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JUBA
Break forth in joyful song, ye people
all.
As Northland winds waft Southward
freedom's call;
That has been delayed too long a time,
But now will end Cuba's wrongs, and
Spanish crime.
Brave heroes of Liberty, lowly and great,
Forward, and avenge the Maine's dread
fate;
Say to proud Spain, that Cuba's sons
will wage
Oceans of blood, before their hopes of
freedom fade.
—William Ratcliffe.

HE HAD A SPECIALTY.
(From the French of Second.)
"Monsieur, you are a—"
"Monsieur, you are another—"
"Flip!"
And two blows were exchanged, mas-
sively, too, solid, resounding blows,
both of them, capable of upsetting a
set of or making an average human
being behold an entire constellation of
stars.
Nevertheless, in spite of this free
interchange of courtesies, honor was
not satisfied. The two squabblers, both
rubbing a cheek with one hand and
gesticulating with the other, still vo-
literated loudly:
"This does not end here, monsieur!"
"A thousand devils! no, monsieur!"
"My card, monsieur!"
"And mine, monsieur, with my sec-
onds as close behind it as the dawn
of to-morrow allows."
Upon which, pulled apart, like two
enraged dogs, by the spectators pres-
ent at the discussion so peevishly
continued, the two principals separated
of their own accord, and fuming and
swearing inwardly, but with a sem-
blance, at least, of returning dignity,
separated, each to his own domicile,
there to await, with what patience he
could, the issue of this warlike affray.
In a handsome little rue de chaussee
of the Rue Cammartine, that well-
known quarter for the luxurious living
of the well-to-do Parisian bachelor,
some two hours later, we find again the
young and fiery challenger of the above
encounter, M. Achille de Loustignac,
in deep and solemn conference with
the two friends called upon for this oc-
casion. He was still as red and ruffled
as a belligerent turkey cock, and nerv-
ously strode up and down, with short,
excited paces, his well-appointed ap-
artment de garçon.
"But, really, Achille," persuasively
suggested his friends, alive to the dan-
ger of the business, and decidedly
more pacifically inclined, "there ought
to be some way of arranging this af-
fair."
Achille turned upon them like a
roaring tiger.
"Arrange it!" he cried; "arrange the
affair after a blow has been given!
What are you thinking of?"
"Exactly," I know for a blow one
ought to die, but then, unluckily, one can
die only once, and die though we must
some time, it is extremely disagreeable
to die at all, at any time, particularly of
an indigestion of iron pills. But,
baste! why discuss it? It's too late for
that. When the wine is drawn there is
naught left but to drink it, and our
task now is how best to make your ad-
versary drink it."
Which is why, after another hour of
turning the matter over pro and con,
Achille, though not convinced that a
"battle of blades" was not the best
course to pursue under the circumstan-
ces, nevertheless consented to allow the
guardians of his honor at least a loop-
hole of pacific sortie, viz., an apology
formal and complete.
"The ampest apology, remember!"
he cried, "and down in black and white
too, those excuses, or you know the re-
sult. Meanwhile behold it, the card of
my adversary. We must see who he is."

And Achille drew from his card
case and passed from hand to hand a
little square of Bristol board that had
never been nearer or glossier, and pull-
ing his monocle from his eye, in order
to see more plainly, he read aloud in
clear, resonant tones:
.....
DR. FUMICHON, Specialist,
413 Rue Haudriette.
Hours only 10 to 12 a. m.

"A doctor! Parbleu! To make sure of
finding him there we shall have to go
his house during his hours of consul-
tation—his office hours, that is—and
force him to eat his words then and
there, or wipe out the insult with his
own pen and ink bottle."
"So be it; do as you please," said
Achille, resolutely, still furious at
heart, but more amenable to reason
since upsetting and demolishing in one
of his turns about the apartment de
fifty-louis Owar! jar. "So be it; I am
now in your hands."
Faithful to their promise to lose not
a moment, and exactly as the bell of
St. Peter and St. Paul was on the
stroke of 10 a. m. next day, the Mes-
sieurs Charmian and d'Epiny, de
Loustignac's two seconds, thundered
at the knocker of the doctor's door. It
flew open briskly, and a negro footman,
resplendent in gold braid and buttons,
stood before our two ambassadors clothed
themselves in the customary "black
frock of ceremony," buttoned tightly
from waist-line to collar. Grave and
dignified, he stood like a martial Ger-
ber, barring the entrance of the two
plenipotentiaries, who held in their
hands, with their hats and umbrellas,
the lives of two men.
"Dr. Fumichon, he is here!" they
quarried peevishly, at the same time step-
ping forward to cross the threshold.
"He is," said the black, "but the fee—
five and twenty francs apiece—first,
if you please, Messieurs!"
"What five and twenty francs apiece?
apiece! But we are not here as pa-
tients! We have not come here to
consult the doctor! We are here to—"
And our two friends, losing time and
temper both, essayed to push back the
door and to enter without further par-
ley, but a safety catch held it, and the
sneaky Cerebrus, completely filled the

doorway, blocking the path of the
two seconds, who were now
only his own personal, personal in-
sults.
"Five and twenty francs apiece, mes-
sieurs; fifty francs for both of you."
It goes without saying that the
Achilles' seconds could neither turn
tail and abandon their mission, nor full-
fill it on the doctor's part, they were com-
pelled to yield and to pay up a "yellow
piece" and to receive in return a sum-
mered jacket, the open seams of the
doctor's frock coat and right fur-
nished salon beyond the entrance.
Scattered about on sofas and chairs
were seated some eight or ten gentle-
men, all of them, however, two friends,
clothed in the "black of ceremony,"
black and correct; and all of them like
our two friends again, as solemnly
frowning, the one as the other, while
more or less impatiently awaiting their
turn.
"Heavens!" murmured Charmian,
astonished, in the ear of his companion
"Did you ever see the like of this or a
clientele more odd than the one before
us? Positively not a soul but invalids
in frock coats! Fumichon is undoubt-
edly a specialist of note!"
And Charmian too, dropped into a
chair and fell into an awed silence, op-
pressed by the gloom and magnificence
of his surroundings, and softly aware-
ing in his heart that never before had
he witnessed a scene like it, where
every one present seemed really to be
participating in the ceremony of his
own internment.
A full hour passed thus. Not a word
or a sound broke the stillness; only,
from time to time, a tapestry at one
side of the room was drawn back noise-
lessly, a door leading into the doctor's
office opened, a number was called out,
and the two gentlemen holding the
check corresponding to the number
called would softly get up and disap-
pear into the sanctum. And this, I
say, had gone on for at least an hour;
a new call, a new number and the dis-
tinguished vanishment of two malades.
Precisely: Two malades; for, a
strange coincidence. Dr. Fumichon's
patients went—and they went no other
way—in couples, like bees to the
ambrosia, or like Charmian leaped in
his seat as if a bee had stung him—or
like the seconds in a duel.
Was it possible that all these black-
coated gentlemen were not patients at
all? That Dr. Fumichon, not content
with killing people in the usual way—
that Dr. Fumichon—
Achille's proxies, however, had no
time now to further pursue this dis-
turbance; the tapestry was drawn back
again; their turn had come, and they
were over the doctor's threshold and
expounding, in cold, court
terms their mission before they fairly
knew where they were: "Swords, the
Bois du Boulevard, at daybreak, or the
fullest apology, under the doctor's own
hand and signature."
In two steps and three movements
the thing was settled. Dr. Fumichon,
so wild and warlike the night before,
was as mild and benevolent to-day as
a summer morning.
"He had lost his temper; he was
heartily ashamed of himself; Monsieur
de Loustignac would certainly believe
that," and to show his deep and sincere
regret for his disgraceful lapse in dig-
nity, this excellent specialist, hurried to
trace with his good Toledo pen and his
most beautiful hieroglyphics all the
apologies; and more, that the two sec-
onds desired. Ten minutes later, the
apology in their pocket, and joy in
their hearts at the safe deliverance of
their friend from a perilous situation,
Charmian and d'Epiny were on their
way back to the Rue Cammartine, en-
tirely reconciled to the loss of their
"five and twenty francs a head," left
behind them in the black paws of the
impeccable footman guarding so vigor-
ously the door of consultation in the
Rue Haudriette. And the doctor? Well,
the doctor, alone at last in his office,
and with no more frock-coated mal-
ades, awaiting their turn, the doctor,
as exact in keeping accounts as im-
petuous in temper, was balancing his
cash for the day and comfortably add-
ing up the total of his week's receipts.
"Capital, capital!" he cried, rubbing
his hands joyously as he glanced at
the footing, "eight encounters, more or
less severe, as in many different cafes
and restaurants last night, between the
hours of 7 and 11 o'clock—eight en-
counters all in the evening! Results
to-day, between the hours of 10 a. m.
and 12 m., eight separate and distinct
challenges to me from eight separate
and bellicose principals, and eight sep-
arate and distinct apologies from me
to the aforesaid principals conveyed
through the medium of the aforesaid
principals' seconds, who have called
upon me in the past two hours to ar-
range the details of these eight sep-
arate affairs. Sixteen seconds, two
apiece for each of the eight principals,
calling upon me in office hours—and
they cannot find me in any other time-
sixteen seconds at five and twenty
francs a visit amounts to a total of 400
francs for two hours' work and the
very slight risk I run of having my
profuse apologies refused by my ad-
versaries. Four hundred francs for eight
encounters—only an average night's
work, too, last night's—and we have as
a result 2,400 francs a week income, or
2,800 francs a week income, including
Sunday. Decidedly, I have struck a
bonanza in this new 'specialty' of
mine!"

GEMS OF THOUGHT
There is a remedy for every wrong
and a satisfaction for every soul.
—Bacon.
There is nothing makes a man
speak much more than to know little.
—Bacon.
There is nothing truly valuable
which can be purchased without pains
of labor.—Addison.
To communicate oneself is Nature;
to receive a communication as it is
given is culture.—Goethe.
Whatever touches life with upward
tendency in education.—Dr. Arnold
Tompkins, Illinois State University.
What then is to be done? To make
the best of what is in our power, and
to take the rest as it occurs. And
what hinders me, then, but that I
may go smiling and cheerful and se-
rene?
God created hope when listening to
repentance. The fairest flower in the
garden of creation is a young mind,
offering and unfolding itself to the in-
fluence of divine wisdom as to the sun.
—W. H. Harrison.
We ought to watch * * * we do so
in obedience to our commander, the
Captain of our salvation, yet it is his
own watching, who sleeps not, nor so
much as slumbers, it is that preserves
us and makes us not to be in vain.—
Robert Leighton.
"What she could," not what she
could not do, not what she thought
might be done, not what she would
like to do, not what she would do if
she had more time, not what somebody
else thought she ought to do, but
"what she could."—W. A. Shipman.
To feel a conviction of immortality
we must live for it. Let any one firm-
ly believe that the soul is permanent,
and live from that belief, and soon ex-
ultance will seem permanent too, the
world becomes a veil of brighten-
glory that lies behind it; the mind,
conscious of its own rooted being,
does not wait for immortality, but is
saved from death unto life.—Thomas
Stearns King.
It is a proverbial saying that every
one makes his own destiny; and this
is usually interpreted that every one,
by his wise or unwise conduct, pro-
pares good or evil for himself; but we
may also understand it that whatever
it be that he receives from the hand
of Providence, he may so accommodate
himself to it that he will find his lot
good for him, however much may seem
to others to be wanting.—William von
Humboldt.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.
The humblest man or woman can
live splendidly. That is the royal
truth we need to believe, you and I,
who have no "mission" and no great
sphere to move in.
A good book is the precious life
blood of a master's spirit, embalmed
and treasured up on purpose to a life,
beyond life.
There must be no rust on our hearts
resulting from inconsistency or per-
mitted sin. To keep us from this de-
teriorating is God's perpetual aim;
and for this purpose he uses the fear
of daily life, the chafe of small annoy-
ances, the wear and tear of irritating
tempers and vexing circumstances.
Nothing great or crushing, but many
things that gall and vex—these are the
sandpaper and the file that God per-
petually employs to guard against
whatever would blunt the edge or
diminish the effect of our work.—Rev.
F. B. Meyer.
Remember that in proportion to the
fullness of thy heart will be the full-
ness of thy life. Be empty-hearted and
thy life will be meagre, skeleton ex-
posed; be full-hearted, and thy life
will be full and strong, a thing that
will tell upon the world. Keep, then,
thy peace with God firm within thee.
Keep thou close to this, that Jesus
Christ hath made peace between thee
and God. And keep thy conscience
still; then shall thy heart be full and
thy soul strong to do thy Master's
work. Keep thy peace with God; this
will keep thy heart pure.
Shallow judges of human nature are
they who think that tears in them-
selves over misdeeds, boy or even
man. Well did the sternest Roman
writers place the arch distinction of
humanity, aloft from all manner of
heaven's creatures, in the prerogative
of tears! Sooner mayest thou trust
thy purse to a professional pickpocket
than give loyal friendship to the man
who boasts eyes to which the heart
never mounts in dew! Only, when
man weeps he should be alone—not be-
cause tears are weak, but because they
should be sacred. Tears are akin to
prayers.

LEARNED BY LOOKING ON
Lying's a certain mark of cowardice.
—Southern.
Silence is the gratitude of true affec-
tion.—Sheridan.
Men are never so good or bad as
their opinions.—MacIntosh.
Polish on a man's manners and on
his boots counts for a great deal in
this world, but he loses caste when the
polish is on his coat.
It was one of those trying children
who always make out their adults
semi-idiot, who inquired as to where
the quarters of the old moon went.
The estimate output of the Klondike
gold mines this year is \$40,000,000.
English capitalists have recently in-
vested about \$30,000,000 in sugar plan-
tations in Cuba and Porto Rico.

UNCLE BILL'S IDEAS.
Broad assertions are apt to fall flat.
A man often fails to curtail his ex-
penditures to make both ends meet.
Uneasy lies the head that has to
pay for a woman's new fall bonnet.
Some men are so mean they don't
get any praise at their own funeral.
Even after they have been married
four or five years, some women are
persevering enough to think they will
be able to persuade their husbands to
go to church with them some day.
—Cleveland Leader.

COAL IN THE TRANSVAAL.
In one colliery, not half a dozen
miles from the gold mines, I have seen
a seam of coal 70 feet thick. This
coal, though of a low quality, suffices
for the purposes of the gold mines,
and there is a sufficient quantity of it
to outfit for the lives of all the gold
miners. Besides the coal deposits
near the gold fields and those others
by the Vaal river, which furnish coal
for the railroad system far down into
the Cape Colony, there are literally
hundreds, perhaps even a thousand,
square miles of coal in the Middleberg
and Ermelo districts lying between
Pretoria and Delagoa bay. In the
midst of these coal beds is the outcrop
of iron ore. And running through
them is the lately constructed railway
to Delagoa bay. With these vast coal
deposits close to a first-rate port on
the Indian ocean the prospects of the
coal mining industry seem brilliant.

BEN FRANKLIN'S WISDOM
Want of care does more damage
than the want of knowledge.
For age and want have made my
day, no morning has been all the day.
Experience keeps a true school, but
fools will learn in no other.
Lying rides upon sober back; it is
hard for an empty bag to stand up-
right.
Women and wine, game and deceit,
make the wealth small and the want
great.
What maintains one vice would
bring up two children.
Though deep walls suggest sleep,
and you shall have come to rest and
keep.
Work to-day, for you know not how
much you may be hindered to-morrow.
Keep thy shop and thy shop will
keep thee.
If you would have your business
done, go; if not, stand.
Foolish men make haste and waste
what they have.
He that by the plow would thrive,
himself must either hold or drive.
The eye of the master will do more
work than both his hands.
Always taking out of the meal tub
and never putting in, soon comes to
the bottom.
Drive thy business, let not that drive
thee. Sloth makes all things difficult,
industry all easy.
When the well is dry, they know the
worth of water.
"No man is so insignificant as to be
sure his example cannot hurt."

A FEW HOMELY PROVERBS
Here are a few old English proverbs
imported direct from the old country.
Suspicion has a key that fits every
lock.
Don't pull the house down because
the chimney smokes.
If you give me a knife, give me a
fork too.
Give me to drink, but fetch me not
a hole in the purse, and the cupboard
the worse.
The fuller the hand the harder to
hold. Stroke the dog, but beware of
his bite.
Heap on the coal and put out the
fire.
The fool kept the shell and threw
away the kernel.
One cock is sure to crow if he hears
another.
In comes the dither and out goes the
money.
The shorter the wit the longer the
word.
Saw off any branch that you are sit-
ting on.
My partner ate the meat and left me
the bone.
If you break your bowl you lose your
broth.
Don't wait until it is dark until you
light the lamp.
Every bell must ring its own tune.
If you shoot one bird you scare the
whole flock.
Beware of pride, says the peacock.
You must shut your eyes if the dust
blows in your face.

EVERYTHING NEEDS REST.
People will say, as observant people
have been saying for a good many
years, that metals, like living beings,
grow tired; and that machinery works
better and surer for an occasional rest
than in a most unceasing way. The
two ducklings stated yesterday
"Quick, quick!" what all they said
"Now, here's a plan, Mrs. Duck has
thought what she could get balanced."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS
Never judge the judge by the jury.
Self-reliance and courage go a great
way in human affairs.
Our misfortunes are magnified by
the fool comments of our friends.
If an air-ship isn't slightly the inven-
tor of it is very apt to be.
More men give according to their
means than according to their
means.
It is a wise woman who doesn't get
into an argument with her housemaid
on wash day.
Don't forget the great object of life
is making a home.
We generally are treated the kindest
by those from whom we have no right
to expect more than the instant passing
courtesy.
One of the most practical Don'ts we
have ever heard of is Don't talk about
your neighbors. It will make you un-
comfortable and cost you your stand-
ing in the community.
Machine grease may be removed by
washing in cold water, using soap.
The home is an epitome of the na-
tion, every public virtue may be cul-
tivated there.

IRONICAL IF'S
If men have no scruples about fish-
ing on Sunday they're apt to have
drama.
If there is nothing in a man he is
not on the visiting list of opportunity.
If gossip would stop to think their
tongues would get a much needed rest.
If the teacher flogs a girl pupil he
gets a whiff; if the girl flogges a
misson a bit.
If people would frankly admit their
weakness lots of "misson" arguments
might be avoided.

The Two Ducks
Two ducks who had been
in great business for many
days, a business which was
the most money.
"I," said the younger, "have been
at the office and meet my friends
in the state. My grandfather
father was great, my grandfather
and meeting but the latest business
in my mind. Here is my partner."

AD ANIMAL STORY FOR
Little Folks
Practice What You Preach
"My dear," quipped Mrs. Duck to
her two promising offspring, "always
follow the advice of your elders. You
learn more by example than by pre-
cept. Just observe your mother, she
to do as she does, and remember to
even to play to the full her own game
even though the sky should fall."
"Quick, quick!" quipped the two
spring.
"Now, by observing all that I do you
will learn much that will be helpful.
What have we here? Ah, that's a
quack. A quack is a quack, my dear."
"Let me remind you, Mrs. Duck, that
should never try to do high, they are
too heavy—but I would like to know
what is that quack?—saying which she
stopped and scolded up on to the
block in a most unbecoming way. The
two ducklings stated yesterday
"Quick, quick!" what all they said
"Now, here's a plan, Mrs. Duck has
thought what she could get balanced."

QUACK, QUACK! was all that came
in it. I see a green liquid or course
you can't, but you will take my word
for it as good duckies should. It is
probably green chopped and
squeezed in a press.
"Now, you know I have often told
you never to stick your bills into any-
thing that you are not familiar with.
It is very dangerous. But of course I
shall investigate it. Stand perfectly
still where you are and don't move
an inch—if the sky should fall." The
ducklings meekly answered "Quick, quick!"
Mrs. Duck stuck her long bill down
in the green paint, but drew it out
more quickly.
"Oh, oh!" she cried. "Hurry, hurry!
I shall faint! Catch me!" And she
fell backward on the back. As she
did so the pull of paint upon the
little duckies caused them to death, to
fading to mere water in a
"When Mrs. Duck recovered and
looked about her she found her two
children crying "Wee, wee! Wee, wee!"
"There," she said, "what have
you done? I told you to do."
"We thought we did," said the two
said.
All of which shows that those people
and those arguments
might be avoided.