

True Love's Awakening

By Eugene La Monte.

Mademoiselle Sylvine d'Outreval lived in a little house at the corner of the Rue des Recollets—a little house which slept in the shadow of the cathedral towers.

Mademoiselle Sylvine was a little, wrinkled, faded, feeble old woman, with scarcely strength enough to drag herself from one easy chair to another, who passed the solitary hours coaxing the fire, with her trembling hands cased in their black mitts; losing the dreary present in little naps which brought dreams of a happy past, and listening to the perpetual and unchanging inanities of her garrulous gray-green parrot.

No clock told the gentle passage of time in the lonely, silent salon. Time was of little account to Mademoiselle Sylvine. She was alone in the world, the last of her name, and she had outlived earthly hopes and earthly regrets. She awaited the summons to a brighter existence with the patient faith of the devout believer. She had ceased even to count the years which, piled one upon the other, were slowly crushing her beneath their weight, and which had already narrowed the limits of her life until she was reduced to the companionship of a faithful servant, as aged as herself, and one poor, old cavalier of Malta, who had adored Mademoiselle d'Outreval in the far-away time of her youth.

He adored her still, and every evening at the same hour—as the faithful go to worship—the Chevalier de Navrincourt left his lodgings at the other end of Paris, and, in his perruque and his buckled shoes, with the aid of gold-headed cane, he hobbled across the city to drink tea and play cards with Mademoiselle Sylvine.

Between these two old people existed an affection—confiding and peaceful—as sweet and touching as the faint fragrance of winter roses, whose petals, dropping at a touch, suggest the falling of snow.

They never disputed, evinced for each other always the same delicate consideration and a tenderness strong yet timid.

They forgot their great age; they saw in each other no trace of Time; they even cherished dreams and fancies as pure as they were visionary—like those fleeting, fairy pictures the ice shows to the sun.

Sylvine had filled the narrow lodgings of M. de Navrincourt with absurd trifles which littered his bureau and egeres; with gay bits of old-fashioned needlework, symbolic embroideries and sentimental drawings in the stilted and impossible style of other days.

The cavalier patiently economized his meager pension and denied himself even his precious tobacco d'Espagne for the greater luxury of sometimes offering Sylvine a bunch of early violets or a little package of burnt almonds.

And every night they sat at the card table, the yellow light from the lamp, with its great shade of lace, streaming over them, their birdlike silhouettes dancing fantastically on the wall, their withered fingers trembling among the cards—counting points in their feeble voices, reflecting gravely at every critical point in the game, laughing shrilly at each small victory.

Wakened to youthful animation by this simple diversion, their spectacles glistened as their old heads nodded uncertainly and the fragrant steam rose gently from the cups on the table beside them.

And when the game was at an end, the cavalier would draw his chair close to Sylvine's, venture an old-time compliment on the aroma of her "poudre de riz," or the color of her ribbons, imprint a kiss on her wrist—first, audaciously pushing aside the black lace mitt, and still holding the wrinkled hand which Sylvine abandoned to his clasp, he would murmur with reproachful tenderness:

"Do you remember, my heart, how cruel you were to me in the past?"

And Sylvine would reply with a sigh, and together their thoughts wandered back to the days when they were young and gay and lived only for each other; yet when he had taken her hand and pushed aside her glove, as now, to kiss the wrist—then young and fair, she had only tossed her head and drawn her hand away. And when she met his passionate protestations with her sweet, incredulous laughter and a mocking gleam in her velvet eyes, and at last turned from him trilling a foolish air, he had flung himself away in bitter anger and gone to risk his life in twenty battles, as one would play a lous on a green table.

"Do you remember, Sylvine?"

And Mlle. d'Outreval, smiling gently, would murmur at last:

"Ah! my dear Chevalier; and if it had been otherwise, would we have been the same good friends we are to-day?"

And M. de Navrincourt sighed the sigh of a man resigned, while Sylvine rang for the old servant to light the cavalier down the stairs. But it was she herself who, tottering beside him to the door, stood watching him slowly descend the stair case and called after him, always, with the same note of tender, maternal sympathy in her quivering voice:

"Above all, dear friend, remember that last step!"

One night—one winter's night, the little salon was very warm. Mlle. Sylvine, knowing her friend would come in chilled and weary, had ordered an extra fire, and the tea was served hot and strong. Their game of cards was over, and the cavalier, according to his custom, had drawn his chair close to Sylvine's.

"Ah, Sylvine, do you remember?"

"The peace and warmth of the little salon was irresistible. The old voices died away, the old eyes grew heavy behind their glistening spectacles."

"How could you be so cruel?" asked the cavalier drowsily.

But Mlle. Sylvine did not respond. Her hand lay in his.

The cavalier's eyes closed softly. Mlle. Sylvine d'Outreval and the Chevalier de Navrincourt slept peacefully side by side in their easy chairs, still dreaming of their youth.

In the kitchen below, the old servant woman fell asleep waiting for the sound of the bell.

The gray green parrot nodded on its perch.

The candles burned down to their sockets, flickered wildly, and went out.

The lamp and the fire died together. The little salon lay in silence and darkness, until the gray dawn came and peered in at the window, through the chinks of the closed blinds.

A little while longer and the birds sang good morning in the trees at the corner of the square.

Then suddenly the chimes rang out from the cathedral towers and called the faithful to mass to the first mass of the poor. A market wagon rattled down the Rue des Recollets. A cardine vendor woke the echoes with his strident cries. A dog barked madly just beneath the windows of the little house in the shadow of the church towers.

Mlle. Sylvine unclosed her eyes. She was in a very uncomfortable position.

How was this?

She had been sleeping bolt upright! She passed her hand over her eyes.

What?

She had then slept in her mitts! She tried to rise. She was very stiff, but she managed to get upon her feet, and immediately she sank back in her chair with a cry of alarm.

A sound of gentle breathing had reached her ears—she had turned her head to behold M. de Navrincourt, his perruque on one side, his cravat twisted beneath his ear, soundly sleeping in the arm chair at her side.

Her cry awoke him, and he sprang straight upon his feet, although they shook beneath him, wide awake and ready for immediate duty like the brave and gallant soldier that he was.

He stood for an instant, wholly uncomprehending the position. Then the little salon in its gentle disorder—the empty tea cups, the chill grate, the gray morning light, the two chairs side by side, and in one of them Mlle. Sylvine weeping bitterly—and the Chevalier de Navrincourt had mastered the situation.

"Alas! what a misfortune!" sobbed Sylvine.

She was thinking of this terrible thing that had happened to her to her, the immaculate One of whom, in all her long, chaste, cheerless existence no one had dared to breathe an unkind word. And the neighbors, who would not fail to see M. Navrincourt leave the house—ah! what a scandal! And the old servant, who would find them in this plight—oh! what a loss of reputation and respect!

"Alas! alas!" sobbed Sylvine.

The Chevalier de Navrincourt put his hand to his head. He found his wig awry. He carefully straightened it, and then rearranged his cravat. He smoothed down the shoulders and the sleeves of his coat, and gave a glance at the buckles of his shoes.

Then, drawing himself up with a dignified and military air, he cleared his throat as a man will do when he has something of importance to say, and, advancing toward Mademoiselle d'Outreval—sobbing in her easy chair, he began, respectfully:

"Mademoiselle. There is one way in which I may remedy this wrong I have unintentionally done you, in which I may repair the unfortunate consequences of this—er—distraction. Will you do me the honor to become my wife?"

Mademoiselle d'Outreval trembled, and the tears streamed from her faded eyes and stole between her fingers when she put up her hands in their black mitts to hide them. She shook her head convulsively.

The cavalier's manner suddenly changed. He dropped upon his knees.

"Marry me, Sylvine," he cried. "I have loved you all my life!"

And then Sylvine took her hands from before her face and placed them in his, and he folded her in his arms and kissed her lips—for the first time in all the years that he had loved her.

This is how Mademoiselle Sylvine d'Outreval—whom everybody had supposed (not without reason) would die an old maid—married the Chevalier de Navrincourt at the advanced age of five and eighty years.

Japan rewards its soldiers and sailors well. The gassetted war honor list contains 516,426 names. All soldiers and sailors on it receive money rewards and 439,326 get decorations also.

MEANS OF LOCATING METALS

Man Claims Pains in Stomach Tell Him Wealth is Near.

The locating of oil and mineral substances beneath the surface of the earth through the medium of the "divining rod" and the fork of a peach tree limb has long been given credence by some people and investments are still occasionally made on the strength of such "finds." A gentleman now comes forward with a new method for locating subterranean treasures, which has all others beaten to a finish.

Two weeks ago a man named Jackson arrived in the lower Kentucky oil fields from Sioux Falls, S. D., claiming to be able to locate veins of oil and minerals beneath the surface of the earth through the medium of pains in his stomach. He prospected by walking over the ground and claims to tell by the different pains which he suffers the extent and depth of the deposits. Arriving in this section a few days ago he succeeded in getting some local operators interested, who concluded to give him a test. He was blindfolded and placed in a wagon and accompanied by the operators was driven to the Richland oil fields.

Approaching a development that furnished several hundred barrels strikes last year Jackson was taken out of the wagon, but upon touching the earth immediately began to feel pains, and taking a few steps fell down on the ground and began rolling around convulsively, giving every evidence of suffering great pain.

Other tests have been made of Jackson's magnetic powers and Mondak has made several locations in territory outside the scope of regular development. On the strength of one of these locations a Northern company has decided to drill a well and machinery for this purpose will be installed immediately.

Seventeen years ago Jackson was badly torn up in the wrecking of a steel foundry and ever since that time has claimed the wonderful power—St. Louis Republic.

"Nicholas" in Russian History.

The insurrection of 1825 failed. It was against a czar named Nicholas. So was the protest of Sunday, which was followed by massacre, a historical coincidence not likely to be lost on a people who uneducated rather than stupid, are quick to seize upon omens, or events which bear resemblance to them. Nicholas is a name of tragic and unfortunate association in Russian Imperial annals. The first Nicholas waded through slaughter to a throne, ruled in haughty opposition to the spirit of the age, and toward the close of his reign entered upon a great war which resulted in the humiliation of the Russian arms and the destruction of a large portion of the fleet. Near the end of the war Nicholas died, whether by his own hand or not was the subject of controversy at the time. Nicholas II has likewise ruled in opposition to progress, but being of a weaker nature than his ancestor has fought it not so much with sword strokes as with plinkets. He has irritated where his great grandfather overawed. He too has entered into a foreign war on which Russia has encountered defeat after defeat, lost the greater portion of her navy and suffered even more humiliating reduction of prestige than in the Crimea. Boston Transcript.

Porcupines Like Salt.

Some men who were camping in the Adirondacks several years ago on a breaking camp in the autumn, left an old tub which was saturated with salt brine. On returning to the same camp the next year they found that the tub had been gnawed until little of it was left. They were not long in finding out what animal had done the work for the camp was overrun with Canadian porcupines. At night they became such a nuisance that the campers were obliged to kill them to protect their property. The handle of a paddle was gnawed half through. The explanation of their presence in such numbers during that year, when they had not been noticeably abundant in the previous year, is that they had made a rendezvous of the camp, being attracted by the old brine-tub. On this they feasted all winter, and for that reason were greatly pleased with the locality.

An Interesting Query is This: Is the liking for salt an acquired or a natural taste? Were they ever able to graze that taste to any extent before man gave them a chance to do so?—St. Nicholas.

Korea and Japan.

The Koreans are assumed to be friendly to Japan by reason of the provisions of the protocol concluded between the two imperial governments. This sets forth the mutual confidence of the two governments. Japan guarantees to insure the safety and repose of the imperial household of Korea, and to maintain and respect the independence and territorial integrity of the Korean empire, and undertakes, in case of aggression or interference by any third power, to take such necessary steps as circumstances require. Korea in turn guarantees her to occupy such places as may be necessary from strategic points of view.—Sun.

Railroad Ticket Insurance.

For a trifling sum—2 cents for every \$500—the person who buys a railroad ticket in England receives a ticket entitling his heirs to insurance money in case he should be killed on the journey. Recently a workman insured his life for \$2,500 in this way, and his widow received the money. Now there is a great rush for such insurance.

OUR FAILURE IN GUAM.

We Have to Raise Too Much Money on the Little Island.

"There's the devil, and the deep sea about our uncommercial conquest, and a big interrogation point at the door of the Treasury." This is the terse way in which Willard French sums up in the Bookkeepers Magazine, his indictment of the federal administration for its failure to look after the people of Guam. Successive governors, Mr. French declares, have done their best, but they cannot accomplish the miracle of increasing benefits on decreasing revenue. Under Spanish rule only one-fifth of the expense of the government was ever collected in the island. Four-fifths was always paid out of the home treasury.

"The cost of living in Guam has been increased several hundred per cent since the American occupation, so that in reality our governors face the necessity today of raising twenty-five times as much money from the people of Guam as was ever demanded before our flag was raised. And this only to meet recurring incidents without a thought of schools, sanitation, or other desirable innovations."

Some one ought to stir up the authorities on this matter or we shall continue to bear the reproach of being worse masters than the Spaniards were, even in their most rapacious days.

The Dislikes of Animals.

Smoking a clay pipe, the circus actor sat in the winter training quarters. Under his supervision a thin boy was learning to ride erect on a quiet horse with a broad, flat back.

"In some towns they won't let us show," said the man, "unless we have no camels with us. Camels are a serious drawback to shows. Horses are so much afraid of them that lots of towns won't let a camel enter their gates."

"A horse won't go near a piece of ground a camel has stood on. The very smell of a camel in the air will make a horse tremble and sweat. And this fear isn't only found occasionally in a horse here and there. It is found in every horse all over the world. Queer, isn't it? I often wonder why it is. Cattle hate dogs in the same way, and cats hate dogs so, too. Here, though, we can account for the hatred. Dogs in primitive times fed on cattle no doubt, and even today, here and there, they will kill and feed on kittens."

"Horses love dogs. I'm sure I don't know why. Dogs fear no animals but pumas and leopards. You can take a dog into a lion's or a tiger's cage, and he will show no fear; but take him up to the cage of a puma or a leopard and he will tremble and moan and slink away out of sight."

"All very puzzling, isn't it?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Lady" and "Woman."

As to the rather subtle question of "gentleman," "lady," "man" and "woman" there is a difference (writes a correspondent) between the sexes. A duke must always be a man unless he be for the purpose of the conversation a "gentleman" with great emphasis of voice. Without emphasis, every man of gentleman's rank is a "man" always and in every social circumstance. But with women it is entirely a matter of the adjective. Without an adjective a woman is a "lady" who ever asked, on hearing that a friend was to marry, "Who is the woman?" Nor do we say that we met a woman at dinner who told us so and so. But introduce the adjective, and the "lady" is at once a pretty woman, a well-dressed woman, rather a dull woman.—London Chronicle.

Warding Off Old Age.

A famous French general, when asked how it was that he had such an erect carriage, replied that it was because he bent over and touched the floor with his fingers thirty times every day. If he had acquired rigidity of the spine so that he could not do that, he would have had with it weak abdominal muscles, which result in portal congestion. This portal congestion interferes with stomach digestion and with the action of the liver. The poison-destriving power of the liver is lessened, autointoxication results, and arteriosclerosis and old age come on at a much earlier day. But by keeping the spine flexible and the abdominal muscles strong and taut the portal circulation is kept free and old age is held off.—Good Health.

Safe Spot From Seasickness.

"The office window" man of the London Chronicle, having tried it, declares that there is one place in a ship where the voyager may be at rest. This writer discovered it during a mid-Atlantic storm, when he went down to the bathroom, tumbled into a warm set bath, and floated. The vessel was performing the most amazing antics, but the water in the bath kept its usual gravity, and the bather floated with a smile upon his bosom. Provision for a bath between Dover and Calais would probably solve the difficulty that has puzzled the world since the Greeks named nausaa.

England a Soupless Country.

An authority upon cooking asserts that England is a soupless country, meaning that English cooks cannot make soup and that soup does not appear upon the menu of an English dinner. Which is a fact, though soup is about the first form that English charity takes.

Climate of Arabia.

Arabia has the reputation of being one of the hottest and unhealthiest regions on the globe; but all Northern Arabia has a winter season, with cold rains and occasional frosts.

OUR OBLIGING POSTAL SERVICE

Distances of Letters Carried at Considerable Cost to Government.

It is perhaps not generally realized that the United States Postoffice performs a service for the public unequalled in generosity by any other similar government department in the world. It conveys a letter a greater distance within its own borders for a single rate of postage than does the postal service of any other country. This fact, and others of equal interest, is brought out in an article on "The Postal Service," contributed by Robert J. Wynne to Harper's Weekly. In the early days of Alaskan development, says Mr. Wynne, every letter carried to Nome cost the government one dollar to secure its delivery, though it only bore a two or three cent stamp. "At the present time a letter posted in Miami, Florida, addressed to Blaine, Washington State, will be carried the whole distance of 3848 miles for two-cent postage; in like manner a letter mailed at Presque Island, Maine, will be delivered to the addressee in San Diego, California, a distance of 3878 miles for the same rate of postage. These long stretches of transportation, passing over many railroad systems and steamship lines, involve an expenditure far in excess of the amount of postage received in compensation."

Decadence of English Towns.

It is not merely the British village that is becoming depopulated by the suction of the great industrial cities. Statistics demonstrate that the same draining process is taking place actively in small country towns of between 2,000 and 5,000 inhabitants. One out of every three is losing its people year after year, and unless the driftage be stopped, they must gradually sink to village conditions. As these small centers of population are usually fairly bright and tolerably lively, it can hardly be that their inhabitants are driven to emigrate by the insufferable dullness of their surroundings. As a rule, too, there is no lack of industrial employment of one sort or another; the residents are not as in villages, tied down to a single industry. Poor rent is always low and food of the best quality can be bought at a far cheaper rate than in great cities. It can only be conjectured, therefore, that the emigrants have come to associate urban life with "getting on" at a quicker pace than in country towns. It is, of course an absolute hallucination; "getting on" mainly depends on personal qualities. But we are in accord with the opinion expressed at the Society of Arts recently, by a lecturer on the subject, that the steady decadence of small towns in England urgently needs to be arrested, if that be possible, before the evil extends upward.—London Globe.

Liquid Air's Development.

Liquid air's ultimate development, may not be safely predicted. It is in its infancy where steam was at the beginning and electricity at the middle of the past century. What is known about it is that it is here, and can be produced in large quantities at a low cost. The first that was liquefied was about half a wine-gallon full in amount and cost at the rate of \$3,000 a gallon. Now the same amount costs but a few cents.

Automobiles have been propelled by it, physicians have used it with good results in cancer cases and as a local anesthetic in surgical operations. It may solve the garbage problem, as it causes tin cans, hair and other refuse to burn briskly and completely, with no smoke or odor. It is one of the most powerful of explosives and when it shall be thoroughly understood it may become one of the greatest factors in the industrial advancement of the world.—Leslie's Weekly.

Negroes as Capitalists.

A surprising fact in connection with the negro situation in the South is brought out by a writer in Harper's Weekly. It appears that, within eight months, the negroes of the Yazoo-Delta District of Mississippi (the blackest section of the black belt, where there are 32,000 whites to over 200,000 negroes) have organized three banks, which are now doing business. Every dollar of the stock is owned by negroes, and every officer—president, cashier, director—is a negro. In January, 1902, one of these banks in a small town, numbering about 500 souls, had on deposit \$125,000 in round numbers, of which amount \$83,000 had been deposited by negroes. At a recent meeting the stockholders of another negro bank in the Yazoo Delta, a dividend of 17 per cent was declared on the profits of the last year's business.

An Effective Partnership.

One of the most remarkable firms in the world is that of Ely Bowen and Charles Tripp, the former being minus legs, while the latter is armless. These two men have amassed a fortune in museums and with circuses, and have purchased a poultry farm from their earnings. The farm is located near Lincoln, Ill., where Bowen and Tripp raise poultry. Tripp and Bowen are bosom companions, and have been chums almost since childhood. Bowen was born minus legs, Tripp minus arms. Bowen has two feet protruding from his hips, which he uses with much effectiveness. Tripp has trained his feet to perform the duties of hands. He can roll a cigarette as well as any man. The favorite pastime of Bowen and Tripp is bicycling. Often they take long rides on their tandem, Tripp working the pedals and Bowen holding the handlebars.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

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