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THE LAST OF NINA'S LOVERS

"You won't find her that way." Sheldon stopped short on the path to the cottage, and looked back. There was an old half-sunk pier at Dexter's Landing. One side was sloped almost to the water, but the other was high and safe on its picturesque piling, stained green by the lapping river.

A figure in pink was perched at the far end of the pier. Nina never wore pink. She said it was ordinary. Nina's gowns were all in pastel tints. Also, the figure wore a large sunnet. Nina said that sunnets were ordinary, too, and topped her own pretty blond curls with an airy creation in chiffon and tulle.

Therefore, taking these points into consideration, Sheldon waved his cap in comradely fashion at the figure, and started for the pier.

"Don't whistle, my dear," said Sally, severely, when he was beside her. "It frights the fish."

"I don't see any fish," he returned, mildly.

"There are lots and lots. If you keep looking steadily at the water you can see them. I just saw a great big perch come along, and he showed my bait right off and sailed away with it. Fish are the meanest, smartest things you ever saw. Want to bet?"

"Not today, thanks, Sally."

"Oh, I forgot. You want to find Nina. If you go down, just the boat house up the board walk to the pier then over to the beach."

"It's too warm to travel," said Sheldon. "I'll fish. Lead me your pole."

Sally watched him thoughtfully as he rebated the hook and cast out with a broad sweep.

"Fishings awfully soothing when you're worried," she said after a time. "You have to keep still anyway, and the water makes you so sleepy and rested when you hear it lapping against the pier."

"I'm not worried, Sally."

"Yes, you are. Of course you don't notice it, but everybody else does. And I'm as 'fraid as you for about Nina, you know." The white sunbonnet nodded at him sympathetically. "You really haven't the ghost of a chance. You know Harry Barton, and Wallace Stevens, and old Mr. Dean. They all had it too. Wallace had it worse. He wanted to jump off the lighthouse pier until I told him that Harry and Mr. Dean had chosen the same place, and he changed his mind. They were the same old story. I don't know when one can love with her eyes, but I know they give me a goodly amount of trouble. Then after a while they say they wish they had a sister like me. Then they want me to tell them about Nina ever since I can remember, and I fill them up."

"Fill them up?"

Sally nodded contentedly. Tell them a lot of true tales about how lovely she has always been, and how she saved my life three or four times, and never told a lie, and won't use powder, or curl her hair, or an iron, or anything. And they keep on liking me until Nina lets them go, and after that they come to me and sympathize with them, and say to me how they would like to do it. It's awfully interesting. Will you take to the pier when Nina lets you fall over?"

"I'm not in danger of taking a tumble, thank you, sister Sally."

"Oh, don't be morose and grumpy. It's a sure sign you're worried. And it's nothing at all to be ashamed of. Nearly every one falls in love with Nina. It's part of the vacation. Wallace says, 'And she doesn't mind only she says she does wish they'd all propose by moonlight, as it's more effective and interesting.'"

"Did any one ever propose to you, Sally?"

"Oh, my, yes. And it was lovely. Last year—no, two years ago—I was eleven, going on twelve, and the Seventy-second Regiment came down here to camp. And there was a bugler boy. He was going on fifteen. He wasn't very pretty, but you know how they look all dressed up, and he could blow the bugle so it said 'Sally.' And he used to write me notes, and hide them in trees, and after supper we'd sit on the porch and talk and talk just the way Nina does. And the night before he went away he proposed."

"What did he say?"

Sally hesitated, and her eyes were tender. "Don't you laugh, and tell Nina?"

"Never."

"Cross your heart, hope to die, if ever you tell you'll lose your eye," chanted Sally.

"Which eye?"

"You're laughing now. I don't care. He was a lovely boy. And he said, 'Sally, let's run away, and never come back any more.' And I said, 'No, I am sorry to hurt your feelings, but I never will forget you or the honor you have done me as long as I live.' That's what Nina always says. And then I let him kiss me; and he wanted a lock of my hair, so I cut off a piece of Nina's long curl that she tucks on the back of her head when there's a hop. It wasn't just the color of my hair, but he didn't know, and that's what Nina does when they all beg locks of her hair. Why, she wouldn't have any hair left at all, you know. And then I let him kiss me a few times more just to let him know I was really and truly sorry, and he went away. You've got a bite!"

Sheldon did not notice the bobbing cork. He was staring at a white sail

that dipped blithely to the breeze a the north end of the island.

"Isn't that Creston's yacht?"

"The White Lady? Yes, that's his." She looked at it attentively, and sighed. "It's just as well you didn't hunt Nina, because she's out there. Creston's splendid. He's got the money, too, but that isn't it. I know Nina's in love with him and it will all be fixed when they come back on a yacht. Just get nicely started, and have the sail flap at you, or something. And no one can handle a yacht when there's proposing, can they? Isn't she going a little toppy now?"

Sheldon said something beneath his breath, and turned back to the contemplation of the cork.

"But Nina won't mind this time. I guess you don't mind anything when you're really in love. He's going South to-morrow if she doesn't say yes. He told me so, and I told Nina last night."

"They have been around, and are heading for the pier."

"Maybe the boy is rough. You'll never catch a single fish if you look like that. Maybe I ought not to have told you, but you're the only one of the whole lot that I like, and when I told Nina you were in love with her—that was after you gave me the fish pole, so I knew and that I wished Sheldon marry you she said you were fatter than Creston, and a dear boy. And one day I found her taking and asked her if she was in love and she threw a pillow at me. And then I asked if it was you, and she threw two pillows. But when I said Creston she just kept still and cried, so I know. They are coming this way."

Do you think she'll take a son's asked Sheldon without looking up.

"Oh, yes. I asked her, and she laughed and said if she didn't marry him she'd accept the last one who proposed. I wonder who that was. Wallace did last Sunday night, but Nina would rather try the lighthouse pier herself than take Wallace."

Sheldon took one last look at the white sail bearing down upon them, and suddenly devoted all his attention to the fish pole. There were three unspooled lures to his string when the White Lady slipped gently alongside the pier, and when he caught the rope that Creston threw, he was smiling almost cheerfully and Sally took her. Nina was out and sweet in white duck, bareheaded, and she smiled back at him as he stepped out to the pier.

"Creston took his lead and he tried to slip up to her. Sally saw that he had the same old story, and that Wallace and Harry and Mr. Dean had all done the same thing, and she said to herself, 'I don't know when one can love with her eyes, but I know they give me a goodly amount of trouble. Then after a while they say they wish they had a sister like me. Then they want me to tell them about Nina ever since I can remember, and I fill them up.'"

When he had gone, Sally looked anxiously at Nina. She was smiling dreamily at the retreating yacht.

Nina's Sally's face was low and regretful. "It's really going."

"Really and truly, I think he is heading for the lighthouse pier this minute."

Sally reached for the fish pole which Sheldon had cast aside and threw out the line carefully.

"Well, I'm sorry for the last one, then," she said.

Sheldon raised a parcel over Nina with proprietary interest, and shut off the view of the yacht as he looked her over. "Sally," he said, "I'm the last one. We were engaged last night."

Sally turned her back carefully, and the white sunbonnet was mirrored in the water.

"Do it again if you want to," she said gently. "I won't peek. Only go away or you'll scare the fishes."—Izola L. Forrester, in Woman's Home Companion.

A Story of Ruskin's Charity.
 One hard winter a laborer, having to provide for a large family, went to Ruskin to seek some little job till the frost broke. The professor received the man kindly, and after giving him a meal took him to a little flat just above the level of the lake. "Big here," he said. The man got tools and commenced work, and for several days he kept on digging. When the hole got too deep for him to throw the soil and stones out, he got a ladder and a bucket and so kept on, bringing up the loose stuff in dribbles. At last when he had got down some thirty feet he reached bed-rock. He then went up to Brantwood and reported the circumstance to the professor, who returned with him to the lake shore. The great man looked into the dark hole a moment, then turned to the laborer and said, "Very good; fill it up again." John, the charcoal burner, can think of no reason for the professor's strange fancy, but he applauds the action, for it kept the poor laborer at work during a long spell of frost and prevented the poignant misery which "out of work" entails on such a man's family.—From W. T. Palmer's "In Lakeland Dells and Fells."

The Parrot's Nose.
 A small child having been pecked on the finger while trying to stroke a parrot, exclaimed: "Oh, dear! oh, dear! I thought it was going to be a nose, and it's a tooth!"

Her Father—What? You say you're engaged to Fred? I thought I told you not to give him any encouragement.

His Daughter—I don't. He doesn't need any.—Tit-Bits.

JOHNNY'S HONESTY.
 Little Newsboy Restored Lost Money to Owner.

As Johnny Nolan, a nine-year-old newsboy, was on his rounds in the northeast section on Monday afternoon selling his Stars he spied a pocketbook in the roadway about ten or twelve feet from the curb. It was old and pretty well battered and probably had been seen by others who did not deem to go out of their course even so short a distance for such a measly looking object. Almost any one would suppose it had been thrown there because it was of no further use to its owner. Little Johnny's curiosity, however, caused him to pick it up, and when he opened it and saw some of its contents it made his heart beat and his eyes large. He hastened home to tell his mother of his good luck. The mother opened the pocketbook and found it contained \$25 in cash and some checks, and papers. There was also a card giving the owner's name and address.

Johnny and his mother sought out the address given on the card and inquiring for the name thereon asked the lady who answered to the name, and whose appearance indicated that she was far from being poverty stricken if she had lost a pocketbook. This was the first intimation she had of her loss and she became very much agitated, but after a while she made it plain to Johnny and his mother that she was the owner of the battered pocketbook and Johnny's mother turned it over to her. She told Johnny to wait a while and she would give him a quarter.

If that's all you are going to give me for finding all that money you can keep it, said Johnny.

After consulting for a while with her husband the owner of the pocketbook came to the conclusion that such honesty deserved better recompense and she gave the newsboy \$1—Washington Star.

LOVEMAKING O BIRD AND MAN.
 With the Former the Male Wears the Gay Clothes, While Well!

Courtsip exists among birds, as well as among human beings, and in both cases forms one of the most serious and necessary businesses of life. In the case of the bird, the male wears the gay clothes, while the female wears the plain. In the case of the human, the male wears the plain, while the female wears the gay. In both cases the male wears the gay clothes, while the female wears the plain. In the case of the bird, the male wears the gay clothes, while the female wears the plain. In the case of the human, the male wears the plain, while the female wears the gay.

MEANING OF TERM "TWO BITS."
 An Expression Often Heard Where Southerners Are.

"Did you ever hear the expression 'two bits' used as an equivalent for a quarter of a dollar?" asked a New Yorker. "The term is commonly used in the South and West. Not one person in a thousand even of those who habitually use the term knows its origin."

"Even as late as the close of the eighteenth century the silver coinage of the United States had not superseded the Spanish 'milled' dollar in the West and South. Fractional currency was particularly scarce, and to obtain this the Spanish 'milled' dollar was cut to make change. Halves and quarters of course suggested their own names, but when the quarter was cut in two the word 'eight' was discarded for 'bit,' a small slug having the value of twelve and one-half cents. Many curious collectors have these slugs in their possession, although, of course, they have long since gone out of use as currency."

"So with 'thrip,' used in New Orleans and the vicinity as an equivalent for the nickel or five-cent piece. 'Thrip' is merely an abbreviation of 'threepence,' the coin of that value once in general use, representing about the same amount of money as a five-cent piece."

YERBA-MATE.
 The Paraguayan Substitute for Tea and Coffee.

What tea is to the Englishman and coffee to the American, yerba mate is to the native of Paraguay. Yerba mate is an infusion of the dried and powdered leaves of the species of holly tree that grows in Paraguay, and for centuries it has been the national beverage of the countries of South America, while in Paraguay and Argentina it forms the sole stimulant of the working classes. It is usually drunk as a very hot infusion through a metal tube, but it can be taken as we take our tea or coffee, with milk and sugar.

Most people, however, acquire the native habit and prefer to drink it without admixture. So prepared it is very bitter, but those who drink it soon learn to consider it an agreeable and palatable beverage. Some natives drink it as an infusion made with cold water, and it is then known by the name of "tereré." The working classes especially favor "tereré." The stimulating and sustaining effects of the beverage are remarkable.

Workmen carry the drink with them wherever they go, and from time to time take sips of it, and seem as a result to be infused with a degree of energy not usually credited to the South American. Woodcutters will start work at daybreak, and go on seemingly without fatigue until the midday meal five or six hours later, and this midday meal is the first solid food eaten so long as they can get mate.

Those who have investigated the properties of mate say that the invigorating and sustaining powers are different in character from those of either tea or coffee or cocoa. Taken as a stimulant for night or for prolonged brain work, it is said to convey an energy and a sensation of lightness that make duty a real pleasure. The peculiar feature of such a result is that analysis shows nothing in the drink to account for it. The percent age of caffeine and the amount of volatile oil are very much less than that contained in tea and coffee and none of the unpleasant effects that follow the excessive use of either of the latter beverages seem to attend the moderate use of mate. In rare instances very nervous individuals and those suffering from nervous prostration find their symptoms aggravated by over-indulgence in mate drinking.—Montreal Gazette.

An Appeal to the Sheriff

When Senator Joe Blackburn was a struggling young lawyer, as is usually given, a stern man must have been at some stage in his career. He was called upon to defend a negro charged with murder. Mr. Blackburn did the best he could, made an impassioned address to the jury and all that sort of thing, but the defendant was sentenced to pay the extreme penalty.

Mr. Blackburn was then taking his first dip into politics, running for some small local office. He had a hard time getting people to attend the meetings at which he was advertised to speak, and luck generally appeared to be against him. Well, hanging day came and the doomed man was told that he would have fifteen minutes in which to say his last words. Mr. Blackburn accompanied the man to the scaffold, and as his eyes wandered over the several hundred of his fellow citizens who had come to witness the spectacle, more than he could ever hope to attract by his own eloquence, his brain was lit up by a flash of genius. He had a few hurried words with his client in which he painted the waste of words it would be for the unfortunate man to talk at such a time and impressed upon him what a godsend the opportunity to make a speech would be to him, Blackburn. The negro somewhat reluctantly agreed to let him go ahead. Thereupon, much to the surprise of the auditors, Mr. Blackburn launched into an effort on the issues of the hour. He was proceeding to his own entire satisfaction when he felt a tugging at his coat tails. Glancing around he encountered the pained expression of the negro.

"Say, Massa Joe," he whispered, "dat speech you vub made tuh de jury was had nuff to hang me, but dis yuh one" shaking his head sadly—"Mistuh Sheriff, please pull dat rope."—Washington Star.

Lest They Catch Cold.

An incident of the royal visit to Chatsworth is worthy of permanent record. The King was given as a guard of honor at Rowsley Station fifty men of the volunteer battalions of Derbyshire. His Majesty inspected the rank and file in company with the Duke of Devonshire, and, after completing the circle round the men, the King delivered a short address, which all could plainly hear. His Majesty congratulated the men on their smart appearance, and said he was specially pleased to see that a number of them had done service for their King and country in the recent war in South Africa. Then, turning to the officer commanding, the King asked if the men had overcoats. The reply was in the affirmative, with the additional remark that they were not wearing them because it was thought they would look smarter. His Majesty's reply was, "Give an order for the men to have their overcoats at once. I don't want them to catch cold." The air was very raw, chilly and damp at the time.—London Times.

MERRY JESTS.
 A FEAT OF MEMORY.
 The Widow Blake, they say, is engaged. No, not what you'd call young. To whom? Why, to old—What's his name? 'Twas just upon my tongue!

Please wait; I almost had it then— If you won't speak to me! The only thing I'm sure about is—it began with G.

Not Gray—no, no; nor Green, nor Geer, Not Gladstone—wait a bit. Gloucester? No, G—Stimmons! Yes! Old Stimmons! That is it! —Century.

Doubtful Compliment.
 Miss Gableton—So Mr. Coldcash paid me a compliment, did he? Miss Caustique—Yes, his attention was attracted to your mouth, and he said it was simply immense.

Substitute Wanted.
 Jones—Some satisfactory substitutes for coal have been invented. Brown, Yes, but what we really need is a satisfactory substitute for coal bills.—Detroit Free Press.

The Guidances of Reason.
 The villagers were all gathered round the little store, talking about Sam Jones's lost coat. It was a "two year old" and had strayed out of the pasture the day before. Sam was worried about it, the neighbors had all been out looking for it without success, and no one seemed to know where to look for it.

Jim stood there, looking on and listening. Jim was a tall, lank young fellow, regarded as half-witted by some persons and as foolish by others. "I think I could find your horse," he said to Sam Jones.

"You?" Why, Jim, how do you think you could find him when we have had the best men in town out looking for him?"

"Wal," said Jim, "I could try, couldn't I?"

"Yes," answered the owner, "you can try, and if you find him I'll give you a dollar."

All right, said Jim, and walked away on his search. To the surprise of all he returned, in less than half an hour, leading the missing horse by a rope that round his neck.

"Well," said Jones, as he took the horse and paid Jim the dollar. "How in the world did you find him so quick?"

Jim answered in his long-drawn-out words, "Why, I thought 'Now, if I was a horse, where would I go?' And so I went there and he had"—Youth's Companion.

None for Him.
 Foote Lighte—I see the longest continuous stairway in the world is that which leads to the tower of the Philadelphia City Hall. It has 598 steps. Miss Sue Brette—Let's go over there and play Sappho.—Yonkers Statesman.

HE HAD NOTICED IT.

Doctor During the spring months it is natural for people to have a sluggish feeling.
 Mr. Hen Peck—I know it. My wife is affected that way. She slugged me twice this morning.

Her Hand In It.
 Hortense—Do you know why Edgar broke off his engagement with Helen Hazel—I have an idea.
 "I see Hattie is wearing the same engagement ring."
 "I thought I saw her hand in it." —Yonkers Statesman.

The "Glorious Fourth."
 In older times 'twas called The Day we Celebrate. But times have changed. 'Tis now The Day we Mutuate. —Chicago Tribune.

And Yet So Far.
 "Now," remarked the dog, who was engaged in a vain attempt to catch his tail, "now I may truly say that I can see my finish."—Harvard Lampoon.

Her Speciality.
 Green—Peckem tells me that his wife is an excellent manager.
 Brown—Well, she seems to have the management of Peckem down pretty fine.

Somewhat Different.
 "Why, I wasn't aware that Spokins ever played cards," said the astonished friend.
 "He doesn't," replied the victim, with a sigh long drawn out. "He works them."—Chicago News.

Easily Estimated.
 You know how selfish you are? Well, you can judge from yourself how much others are.—Atchison Globe.

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