

Miss Kerrison's Heart.

By EDWIN PUGH.

When I heard that Tom Frisby was married the news came as a great shock to me. I asked Jack Goney, my informant, "Is he married much?"

"Oh, frightfully!" said Goney. "Who is the creature?" I inquired, after a tense pause.

And when he replied, "The eldest Miss Carruthers," I was more shocked than ever. That Lillian—my beautiful, wild white dove—should consent to become a mere tame domestic fowl—and for Tom Frisby's sake, sake, galled my sensibilities. I remembered how I had laid the offering of my own unfledged affections at her feet, and how she had danced on the elaborate embroidery of words in which I had clothed my passionate avowal.

"Ah, can nothing induce you to listen?" I had cried.

"Another man might," she had answered cruelly. And another man had, it seemed; and that man, Tom Frisby.

Of course, my love for her was dead, and even if it had still lingered on, this last mortal blow to my self-esteem would have slain it. I have nothing to say against Tom Frisby. I happen to know that he wears bed-socks; but I suppose "a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will," as Bacon says quaintly, even though his circulation be as inadequately defective as Tom Frisby's. The thing that grieved me most was the dismal pitifulness of it all.

"I shall go and see them," I told Goney.

"They are well worth seeing," he nodded. "I'll come with you, if you like."

And so we went together.

I found that Lillian—no, Mrs. Frisby—was already by way of becoming a social success. She was developing in to that dreadful thing, an ideal hostess. She was obtrusively tactful and offensively managing. It was said of her that she had a knack of bringing the right people together, which, being interpreted, means that she strove to pair off her guests as if they had been vases.

Frisby himself was boisterously happy and roly-poly content, and, moreover, most beautifully trained to obey his wife's slightest word. He invited us into his den, a cupboard over the pantry, to drink inferior Italian vermouth, and having got us there, he sat once proceeded to patronize us.

"Ah," he said, "you will find your affinity some day."

"Which of us do you mean?" asked Goney, with creditable hauteur.

"Both of you," he smiled. "If both of us find my affinity," said I, "there will be trouble."

But he was in nowise disconcerted. He merely wagged his fat head at us and said: "We must look out for a wife for you."

To which Goney replied, obviously plagiarizing me, of course. "We would rather have one apiece, Frisby, if we must marry, and you don't mind."

"I think there are enough girls to go round," said Frisby.

And from that moment began the unconscionable crusade against our cloistered bachelorhood, in which Frisby and his wife took a meddlesome part, and which terminated in the lamentable contretemps that it is the purpose of this story to detail. She, of course, was the more subtle sinner.

"I was in Bond Street the other day," she said to me one afternoon, "and—archly—I saw such a lot of people."

"London," I remarked, "is dreadfully over-populated—especially during the season."

"I saw you," said she.

"I am fatally conspicuous, I know," said I; and then I asked her, "What was I doing?"

And I confessed that it was my favorite occupation.

"You were not alone," she went on.

"It is a fact that I suffer from more friends than I have any real use for," I laughed.

"If you are in the habit of speaking of them like that, I don't think you deserve any at all," said she.

"I don't," said I. "I have done nobody any harm."

There was a little pause, and then she said gently: "Mr. Craven, don't you think that yours is a very useless sort of life?"

"It is useful to me," I murmured meekly.

"You waste so much of your time."

"It might be money," I pointed out.

"Perhaps it is, as well. . . . You keep bad hours."

"But which are the bad hours, Mrs. Frisby?"

"As if I knew!" she exclaimed. "You smoke a great deal, too. You go to music halls. You belong to too many clubs."

"But I only frequent the others," I urged in extenuation.

"I wish I could imbue you with some workaholic ideals," she sighed.

"Ah, it is too late now," I said with feeling.

"But," she protested, "I . . . there are other women in the world."

And then Tom Frisby broke in on us very inopportunistically, and our pleasant little chat came to an untimely end.

But that night I sat late with Frisby. His wife had gone on from the theater to a reception somewhere; and he could not go because he was

suffering from one of those minor ailments which seem only to afflict the victims of matrimony.

It was our crucial whisky-and-soda, and we were talking as man to man. We had been talking each other that we were both rather blackguards really, but deuced fine fellows notwithstanding, and we were consequently in a fine glow of self-satisfaction.

"One thing I've forgotten to say to you," he remarked. "It really is serious."

"Serious for whom?" I asked.

He paused, and then, dramatically, "For her," he said.

I dropped the poker into the fender with a crash. "For her?" I repeated. "What are you driving at?"

"Perhaps I ought not to have broached the subject," he faltered.

"You haven't," said I.

"It's not fair to her," he jerked out. "And yet it's all due to that odious trick you have of talking to every woman you meet as if she were the only one of her sex in the world."

"I don't think they find that particularly odious," said I.

"But lookers-on do," said he. "And it is a bit rough on 'em, you know, old chap. Of course we who understand you know it's only your way, but girls—innocent, young, unsophisticated—"

"I rose also. 'Good night,' I said abruptly, offering my hand."

"I'll tell you her name, then," said he. "It's little Miss Kerrison—if you must know."

"Oh," said I, rather disappointed. "I know—the girl who is so awfully conscious of her profile."

"My wife's cousin," he said stiffly. "And you mean to say that foolish chit is in love with me?"

"Oh, come! Well, I suppose so. But confound your complacency, anyhow!"

"Poor thing!" I murmured. "Poor, silly thing! Pretty, too! Well, what would you advise me to do about it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't presume to advise at all," he replied.

"Best way, I suppose, would be to put her out of her misery at once," said I.

"There are worse girls than Nina Kerrison," he said.

"But do you think they would suit me better?" I asked him.

"No," said he. "You are not so bad."

"You overwhelm me," I observed. "With those touching tokens of your approval."

And then we talked of other matters.

But somehow I could not get the image of Nina Kerrison out of my mind. It was not a very distinct image, for I had never troubled to consider Nina—I already thought of her as Nina—very critically. I seemed to remember that we had bored one another consumedly whenever we had been thrown together. Yet now this weak, susceptible maid who worshipped me, as it appeared, from afar, passionately, hopelessly, had suddenly become the most interesting woman in the world.

I had had not the least intention of going to the Chandlers' dance the following evening, but now I determined to go after all, since Miss Kerrison was bound to be there, and it were best to get this painful business over at once.

In the conservatory I made out a dim, rounded form in filmy white, and came face to face with Nina Kerrison. She sat there motionless, her hands in her lap, as if awaiting her fate in the person of myself.

"All alone?" I said, lightly.

"I prefer to be alone," she said hastily, and rose as if to go.

But I understood what an infinity of meaning the studied coyness of her words would have had concealed, and I whispered, "Please don't forsake me. I—I came here to look for you."

"Why?" she asked. A most awkward question!

"Why?" I repeated slowly, to gain time. "Oh, because those people in there bore me. And you—you never do that, Miss Kerrison."

"Well, it is something to be a harbor of refuge," she remarked.

"Thank you. Then, by the way, is it really true, this time, that I am to congratulate you?"

"On my good fortune in finding you here, do you mean? Why, certainly," I said.

"I did not mean that," she replied. "I meant that—that well, the usual rumor is out concerning you."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "But which of the usual rumors do you refer to?"

"There is only one—last, these—that is commonly linked with the name of an eligible young bachelor. But is it true?"

"Believe me," I assured her, "it is not true."

"I am so glad!" she breathed softly. "Poor girl! At least—that is—"

She would have covered up her indiscretion, but, perceiving that it was now too late, she paused abruptly and lapsed into silence.

"Why are you glad?" I asked. I had not intended to proceed on exactly these lines, but I found it difficult to be sufficiently brutal now that the necessity confronted me.

"Oh," she drawled, with a woful affectation of indifference, "I think, as the song says, 'You are over young to marry yet, you know.'"

I admit I was a little piqued.

"When I say that what you have heard is not true," I explained, "I meant that, so far, nothing is actually settled, you understand."

"There is some one, then?"

"There may be some day," I murmured.

"I wonder what your wife will be like," she went on presently. "I do hope she will be a nice, helpful sort

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday May 27—Gospel, St. John, xv. 26, 27—Venerable Bede.

Monday 28—St. Augustine, bishop and confessor.

Tuesday 29—St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi, virgin.

Wednesday 30—St. Felix I, pope and martyr.

Thursday 31—St. Angela Merici, virgin.

Friday June 1—St. Pamphilus, pope and martyr.

Saturday 2—SS. Marcellinus & Peter, martyrs.

Forty Hours Devotion

The devotion of the "Forty Hours" will be held in the churches of the diocese of Rochester as follows:

May 27—The Blessed Sacrament church, Rochester; Nunda; St. Aloysius, Auburn; Clifton Springs; West Bloomfield; Trumansburg; St. Mary's, Elmira; Naples.

of girl, and not a mere society, but truly—like me."

"If she were like you—" I began, and stopped.

"She won't be," said Miss Kerrison quickly.

My heart ached for her. "One so seldom marries the woman one wants to," I observed, for I was wishful to spare her as much as possible.

"You know," she explained, "that the object of our first fancy is so seldom the person to make us truly happy, if we but knew it."

I remembered then that some one had told me this was Miss Kerrison's third season.

"First love is the only love," I said firmly. It was no time for mawkish scruples. I had temporized with my conscience too long already. She must now be made to realize the sad truth in all its ghastliness.

"That is not so," she said. "Believe me, Mr. Craven, when I tell you that you are as yet far too young to know what is best for your welfare."

How she fought—as women will—against her own happiness!

"Pardon me," I said, "I am not so young as you seem to think I am."

"Never mind the exact date of your birth," she broke in. "That you are very young is plain enough, or you would not take the matter to heart so."

"Anyway," said I, "when my fate does come along—"

And then I made an abrupt end, for she had suddenly begun to laugh. There could be no doubt about it. She was laughing—not hysterically, either, but with namelike enjoyment, as at an irresistible jest.

"Mr. Craven—Mr. Craven!" she cried. "Please—please don't look so solemn. Laugh, do laugh, too. It's the only way you can save your self-respect."

"Mr. Craven," she said at last, more seriously, "I think I'll be frank with you. My honest dealing may conceivably cost me your good opinion, but only for a time. You'll like me all the better afterward. And I am sure you have enough common sense, really, not to think me unwomanly or immodest in saying what I am about to say to you now."

"Miss Kerrison," I cried in sore distress, "forbear, reflect, consider. Don't speak yet. You may save us both much pain if you keep silent."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed sharply.

This was an affront. "Go on, then, if you will," I said sternly.

"I've an idea," she said, "that we are at cross-purposes, and that it is all the fault of those dear, foolish Frisbys."

"Mrs. Frisby has said something to you about—well, about me, hasn't she? Please be straightforward, Mr. Craven."

"No, she hasn't," I answered.

"Mr. Frisby, then?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"I turned to her in desperation. 'How I can repeat what he said!' I cried. 'Miss Kerrison, let me implore you to say no more. Let me entreat—'

"No," she replied. "I will tell you what they said. They told you I—well—had a penchant for you."

"They were wrong!" I exclaimed, still eager to spare her.

"Of course they were," she rejoined. "As wrong as they were when they told me—well—that you were—in love—with my unworthy self."

But—and she began to laugh again. This woman, I tell you, had no sense of humor, or of decency, either. I should think. "But they meant well, I suppose. And there's no harm done—except to our vanity, perhaps. Anyway, the path they would have had us tread hardly leads to the Wicked Place, does it?"

And she smiled at me inscrutably, and I think she would have added some pleasant, salving words. But just then a man poked his head round the head curtain and she darted up and went forward to greet him. I heard her call him "Frank," and I guessed then that it was for him she had been waiting so meekly, all alone. And at last I understood.

I knew—that I—I had merely provided some comic relief from the tedium of her vigil.

Cats Like Perfumes.

A cat characteristic little recognized even by lovers of the feline species is intense love of perfume.

The keenness of scent so useful to pussies in her hunting avocation makes her quick to detect and recognize the fragrance of natural flowers and toilet preparations, and unlike the dog, which will detect in a moment the scent affected by master

STATEMENT OF THE ALLIANCE BANK,

At the Close of Business May 16, 1906

Resources

Loans and Discounts.....\$5,337,596 59
Banking House and Lot.....126,000 00
Stocks and Bonds.....1,199,256 43
Cash on hand.....\$416,455 05
In Banks.....887,017 58 1,903,472 43

\$7,966,325.45

Liabilities

Capital.....\$ 275,000 00
Surplus and undivided profits.....310,167 80
Deposits.....7,381,157 65

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Comparative Statement of Deposits for the past Ten Years

May 16, 1897.....\$ 807,236 42	May 16, 1902.....\$4,016,543 17
May 16, 1898.....940,674 78	May 16, 1903.....5,117,064 19
May 16, 1899.....1,515,545 19	May 16, 1904.....5,816,740 84
May 16, 1900.....1,865,923 43	May 16, 1905.....5,372,546 27
May 16, 1901.....8,472,056 27	May 16, 1906.....\$7,381,157 65

The Ladies' Department

Is especially equipped to handle the accounts of Business Women, Shoppers, School Teachers and Treasurers of Church or other Societies.

Interest Paid on Special Deposits at Prevailing Rates

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or mistress without evincing any pleasure save that of associated ideas, the cat really enjoys the sweet itself.

Sensitiveness to sweet odors varies in individual felines, and some animals show a decided preference for violet fragrance over that of rose powder, for example, but generally speaking the peddlered agrippinas or those having a strain of Persian or Angora are most keenly alive to odors of Araby.

King Edward as a Student.

King Edward, as a boy, spent hours of leisure in studying subjects that attracted him. In this way he added greatly to his knowledge, but, apart from the ordinary lessons, he took little trouble over subjects he had not particularly liking for. He had a strong antipathy for Latin.

American in Mexico.

Ten years ago there were 155 Americans in the City of Mexico. The directory printed December 1905 shows 4,745. Prohibition has in some measure struck the town. A law was recently passed closing saloons at 9 o'clock and "pulque joints" at 5 in the evening.

A COFFEE DINNER.

A Novel Function at Which by The Hair-Of-The-Donkey Knows.

At a novelty in the shape of a costume dinner each guest was requested to come with his or her head dressed to represent some person or allegorical character.

The host wore a long white beard and white hair and fern-leaf mask. He immediately recognizable as Santa Claus. The hostess, in brilliant colors with a scepter and halo, was Aurora. A white costume sprinkled with silver dust to represent snow and icicles was Winter.

One exceptionally pretty effect was that of Electra. She had an electric battery concealed about her somewhere in easy reach of her hand and her head and neck were decorated with tiny electric lights, which she could illuminate or put out at will.

Among the other characters detected by their head dress was Spring, the funny man of the party, who had a bed spring fastened to his head, from which violets were apparently growing; Autumn, bedecked with colored leaves; George Washington, wearing a white wig and peruke, tied with a black bow; Martha Washington, whose powdered hair was dressed in smooth bands and bedecked with a black shell comb; Nocturne, whose hair was as black as the plumes of night and who wore a coronet of gold stars with a crescent moon.

CURIOUS NAVAL PUNISHMENTS.

Sailing Tub of Water With a Spoon—Laughing for Hour and a Half.

Naval officers do not always mete out to the men the punishments laid down in the King's regulations. They frequently adopt punishments of their own invention which prove most effective in preventing the recurrence of offenses. These punishments are often of a very curious and even ludicrous nature.

It is an everyday occurrence to see half a dozen sailors lined up on deck facing the paint work, their hands hooked on their shoulders and their faces presenting a most woeful picture. For this punishment is not so trivial as it appears, says London The-Sun. The hammock is not very heavy, it is true, but after an hour or so it drags on one's shoulder like lead. Besides, it is far from pleasant to stare steadily at a square foot of grey painted woodwork for sixty minutes at a stretch. Jack would much prefer to do a few days "Ten A" or to have his leave "jammed."

Spitting upon the deck or a man-of-war is strictly prohibited. As soon as the bugle has sounded the "Dead March" spittoons are placed at intervals along the deck for the use of the sailors, and were better than the ear who ignores the presence of these tubs and expectorates about the spittle deck. On many vessels a wide belt is worn, and this the man who departs from the regulations is compelled to wear upon his person, and is thus subjected to the ridicule of his shipmates. He is given an opportunity of retrieving his character, however. He is permitted to walk the deck with the other men, and should he spot a sailor committing a like offense he at once presents him with the hated belt and the new victim has to undergo a similar ordeal.

Some officers adopt more drastic measures. If Jack is detected expectorating anywhere but in the receptacles provided a "spit-kick" is strapped to his chest, and any man who dares to do so may make use of this curious walking receptacle. As may be supposed, this humiliating punishment effectively prevents the man from violating the regulations.

Were a civilian given two large wooden buckets, one empty and the other full of water, and told to bail the liquid from the full tub into the empty vessel with a small spoon, he would consider the order to be that of a madman, or a revival of ancient fairy lore. Yet this punishment has on several occasions been meted out to refractory "sea dogs." Nothing is more amusing than to see a weather-beaten sailor carefully bailing out spoonful after spoonful of water and so carefully depositing the tub in a large bucket at his side.

A punishment frequently employed

is that of setting the delinquent to walk slowly backward and forward along the deck, musing in his mind a pinch projectile (weighing a pound or so) over 100 pounds). After a quarter of an hour or so of this backwash "cure" the unhappy victim is given a drop the load and rub his aching limbs. At the same time he probably has a solemn manual exercise never to repeat the offense for which he has been "awarded" this dire penalty.

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