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EASTER. Do saints keep holy day in heavenly places? Does the old joy shine new in angel faces? Are hymns still sung the night when Christ was born, And anthems on the resurrection morn? Because our little year of earth is run, Do they keep record there beyond the sun, And in their homes of light so far away, Mark with us the sweet coming of his day?

What is their Easter? for they have no graves, No shadow there the holy sunrise craves, Deep in the heart of noontide marvelous Whose breaking glory reaches down to us. How did the Lord keep Easter? With his own! Back to meet Mary, where she grieved alone, With face and mien all tenderly the same, Unto the very sepulchre he came. Ah, the dear message that he gave her then, Said, for the sake of all bruised hearts of men, 'Go, tell those friends that have believed on me, I go before them into Galilee. 'Into the life so poor, and hard, and plain, That for a while they must take up again, My presence passes; where their feet toil slow, Mine, shining, swift with love, still foremost go!

EASTER AT ST. JUDE'S BY MARY B. ODELL.

INE was the Saturday morning before Easter Sunday, and still and sweet as only an April day can be. Especially quiet was the little church of St. Jude's, as Dorothy Lawrence, its organist, climbed the loft to practise the special Easter music for the morning.

A sweet odor came floating up through the arches and lingered dreamily among the rafters ere it drifted out the open window. Some one had been early at the altar and placed a huge bunch of glorious Easter lilies there. To Dorothy's overstrained nerves and saddened heart, the stillness and peace of that pretty little chapel brought a delicious, soothing restfulness she had not felt for weeks, and ere she signalled the organ-blower she sank into a seat and buried her face in her hands.

"Oh, how sweet and cool it is here!" she thought. "If only one could always keep the influence which a place has on a tired, worn-out temple! How cross I was to Pauline this morning! I really must make it up to the poor child somehow. How different I am lately so hateful and irritable, I wonder anybody has the patience to endure my awful, dreadful, abominable temper and changeable moods. I suppose they all pity me," and the little woman drew a deep, catching breath. The stillness was profound, there was nothing to disturb her thoughts. Suddenly from between the slim, white fingers that hid her face there dropped a tear and a little moaning lip whispered, "Larry! Larry!" Then all was still again. For several minutes she sat thus till a loud snore startled her to her feet in wonder. It was the old organ blower who had grown tired waiting for the signal and had dropped off to sleep.

Dorothy slid on the bench, pulled out the stops, spread out the music and began. As the clear low notes breathed out on the fragrant air in softest melody, they stirred the player's heart with something like pain. Her eyes wandered from the notes but her fingers touched the keys hesitatingly and reverently. Unconsciously she began to improvise, slowly and haltingly as if her thoughts were elsewhere. And indeed they were—gone back to the sweet, merry past when she was but a gay little miss, playing at times with Alaric Webster, or skimming across country with him, on her now ancient wheel. How happy and free from care she had been in those days! The organ took on a brighter, quicker tone, but Dorothy was not looking at the keys. She gazed across at the arched chancel where she had knelt on that memorable confirmation day, and again she saw Alaric's dark eyes as he bent down and gazed at her from the choir loft. Those were never-to-be-forgotten days, when she and Alaric were all in all to each other and there had been no clouds to darken the beautiful day of their plighted troth. But now the minor strains that wafted through the chapel told a plaintive, bitter story of a order of things, wherein all was coldness, jealousy and bitter estrangement. Oh, how the organ moaned and sighed! Dot was lost in one of her rare music-reveries.

At that moment the vestry-room door closed softly and then silence reigned once more. The little woman at the organ did not hear, but turned to the other music and mechanically began to execute what she had set herself to do, namely, hard, attentive practice of the Easter day music. Then a sound of many laughing voices and the tramp of lively feet was heard below, and a dozen or more of young people burst into the chapel, bearing greens, plants, and flowers to decorate the altar. Merry voices took a lower tone as they entered the sacred place and busy hands and feet went to work in earnest. "Don't let us disturb your practising, Miss Lawrence," called up a clear, sweet voice. "We will try to be as quiet as possible, keep right on."



Gradually the bright masses of flowers and plants took definite shape and the little chapel was indeed a glorious sight. The scent of hot-house roses, Easter lilies, and pungent pine permeated the whole atmosphere, filling every nook and corner with their sweet fragrance. "Are congratulations in order, Dot?" asked a rich voice beside the organ bench. Dot looked up in surprise at her dearest friend, Alice Wood. "What do you mean?" she asked, still continuing her practice. "Why, I mean, haven't you and Larry made up?" The fingers trembled and almost lost their hold, but Dot pulled herself together and cried with set teeth: "No!"

"Then you've quarreled again," Alice went on. "Alice, Mr. Webster is in New York. How, then, can I have quarreled again with him? Please don't tease me, and Dot persisted in her practice. "But he isn't in New York. He's in town and you must have seen him. What's the use of hiding it from me? I am quite convinced and you need not deceive me."

"I have not seen him, Alice," she replied with a fast-beating heart. So Larry had returned! Sure he had not been gone but seven or eight weeks, but to her it seemed a lifetime. He had gone the 15th of February, the day after they had quarreled. And now he had come back! "You must have seen him, for we met him in the vestibule as we came in. He was going away, but we made him come back and help us. He looks quite cheerful, so I thought you had made up for."

"Larry here? In the church?" The nervous fingers fell from the keys, and Dot hastily glanced around and down. There, standing in a confused mass of evergreens, with his tumbled curls falling across his forehead and his eyes bent eagerly on the organist's face, was Alaric Webster. Dot grew faint and sick with excitement, but she calmly feigned not to have seen him and slowly gathering up her books, prepared to depart. "Strange!" thought Alice, as she watched her go. "I really must find out the mystery. I'll go this minute and beg Larry to tell me," but well she knew Alaric would sooner bite off his tongue than condescend to explain. That afternoon the young people gathered once more in the church to finish the work begun in the morning. But there were no pealing notes of the organ to help them on now. For Dot was in her own little room at the rectory, looking out towards the chapel door and half-wishing she dared to go finish the interrupted practicing. But he would probably be there and she feared to stay in his presence. A timid knock came at her door and a golden head appeared. A childish voice asked: "Please may I come in, sister?"

Tommy I thought he was awful mean 'n' he said 'I tol' on him, he'd never play with me any more. But I don't care. Now, you isn't mad at me, are you, sister?" as Dot slowly put her head down and kissed her. "No, dear child, but I want to be alone now. Thank you, Pauline, for telling me all about it. There, go and play." The golden curls disappeared down the stairs and Dot flung herself down on the couch and wept and prayed for very joy, then bitterly scolded herself for being so hasty. Meanwhile Larry lugged heavy plants, climbed high ladders and worked feverishly hard with the festooning. He glanced often at the organ as if expecting to see a little gray figure on the bench, but all was still there, now. She did not appear.

"She avoids me still!" he thought, bitterly. "It is very strange. If only I might be able to guess the reason of it all! What a fool I was this morning when I saw her come into the church not to bolt right out and catch her in my arms, instead of slinking off in the dark till she began playing, like a veritable coward! But somehow I feared her scorn. Confound it all, anyway!" The festoon was coming to an end and the next was not ready, so Alaric sat down on the top of the ladder and took a worn and soiled envelope from his pocket. A small note that had evidently been much read, revealed the words: Mr. Lawrence—

I take the hint. Henceforth we are as strangers. Enclosed is your hateful ring. "We were one, but now are two." Dorothy Lawrence. It was as mysterious as when he first puzzled over it. Then, he had tried to seek an explanation,—she avoided him. He had called on her,—she was not "at home." He wrote,—his letters were returned unopened, with the pencilled words: "One insult is enough." In despair he had gone away to the city, thinking that long absence might restore her to her senses so that on his return she might be susceptible to a speedy reconciliation. But somehow he had been afraid to take the first step for fear of a repulse and the first opportunity passed with no chance of a second. It was beginning to look hopeless.

The festoons were all arranged and Larry, finding nothing else to do, climbed to the organ loft and went rummaging around for an old hymnal in his thinking to place it in his accustomed pew in the choir. He found it in a dusty corner of the music repository and was turning away when his eye caught sight of a little red-and-black prayerbook that he knew belonged to Dot. He picked it up reverently and there fell out from its pages a familiar-looking envelope containing a large, folded paper. He knew his own writing and opened the envelope expecting to see the pretty little valentine he had sent her the 14th of February. In its place was a hideous picture of an overdressed gorgeous young miss turning up a very impolite nose at an interesting, scornful young ad in an enormous silk hat, and represented as saying, "We were one, but now are two." In a mud puddle at his feet lay a huge, glittering, diamond ring.

Alaric fairly staggered under the weight of understanding which rushed on his angry brain. He knew now. Down the steps he went and out into the sunny April air. Down the walk he strode, then a sudden idea struck him and he went back. Easter Sunday looked doubtful. Little clouds skurried across the sky making old Sol frown continually. Dorothy, arrayed in her dainty new dress and hat, walked down the long avenue very quietly, beside her white-haired father, the beloved old rector of St. Jude's. Everywhere the glad Easter bells pealed out the joyful news of the Saviour's resurrection. Hearts were glad, voices sweet, faces bright on this great day. Dorothy made the old organ fairly speak, in the new peace that had come upon her, and many a face in the pews brightened, many a heart hardened by the sweet tones that gently floated down through the fragrant air. The old rector's face wore a look of peace that seemed reflected in both his daughter's faces. Down the scent-laden sunbeams were wafted the sweet words of the choral, now soft, "Come see the place where the Lord lay; he is not here," then the glad, triumphant notes soared away in one joyous anthem, "For now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that sleep."

The last, low notes of the organ died away, and Dot turned a radiant face to meet Alaric's dark eyes full of love. Quick as thought she flashed a smile at him and he returned it. The services went on, but she went through the responses mechanically, scarcely heeding aught save the bright, loving face at her right. When the sermon began, she must take the only remaining seat beside Larry or stay on the bench. She hesitated a moment, but he politely offered her the chair and she demurely sat down, a little behind the rest. Alice Wood flashed an "I-told-you-so" look across at her and to cover her embarrassment, Dot picked up her prayer-book. Opening it, she found a beautiful Easter card, with these words written across the back: "We were two, but now are one. May this Easter day be a glad one to us both." A soft flush crept into her face as she realized that he understood all. She felt his eager gaze upon her and, regardless of time, place, or of what other eyes might see, raised the card to her lips and pressed a kiss upon it.

THE SINFUL BROTHER. He Was a Good Man, but Didn't Hold Family Prayers. It was at a certain church meeting and the good bishop was calling for reports. He had a rather stern, sharp manner which sometimes jarred a little on the nerves of the more timid. By and by he came to Brother B., a lay delegate. "Brother B., what is the spiritual condition of your church?" demanded the bishop briskly. "I consider it good," said the brother. "What makes you think it is good?" went on the bishop. "Well, the people are religious. That's what makes me think so."

"What do you call religious? Do they have family prayer?" "Some of them do, and some do not." "Do you mean to say that a man may be a Christian and not hold family prayer?" "Yes, sir, I think so." "Do you hold family prayer?" "Yes, sir," returned the brother quietly. "And yet you think a man may be a Christian and not hold family prayer?" "I have a brother who is a better man than I am who does not hold family prayer." "What makes you think he is a better man than you are?" "Everybody says so, and I know he is."

The Basking Shark. The ferocity of sharks is not necessarily in proportion to their size. For example, there is the great basking shark, so called because of its habit of lying motionless at the surface of the water. It often attains a length of nearly forty feet, but its teeth are small comparatively, and it probably never attacks man, depending upon small fishes and crustaceans for its diet. Another name for this species is "wall fish," because of its great back fin, which shows out of the water like a sail when it is basking.

A Revival. Revivalism in Jamaica has its tragedies and its comedies, but under no circumstances its advantages. The excitability of the black man is animal; it leads him backward toward the jungle, toward Obeahism. The noisy revivalistic meeting is a more serious scandal than a tea party. A doctor told us that not long since he was called in to a meeting, where he saw a woman lying on the ground, while her coreligionists danced a ketch dance in frantic circle around her, proclaiming her to be "in de spirit." He found she was dead from a fit caused by excitement. But the consequences of these "pious orgies" may be merely inconvenient, as in the case of the black lady who when "in de spirit" climbed upon her neighbor's roof and sat there for two days. The neighbor found this inconvenient.—Cornhill.

The Kid Glove Kid. The average kid glove, according to those who should know, is not made of kid at all, but of goat or lamb skin. The kids from which the real kid glove is made are nurtured and cared for almost as carefully as are race horses. Most of them are reared in a mountainous district of France. The kids are nourished on milk alone and are never allowed to eat grass, as that would coarsen the skin. The kid is kept in a pen, where he can receive no scratch or bruise. They are thus kept, as it were, in cotton wool until the age when the skin is of most value. They are then carefully killed and the skin dressed with the utmost skill. Sheep, deer and colts are also pressed into service for so called kid and dogskin gloves.

The Potato. Humboldt says that at the time of the discovery of America the potato was cultivated in all the temperate parts of South America from Chile up to the coast. The Spaniards first noticed it in Peru. The variety of potato cultivated in Europe and North America grows wild in Chile. Different species of the plant are found growing wild in most parts of South America and, it is claimed by many botanists, in Mexico and Arizona. Every Animal is Fond of Bananas. The leaves of the banana, often six feet long and two feet wide, are tender, and the strong winds of the tropics soon tear them in strips, thereby adding to their grace and beauty. The banana is a fruit that beast and bird, as well as man, are fond of, and the owner, when he lives in a sparsely settled country, must protect his plantation by a fence of some thorny plant.