

THE SINGER'S RUSE

It was one of those cold rainy days. Everybody knows what that means on shipboard: the deserted decks flooded with water and the saloon crowded with listless and unhappy passengers. Each time I thrust my nose outside, a fierce gust of rain and fog tore the door from my grasp. Invoking such injured and wrathful glances from my fellow voyagers, that I finally abandoned all hope of fresh air, and succumbed to the glare, heat and general stuffiness of the saloon.

Too sluggish to give more than half attention to the book I was reading, I ensconced myself comfortably in a corner, with cushions at my back and an incandescent light directly over my head, and proceeded in a desultory fashion to inspect my traveling companions. Some, like myself, were pretending to read. Some were dozing, and a few were simply sitting—waiting for something to happen. It occurred to me that the only passengers who were not distinctly bored, were a group of six or seven gathered about the piano. When I looked closer and perceived who were in that group I did not wonder. A man with a gray beard was sitting on the stool. Near him stood a beautiful young girl with a violin. She had been playing the intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana, rather well. I also recognized some young men, who were returning home after a year or two's study of music in Paris and Berlin. They had been honoring one another with various exhibitions of skill, but just then were engaged in chaffing the gray beard.

"Ah, do sing for us!" exclaimed the young girl, with extravagant emphasis. "I am sure you have talent. I can tell it by the noble line of your brow." Her beautiful eyes when turned on the older man, were very pleading, but behind his back she gave the youngsters a killing wink. And they were hugely flattered by this bit of play, and at once began vying with each other in elaborate efforts to cajole the stranger.

Finally, to my surprise, he did sing. He gave them a queer, outlandish song, in a cracked and quavering voice. They pretended to be in raptures. And the more they urged, the more he sang—simple hearted and obliging.

This little farce continued throughout the voyage. Not content with amusing themselves at the expense of the feeble old singer, these young humorists sought to enlarge his audience. I heard one little girl rush up to her parents and say—"Oh, we are having such fun! We tell him his songs are lovely, and then we look at each other and laugh!" This child was a mere infant, and her fond mother smiled admiringly upon her, and then glanced proudly over her little curly head at me.

Toward the close of the trip, the last day out, in fact, the lovely violinist proposed that he give a concert for the benefit of the crew. In reply to his suggestion that she join him in the programme, she said that she would not dream of matching her poor talent with his! Thus saying she turned her back, and glanced significantly at the others present. Smiles of sympathy crept over her face. She was very beautiful.

I smiled too. At last I began to smile, and then my smile broadened into a laugh, and I choked, and had to leave the room. I returned just in time to hear that old fool. I beg your pardon—that most amiable clown, consent to give the concert.

As he did so, a grave child in brown, who had been all alone but a silent observer like myself, left her seat and came hurriedly to his side. She looked up at him with gentle determination. "No, don't give the concert," she said, "the people are all thinking about landing, and won't listen. It would simply be kindness thrown away."

"You don't like to hear me sing?" "Not now," she answered, bravely meeting his gaze. Then she added, glancing at the others with a half smile that bespoke her less the child than I had fancied: "We are a very egotistical set, you know, and are little interested in anybody's talents but our own."

The man's eyes flashed with a sudden resolution; but the next instant he smothered it, and said: "I will sing to-night. I will sing just one song, and it shall be for you! Now I must go—and shave."

They all laughed. And the girl in brown flushed painfully—he ought to have taken her kindly hint, instead of which he was rendering her ridiculous! I smiled; at least I commenced to smile, but it ended in a laugh.

That evening he was late in joining them; but when he did enter the saloon, he strode straightway to the piano—took his seat—and commanded their attention by one, sweeping, masterful chord.

What was this? The lovely violinist forgot to solicit appreciative glances from the assembly. A graceful, rippling prelude, and then his magnificent voice burst forth in all its fullness. They were amazed—stunned! They forgot where they were—where they had been, where they were going—in the one overwhelming consciousness of that superb voice!

Leaving the piano, he bowed low to the little lady in brown. He was shaved; they recognized—the famous baritone.

This time I did not even begin to smile. I laughed from the outset.

You see I had always claimed that my friend was as great an actor, as musician. This trip proved it. He had boarded the Lucania too late to have his name entered on the passenger list. And he vowed he would enjoy the freedom of his vocation, and his barbarous beard, up to the day of landing in New York.

A few nights later little Miss "Brown" had the pleasure of hearing the opera from a box.

HIS CHECK BOOK.

"I've got an idea," said "Gentleman" Tom.

"If it's anything like the last three you've 'ad, you'd better git it away," replied Dick, sulkily.

"Have you heard of Stephen Brocklehurst, who lives at 135 High st?"

"No, I ain't. What is he?"

"Five years ago he was a poor telegraph clerk and he married a lady took it into his head to die and leave \$100,000 to his niece, and Stephen Brocklehurst is now a private gentleman living on his wife's legacy."

"And does the gent keep much of his 'ard earned money at 'ome?" asked Dick, eagerly.

"No, but he has a check book, and that is just as good."

"Not unless we can persuade him to sign a check payable to us."

"That is just what I intend that he shall do."

"How?"

"Well, his wife has a little dog, of which she is very fond. We must first steal that dog, and then—"

Three days later, as Mr. Stephen Brocklehurst was leaving his home after breakfast, he was met by "Gentleman" Tom, who stopped him and said: "Can you tell me where Mr. Brocklehurst lives?"

"I am Stephen Brocklehurst," was the reply.

"How fortunate! I have found a dog which corresponds to the description of the toy terrier which you have advertised as lost."

"That is good news. I will reward you well, if—"

"I want no reward, sir. I am not rich, but I am rather proud, and you may have the dog with pleasure, if it is yours. Will you come to my house and see it?"

"Thanks, I will."

Stephen Brocklehurst and "Gentleman" Tom then walked down a street leading to a lower class district, entered a house, and there, sure enough, was the lost toy terrier. Stephen stooped to pick up the delighted little animal; then, to his astonishment, he was suddenly seized by four strong arms. Before he could offer the slightest resistance he was bound hand and foot, and a gag was securely tied over his mouth.

"One 'art o' the job's over," said Dick.

"Couldn't have been done better," said Tom; "loosen the gag a little."

Dick did as directed, and then Tom, addressing Mr. Brocklehurst, said: "We are badly in want of \$2,500. If you will sign a check for that amount, we will let you go. Otherwise—well, we are desperate men in desperate circumstances."

Stephen Brocklehurst flushed angrily, but, calming himself, he said, quite coolly: "I'm sorry, but my check book is at home."

"That is immaterial. I will fetch it for you. Write a note to your wife, asking her to send it on."

"I'll be hanged if I do!"

"Very well, then. We will leave you here until you change your mind. Your hands shall be free, so that you may summon us by ringing this bell, but you must pardon us for tightening the gag and strapping you more securely to this rather uncomfortable bed."

The two rogues then left the room. As soon as they had gone Stephen Brocklehurst pulled out a note book, and on one page rapidly scribbled the following hieroglyphics:

Explanation.
Send police to 24 Blank st.
I'm imprisoned there

He then put the note book in his pocket. He had only been left alone about three minutes when he called to his jailers.

"I might as well give way," he said; "bring me pen and ink."

"Now let me have some paper—but, no, perhaps a leaf out of my pocket book will be better."

Stephen pulled out his notebook, and on the reverse side of the sheet on which he had previously scribbled the dots and dashes, he wrote:

"Dear Maud—I have forgotten my checkbook. Please send it per bearer. You will find it in my desk. Yours in haste, Stephen."

Tom then went to Stephen's residence, while Dick remained on guard. Mrs. Brocklehurst read the note, and, without the least suspicion, went upstairs to fetch the checkbook. Not until then did she observe the hieroglyphics on the other side of the sheet of paper.

As previously explained, Mr. and Mrs. Brocklehurst were ex-telegraph clerks. The hieroglyphics were words written according to the telegraphic system of dots and dashes. It was a message, and it read:

"Send police to 24 Blank st. I'm imprisoned there."

Mrs. Brocklehurst did her best to control her feelings, and she gave directions to a servant, who left the house by a back door. In order to gain time, she begged her visitor to wait a few minutes while she wrote a letter to her husband. The letter was full of meaningless nothings, for as she knew the bearer would open it as soon as he left the house.

At last the letter was finished, and unsuspecting Tom hastened to Blank st. Stephen was then commanded to make out the check.

As he was filling in the blanks, he was interrupted by a loud hammering on the front door.

The door was forced open, four policemen entered, and Tom and Dick were arrested.

There is nothing further of interest to add to this true story, except that Messrs. Tom and Dick are now spending a long holiday at her majesty's expense.

BRAVE GEORGE AND LULU.

George was nine years old and Lulu was eleven when the little town where they lived in the far Northwest was attacked by the Sioux Indians.

The Indians spared no one. Even Dutch Charley's house was burned and all his family killed although he had been a great friend of the Sioux.

The only house left was that of Judge Waldron, the father of these two children. This house was built right into a hill, and the Judge had forty Springfield rifles and plenty of ammunition.

So when the Sioux after setting on fire all the others drew near to his house, with terrible war cries, the Judge made ready to defend it. He sent George and Lulu with the two-year-old baby, Gussie, up-stairs. To the two oldest children he gave some plain directions.

The first direction was to put baby Gussie carefully between two feather beds so she would not hear the terrible cries of the Indians, or the sound of the guns. Perhaps he had another reason for putting her there. Bullies will not easily penetrate anything so soft as a feather bed, and she would be safe there. So George and Lulu tucked her carefully between the feather beds, leaving a breathing hole for her.

"Try and keep her still," said mamma. She was quite pale, but she spoke quietly. "We will all do our best and perhaps the troops may come."

"All right, mother," replied George cheerfully.

Then they followed the other direction—to take their places by one of the loop holes with their rifles in hand. For this boy and girl could use a rifle as well as their father and mother. Their brave hearts beat fast, but they held their rifles steadily. The savage cries drew nearer.

"Lulu," said their father, "you and George must stay carefully, but do not fire until you hear us do so."

"Yes, papa," answered Lulu. They could see far off over the hills something that looked like hundreds more of Indians coming.

But all at once it grew strangely silent. Not a war-whoop was heard. What had happened? Were the Sioux retreating, or only making believe retreat, so as to throw them off their guard? There was a brief moment of great anxiety, and then Lulu's quick ear caught the sound of hoof-beats unlike those of the Indian ponies.

"George," she whispered, "I do not see the Sioux. Can it be those were troops on the hill?" But before George could answer a bugle rang out, there was the soft thunder of swift-coming-horses and the flashing of United States cavalry sabres!

As a shrill bugle peal rang in at the quickly-opened door baby Gussie spoke. "Gussie likes the nest," she said, "and Gussie likes the horses, but she loves the bugle."

That night they all slept at the fort. When the Judge went to look for his home the next morning the house was in ashes, but to show that they were friendly to the family, the Sioux had set the furniture safely outside.

This was in 1862, and when Mrs. Waldron died recently, the Sioux mourned for her after their fashion, and the other day as her husband passed by the door of his parlor he saw a squaw called Black Hawk standing before her portrait and talking to it. No member of this family has ever spoken an untrue word to an Indian, and perhaps this is a reason for the friendliness shown by the Sioux.

A Novel Team.

Little M^{rs.} Clementine Rackliffe, a thirteen-year-old girl, of Cornua, Me., is the pride of Rackliffe farm and of the whole town as she drives about

with a team of pet lambs. The well-trained little animals who mind Miss Clementine's lines are but little more than a year old. They appear to have quite as much fun as does their driver.

Making Lovers of Brothers.

"Gain your brother's confidence, my dear girl, else you will have no influence over him," writes Ruth Ashmore, of "A Sister's Influence Over Her Brother." "Force yourself to be interested in whatever he tells you. Let no escort be as charming to you as he is. Make him find pleasure in the same society that you do, and if for some reason he finds it tiresome, then arrange to go in another set, but always a good one, which he will appreciate and in which he will be appreciated."

"If you have any accomplishments urge your brother to be a student with you. If you are a good pianist never refuse to play the tune he likes, and if you can induce him to take up the violin or mandolin, or even the banjo, so much the better, for then you may be companions in melody as in life."

"Never forget how much a man, and especially a young man, likes to be remembered. The tiny token on his birthday, the remembrance on the holiday, the little letter of congratulation sent when he has succeeded either in his studies or in the business world—none of the small pleasures of life is wasted on a brother. A brother is very often the reproduction of his sister. It is as if he were a mirror into which, when the sister looked, she found to be reflected all her faults and most of her virtues."

BACHELOR GIRL'S CORNER.

Effects Produced by Knowing What to do With a Trunk.

An ingenious bachelor girl, gifted with the happy faculty of turning a stumbling block into a stepping stone, has invented a new couch which, aside from solving a perplexing problem in housekeeping, is a genuine luxury. The great advantage about the couch is that anybody who owns a trunk can have one.

Now no housekeeper will deny that ordinarily an empty trunk is a hard thing to find a place for. It mildeeps in the cellar, warps in the garret, is always in the way in a closet, and takes a man to handle it wherever it is.

This girl has several trunks. When she returned from the country last fall, instead of storing them, she put them in a corner of her den. Then she threw some soft mats and a big cover over them, and over all a few brilliant lounge pillows. Now she has a billowy, cosy corner which makes her the envy of all her uninitiated callers. As proof of this every one of her really intimate friends have copied the idea, and a certain young man whom she knows has metamorphosed his lone box into a comfortable window seat in the same manner. The fair inventor herself says there is a multiple usefulness in her innovation.

"Before the trunks were there," she explained, indicating the inviting heap in the corner of the window, "the place looked so empty that I was ashamed of it. There wasn't room for a regular ready made couch, and I couldn't afford to have one built to order just to fit that cubbyhole."

"Looks fine," interposed a scholarly looking girl with auburn hair and a treckled face, "but say, Madge, how in the world did you arrange for one with a bulging top?"

"Why I turned it over on its side," said Madge. "Isn't that all right? Look here," she went on, as she tossed aside the covering. "Once I had my closets and bureau drawers so full that all my clothes were jammed together pell-mell, but now here is all this additional space. And then, too, everything here is safe under lock and key. You see that little hump down by the wall? Well, that's where I keep my correspondence; you know there are some letters you want to save, private letters—oh, you needn't smile—from home, of course!"

"It certainly is a convenient way of relieving the congestion of flat house closets," broke in her obliging friend. "Well, I guess it is!" exclaimed the bachelor girl, somewhat relieved, "and don't you remember the night we had Amy and Sue down from college for our 'stag' party? Why, I never slept sounder in all my life than I did right on this heap."

"That's just what she said next morning," the other vouched, "so it must be true, girls!"

New Stamp for Virgin Islands.

Here's a new stamp for the collectors. It will pay postage in the Virgin Islands (British West Indies) and marks the resumption of the special

stamp service which was dropped in 1890. Since the year mentioned the Virgin Island stamps have been of the general series issued for the whole Leeward group.

Royal Devotees of Outdoor Sports.

The King and Queen of Italy lead a very simple life. King Humbert is an early riser, and takes some exercise before breakfast. He eats very light food—a small roast a little wine and ice water being the customary menu. After the noon meal the royal pair take a short nap, and at four o'clock in the afternoon they take a long drive.

King Humbert devotes his attention to the minutest detail of his household, economy and order being his watchwords. Eight o'clock in the evening is dinner time at the palace. Afterward the King visits the theatre or listens to private recitations, and he retires promptly at midnight.

The Queen is devoted to Alpine climbing. The Italian Alpine association has paid tribute to her courage in this direction by electing her an honorary member.

In Gressoney, on the Piedmont Alps, lives Baron Pezore, whose family has for years furnished guides for the royal Alpine tourists. The Queen often lives in the villa of the Baron, who is now her guide and whose father died in 1895 while touring the Alps with Queen Marguerite. The Queen wears the regulation Tyrolean costume on her tours.

She is very fond of the soldier's life. On many occasions she invites officers of the army to her court, and orders the distribution of wine and cake among the privates.

King Humbert loves the Piedmont Alps, but his sport is in hunting the deer. From a recent expedition his party returned with forty-five deer.

Every day this spring seems to be moving day with Grimaldo.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

That Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Geneva.

Thomas Carroll, proprietor of the Carrollton Hotel, died early Friday morning, aged 48 years. Mr. Carroll's death, while not unexpected, came as a great shock to his family, the members of which had watched by his bedside many hours previous to his death. Sometime ago the death of Mr. Carroll, it was hoped that he might eventually recover. Early in the winter, however, the last stages of the disease began, and the physicians knew it was too late to save Mr. Carroll's life. During the last few weeks all that was possible had been done to make the sufferer comfortable and the end awaited. The deceased was born in Geneva, and having conducted one of the leading hotels had long been prominent in the business and social life of the city. He had resided elsewhere, but since 29 years ago had remained continuously in Geneva. Thirteen years ago Mr. Carroll engaged in the hotel business, conducting the Mansion House. This was afterwards called and the handsome and commodious Carrollton built on its site. Since that time Mr. Carroll has retained control of the hotel.

Mr. Carroll was married 22 years ago to Miss Mary Redmond. Besides his wife he is survived by three children, Elizabeth, Julia and James, a sister, Mrs. Martin Broderick, and two brothers, George and Christopher, of this city. The funeral was held from St. Francis de Sales' church Monday morning at 10 o'clock. Interment was in St. Patrick's cemetery.

Forty hours devotion was held at St. Francis de Sales' church during the week, beginning with a solemn high mass said by Rev. Father MacDonald.

At the high mass on Sunday, a magnificent memorial, a gift from a member of the congregation was accepted. It represents two adoring angels holding aloft two brass candelabra. The figures are nearly life size and are mounted on pedestals three feet high. The candelabra contain nine electric lights and ten candles. The statues are placed on either side of the altar.

Miss Katherine Nugent, formerly of this city, was united in marriage to Dr. C. L. Bradford, of Austin, Tex., at the house of Very Rev. Dean MacDonald, on Friday evening. Miss Emma Hanessey acted as bridesmaid, and Charles Sweeney as best man. Immediately after the ceremony the couple left for Buffalo for a short visit. They will reside in Austin, where Dr. Bradford has a large practice.

Rev. Joseph W. Hendrick of Orid, preached at the evening service at St. Francis de Sales' church on Sunday. He took for his text St. John 10:16. "Other sheep I have, that are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice, and shall be one fold and one shepherd." Miss Emma Hanessey acted as bridesmaid, and Charles Sweeney as best man. Immediately after the ceremony the couple left for Buffalo for a short visit. They will reside in Austin, where Dr. Bradford has a large practice.

Mary O'Brien, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. O'Brien, died Sunday at the family residence, 38 Geneva street. The funeral was held from the house at 3:30 Monday afternoon. Interment was in St. Patrick's cemetery.

Frank McDonald, the 7-year-old son of Patrick and Mary McDonald, died Saturday afternoon. The funeral was held from the house at 2 p. m. Monday.

Fairport.

Miss Katherine Helderford, who is attending school at Geneva, has been spending a week at home. Miss Helderford graduates in June.

Sergeant D. M. Doherty, 32nd Co. I, has returned to Fairport, having been married out. He has made a good record for himself, and his many friends were glad to greet him.

Mr. M. Doherty of Ontario, visited friends in town last week.

Mr. Fred Ryan, of Duluth, Minn., is making his winter visit at his home on Jefferson Avenue.

On Monday evening, April 17th, at the residence of Rev. J. L. Gody, occurred the marriage of Mr. Gregory Shea and Alice Roberts. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Shea will reside at the Shea farm, southwest of the village.

On Monday of last week, the funeral of Mrs. Robert Lucas, was held at the Church of the Assumption. She is survived by a husband and five young children, who have the sympathy of many friends.

The graduating class of the Fairport high school, contains 25 members, and is the second largest class that has ever graduated.

The debate between the Olympian society of the Webster school and the Delta Epitaph society of the Fairport school, on Friday evening last resulted in a victory for Fairport. The subject for debate was "Capital punishment should not be abolished." The affirmative was taken by Webster and the negative by Fairport.

COLDS

Colds are easily taken and often develop into bronchitis or consumption. You should cure a cold promptly with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. This celebrated remedy is most efficient and will cure a cold at once.

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP

Promptly cures Stubborn Colds. Does not irritate and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25c. At all drug stores.

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"Great Results"

Always Good.

Many people find it hard to pull them through, and are often disappointed. Do not dilly-dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles. With it you are "no good."

Keep the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood healthy by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the faultless blood purifier.

Dyspepsia. I know a positive remedy for dyspepsia and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured me. My number is 100. W. E. BARNES, 104 Oak St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Time. I know a positive remedy for time. It cured me. My number is 100. W. E. BARNES, 104 Oak St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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