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ANOTHER MAN.

It was a blustering wet night, with a gray sky above and muddy roads a swift presentation of evil. Why underfoot. The wind tore unsteadily square, a cold, damp wind bringing with it heavy splashes of rain.

Under one of the trees in the square close against the railings stood man and a girl

The girl looked poor and ill-clad with a white, thin face that had in it a look almost of desperation.

The man was tall and strong and well dressed, with an eager, keen-cut face, and he held out his hands as he looked into the girl's eyes.

"If you only would. Bessie." he "I'm well off, I could take care of you, and I would-you know that. I'd give you my life."

Bessie drew away, but she smiled up at him.

"Yes, I know, Tom," she said softly, and if I hadn't promised George-Tom took a sudden step forward.

"Is it only because you promised?" he cried eagerly. "Is it only because you think it's your duty to go to George that you won't marry me? My goodness, Bessie, you're not going to marry him just because you said you would, are you?"

"No, no, but I must go out to him," she said. "He wants me. If I'd had the money I should have started two months ago. I promised him I'd go directly he sent for me. Oh, it seems such a long time ago, Tom, since he went. It's a year, but it seems much longer, and father hadn't died then, face. and-and-

Tom Standish looked down at her. A vear ago she had not been the poor girl she was now. In twelve short months many changes had taken place. She had become poor, he had grown rich. Her father was dead, and George Fleming, to whom she had been engaged, was out in Australia trying to make a living so that she could go out to him.

Eighteen months before Tom Standish and George Fleming had both been in love with Bessie Leigh. In those days her father was supposed to be a rich man, and somehow, while Tom hesitated at the thought of proposing to her while he was poor, George had stepped in and won, much against her father's wish. A few months later he had gone out to Australia, and a short time after that Bessie's father died suddenly, leaving her, not rich, as every one expected, but absolutely and terribly poor.

She would have been utterly adrift if it had not been for Tom Standish, and he managed somehow to get for her a post as nursery governess to some people he knew. If it had not been for that she might have starved. She had been in the situation for two months-it was only three since her father died-and her sole thought George, who had begged her to go to 202 Andrews Street, him as soon as she could.

That letter was the last she had received from him. It was a long letter, full of what he was going to do, and somehow it filled Tom Standish with distrust.

pose?" he asked. Bessie flinched a little

"No," she said; "I haven't heard, but I've written telling him what boat I am going by, and-and the date and all about it, so that I shall probably get a letter in a day or two. There's a mail on Wednesday."

"But supposing you don't hear?" Tom cried abruptly.

Bessle lifted her head bravely. "I shall go whether I hear or not,"

she said steadily. Tom looked down at her hungrily. If only she had given such faith to him. If only he had been the man who was waiting for her out in Australia

His brow darkened a little as he remembered and doubted. For two months the man whose wife she was going to be had not written. It was outrageous to Tom and full of ugly | possibilities. He remembered that when George had sailed Bessie's father had been alive and—it was said; he had left more than a month supposed-rich, and it could have ago. There were some letters for been only within the last three him, and she did not know where to months that he had heard that he was not. Could that account for his silence, Tom wondered? Could the she brought them to him his heart poor Bessie Leigh who was working sank for they were Bessie's letters. so hard for her living be a different person to George Fleming because of Bessie had called—and then turned

Almost unconsciously Tom's fingers

clenched. "But. Bessie," he cried, "you can't go unless-you know-unless he knows and expects you."

Bessie lifted her head. There were sudden tears in her eyes. He could not see them in the dark night, but I'm putting up there. Will you, tell he could see how white her face was. her?" "He will expect me," she said quietly, "and even if I don't hear I shall

Tom stared at her. "Bessie, Bessie," he cried suddenly. "I wish it was me you were going to. I wish I could do something to make certain that you were going to be

happy." He stopped. Bessie looked up again. "But I am, Tom," she cried. "I shall be happy."

Tom took her hands. "I wish I could do something for you," he repeated. "Are you sure about money? You mustn't mind me mentioning it. I'm an old friend, Bess, and if I could I should like you to go first-class, dear. Shall I-could

She drew her hand away. Her face had whitened again strangely. "Oh no, no, Tom," she cried. "You're very good to me, but I am all rightyes, yes, thank you, Tom. I shall be all right and happy."

She speke bravely, but all the same she shivered a little as she turned away, and to her from but of the blustering night there seemed to come was she going out after all? Why did she still cling to George Fleming?

She half hesitated. Tom beside her was so strong and true and loyal, so willing to help her, so ready to shield her, and Australia seemed to far away, and in spite of herself George's slience was worrying ber She could not understand him. She was almost airaid, and yet she had promised to go, and she would keep her word whatever came, unless indeed he wrote to tell her he did not want her. He did want her. She assured berself almost flercely that he did, as she went back across the wet road. And yet before she pulled the bell she stood and looked back across the square with a sudden strange shrinking from the long journey before her.

Tom still stood by the railings. He was watching her, and perhaps it would be the last glimpse they ever

had of each other. She turned again quickly with an odd sob in her breath and leaned helplessly against the door.

The housemaid who opened it s minute later thought she looked strange and shrunken and pitiful as she stepped into the light.

Tom Standish stood on deck with his eyes turned to a little white patch with the sun upon it in the distance and with the salt spray beating in his

It was a warm, bright morning, and all the ressel was astir with excitement, for they were nearing the land at last, and the little white far-off patch was Australia.

Tom stared out impatiently through his glasses, blind and deaf to everything around him. He was heartsick with disappointment and long waiting, and somehow he was afraid.

When he had gone on the boat at Southampton his sole thought was to avoid being seen until they were some miles out. He did not want Bessie to know that he was following her lest she should be angry and make him to his cabin until they were almost out of sight of land.

Then he began to search the ship. She had given him the name of the fists. boat and the date of sailing, and so surely there could have been no misthe crowd of passengers he could catch no glimpse of Bessle's face. She was not there. He searched everythird-class passengers, in every hole were beginning to scuffle. and corner, and yet from the day they

At the first place they had touched now was to get out to Australia to lady whose children she had taught, said, and that they had supposed site was on her way to Australia.

After that the only thing left for "You haven't heard again, I sup- imputience for their arrival at Melboat was drawn up alongside the

> He hurried off, more worried and anxious than he would have rared to own. Had she started after all? Had she ever meant to start?

Rometimes the thought forced itself upon him that she had not intended to come out after all. Yet it was not like Bessie, and where she was now he dared not think.

He hurried along the Melbourne streets toward George Fleming's lodgings. He noted nothing as he went except the direction given him by a policeman, and when he reached it at last he waited impatiently for some one to come.

The woman who opened the door stared at him curiously. There was no one named Fleming there, she send them.

Tom asked to see them, and when He asked one other question-if

away. A minute later an idea occurred to him, and he knocked at the door

"If any one should come-especially if it be a young lady-will you give her this and tell her I'm here? There's a hotel at the corner of the street.

The woman hodded and took his card and he went slowly down the street to the hotel. He walked with bent head and knit brows. Was he a fool after all to come? Had Bessie arranged to come by a different boat or for Fleming to meet her somewhere else: or had something ugly

happened-had Fleming deserted her? It looked like it, and he could not rest. He went again to the lodgings late at night, and this time the woman nodded at him knowingly.

"So I suppose it's all right by this time, ch, sir?" she asked. "I suppose you saw her?"

Tom was startled. "Who?" he cried sharply, "not Miss Leigh?"

"Of course, sir, who else? She came just after you'd gone and very white and thin she looked sir, and she was that taken aback when she heard Mr. Fleming wasn't here I thought it best to take her in and give her some

"Yes, yes," cried Tom, impatiently, "and then—what did she do then?" The woman looked at him curiously. "Do you meen to say as you haven't

seen her?" she asked. "No, I haven"," cried Tom, quickly

"But go on-what then?" "Then," said the woman, when she was a hit more composed like she began to ask me about him. I told her all I knew—that he went two months ago, and she told me she'd come over as a stewardess on board a ship—the Amazon I think she said, and I 'spect that's it, for it came in radium and there was a this afternoon, so I heard."

Tom started. It was his boat, and Mr. Boys, in discussing the she had been on it toe whole times: fig events of the year, charac "Well, well," he cried, "and then?"

"Well, then I told her about you and gave her your card, and she just started up as if she had a shock, and went without so much as taking her

woman. "A queer little mortal as um compound was to sensing ever I see. She went without a word!" even when one had seen the a

For a fortuight Tom searched the believe what one had seem This city and hung about the docks, but covery, which could beretz be first his efforts proved fruitiess and he ad-guished from that of perpetual vertised in valu. Bessie had been tion, which it was anxiom of swallowed up in the surging crowd ence to call impossible had left extend that filled the streets, and was apper chemist and physicist in a state of a course to him forever. Every wilderment now and then he called at Floming's Further, says Mr. Roys, Eli Will old address, but the woman had heard Orockes had devised an expensional in which a particle of reaction less

He had almost given up hope when screen bombarded forever, sache a strange thing happened. Life is full liston, producing a microscopic to strange events, and the more one of light, the dancing and resulting looks under the surface of things the which forcibly compelled the limits more dramatic we find it.

woman in front of him were quarrely lacked and theories were later ing. They both seemed drunk, and vented to account for the marriage he was about to pass on when some results of observation. The total arrested his attention:

He stood still. It was Fleming! He was flushed and excited, and he looked coarse, dishevoied, and dissolute, and the woman with him was evidently his wife. Tom stared at her and go back, and he had gone quietly down felt a shock of thankful surprise. It was not Bessie.

The two began to quarrel violently and Fleming auddenly doubled his

Then Tom stepped forward. As he did so he was checked by the sight take. Yet search as he might among of a girl on the payement crouching against a wall. He looked at her, caught his breath

and hurried toward her, placing himwhere—in the steerage among the self between her and the two who "Bessie," he cried; "Bessie, come

sailed until now he had not once seen away. Come along, darling. Come away,"

he had both wired and written to the and half-starved as she was, heedless he had both wired and written to the lady whose children she had taught, but the only reply was a telegram at the next stopping place saying that Bessie had left them on the date she Bessie, and when she broke down sold rough stopy ro bing in his arms an odd thrills went horse responded to his reder

Tom to do was to wait with sickening take care of you whether you like it or not now. You can't take care of bourne. When they did, and the great yourself it seems, and you'll have to a pile of stone. Nothing daunted by accept me. If you want to go back the madden obstacle, he cheete it quay, he scanned the faces of the to England you shall stop) but at jumps all his life.

passengers, as he had scanned them a to stop here you shall stop) but at jumps all his life.

provide and still failed Yeast I'm going to see that you don't in portal toward at it the nontly as if he had been mand to bight

Bessie looked up at him with a thin, woo-begone face, at

"I'm ashamed of myself," she cried. you were on the boat, but I was working my way over as stewardess, and had I dreaded the thought of your seeing me. Oh, Tom, forgive me."

"I'll forgive you anything if you'll marry me," he said. She hesitated! "I can't now-like this," she cried. way to provide for myself. Oh, Tom, I can't. I must find some other way of repaying you."

He caught her to him passionately. "There is no other way," he cried. "Bessie, my darling. I've got you as well as one for a birthday present and I mean to keep you. Only try to to some one else. With the two machine for me a little bit and I shall be brellas in her hand, the hall be brellas in her hand. content, sweetheart."

She did try, and succeded so well that they have both forgotten that there ever was another man .-- Annie O. Tibbits, in Tatler.

Cotton Overcoats.

The telegraphic announcement the extend the use of mercerized cotton in their manufactures will cause no surprise to those who have followed |-- London Chronicle. the trend of affairs in wool and works ted manufacture of late years. The use of combed and carded cotton yarns that have been treated with caustic may be grateful to being pennaded, soda, which is the basic principle in of a means by which they may be dimercerizing, or lustering, to take the minused. It is no new thing the place of the silk stripe in fancy goods has been in words in the many indicate as well as a substitute for worsted in with those who are brought into the making the entire fabric, has grown heighborhood of big gua-firing for apace the past two years, and is evi- many years as a method of lessening dently meeting a want that has been the effect of the albration, but will be unsupplied heretofore. Mention was made in these columns some years ago of a consignment of Clay worsteds that were sent here by the Bradford measure by the contractifile indiamanufacturers in which there was no rubber, instead of being consumusions particle of wool, warp and filling alike ed with unbroken force from the or consisting of long-staple cotton, so fer to the upper jarw and marry people manipulated in the weaving and fin- who suffer from gun headache ha ishing as to deceive even the expert found that this simple device it a buyers,

Large numbers of lightweight overcoats were said to have been made from the material, and found a ready. The Visitor—Way are ready sale in this and other markets. The misjuided riend? domestic manufactorers are doing The Prisoner—from the now what the English makers did unlucky number thinks then, but are extending their held into the lighter weight goods for "Twelve Juves and men's wear. Boston Transcript.

attendance to hear him.

Appenda Selection and Section (1975) had been inpermed to OBIL OLUMBES ON A LIBERT speak of the extraordinace

the discovery of the propertie of upon as transcending all others properties intrinsic importance and revolutions ary possibilities. The discovers in Prof. and hime Curic, he said. what seemed to be the swaring as "Went—gone?" cried Tom.
"She went straight out," said the quantity by a minute amount of rethermometer one was hardly abi

tion to follow the reasoning faculties About three weeks after the arrival and realise the eristance of along the of the boat Tom was walking in the fumult. Thanks to the fractuity and denly became aware that a man and and abroad the mystery was laigned. thing in the appearance of the man radium could certainly produce and emanation that was something like and gas, which escaped and carried with it wonderful properties but the atoms. the thing which could not be divided.

remained and retained its weight

Raced with Boat and Won An exciting race between a Kon tucky; thoroughbred bearing Ministering Mi steamer Sheboygan took place at Fine Creek, Wis, on Green Bay, severe days since, and Miss Eldred won The steamer, southbound on its return trip, was passing a bont of last time jute out into the pay neveral miles north of the landing pler. Just as 12 came abreast of the point Miss and red, who was mounted, amounted challenge to Capt. A. M. Johnston and wayed her sombrero in deficance; captain, standing on the bridge of his vessel, understood the challenge, and whistle announced its cooplaned. through him, "Bessie," he cried, "I am going to special way turn, At page "Bessie," he cried, "I am going to "bloom to bloom to "bloom to bloom to blo awarend from the food which his tress turned a second to observe he

atentic boat would win after all and the spectators held their breath will among extra spurt on the part of the horse put him a length across the pler just "I've been wicked and ungrateful to as the boat touched the sock lies." you. Oh, Tom, forgive me. I knew wankes Sentinel, helpful therefore

The Force of Appearances Appearances make cowards of A lady, showping in the stores. inadvertently picked up another lady a umbrella from the counter had the mistake pointed out to her niher "It would be so easy—such a simple frigidly, and, of contentation the umbrella with anelogies . She them remembered that she had me unbred-is with her at all; and as it of course, had begun to rain spain by cantings she west and hought one for heads. nibus in Victoria street and a lech would have it, sat down opposite to the very lady whose unbreffs and his inadvertently picked up it the colucidence was too much for the other lady. "I congratulate you on your very successful morning," she said sarcastically, as whe swept cost of the present week that well-known New omnibus. Innocence should have England woollen mills are about to seried itself; but it didn't. For the rightful owner of the two umbrellas found herself speechless and ashimod.

> 'ed ar Gun Fleadache. The sufferers from gun headache hold a piece of india rubber between the teeth at the mement of firing the vibration and jar are received in some

Tire University Numbers The Polisher-Ital William