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OUR LADY OF SORROW.

Dense the gloom of all creation— On the blackest spot of all is a lonely Virgin's station. Weeping o'er man's deepest fall.

Dead is Jesus, and His Mother Is abandoned on the Hill; Men have slain their God, their brother Now their mother's cup they fill.

In the city Jews are boasting Of the crime that stains to-day, Horror, they are vainly toasting:— "Pilate," "Herod," "great are thy!"

Dead is Jesus, thou art sighing, Mother of the Tender Heart; Thou art weary, thou art dying, Sad is now thy doleful part.

Mother dearest, Virgin tearful, Will no mortals watch with thee? Are the sons of Adam fearful Of the Cross-their Saving Tree?

In the darkness, full of sadness, May I on the Hill be seen: There I'll hate all sinful madness-There I'll love my King and Queen.

Mary weeping, Jesus bleeding, Ever will be dear to me; Sighing, mouning, warmly pleading, May I stand on Calvary!

A STROKE OF LUCK.

There was not a rougher customer in the whole county Wicklow than Barney O'Byrne, at least his neighbors said so, while they wondered how the "ould nagur" could have such a "dawshy collen" as his daughter

"She's for all the world like a wild rose growin' out of the hard-hearted oak, or a shamrock raisin' its head in the winter wind," said Micky Murtha, the privileged beggarman. But toen Micky's testimony was somewhat blased by the fact that Barney could very seldom be prevailed upon to give a "bit or sup" to anybody, while his daughter usually contrived to keep a warm seat by the fire for the sturdy beggarman, if she had nothing else to

Although old Barney, perhaps, was not as black as he was painted, I think Aileen deserved all the praise she got.

farmed the piece of ground adjoining out of his chin.

young man, whose reputation for danc- match. blind fiddler he was the judispensable O'Bryne was in despair.

requisite at every merry-making. very shy and reserved, that Aileen was last he said: "I'll go myself." quite as well pleased as her father.

often stand in the gloaming, looking sent to let me marry Alleen." down the path with a look of expeca neighbor in passing would shyly ask, his ear. "What she expected?" she would answer with a brighter blush, "Nothing at all;" but at the appearance of a stalwart form in the distance, she would sudenly disappear in the house, leaving the neighbor to go off in a paroxysm of winks and chuckles.

Shakespeare said, what thousands before and after him have learned, that "the course of true love never does run smooth."

Barney O'Bryne was suddenly lifted into a seventh heaven of happiness by a legacy of three hundred pounds which an aunt in Waterford bequeathed to Alleen. For days Barney did little else but dream, think and night is to give the body the warmth

called it: visited his friend's shebeen house now scending way, and wearied his cronies

One bright morning, shortly after the news of the legacy had reached Barney, Pat Sullivan met him as he was crossing a field-his head high in the air, as was usual with him of late. "A fine mornin'" began Pat; "I've wate a long time."

"The top o' the mornin' to you," mid Barney, assuming a patronising air,

can I do for you, me good mon?"
"I'm thinkin'," said Pat, not at all abashed by this assumption of the "quality manner"—'T'm thinkin' it's time for namin' the weddin'-day. Alleen and myself have agreed."

Alleen? It isn't possible that you're spakin' o' me daughter, Miss O'Bryne, the heiress?"

"An' sur, who else would I be spak- My fortune at her feet I lay in' of, but your own daughter, Alleen? Sure haven'y we promised to be man and wife?" demanded Pat Juffivan, his face reddening.

Barney removed his pipe from his mouth, and looked at this ampirant to And blushing, she gave her awant conhis drughter's hand in affected autonishment.

"Are ye an omadhaun? Do ye think, that Miss O'Brype would marry to the likes o' ye? Faix, I only allowed her Young men. I say, so do the same: to divart hersilf wid ye for want of a betther!"

This was a little too much. Pat's eve flashed, he clenched his fists, and then remembered that Barney O'Bryne was an old man, and Affeen's father. "Oh, very well, Misther O'Bryne,

very well." he said, endeavoring to suppress his anger; "so you are huntin' a rich baronet, or maybe a duke, for your daughter, and an honest Irishman, with only a athrong pair of arms and a heart that "ud be thrue to her, isn't enough! I wish, the man that gets her no harm; but let me tell you, there's only one person I'd rather have for a father-in-law than youand that's Old Nick himself!"

With this parting thrust, Pat Sulli wan went his way in a very miserable state of mind, resolving never agains to cross old Barney's threshold.

After this there was no more blithe melody heard in the O'Bryne cabin. Alleen ceased to sing the litanies or scrapes of Irish songs which had formerly made the house resound as if in it were imprisoned a whole flock of singing birds. Afleen went about with a sad, patient look on her face, and when her father asked her to sing the "Cruiskeen Lawn," which he usumily did while taking his "something hot" in the evening, she did it in such doleful style that old Barney declared he'd rather hear the wind sighing over a bog on a winter's night.

To make things worse, Barney went himself to town, and procured aston-She was a modest, sweet-voiced young ishingly bright-colored silk, gorgeousgirl, with the rose and lily in her com- ly ornamented with large houquets of plexion which only seem to bloom in unnatural flowers. This, together with Irish air. She had the blue eyes and an equally amazing bonnet and shawl, dark brown hair which distinguish the he deemed to be very proper attire for maidens of the Emerald Isle, and only his daughter in her altered circumprettiest girl in the place by persist- appear at chapel with him in this ar- Mr, Nugent was, ently keeping herself in the back- ray. Alleen dutifully submitted, wath occupied a small cabin. Aileen performed the duties of housekeeper, that day; but old Barney was proud as sir! What have you done with the while Barney smoked his pipe at a peacock, and wore a collar so re- liamond lintrusted to your neighboring shebeen, or leisurely markably stiff that it nearly cut slices

Barney O'Bryne was a great stick-Aileen very rarely appeared at any ler for the honor of his native place; off upon him an imitation diamond. withstanding that, she was not born and it was rumored that Mike Ryan, to blush unseen or waste her sweetness the champion dancer of a neighboring vesterday. on the desert air. She couldn't keep parish, was coming to B-on that My employer himself was a skilled herself from being seen at chapel on day with the avowed intention of out. | workman, though not a good designer. Sundays, and it often happened-by dancing all the votaries of Terpsichore and in the time that had slapsed beaccident, of course—that one or two of in the place. Barney was thrown into tween my handing him the ring and the likliest young fellows in the parish feverish excitement. He confidently his transferring it to the owner has would be standing near the door of the predicted that Mike Ryan would go could have removed the stone and rechapel just as Barney and Alleen came home crestfallen, and spared no placed it by another, trouble in bringing all who could As I thus speculated on the astound-

ing, singing and working stood very St. Patrick's Day came at last. There high, at least summoned courage to was an irruption of green that left it it would be safe to trust me. visit the O'Bryne cabin. Pat Sullivan spring's attempts in that line nowhere. "Did you hear any faing of what ing, wedding or wake for miles around gan and proceeded very disastrously adcould be held with out the presence of for B.... The indefatigable Ryan I admitted that I had. the ever genial Pat. Next to the vanquished all competitors. Barney

"There is only one man that can throat huskily as he spoke, "Still Lord" Barney O'Bryne was not insensible beat him," said the cronies, "and that Lambton can make things disagrees." to the honor of welcoming this per- is Pat Sullivan." Messinger after mes- ble. And look here, wage I haven't sonage as a suitor for his daughter, singer went after him. He refused to always been as friendly to you as I and I suspect, although she appeared come. Barney groated in spirit; at might, but I can trust you vou'll be

"I'll dance on one condition," said can for me, for the girl's sake." Things went on well. Alleen would Pat, answering this application; "Con-

"Come on, then," he said, "I'll let you have her." Pat went, danced and conquered.

Shortly after Lent Alleen became Mrs. Sullivan, and Pat has never ceased to bless the day that gave him the land as the deterrives ransacked the opportunity of winning such a wife.

Old Barney consoles himself with the the best dancer in the three kingdoms. which goes to prove that every cloud has a silver lining.

How the Heart Beats at Nicht. The main use of the coverings at

talk of this "stroke of luck," as he that is lost by reduced circulation of the blood. When the body lies down it I glanced at it, but I only replied; "I A change took place in the old man. is the intention of nature that it don't call myself an expert in precious Instead of wearing his battered beav- should rest, and that the heart espec- stones, and all I can say in that this er somewhat rakishly on one side of fally should be relieved temporarily of one precisely resembles in size shape his head, as was his custom, he placed its regular work. So that organ makes and appearance the one given me to it straight; he also added to his attire ten strokes a minute less than when set a very and stiff stand-up collar, which, the body is in an upright posture. This | While this statement was practically though its sharp edges evidently tor- means 600 strokes in sixty minutes, true, that one glauce had been enough tured his chin, he wore with a per- Therefore, in the eight hours that a to show me that I was not looking at sistence worthy of a better cause. He man usually spends in taking the Lambton diamond night's rest the heart is saved nearly . I was about to lock in the place for and then, but acted in a very conde- 5,000 strokes. As it pumps six ounces the night, when Nell came in all was of blood with each stroke, it lifts 30,- the first time she had let me see her by talking of "me daughter the heir- 000 ounces less of blood in the night's since her father had been taken away. session than it would during the day, "There's something I must say to when a man is usually in an upright you," she panied something live position. Now, the body is dependent been wild to say all day lead it should for its warmth on the vigor of the cire be too late, but I dared not let any culation, and as the blood flows so one suspect. A month seo father conmuch more slowly through the weins died to me that he had lost a great dealer "A fine mornin'" began Pat; "I've when one is lying down the warmth of money—and he showed me how of been waitin' to spake to you in pri- lost in the reduced circulation must be open a secret drawer in his Uniqueness supplied by extra soverings.

"I didn't perceive you at first. What Her bright blue eyes, her golden hair, Entranced my heart.

Her winning ways, so debonair, Her 'witching smiles, her sauty siars Through me did dart.

"An' pray, me good man, who's And then I wondered, could it be That such a prize was meant for men I scarce could realize.

> So, fearful! trenabling with dimin. And plead with deep amotion I waited then-twixt hope and fear;

She spoke so low I scarce could hear.
I was in such commotion.

And now I was content. Life without wife is all too tame,
And weary years misspen:

Modestly her eyes to ground were bent

NOT GUILTY.

The famous Lambion diamond three back the light from its many facets and strange, brilliant colors shot from its depths. It was the finest stone I had ever set in my life.

The ring, now that it was inclined. was fit even to adoru the hand of Lady Gwendolen Porrest, the beauty and with me, until the pray dawn filtered heiress of the season. But I did not lunder my classed shutbers. envy young Lord Lambton his fiances: and as pretty as any in the land.

I was about to take the ring to Mr. Nugent when Nell herself ran in. Bhe laim. house was upstairs over the large against him. Lord Lambion away day she had not been able to resist the senuine tewel at all, but a married temptation of having a peop at the imitation. Another was not so post ambton diamond.

Just as she had slipped it on her finger, and was dancing about twisting her hand, that the maryelous stone might catch the light, the door opened and Mr. Nugent entered. I prepared to liefend Nell from a harsh reprimend, but none came. Her father appeared oddly prececupled, merely took the ring from her, examined it earnestly, and, anapping the lid of the case down upon it, placed it in bis pocket and walked away.

Next day I was sitting at work when eaw a hansom drive up and Lord Lambton jump out. He came hastily into the showroom, which adjoined the escaped the reputation of being the stances. He insisted that Alleen should one where I was sitting, and where

much repugnance, and so miserable could scarcely believe my ears. "You Barney's wife had been dead for was she in this dazzling apparel, that thought to fool me easily by a false some years, and he and his daughter I'm afraid the excellent exhortation of stone; but I am as good a judge of

I sat still. I understood very well that Lord Lambton had deliberately accused my employer of trying to paim of the rustic merry-makings, but, not- and when St. Patrick's Day drew near | yet I knew that I had not the true atoms and delivered it to Mr. Nurent only

One of these, a handsome, honest "shake a foot" to this proud dancing ing accusation, Mr. Nugent himself opened the door of the workroom. He looked keenly at me, as it wondering

was a very popular man. No christen- The much-talked-of dancing match be- passed in the next room?" he question-

"Of course, I shall be trlumphantly acquitted," he announced, clearing his an important witness. Do what you

I was given no time to answer, for at that moment Lord Lambton returned Barney grouned aloud. A cheer from with two Scotland Taid man, My emtancy in her clear blue eye, and when the adherants of Mike Ryan fell upon ployer was given into custody and laken to the police station to be charged, the detectives remaining to search the premises.

> Mr. Nugent being a widower, with only one shild, the management of the business practically devolved on me, place, they put marry questions to me as to where the stones were kept. The reflection that he has for a son-in-law sufes were all pointed out to them but they seemed disappointed with their lassi.

operations.
Late in the evening they came to ma n the workroom, and holding out the ring that I had made for Lord Lambion, one of them said:
"This is your work, we understand,

is that the stone you set?"

but look fato the

tropage and the company of the compa The light of the sands enights struck on a glean from a pile of the sands of the pile of the partition on the last works. The the right was the Lambton during

"My poor father," and mosavely a held her. "He is ruined fineral." Cos. The designeer of & consider thief is no fit wife for an hemsel new "My darling! You are a wife and king and as for your talast; I says to you that I will gave him yet."

Tyen as I spoke as deen sad said into may head watch married me by I audacity. In a moment I had though

out every detail. I made up the stones, Lambioly at mond and all, into a packet, earefully closing the secret drawer, and conti lig to get away without being meet and went straight to my hyother's nouse in Keni, managing to avoid the service of a subposes. Thus I was no present at the police court proceed

Mr. Nugent was committed for trial and meanwhile I stayed in the comiry, working each night in my locked room, with the tools I had brought

When I say my old employer in the dock at the trial I was shooked at the sheetly change which had come over

was my employer's daughter, and his The syldence at first west steadily show-room in Clifford afrest. It was that the stone in the ring delivered to in my own Nell I had a girl as good blim by Mr. Nugent's own band was not against all custom for Nell to come [his dismond. One expert testified that down to my workshop, for her father not only was the stone he now saw disapproved our engagement. But to not the Lambton diamond, but how awear that it was below.

Then I went into the har. I was you cool mow, for the grant I had succeed mined on had cost me many a grant. Solmetal on but I just sometown or of cheating Lord Lambton, awarene falsely or targleblue my paracle honor.

The preliminary question of the head scuting counsel brought out the the and deep all the work apon it. "What sort of atoms was it your a player maye you to set?" was the m

guation. "An extremely valuable while mond." I pepiled. "Do you awant that you

"I de."

atone might have been an an imitation one must be a second "Certainly, But I could bell the ring field help to make the it left may banked." "Take this then, examine form the court if that in himsel

The ring was handed to bush fell upon the court. I full which denotes that a wind w it case him been reached.

I put my hand in my waistcost. et for my jewaler's glass, a sharpost eye could not have be L'alio drew forth a new rive, was the secret hours of night-secret counterpart of the other, and pontained the real Lauthren At length I serveyed the said

pocket, and with that false atone. content appropriate to the or the new your date from to the appropriate Mail?" cuting sounsels. ting of this ring has

paced with and that Lord Lambton Tid Ind "Mind," said the cools

mission to recall the expert? pert stepped in . The new ring w ships lighting up the level 3 "This is very remarkable." last, 'It's the first time it

made a mistake. This stone l rannot doubi it." * And so the prisoner was when the variety of choose of promounced is laint group of and a dead man was taken. dock, A spasm of the near

Sir months later ! married, On our boney walking in a lane of when we came face to 1 brice in a neighboring o terious case of mine

Dennie you to my wife-th

Lord Lambion to us doth, sug musk