OUR FASHION LETTER.

The Drooping Effect Demanded by the Mode.

THE SHOULDERS SHOULD SLOPE.

Deep Berthas and Sagging Sleeves Accent the Downward Lines. Dainty Coffee Coats Are All the Rage.

The present fashions all tend to give a drooping effect. Blouses, bodices and tea jackets have deep frills from the bust, and corsets are made so low in front that they only affect the waist and do not raise the figure at all.

Deep godet berthas worn quite off the shoulders give a gradual slope, and

MINK STOLE.

the sleeves add to this effect, as all the fullness commences at the elbow or just above it.

Another mode which accentuates this downward fashion is the wide, flat stole which is worn off the shoulders and is accompanied by the large granny muff of bygone days.

Hats are even flatter than ever, and their lace brims and draperies are certainly suggestive of the old pictures.

The deep berthas and long frills on the fronts of bodices are very becoming to some figures.

Tight lacing is undoubtedly less in favor than formerly, and the figure is altogether more natural and the waist larger in consequence. The present mode really favors the woman with too ample a figure, if she will only consent to more freedom at the waist. Tight lacing raises the bust and gives an unsightly increase below as well as above the waist.

In the picture is shown a wide scarf of mink banded with embroidered velvet stripes.

Sequined Effects Popular.

Sequined gowns are quite popular this winter. One gown of white net had exquisite designs in mauve sequins and steel beads. Another, seen at the same dressmaker's, was in black and steel with incrustations of Paris lace and beautiful tiger lilies in black and white velvet.

The new veilings of white lisse with velvet patches are charming worn with

GOWN OF BLACK CHANTILLY LACE.

black velvet toques having a drooping feather in white or black and white and a wisp of lace at the back caught with a pretty ornament in paste or steel.

The wide bertha and the fichu are in the height of style, but they are so arranged that they give a square appearance to the shoulders instead of the slope which, so alluring where it suits, makes some women appear so terribly dowdy.

The evening dress shown is of black chantilly lace over white chiffon and silk.

About Coffee Coats.

The shorter and more frivolous type of tea jacket is now known as a coffee coat, and here the actual coat is quite short in empire form and is completed by plisse frills of chiffon or full flounces of lace.

The coffee coat of lace or net is lavishly adorned with insertions or incrustations of lace. Sequined passementerie is much used on black lace or net.

Very dainty coffee coats can be made from short lengths of pompadour or brocaded silk and tinted lace. The neck

COFFEE JACKET OF ECRU LACE.

is left open in a small V, and a collar of lace or a fichu arrangement of chiffon and lace encircles the opening. The close fitting top portion of the sleeve is very short and completed by a deep frill of lace or a full Turkish sleeve of plisse net is attached to the silk upper part.

These little coats are generally worn over a plain slip or blouse, and much variation can be arranged by the aid of colored slips, removable chemisettes and smart choux of crape or chiffon.

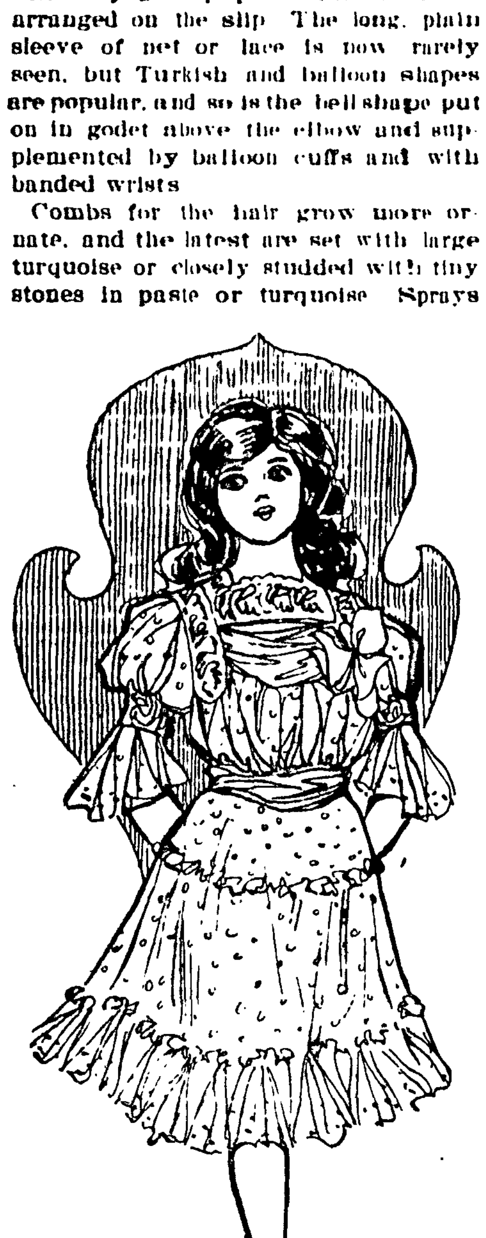
The furore for black and white has by no means departed and some of the smartest demitoilet blouses are of black lace net or chiffon elaborately trimmed with lisere lace.

The cut shows a coffee jacket of ecru lace.

The New Blouses.

The semitransparent necks of some blouses are cut extremely low, but veiled by a deep plisse tucker of net arranged on the slip. The long, plain sleeve of net or lace is now rarely seen, but Turkish and balloon shapes are popular, and so is the bell shape put on in godet above the elbow and supplemented by balloon cuffs and with banded wrists.

Combs for the hair grow more ornate, and the latest are set with large turquoise or closely studded with tiny stones in paste or turquoise. Sprays



CHILD'S FROCK.

of paste are also used on back combs, and the side combs with little balls of pearl or turquoise standing along the edge are very charming.

One of the newest of the simpler everyday coiffures is not at all difficult. It consists in brushing the hair into a loose pompadour and doing the rest into a soft inverted figure 8 at the nape of the neck.

A bow of black velvet placed carelessly a little to one side completes the girlish effect.

The child's frock here shown is of spotted silk point d'esprit over white silk. The sash is of pink satin with a scarf of the same draped over the bodice.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Nothing In It.

Farmer Harrow—So Bill Perkins had to sell that brindle cow of his?

Farmer Barnes—Yes. She'd run like thunder every time she see a railroad train. No use ever expecting to collect damages on that kind of a critter.—Puck.

TIM DONNAN'S LUCK

By D. H. TALMADGE

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There are people who scoff at the theory of luck, but Tim Donnan is not one of them.

Tim was a brakeman on the P. and T. railway six months ago, and a freight brakeman at that, with a pretty slim prospect ahead of him. He despaired whenever he thought of a certain girl who was so practical that she refused to marry him until his salary was adequate for an establishment. The fact that she called it an "establishment" showed plainly that her emotions were under control of her intellect. A sentimental, impulsive creature who loved a man as this girl loved Tim would have called it a little home.

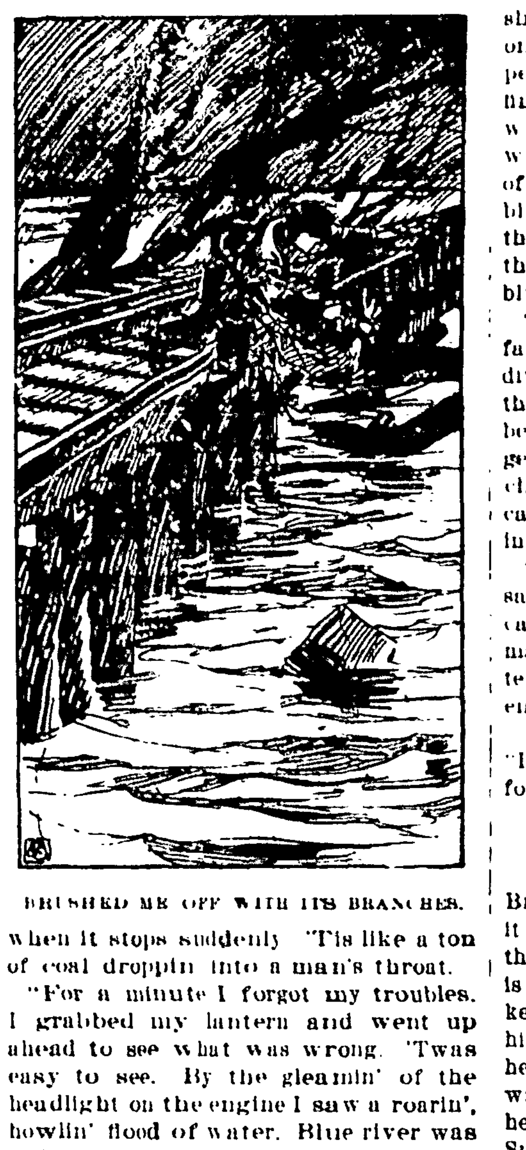
Tim isn't a brakeman on the P. and T. now. He is a conductor on the F. and L., and he and the girl have their "establishment" and are deliriously happy.

Luck did it, Tim says, and he proves it by telling the story.

"Mebby you know and mebby you don't," he begins in a subtle brogue, "that the windows of heaven were opened over a small spot in the northern part of Missouri one night last June. Mebby, again, you know and mebby you don't that the P. and T. road runs parallel with the F. and L. for about six miles after leavin' St. James. They cross the Blue river each on its own nice little bridge within two miles of each other, the P. and T. bridge bein' up stream from the bridge of the F. and L.

"'Twas lucky for me they fixed it so. I was sittin' on the back platform of the caboose the night when the cloud busted. My work was finished for the minute, and I was restin' and nursin' a bad fit of melancholy. My hopes were blacker than the night just then, and the night was blacker than the inside of a brunette cat. I saw nothin' to look forward to, and that's a worse state to be in than Arkansaw. I was sayin' to myself that I believed I'd commit suicide and end the agony when all of a quick sudden the train stopped.

"Mebby you never experienced the sensation of bein' on a freight train



BRUSHED ME OFF WITH ITS BRANCHES.

when it stops suddenly. 'Tis like a ton of coal droppin' into a man's throat.

"For a minute I forgot my troubles. I grabbed my lantern and went up ahead to see what was wrong. 'Twas easy to see. By the gleamin' of the headlight on the engine I saw a roarin', howlin' flood of water. Blue river was full and runnin' over way over. The track on the bridge was all but covered. 'Shall we try it or not?' says the engineer to the conductor. 'Wait till we look at the bridge,' says the conductor. 'Come, Donnan, we'll go and see if 'tis safe.' And we went.

"'Twas a fool thing to do what I did then, but I was in a desperate mood, and the rushin' of the flood affected my brain, I'm thinkin'. I told the conductor I'd go across and take a peep at the anchorage on the other side. And I started, the conductor offering no objections visible to the naked ear, and got half way across mebby when—biff! a tree that made ordinary sawlogs look like matches struck the bridge and brushed me off with its branches as easy as a whiskbroom disposes of a crumb.

"Ar-r-rah, the swim that followed!

"I don't know the words that describe it. But luck was with me. I got my hands on to a regular Pullman of a railroad tie, and I clung to it as the ivy clings to the molderin' wall. 'Twas nothin' resemblin' suicide the way I stuck to that tie. And every once or twice in awhile a chicken coop or a woodshed or a cord of wood bumped into me, knockin' out prayers like sparks from an anvil.

"'Tis my humble opinion that the current was runnin' at a rate of 410 miles to the hour. Mebby 'twas more, and mebby 'twas less. I didn't stop to measure it. Anyway, 'twas but a short time till I brought up against the F. and L. bridge with such force that six of my teeth took refuge in my stomach and a constellation of stars danced before my eyes, furnishin' sufficient light to enable me to crawl on to the bridge.

"The bridge was about ready to break loose. I crawled off of it rapidly. I'd had all the trip by water that I wanted. I crawled off at the first end I come to, and that was luck again.

"There was a station a ways up the track, and after I'd found my land legs again I hustled along till I got to it.

"The night operator was surprised to see me. Bein' a young chap, he reached nervously for his gun.

"'Put it away,' says I to him, 'put it away, Willy, and get a wringer.'

"'Heavens!' says he. 'Is it rainin' again? You're soppin' wet.'

"'Am I?' says I. 'Sure 'tis the true nose for news you've got. You should be in newspaper work. But tell me,' says I, 'how soon the train's due.' I knew a train was about due, else he'd been snoozin'.

"'The flier goin' south,' says he, lookin' at his watch, 'will be along in three minutes.'

"'Does she stop at this station?' says I.

"'No,' says he.

"'Then,' says I, 'you'd better get out your red lamp, for the bridge is all but gone.' And he did it.

"With the flier came more luck for me. The general manager's car was on and the general manager himself, artistically arrayed in a suit of pink pajamas, was up and rubberin' around almost before I'd told the conductor about the bridge. 'Tis the way of general managers. They're mostly built so.

"He looked me over with his sharp eyes, all the time spittin' out questions as a rapid fire gun spits lead, and I answered him as intelligently as was possible without my teeth. He seemed impressed. 'You'd better go and get dry. I'll look you up and remember you,' says he. 'Thank you, sir,' says I.

"'Twas about a week after that I got an invitation to the general offices of the F. and L. at St. Jim. The doctor said I might go if I'd be careful. Another touch of pneumonia, he said, might prove disastrous. So I went, and they didn't do a thing after I got there but put me through an examination and give me one of the best runs on their system, though why they did it I'll be blessed if I can understand.

"Luck? Well, say!"

A Matter of Gloves.

"Did you never notice how much better men's gloves look than women's?" said the man. "Go into any public conveyance and look at the gloves of the passengers and you will be impressed by the superior condition of those worn by men. Two-thirds of the women you meet cover their hands with suedes and dogskins that are shockingly soiled and worn. It is not only women of generally shabby appearance who are guilty of wornout finger tips and ragged seams, many who are otherwise well groomed and who could afford to put on a fresh pair of gloves every day are equally culpable. Men would be ashamed to go on the street wearing such disreputable things, but women flaunt them unblushingly."

"That sweeping condemnation is unfair," protested the woman. "The condition is easily explained. Women wear their gloves much more than men, and besides it is awfully destructive to finger tips to dig around in purses for change and samples and to handle candy, to turn over books and to examine dry goods."

"Now you have jumped the subject," said the man. "I am not talking about cause. I am talking about effect. The majority of men certainly do wear better gloves than the majority of women. You cannot deny that."

"That is true," the woman admitted. "I cannot deny it, they can better afford it also."—Philadelphia Times.

Pride Had a Fall.

"Yes, it is a pretty good cigar," said Brown, as he held it up and looked at it critically. "Jones bought it, but if he thinks he bought my silence with it he is mistaken, as the story is too good to keep. Jones, as you know, considers himself a great ladies' man, although he is old enough to know better. I was walking with him this afternoon, and he could talk of nothing but his 'latest.' Suddenly he exclaimed:

"'By Jove! There she is now, across the street. Isn't she a peach?'

"Off came his hat with a flourish, exposing his bald pate, and an idiotic grin spread over his features.

"Much to my surprise, for she did not look like a girl who would indulge in a street flirtation, she waved her hand, hesitated a moment and then started to cross the street where we were.

"'They can't resist me,' said the beaming Jones. 'Excuse me, old man; see you later; ta, ta!'

"Hat in hand and grinning like a monkey, Jones approached the young lady, who suddenly stopped, looked startled for a moment and then gasped:

"'Goodness! I mistook you for my grandfather!'"—Detroit Free Press.

The Cue Could Wait.

An American traveler in China, making his way out of the province of Shensi over the mountains, after five days of rough riding overtook his servant, who had been sent on ahead with the baggage. He reports the conversation which followed:

As a soldier half lifted me from the saddle Wang, the servant, handed me my razors. "For five days," he said, "the beard of my master is growing. I think maybe he like to cut it off."

I thanked him for his thoughtfulness, but I added, "You are in a great deal worse shape than I am. You needn't trouble about me. Have your cue braided, and then lie down on your pooka and take a nap."

He smiled with the faraway, rather sad smile of his race. "It would not be right for me to sleep, sir," he said, "before I see that you are resting. The cue is Chinese. It can wait patiently. But the beard is European. It cannot wait. It must go quickly."

A Venetian Adventure.

While Robert B. Mantell was in Europe he spent much of his time in Venice, where the first act of his play, "The Dagger and the Cross," is laid. There he learned much of the region and its people. This part of Italy retains many of its ancient customs, and is fruitful in legends of the days when the Doges ruled with iron hands.

One day just about twilight when Mr. Mantell was rambling about an old palace, he heard the sound of weeping. Unaware that the place contained a human being besides himself, Mr. Mantell followed the sound to its source in a dungeon below the palace far beneath the level of the Grand Canal. There he found a wee black-haired girl, dressed in the picturesque style of the Italian peasantry. Her pretty face was streaked with tears and she dug her chubby fists into her large dark eyes. Taking the little one in his arms, Mr. Mantell tried to soothe her. Not an expert Italian scholar, he was able by the disconnected words that came between the sobs, to understand what he really imagined, that the child had lost her way and wanted to go home. The gloomy palace had terrified the little brain that was doubtless well stocked with tales that made evil spirts inhabit such places.

In the best Italian he could muster, Mr. Mantell comforted the little one and promised to take her home. Through the gathering darkness he followed the tortuous passageway and on reaching the palace gates, met a searching party in a gondola, headed by the father of the child, who was wild with excitement at his daughter's loss. It appeared that the family, with several others, had gone on an outing that afternoon, and in some way the little girl had become separated from the rest and wandered on an expedition of her own. Her absence was not noticed at first, and when it was discovered her agonized parents feared that she had been kidnapped, or that some terrible accident had befallen her. The joy of both father and mother knew no bounds when Mr. Mantell restored their little one to them safe and sound. The father called on Mr. Mantell at the hotel next day and insisted on his accepting, as a token of gratitude, an old dagger that had been an heirloom in his family for many years. It was a curious old weapon, quaint in design, and showing where its original owners had given it hard usage. Mr. Mantell found, upon investigation, that the present peasant family had been of the nobility away back in the middle ages, and that the dagger had been carried by some titled ancestor who lived in the same century as that in which the hero of "The Dagger and the Cross" is assumed to have flourished. It occurred to him that the dagger would be an excellent model for those to be used in the play, and he forwarded it at once to his manager, M. W. Hanley, who had duplicates made.

Mr. Mantell carries the real dagger. It bears an inscription in old Latin characters, which, being translated, reads "Do not draw me except in the right, do not sheath me except in honor".

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, By the Grace of God, Free and Independent. To Mary O'Rourke, widow of the Town of Pittsford, Monroe County, New York, Bernard O'Rourke, Mount Rath, Queen's County, Ireland, Bridget O'Rourke, Mount Rath, Queen's County, Ireland, Anna O'Rourke, 81 Eighty first Street, New York City, Mary O'Rourke, New York City, Bernard O'Rourke, residence unknown, William O'Rourke, residence unknown, Martin O'Rourke, residence unknown, John O'Rourke, residence unknown, Mary O'Rourke, residence unknown, Kate O'Rourke, residence unknown, William Costigan, residence unknown, John Holland, Mount Rath, Queen's County, Ireland, Kate Holland, Mount Rath, Queen's County, Ireland, and Fenton Holland of Penfield, New York, and Barney Costigan, whose residence is unknown, heirs at law and next of kin of Bernard O'Rourke, deceased, and also to all other persons who are heirs at law and next of kin of said Bernard O'Rourke, deceased, whose names and places of residence are unknown, and cannot after diligent inquiry be ascertained, and also to all other persons unknown who are heirs at law and next of kin of the said Bernard O'Rourke, deceased, Send Greeting.

Whereas, Owen Burns and Thomas Burns, the Executors named in a certain instrument in writing, bearing date the 15th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty seven, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Bernard O'Rourke, late of the town of Pittsford, in the County of Monroe and State of New York, deceased, and relating to both real and personal estate, has lately made application to the Surrogate's Court of our County of Monroe, to have said instrument proved and recorded as a Will of personal and real estate, you and each of you are cited and required to appear before the Surrogate of the County of Monroe, at his office in the City of Rochester in said County of Monroe, New York on the 20th day of April, 1903 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day then and there to attend the probate of said last Will and Testament. And if any of the aforesaid persons are under the age of twenty-one years they will please take notice that they are required to appear by their general guardian, if they have one, and if they have none, that they appear and apply for the appointment of a special guardian, or in the event of their neglect or failure to do so, a special guardian will be appointed by the Surrogate to represent and act for them in the proceedings of the probate of said Will.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we have caused the seal of the Surrogate's Court of the County of Monroe, to be hereto affixed.

[L. S.] Witness, Hon. Geo. A. Benton, Surrogate of said County, at the City of Rochester this 20th day of February in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and three.

ANDREW LUDOLPH,
Clerk Surrogate's Court

MISS ELIZABETH McCARTHY
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EAST BY MAIN LINE.

A. M.—*1.00, *3:18, *5:44, 6 48, 8.05 c., *9.05, *9:38, *10.05, 10.45 ac
P. M.—*12 20ac 2:24, 2.35ac., *5-15, 5.20ac., ‡*6 40, *8:00 ac, *8.45, *9:50, *11 10, *11:15ac.

Trains arrive from the East.

A. M.—*1:05, *2:05, *4:00 *5:28, *6 17, *6 48, 8:10 ac., *9:25ac., *9:42, *11:30
P. M.—*12:55 ac., *2.80, 3:25, 6.25ac., *5 20; *8.20ac *9.10, *9:25, *9:40, *10:13, 11.10

EAST BY AUBURN ROAD.

A. M.—5:00, 6:44, *7:45, 9:40, 11 35
P. M.—2:40, 4.00, 5:10, *6.50, *7:55, *11:10.

Trains arrive from Auburn Road.

A. M.—8:17 9:00, *9:40, 10:50, P. M. *2:10, *4:15, 5.10, 7:10, 8:50, *9:25, 11.35

WEST BY MAIN LINE.

A. M.—*1:10, *2:10, *4:05, *5:45 *6:55 *7:50, *9:52, 10:55, *11.41 P. M. 12.25ac.
*2:25, 3:25, *5:25 *†5.45, ac., *7:05, *8:05
*9.30, *9.45 *10:15, 11:15.

Trains Arrive from the West.

A. M.—*12:55, *3:13, *5:40, 6 37 †8:01 *9:00, *9:35, *10:00, 10.50ac. *11:35 P. M.—*2:10 ac, 2:28, *4:35, *5:44, *†7 50, *8.40, *9.45 *10:15.

WEST BY FALLS ROAD

A. M.—*†6.05 *†8:25, †10:25.
P. M.—†2:30 *†5.40, †11:20.

Trains Arrive From Falls Road

A. M.—†7:30, *†9:50, *†11.50 P. M.—†1.00 †4:15 *†7.45 *9.10.

CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO BEACH

Leave—A. M.— †8.30, †10.30,
P. M.— †2.00 †5.00
Arrive—A. M.— †9.30, †12:20,
P. M. †4.00, †6.00,

R. W. & O. DIVISON.

Trains arrive and depart from State street station.

East Bound—A. M.—8 10, 10:00 P. M.—3 45, 5.55,
West Bound—A. M. 8 10. P. M. 4.40.
Arrive from the East—A. M.— 9:00 P. M.—3.45, 7 40
Arrive from West—A. M.— 10 45 P. M. 6 45

Trains marked † stop at Centre park
* Denotes daily.
All other trains daily except Sunday.
ac. denotes accommodation train.
‡Sleeping Car passengers only.

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IN EFFECT NOV. 23 1902

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LEAVE GOING EAST.

*6 05 A. M.—Continental Limited.
*8 40 A. M.—Local Express.
*10:57 A. M.—New York Express.
*6 17 P. M.—Newark Local.
*9:18 P. M.—Atlantic Express.

LEAVE GOING WEST.

*12:07 A. M.—Continental Limited.
*4:32 A. M.—Chicago Limited.
†6:00 A. M.—National Express.
*†7:13 A. M.—Buffalo Local.
*†10:15 A. M. Pacific Express.
*†1.23 P. M.—Buffalo Local.

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From the East. A. M.—*12:08, *4:27, †5.53 *7:10 *10:10. P. M.—*4:18.
From the West. A. M. *6:00, *8 37, *10:51 P. M.—*†6.12 *9:15

* Denotes daily. Stops at Center Park.
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Trains leave West Ave. station as follows:

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4:00 P. M.— Week days, Salamanca and Bradford Express. Connects for Silver Lake, Perry, Castile, Hornellsville, and Jamestown.

9:10 P. M.—Daily Pittsburgh Night Express with Pullman Sleeper for Pittsburgh.

8 8 A. M.—Sundays only, Pittsburgh Day Express. Connects for Silver Lake, Perry, Jamestown, Cincinnati, Chicago and points West and South West.

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7:40 A. M. Daily from Pittsburg.
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7 50 P. M. Week Days, from Pittsburg.
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