

THE MILLIONTH CHANCE

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"There's that puppy Fielding again," growled her father in a low tone. "Turn your eyes away, Sarah, and don't look at him."

Miss Bradford complied by shooting toward Fielding one of those mysterious side glances which enable a woman, without turning her head, to compass wonders of vision. Then she flushed rosily.

"You are very hard on him," she breathed softly, careful of the nearby clerk at the glove counter in the big department store.

"Hard nothing," grumbled Mr. Bradford. "If there's any impractical animal on the face of the globe it is an inventor. Take that infernal foolish scheme of his, for instance—that spring cushion he has invented to attach to the bottom of elevators in case of a fall. Now, what do you suppose the percentage of accidents on an elevator is?"

"How should I know?" retorted his daughter, with a superb feminine contempt for statistics.

"Less than one in a million journals," said her father triumphantly if not veraciously.

"Just the same," returned his daughter obstinately, "it must be very disagreeable when that millionth accident does happen."

Her father walked stolidly toward the machine in question, Sarah trailing obediently after him, though her thoughts were elsewhere, and her eyes now vainly swept the crowd for a glimpse of young Fielding.

"I suppose you are not afraid to go up?" jeered Mr. Bradford as the two found themselves the only occupants of the cage as it rose to the fourth floor.

"Of course I'm not," said Sarah resentfully. Then she added artfully, "You talk about inventing as though it was like—well, like drinking."

"It is as bad as drinking," said her father solemnly, "or as the cocaine or the poetry habit. Any one of these will ruin a man's career. Now, Sarah, don't be all day choosing that scarf for your mother."

This last as they stepped from the car. Mr. Bradford was secretly afraid of the majestic females that swept to and fro on this special floor, their demure gliding noiselessly over the deep carpets, their eyes fronting his with an insolent scorn that quite abashed him, tyrant as he was apt to be at home.

"Here man," they seemed to be whispering among themselves. Finally the banker solaced himself by going to a window and looking out on the street. Hence he did not see Fielding step from the elevator in the next moment. He was not aware that two heads were bending together over the scarf, on which neither of the young people saw aught of the colors.

But even the choice of a scarf cannot last forever. It was prematurely ended by the return of the magnate, who turned as purple as the Persian silks before him when he beheld the pretty tableau.

He grew more purple still when Fielding quietly entered the car with them. But the banker choked down his wrath on reflecting that even inventors can lawfully ride in any public conveyance. Then he snapped angrily at the elevator boy:

"Why are we stopping before this blank wall, you young procrastinator? Do you think this sort of thing is enjoyable?"

But the boy, a lad of sixteen, newly on duty, went white with terror.

"Somethin's wrong up above," he stammered. "Josh, he's been drinkin'."

"I knowed, though I never told. Somethin's wrong, and the brake ain't holdin' right. It's slippin'," he ended in a shrill yell.

"Three floors to fall," thought Fielding as he seized the half fainting girl in his arms. Aloud he cried cheerily: "Don't be frightened, any of you! My scushion attachment was sold the firm last week. If it's on—"

"Aye—! How large a word! As the cage shot downward at fearful speed, very slightly broken by the yielding ropes, the banker found a whole century of thought compressed into that brief period. A voice cried in his ear that it was a judgment on him, the cushion would not be there, that the cage would strike the ground with the sound so happily denominated by the newspapers as a "sticking thud." He saw himself and his child piled in a mangled heap—he to whom life had always seemed so substantial and sure.

Then half a dozen women waiting in the basement saw the falling cage shoot downward and rise again like a rubber ball. When it came down the second time it rested quivering on the springs, while inside was an undignified mass, which presently astonished the watchers and the component parts of the heap by resolving into four badly shaken but quite undamaged people.

The elevator boy staggered out first. "Gee!" he stammered, holding his head. "If I don't get even wid Josh the datt I never thought we'd stop this side of China!"

Fielding followed, half carrying Sarah, who clung to him with a desperate abandon which made him wish such accidents might be frequent.

As to the banker, he spoke but little until Fielding had landed father and daughter at their brownstone front. Then he held out his hand.

"Inventing," he said very seriously, "is not so bad a habit as I thought. In fact I may say that both poetry and science are infinitely worse. Come Anna."

FISHING IN FORMOSA.

Their Rods Superb, but Their Hooks Are Without Barbs.

Three of us, two Americans and one Japanese, started out in Jirikishas from Taipei, the modern capital of Formosa, or Taiwan, to go to the house of a wealthy gentleman about eight miles up the river which runs through the valley of Taipei. The way led through a beautiful and fertile country, the valley covered with the second crop of rice and the hills with the famous Formosa tea shrub. After luncheon and after photographing some head hunting savages we found there we proposed to fish for salmon trout at an altitude less than 250 feet above sea level and in latitude about 24 degrees 40 minutes north, practically in the tropics. The temperature of the stream was about 70 degrees or higher, and the water was well aerated. This stream, from 80 to 100 yards wide, is clear and full of rapids and riffles.

We used Japanese tackle—horsehair line and horsehair leader, the latter consisting of one strand only; a bamboo rod and a most delicate palmer tied on a small barbless hook. The rod is decidedly good and, weight for weight, is stronger and a better caster than our jointed rod. It rarely weighs over four ounces (mine weighed about two), but the line is practically worthless for casting as we understand the term. The fly is perfect, but the hook lacks strength, and the fish when hooked may easily detach himself in a current or an eddy or by fouling the line. We all know how it is done from our experience with pin hook and thread in the brooks at home.

The Japanese, however, have another method of fishing which may be as new to some of our readers as it was to me. It is quite successful. They catch one fish in any way they can and then fasten the line securely through its upper jaw, passing it through the roof of the mouth and out at the top of the upper jaw well in front of the eyes and then attach through the body of the fish not far in front of the tail a horsehair to which is tied a three pronged barbless hook, which trails in line with the fish and a few inches behind, while it is slowly worked up the stream by the fisherman. The theory is that other fishes, seeing the captive moving along as though feeding or perhaps spawning, will pursue it and become impaled on the hooks. In point of fact that does happen, as I saw a Chinaman take two fine trout in this manner.

Our success with the flies was poor. We got thirteen or fourteen fingerlings, but we saw the fish we wished to identify caught in fairly good numbers by the Chinese fishing with decoys.—Forest and Stream.

WOMAN'S AVERSION TO INDEXES.

"Talk about the inclination to study the envelope to discover the sender instead of opening the letter being a trait of womanhood," said a Brooklyn man the other day, "it isn't in it with a woman's aversion to indexes. Give a woman a book of poems like those of Burns, for instance, and she'll turn the pages for twenty minutes or more to find the piece she is really after rather than look in the index. Suggest the index to her and she'll say, 'Oh, I'll find it in a second,' and away she'll go, turning the pages again."

"The other night by actual timing it took my wife twenty-two minutes to find 'Mary in Heaven' in a copy of Burns, for not only did she lose actual time turning the pages, but if she'd come to anything she liked, such as 'Holy Willie's Prayer' and 'Polly Stewart,' she'd dally over them awhile. Rarely do men do that. The first thing they go for is the index."—New York Press.

An Actor's Blunder.

A theatrical manager tells of an amusing and ludicrous mistake made by a young actor in a play.

The young actor had up to this time employed his talents in enacting such roles as called for no speech on his part. But in this play he was intrusted with the following line, the only words to be spoken by him during the entire play:

"The king is dead! Long live the king!"

The critical time arriving, it was observed by other players that the young man who was to acclaim the new monarch in the words just quoted was suffering from a dreadful attack of stage-fright. His cue came, but no words could he speak, so frightened was he.

Finally, however, he pulled himself together and in desperation shouted at the top of his voice:

"Long live the king; he's dead!"

Legal Courtesy.

An instance of legal courtesy occurred in a courtroom not very long ago. A lawyer with Mac prefaced to his name and a brother lawyer engaged in a heated discussion. The latter maintained his position, claiming he could find his authority and turning over to the pages of the statute book, when, quick as a flash, Mac said, "You will find what you want on page — section —."

Mac's opponent looked up the reference and found the law governing asses. A ripple of laughter spread over the court.

A More Important Matter.

"Why," said the punctilious person. "I got a letter from the person you have been praising, and there was actually a capital in the wrong place!"

"May be so," answered Mr. Oumrox. "But he never gets his capital in the wrong place in the market. And that's more important."—Washington Star.

It is not what a man earns, nor the amount of his income, but the relation of his expenditures to his receipts that determines his poverty or wealth.—Anna.

Correspondence

SENECA FALLS.

The Rev. Father James Winters of Rochester, conducted services at St. Patrick's church Sunday in the absence of Rev. Father Dwyer, who conducted services at Cayuga and Aurora.

Mrs. Mary O'Heir, wife of Patrick O'Heir, died at her home in Maynard St., Wednesday morning, aged 75 years. The cause of her death was peritonitis. The funeral was held at St. Patrick's church at 9 o'clock Friday morning.

Stephen J. Byrne is home from St. Bernard's Seminary for a short vacation.

Miss Helen R. Norton is visiting in New York.

The feast of the purification, Candle-mass day, high mass was said at 8:30 o'clock. The candles were blessed before mass.

Wednesday, the feast of St. Blaise, the blessing of the throats was after mass, in the afternoon for the children, said at 7:30 p. m. for the working people of the parish.

The Father Mathew's Society T. A. B. will have election of officers Sunday, Feb. 7, at their rooms.

The Crescent Social Club have their annual ball Monday evening, Feb. 8.

The prayers of the people were asked for at the two masses Sunday for Mrs. J. Murphy and Bernard Luckenro, both of whom are dangerously ill at their homes.

ITHACA.

A meeting of the L. C. B. A. was held Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

The death of Mrs. C. Sullivan occurred Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock at her late home in Clinton St. She is survived by her husband and three children. The funeral was held Thursday morning at 9 o'clock.

The Cecilia Mandolin Club held a rehearsal at the convent Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Prayers were requested Sunday for the speedy recovery of Grace, a happy death for Miss Sarah Griffin.

Mr. Louis Gaeta is ill at his home in South Cayuga St.

Mrs. Robinson of Rochester, a former resident of Ithaca, is visiting her sister Mrs. Deblin of Aurora St.

Friday, the first Friday of the month, masses were at 6 and 7 o'clock.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary Freeman took place from the church at 9 o'clock Monday morning. She is survived by her husband and one sister.

LIMA.

Tuesday mass was celebrated at 8:30 o'clock, preceded by blessing and distribution of the candles.

Wednesday, being the feast of St. Blaise, the customary blessing of throats took place after the mass, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and at 7:30 o'clock in the evening.

Patrick Harrington, who has been seriously ill of pneumonia, is convalescent.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lockington of Aberdeen, South Dakota, are visiting relatives in this vicinity.

The monthly meeting of the Children of Mary was held Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

On Wednesday evening of last week Rev. Thomas F. Burke, the eloquent Paulist orator, lectured in St. Rose's church on "Leo XIII, the Pope and the Man."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Special homeeekers' excursions via the Nickel Plate Road.

Extremely low rates to all points in the West and Southwest. First and third Tuesday of each month to April, 1904. Good return limit. Full particulars of local agents or write R. E. Payne, Gen'l Agt. Buffalo, N. Y.

The Four Track News For February.

The February number of this popular magazine has made its appearance and is now in the hands of the news-dealers. Like its predecessors it is most interesting, containing short concise stories beautifully illustrated. Among the contents of the current issue one may find bright stories by the best authors as follows: "Charms of the Snow Bound Camp," "The Capitol," "Fresh Water Pearls," "The Shrine of the Last Supper," "When Dacatur went to School," "Nathan Hale Schoolhouse," "The Extinction of the Mohegans," "The Coral City of the Purple Sea," "Niagara's Historic Environs," "Not Shell Logic," "The Small Boy Again," "A Grand Old Pioneer," "A Rumble in Eiji," "At Valley Forge" and many others that appeal to persons who enjoy good reading matter that is historical and educational.

KATHERINE

(Original.)

In merry England several centuries ago there lived a young girl who, though she belonged to the most aristocratic family in England, was not brought up with proper care. Her mother died when Katherine was in early childhood, and she was turned over to an old dowager duchess. In the duchess's splendid mansion she was left with the waiting women and occupied the sleeping apartments common to them all. Here temptation was thrown in her way, especially by two of these women, Dorothy Berwick and Mary Lassels. The former led the little girl just coming to womanhood into an intrigue with her music teacher, Henry Manox, while Mary Lassels led her into another with Francis Derham, a member of the household troop of Katherine's uncle, a powerful duke.

Derham succeeded in persuading Katherine to become betrothed to him. A troth plight, as it was called in those days, was equivalent to a marriage and so recognized by the church. Derham called her "wife," and she called him "husband." In time this relationship was discovered by the dowager duchess, who, after giving Katherine a beating, placed her under duress. The matter was hushed up; the women who had fostered the intimacy were sent away, while Derham fled from the blight he had brought upon one of the noblest families in England, escaping to Ireland. There he shipped with pirates.

Katherine had only now reached womanhood and, having been freed from her evil associates, became remarkable for her modest and maidenly deportment. Derham returned and endeavored to renew his intimacy with her, but Katherine would have nothing to do with him.

Reports of Katherine's attractions spread till they reached the court. Her family, indeed her relationship by blood to the royal house of England, rendered her fully eligible to an appointment in the royal service, and she was made maid of honor to the queen. The king noticed and admired her. Then he began to pay her attention, and she became the queen's rival. At last the queen was divorced, and Katherine became queen of England.

Meanwhile Derham had vanished, while Dorothy Berwick, Mary Lassels and the others who had known of Katherine's temptations and their results were scattered. But no sooner was it known that she was to become queen than these birds of prey began to hover over the woman they had ruined as a child. One of the women wrote her demanding to be taken into her service, and Katherine did not dare refuse her. Manox, who had first tampered with her, became one of the royal musicians, and the terrible cord that was drawing about her was at last knotted by Derham's receiving an appointment in her suit.

Mysterious reports about the queen's past life began to be circulated, but the king, who was desperately in love with her, either did not hear or ignored them. In those days Catholic and Protestant were struggling for the mastery, and it was not possible that any scandal about the queen should escape the opposite party. Mary Lassels revealed the whole matter, and the king's confidential minister informed his majesty of the facts. He at first treated the accusation as a calumny designed for the destruction of the queen. Nevertheless he could not rest in doubt and took steps to know the truth. Derham was arrested on a charge of piracy. He acknowledged the troth plight of years before and that he and Katherine had lived as man and wife, but denied the slightest familiarity between them since her marriage with the king.

Derham's confession pierced the king to the heart and was the queen's death warrant. Katherine was made a prisoner, her household discharged and her glory taken from her. The king, who loved her devotedly, would have been glad to save her life, but there were reasons why it was not to her interest or to the interest of the realm. These reasons were magnified by those who were striving to get rid of one who had supplanted a former queen and was of a different religion. The king in his desire to save her from the block endeavored to force her to acknowledge her precontract with Derham, for the Church of Rome allowed no divorce except in precontract. But Katherine would not admit this troth plight, and since she could not be divorced, there was no way of severing her matrimonial status except by execution.

Katherine was transferred to the Tower of London, that prison of so many political offenders and objects of the displeasure of the sovereign. Two days after the royal assent to her execution she was led to the scaffold. There was great dissatisfaction on the part of the people at her illegal execution, for even in those barbarous days the laws of England provided that no one should be put to death without a fair and open trial, which had been denied Katherine. She was led like a sheep to the slaughter without being permitted to make any defense. She submitted to the headman's stroke with meekness and courage.

Many others suffered a like fate, but none so well deserved as Derham, who was hanged and quartered.

Such is the story of Katherine Howard, Henry VIII's fifth queen. No more touching example, certainly no more notable one, of the consequences of being unprotected from evil influences, has ever been enacted. The facts as laid down in this brief sketch have been taken from history, not an incident having been changed nor one added. The story is a subject for a great moral drama and worthy of a genius in the handling.

AN OLD INDIAN LEGEND.

Tradition of the Origin of Wheat, Corn and Tobacco.

"I have been favored with an Indian tradition concerning the origin of tobacco, Indian corn and wheat, which, although you may have seen it before, I shall relate," said the poet laureate of all the Pascagoulas.

"At some distant period two Indian youths, pursuing the pleasures of the chase, were led to a remote and unfrequented part of the forest, where, being fatigued and hungry, they sat down to rest themselves and to dress their victuals. While they were thus employed the spirit of the woods, attracted as it is supposed by the unusual and savory smell of the venison, approached them in the form of a beautiful female and seated herself beside them. The youths, awed by the presence of so superior a being and struck with gratitude for the concession which she had shewn them in becoming their guest, presented to her in the most respectful manner a share of their repast, which she was pleased to accept and upon which she regaled with seeming satisfaction.

"The repast being finished, the female spirit, having thanked them cordially for their attention and informed them that if they would return to the same place after the revolution of twelve moons they would find something which would recompense their kindness, disappeared from their sight. The youths, having watched the revolving moons and having returned at the appointed time, found that upon the place on which the right arm of the goddess had reclined an ear of Indian corn had sprung up, under her left a stalk of wheat, and from the spot on which she had been seated was growing a flourishing plant of tobacco."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

NEW YEAR'S CUSTOMS.

French families always make a special point of being reunited at the New Year.

The Romans always make it a practice to appear in new clothing on New Year's day.

The peasants of Italy hail the New Year by beating wildly on frying pans and shovels.

COAL IN FOLKLORE.

Probably most folklores could have answered the question of the magistrate who asked a burglar in court why he carried about pieces of coal. Among other coal folklores is the burglar's firm faith that the possession of a piece confers good luck, and when searched in the police station it is usually found in his pocket. A belief in coal as a talisman is said to have been held by the early Britons, and it is certainly frequently found in their burial places converted into personal ornaments, such as beads, etc. Believers in dreams maintain that to dream of coal is a certain sign of coming riches. Then, too, there is the speculation or mirror of divination—that caused such a sensation in the sixteenth century of Dr. Dee, which subsequently formed part of the Strawberry Hill collection. It was formed of cannel coal, though the doctor pretended to have received it from the angels.—London Chronicle.

Struck Him Unfavorably.

Mr. Gaswell, who had come recently into the possession of a considerable fortune, had decided to erect a large office building and was discussing the plans with an architect.

"As to the floors, now," said the architect, "you would want them in mosaic patterns, I presume?"

"I don't know about that," responded Mr. Gaswell, dubiously scratching his jaw. "I ain't got any prejudice against mosaic as a man, and he certainly knew a good deal about law, but when it comes to laying floors it kind o' seems to me I'd rather have 'em unsectarian-like. Don't it strike you that way?"

Willing to Help Him.

"My husband is so poetic," said one lady to another in a car the other day.

"Have you ever tried rubbin' his joints with hartshorn liniment, mum?" interrupted a beefy looking woman with a market basket at her feet, who was seated at the lady's elbow and overheard the remark. "That'll straighten him out as quick as anything I know of, if he ain't got it too bad."

His Drawback.

"They tell me," said the junior partner, "that the man to whom we have been sending so many bills belongs to a rather fast set."

"Well," answered the senior partner, "he may belong to the fast set, but he's a slow settler."—Exchange.

Fugitive Poems.

Poet's Little Boy—Why do you call them "Fugitive Poems," papa? Poet—Because when I begin to read them my listeners generally flee.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Low rates West via The Nickel Plate Road. Special one way Colonist tickets to points throughout the West and Southwest, on sale first and third Tuesday each month to April, 1904. If going West this winter see local agents or write B. E. Payne, Gen'l Agt. 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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POPE PIUS X. A fine Picture of Pope Pius X given free to all subscribers paying one dollar in advance for the Journal.

THE PEOPLE of the State of New York by the Grace of God free and independent, to John Barry, Peter Barry and Patrick Barry whose residences are as known, of living, and to their respective executors, administrators, widows, heirs at law and next of kin, or other persons interested in their respective estates, real, personal and mixed, do hereby certify that said Barry, deceased, was appointed by the Surrogate of the County of Monroe, to be the Executor named in a certain instrument in writing, bearing date December 19, 1902, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said Bridget Burke late of the City of Rochester in said County of Monroe and State of New York, deceased, and relating to both real and personal estate, has lately made application to the Surrogate of the County of Monroe, to have said instrument proved and recorded as a Will of personal and real estate, 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 7th day of March, 1904, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and there to attend the probate of said last Will and Testament. And if any of the foregoing persons are under the age of twenty-one years, or insane or otherwise incompetent, they will please take notice that they are required to appear by their general guardian, or if they have none 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 for 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 hereunto affixed.

Witness, Hon. George A. Benton, Surrogate of said County of Monroe, at the City of Rochester, this 4th day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and four.

JOHN M. MURPHY, Clerk Surrogate's Court, 225 and 226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

To John Barry, Peter Barry and Patrick Barry whose residences are as known, of living, and to their respective executors, administrators, widows, heirs at law and next of kin, or other persons interested in their respective estates, real, personal and mixed, do hereby certify that said Bridget Burke, deceased, was appointed by the Surrogate to represent and act for them in the proceedings for 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 hereunto affixed. Witness, Hon. George A. Benton, Surrogate of said County of Monroe, at the City of Rochester, this 4th day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and four. JOHN M. MURPHY, Clerk Surrogate's Court, 225 and 226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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