LOVE IS LOVE.

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I game on Love all unaware; He sat baside a brook. And peered into the limit wave With pensive look.

Wis little bow was thrown aside, His golden arrows keen Around him made a circle bright Upon the green.

Falo were his checks, and from his eyes The tears were like to rain,

And round about his dimpled mouth A trace of pain.

Atremble were his red, red line, And "Woe is me," he sighed; They never think that Love would choose Himself a bride.

"They taink forever he must give All youths and maidens sweet, Becoming mates, and round with joy Their lives complete.

"Alas! these mortal maids are fair; Alas! and woe is me; I would I were a simple swain in Arcady."

He ended, pouting rosily, Then all his arrows took And threw them at his counterfelt Withia the brook.

Unstrating then, he ran away. And said: "Now I am free And I will wed the aweetheart maid in Arcady.

"And I will dwell me in a cot Whin her I love so true. With honeysuckle round the door. And violets blue.

"And she shall never know that I Wes other than a swain Whome only care was his small fields Of vine and grain.

"For her I'll clip my snowy wings And lay them at her feet, And say, "These trophies of the chase I give theo, sweet.

"And were they mine, and I could fly, I'd clip them, dear, for thee, To dwell forever at thy side in Aready."

-Chicago Record.

paper framtically in the air "Not one then he broke out in a torrent of pascant of my money shall be have! I'll slonate angry words. mend for my lawyer this instant, and al. "So this ter my will! I'll I'll confound it! ring!" he said, hoarsely. "You feared I'll send for Ethel, and see."

UNDER TWO FLAGS. ly; "and I am glad of it. Why didn't no make my advice?" "He is your only brother," pleaded

Ethel, piteously. Uncle Philip blew his nose with savage emotion.

"I sold him that I'd wash my hands of him if he adopted the ministry for a profession," he growled, "and I kept

my word." "But you'll forgive his son?" cald Ethel, coaxingly. "O, Uncle Philip, you'll forgive Walter-I mean Mr. Clif-

ton-for my sake?" "No, I will not," replied the old gentleman emphatically. "The dishonorable hound! The miserable scamp! My money goes to you. I'll not leave him a cent!"

Ethel drew her graceful figure up to its full height. Her dark eyes were flashing ominously, and her pale face was full of scorn.

"Do you think I will take your money?" she asked. "I-your sizes by adoption-rob your own brother's son? If you will not leave it to them, you cannot leave it to me; for I refuse to take it. I thank you for all that you have done for me; but, when you are dead, I will not have your money. I would sooner die than touch one cent!" "Ha! ha!" laughed the old man. "So you will not have my money, won't you? That is a joke, to be sure. I admire your spirit, my dear girl, but you cannot help yourself. I shall leave it to you, whether you will or no." And he indulged in another hearty laugh. That night Uncle Philip died-"of

heart disease," the doctor said, "caused by too much excitement." About a week after his death, the

chief mourners gathered in the great, oak-panelled library, to hear the reading of the will. The lawyer rattled the papers on the desk with nervous fingers, and a dead silence had failen upon the antious-faced group. It was evident that they were awaiting some one. suddenly a tall, determined-looking young man arose. With a brief apolosy, he left the room, and inquired of a servant for Miss Sherwood. He was told that she was in her boudoir, and hastened there, but for a moment shoud petrified in the door-way. Ethel was standing, with her face half turned toward him, by a secret panel she had just slid back from the old wainscoted wall. In her hand she held a sealed document, to which she was about applying a lighted match.

"It is the safest way." she muttered. "He is gone, and they will never know." Suddenly the already scorrhed paper WEDDING AND A WILL. Suddenly the already scorched paper was snatched from her hand. With a cry she turned, and saw her lover, Wal-"The young acoundrel!" abouted ter Clifton. For a moment he stood Uncle Philip, waving a sheet of note- looking at her in horrified slience, and

way you sent me my

## MEN WHO HAVE SERVED IN WAR FOR

VARIOUS CAUSES

In the Transval the Seldier of Fortane & Making His Last Stand-This War May Be Said to Complete the Decline of the Soldier of Fortana.

In the Transvaal to-day the soldier of fortune is making his last stand, No other country in the world is likely to offer the alien adventurer of the fitture the same positions and profit that have hitherto been the portion of Schiel, Von Albrecht and other European mercenaries of Krugerdom. This was then, may be said to complete the decline of the soldier of fortune, if we compare his gains with the colossal harvests of his predecessors in history. Perron, the wonderful Frenchman who commanded the Mahratta army, arrived in Hindustan a penniless petty officer from a men-o"war, and in nute years had amassed between one and two millions sterling. Even more rapid was the progress of Col. Hanney. who had to leave "John Company's" service to avoid the bailing. He entered the service of the Newab Wazir of Oude in 1778, and left it after three years with a fortune of £300,000. Many other French and English adven. turers were nearly as lucky.

At that time there was not the prejudice against these mercenary awords which the military etiles of modern Europe have fostered. Few foreigners have risen to eminence in the English pictures being taken of fights. service, but large numbers of allens were recruited for us in the Napoleonic wars. Besides the famous Hessians. there were the French Chassenrs Britannique, three Swiss regiments, the Cosican Rangers and the Greek Light Infantry. In the Crimean war a German legion was recruited in Heligoland, but they never distinguished themselves on the field, and the precedent is not likely to be followed. In spite of the chilling effect of modern ideas the solders of fortune of the nineteenth century form a picturesque gallery-heroes and rascals, Fenians and Royalists, Fol a, Englishmen and adventurers of no country, Some of them, tike Lord Cochrane and Hobart Pasha, have established themselves on a higher pane than the mercenary can usually hope to occupy, The former's brilliant record with the English Chelian. Brazilian and Greek n vies in turn is probably unique, though Paul Jones may be set down as a bad second. The ex-appronvessel under full head. tice of a Whitehaven collier, who was Amot read the telegraphic accounts. the most successful American nevel officer in the War of Independence, and held command thereafter in the French, and then in the Russian Navy. is not the heroic figure which modern desirable position. eulogiets in the Untied States like to The ships were made to steam about picture, but he was a fine serman and a gallant fighter. In fact, he was the typical soldier of fortune (for the accident that he fought at sea does not coldents. the COM STORE rob him of his place in that gallery) The revolutionary wars of the continent have naturally attracted, many of these adventurens. Count linski several times. was a Pole, who fought the dussians During the progress of the war the in his native land, and when all was lost took service under Schamyl, princh of Circaesia. The Hungarian War of Independence in 1848 next employed his deeperate valor, and at Temeswir be had three horses killed under him. Finally, he breame Colonel of a Turkish cuirassier regiment, and was known as Iskander Bey. In the Huninto action on Cabamas. garian revolt Gen. Guyon, an English-In such fights the sand and ash pile man, was a famous figure, and at Tymau he held his ground until he had lost three-fourths of his pattailon and the village streets were streaming with blood. A less a tractive personality is Gen. Cluseret, who served as a Captain in the French army in Algeria, then under Fremont in the of theatree nightly. American Civil War, was next a Feni-As the war was carried on Amet an "General," and then War Minister under the Commune. Dombrowski. another "General" in the Commune, and a far abler and braver man than the ex-Fenian, field fought in Poland and under Garibaldi. He was killed at away until the Spanish boat took fire the barricades in 1871. Among continental forces of allens one ought to mention the French Fore gn Legion, which still includes the runaway aristocrats and broken men of half Europe. and the Irish brigade which fought for the Pope in 1860 under command of Major O'Reilly, M. P. An old soldier of the Papal Zouaves, another Irishman, is now Gen. Coppinger of the United States Army, Haribaidi ness the Indicrous position, rendering thimself, is of course entitled to a niche the picture uneless, and it required in this gallery of fame, and his son, five days to repair the boat Ricciotti has since his Italian campaigns fought for France in 1870 and De We Grow Old While Sloeping. for Greece in 1897, in both bravely It is not while we work and worry fighting for a lost cause. The New World offers us condottier! of a new type, like Walker, the fillbuster, who became dictator of Nic- Flynn, the celebrated English Physiaragua and might have ruled Hondur- ologist. as but for a British man-o'-war. Gen. Caroll-Teviss, who served in the Franion through his advocacy of the midco-Prussian War and a good many night dinner plan. South American struggles, was a Fenl- "No midday luncheon for brainworkan hero. So was Capt. John McAfferty, ers," said Mr. Flynn, "It impairs the who served in the Mexican War of mental powers and interrupts the train an hero. So was Capt. John McAfferty, 1855, and was then an officer in the # thought. Then Mr. Flynn proceeds Confederate Army. He was in the plots of 1866-7, and was twice tried a before-going-to-bed meal. It is here for treason felony. He was ac necessary to repair the wasta that here for treason felony. He was acquitted at one trial and amnestied at. goes on at right," he said ter the second, a lenlency which he of a long night of fast is beyond cal-repaid by renewed activity in the culation. The shomach should be well. ranks of the Clan-na-Gael. He was filled with nourishing food to countersaid to be the real "No. 1" behind the act the loss. This is especially true Phoen'x Park murders. of aenemic persons." Egypt has employed many allens. Muzinger Bey was a Swiss who had most persons look pale and fazzed been British Consul at Massowah; when they rise in the morning. 'essi Pasha, an Italian, who, after have heard dozens of friends say they serving as interpreter to the English look five years older on rising than army in the Orinica, became Gordan's returing, and it is true. If you would bieutenant in the Soudan and smashed not grow old while you sleep, be sure the slave-hunters' revolt in Darfur. you are well nourished before retir-Loring Pasha was an American soldier ing. The body ages faster from hung-Lupton Bey, Governor of the Bahr-el- er than from time. Gazel, who died in the Mahdi's dungeons, an Englianman. Slatin and Emin There are Others. In more recent years we have had "You have such a timited field of op-Gen. Kohues, an exhapor in the Ger stations." said the moriable and that man Army, who handed a cargo of Man. had entered in through the little round nl cher rifles for the Chillan Congress Opening. "Do you never long to sa ionalists, drilled their troops and deale a great earth outside?" The carda " contemptionsly es feated Balmaceda. Gen Ronald Mc. chamed the worm in the blokory not Iver, a Scotsman who has served under Icok at the while wall of richness sur-fourieen flags, from the Confederate to rounding it. "Why, I've got a right the Carlist, is another roaming Briton, Revel like Kaid McLean, an ex-Lieutenant in This pleasing little story teach that was who never lost a man. -Chi- our service, who is now commander of that there are of the army of the Sultan of Morocoa.

at Wanksgan, Ill. Millions of people in different parts of the world have seen during the past two years mayal engagements which took phose in a back yard of the likele village of Washegan, Ill.

IN A BACKYARD

Fierce Naval Rabiles Ware Actually Fought

Great and onces have been made, by clover contrivances to w these in the moving pictures representing war scours in the late war the fierce fighting of war ships in which are now piled up in an old henhouse in that town. In that place were made every one of the photographs from which the naval conflicts both at Santiago and Manila were projected by the many niscope on screens and still being shown in almost every large city of the world.

Recently a set of these pictures was sent direct from Waukegan to the Spanish Government to be used in the saval court-martial at Madrid.

The paraphornalis is still at Wankegan and it occupies a dooryard forty feet square. The man who heplied the whole scheme is E. H. Amet. the noncer of moving picture inventions. All of the houts seen in the plotures were made of sheet tin; they floated about in a tank 16 by 26 and 18 in boa deep, and holding somewhere near 4,000 gallons of water.

The tank was partially surrounded by a collection of Spanish scenery and by embankments of sand and coal ashes. Before there was any fighting between the two nations Amet was guite quick to see that there would be lutie possibility of any really moving

So he determined that he would improvise a naval war in die back yard. He worked from April to July 1897 in building models of all the American and Spanish vessels likely to engage in the expected conflict. These models in eize ranged from, eighteen inches to five feet, the smaller bosks being used to represent vessels and fleets in the distance. All of them were perfectmodels, equipped with all firing machinery of a sure enough man-of-war. There was not a projecting muzzle that was not capable of emitting a blazing, wicked shot, each boat being operated and the guns fired by electricity. In some of the models there was no less than 150 feet of wire. The ministure shells set in the breeches of the guns were set off at the bouch of a button, and a chemical combination. now the secret of the Waukegan Winard furnished the smoke and steam, which was made to roll out in the volume of the forced draught of a

of the batbles as they took place and concrived the back yard meet to move. about accordingly, the magnigraph. being set to take the pictures in every

in the tank and pepper each other viciously. It was a bask to keep up with. the real fighting, for there were muny

BALL CLARKER



THE FOUR TRACK FRUNK LINE Trains leave from and arrive at Cablura vanue Station, Rockester, as Salerra:

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\*Denotes daily: All other trains daily aroapt Sunday. Trains marked ( stop at Center Park.

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Rochast 120 arrives Fullman bullet Washington daily. Pu Rochester to Philadele The information relative i tioket arent, II Main Ider Builling, Talephone Wilder Build tickets and

Ter Manager Madler im

- TRACKE AREN

Agent M. Cortis Sat



He sat down and rang the bell violently.

cervant, and buried himself again in the letter, obivious to the fellow's bewilderment\_

Happily, at this moment the desired back on her wind-tossed hair, and her and young face all aglow with good spirit and healthful exercise. It was not an easy task-even for old Uncle brightness melde, perhaps forever.

"My dear," he commenced, feebly, "I -Confound the young reprobate! To was not worthy of you."

The young girl put a pair of soft some cooing words, meantime letting one white hand wander slowly but average toward the letter. A moment nter, she held it triumphantly out of I hope you understand." tele 'reach, and with a merry laugh slunged into its confeats.

Uncle Philip watched her, half-curieasly, half-despairingly, as she read, sut when she turned the page he turned novay with a heart-felt groan.

"It's come!" he grasped, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "For the Lord's sake, Ethel, don't faint!"

Ethel did not faint, but all the bloom vanished from the eweet face, and the letter fell from her shaking hand.

It had only been one brief paragraph: "Dear Uncle:-I married the daughtor of your old friend, Mr. Richards, nest night, and I can truthfully say that led as he took it. E have never seen a fairer or sweeter htmlde."

That was all, but was it not enough. when, not two months before, the writ-He Ethel Sherwood's finger? It glit- almost carried in. wared there now, but Ethel drew it off, with a look like a wounded animal in her brown eyes. She sent it to him word of repreach. But not so with Unde Philip. He gave his nephew a piece of his mind, and the next day called withel into his library and showed her his new will.

"Every thing goes to you, my dear," he said, chuckling complacently. "As for that dishonorable rascal of a sephew, let him take his fair bride to his sanctimonious father. I wash my mands of them both."

"O' uncle!" faltered the poor, tenderhearted Ethel imploringly; and then the stopped, stifled by her tears.

"Well, what now?" queried Uncle Philip, resignedly. "Women never are satisfied. Speak up, my dear, speak

"If you would only forgive him!" and Ethel, pleadingly. "Perhaps he Loved Mr. Richards' daughter-"

"Loved her!" broke in Uncle Philip. "I beg your pardon," he added, "but love is no excuse for dishonor. He talked to you of love when he was here."

Ethel winced perceptibly. "He can never get along without your help," che continued. "His fathdra selary is so very small." "I know it." min die men, grim.

werhaps my old eyes have deceived me. the old man might disinherit me, and you forgot your honor in your greed for gold. Take the will!" and he flung it at her feet, "and the gold, if it will "My nicce," he cald, enortly, to the serve to satisfy your false heart!" He turned on his heel, and was about to leave the room, but on second

thought came back. "I came here to make an explanawersonage floated in, a jaunty hat set thon," he said, coldly, "and even your falseness shall not deter me from clear.

> ing my own honor.' He waited a moment for her to speak, but she stood there with still lips and

"Knowing my uncle to be opposed. for some reason, to my father's pro-'ession," he continued, "I never thought it necessary to mention the fact that I was following the same calling. In my arms around this neck, and murmured last letter to him I thoughtlessly remarked that I had married the daughter of his old friend, meaning that I had read the marriage service over her.

He would have said more, but the girl's white face alarmed him. The last startling announcement had been too much for her; clasping her hands she swooned away.

The young man rang premptorily for her maid, and then, not daring to trust himself in her presence longer. rushed away.

"Miss Sherwood is ill," he explained to the impatient assembly in the room below. But a moment later the brisk littl maiden rushed in, her cap all awry. and the scorched document held tightly. in her hand. The lawyer's eyes spark.

"It is the missing will," he said, and then he checked himself, and sent orders for Miss Sherwood to make her aypearance, if it was possible for her er had placed, with his own hands, & to come. Ten minutes more, and the markling engagement-ring on the lit- trembling white-faced young girl was

The lawyer stood up, with a preliminary cough that was echoed by an im. patient murmur all through the room with her congratulations, and not one There were the ordinary clauses and legal appendages rattled off in the ordinary legal style, and then the orator came to the pith of the will. The eld gentleman had left all his personal property, excepting a few trifling legacies to distant relatives, to his adopted niece, Ethel Sherwood,

> There was a dead silence for a moment after the sonorous voice of the lawyer ceased. Then a tall young fellow arose and made his way through the mourners to the side of the newlymade heiress.

"Ethel," he said, "I've been a brute. Can you ever forgive me?"

And Ethel hid her happy face on his shoulder; and, not long after, the young minister was married in reality. So there were two marriages and a will.

Spanish Matron-You are an old sallor? And served in the American war? Poor man! You are one of the survivors of those dreadful sea-fights in which we lost all our ships and so many brave men periched-is it not so? Spanish Mendicant (drawing himself up)-No, senora. I served under Admiral Camara, the only commander in eago Tribune.

little guns fired at the rate of 100 a minute would performe the scenery, and a new supply had to be provided won

Vesuvius was turned loose in the tank and the pictures were made to show the effect of throwing gun-ootton shells into the fortifications. The lows in. the most realistic manner mak a torpedo boat. There was a bomba: dmont of Matanzas showing the Puritan's; famous shot and the New York was put

were brought into regulaction. From it mussles were eticking and bricking away. The New York passing the Maria Terem and the lows in resount sailors from the Teress were re-enacted in this Waukeran back yard, and the result has been shown in thousands.

threw in new effects. He got the splashing of the water from burning shells. In the couffict between the Oregon and the Visceys a great effect and then the Gregon majestically soudded around the tank to join her fleet. The cruiser New York met with a serious accident in the tank. In some inexplicable meaner a two-ounce shall got under her hull and exploded bouncing the tin model clear out of the water and upsetting her over un the opposite side of the tank. The photograph showed with minute clear-

over the affairs of life that we grow old. It is while we sleep, according to Mr. Flynn leads up to this conclus-

Mr. Flynn points out the fact that

lokets and sleeping our burns can t J. B. HUTCHISON, Gen'l Manuser. JAN R. WOOL

Western New York and Penn sylvania Ry.

Leaters

nallevilla.



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