

MENG & SHAFER,

The Leading and Oldest Established Manufacturing Furriers in Rochester.

FACTS ABOUT FURS.

Although Fur is Fur the world over—Yet Furs should be bought only where you can buy in confidence. In our establishment are surrounded with all the safeguards that 30 years' experience can bring. The name of Meng & Shafer on a garment carries with it a guarantee of reliability.

We have just the kind of Furs you want—whether a small neck wear piece, priced as low as \$2.00 or an Alaska Seal or Persian Lamb garment, plain or trimmed, costing \$125 to \$300—all fresh and new and styles that are the styles of to-day.

The assortment is the largest ever shown in Western New York, and the workmanship of each piece is of that high character which places our Furs beyond the point of rivalry when prices and quality are compared.

Seal Skin Coats.

X Quality	\$150
XX Quality	\$175
XX X Quality	\$200 to \$275

Electric and Near Seal Coats.

Finished Like Seal Skin Jackets	
Electric Seal	\$30
Baltic Seal	\$35
XXX Near Seal	\$45

Fur Storm Collars.

Chinchilla	\$50 to \$100
Russian Sable	\$75 to \$150
Hudson Bay Sable	\$50 to \$100
Seal Skin	\$25 to \$75
Mink	\$25 to \$75
Beaver	\$18 to \$25
Persian Lamb	\$25
Alaska Sable	\$10 to \$25
Electric Seal	\$5 to \$15
Stone Marten	\$25 to \$45

Fur Muffs.

Seal Skin	\$12 to \$25
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Russian Sable	\$25 to \$50
Mink	\$8 to \$20
Persian Lamb	\$8 to \$10
Alaska Sable	\$5 to \$15
Stone Marten	\$15 to \$20
Alaska Fox	\$10 to \$15
Russian Fox	\$12 to \$18
Blue Fox	\$10 to \$25
Electric Seal	\$15 to \$25
Astrakhan	\$15 to \$25
Beaver	\$6 to \$10

Fur Robes.

Black Goat Robes	\$5
Natural Dog Robes	\$8 to \$15
Cub Bear Robes	\$12 to \$25
Siberian Wolf Robes	\$10 to \$20

Persian Lamb Coats.

X Quality	\$95
XX Quality	\$115
XX X Quality	\$150

Ladies' Fur Capes.

Electric Seal	\$10 to \$25
Alaska Sable	\$50 to \$75

Persian Lamb	\$75 to \$125
Astrakhan	\$12 to \$25

Fur Neck Scarfs.

With Cluster Of Tails.

Russian Sable	\$25 to \$50
Hudson Bay Sable	\$25 to \$50
Alaska Sable	\$10 to \$15
Blue Fox Animal	\$15 to \$25
Red Fox Animal	\$7 to \$12
Brown Fox Animal	\$9 to \$15
Natural Lynx	\$10 to \$15
Blue Lynx	\$10 to \$15
Mink	\$5 to \$10
Stone Marten	\$10 to \$15
Persian Lamb	\$10 to \$20
Electric Seal	\$2 to \$5
Imitation Alaska Sable	\$1 to \$5
Imitation Stone Marten	\$1.50 to \$3

Fur Caps and Gloves.

Seal Skin Caps	\$12 to \$18
Near Seal Caps	\$3 to \$5
Imitation Seal Caps	\$1.50 to \$3
Seal Skin Gloves	\$8 to \$15
Beaver gloves	\$5 to \$8

Our Stock of Umbrellas is the Largest we ever had.

The choicest designs in Ivory, Pearl, Bone, Dresden, Gold Silver or plain Natural Wood Handles. Qualities extra fine choice. Have you seen the new Umbrella for Commercial Tourists? It is jointed at the handle and at the tip all done in a minute. Can be carried in your dress suit case or trunk when not in use. Will delight the heart of any man.

In Ladies Umbrellas we have some rare and exquisite designs Covers in black or colors. Color to match any gown.

Our Prices are Guaranteed.

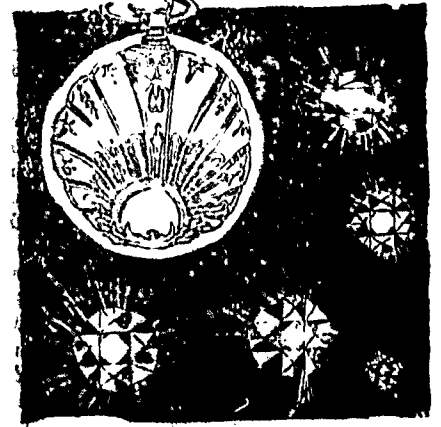
All Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

MENG & SHAFER,

14 West Main St.

Powers Block.
186 East Main St.

11 State St.



A Woman's Dream.

Is to own a bushel of diamonds. And we say making it possible to have that dream a reality. When you realize how cheaply we are selling those handsome diamond rings, you'll want one.



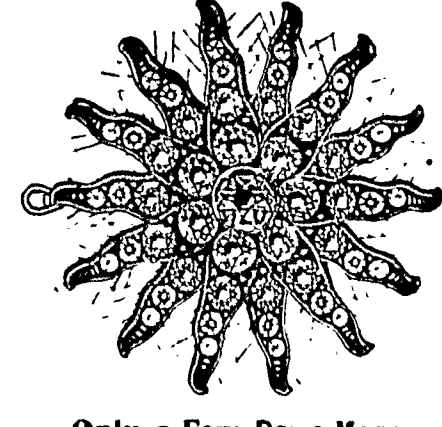
Jewelry Has All Seasons.

for its own. It is always an appropriate gift. We are constantly supplied with all the every day necessities, such as wedding rings, plain and elaborate jeweled rings, earrings and pins, as well as keeping in hand all the pretty "fads" of the hour.



Reliable Jewelry.

Our superb array of jewelry and watches make selections easy—everything is in perfect taste and everything may be fully relied upon. We sell nothing we don't know all about, and we tell you everything we know about everything you ask to see.



Only a Few Days More.

Come and see the Diamonds and Watches we are selling on Weekly Payments. We will use you the way we would like to be used ourselves.

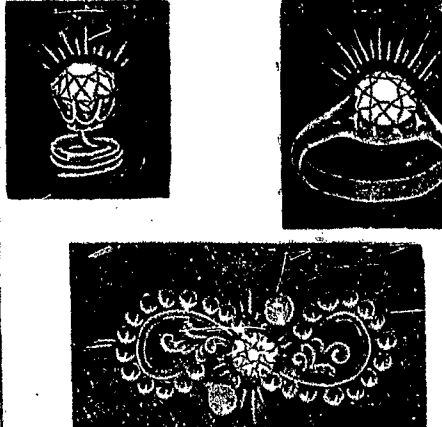


James M. Nolan,

Rochester's

Weekly Payment Jeweler,
Our Stock for Holidays is now complete. Call and see us.

154 East Main St.
Over Beadle & Sherburne Co's.,

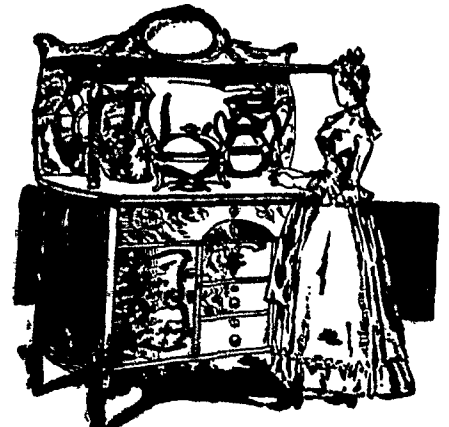


This is our 12th year doing a weekly payment business. The fact that we are still at it speaks louder than words. Open Evenings until after Xmas. Society pins a specialty.



TWO RINGS always travel with Cupid and two rings travel with the rings we sell—the ring itself and the ring of honesty—honesty in material and workmanship and price.

The machinery that runs this jewelry business is honesty. If you buy a baby-pin here, it will be a good baby-pin—it will be good when baby is a woman. If you buy a watch here it will be a good watch. Buy something and see if it isn't so.



Silver Tableware.

will improve the appearance of the handsome sideboard. We are showing some fine articles in quadruple plate that will give you as satisfactory service as sterling ware. They look just as well. The prices are remarkably low. Our stock of jewelry is more complete now than ever.



IF EVERYBODY knew about our stock, this month would discount any December since we have been in business. Everybody doesn't believe what they read in the newspapers. You may believe or you may not, but you owe it to yourself at least to investigate. The only way it to come an I see.

REVENGE VS. DUTY.

By the Author of "A Lucky Escape," &c.

Chapter VIII.
On their arrival at Gledmore, Norman and his mother were met at the station by Jack, who was in wildly high spirits.

"Now I have all that my heart desires," he said gaily, "and, as to the little mother, she'll be quite happy now. You know, Mumsie dear, she wants Norman as much as I want you. You ought to have come down long ago, and lived at the Dower House, as we wished you to do. Anyhow, we have got you now!"—and Jack tucked the soft furs tenderly round Mrs. Harvey. "You didn't recognize Bob, Norman; he's promoted now. The old coachman has retired and taken quite a swell affair in the horse and cab line at Birmingham. That is the only change. Everything else is as you knew it. Mr. Gledmore has come home. You'll like him; he's so like his daughter. That is not the right way to put it, but you know what I mean—we knew her first. Now, Mumsie dear, here we are, and Norman will take you in while I see to the rugs and the umbrellas."

In the hall Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp met their visitors with the heartiest of welcomes. And soon they found themselves in the pretty old room, with its soft lamplight and bright glowing wood fire.

"There is always such a sense of rest in this room," said Norman, as he took his cup of tea from Mrs. Beauchamp's hands and glanced round him. "Jack came over and took the chair beside him."

"To-night I must not monopolize you, Norman," he said; "but to-morrow I want a long chat with you. I am so awfully happy about something I want to tell you."

Norman turned to him in smiling surprise. "What—a girl?" he said.

"No; if it were that, I'd tell you now like a shot. I have promised not to tell you to-night, or I would. I must wait till to-morrow."

After dressing for dinner, all had assembled again, when Eileen arrived, escorted by her father and Colonel Gledmore; and Norman liked the friendly way in which Mr. Gledmore greeted him without introduction, and then, with grave courtesy, requested to be presented to his mother.

Eileen's greeting was friendly, but formal. She was more beautiful than ever, and he found himself wondering to whom she was engaged, and what she had done with his ring. At the dinner-table he looked for it, but she did not remove the glove from her left hand. After dinner she consented to sing without hesitation, and, when she drew off her glove, Norman scarcely dared to look at the unglazed hand, his anxiety was so intense.

"What a fool I am!" he said to himself angrily. "She has quite got over the old folly. Why should it trouble me? Of course she is not wearing the ring; and he raised his eyes at once."

She was wearing the ring; but, on the same finger she wore also another ring—a large lustrous pearl surrounded by brilliants.

"She might have been off with the old love before she was on with the new," he thought bitterly. Eileen finished her song and then turned to him.

"Sing us 'Eileen Aroon,' Norman," she said; "you used to sing it so well."

The request was so calmly made that Norman felt that hesitation was out of the question; he would at least appear as cool as she was. This new fiancée of his, when he put in an appearance, should not have his Norman's, forlorn face to grace his triumph. So he sang "Eileen Aroon," and sang his best. His mother watched him with tears in her eyes. Surely he must love some one passionately, hopelessly, to sing with such pathos as that!

"You sing as well as ever," said Eileen. "Won't you sing something else?"

"I know nothing new," he replied. "I haven't touched a piano for a year and a half; in fact, we have not one. We will get one, mother, if you care for music," he added cheerfully.

"You must hear Jack sing," said Eileen, rising; and Norman at once gave her his place.

"You see I can't play my own accompaniments like you," remarked Jack, advancing; "I am quite dependent upon my mother or Eileen."

Norman leaned over the end of the piano, watching Eileen's bright face as she looked up smilingly at her cousin. "Now, dear boy, remember what I told you yesterday."

"I'll try," he replied, smiling at her; and then she began, and Norman stood and listened, and wondered if Jack had given her the pearl ring. What a handsome, manly fellow he was, and how well he sang, and that song—

"Oh, stay with me, my darling—stay; And like a dream thy life shall pass away!"

Eileen, clapping her hands, with a charming unconsciousness that half the performance had been her own.

"I think it is all right now," said Jack. "But really, Eileen, it was not worth the trouble."

Norman raised his eyebrows. "What do you mean?" he said.

"Eileen calls the music vocal gymnastics, and I am sure the words are mere doggerel."

"You did not sing them as if you thought so."

"Ah, you don't know the wiggings I've had over them!" Jack returned, laughing. "The way I have to pump sentiment into those songs to order is past belief."

The next morning, by way of forgetting it all, Norman rose early and went down to the conservatory, longing to stand once more where he had stood on that by-gone day.

Close to the fountain something white lay. It was Eileen's handkerchief which she had dropped the night before—a filmy morsel of dainty cambric and delicate lace. Norman picked it up, pressed it to his lips, and wondered if he might keep it. No, he thought he would not without her permission; besides, for all he knew—men were so ignorant in some matters—it might be valuable, and such a servant be blamed for the loss. No; he would lay it again where he found it and go away.

He pressed it to his lips again, and, as he did so, he heard a step behind him, and, turning, saw Eileen, with a face pale, as he thought, with anger, standing with outstretched hands.

"Good morning," she said coldly; "I dropped my handkerchief here last night. I think you have found it for me. Thank you!"

He handed it to her without remark, and she put it into her pocket in a most matter-of-fact way.

"Are you happy, Norman? Do you like your life?" she asked presently.

"I am contented," he replied—"at least I try to be so. That is all I can expect."

"Why should you not be happy like other people?"

"There is the other side of the medal—why should I not be miserable like other people? My fate seems hard enough to me; but it might have been much worse. My mother is all I could wish, and my work is not unenjoyable."

"It must be a dreadful life."

"What—having to work every day? Thousands do it."

"You take it all very philosophically. It would not satisfy me. I should want happiness."

"I am glad to know you will have it," he said.

She looked up. "I should be glad to know it. Will you explain?"

"Perhaps I have alluded to the matter too soon, before your engagement was announced; if so, I apologize."

"Who told you of my engagement?"

"Jack and Mrs. Beauchamp, I certainly did not understand that the matter was confidential. I am sorry."

"There is nothing to be sorry for in having mentioned it," she said slowly; "but I think it is a mistake." She was drawing off the pearl ring as she spoke, and placing it upon one of the fingers of her right hand. "This was my mother's ring," she continued; "papa gave it to me yesterday." Then she extended her hand to him. "Take back your ring, Norman."

"Will you not keep it as the gift of a friend?" he asked miserably.

"No; if you think so meanly of me as to believe that I am engaged to another man, I can not keep your ring!"

"Are you not hard on me?" he said. "How could I doubt what they told me! Surely, Eileen, some engagement must have been spoken of."

Norman stood hesitating for a moment, and then his resolve was taken—he would go to Eileen and tell her all and throw himself upon her mercy. But when should he find her?—that was the question. It was sooa settled. Eileen came out of the morning-room, and crossed with hasty step to the library.

Norman hurried after her and found her on the point of leaving the room again.

"Do you know where my aunt is?" he inquired. "Jack said she wanted me in the library."

Norman closed the door behind him and advanced towards her.

"Jack told you that because he knew I was looking for you," he said. "I want you, Eileen."

"Let me pass, please!"

"I will, of course, if you command me; but I entreat you to let me speak to you, Eileen!"

She turned from him and walked to the window, standing there with averted face and fingers moving nervously.

"May I speak?" he said, coming close to her side.

There was no answer, and he continued—

"I have honestly tried to do what I thought was right and best for you. Try to believe that, at least."

"I believe it. I know it."

"It was very hard to do—you do not know how hard; but I am beginning to hope that the sacrifice may not be necessary, that your love may return to you as well as your lover. Eileen Aroon, will you forgive me, or must I go from you? Never to hope again?"

She turned her beautiful steadfast eyes upon him, full of love and truth, and gleaming with the tears she had been too proud to shed; and he caught her in his arms and kissed her lips. After a few moments she gently withdrew from his embrace.

"Aunt Grace wants me, Norman," she said.

"She wants nothing of the kind," he replied, drawing her head down to his shoulder again.

"Jack told me so, dear."

"Jack and I left her not ten minutes ago. My dear girl, Jack invented that for my benefit."

Eileen smiled and argued no more.

The ball was over and had been a great success. Norman had been cordially welcomed by many old friends.

"Do you understand, dear?" said Mrs.

"Yes, I understand, dear," said Mrs.

"Yes, I understand, dear," said Mrs.

"Yes, I understand, dear," said Mrs.

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"Yes, I understand, dear," said Mrs.