othy's fingers fell from the keys.

tice of the Easter day music.

went to work in earnest.

quiet as possible, keep right on."

learest friend, Alice Wood.

till continuing her practice.

y made up?"

HU3 and

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rare music-reveries. W. F. HERMAN, General Passenger Agent, bpen window sill and brought her back CLEVELAND, O.

*** Do saints keep holy day in heavenly Does the old joy shine new in angel to the other music and mechanically

faces? Are hymna still sung the night when Christ was born,

EASTER

places?

alone,

And anthems on the resurrection morn? Because our little year of earth is run, Do they keep record there beyond the

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

Deep in the heart of noontide marvellous. Whose breaking glory reaches down to us.

ilow did the Lord keep Easter? With his own! Back to meet Mary, where she grieved

With face and mien all tenderly the Unto the very sepulchre he came.

Ah, the dear message that he gave her 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!

'Say, Mary, I will meet them, by the To walk a little with them; where they

To bring my peace. Watch; for ye do not know The day, the hour, when I may find

and I do think, as he came back to her, The many mansions may be all astir With tender steps that hasten in the

seeking their own upon this Easter gether and cried with set teeth: day. 'arting the veil that hideth them about,

went on. think they do come, softly wistful, out How, then, can I have quarreled again From homes of heaven that only seem with him? Please don't tease me, and so far.

Dot persisted in her practice. and walk in gardens where the new "But he isn't in New York. He's in town and you must have seen him -Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. What's the use of hiding it from me? I am quite convinced and you need not

EASTER AT ST. JUDE'S deceive me' "I have not seen him, Alice," she re-BY MARY B. ODELL

INE was the Sat-

before Easter

Sunday, and still

and sweet as only

an April day can

quiet was the lit-

tle church of St.

Jude's, as Doro-

thy Lawrence.

its organist.

climbed the loft

to practise the

the arches and lingered dreamily

among the rafters ere it drifted on out

the open window. Some one had been

early at the alter and placed a huge

bunch of glorious Easter lilies there.

To Dorothy's overstrained nerves and

of that pretty little chapel brought a

delicious, soothing restfulness she had

not felt for weeks, and ere she sig-

nalled 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 such a place has on

a tired, worn-out temper! How cross

was to Pauline this morning! I real-

ly must make it up to the poor child

so hateful and irritable. I wonder any-

body has the patience to endure my

awful, dreadful, abominable temperand

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

a little moaning lip whispered, "Lar-

ry! Larry!" Then all was still again.

For several minutes she sat thus till

in wonder. It was the old organ blow-

Dorothy slid on the bench, pulled out

the stops, spread out the music and

out on the fragrant air in softest mel-

ody, they stirred the player's heart

with something like pain. Her eyes

wandered from the notes but her fing-

ers touched the keys lingeringly 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 or-

gan 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 wailed through the

chapel told a plaintive, bitter story of a

new order of things, wherein all was

coldness, jealousy and bitter estrange-

ment. Oh, how the organ moaned and

sighed! Dot was lost in one of her

Suddenly a bird twittered on the

cord in the plaintive tune and Dor-

signal and had dropped off to sleep.

somehow. How different I am lately

Especially

been gone but seven or eight weeks. but to her'it seemed a liftime. He had urday morning gone the 15th of February, the day after nose at an interesting, scornful young they had quarreled. And now he had ad in an enormous silk hat, and rep-"You must have seen him, for we

then hold, but Dot pulled herself to-

"Then you've quarreled again," Alice

"Alice, Mr. Webster is in New York.

met him in the vestibule as we came feet lay a huge, glittering, diamond in. He was going away, but we made ring. him some back and help us. He looks made up for-"Larry here? In the church!" The

hastily glanced around and down.

of evergreens, with his tumbled curls | Easter Sunday looked doubtful Litfalling across his forehead and his the clouds skurried across the sky makeyes bent eagerly on the organist's ing old Sol frown continually. Dorface, was Alaric Webster. Dot grew othy, arrayed in her dainty new dress 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 saddened heart, the stillness and peace

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 of 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 voice asked: "Please may I come in, sister?"

between the slim, white fingers that before Dorothy, and her forehead puck- lor's resurrection. Hearts were glad, hid her face there dropped a tear and ered up in a puzzled way as she hesi-"What is it, Pauline?"

"Dot, I'm so sorry you've been cross a loud snore startled her to her feet and snappy lately and I know now why pews brightened, many a hard heart you couldn't help it."

er who had grown tired waiting for the "But, dear, sister doesn't want to talk about that. I'm sorry, too, that I tragrant air. The old rector's face have been cross to you and I won't wore a look of peace that seemed rebe any more. There, go away now, flected in both his daughter's faces. began. As the clear low notes breathed

and I'm goin' to tell you why," and the now soft, "Come see the place where little hands went up to Dorothy's face the Lord lay; he is not here," then the and a pair of soft lips pressed hers. glad, triumphant notes soared away in The tears stood in Dot's eyes as she threw down her sewing and took the risen from the dead, and become the child on her lap.

"Tell me why, Pauline." 'It's awful mean of him, that's what it is! An' I tol' him so, I did!" "But, my dear child, please don't tall so of Larry-Mr. Webster, I mean." "I don't mean Larry, I mean Tommy

Tommy Webster. He went and sent self, he did!" "Child, what do you mean?" started in amazement. "I mean that big dreadful picture you

cried so over the 14th of February an you said Larry sent it, 'cause it was his writin' on the 'velope, an' you seni him back that sweet little diamon ring, an' he went right off to New York nex' day, an'-

But, child, tell me, you said Tommy sent it. How can that be? It was certainly Larry's handwriting." "I know, but Larry was goin' to send

you a lovely valentine and Tommy found it on the table. He tol' me so to-day, jus' as if he thought it was awful smart to take it out and put that horrid one in instead and seal it up

Dot was speechless, terror-stricken, to the reality of the present with a What a mistake! start that created a tremendous dis- "An" Larry never knowed no differ-cord in the plaintive time and flor, ence!" went on Pauline. I tol' Mista

formy I thought he was awful niego At that moment the vestry-room sn' he said if I tol' on him, he'd never door closed softly and then silence play with me any more. But I don't reigned once more. The little woman care. Now, you isn't mad at me, are at the organ did not hear, but turned you, sister?" as Dot slowly put her

down and kissed her. "No, dear child, but I want to be began to execute what she had set heralone now. Thank you, Pauline, for self to do, namely, hard, attentive practelling me all about it. There, go and Then a sound of many laughing play."

The golden curls disappeared down voices and the tramp of lively feet was heard below, and a dozen or more of the stairs and Dot flung herself down young people burst into the chapel, on the couch and wept and prayed for bearing greens, plants, and flowers to very joy, then bitterly scoided herself decorate the altar. Merry voices took for being so hasty.

Meanwhile Larry lugged heavy lower tone as they entered the saplants, climbed high ladders and workcred place and busy hands and feet ed feverishly hard with the festooning. He glanced often at the organ as if "Don't let us disturb your practising, Miss Lawrence," called up a clear, expecting to see a little gray figure on the bench, but all was still there, sweet voice. "We will try to be as gow. She did not appear.

"She avoids me still!" he thought, Gradually the bright masses of flowsitterly. "It is very strange. If only I ers and plants took definite shane and the little chapel was indeed a glorious might be able to guess the reason of it all' What a fool I was this mornsight. The scent of hot-house roses, ing when I saw her come into the Easter lilies, and pungent pine perchurch, not to bolt right out and catch meated the whole atmosphere, filling every nook and corner with their sweet her in my arms, instead of slinking of in the dark till she begun playing, like a veritable coward! But somehow I "Are congratulations in order, Dot?" 'eared her scorn. Confound it all, anyasked a rich voice beside the organ

way: The festoon was coming to an end Dot Looked up in surprise at her and the next was not ready so Alarie sat down on the top of the ladder and "What do you mean?" she asked, took a worn and soiled envelope from nis pocket. A small note that had evi-"Why, I mean, haven't you and Lardently been much read, revealed the The fingers trembled and almost lost

Mr. Lawrence:-I take the hint. Henceforth we are as strangers. Enclosed is your hateful ring. "We were one, but now Dorothy Lawrence. are two." It was as mysterious as when be-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 penilled words:

"One insult is enough." In despair he had gone away to the ity, thinking that long absence might restore her to her senses so that on his return she might be succeptible 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 second. It was beginning to look iopeless.

The festoons were all arranged and Larry, finding nothing else to dc, limbed to the organ loft and went rummaging around for an old hymna! of 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-andblack 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 valplied with a fast-heating heart. So entine he had sent her the 14th of Larry had returned! Sure he had not February. In its place was a hideous picture of an overdressed gorgeous young miss turning up a very impolite as saying, "We were one, but now are two" In a mud puddle at his

Alaric fairly staggered under the quite cheerful, so I thought you had weight of understanding which rushed on his angry brain. He knew now. Down the steps he went and out into nerveless fingers fell now, and Dot the sunny April air. Down the walk he strode, then a sudden idea struck There, standing in a confused mass him and he went back.



and hat, walked down the long avenue very quietly, beside her white-haired golden head appeared. A childish father, the beloved old rector of St. Jude's.

Everywhere the glad Easter bells Pauline looked very shy as she stood pealed out the joyful news of the Savroices sweet, faces bright on this great lay. Dorothy made the old organ fair-ly speak, in the new peace that had come upon her, and many a face in the was softened by the sweet tones that ame gently floating down through the

Down the scent-laden sunbeams were "No, you won't be cross any more wafted the sweet words of the choral, one joyous anthem, "For now is Christ first fruits of them that sleep."

The last, low notes of the organ diec 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 that horrid valentine to you his owr 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 em. barrassment, Dot picked up her prayer-book. Opening it, she found a beautiful Easter card, with these words w. itten across the back:

"We were two, but now are one. May this Easter day be a glad one to us

A soft flush crept into her face as she realized that he understood all. She felt his eager gaze upon her and, regard ess 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, hat Didn't Reld

Family Prayers. It was at a certain church meeting and the good bishop was calling for reports. He had a rather stern, share manner which sometimes jarred a little on the nerves of the more timid. By and by he came to Brother B., a laj

delegate. "Brother B., what is the spiritual con dition 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 quiet

"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 fam-

ily prayer." "What makes you think he is a better man than you are?"

"Everybody says so, and I know he "Why does not your brother, if he is

thundered the bishop. "He has no family," meekly answer ed the brother.- Harper's.

such a good man, hold family prayer?"

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 crustacea for its diet. Another name for this species is "sail fish," because of its great back fin, which shows out of the water like a sail when it is basking.

Although sluggish ordinarily and easily harpooned, it exhibits great activity and enormous strength when struck, diving immediately to the bottom and requiring a great length of rope to hold it. These basking sharks are caught for their livers off the coast of Iceland. and the oil obtained is used to adulterate cod liver oil.

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 Obeahlsm. The noisy revivalistic meeting is a more serious scandal 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 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

fence of some thorny plant. The Main Point.

Mrs. Gatterson-You will come to dinner anyway, Mr. Tutter, will you not, though I am afraid there will not be many interesting people present? Tutter (gallantly)-What difference does that make? One is always sure

Harlem Life. A Dangerous Tree. Brown-Are you interested in genealogy? Ever looked up your ancestral

of a good square meal at your house .-

tree? Black-Never did. Fact is I'd be afraid there might be a man hanging from one of its branches.—Boston Franscript