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HUSH. A calm in midst of sorrow's bitter pain, Silence obtained, victory at any cost— This resignation is not cold disdain, Or feeling proudly lost. A grief may ease itself with tears to start, Or vehement outcries in passion's breath, But the calm silence of a broken heart Is sadder far than death. Life may flow patiently in tearless woe, Its palmless martyrdom concealed, se- cret, Only the soul itself the grief may know, And silently endure. On peaceful brows, in gentle, youthful eyes, The smile may linger and the glance be bright, The will accomplishing this sacrifice May vanish sorrow's blight. The strength of all regret is lost in sighs, In murmuring, sorrow's fiercest flame But silence in the close where memories Burn with undying fires. A. J. Blanchette, in Demorest's Magazine.

FAME AND A WIFE. Darnley Water had grown morose and pessimistic. His rooms at 93 Vance street were in disorder. Rough sketches were scattered here and there about the floor. Palette and brushes were lying on a table in a neglected corner. An unfinished picture stood half uncovered on the easel and the artist himself, in a sadly disheveled condition, sat leaning his head on his hand and gazing dejectedly out into the gray day. Things had not gone altogether well with Darnley Waters of late. A few months ago he had thrown up his position as an illustrator on a magazine, and dismissed half of his pupils in order to give his time to the painting of a picture which, he dreamed, should be his masterpiece. He was an enthusiast, and, like most of his class, ignored the fact that men at twenty-five years of age do not give to the world their masterpieces as a general thing. At the exhibition where his work was hung the crowds passed his picture and the critics scored it. Naturally, it found no buyer. For a time the young artist was angry, and while that emotion lasted he bore his disappointment well. Then followed the reaction, when even his resentment could not sustain his broken spirit, and he felt that he never wished to paint again. His neglected pupils fell away one by one, and men began to say that Darnley Waters was getting cranky, and, although he did not so say, that was what his friend Tom Rivers thought when he dropped in and found him in the situation described. "You see, old man," said Rivers, "you're getting morbid because that picture of yours didn't set the world on fire. I always have said, and I maintain even now, that you were not at your best in it." "I shall never do anything better," replied Waters. "Oh, nonsense," said his friend. "Do you think that you have exhausted all your capabilities for performance?" "No, but I threw into that picture an enthusiasm which I cannot summon in the painting of another." "That's capital! If you'll temper your enthusiasm with a little common sense you'll do something good, I know." "It's no use trying to talk to me, Rivers, I have decided what I am going to do." "That's right, and what is it?" "I am going up into the country to my Uncle Daniel's farm." "Thunder and bounds, man, there's nothing to paint up there in the dead of winter. It's the prospect place in the country—not even a good winter landscape available." "I am not going there to paint." "Well, what is your creation, then, if you're going there for?" "I am going there to forget that I ever was an artist. I shall not take a brush along." "And what are you going to do—slip bonds for a living?" The sarcasm in Rivers' remark was not lost on Darnley Waters, but he answered, with a smile: "Well, no, but Uncle Daniel has always wanted me to come to him; a share of the farm is mine whenever I wish to take it, and a gentleman farmer is about as good as any other occupation, I suppose." "And when do you leave us my dear Don Quixote?" asked Rivers. "To-morrow." "If I did not know that you were fool enough to do what you say I should remonstrate with you." And Mr. Rivers put on his hat and left his friend. And the morrow found Darnley Waters at his Uncle Daniel's farm. The old man and his good wife were delighted to have their talented nephew with them, and they put forward their utmost efforts to entertain him. But January on an up-country farm is not a particularly lively or inspiring season, and to this young painter, accustomed to the grass, pleasures and congenial associations of the city, the days dragged away with painful slowness. But "it's a long lane that has no turning," and the turning came one dreary afternoon, when Darnley was sitting in the big kitchen, trying with rather poor success, to read an agricultural paper three weeks old. He was just about laying aside the periodical in despair, when a knock sounded at the door and he rose to open it. I think I see some cynic smiling, as he says to himself, "Here's where the girl comes into the story," and here's where she does come. It was what if? If there had been no girl there would have been no story. As Darnley Waters opened the door and saw her standing there, wind-blown, her dark cloak muffled up about her throat and a white Tau O'Shanter on her head, he thought he had never seen a picture more full of grace, beauty and youthful energy. The visitor seemed to be a prim, favorite with Aunt Hattie Waters who introduced her to Darnley as "Edith Burton, one of our near neighbors." In quite a short space of time the young man found himself chatting easily and pleasantly with the girl. She proved to be quick, intelligent and witty, with a winning free dom from affectation that interested and charmed him.

He put in a very urgent second to Aunt Hattie's request that Miss Edith stay for tea; and, after a few polite objections and a properly modest hesitation, the girl allowed herself to be prevailed on to do so. It was evident, when Uncle Daniel came in, that this young lady must be a great favorite with him also, but both of the elder people kindly gave way during the progress of the evening meal and allowed the young people to entertain themselves with each other's conversation. There was a twinkle in the old farmer's eye, as he remarked, when it came time for Edith to leave, "Well, I'll just go over as far as the gate with you, Edith. I s'pose Darnley's tired and feels like stayin' in to-night." And the twinkle deepened into a smile as the girl, with which Darnley himself disavowed any such feeling on his part. It was a clear, cold night, and the distance to the Benton farm proved to be about a quarter of a mile. Waters be- lieved the time with chery conversation. And he thought meanwhile much of the companion at his side. "What a girl she is," said he to himself. "How her face glows and sparkles when she speaks. I really must know more of her." And he ended by asking if he might call next day and by having his request granted. He found out from Uncle Daniel that Edith Burton was the only daughter of an indulgent parents, who had humored her every whim. They had sent her away to school and this was her first Winter at the farm in four years. Darnley called on the morrow, and it was the beginning of many pleasant days for the two young people. Finally the artist came to admit to himself that he was losing his heart to this girl. His studies of practical farming were neglected. But he kept to his determination of never going back to the studio until one day, sitting alone, the wish to make a sketch of Edith as she first saw her took entire possession of his mind. But he had no materials at hand. Everything was in the city securely locked up in his studio. The thought, however, did not leave him, so finally, on the fly-leaf of a book he made in pencil a sketch, under which he wrote, "The Girl in the Tau O'Shanter." Then Edith came, and he tore up the sketch in anger at the very inadequacy of the black and white to express one-half of her charm. He took the train next day and went to the city after his materials. When Uncle Dudley saw him return with the sketch he remarked, with a smile: "There's a farmer spoiled!" Then followed many days in which Darnley Waters worked hard in his room, with frequent intermissions for visits and long winter rambles with Edith Burton. It was late in the spring before he left the farm, and then he carried with him a picture which no one but himself had seen.

At the next exhibition of that highly authoritative, artistic body, the S. P. H. A., the crowds clustered about a painting which seemed to have won the universal sentiment of approval. The critics were unanimous in their praise of it. It represented a young girl dressed in winter clothing, wind-blown and snow-flecked, with a Tau O'Shanter on her head, just entering a room from without, where the air was filled with falling snow. The girl's face was full of sparkle life and a certain winning sweetness that drew and held the spectators. Reporters and public voted it the success of the exhibition, while every one with human curiosity consulted their catalogues, where it was set down as "The Girl in the Tau O'Shanter," by Darnley Waters. "Shrewd dog!" said his fellow artists. "Who but he would have thought of going up into the country at winter and painting such a picture on such a subject?" It was not until the exhibition was nearly over that Darnley Waters brought Edith down to the city to see his picture. It was late in the afternoon and the gallery was almost deserted when she stood before the canvas, so there was no one but her lover to notice the girl's surprise when she recognized her own likeness. "Dearest," he said, "you have brought me back to my art, with a new motive to sustain me. You have done me good, Edith. Will you share that good? Will you be my wife?" And the living Edith was as mute as the pictured girl, save for the whispered "yes."—Exchange.

Salt in History The necessity for salt among agricultural roses must have been paramount for nature craves it. Salts of soda are to be found in all animal and vegetable substances man uses, but it does not seem to be so assimilable as sodic chloride. Primitive Americans were certainly fortunate, because sources of salt far away from the sea-board were fairly numerous. The work of procuring salt must have fallen in a large measure on women. There was a Mexican goddess who was honored as the salt giver. Bancroft, in his Aztec studies, tells how an Aztec king kept the Tlascalas without salt for years, until they acknowledged his sovereignty. A Hygienic Fad. The latest hygienic craze in Paris is the use of porous glass for windows. This is declared to possess all the advantages of the ordinary window framing; and, while light is as freely admitted as through the medium of common glass, the "porous" further admits air, too, the minute holes with which it is intersected being too fine to permit of any draught, while they provide a healthy, continuous ventilation through the apartment. Supply and Demand. The fact is, says London Sketcher, that rich Americans come to England and marry their daughters to titled Englishmen because they can get more for their assets and their daughters than at home. Money goes farther here than in the spacious West, owing to the accident of our having been established in business for a good many centuries, we have accumulated a number of articles (castles, cathedrals, parks, etc.), which American "stores" do not supply.

VENUS VICTRIX. She leads me by a silken string, A ribbon fluttering in her hair, A flower upon her bosom fair, Its all my ardent fancies wing. She drags me down—I can not rise, The devil's light within her eyes Has lit a fire that never dies. I thought that time had made me strong; That nature and much mystic lore Would claim my heart for evermore And raise me o'er the weaker throng. Now all my vain philosophy Yields up to woman's witchery. My lofty purpose from me slips, My pride endures a cruel eclipse In vain to kiss those mocking lips! 'Tis vain—I can not break the spell, And bring unto my heart release To go to Love's tyrannic hell; No slave to Love's tyrannic hell: That oblivious cloud might rise To xat me and those laughing eyes; That I might claim once more her own With nerves of steel and heart of stone Oblivion for higher destinies, But now—a slave to her alone Fair Venus pities not my mood, But spurns me from her golden hood. —London Sun.

"DR. SWEET." "A man—a man, as true as I live!" breathlessly exclaimed Maud (transient, as she hastened to form a group of merry girls seated under a large willow tree). "A man!" repeated a chorus of excited voices. "When did he come?" "What's his name?" "What does he look like?" "How long is he going to stay?" Were some of the eager questions propounded. "Attention, girls! Not a moment to lose," rejoined the first speaker. "Jenny, out with those curling papers, Hattie, produce that box of chocolate creams you've so carefully stored away. Nell, bring down your guitar; Kate, you'd better have your hammock hung at once. And now, girls, while you're all busy, I'll run up and don my stylish yachting suit that I've been dying to have a chance to wear." "Wait, Maud," said one of her companions, "before you go tell us where's the man." "O, Miss Inquisitive how do I know, unpacking his trunk I suppose. Poor fellow! I haven't seen him yet. All I know is that when the clerk had gone in to breakfast I quietly slipped up to take a peep at the register. Imagine my joy when my eyes rested on the name Dr. T. B. Sweet. "Here's your chance, girls. Climb trees to strain ankles, upset boats in order to be gallantly rescued, have an attack of heart not organic, that's stupid. In short, devise all manner of plans—do anything that will result in requiring the services of the charming M." "Don't you remember, last summer an hour after Sabbath dinner the handsome Dr. Berry, she actually pinched her wrist until it was black and blue, just so he'd have to hold her hand and feel her pulse?" "Well, really," interposed Miss Jenny, the tactful and tactful, whose love of ease made her level in the present "Utopia." "I cannot say I'm glad this man has come—and a doctor at that, so suggestive of powders and pellets and horrible distastefulness." "Members are prohibited from presenting bon-bons, flowers or books to a man without the unanimous consent of the association." "And lastly, No young lady will have the right to become engaged to a man who has not sufficient moral courage that will enable him to furnish a written statement to the effect that he will promptly procure eligible partners for her less fortunate sisters." "And really, girls, without the slightest dissent I must remind you that you fellows in having a journalist in your midst. If I hadn't penned that bright paragraph about the beautiful heiress at 'Tip Top' and paid the editor of the Aristocratic Whirl handsomely for publishing it, no telling if we'd have seen the sign of a man before next September, while now, thank heaven, three days after the appearance of the article, a man arrives—so early in the season, too." "Scene an hour later—Dimity gowns, white leghorn hats profusion of feathers, dotted veils and other dainty appointments." "Will luncheon ever be served?" "I hunger—to see the new man. O! girls, what if he should be married," sighed the irrepressible Maud. "But no, he couldn't be so cruel." "By the way, Bess, wouldn't it be well to place that solitaire on a more conspicuous finger, just to pretend you're engaged. We don't want to frighten the poor fellow all at once, or he might pack up and leave before morning." "Two o'clock and he hasn't yet appeared. Never mind, he can't escape. We'll place guards on the beach, in the hearth, writing room—all over. If this scheme doesn't work, we can get in the good graces of the head waiter, by first generously feeling him, then announcing that a place has been reserved for T. B. Sweet, M. D., at the dinner table in the west end wing, and that the doctor is to be ushered in there promptly on his first appearance." "Suppressed laughter, animated conversation." "From rear entrance enter Marshall, escorting an antiquated dame, prim and precise, ringlets carefully adjusted, spectacles reposing comfortably on a sharp-pointed nose. Marshall, bowing majestically before retiring: "Young ladies—Dr. Sweet"—Detroit Free Press.

Electrical Warming of Bedclothes. An ingenious use of electricity is to warm the bedclothes. This is done by heating a system of wires inside a double quilt. The current can be regulated at will, and the temperature maintained at the required degree.

CHURCHES IN ROME. MANY HUNDREDS OF PLACES OF WORSHIP IN THE ETERNAL CITY. The Titular Church of Cardinal Gibbons, That of St. Maria in Trastevere, is One of the Oldest and Most Famous of Them All. The guidebooks are responsible for the popular impression that there are 265 churches in Rome, one for every day in the year, but that is a mistake. The exact number, according to the recent census, is 352, including the four great basilicas outside the walls. Besides these, there are about 918 chapels connected with monasteries, nunneries, schools and private palaces and a large number of shrines erected by individuals in different parts of the city to fulfill vows or show gratitude for deliverance from peril or sickness. There are sixty-eight monastic establishments, forty-two for monks and twenty-six for nuns. The number of inmates varies from time to time with the season and averages about 4,000. Before the establishment of the civil authority in 1870 there were 2,382 monastic establishments in Italy, of which 1,566 were for men and 876 for women. The number of monks was 14,807 and the nuns 14,184, of whom 8,220 belonged to what are known as the mendicant orders and were supported by alms or voluntary contributions. Many of these institutions were suppressed by the civil authorities, and the property was confiscated. Several were temporarily set aside for such monks, friars or nuns as had reached great age and were allowed to occupy them until their death. The confiscated church property was sold or appropriated by the government, and the proceeds were invested in a fund which amounts to several millions of dollars. From the interest upon this fund clergy are paid throughout the entire country, what are known as the secular clergy, the ordinary parish priests, receiving 3,000 lire (\$600) a year and less. Of the 352 churches in Rome 52 are included in the list supported by the government, there being 52 parishes in the city; 23 being administered by the secular clergy or ordinary parish priests and 29 by the regular clergy or members of the monastic orders. Of the 300 churches remaining 22 are attached to seminaries for the education of priests, 68 are in charge of different monastic orders and are supported by foundations, 24 are known as national churches and were originally attached to hospices for foreign pilgrims. They are still supported by contributions from Catholics in different foreign countries. Even the Abyssinians, the Armenians and the Bretons have churches as well as the Catholics of France, Germany, England and Spain. Besides these each cardinal has what is known as a titular church and parish over which he exercises patriarchal jurisdiction. The church of Cardinal Gibbons is St. Maria, in Trastevere, and his vicar is Mr. Dennis O'Connell, originally from Richmond, Va., and for several years rector of the American college in Rome. Dr. O'Connell is the best beloved man in the American colony. Jews and gentiles, Catholics and Protestants, all respect and admire him. He is a welcome and a frequent guest among the permanent American residents of Rome, a man of broad understanding, great learning, gentle disposition and a keen sense of humor, and beyond that a true Catholic and a genuine, sterling American. The Church of St. Maria, in Trastevere, is one of the oldest and most famous in Rome. The Trastevere is a section of the city near the Tiber, where there was a settlement of Christians at a very early date, and the Emperor Alexander Severus in the third century allowed them to assemble for worship in a kind of tavern or hospice at the spot where this church now stands. Tradition tells us that Pope Callixtus (218-22) suffered martyrdom there and that a well of oil sprung up at the birth of Christ, the exact spot being marked with an altar. The actual history of the church begins in 352, when Pope Julius I. built a basilica, in which the bodies of Callixtus and St. Calepodius were buried. Pope Leo IV, in 847 and Benedict III, in 855 extended the walls, and finally Pope Innocent II, rebuilt the church as it stands today. Unfortunately it has suffered "restoration" at the hands of later popes, who lacked architectural taste, and some of its original beauties have been injured or concealed by attempts to improve them. Nevertheless it is still one of the most beautiful of all the churches in Rome, and, as is the case with nearly all the palaces and churches, the material of which it is constructed was drawn from pagan temples and the palaces of ancient days. Twenty-four beautiful columns of red granite, supporting the roof and dividing the nave from the aisles, formerly inclosed a temple to Isis, and until 1870 they were decorated with the heads of Isis and Sempis, which were unfortunately chipped off by the "restorer." There are many monuments of interest in the church. It contains the tombs of three popes, several cardinals and other distinguished churchmen. Among them is Cardinal Campogio, who was sent as a legate by Leo X. to Henry VIII of England. The mosaics are very fine and the decorations among the best in Rome. Cardinal Gibbons' chair, of exquisitely sculptured marble, was formerly the seat of a Roman senator for several hundred years. It is very well preserved and has great artistic beauty as well as historical value. The portrait of Cardinal Gibbons hangs in the sacristy.—William E. Curtis in Chicago Record-Herald.