



**\* Special Watch Sale for 10 Days. \***

Remember this sale lasts but ten days only, and the number is limited. These watches are all the leading makes, such as James Boss, Jos. Fbay's, and John C. Dueber, fitted with the best movement, Waltham, Elgin and Hampden.

We will hold these goods until Christmas, providing a small deposit is made. Note the following prices:

- Gent's 20-year, 16 size, gold filled, open face Fbay's case, 15 jeweled Waltham movement, worth \$20, for \$15.00
- Gent's 14k solid gold, 18 size, hunting case, E. Howard 21 jewel movement, (adjusted) worth \$120, for \$85.00
- Gent's 14k solid gold, 18 size, open face case, E. Howard 21 jewel movement (adjusted) worth \$114, for \$78.00
- Gent's 14k solid gold, 16 size, open face case, E. Howard 21 jewel movement (adjusted) worth \$104, for \$75.00
- Gent's 20 year, 16 size, solid gold filled, Deuber case, 15 jeweled Hampden movement, worth \$20, for \$15.00
- Gent's 20 year, 18 size, solid gold filled, open face case, 17 jeweled Hampden movement, worth \$25, for \$17.00
- Gent's 16 size, solid gold, hunting case, 7 jeweled Waltham movement, worth \$35, for \$25.00
- Gent's 14k solid gold, 16 size, open face, 15 jeweled Waltham movements, worth \$35, for \$25.00

Ladies' 14k solid gold 16 size, open face, 15 jeweled Waltham movement, worth \$30 for \$20.00

Ladies' 14k solid gold 16 size, hunting case, 15 jeweled Waltham movement, worth \$40 for \$25.00

Ladies' solid gold 16 size hunting case, 7 jeweled Waltham movement, worth \$25, for \$15.00

Ladies' 14k gold filled case, warranted 25 years, 7 jeweled Hampden movement, worth \$25, for \$15.00

Gent's solid silver open face, 15 jeweled Waltham movement, worth \$18, for \$12.00

Ladies' solid silver, open face Swiss movement, worth \$6.50, for \$3.50

Ladies' hand-ome enameled watches, blue, red and green, worth \$10.00, for \$5.00

Ladies' handsome enameled watches, set with pearls, worth \$12 for \$8.00

Ladies' open face, solid silver watches, worth \$6, for \$3.50

Boys' watches, stem wind, worth \$3, for \$1.50

One hundred other styles of watches in Swiss, such as striking watches, calendar watches, alarm watches, and eight day watches in gun metal cases. Remember we are the Largest Watch House in Central New York.

Repairing Department.  
Cleaning American Watches, 75c; Swiss, \$1.00; main springs, American watches, 75c; Swiss, \$1.00

Goods sent on approval; if not as represented, money refunded

**S. D. BURRITT,**  
104 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

**Blauw's Drug Store.**  
The Old Reliable.

Fine assortment of **PERFUMES** FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Just received a new lot of **Hot Water Bottles**

With detachable silk covers, 2 quart size, \$1.25, 3 quart \$1.39. Face Bags, 49c.

Our Witch Hazel Toilet Cream, unequalled for chapped Hands, large 25c bottle.

**105 Main St. East cor. Water.**

**Christmas Buyers!**

See Our Suggestions for Holiday Gifts. Desirable Presents

To Suit Most Any Purse

Parlor suits from..... \$15.00 up	Ladies desks from.... \$3.75 up
Parlor cabinets..... 10.00 up	Carpet sweepers..... 1.98 up
Parlor tables..... 1.75 up	Children's chairs and
Fancy rockers..... 2.95 up	Rockers from..... .98 up
Morris chairs..... 5.98 up	Shirt waist boxes..... 1.85 up
Comb cases..... 10.00 up	Roman stool..... .95 up
	Hassocks..... .35 up

Give Us a Call Before Buying and Save Money.

**JOHN C. KING,**  
98 STATE STREET.

**The Hidden Money**

Now set still, children, an' don't make a fuss, an' I'll throw my head togodder an' tell yer 'bout yer gran' pa hidin' his money an' watches an' jewelry durin' de wah, when de Federals 'stroyed Atlanta. Ole marster libbed in Georgia, 'bout five miles from Atlanta, on de Chattahoochee river. I jes' wish yer could see dat plantation. Yer gran'pa Hooper wa'n't no pol' white tra' wid 'n' tree or four niggers an' a few bobtailed pones. No, sah! He had so many niggers he didn't know some ob 'em when he met 'em in de road.

I nudder see such places as his here in Alabama, such a big house, wid up-stairs an' chimbleys built out ob de puttest white rock, an' a hall big enuff for drise de kerridge in, an' de horse-stocks an' jes-yemen an' oley an' oley growed wid ober whar. An' den de biggest chest-nut trees an' boss apples an' datus-no an' peaches yer ever saw growed on a little creek called Peachtree creek, an' when de Lankum sogers was in Georgia dey foot a battle right on de banks ob dat creek, an' we niggers all run an' hid behnd de bar-stacks.

My ole boy Chat's named arter de Chattahoochee river. What dat yer say? Son's lak somebody a sneeze an' a long sneeze. Well, I 'lar' it de Hoosumber, it's a pretty name, I think. Yer challenges yer skills. Ken yer tell me what dat name means? Yer can't? Well, who gib it dat name? Oze-forpe! Elegg-ander H. Stephens? Fore-gracious! Yer de ignorant, est children! Was de Jupin named it, an' I nudder know what it stood fer, but I dis-remember now. Yer ax yer ma tonight. She's borned down dar, I bet she know. Yer gran'pa jes' had two chillens, yer ma an' pore Marse Willum Henry, who was killel at Gettysburg. He was a fine lookin' young man. Dem Hoopers - Georgia Hoopers, I mean was all powerful 'n' lookin' folks.

Yer Uncle Will was eddyvated in Massachusetts. I 'nembers well de first time he kem home from skule up dar. He bring his 'alum' as he call him, back ter Georgia ter spend de vakations wid him. Marse Tom Curtis was a tall, proper lookin' young man, an' ole marster an' Miss Sally lak her powerful well dey. "Why, dat's 'noble' name. Was it him, Uncle Will?" No, if yer all 'rups me any more I'll jes' shet my mouf right up. De cause it was yer pa, but he wa'n't yer pa den. Marse Tom an' Miss Vleria tuk ter each odder right away, an' he look at Miss Vleria lak she good enuff ter eat. Dey stayed home till about cotton pickin' time, an' den dey hab ter go back ter Massachusetts.

Fore Marse Tom goes he gib Miss Vleria a ring what he said been in his family years out ob mine; say it cross de ocean on a Mayflower. I thought it was onery lookin', but Miss Vleria nebber tuk dat ring off no more till she see Marse Tom, 'cause he put it on wid a wish. Dey went off ter skule agen, an' ole marster he kept makin' more cotton an' buyin' more niggers till he was de richest man aroun' Atlanta. De las' year Marse Will Hooper was at skule ole marster 'gun ter look mighty 'sturbed an' 'serus. I think mebbe Marse Will done tuk ter drinkin' or gamblin', but my gal Phyllis, what waits on de table, she say dat ole marster said dar was gwine ter be a wah, he was fear'd, an' dat he gwine ter write fer Marse Will ter come home. Den one mawm' he tell ole miss dat ole Souf Callina dun pulled loose frum de odder states, an' fore long amudder an' den amudder state, an' one day he say ole George show her grit an' pull loose too.

Den we heerd dey had been fightin' at Fort Sumter, an' den de wah 'gun sho' enuff. Marse Will he come home an' went to Richman ter jine de sogers. Miss Vleria an' ole miss went ter Richman ter see de las' ob him, an' 'twas de las' sho' enuff. Miss Vleria she gib 'em a big flag an' made a speech. I dis-remember now de mos' she said, but I heerd her say dat man was cowed dat wouldn't dare ter fight fer sich a lan'. She cry, an' some ob de sogers cry, too, but Marse Will so proud he could scarcely see. Dey marched off playin' "Dixie's Lan'" an' "De Gal I Lef' Behin' Me." Marse Will tol' Miss Vleria dat Marse Tom Curtis done jined de Lankum men an' dey wa'n't frien's no more, an' ole marster say he nebber want ter see him agen an' dat Miss Vleria shan't write ter him, but she wore dat ring ob ole marster did scotch 'oun'.

Well, de wah went on, an' de gol' an' silver money got sca'ce, an' we didn't hab no sugar nor caffee nor 'bakker' cept homemade nor store close. Even Miss Vleria she wear homespun dress like de darkies. We hardly ebber heerd frum Marse Will, an' ole marster he git jes' as gray an' 'tloop shouldered. He say

he nebber 'speat ter see Marse Will agen.

Bimeby we heerd Gen'l Sherman was jes' a makin' fer Atlanta, burnin' bridges an' 'stroyin' railroads an' along. Some our loaves' down niggers said dey was gwine ter run away an' jine de arm, when dey got ter Atlanta. When de Lankum men did git dar, dey 'stroyed things awful. It was a mighty party town when dey marched in, but it look lak a yearthquake struck it fore dey lef'.

Ole marster knowed dey was comin' out ter his plantation, an' so he 'cluded ter bury all his money an' watches an' jewelry whar dey couldn't find 'em. So he put all ob de silver spoons an' such like wid de moneys an' watches in a tin box an' put dat in a 'bakker box, an' one night jes' afore dey he slipped down ter de spring an' dug a hole at de root ob a ole chest-nut tree dat bent right ober de spring, an' he buried it in de hole an' kivered it wid rocks an' throwed water all ober ter hole de fresh dirt. Ole marster didn't even tell ole miss whar he gwine ter bury it.

Den he went ter de house an' tol' Miss Sally dey was safe fer a livin' ef de niggers was sot free.

Pore ole marster thought nobody was runnin' erway ter Atlanta an' didn't see him dat night, but, children, dar was an' ole Jezebel ob a nigger 'oman down at de spring. She when she heerd somebody comin' hide an' watch an' see ole marster hidin' sunfen, an' when he go home she goes ter de tree an' digs down an' fin's de box an' think it war 'bakker dat he hid dar. She was in sich a hurry ter get off she jes' kivered up de box lak it was an' went on ter Atlanta. Nex' day erbout eleven o'clock we see a big cloud ob dust an' heer horses stamp an' men hobblin', an' we knowed de Lankum men was a-comin'. Ole marster an' Miss Sally look pow'ful 'sturbed an' uneasy. Here dey come frum de big gate, horses an' all, trampin' ober de party flower beds an' breakin' up de conk-bells erlong de front walk, an' gets off dere hosses an' comes right in de nice wax hall wid dere muddy boots an' didn't eben take off dere hats ter ole miss.

What yer say, chile? Was yer pa wid 'em? No, honey, yer pa's a nice man. Dem men was de shabbiest lookin' fillers, not a ossifer 'mongst 'em-jes' stragglers, ole marster said, dat foll' red de ahmy ter steal. Dere was mighty fore men 'mongst de sogers at Atlanta, an' Miss Vleria was dar when the sogers marched in Atlanta, an' she say dar was lots ob mee men wid 'em. Dere men kilt ole Nero, Miss Vleria's pet dog, 'cause he barked at 'em an' den went frum de house an' tuk all de blankets an' bruck de peanier an' de big speer glass in de parlor an' rip de folder beds an' shuke 'em out de winders an' kilt de tuckers an' lawgs an' 'stroyed de corn an' drunk up de oder an' den tell Maum Phoebe ter cook dinner fer 'em.

Ater dey eat dinner one sojer ast ole marster ef he had enny 'store 'bakker.' He say, no; he not saw enny store 'bakker fer ebber so long. Now, dat ole Jezebel what watched him dat night had follered de sogers out ter de plantation, an' she heerd ole marster say he didn't hab no 'bakker, an' she say: "Yes, he hab got 'bakker. He's got a whole box buried at de spring." Ole marster turn white as a sheet when he see her gwine ter de spring an' de sogers wid her. Bimeby sich hollerin' an' shoutin' down at de spring I nebber heer! We know dey'd foun' it, an' pore ole marster nebber seed dat men' agen. 'Twan't long after dat we he I pore Marse Will got kilt at Gettysburg. Ole marster kept gettin' pinner an' actin' strange till he jes' lost his mine an' go erbout pokin' in de leaves wid his cane lak he huntin' fer sunfen, an' he tell Miss Sally de sogers didn't get de money; dat he got it hid sunwhar, but he can't tink whar it is.

Ater de wah was ober who should come ridin' up but Marse Tom Curtis! Ole marster done fertit erbout he fit on de odder side, an' he ax him whar he left Marse Will. Miss Vleria cry, an' Marse Tom cry, an' she ax him how he could fout agen her folks, an' he said dat honor made him do it. Den he see his ring on her finger, an' he ax her can she lub him yet an' say ef she'll marry him dat he'll be ole marster's son 'stead of Marse Will. Ole marster died jes' afore dey was married, an' ole miss soon follered him, an' den I come out ter Alabama ter end my few days wid yer ma an' pa.

The Telescope.

The late Sir Frank Lockwood was a tall man, and for some reason an unruly member of his audience once called out to him in the middle of his speech, "Go it, telescope!" "My friend is mistaken in applying that term to me," Sir Frank quietly said. "He ought to claim it for himself, for, though he cannot draw me out, I think I can both see through him and shut him up."



**A Merry Christmas To All!**

McGreal Bros. Heartily Extend the Compliments of the Season and Assure all that their prices for

**Good Wines and Liquors** as has ever been the rule with this House, are Emphatically the Lowest in Rochester.

**SPECIALTIES:**

Golden Age Rye.....	\$2.00
Old Port.....	1.00
Old Sherry.....	1.00
Old Angelica.....	1.00
Old Tokay.....	1.00
Old Catawba.....	1.00
Gibson, Hunter's, Wilson Whiskies	
Powers Irish, Jamison's Irish	

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J. P. BARNUM, M. D.  
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