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## MAKING A NEWSPAPER

How the Office Boy Explains It to the Rural Bride and Groom.

The rural bride and groom timidly approached the elevator leading up into the building where was located a great city daily, and the man asked the elevator boy, "How'd it?"

"D'evenin'," responded the boy in a manner which made the shrinking bride cling to the arm of her long, green husband.

"We're in town on our weddin' trip, kinder," he said blushing, "and me and Mattie thought as we was seein' the sights we oughter see the newspaper office, too. Our parents has been makin' your weekly for a good many years."

"That's right," said the elevator boy, encouragingly, "the people will be glad you did, but I haven't got time to show you around. Here's the office boy, though, and he's a expert in that business, he is. Ain't you Snips?"

Snips being appealed to came out from somewhere he had no business to be and assumed importance.

"What I don't know about the newspaper business, mister," he said, "I guess you won't find around here. It's an hour till midnight when I go on watch, and if you make it worth while I'll show you everything."

A bargain was struck.

"Now," said the office boy, "follow me, and when I'm done with you if you don't say you got more for the money than ever you did before in your life I'll say you don't know punkins when the leaves is off the vines."

This homely reference brought a smile to the bride's cheek, and she followed the boy and her husband down into a cellar with more confidence than she felt at first.

"I brought you down here so's you could see the engine," the boy explained, "and then you wouldn't have to come down here any more, for it ain't very clean and purty for the lady." The lady looked her thanks. "You see there's four b'ilers."

"Bout the same as sawmill b'ilers, I reckon," said the groom as if he were not greatly impressed.

"Well, there's two bat'ries of 'em," said the boy not knowing a sawmill from a washbailer.

"They ain't like that in a sawmill," said the visitor.

"I should say they wasn't. There's a good deal more difference than that, you will find, between a sawmill and a newspaper," continued the guide in a more or less triumphant tone, turning to go out of the engine room.

"Now, that through yonder," he said, pointing out from the elevator, "is the counting room."

"Where they count the papers?" interrupted the groom.

"Naw," said the boy, "where they count the money. That's the business office. There's some people that think it's pleasure to run a newspaper, but when they tackle it once they find it's business. That's what they have that office for."

"There's two ways of countin'." "Where does he mean say that writes the jokes?" asked the groom.

"He stays at home," grinned the boy. "If he stayed around the office somebody'd kill him."

"See that door over there?" said the guide, pointing to a mysterious looking aperture in the wall. "Well, that's the old man's den."

"Who's he?" asked the groom. "That man that signs himself 'we'?"

"That's him," said the boy, admiringly. "He's the grand mogul--the boss--the old man," and the boy gazed on the closed door with reverence akin to awe.

"Well, I'd like to see him," said the groom, bravely stepping toward the door.

"Are you armed?" asked the guide, interposing himself in the caller's path.

"Who writes the love stories," the bride inquired.

"They don't write 'em, ma'am. You see, they got a machine down stairs that they grind the poetry out of, and when they want love stories they throw in a little extra ink and paper and a fonesuckle or two, and then they git love stories out of them."

"Oh, can we see them?" she asked, eagerly.

"No. What's that got to do with it?" "Nothin', only of you go in there at this time of night your honeymoon is mighty likely to be turned into a funeral procession, and the old man won't be chief mourner neither."

"He must think a heap of himself," ventured the visitor, in a hurt and disappointed tone.

"He does. He thinks more of hisself than all the rest of the fellers does, but that don't make the paper none the worse, I guess. He gimme a quarter th' other day extra fer doin' something fer him, and cussed me 50 cents' worth fer not doin' it like he wanted it."

One of the presses was going when they reached the room and the boy held a counsel with the pressman.

"Sorry," he said, rejoining his guests, "but the whole shooting match won't but you can see what this one is at, be ready till two or three hours yet; Now, when the whole thing is goin' she prints 2,000,000 an hour."

"How long do they run the thing?" asked the groom, showing more surprise than at anything he had previously heard.

The boy consulted the foreman.

"About two hours and twenty minutes," he said.

"That's between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 circulation, ain't it?" inquired the groom.

"That's what" said the boy, with supreme confidence.

## THE SALE OF SAMOA.

Robert Louis Stevenson's house where he spent so many happy years of the latter part of his life, and which was pillaged by the Samoan warriors during the late trouble in the islands, has been sold. It was here also that the late King of Samoa, Malietoa Lauepea, died. Vallima is a most charming residence, situated a some little distance out of Apia, and just below the peak upon which is Stevenson's grave, up to which a right of way has been reserved. The buyer is a German speculator from Honolulu and the price was £1,700. Conas Doyls was asked, it is said, by Stevenson to visit him at Samoa, and replied that he did not know the way. "Oh," said Stevenson, "you go to America cross to San Francisco and then take the second turning to the left."—The Sketch.



Mr. Laddins—I've come to you to ask for the heart of your daughter.

Mr. Perkins—Now, honest, young feller, I ain't seen her.

Dyer—Did you ever get back that watch of mine yet?

Duell—Yes; I hired a burglar to break in his house.

A Turf Item.  
Dumbleton: "I notice that Stirrup, the popular Jockey has gone insane."

Flasher: "Yes; but he finds congenial employment right along."

Dumbleton: "Don't say! In what way?"

Flasher: "Thinking up names for racing horses."—Richmond Dispatch.

Rotten in Either Case.  
"Our republic hastens to its downfall!" exclaimed the fiery orator. "Dry rot has attacked our institutions! Look at our city councils—"

"Yes! look at them!" shouted a Prohibitionist in the audience. "Look at them and count the saloonkeepers! It isn't dry rot that ails us. It's wet rot!"—Chicago Tribune.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Talkers are no great doers.—Shakespeare.

Simple duty hath no place for fear.—Whittier.

Sumber is more sweet than toll.—Tennyson.

Superstition is the religion of feeble minds.—Burke.

Suspicion is but at best a coward's virtue.—Otway.

Self trust is the first secret of success.—Emerson.

Sin is too dull to see behind himself.—Tennyson.

Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice.—Ruskin.

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.—William Gannett.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections; the silly world may make on you, for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should be no part of your concern.—Epictetus.

If thou art destitute with right faith to know the true light, put away from thee vain and evil joys, and also the vain sorrow and the evil fear of this world; that is that thou lift not up thyself with arrogance in thy health and in thy prosperity nor, again, despair of any good in an adversity. For the mind is ever bound in misery, if either of these two evils reign.—King Alfred's "Boethius."

We thank thee, Lord, with humble and grateful hearts for every moment of religious peace, when we feel that thou art with us, and our doubts and fears are laid to rest. We bless thee for every devout fervor, for every heavenward aspiration, which lifts up our spirits to thy dwelling place. Grant us, O God, to know the joy of the heavenly life; and whether thou leadest us in green pastures and beside the still waters, or through the valley of the shadow of death, we will fear no evil. Our heart shall rest in thee, and nothing shall separate us from thy love.

There are no substitutes for common sense, patience, integrity and courage. There is no substitute for a stalwart conscience, or for a manly enthusiasm. Refinement does not take the place of study, self-reliant industry. But it is possible to transform a narrow and intolerant virtue into one that is broad and intelligent. Conscience must always rule. It is like the great powers in Africa; there is a limited domain within which its rule is complete; beyond that is a more or less vague sphere of influence, and still beyond is the dark continent of conduct that is left to itself. It is the function of education to enlarge the sphere of influence of the human conscience.—Rev. S. M. Crothers.

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