

PARISIAN CLOAK HOUSE

"The Style Store for Women."



Extra Values in SUITS AND JACKETS

At \$10, \$12, \$15

Unquestionably the best spring Suits and Jackets for women that can be had are here at these prices.

We are showing unlimited assortments of styles and materials, every garment being characterized by splendid workmanship and perfect fit.

That we have met the popular demand for spring Suits and Jackets at moderate prices is best told by the crowds that throng our store daily.

Our low prices are the drawing magnet to-day as in days gone by, always giving our customers the fullest value for their money.

Buying for cash and selling for cash puts us in a position to give you the benefit of extraordinary values. This fact should be important to the intending purchaser of a spring garment, for \$10, \$12 or \$15 spent here for a spring garment will do the work that \$20 or \$25 would do if you did not receive the benefit of strictly cash sales.

Let the "style store" be your store when buying your spring outfit.

Best Styles in Skirts and Waists

Skirts

All the latest styles in Serges, Panamas, Broadcloths, Voiles, Worsted Plaids, Checks, Stripes and many exclusive novelties in every fashionable shade—\$5.00 up to \$25.00.

Waists

Hundreds of the most beautiful kinds we have ever shown of lingerie or tailored, net and silk, lace and novelty materials—\$1.00 up to \$10.00.

Nobby Coats For Girls

The kinds that every mother wants for her girls—

\$3.50, \$5.00, \$6.50, \$7.50 and \$10.00

PARISIAN CLOAK HOUSE

74-76 Main Street East

For the Proper Observance of Holy Week

Buy a New Edition of the

Holy Week Book at 25 cents

It will be worth your while to see our line of Easter Novelties, Easter Cards and Post Cards, Religious Pictures, and Catholic Bibles.

Vorberg Brothers, Booksellers and Stationers

Phone 1682

ESTABLISHED 1887

126 State Street

John H. McAnarney

(Successor to O'Shady & McAnarney.)

Fire, Plate Glass, Boiler and Elevator Insurance
Fidelity Bonds for Administrators, Contractors, Executors, Excise,
Plumbers and all kinds of Court and Security Bonds
Offices—101 and 109 Ellwanger & Barry Bldg. Entrance 39 State St.

JOHN M. REDDINGTON,

Lehigh Valley COAL,

Brightest, Cleanest, Best.

49 West Main Street.

Telephone 390

We can furnish you with any of the best grades of coal on the market. Send us your order

Doyle & Gallery Coal Co.,

37 West Main St.

Tel. Bell or Rochester 158.

MORE THAN ONE WRONG.

By EMMA EGGLESON.

It certainly was a queer affair! I am an agent of a prosperous Life Insurance company and though people are not prone to indulge in spontaneous gushing over the truthful qualities of men of my cloth, I can gravely affirm that the story I am about to relate is no fable.

I was working in a Western city, and wishing to change my location from the eastern to the western side of the river that wound its way through the center, I engaged a room on the second floor of a row of duplicate lodging houses, and with my luggage, which consisted of a medium sized leather traveling case and a silk umbrella, took possession thereof late in the afternoon.

My meals were taken at a restaurant, and it was quite dark before I went out for supper I left the electric light turned on raised the curtain of the window facing the street as high as the roller would let it go so that I could recognize the place on my return without the fuss of consulting a pocket tablet for the unfamiliar number.

From the sidewalk I looked up at the friendly blaze that streamed out athwart the telephone wires with the comforting assurance of a beacon light awaiting me, and mentally patted myself in commendation of the forethought that had provided it. Then I shuffled along with an indifferent appetite for the regulation eating house bill of fare that confirms the traveling man's belief in fore-ordination. When this was finished I walked five blocks to the post office and there I received a letter of urgent importance that promised a later communication by telegram. This meant a journey to the depot, and the message I found there called for a trip by rail to a distant town which must be taken that night.

The time card of the C. G. W. Railway and my watch agreed that I had ten minutes less than an hour for preparations, so I hastened back to the street on which my new apartment home was located, and looking for the illuminated window in the middle section of the Bostwick Flats — they were all as near alike and as closely distributed as a tier of dominoes in a box — I chuckled audibly to see it still glowing for my benefit.

I ran up the flight of stairs, turned to the right and put my key in the lock of a door, to find it obstructed from the other side. Then I heard some one walking about in my room, and after listening a moment I rattled the knob and demanded immediate entrance.

The door was reluctantly opened and I confronted a woman, young, fairly pretty, and badly frightened at my rough voice and savage frown.

She tried to prevent my advance, but I pushed my way inside and glared suspiciously around for my valise. It was on a chair with the straps unbuckled.

"What does this mean?" I asked fiercely. "Who are you here, and what are you doing with my traveling case?"

"Oh, is it yours?" she exclaimed. "Yes," I snarled, snatching it in rude haste and turning my back on her while I secured the fastenings.

"It was a stupid blunder," she said dejectedly. "But I never supposed it could belong to any one else. I hope you have brought mine."

"Madam!" in my exasperation the shrillness of my voice was startling. "I have brought nothing; I have nothing of yours to bring; I never saw you before and never expect to see you again, for I am going away to remain five days and when I come back you will doubtless be far enough from this room. An adventuress does not stay long in any place," and throwing my head aloft with a contemptuous sniff I marched out.

Half way down the stairs I thought of my umbrella and retraced my steps to get it; but when my errand was made known the young woman sniffed contemptuously in turn and answered after my own style.

"I have nothing of yours, sir! I never saw your umbrella and never expect or wish to see it. So like any other adventurer you may depart at once on your five days' journey."

Here the door was closed between us in a violent manner, and as I could not stay to quarrel through its panels without missing my train, I went on my way, adding another umbrella to previous losses and prophesying a soaking in some near future rain storm as a sequel.

I had a night of clattering rapidly over steel rails and crawling leisurely over all sorts of bridges, and was glad to hear at daybreak the long whistle that announced our arrival at the little city where my business affair was brewing. Stiff limbed, dusty and tired, I sought refuge in a ten by twelve room at a hotel and opened my valise for some toilet supplies, opening my eyes also in sheer astonishment at its contents. There was not an article visible that I had ever seen before, and I whirled them over in reckless perplexity till they presented the appearance of a small cyclone wreck.

One compartment contained a man's coat of rusty velvet, some mutilated cotton socks, crippled neckties, and a big-sleeved dressing

gown of red material emblazoned with numerous green crook-necked squashes; the other held reams of white paper, blotting pads, pencils, pens, and a fat package of manuscripts written in a straight up and down hand.

"Well, Carlyle Ross!" I said addressing myself for lack of a better audience. "You should be proud of what you have done! Terrorizing a woman till she allows you to take forcible possession of another man's baggage—but meanwhile, what has become of your own?"

Not being able to invent a plausible reply to this question, I shut the strange traveling case with a vicious snap, flung it into a corner and went down to breakfast with unkempt hair and without a clean handkerchief.

I conducted my business with an abstracted air, and when it was finished made a prompt return, carrying the "the other man's property," with a sneaking air, created by the impression that I looked like a Jew peddler, which was pure imagination, for the leather case was a fair copy of my own, and my smooth-shaven face bore no newly acquired resemblance to the average pack-bearing Israelite.

When I reached my street and number, I found the room in the Bostwick Flats waiting for me, and it showed up exactly as I had left it to go to the restaurant, save that the front window shade was lowered—the janitress explaining in answer to cross-questions that she had noticed the light flashing across the street that evening and for prudential reasons had unlocked my door with her own key and turned it off, drawing the curtain down according to her usual custom. My dressing case and umbrella were undisturbed, and I groaned over the conviction that I had been led astray by another lighted window, had ill-treated a young woman, and boldly taken possession of a piece of luggage that did not belong to me.

I cursed the contractor who had built nine continuous steep roofed structures exactly alike, and gazed anxiously at every right-handed second floor window in the middle of the row for some sign of the person I had met in one of those rooms, but I did not dare inquire for her.

Then I went through the valise systematically in search of its owner's name, and not finding it, pounced on the manuscript. It was a story, and after poring over the pages several hours with great interest, I decided that it was a good one. The hero was such an odd character that I lay awake one night till three o'clock striving to analyze it, and when sleep touched my eyelids with insinuating fingers an inspiration came to me in my dreams.

The story was the only thing of value in the confiscated luggage, and from that fact I judged the author was an unfortunate fellow too poor to publish it himself. I would put it in book form before the world of letters and astonish the struggling scribbler when it should meet his eye.

Upon this I began to plan an introduction and soon invented a statement that I thought would be a "paying hit," but I could not find a publisher who would undertake to launch the craft on the high tide of popular taste without a substantial backer. I pushed it forth on my own money and mettle, with some enthusiasm, and when the first copy was placed in my hands I proudly turned to the preface and read—

"The curious circumstances that put this manuscript in my possession indicate that it is not only the first but the last story that will ever be written by the gifted but ill-fated young author whose friends desire it to appear as an anonymous publication. Many who follow the trend of the tale will recognize familiar characteristics in its flights of genius, and some will guess who wrote it, but at present the reader is asked to regard it as a work of phenomenal merit that has its origin in mystery. Carlyle Ross."

Never having seen myself in print before, except on the face of fugitive business circulars, it was a real gratification to go over this bit of composition with my name attached, and be able to say it was mine. In confident complacency I hired certain critics to review the story, scattered a goodly number of volumes in bookstores and waited for sales—but the rush I had anticipated seemed to hesitate.

Six months passed. The book was not a screaming success and I was growing weary of my investment when one day a man sought my presence—an irate being with rather long hair, cavernish-eyes and a glowering countenance. I had sometimes in day-dreams pictured to myself a grateful author coming to me with tearful smiles and fervent thanks for giving his handling to the public in Grab covers with a gilt title in German text and money to boot it, but I had not calculated on the advent of a dollar a column newspaper employe, and now and then correspondent, raving over my appropriation of his work and threatening to sue me for stealing.

Explanations were fruitless; he would listen to none of them, and after spreading his woes abroad over the land he instituted a law suit. This all that was needed to make the book sell like wild-fire, and the more difficult it appeared for me to prove how the manuscript came in my possession, the more eagerly were copies of the story bought and read.

Three days before the case was to be tried, a person walked into my

office and I could scarcely refrain from jumping over the desk railing in my exhilaration at the sight of her face. It was the young woman who was the heroine of the wrong window, the wrong room and the wrong traveling case, pretty, graceful and sensible withal, for she presented the subject of our mutual interest at once, without any preliminaries.

"I am afraid, in the trouble between you and Fitzgerald, the author, you will be hard-punished if it comes to trial," she said frankly; "and I can see the way to a settlement. The truth is, that through carelessness at the Union Depot I exchanged my valise for the one belonging to Fitzgerald, but until the matter became agitated lately I could not trace either the luggage or the man. Now he wants the entire ownership of the book and you want the money you have expended on it, which in my opinion is more than it is worth; but I am a poor judge of such literature. If he will not agree to this arrangement I shall certainly sue him for stealing my baggage, and you may tell him so."

"You are a remarkably clever young woman!" I began warmly, but she checked me with prompt decision.

"Kindly remember that you called me an adventuress a few months ago, and do not contradict yourself!" Say to Jerome Fitzgerald that Miss Laura Hoyt has not only learned that he took her valise, but she also has evidence that he disposed of certain articles of jewelry contained therein at a pawnbroker's shop, and if he would avoid arrest he must accede to your terms."

I assented to thank this outspoken young lady, but she bowed politely and went away before I could finish my little speech or ask her address.

However, I knew her name and that scored one point in the game. I grasped my hat and ambled off to find Fitzgerald. I employ the word ambled because it best describes my cheerful gait. Before I slept that night we had settled amicably, and I was ready to say that he was not a terrible fellow after all, merely poor, proud and touchy concerning the honors accruing from his penwork, which seems to be a characteristic of writers as a class.

I went home in a peaceful frame of mind, after the deal was ended, but when I seated myself and undertook to balance accounts, it was borne in on me that I had donated the preface of his book to the grasping author, not even receiving a penny-a-line for it, and the flights of imagination incorporated therein were surely worth sound money, showing up boldly in black type over my own signature, and bristling with mystery. But it was too late for regrets, and I could only add another item to the list of wrongs recorded in the book of Experience.

From this, I glided easily to musings on the young woman, Laura Hoyt. How should I find her? While tossing about on the sea of perplexity it suddenly occurred to me that she must have a father, and three was the City Directory. But she could not have a home in town because she was one of the patrons of a lodging house.

It was some time before I located the lady as a high school assistant teacher, and I immediately began to cultivate her acquaintance with much ardor and painstaking. I may as well add perseverance, for I am cultivating it still with crow's feet showing, forked tracks about my eyes, and frost threads in my hair. Now and then we indulge in a spicy exchange of words, that cannot really be called a quarrel, and then she tells me that with all my lofty ideals I have married an adventuress.

Curious Wills.

A curious story is that of the late Col. Harry McCalmont, of the British army. He was a poor man when he went to the reading of his uncle's will, hoping that perhaps the departed might have remembered him to the extent of an old watch. True enough, the lawyer read out the words, "To my nephew, Harry McCalmont, I leave my watch and chain." The legatee was satisfied and, leaning back, he drowsed, lulled by the monotonous tones of the lawyer as he read through the long instrument. At the close he arose to go. "I congratulate you," said the solicitor. "I don't know why you should," said the other. "You are residuary legatee," remarked the lawyer. "You will have £4,000 (\$20,000) annually for the first five years from this date and afterward you will inherit some 27,000,000 (\$35,000,000)."

John Stewart McCalg, a Scotch banker, left practically all his estate, consisting of property producing nearly \$15,000 a year and movables worth \$50,000, for the erection of statues of himself and his relatives and the building artistic towers on prominent parts of his land. His sister contested his will, but the Edinburgh Court of Sessions has upheld it.

Belgian courts have upheld the will which a man named Devie, who hanged himself in Ardenne, scratched on a piece of rusty iron with a nail. He left \$60 for the fire brigade at Aiden "to have such a carousal as was never seen before."

A Statesman's Paradise.

Of all the countries in the world at the present day, India is surely the statesman's paradise. Where else are scope so wide for his activities and means so ready to his hand? Where the same opportunity of direct and immediate influence for good without burden of factitious delays and emulating compromise?—London Outlook.