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A LONDON FOG.

I. A blue-gray fog as in the sea we drown; The unseen rain soaks in the down; Like broken phantom pillars, from each roof, The chimneys soar aloof.

II. The sky, lost, like some ocean from below, Melted in one general flow; Vague, dull, immense, splashed with the light of tears, The long, dim pavement sheers.

III. And now, and now, across its sullied glass The blotted figures pass—Hope, poverty, ambition, lust and pain Glide, muffled thro' the rain.

IV. And she whom most we love, or that we dread, Our thought hate most, and dread, Might strike the blueness at our cheek, nor make One sentry-nerc awake.

This is an image of indifferent death, That chokes the ardent breath, His warm eye be veiled, the heart beat slow, The tide of self slip low;

VI. And with its universal chill prepares This creature of bright airs For faint, eternal grades of misty blue And mazes without clue. —Edmund Gosse in London Graphic.

A SPLIT OF THE PEN.

Margaret Emmet sat in her own room rather disturbed and perplexed in mind, when a letter was handed to her. It came by special messenger, and the envelope was addressed to her and she knew, or thought she knew, the substance of the letter without opening it, for it gave the details of an important step she and her lover Edgar Bolling, were about to take, having decided, after a spirited interview, that it was the best way out of a dilemma.

Margaret did not at once open the letter. She knew that it arranged for an elopement and secret marriage that very night, as the only way to bring her parents to reason, and settle a vexed question between themselves. "Who is she?" asked the eastern prince when he heard that one of his courtiers had become involved in trouble. He felt sure—wise man that he was—that a woman had something to do with it. And it was a woman in this case, a young, beautiful—and, Margaret would have said, a totally unprincipled woman—her own cousin, too, Adelaide Emmet.

"I will not have a divided kingdom," Margaret had declared when resenting Edgar's transient devotion to her beautiful cousin, "you must choose between us, for you cannot marry me and love her. If I give all, it is only fair that I have all in return." "You asked me to be kind to her," said Edgar, in defense; "you threw us together although you knew that she was frivolous and a flirt, and now you blame me for offering her the ordinary civilities of everyday intercourse. I cannot help it if she is a beautiful and attractive woman. I certainly do admire her, but I love you, Margaret, as no other woman on earth. Is not that enough? What can I do to convince you? Marry me to-night and go with me to South America. Your father and mother will never be willing to give you to me; I do not blame them. We do not want a big wedding, and lots of people to stare at us. Meet me at St. Jude's to-night, and go with me next week to South America."

And Margaret had consented, for she loved Edgar, weak and vacillating as she knew him to be, and she was tortured with jealousy. She knew her parents would object to her marriage until her lover was more prosperous in his business speculations—until he was rich beyond peradventure. They even hoped that she might change her mind in his absence, and engage herself to one more fitted to introduce her into a brilliant social life. They longed to see her make a fortunate marriage, and take the position for which both her education and her inclinations fitted her, so they put off the evil day of her union with Edgar Bolling as far as possible. Margaret had once told her parents that they did not enter at all into her scheme of a happy marriage.

"If I make a mistake I must suffer for it, but a girl cannot marry a man picked out for her by the judgment of her father and mother. "You married to please yourself, and I must do the same. I will not have any interference with the question of my happiness—or misery—for life." She was sixteen then, and her indulgent parents simply laughed at her, and did not shut her up on bread and water, or send her away to boarding school. She was older now, and she believed, wiser, and with a strong will and emotions of her own, it had pleased her to accept Edgar Bolling as her future husband possibly because his plastic disposition seemed to offer good material for modelling.

Then it was that her cousin, Adelaide, came upon the scene, sighing for more worlds to conquer, reckless as to methods, cold hearted as a prude. But she was indeed a beautiful woman, and a dazzling contrast to Margaret, both in appearance and disposition. She thought her cousin stupid in her placid state of goodness, and Edgar Bolling weak. She herself was brilliant, intellectual and heartless—almost adventurous. She tried her powers of fascination on Edgar, and succeeded in dazzling him with the desire of the moth for the star. Then Margaret showed her teeth. The peaceful atmosphere became tempestuous. Edgar's vanity was pleased, but his heart was not tempted in the least. First and last, he loved Margaret; even though he dreamed of Adelaide. A man may do all that, and not once be false to his ideal, but only a great woman can believe it. The proposition which Edgar made to Margaret was such a one as only a weak man would make. However there is an element of romance in the character of nearly every woman, and it pleased her with its importance and secrecy, and the thought that she was outwitting her enemy—for her cousin had assumed this threatening proposition on the horizon of her life. It was all arranged, and she was ready to start on her long, felicitous life in the company of the husband of her choice.

THE MILLIONAIRE'S WISH.

I've everything a man can want, Which thousands hanker for, My studs for size secure the prize, They beat the Kohl-rioor, My overcoat is decked with fur, The richest I could buy, A "brilliant" rays serenely blaze In my embroidered tie.

I dine of golden plates and quaff My "fizz" of '84, From goblets chased with florid taste, And gemmed with jewels galore; My presents glitter on the stage, Where plays a "principal boy," Who knows the extent of what I've spent, At Empire and Savoy?

A pile of whims I've flung away, And gaily murmured "Next," Who'll count the cost of what I've lost In wild dramatic specs? I've plunged in journalism, too, I'm tired of papers now, And on my horse with host of tours, I dropped a cool ten thou.

One thing alone I crave in vain, It grieves me very sore, I wish that I with gold could buy A dozen hands or more, For Nature gave me only two, Like pauper, prince and king, And I note with gloom there isn't room For another diamond ring. —London Pelican.

KISSING THE BRIDE.

A Chicago mining engineer grew confidential as he was talking with a party of friends in his club one day recently. He estimates the expense of chattering at several hundred dollars, and the account is growing.

"I was down in Raton, N. M., about ten years ago," he said, "and the first thing I did after I had secured my room in the excellent hotel at the station was to go down and see an old acquaintance of mine who had come up from the mines and opened a combination liquor saloon, gambling house and dance hall. We talked over old times until it was almost time for dinner, and I started back for the hotel.

"I had gotten within plain view of the crowd sitting out on the broad veranda, waiting for the dinner bell to ring, when I became conscious of the approach of a little blonde, weazen-faced cowboy escorting a stout, beary-looking woman. As we were about to meet I said, in my best manner: "Pleasant day, partner?"

"Betcher life it's a pleasant day," he answered with some confusion, "my wedding day." Then, with an air of evident shame at the new-found partner of his joys and sorrows, "My wife! Pretty, ain't she?"

"I saw no reason why I should insult a bridegroom by telling him the truth, so I answered that she was very pretty. Without any more conversation he changed the subject in a startling abruptness.

"Kiss 'er," he said, "Kiss a bride." "Now, I didn't want to kiss anybody at that time, and least of all this silent woman, who stood rocking dreamily on the arm of my new acquaintance. I thought me of my old friend as a refuge in affliction, and said: "Let's go down to Bill's place and drink her health."

"Kiss 'er first," he replied, uncompromisingly. "Well, I said, 'supposing you take a dollar and go down there and drink to her health.' "Gimme dollar," he said.

"I produced the dollar cheerfully, thinking it might cheapen under the circumstances, when he interrupted my thoughts of self-congratulation with: "Now, kiss 'er."

"You all know I am a bachelor, and an honest, truth-telling man. I am ashamed to say that in my desperation I kissed her."

"My wife is right up there on the hotel porch," I begged, "and what will she say when she sees me kiss a stranger?" "That's alright," he responded, cheerfully. "You kissa girl, an' I go up an' kissure wife."

"I had played my last card, and could distinctly see, in spite of my mortification, that he was fingering his weapons, a perfect arsenal of guns and knives, that pervaded his whole miserable front. There was only one thing to do and I did it like a man. I put my arms around the frowsy woman and kissed her good and loud.

"Thank you," said he, and our acquaintance ceased from that minute. "When I reached the hotel the crowd arose as one man and followed me into the bar. My business made it absolutely necessary for me to stay in Raton several days. During all that time men I never saw before and hope never to meet again would come up to me and whisper, 'Kiss 'er.' The amount of money it cost me was fabulous."

And here it was that the mining engineer referred to reckoned on the vagaries of fate. Men in that club he never saw before and never wants to see again are coming up to him "at intervals, all day long," and saying in a low tone, "Kiss 'er."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Paid for Freeing His Mind. A story is going around to the effect that Rudyard Kipling sent for the landlord at a hotel where he was staying, and addressed him thus: "I wanted to see you, because you are a wonderful man. I have never known your equal. I have journeyed in hotels all around the world. I have never seen one like this." The landlord swelled with pride. "I want to tell you that of all the hotels under the shining sun I have never seen one that for unmitigated, all-round, unendurable discomfort could even be named in the same day with yours." And when Mr. Kipling's bill was made out, one item in it read: "To impudence, three dollars." But what's three dollars when one has spoken one's mind?

THE BLESSED VIRGIN

BIBLICAL AUTHORITY FOR HER MOST GLORIOUS TITLE.

A Little Theological Meal That Might Do the Rev. Minot J. Savage, the Famous Unitarian Minister, Good to Thoroughly Digest.

Rev. Minot J. Savage of the Church of the Messiah, New York, preached a sermon a few Sundays ago on "Love and Marriage." Among other things he said: "I care not what councils, bishops, churches or popes may have enunciated the dogma. Let me say it reverently and without being misunderstood, if I may—I cannot have any reverence whatever even for the far-famed and eternally exalted virginity of Mary."

But Mr. Savage of the Church of the Messiah, there was reverence shown to her virginity long before councils, bishops, churches or popes existed. Open your Bible, your sole and unerring guide in the paths of truth. We shall direct your attention to a few passages only. When our first parents fell, Almighty God himself (Genesis III, 15) told the serpent: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman and thy seed and her seed. She shall crush thy head, and thou shalt be in wait for her heel." We suppose you will admit that this prophecy refers to the mother of Christ, to whom you give simply the name of Mary without the "blessed."

Again (Isaiah VII, 14), that great prophet writes, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel." This child so to be born of a virgin was before the era of the "higher criticism" generally regarded as Christ, the Son of the living God.

Again (Luke I, 28 seq.) we read that the angel Gabriel was sent on a divine embassy to a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph and the virgin's name was Mary. And he said to her, "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women." You abstain from calling her "blessed." Of course you know more than the angel Gabriel, who was the messenger from the throne of God himself. Was this Son of God to have an earthly father? No. The same celestial ambassador says "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God" (Luke I, 35).

Then (Luke I, 39 seq.) Mary rose up and went to visit her cousin Elizabeth. On her arrival "Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost" (verse 41). And she cried out with a loud voice and said, "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." "And (verse 43) whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?"

Further down (verse 48) the mother of my Lord exclaims, "For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed!"

As to the question of virginity in general, it is not hard to convince any man from the pages of the Bible that in itself it is superior to the married state. For instance, St. Paul says (I Corinthians VII, 32 seq.): "He that is without a wife is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God. But he that is with a wife is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife, and he is divided. And the unmarried woman and the virgin thinketh on the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit. But she that is married thinketh on the things of the world, how she may please her husband. * * * Therefore, he that giveth his virgin in marriage doth well, and he that giveth her not doth better."

Such is the language and such the views of the great apostle of the gentiles, as set forth in the Bible. They differ a little from the views of Rev. Minot J. Savage of the Church of the Messiah. But perhaps the reverend gentleman doesn't believe in the Bible any more, like Professor Pearson and some other gentlemen of the higher criticism. He believes, probably, in what will draw the biggest crowd. And if he were the only one!—Church Calendar of West Virginia.

Peter's Pence in 1901. Peter's pence for the last year has brought 1,840,800 marks (about \$91,300), the highest contribution being that of Italy with 248,800 marks. Austria and Hungary sent 212,000 marks, the United States 199,200, Germany 176,400, Spain 161,600, England 155,200 and Belgium 154,400. From France came only an inconsiderable contribution. The receipts for the past year are the lowest since 1870.—Koelnische Zeitung.

ITEMS OF INTEREST. A pontifical tiara in gold, valued at £40,000, is to be the jubilee gift of the English Catholics to Pope Leo XIII.

Father M. Raskiewicz of Otis, Ind., the oldest priest in the state, has been made a monsignor. He has been pastor of his church since 1871.

On May 1 the Right Rev. Dr. John Lancaster Spalding, Roman Catholic bishop of Peoria, Ill., will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration.

Rev. Father Joseph H. O'Neill, pastor of the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Philadelphia, has just celebrated his silver jubilee, or twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

The daily average of letters and papers received by his holiness Pope Leo XIII, reaches the enormous number of 22,000 to 23,000. Thirty-five secretaries are kept fully employed with his holiness' correspondence.

Curative Treatment of Drunkenness. The curative treatment of habitual drunkards is likely to be taken up by the government in Austria. It is proposed to establish retreats, where inmates shall be retained for two years. They may enter of their own accord, or be placed there under compulsion. The period of retention may be curtailed to one year, the patient being released on a system resembling that of ticket of leave. If a patient is shown to be incurable, he may be retained for life.