and marth, save the lieto such a thought. The idea of May-May, the metrical little person in the world, lying cold and silent was too much for the young man who had last seen her having a wild game with kitten on the deck of a friend's racht.

He had dreaded that little cruise more than he could say. He had all but asked her not to go; but from this he had refrained, deeming it mere selfishness.

"You don't mind me going, Laurie, do you?" she had saked, when the trip had been suggested, and with a little pleading look in her eyes which was irresistible, especially as he had not yet the absolute right to give or withhold permission. "I'll only be some three weeks, dear, and then-if you still have a mind to-you may take me and keep me forever, and forever, and And heralded by bitter, heart-drawn forever! A large order, Laurie! Shall you want me for so long, do you think?"

Ord, never a backward lover, bad answered that question by a quietas to the sweet lips which spoke it.

He had gone to see her off on board the Orchid, and she had stopped in the middle of one of her airy whirls with the kitten and a piece of scarlet ribbon, to whisper, "Mind you have the patterns ready by the time I come back!"

The patterns were ready, but never more thought poor heart-broken Laurie would May come back to him again, "The yachi Orchid, which was wrecked last night on the dan gerous reef outside Alwyn Bay, is the property of a Mr. Griffiths, of London. All on board were saved except the unfortunate whose body was washed ashore early this morning. It has been identified as that of Miss May Carden."

This was the paragraph which had caught the eye of Laurence Ord as he had run over his morning paper at ovely little miniature—when the breakfast. Afterward he had come upon the first and longer account, but this was evidently a lettle paragraph ive glance at her master, for whom | inserted whe . further information had been recoived.

It was evening now, and as the slow hours passed young Ord began to writhe beneath the weight of angualsh which crushed his heart. His senses present, was visible in the young man's had at first been blunted by the shock. eyes. They were hard and bright Now they were a wakening to full con-Hard, also, was his face, and the sciousness of the immeasurable pain, He laid the miniature down and began He took the thick envelope off the to walk about the room. He moved salver, glanced at the clerky writing things here and there. He wound the and at the back, upon which was clock-then bis nervoless fingers drop, stamped in blue letters, "W. Robinson | ped it with a crash. He let it lie where L Co." Then he flung it on the table, it had fallen. He polled up the bland and as the servant left the room the and looked up at the starry heavens. sound of harsh laughter broke upon But it was of no comfort to him to think of May as dwelling among their mysteries. The sight of them did not pered that she thought poor Mr. Ord bring tears to his scorching eyes, or soften one atom the hard agony which held him in its merciless grip. He had a sort of feeling that little May would rather be with him. He began mechanically to settle the things on the table, to fold up the newspapers and open his neglected letters. He was fighting his pain. The letters were rend without his being a whit the wifer as to their contents. The packet of pale terns was the only thing that remained. With another of those piticul laughs be ripped open the envelope. The laugh changed into an indescribable cry There were no patterns in the envelope. Instead there were three thick sheets of paper, each of which had "Walter Robinson & Son, Solicitwriting was a penciled scrawl-a doar. ture will sufficiently explain:

"I was brought ashore half-drowned . Mr. Robinson, a lawyer, has

Accounting for Cats' Tastes. "Did you ever notice the cats about the oyster stands of the city?" asked a gentleman who takes an interest in 200 logy. "They are invariably as fat as butter. That is because they get plenty of shell-fish to eat, and, by the way, the fondness of cats for that kind of diet is a mystery which I'd like to hear some evolutionist explain. A cat will go crazy over a thrimp, and it is all the same whether it's a city cat or a hayseed cat that never saw water except in a cistern. It's a taste born in them, like their fear of dogs, and the question is. How the mischief did they acquire it?

"According to the evolution theory such traits are inherited and traceable to conditions away back toward the beginning of things. That would seem to indicate that the primal cut was a fisher; but how it one to reconcile the Wew York? the tribe for water. Their craving for shellfish is certainly so pronounced. that there must be an excellent reason behind it, and, altogether, it is quite a pretty litte problem for some savant. It is too hard for me."

Brittersia The figure of Britannia on the coin of the realm is neither a fancy figure nor taken from the antique. Accorde ing to the historian Gramsmont, it is narrow, so confining. So'l have sone That drink the blue complexion of the a full-length portrait of Frances The resa Stuart, Duchess of Lemnox, painted by Lely, and still extant at Lething ton Castle, East Lothian, Scotland, It was Charles IL who caused this lady ones which were looking down on to be represented as the emblematical:

Largest Sur Dial.

The largest sun dial in the world is Hayou Horoo, & large promontory, extending 3,000 feet above the Accesan See. As the sun swings round the shadow of this mountain it touches, act as bour marks.

WOMAN'S WEAPON

"What is a roman's weapon!" I saked a charming girl. She dropped har lashes shyly And stroked a vagrant curl. Then consciously she murmured This reschud newly out-"I have a strong auspicion Her weapon is a pout."

"What is a woman's weapon!" Lasked a lover true He turned him to a maiden With eyes of heavenly blue, Her velvet lips were parted. All innocent of gulle, And eagerly he answered:

"Her weapon in a smile." "What is a woman's wespon!" I saked a post then. With sudden inspiration

He selsed upon his nen. "Oh, I could name a thousand!" He cried in accents clear. But woman's surest waspon. I grant you, is a tear."

#### ro-morrow at noon

For hours before the Chicago express entered the Grand Central Station a passenger in the sleeping-car Arcadia was in a state bordering on frenzy. He had smoked so many cigars that the porter regarded him with apprebension. He had stamped up and down the side so fiercely that have being

shricked in fright whenever he appear. ed. He had a spell on processing the state ancient spinster in the section next his bad been on the point of swooning sev-

eral times. He was a big, athletic fellow, with a uddy complexion, determined lips, and yes like gray velvet, with black lasher and brows. His face would have been moticeable at any time, but now, crowned with an enormous silver-embroide.

ared sombrero and distorted with imsatisnee, it was doubly conspicuous. "That cowboy must be getting ready o kill somebody," said the commercial man from Omaha to the railroad man

rom Buffalo. "Either that or he's going to see his girl," replied the other.

The railroad man was a keen judge. of human nature. Tom Welr, ranchman from the Valley of the River of lost Souls, Col, was on his way to New York to find his awaetheart.

sigar and copinting the mile-posts he recalled, as in a dream, his meeting with the exquisite creature he was seeking. He remembered that clear, bright morning when he rode fingling lienvis an impression. Fit see you to and clattering into Durango, just as the train from Alamosa was pulling up to the station; how he threw himself of his mustang and joined the crowd of miners, cowboys, loafers and "greesera" on the station platform to see the passengers alight.

He heard again the murmur of admiration as she slepped from the train and walked through the throng with the air of a princess.

His heart pounded madly as he recalled the masses of red gold hair, the lange the bear that and siways we luscious lips, the eyes of most unboly | anced womanhood despined the du blue—the blue of the mountain map- just, the offensive immundous. He sa

phires—and the graceful avelte form. His thoughts shifted to the afternoon | women could bear to lines to se when he was introduced to her at the stuff. ranch addoning his own. She had At times he lost sight of the come to visit her school friend, the wife of his neighbor. He remembered her wonderful pink gown with clouds and billows of lace, the timy fan she wielded so coquettishly, the rings on her white familiar scrawl. Laurence read it on singers. She looked like an angel to over. Te-merrows to his knees, sobbing out his thanks to the his, clumsy, himshing, stammering soon." ranchman—a pink and white abget with a halo of dassling blonde hair.

Poor Tom Weir then and there lay Poor Tom Weir then and there was poss as a stage. He desired his great, unsuffied, honest heart at her poss as a stage. He desired fine feet. From the first moment she spoke to him he was her slave.

Now he thought of these beavenly lag hair falling over the days that followed; the long walks and ders. Her supply long rides in that glorious air that mounted marble against the sounds. to their heads like champagne; the nights when the great red moon awang. What was made to be cover the snow-covered mountain out as the correspondent ratios as peaks; the first mad kiss, the tender confession, the sweet surrender and the solemn betrothal.

And now he was going to see her! Two years had gone by since the girl of his heart had said good by to him; since he had held her to his brawny breast and with swimming eyes and husky voice had begged her not to forget him.

She had written bim often sweet kind, tender letters letters he had kissed and cried over and put under his pillow at night. She had kept her word. She had not forgotten him. Darling of Denver Combined radiant treature. O, where was a beggan, I want job to go man so madly happy as he! And O, with me." when, when would this train get into

idea to the instinctive abhorrence of the tribe for water? Their craving for this happiness; a mera tribe to be sure, but still there. A few words in had read and re-read them trying to blood was slowly tricking as discover just what caused his uneast. the white forebead in which has ness, but in value. Still a vague intain man a sure bullet was buriety as a street of the state. her last letter had troubled him. He gible something seemed threatening him. Some instinct sounded a note of alarm as he pored over the perfumed paper in his band

"I am tired of teaching," the letter ran. "The life of a governess is so in for art."

That was all Art-art? At is perfectly barmless, to be sure, but it was strange he had never seen her draw or paint anything. Indeed, he remembered that when with cliating courtness in the enthusiasm of the typical Western line, was founded the ranchman, he had pointed out the ego. That it has besumes of his beloved mountains she phoons and succept had seemed rather boxed than other tyrics is preof, a fit wise.

Ele made a suddisk resolvtion. He states a scould go to New York. He would be stated to pour and her her to give up at the

The second secon could give her a please t irida lossiy. Dired DE ORSE the wanted in Colonalis as

New Tork Yes, be would go to/flery !! Avec he of our lest or sea on president, he would save with him; he would being her the mountains and to his bound The train thundered late their Tom Weir had never been ton The West of the Dalled, and Chine can annoyed aim. As the current of the column winds every more land and of the vide-aprecities. plains. He forget to sink a cital his re-ner. But the claster and hubbet, with another the bolds.

to An Area to Michaeles 1.29 to the Call of the State of the section and the s ing the latinucies of the sole by a pert little maid, who stated perciliously at his height and brackly his ciothes and his sembraro, ...

"No," she drawled, "Miss Champron is not in the la driving in the park." "Can I see her this eventua?" he demanded imperiodely. "Why, no," she said, with intominhed

eyes, " of course mot. No one ever se her in the evening!" "When can I see ber?" he toll himself.

going hot and oost by turns.
"Your might possibly see her at m to-morrow, snapped the maid. "Many never up before moon." Then the shot

the door with a decided being Tom strong away, hurt, matry, and clour. What die it meant Art we class, Hylns in inxury, Never at 1 fore noon, Suddenly he suppose and sursed himself for a mean, pitting ar that he should suspect hat of say that was not good and pure and this. To-morrow-to-morrow at a he would see her. Everything we he explained, and on his know it

IN WORLD' I HED CLOSE. As he entered his actal he via fato man from Denver whom he to Phey shock hands and adjustmed to the bar. I can wer honestly grid to him. To tell the truth, the rate mit was lonely and a bit homesick,

"Got the dumpet" laughed the we from Denyar. 'Oh, brass up! Ge to As he sat moodily biting an unlighted see. Go to the Getham Trans great show there. Out of make the but there's a min there than's a handle The town has come wild ever belt is on only for a few moments wat a morrow about hoos. Gued-mires-le d

was propied by books of posity with branen amiles and allers There was pienty birden and mil and denotes and insulation ~ ...

But Tom was not intersected. Fi for such a shadden of fully believe dered as he looked about how a

"To-morrow at nous," was in distalling It through through the mistody at the orghestes, it resounded in the strains song. The rioling branches and will pered and sobbed the minimum

At lest the stage was week heard some people-such Many stood a women with the

door of the thester? stuple of him? - To mode of course. And what ale all bissing latters read in the gill signs along the crosside through

noon."
He went to ble room." He h he flung bimself upon will be

up Welk!" he smoothed, "Walk a

DANESSE SE LOGO SEE SE But no answer retained

ile are lait é listaire du ine most platinesque elec ture of the descript