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NOTES FROM GOTHAM

CLEOPATRAS NEEDLE DOES NOT LIKE OUR CHANGEABLE CLIMATE

See Shell For a Roadway-Cheyenne Indians View the City-A Burglars' Trust Pickpockets Grow Bold-Another Wonderful Invention.

Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park is becoming dangerously weather worn. The shaft that stood for many centuries on the banks of the Nile is unable to withstand the ravages of general humidity and all the meteorological disagreeableness that accompany it in New York. Gaping cracke are observable in the obslick near the top, and the outer skin of the shaft. with its ancient hieroglyphics that give it such interest, is peeling off in large patches. Something must be done if the obelisk is to be saved, and it is possible that it will have to be taken into some public building, where climatic conditions cannot affect it. It is little consolation to New Yorkers to know that the obelisk on the Thames embankment in London is in the same condition as ours. The towering pillar in Central Park is one of the most valuable relies of an ancient dynasty in the "land of mystery" that is to be found in the whole United States.

Irving and Terry. The reappearance of Henry Irving on our stage and the first American production of a new play, "Robespierre," by Victorien Sardou, occurred the other evening at the Knickerbocker theatre. The double event was unquestionably the most important and impressive of the season. All honors went to Irving, and he deserved them all. He is the prince of English-speaking actors, the undisputed head of his profession, without peer or rival at the present time. Besides



Henry J. Irving.

this, he is a scholar and a distinguished gentleman, a man of generous impulses and delicate refinements. whom all are proud to love and revere. The thunderuos applause that greeted him and was repeated at frequent intervals throughout the performance vibrated with this feeling, and added to it was a note of gratification to see him in full possession of his health and spirits, with no trace of his long

and serious illness. Interest in the Speedway. The owners of the fast horses in

New York who are interested in the 'apeedway" are talking of trying to get the roadway fit for use throughout the winter, in spite of frost and snow. There is a certain kind of sea shell which, when ground up, makes a aplendid road, and which is in use in some of the popular seaside towns in this vicinity. It draing away moisture easily and is always hard and firm, no metter what may be the state of the weather. It is suggested that this material might be brought to the speedway at small cost, and then the road would be good all the year around. Of course the city will have to pay for it, if it is used, but the horsemen say that the speedway gives a stimulus to many trades connected more or less with horses and carriages, and that the improved roadway would be a direct benefit to the community at large. The next thing will be to make the park board see it in the same light.

New Firemen. A pointed reminder of the perils of a fireman's life was offered when fifty new men entered the ranks of the Fire Department of Greater New York. They are to take the places of those who have dropped out by death or disability, with a few who have resigned. As a rule, however, firemen do not resign. There is something fascinating in the service, and it is a common saying that "once a fireman always a who have once belonged to it.

Wonders Never Cesse.

Perpetual motion, or something very near it, has been invented by a Brooklyn man, according to his own assertion. He has produced a machine which he says will automatically furnish motive power for steamships and trains, purify the air of hospitals, theatres, and other buildings, make 1,800 pounds of ice an hour, and give the crew of the Holland submarine boat enough air to enable them to remain under water for two years. The machine looks like an ordinary refrigerator, but there are many complicated coils of pipe inside, together with a steel fan, and six separate chambers half filled with water. To start the machine to its full power it is necessary to load it with ninety pounds of ice. After that the contrivance does the rest automatically. In a few minutes the surrounding air can be reduced to a temperature of fifty, degrees below zero, and inside the ice box it can be brought down to 200 below zero. The inventor says his machine will be a good thing for powder houses, where it is desirable that low temperature shall be maintained, and, in fact, there is no end to the usefulness of the contrivance where it is desirable to cool off things. He says it is the nearest thing to perpetual ma-

tion ever invented, because, when once it has been fed with enough los to start it, it makes its own ice afterward indefinitely.

The Latest Trust.

The startling assertion is made that there is a burglar trust over in Jersey. at the back of the Palisades. Burglars are generally disposed to patrontre suburbanites, but there have been more robberies this fall than usual in the large neighborhood of which the ancient and classic village of Hackensack is the centre. A night or two ago a school house was looted, everything in it being taken. The deaks, chairs, slates, books, and even the bell in the tower, were removed, and it is supposed that the burglars must have had a wagon to carry off everything that is missing. A private house was robbed on the same night, when the lamp-post in front of the place was taken away, so that there should be nothing left to throw light on future robberies. Jersey is a nice place in woich to live, but the "commuter" has aiways to take his account with burglars. Now that there is evidently a "trust" of housebreakers, the situation becomes more interesting than

\$1,000,000 Must Be Raised. It has been decided that \$1,000,000 must be raised to perpetuate the Dewey arch, and seventy-five sub-committees have been appointed to attend the work of getting the money. The members of these sub-committees will begin to canvass the city for subscriptions without delay. It is felt that there will not be any difficulty in raising the money, although the members of the various committees are business men and men of the world; and they know the importance of keep. ing the matter alive while interest in Dowey is at white heat. It is no reflection upon the patriotism of the American people to say that it will be easier to get the \$1,000,000 now than, cay, a year hence. The temporary points of excellence impress one more tumnal colors, and more at each view of it. The ediside will be a great help to the canvassers for subscriptions, because everyone who sees it feels that it would be a crime to let such a fine specimen of American art work go out of existence

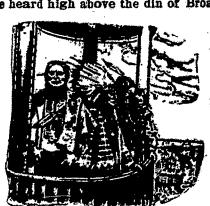
Pickpockets are Bold. Pickpockets are getting bolder in this town. Not content with robbing passengers on street cars, they are victimizing the conductors as well. Many conductors keep a quantity of change loose in the outside pockets of their each coats, and it does not demand professional thief to lift the money out of it without being noticed. A number of complaints of this style of robbery have been made in the last few days, and detectives have been set to watch car platforms and afford protection to conductors.

Five Cents to the Island.

a five-cent car fare to Coney Islandaby way of the "L" road, his patrons are grumbling because the Coney Island please the public with rapid transit, as of the tomb, since one could not get to Coney Island hardly get cheaper than five cents, unless riding is made free altogether. Ahead of Time Again.

The announcement of Admiral Dewey that he will soon be married to the lady of his choice again presents him as arriving ahead of time. It has not been hinted at by the society reporters, who have, of course, eyes upon him ever since he returned, and yet have been unable to discover the direction he was taking. Just when they were exhausting their wit upon descriptions of his new home and how ideal it is to be for a bachelor resort, he quietly announces that he is soon to be married and will non therefore for the present make further arrangement for public functions. The fact is now demonstrated beyond a fact that It is useless to try and get ahead of our naval hero. While others are wondering about him and his plans, everything is found to be decided upon and done. Cheyennes Indians in Town.

Five Cheyenne Indians, in their blankets and paint, marched gravely along Broadway the other afternoon. They walked in single file, Indian fashion, with solemn faces and took little notice of the curiosity they excited. Once, however, one of them confounde ed the general idea that Indians have no sense of humor. A crowd of boys were following the braves, and the youngsters were emitting all kinds of shricks and howls which they fondly imagined to be correct imitations of Indian war-whoops. Suddenly one of the red-men stopped, looked into the face of a small newsboy at his side, and let out a terrific whoop that could be heard high above the din of Broad-



Viewing the City from the World

Tower. way and made a swearing truckman shrink in dismay. It was a true "warwhoop." There was no mistake about it. The other four Indians, allowed a smile to ripple over their stolid countenances, but the perpetrator of the without my companions. Perhaps iest more than amiled—he fairly roared with laughter. An Indian doubled up with laughter on Broadway was something worth seeing, and it was no wonder that many a staid business man, who would not have given him but as I think of it now I shudder at a second look under ordinary circum, the way I followed my two unearthly stances, stopped to see how the aborfginal American looked while doing violence to all traditions by betraying amotion in this unblushing way. ... maked trees.

THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.

Oh, does it sometimes seem, my dear, as though it didn't pay.

To do the little things that come with each successive day—
The trifling things so small and dull—oh, does it seem to you.

That life helds grander duties you long so much to do?

set the house aright.
To trim the lamps and render them all shining clean and bright—

It's dull to rock the baby when others sound. I tried to move but was right.

us what we are.
The happy housewife or the one whom little troubles mar; It is the little things we do that make un sweet or sour.

That strew our path with thistles or with many a lovely flower. Oh, let us just resolve, my dear, to do

them anyway— The petry, trifling duties that come to us each day— So let us gradly do them, nor think them done in vain.

And in our lives their melody will make a sweet refrain.

—(Harriet Francene Crocker.

It was in the fall of 1880 that a I dreaming or had I witnessed a mur-party of friends and myself—equipped der or a suicide? I could not islifor hunting deer-found ourselves my brain was in w whirl woods" of the Adirondacks.

We had been geveral days in camp, and found game not very plenty, consequently hunting was dull.

I am not much of a hunter myself-I had only come along to fill out the not seen. party, and I often stayed at the camp, amusing myself—as I am something plained in one way and a mystery in of an artist-making sketches of the another-the men I had followed were picturesque ecenery, which was es- not mortal, pecially beautiful at that zeason of Dewey arch is so beautiful that its the year-all nature being clad in au-

It was a beautiful day, I remember and the dreamy quietude of Indian lessed having murdered a man, two Summer was over the solitudes of the years before in a lonely gless, where mountains. My companions had de- he had led his violism for that purpose, tempts to persuade me to join the stone in the gleu. party-I was left behind to amuse myself as best I might.

With my sketch-box for a companion, time flew rapidly by, and the sun was sinking near the western goal ere extraordinary skill on the part of a I returned to the hut. Tall shadows were beginning to creep over the mountain side. The sun, as it sank hehind a distant peak, crowned it momentarily with a crown of burnished gold. Then it was torn away as it. by gome rude, unecen hand, and the summit grew cold and gray,

Twilight came noftly creeping the forest. The stars came out one by one—the incandescent lights of the heavens-lit by angel hands. A deathseason is about over. It is not easy to like calm was in the air a stillness.

no matter what may be done by the . A feeling of solitude came over me authorities. It is not so long ago as night settled down. I sat affect and motionless before the door of the for less than twenty-five cents. It can I ut fearing to break the silence. Bud. denly, the shrill note of a screech chasing each other up and down my backbane, and my hair actually stood on end. The spell was broken, and I chuckled to myself at my unwarranted

> The moon came up, in a little while, full and clear, bathing the mountains in a flood of soft, misty light, The breezes whispered among the frees as big load right off. ed spirits. My companions had not got it well a rolling, the driver says to yet returned, and I was waiting for them in the same quiet way: them by the door of the but, wondering at their long absence. It is not of superstition came over me a feelformed into some hideous shape that

The death-like silence was distract. ing. It seemed to close about me and hold me as in a vice. There seemed hold me as in a vice. There seemed regarded as a thoroughly British day, to be some weird influence at work typical of the sauberant temperament within me that I could not resist. I of the race. Compared with it the began to whistle a familiar tune to "Vive" of the Frenchmen the "Hoch" break the oppressive silence; but the of the German, and the Sileya of the sound of my own whistle seemed so Russian are tame and expressionless; shrill and unnatural that I got no fur- but the "Hip-amphorerad" from Anglother than a couple of bars. I stood be Saxon throats rings through the side the door of the hut, trembling spheres and carries everything before with superstitious fear, not daring to it. It is a cruel blow to find that the ther than a couple of bars. I stood beso inside and yet, I wished myself words are not English at all. The one

hunting in the "back woods."

Thinking he might be one of my

he was preceded by a tall, lank man, with long gray hair and beard, the was clad in a buckskin hunting suit, and wore a broad-brimmed hat. Over his shoulder carelessly rested a lourbarreled rifle. What seemed strange to me—he was an exact counterpart of our guide; but how came he there thought I-he is leading me to them so I was slient, and followed my still more silent guides. Not a twig snapped or a leaf rustled beneath their than it is in England. The correct of feet. I did not notice it at the think. America live better and dress bester. companions along that lonely path. only lit by now and then . a street moonbeam that stole through the hall

which we collet for some distance what we stood in an evening surrounded on three sides by room walls surmounted by tall pine trees, whose long boughs nierty loughed over the middle of the open space I pause to rest. My companions advanced to the centre of the level apace. I saw It's prost work to sweep and dust and their faces they were while as death. sound. I tried to move but was rivit. duties wait.
To patch and mend the little clothes and make the tangles atraight.

Oh, 'ris the little things of life that make us what we are.

Oh what we are. could comprehend the meaning of his settons-there came a fash, but I heard no report. The figure in the centre threw up his arms and fell forward upon the ground. I uthered a cry of horror, and rushed to the spot where he fell, but the body had vanished. I looked about for the guide, but he was no where to be seen. This was too much for my excited nerves, and I

fied back through the forest.

When I reached the key, I found my companions had just returned from the day's hunt. I rushed in, and there upon the floor was stratched the dead body of our guide.

How could it be it was not he
who had been shot—it was his mysteriour companion. What alled met Was

lodged in a log but in the "back My companions, anxious at my strange excitement, gathered round me to know the cause of my wild appearance. I told them what I had seen to their great amazonient. To them such a tale seemed impossible—as it would have seemed to me, had I heard and

Strange as it was the was marily ex-

On questioning my companions, I learned that our guide had been mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of a rife as they weredreturncided on a long tramp, led by our from the very but we mow socupled. guide, with the hope of finding game. He had killed the man for his money, more plenty in the remoter regions of Which he took from his posteris, and the mountains. After many vain at then buried him beneath a pile of

The spirit of the murdered man had. undoubtedly, led me to that lowely give to witness the crime as it had been committed, that night, two years before.-Earl Leo Brownson.

Able Merres.

Down on's Bouth-sireet where there was a big double truck with a load of bar from and some other staff that looked as though it algor as belon tons. It was a very togray lead; but the team was a pair of big, round bod. The ied, well-fed and well-course-for bey horses that Looked could pull a house right out its founds. tion, if they sould wally be histaked to

The driver was a selma quiet men. but evidently of good pendure and copies good terms with his horses. When he was all ready he got up on his seat. and gathered up the reine, and looked down on his big horses. They souldn's see him, but their sare were open. He owl broke the stillness, and I sprang said to them in a quiet, say nort of to my feet a bost of little shivers way and in words that somehow seem. ed addressed to the big horses, personally, "Get together," and the big norses seemed to understand that per-fectly, to take it as a personal com-munication, and to know what was nearly. They got together; they set-tled into their collars and started the horses seemed to understand that per-

if they were the voices of depart. Fifty feet up the wharf, when they'd "Get into it."

"That didn't seems quite so efear to strange that a weird feeling should the bystander who keard it, but it was come over one, alone in the heart of clear enough to the horses, appearantly. the mountains at night, and a feeling for they began to trot; and they took dng I never experienced before or the load along in that way many it since. Every rock and bush was traus. was a big load, but they were big horses, and on friendly terms with the modded and grimaced and threatened driver, and ready and willing to an one till I closed my eyes that I might what they could right up to the limits not see them. But my eyes would a fine able team, and proud besides to open, and the figures would appear as pull for the man on the stat.

"Hip-hip-hurreh" has always been Presently, as I was looking toward not made in Germany." A gentle-the woods, a man came out and stood man named Adams has been investi-in the open, several rods from me, gating the mysteries of the Pyramus. He was clad in a next hunting suit, and monuments of Egypt, and have and was evidently a city gentleman, found the phress "Hip-hip-knrysh" spending his vacation, as we were, among the early hieroglyphics of that hunting in the "back woods." country. The only consolation derive Thinking he might be one of my spie from this remarkable discovery is companions, I called to him, whereup the argument which may reasonably us on he placed his finger upon his lips deduced that the presence of these as a sign for slience, then beckened as a sign for slience, then beckened British words among the etymological me to follow, and turned back toward treasures of Pharson-land gives us an the woods.

I don't know what made me but Nile valley. And this theory is some strange impulse carried me for strengthened by the fact that accordward, and I followed him into the ing to Mr. Adams, the hieroglyphic woods. As I got nearer, I noticed that "Hip-hip-harrah" means, when transhe was preceded by a tall, lank man, lated. "On, on to plunder."—London with long gray hair and hard.

Mr. Thomas P. Tracy one of the dela equies representing the American Fre-eration of Labor in the British Trada Union Congress Which mee in Bos land, said: "The working people are much better off in Ene county. The wages for American workings the higher the cost of Eving is less been

Melbs, the press Avenue, to the lead with the second second that she sirely w



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