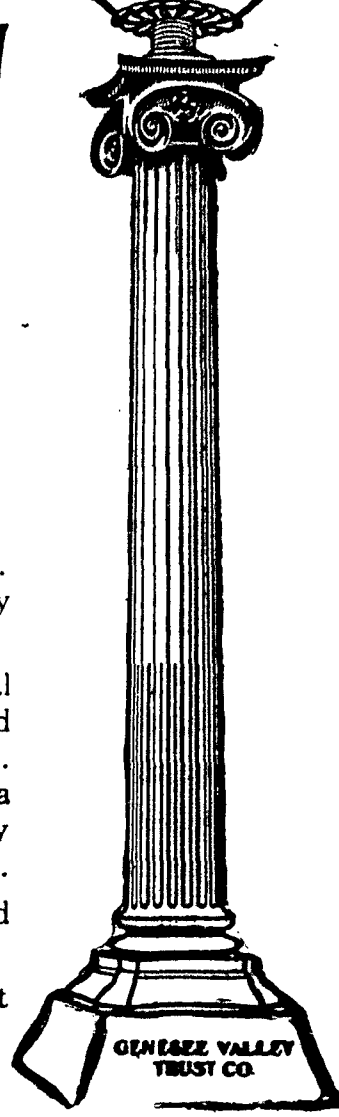


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The Blood of a Comrade.

By Nell Gillespie.

"A short, severe war is less cruel than a long-drawn out fight," said the captain, easily. "Of course it is! Everybody knows it! So why do the people at home criticize us, and libel and court-martial us because we use every means in our power to prevent further rebellion?"

"They ought to be thankful we don't use Spanish methods," said Wilcox, the junior member of the mess. He was only six weeks out of his cadet gray, and a new arrival at Camp Chicobang.

The captain smiled pleasantly. "No?" he said. "Haven't we a 'reconcentrado' system similar to theirs? Haven't we a blockade? We're merely taking up affairs where they left them, and following Spanish methods in our own way. When this rebellion began we tried to treat the natives as civilized creatures, but thank heaven, we're learning sense at last."

The subaltern flushed to the roots of his close-cropped hair. "Do you mean to say that any measure, however cruel, is justifiable in war?"

"About that," said the captain, amused at the boy's interest in a subject which was a stale one to the rest of the mess. "This business has got to be straightened out, and that's exactly what you and I are here for. War is wrong, therefore, it is cruel and brutalizing. Benevolent assimilation talk is all rot, and as for civilized warfare, there's no such a thing. The measures used are adapted as circumstances arise, and must be cruel or barbarous, as the necessity arises, and must be cruel or barbarous, as the necessity calls for."

Wilcox was staring at him, half in horror, half in fascination. "And men can talk that way in the twentieth century," he murmured.

The captain smiled again. "The only way to carry on war with this people is to do to them as they first did to us. As long as we spare them, they're going to think we're weaklings, and grow bolder by result. They haven't any honor; you can't treat them as white men. Their own methods are what they expect, and their own methods are the only means by which this fighting will ever be stopped. It may involve an awful lot of suffering for non-combatants, but we can't help that. When the people cry out 'Enough!' then the insurgents will lose their support and the rebellion will be at an end—for a while."

Wilcox was playing nervously with his fork, and biting his lips as if to keep back words he would not speak. He was young, and his high ideals of the calling he had chosen had made him blind to the hard facts with which he was now brought face to face. It was impossible to believe that his own countrymen—officers of the United States army—could be so cruel, so barbarous. He did not care what the captain said, bloody treatment must serve only to alienate this struggling people. If the rebellion had once been handled differently, what was the cause of this reversion to the savage? Had the lust of blood so crazed the white men that they forgot their race, their civilization, their upbringing? Wilcox pitted the Philippines; they, at least, were fighting for their liberty.

"By the way," said the captain, "did any of you fellows hear that the general expects to catch Luis Maha, who killed our policeman down at Binaruan, and told to murder the port commander?"

"Been wounded?" asked some one.

"No, but his wife had a baby recently, so he probably won't move his quarters so easily. They'll shoot him on sight."

"Well, I hope they see him soon," said the medic. "He's made more trouble for us than any other insurgent in that part of the island."

A sudden sound of running feet was heard through the din of rain outside. The door of the mess hall rasped open, and a dripping figure appeared on the threshold.

"The colonel's compliments to the commanders of K and O troops, and will they please report to him immediately? Outpost No. 2 has been cut up by insurgents, and Lieutenant Ellard and men at No. 4 have been captured."

In the blackness of the night before dawn, a long line of men, lying flat on the soggy earth, wormed their way through the tall rank grass. On the crest of a steep ascent the leading figures halted cautiously, and one by one the men came to a standstill, each with a hand on the foot of the man ahead. A light was beginning to streak the east when the captain consulted the native guide in a soundless colloquy.

"What does he say?" asked Wilcox, the subaltern. He was wallowing in the mud like a caravaca, and his clothes were coated with dirt.

"The hacienda of the insurgent commandante is just below us," returned the captain. "They'll be perfectly unsuspecting, and unless they've had time to move on, it's likely we'll find our men hidden there."

gugas were keeping some prisoners up here as slaves."

The tall man glanced toward the jungle and saw a line of blue and khaki-clad figures spring into view. His eyes bulged from his head, and he stood motionless with amazement. Suddenly, with a shout of "Viva los Americanos! Viva Libertad!" he dashed forward open-armed. A burly sergeant met him with a knockout blow on the chin, and the Spaniard staggered back, rubbing his face without resentment. He understood that silence was demanded.

"Over the hill!" he cried, dancing about with pain and excitement. "They've just left here with three Americano prisoners! Hurry, hurry, but take me with you."

Once more they dashed into the forest. The subaltern, running beside the rescued man, noticed that his shirt was stained with blood, and the fluttering rags gave glimpses of the raw, flayed skin beneath.

"What does that mean?" he asked in his schoolboy Spanish.

The man smiled. Past sorrows were nothing to him now.

"I have been two years a prisoner," he said. "One receives many beatings."

"Have you never tried to escape?" "What was the use? My friend tried, but they caught him and cut off his head after roasting his legs."

Wilcox said nothing, but there was a strained look about his eyes. To him the last twenty-four hours had been horribly unreal. Stopping only for food and drink, the troop had followed the track of the insurgents deeper and deeper into the hills. He had seen his men surprised and shot down a native in sight of his wife, and as excuse the captain had said that the man was a war traitor, a leader of insurgents, and a persecutor of Americanistas. But Wilcox felt sickened. The captain and the men became repulsive to him. They were like a lower order of being to which he refused to be degraded. The army was his only outlook, but that could be ever in sympathy with such things as he was experiencing every day?

Suddenly a man in the ranks cried out, and the column came to a jolting halt. The subaltern looked, and turned pale. By the trunk of a moss-grown tree, his arms bound above his head, a rope about his half-naked body, stood an American soldier. Across his mouth from corner to corner a bolo had slashed, and the bleeding flesh hung loosely over the jaw. His head was sunk forward, but he was not dead, as his captors had intended he should be after a few days' lingering.

His "bunkie" who had first seen the pitiful figure, cut the heavy hemp with his bayonet, but the column waited only a moment. A hospital corps man was left behind with the detail, and the troop took up its march the more cautiously for knowing that it was hot on the trail.

The subaltern felt that his nerves were strained to the breaking point. Through the throbbing whirl of his brain came a sickening thought. If the natives were capable of such a deed as this, how would they treat the other two prisoners? Surely they would not dare to harm an American officer. His mind refused to comprehend the thought of Ellard cold and lifeless. The image of his classmate and chum was too fresh, too vividly active to be rendered null. No, the natives could not be so cruel, they would not be so inhuman. And yet that bound figure by the tree. How slowly the men moved? Why did they linger when every minute might mean life or death to the prisoners?

The men passed over another spur, and dropped into the valley below. With every step they moved more cautiously. Tense and alert, the subaltern crept onward, braced for he knew not what. He saw the captain crawling on all fours, become entangled in a trailing vine, and felt an uncontrollable desire to laugh. It was broad day now, and the heat grew stifling in the breathless woods.

A shout and distant laughter echoed across the valley, and the captain halted abruptly. After a moment's consultation, the troop divided, and at the head of his creeping file, the subaltern turned to the right. Nearer and nearer sounded the native voices, and the men knew that they were close to the insurgent camp. For ten heartbreaking minutes they wormed their way over the damp, brown loam, now and again catching a glimpse of the little clearing, until they had made a complete half circle.

Slowly they drew near the edge of the trees, and the subaltern heard the sound of hasty digging. A strange look appeared on the set faces of the men, but Wilcox did not notice. He wondered what the natives were doing, fearing to look for dread of what he might have to see, and yet impatient to know if Ellard was alive. He moved his body until, dirt color himself, he could watch unseen.

Thank God! At the opposite end of the clearing stood Ellard, upright and unharmed. Before him, in the center of the field, was a rectangular hole like a grave, and the natives were throwing the earth clods into it. Evidently they were burying someone who had died, but why did they seem amused? Brady was nowhere in sight. Was it his body they were burying?

Yelling like an army of blue fiends, the captain's detachment burst into the clearing. Surprised and confused, the insurgents turned to flee, and met the fixed bayonets of the subaltern's men.

As soon as he could break away, Wilcox ran to one side. Ellard was

standing as before, still bound hand and foot. His face was half averted, but on it the subaltern saw a look of the most intense horror and dread. With a cry of dismay, he dashed forward, but a naked brown figure was before him. Twice the shining kris flashed in the air as the defenceless prisoner toppled backward. Then, dodging the subaltern's bullet, the native turned and fled. Two privates cornered and disarmed him, but before they could put in a finishing blow Wilcox had shouted: "Hold on there! Wait till I come!"

"As you have mercy, put me out of this life!" moaned Ellard.

The tall, strong, young athlete of a moment before lay helpless on the ground, a bleeding, legless trunk. Sobbing, the subaltern dropped to his knees beside his friend, and beat passionately at the earth with clenched fists.

"Don't, don't!" almost shrieked the wounded man. "I stood here powerless to move while they first cut up and then buried Brady alive, but I didn't cry! Kill me, shoot me, have mercy on me for Christ's sake, but don't cry!"

A hospital sergeant came running the captain, white with horror, at his heels. The fight was over, and a group of men were working at the grave.

Wilcox staggered to his feet, a strange curse on his lips. The beads of sweat plowed deep courses through the grime on his cheeks. Slowly, with infinite deliberation, he reloaded his revolver, and strode to where the troopers held the insurgents on the ground. As he went, he muttered like a man searching for some forgotten thought, "The measures used are adopted as circumstances arise, and must be cruel or barbarous as the necessity calls for—as the necessity calls for."

Three times he fired into the prostrate body. "One for Brady, one for Wright, and one for Ellard!" and then he began to laugh.

Names Live; Deeds a Memory.

Many great people have their names perpetuated in the mouth of the vulgar and historically ignorant by means of articles of food or of wear.

Persons who dine in restaurants have ordered Nesselrode pudding many times, but not one in a thousand knows who Nesselrode was. Yet Nesselrode was Russia's greatest statesman in the first part of the nineteenth century and was as well known to the world then as Witte is now. He lived in stirring times and was a power in Europe. When he concluded the Peace of Paris in 1856 he imagined—and had a right to—that he would never be forgotten.

And he is not, for a French cook on that occasion invented a new dessert and named it after him. The achievements of the Chancellor are forgotten and his name narrowed down to the confines of a small, sweet pudding.

The Charlotte russe is another effort of French cookery to perpetuate Russian greatness. Poor Charlotte of Russia! How the haughty Princess would squirm in her grave if she knew she was remembered only by a piece of spongecake and a dab of whipped cream!

Once in a while you see on a bill of fare fish "a la Vatel." Vatel was the master chef of his day and served the great Conde. One day, when the Prince wanted to give a dinner to the King, the fish did not arrive in time, which so distressed Vatel that he committed suicide. But they served the fish all right—when it came—the second cook dressing it up in a new way and naming it after the deceased chief. And so on. The list might be extended indefinitely. On almost any bill of fare will be seen some dish, the name of which has a history.

Skipping from eatables to wearing apparel, everybody knows that knitted, woolen affair, the Cardigan jacket. Yet how many who wear it ever think of the gallant general from whom it takes its name?

One day Wellington met Lord Brougham and said to him: "I little thought that after all your lordship's fame and greatness you would go to history as the inventor of a wag-on." "Neither did I," replied Brougham, "and still less did I imagine that after all your grace's victories, posterity would only know you as the inventor of a pair of boots."

In Wellington's case the joke was hardly a prophecy, but in the case of Brougham thousands of people know the carriage to which he gave a name who never heard of the Chancellor and Prime Minister.

Origin of an Old Proverb.

You have all heard that old proverb, "those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." It seems that a large number of Scotch people, in the Duke of Buckingham's time, went to London and took up their residence there. Now the duke lived in a mansion known as the "Glass House." The duke for some reason resented the Scotchman coming to live in London and organized a band of people who went about breaking the windows of the Scotch residences. In answer to this petty act on the part of the duke, the Scotch people smashed the windows of the "Glass House." Instantly the duke complained to King James I., who was then upon the throne of England. But his majesty replied: "Those who live in glass houses should be careful how they sling stones." The king, you know, was a Scotchman himself, the son of that beautiful Queen Mary of Scotland, whose life has furnished many a romantic tale, and whose unjust execution caused so much ill feeling toward her cousin, Elizabeth, Queen of England.

HEAT PRODUCING FLOWERS.

Generate Sufficient Heat to Melt Surrounding Snow.

The saidajella or snowbell of the Alps is a dainty little plant about three inches high, bearing two pendent-fringed white or violet bells on each flower stalk. They may often be found with the snow still firmly frozen round the stem, and the question naturally arises how did the blossoms, so much larger in circumference, make their way through? Botanists tell us that the plant forms its flower buds under the snow, and in the process of breathing evolves so much heat that the encircling snow is melted and trickles down the stalk, round which it frequently freezes again. Thus gradually a dome shaped cavity is formed round the blossom, and the process is continued till in many cases they succeed in reaching the surface.

A modified form of the same heat producing power may be noticed in the foxglove. On a comparatively cool day, when little wind is stirring, a thermometer inserted in the bell-like flowers of a plant growing in a shady place will frequently register a temperature one to two degrees higher than that of surrounding air, and even more startling results are obtained from plants in which a number of small flowers are congregated together within an outer sheath or spathe, as in the arum.

Against the Rummage Sale.

Medical men are inclined to make war on the rummage sale as a menace to health. It having been proved to be a conveyor of contagious diseases. A more unsanitary device was never imagined. The stuff sent to the rubbish; much of the wearing apparel has been resurrected from trash heaps or unused closets, and is of no real use to any one. The danger of lurking germs is very real, and it seems almost criminally reckless to expose innocent children to it. Women have become so sensible in their practice of good works that the rummage sale appears like an anachronism.

Significance of Play.

Play distinguishes the higher from the lower animals, and it signifies possibility of education. Fishes do not play at all, the lower mammals can hardly be taught to play, and birds are entirely devoid of the instinct. But the kitten and the lamb are essentially playing animals. The human young, however, are the true players, and in reality it is play that develops them into manhood. "Children," says Dr. Hutchinson, "are born little amorphous bundles of possibilities and are played into shape."

Palace of King of Siam.

One of the most remarkable buildings in the world is the palace of the King of Siam. It is enclosed in dazzling white walls over a mile in circumference. Within these walls are temples, public offices, seraglios, stables for the sacred elephant, accommodation for one thousand troops, cavalry, war elephants, and an arsenal. There is also a very fine theater, where English, French and German companies frequently perform before the Royal household. The King himself is extremely fond of theatricals.

Peat That Burns Like Coal.

Osmon is the new peat success. It is manufactured in Switzerland. The peat is dried under the influence of the electric current and then further treated so that under the action of electric cosmos a new compound is formed. Recent tests indicate that it burns as well as coal, without giving off odor or smoke. The percentage of ash is said to be slight and no trace of sulphur is found in the fuel. It is said to be free from all corrosive influences on the boilers and furnaces in which it is burned.

Courtship in Tibet.

Courtship, as conducted in Tibet, would scarcely arouse the enthusiasm of the modern-minded maid. Bargaining between the suitor and the father of the girl goes on for weeks, without any reference to the wishes of the woman. The requisite price having been paid, she is led to the house of her husband, where she is subjected to a severe beating, in order properly to humble her spirit, and made to run round the village loudly proclaiming the merits and valor of her husband.

Where Women Rule.

A remnant of the Sova tribe of Indians inhabits the island of Tiburou, in the Gulf of California, and is ruled entirely by the women. Formerly the tribe numbered about five thousand, but is now shrunk to a few hundred, living a life of almost complete isolation, and refusing to intermarry with any of the Indians of the mainland. The woman is master of the household, and a council of matrons is at the head of public affairs.

A Botanical Clock.

A botanical clock, a very pretty flower, has been discovered in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. In the morning, it is white, at noon it is red, and at night blue; and the changes of color are so regular that the time of day can be told from the tint of the flower.

Pray for Insects Swallowed.

The Tibetans offer daily prayers for the minute insects which they have swallowed inadvertently in their meat and drink, and the formula insures the rebirth of these microbes in heaven.