

Our Story a Savings Bank that Pays Large Dividends in Home Beauty and Comfort. We Furnish Complete, From Pantry to Parlor, the Modest Cottage or Finest Mansion.

VISITORS ALWAYS WELCOME.

Visit our Model Furnished House, Fourth Floor. Our Plain-figure Price Inducements and Choice Assortments Have Built up the Largest Business of its Kind Between New York and Chicago.

LOW PLAIN FIGURE PRICES. H.B. GRAVES, 78 STATE ST. ROCHESTER, N.Y. HOMES FURNISHED FROM PANTRY TO PARLOR.

Wall Paper!

If you have never examined J. R. Brady's Wall Paper do so this season. All 1902 goods, Silk, Burlap, Tapestry, Ingrain and papers as low as 2 1/2c a roll. Painter and Decorator

15 TRIANGLE BUILDING, Main St. East, Stillson St. Rochester Phone 818.

JOHN M. REDDINGTON, Lehigh Valley COAL

Brightest, Cleanest, Best.

99 West Main Street. Telephone 390

SECURITY TRUST COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

ABSOLUTE SAFETY. In The Best Thing We Have to Offer. Upon This Basis We Solicit Your Patronage.

If Our rate of int. on deposits is satisfactory, and our rate on loans low enough The accommodations we offer meet your requirements You are not already a customer, Then We Invite You to Become One

Capital, \$200,000. Surplus, \$303,600. Deposits, \$4,546,000.

EDWARD HARRIS, President. ALEX. M. LINDSAY, Vice-President. JAMES S. WATSON, Vice-President. JULIAS M. Wile, Manager. FRANK M. ELLERY, Secretary.

Eat what you like. We Digest it.

Paine's Celery Wafers. Candy Laxative - 25 cents -

For Indigestion, Constipation, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Belching of Gas, Pain in the Side. Ask Your Druggist for Paine's Celery Wafers.

All Losses Promptly and Fairly Adjusted.

John H. McNarney (Successor to O'Grady & McNarney)

Reliable Fire, Fidelity, Bond, Plate Glass Insurance Offices—101 and 103 Ellwanger & Barry Bldg. Entrance 39 Stair

THOS. B. MOONEY Funeral - Director

166 West Main Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MISS ELIZABETH MCCARTHY TEACHER OF VOICE CULTURE AND PIANO STUDIO 678 Powers Bldg

Payne's New Coaches Are the Finest in the Town. 126 Jefferson Avenue.

B. V. LOGAN, Undertaker. No. 12 Sophia Street. Telephone 2248. Res. Tel. 1232.

Geo. Engert & Co., COAL. Principal Office and Yard, Telephone 517 306 Exchange Street

Employer's Liability, Plate Glass, Established 1860. J. H. ASEAUX, General Insurance, 101-103 Ellwanger and Barry Bldg, Rochester, N. Y.

FLOWERS and PLANTS H. B. CASH, Florist, 172 State Street, Home Phone 247. Cut out this ad, bring it with you to our store and receive a discount of 10 per cent on all purchases.

R-I-P-A-N-S There is scarcely any condition of ill health that is not benefited by the occasional use of a R-I-P-A-N-S Tablet. For sale by all Druggists. The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle (60 cents) contains a supply for a year.

CLEVELAND BUFFALO "WHILE YOU SLEEP" UNPARALLELED NIGHT SERVICE. NEW STEAMERS "CITY OF BUFFALO" AND "CITY OF ERIE"

W. F. HERMAN, General Passenger Agent, CLEVELAND, O.

VISIT!

In Summer where ships go by They laid thee in thy cradle high, Unto the star of morning sign, Tustata

They looked to windward and to lee, Over the warm world and the sea; They saw some other like to thee, Tustata

Even those simple hearts that ache Still love their mountains for thy sake Dear dust the North can never take, Tustata

Soft with that fragrant sunshine blend Our Prince of Beauty, and their friend! Brave was thy course, and sweet thine end, Tustata.

Harper's Weekly

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

Well, well! perhaps it was my fault—perhaps it was not. He was a clever fellow—ah! that he was. They asked me to catch him, I said I'd try, I wouldn't promise—no, I'd only say I'd try.

I tried. His offense was nothing—merely what is commonly called a "Railway Plant." It succeeded, though, and my gentleman was "wanted."

I made a grand hit when I nabbed his companion. He told me his haunts and his habits, but he wouldn't aid me in catching him. I determined to do it myself. I was a green hand then. No matter, I had the will. I found the way. He was to be at a tea-party on Thursday night.

I was invited. Shall I take two policemen in disguise and arrest him? No; all his friends would rescue him! I will go alone. I went. I left my little house—a four-roomed dwelling—at 6. I locked the front door, and off I went to Mrs. Jones' tea party.

It was the month of December. We had great fun at that tea-party. There was a gentleman there that I believed to be my man, despite the fact that, when I was introduced to him, I was informed he had just come from the Continent. We fell into conversation. He began to pump me. This was what I wanted. I was determined to play the simple, and to tell him all he asked.

He started at me. Perhaps he knew me—perhaps he did not. He was a peculiar man, with short, black hair, a clean-shaven face (parish priests and pickpockets are alike clean-shaven—strange coincidences), dressed in a suit of very light gray. He looked smart. I might safely have shouted, "All hands to pump ship" for he pumped in a most barefaced manner.

He asked me where I lived. I told him I saw no use in deceiving him; besides, I had a little plan in view—I might invite him to my house, and pin him.

Had any company? None. Any one else in the house? No. I was a bachelor. I preferred to live alone. And then, in the most quiet and insinuating way, he asked me did I shoot? He did, he had been shooting lately—last week he was shooting in Suffolk. He went down there for a day or two. Ah! and I remarked, in a very innocent way, looking up benignly at him, that I thought—that was, I understood—he had just come from the Continent.

He started. I pretended to be surprised, and he assured me, in fact, he had been to the Continent since! But about the shooting? No, I didn't shoot. I was timid about firearms, the sight only. I assured him of a loaded gun made me tremble (pass me here, reader, there is a loaded gun always hanging over my chimney piece in the parlor). Had I no dreams? He had a beautiful gun. No, I had none. Then he returned to the house question. Did I sleep on the ground floor? No. Where then? At the top of the house—it was two stories high. Oh! back or front? Back. He was very inquisitive, I thought; but I seemed to enjoy telling him all I could. He thought he was duping me, poor devil! Then he asked me, as if casually, did I approve of keeping money at home, or did I send it to the bank? I started. I began to think this was too good. No matter, I would go through with it. I had told him lies enough, why not tell another—say, why not? I kept my money at home. Banks were unsafe; but I assured him I felt uneasy "just then," because I happened to have more than usual, and it wasn't mine. Five hundred pounds ready money. I think I told him. No; it was £500 pounds—"In notes"—ha! ha! ha! Five pence in coppers would have been nearer the mark. But no matter; poverty is no sin.

Yes, I kept it in the house; and he thought it strange I had no arms. Here I stopped him and begged his pardon. I had arms. He turned pale; yes, I had so. What they were might he ask? He might. My arm was a better stick, with two ounces of lead into the top of it. Oh! he seemed greatly relieved.

I told him the doors and windows had bolts on them, and were all barred—all but one. He pricked up his ears, and a faintly murmured "Which?" led me on, and gave me hope. I thought it best to encourage him—all but one. The front window on the ground floor, I said, had no bar on the shutter. They had all bolts, I told him. It had a bell. It was very safe. "Thieves never think of getting into a house by the front, you know. And there was no area or garden. The door opened on the pavement. Yes, it was very safe—wasn't it? Yes, he thought it was. Then he talked about politics, etc.; and then he got up to go—so soon? and Mrs. Jones begged him to stay; and I begged him to give me a call some night, for—ah! really, he was very—that is, his company was very—ah! very agreeable, ha! ha! ha! He was going my way, would I go with him? or would he wait for me? No; I would stay an hour longer, at least, and then see the Misses Browne to their home. Ha! ha! ha! what a notion I had of it!

He thought me very simple no doubt—the thought all I said was true. I often wonder, now, whether he ever suspected that the quiet individual who did not shoot or put his money in the bank, and slept in the house alone, and put bolts on the doors and windows, was a detective, who would do his best to see him safely "in good" before twelve hours were over. Ha! ha! we shall see what we shall see—so we shall.

He is gone. He shuts the hall door. He looks wildly about him, and then sets off in the direction of my lodgings. I am watching him from my window. Oh! I forgot to tell him. Ah! really I must go. Good evening, Mrs. Jones! ta! ta! I will clap on my hat and follow him. I shall shut the hall door quietly, and start in the same direction. Ha! I thought so.

There he is in the dark, round the corner. He does not think any one sees him. Here is a low wall—how handy! I'll just get behind it and watch him. His position is well chosen—no one can see him unless just where I am.

Look what he is at. Well, I'm blow'd! He pulls out a coat from good Mrs. Jones's where. It is quite black. He puts it on over his other coat, and he even pulls off his trousers. Ah! he has others on under them—they are black, too. And then he takes off his tall hat, and stows all his traps where the coat came from. His hat is replaced by a glengarry. Then out comes a great black beard and mustache, which are carefully adjusted. My yah! I wouldn't know him again.

Look again; he is examining something in his hand, it shines as he turns it over—it gives a faint click, click, as he holds it up. Ha! I thought so; it is a pistol. He puts it into his breast and then looks about him. I creep closer to the wall. He does not see me, although he is coming this way. He passes me and walks on. I whistle a tune, and step after him round the corner. I am coming up to him. He asks me the time. I tell him, and ask, did a gentleman in a light suit pass that way? Yes; he went up your street smoking a cigar—good-night! "Ha! ha! good-night! But surely he is following me! Yes, there can be no mistake about it. No matter, I will outwit him. I reach the corner—he is ten yards behind me, or more. I set off at a run down the street till I reach the next corner. Round it I fly I glance backward—he has not entered the street yet. I enter a half-open door. The next minute I hear his steps. He is running for death and life, and would think. He reaches the corner too, and stops. He is not a yard from me, and I am grinning at him through the door, which is about six inches open. He looks about him. He is a fault. "Blast him," he mutters, "I'll have him yet!"

He sets off at a headlong speed along the street, and I saunter on quietly and follow him at an easy walk. I arrive at the corner. "Heavens! he is coming down the street toward me. Yes, it must be he, although his beard and mustache are replaced by carrot whiskers, and he has a pea jacket and a jerry hat! By what trick of sleight of hand is this done? I cannot imagine. It must be he. He is flinging his pipe. My house is just in advance still he follows me.

I enter the house. Casually he glances up at the windows. I bolt the door. I hear him turn into the lane that goes up alongside the next house. I steal quietly into the front parlor and leave the shutters open, and put back the window fastening. Then I go up stairs to the back room. I light the candle. I don't draw down the blind, for reasons of my own. One glance at the lane. I thought so there he is, staring at the house. I can see him; the lamp is not far off. I draw back out of sight, and taking my revolver out of the drawer, I put fresh cartridges therein, and slip it into my pocket. Then I go up to the window again, with my night-cap in my hand. I stare into the glass while I adjust it. I am full in the glare of the candle light. I am sure he sees me. Then quietly drawing down the blind, I extinguish the light, and pull it (the blind) a little on one side to look out. See, he is running round to the front again.

I steal down stairs. I creep into the parlor. I thought so, some one at the window. Slowly and silently the seat is lifted and the blind pushed back the next moment a man enters the room. It is he!

He pulls out his pistol, cocks it, and lays it on the table. Then he pokes his head out under the blind, and glances up and down the street. Apparently satisfied, he withdraws his head, and then feels his way to the fireplace; he is going to strike a match.

I quietly put out my hand and grip his pistol. I stealthily draw myself up and face him. He strikes the slight match; gradually it brightens up. His back, toward me. He lights a candle and turns round.

He does not start, but turns white as a sheet. I am facing him, covering him with my revolver and his own pistol. For a moment we glare at each other. He mutters, "No fire-arms eh?" and I hiss, "Surrender!" A moment, and the candlestick is dashed in my face. There is a flash, a report—another! He dashes at the window. Now I see why he left it open. I rush madly forward. A heavy blow descends on my face. I stagger back only for a moment. I start up and take down the gun; in an instant I am standing in the street. He is fifty yards away. I fire one barrel, then I stand crestfallen at my window while the neighbors gather round. "Thieves!" says one; "The ruffians!" cries another; while a third eyes me calmly, saying, "You've missed him master."

A pistol for my trouble. "I have missed him!" I never saw him again.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD

MATTERS OF SPECIAL INTEREST.

Literature the Formal Expression of Human Thought—Crash Shirts—Waists—A Curious Dinner Custom—Women Explorers.

From crash are evolved some of the smartest models of strikingly novel aspect. Shirts come of this loosely woven fabric in blue—a dull, odd shade which reminds one of the blue peasants' costumes in the pictures of Breton and Dutch humble folk the painters send from abroad; also in tan and in grey the latter being especially stylish. These waists are made with six half-inch side plaits on each side, turning toward the arm and stitched to have

Curious Dinner Custom

A woman who has just returned from Japan tells of a curious dinner custom she saw in practice. At the close of formal dinners the guests are presented with any portion of the meal they may fall to eat. However great or small, it is carefully wrapped up for them, and they are expected to take it home with them. The unique custom was followed at official dinners until a short time ago, when it was discontinued, but the withdrawal of government example has not materially affected the practice. There may be all kinds of elaborate courses at a dinner that one does not care for, but the mental struggle to say "No" is not half so hard when you know you will get a chance to carry the food off and either give it to the children, throw it to your dogs and cats or distribute it among your friends. The Japanese is all that could be expected. Each kind of food is kept in a separate parcel, and at the close of the dinner the share of each guest is made up in a neat and artistic bundle.

Dorothea Dix's Work

In a few weeks there is to be celebrated in the little town of Hampton, Me., the centenary of the birth of Dorothea Lynde Dix.

How many people in America know anything of her or her work? Her work can be summed up in a few words, but its influence can never be estimated.

First—That for child-saving, which was begun in the Warren Street Chapel, Boston, still the mission centre of the city.

Second—Her herculean labors to get proper treatment for the insane in state institutions, and she rested not until she saw fine insane hospitals of her own creation rise in nearly every state of the Union.

Third—Her work as superintendent of nurses during the Civil War, for which at its close, Secretary Stanton offered her any emolument she might ask. The thing that she did ask was the flag of her country. A stand of the colors in silk was accordingly ordered for her and officially presented, and these flags were bequeathed in her will to Memorial Hall near the tablets to the memory of some of the very soldiers she had tenderly nursed.

Dangerous Fashions.

"The next generation of sewing girls will be born blind!" exclaimed an exasperated dressmaker the other day after two of her bet "hands" had to be given sick leave because they simply could not see what they were doing. "This hemstitching mania and feather-stitched insertions are bad enough," scolded madam. "But when it comes to working three days on a pair of sleeves I call it fine needlework and not sewing. Ten of my eighty girls have had to give up work within the last three years since the fancy work on gowns became a craze, and I wouldn't like to ask how many of them wear glasses. The narrow ribbon work and the tiny ruchings with narrow lace edgings are also maddening. It's delightfully fluffy and dainty when it's done, but think of having to sew 150 yards of baby ribbon on a point d'esprit skirt!"

Women in Literature.

Literature is the final expression of human thought. If women can lay claim to a special faculty of intuition why do they not manifest it in their writings? Intuition if it means anything, means the faculty that gets down to the germ of actions and characteristics and focuses external traits into a central verity recognizable to the general public. Now, there are more female writers than male. No woman poet has ever written an inevitable line, a line that flashes spontaneously out of the unknown and casts a illuminating light upon the abyss. Woman has added practically nothing to our stock of familiar quo-

He Kept the Watch.

"I was at Old Orchard last summer and attended one of the meetings led by Rev. Stephen Merritt," said a Lewiston gentleman to a Lewiston Journal reporter. "After a short address, the people were invited to let their jewels on the altar for missions. Women wept as they tore off earrings, bracelets, and gold rings. Diamond were given freely. Mr. Merritt himself placed a gold watch on the altar. Finally, up rose one man with a ponderous frame, and slowly pulled from his pocket a shining gold watch. 'I was worn, but was still a handsome thing. He held it in the palm of his big hand, as he looked at it. 'I love that watch,' he said. 'It has been all over the world with me.' Like Lucy's little lamb, it was a ways with its owner. It was the wedding gift of a dying mother. To part with it would be the giving up of a brother. 'I love it and I'm going to keep it; and he set down like a stone, wild never a particle of humor in his face.

tations. Take down your Bartlett or your anthology, and you may be surprised to find that from Mrs. Browning to Mrs. Meynell women have never coined a phrase which has passed into the common currency of speech. Mrs. Browning has indeed written fine lines, but nothing of hers can be said to have become a household word.

Nor has any woman novelist created any character that is generally recognized as typical. George Eliot has come closest with her Tito Melema and Mrs. Foyser. You would appeal only to the educated few if you described a person as a Tito or a Foyser. But call a man a Don Quixote, Micawber, a Dogberry, a Falstaff, a Colonel Newcombe, a Bill-a Parson Adams, a Bob Acres; call a woman a Mrs. Malaprop, a Becky Sharp, a Beatrice, a Diana Vernon, a Meg Merrilies, and even the illiterate will mentally classify the individual as you wish him or her to be classified.

"Ah, but," you say, "In real life women are the true intuitions. They size up a man or a woman at a glance. They are never mistaken when they trust to their instincts."

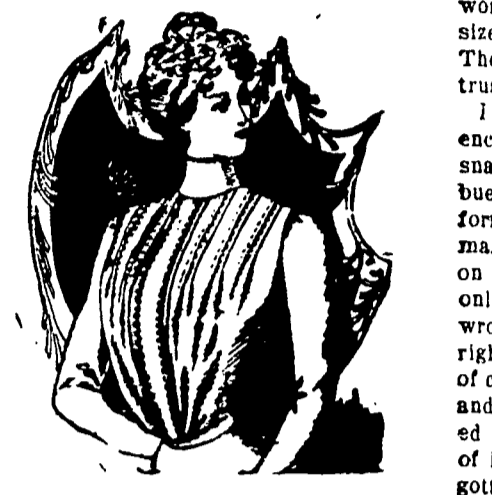
I can only testify to my own experience. I have not found that woman's snap judgments of character are imbued with any special verity. They form likes or dislikes quicker than man does, because they are quicker on the trigger of conjecture. They can only be one of two things—right or wrong. If time proves that they are right, as they must be in fifty per cent. of cases, the right guess is remembered and treasured up by the slower-minded man as an extraordinary instance of intuition. The wrong guess is forgotten.

Women Explorers.

Dr. Sven Hedin, the most distinguished Swedish traveler of modern times, and who is supported in his researches in Asia by the King of Sweden and the Emperor of Russia, is making his way back to Stockholm to lay his report before King Oscar, after having been received at St. Petersburg by the Czar, to whom he intends returning the Cossack escort with which the Emperor Nicholas has kindly provided him during his Asiatic travels. Dr. Hedin is particularly looked forward to throughout his European journey among scientific circles as one having a special knowledge on Thibet. He very nearly succeeded in entering the forbidden city of Lhasa being disguised as a Buddhist priest, but the guards of the sacred city were again able to prevent

Women Explorers.

Dr. Sven Hedin, the most distinguished Swedish traveler of modern times, and who is supported in his researches in Asia by the King of Sweden and the Emperor of Russia, is making his way back to Stockholm to lay his report before King Oscar, after having been received at St. Petersburg by the Czar, to whom he intends returning the Cossack escort with which the Emperor Nicholas has kindly provided him during his Asiatic travels. Dr. Hedin is particularly looked forward to throughout his European journey among scientific circles as one having a special knowledge on Thibet. He very nearly succeeded in entering the forbidden city of Lhasa being disguised as a Buddhist priest, but the guards of the sacred city were again able to prevent



the entrance of the foreigner, and he had to return to his caravan, from which he had made a side excursion. The honor of evading the guards and penetrating the city belongs in these days to two ladies, Mrs. Rynkhardt and Miss Thomson, who risked their lives in doing so. Lately we have had to record many extraordinary feats of daring on the part of ladies, particularly English in out of the way regions of the world and very rarely have women attempted anything in the way of exploration but what they have been able, if not to accomplish entirely, yet to make a highly creditable record.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "do you think we shall ever be rich enough to own a yacht?"

"I shouldn't be surprised."

"When we can afford it you will buy me a yacht, won't you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Charley, dear, I know you are a business man, and I know you want me to be a business woman. If you will give me a new hat and a new gown and a new coat now, I won't say a word about the yacht. Isn't that a lovely discount for cash?"

Be sure to send a note of thanks for a gift received at the earliest possible moment. Write it before your ardor cools. Make it hearty, spontaneous, enthusiastic. You need not be insincere. Even if you do not like the gift you must like the spirit that prompted it. Never defer writing with the idea that you will thank the giver in person. You may do that as well when opportunity offers, but do not risk delay. Nothing is more discourteous than belated thanks.—The Ladies Home Journal.

They had just been introduced, and as she looked into his thoughtful blue eyes, the young girl felt that she had at last met a man of high ideals.

"Are you interested in the elevation of the masses, Mr. McSturdee?" she asked, after she had worked up to the subject by easy conversation stages.

"Intensely, Miss Gushington," he answered. "I have dedicated my life to this great work. I am just now in interesting myself in circulating a pamphlet on the subject, which I shall be pleased to send you."

"How lovely!" she murmured. She knew that she had at last found a kindred soul.

But this world is full of bitter dis-appointments, and it was a hard job to Ethel Gushington's finer sensibilities when a few days later she received with the compliments of John Weste McSturdee, a catalogue of passenger elevators for which he was agent.

The ancient historians say that over 1,000 miles of the lower Nile were protected by artificial embankments and other works of engineering skill.