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A Change of Heart.
 By Marie Diesler.

Robert Dalmaine sat idly drumming upon the piano. His thoughts were on the evening just past, when he had given his last bachelor dinner. Somehow, the idea of getting married didn't appeal to him quite as it did a few days before. He glanced around the room. There were all his friends' pictures; the city of the college chums, now in the company of eminent men of business, his club friends, who had been his companions for so many years. Until six weeks ago these friends had been all he wished for to make his life pleasant, but hereafter it was to be only one—the girl whose picture stood on the mantle. One friend for 30 or more. Was it quite right? There would be no more club dinners, no more jolly times with the boys, no more bachelor apartments where he could entertain occasionally in his own way.

And how he ever allowed himself to go so far as to get engaged was one of the biggest mysteries in his life. It was but a short while before that he had met the girl. From the first he had been attracted to her, perhaps most of all by her frank, earnest ways. To this blame man of the world she was as some sweet wild flower that had grown up as free as the air about her, a white bud that had been kissed into bloom by the warm rays of the sun, and nourished by the rain and dew of heaven.

They had soon become good friends; he took her driving occasionally, called on her oftener, and—well, yes, had flirted with her, too, considerably. He admitted that it was but flirting on his part, but what it meant to her he found out later.

The awakening came one Sunday evening. As usual, he went to call, and this night the girl came rushing down the hall to meet him, a vision of loveliness in a fluffy white gown. One of his roses rested among her curls, and the rest were tucked in a fragrant mass in her belt. She raised her eyes slowly to his. "Aren't you going to kiss me?"

Dalmaine gasped. Had it gone as far as this, then?

But what is mortal man to do, when five feet four of charming femininity stands before him thus, especially when she is young and extremely pretty, when her dark eyes look into his and speak things unutterable, when her lips are raised to his in sweet appeal, when her blushing face droops against his shoulder and her soft, warm hands steal into his? Dalmaine was but human, and since that night everything in his life had been changed. From his easy going bachelor life he had been plunged into the whirlpool of afternoon teas, musicals and balls. Dalmaine, the club man, was no more. And one girl had done all this! The more he thought about it the more convinced he grew that his marriage must not take place. Of course she could say she had jilted him, or the disparity in their ages—that would be reason enough. Yes, he must tell her at once. But could he bear to see the sad look of reproach that would come to her eyes? No. He would write his explanation. How brutal the words looked on paper. His letter sounded cold and angry. He was not angry with her, he hated to have to hurt her so; it was only with himself he was angry. Why should he have been the man chosen by fate to bring the first sorrow into this child's life? He addressed and sealed the letter and handed it to his man, Watson, to mail.

The following evening, after a day filled with a curious longing and unrest, he got into his hat and coat, with the intention of going to his club, but somehow he found himself walking in the other direction. Before he quite realized it, he was standing on her steps and had rung the bell, and while he contemplated the advisability of turning and running, the door opened and the girl stood before him. She drew him gently into the hall. There was an awkward pause, as he sought vainly for something to say; then the girl's voice, low and tender, broke the silence. "Aren't you going to kiss me?"

He caught her to him, almost roughly.

"But my letter—didn't you get my letter?" he exclaimed.

"No. She had received no letter, in fact, had neither seen nor heard anything from him for three whole days. Why had he stayed away from her so long?"

He had been ill, he explained, though he had the grace to blush as he said it, and this letter was to tell her that he would be up that night. Watson must have forgotten to mail it—very careless of him. He remembered that Watson had been called away hurriedly by the death of his father, and in the bustle of departure had probably forgotten to mail the letter.

But he inwardly thought: "Dear old Watson, I'll fudge his pay for that."

Russia has a larger proportion of blind people than any other European country.

DEATH DUE TO A "JUMPER"
 Incidents of a Case Tried in a Maine Court.
DEFENDANT BLAMELESS

A Sufferer From the Affliction That Makes Its Victims Strike Out When Touched Unexpectedly—In This Case His Blow Caused Death.

The curious nervous condition that manifests itself in the so-called "jumpers" came before the Maine courts when the Cumberland county grand jury began consideration of the case against Isaac Romeo, who was charged with the homicide of Patrick J. Griffin.

Romeo is a "jumper." The peculiarity of the "jumper" is that he is impelled to start or jump by any sudden sound or motion. The affliction of these men frequently makes them the sport of others. A whistle, a shout, a sudden touching of his person, or any unexpected sudden thing will make the "jumper" strike out blindly with his hands or feet or leap a yard or two, or perform other antics.

Sometimes he will strike his best friend a hard blow. The remorse of the "jumper" is often pitiful after an occurrence of the kind. A few instances will give an idea of the suffering to which a "jumper" may be subjected.

Among a gang of Canadian Frenchmen working on the railroad embankment alongside South Pond in the town of Buckfield, Maine, some years ago, was a large hatched faced, swarthy man. One day, as the men sat along the bank, eating their luncheon of bread and pea soup, this man lifted the pail of soup off the fire.

A boy seeing him and knowing him to be a "jumper" shouted suddenly "Drop it!" The "jumper" at once dropped his dinner into the waters of the pond. Then he uttered a scream and started for the boy and gave him a thrashing.

A few years ago Bishop Fellows of the Methodist Church came to Maine to preside at the annual session of the Maine Conference. At Biddeford a passenger got on who was a "jumper." The whistle of the engine, the jerking of the car, the slamming of the car door, all set the "jumper" into activity, and several times he screamed before the train had passed over the seventeen miles between Biddeford and Portland.

At Portland, as the "jumper" got off, some sound alarmed him and he struck out from the shoulder, knocking the man in front of him off the steps to the planks beside the track in Union Station. Then he picked up himself, for he had fallen too, and with nervous haste scurried toward the street.

The "jumper" is usually a good worker, though he has a nervous energy that sometimes misdirects his efforts, and he is readily taken by employers of labor in cases where he is not likely to endanger the lives of his fellows. In the woods he is a first class axeman, but the rest of the crew take care to be well out of the reach of his axe.

As a log piler, or a river driver, or as an unskilled laborer he is apt to work hard and fast, for nothing else will satisfy his active nerves. He is seldom a skilled workman, like a cabinet maker or machinist. There is one Roman Catholic priest who is industriously upbuilding a Maine parish, despite the handicap of being a "jumper," and he is beloved by his own people and respected by the rest of the community. A lawyer with a fair practice is another instance.

Cases of insanity are rare among the "jumpers" and they do not die young. An old "jumper" is seldom seen, and the explanation is that they usually die as they are verging from middle life to old age.

The weakness is usually found among men, probably not more than ten or fifteen cases in a hundred being of women. "Jumpers" are not common. Of the three thousand or four thousand French Canadian inhabitants of Augusta, it is probable that eight or ten are "jumpers."

It is believed that the legal status of the "jumper" has never been brought before the courts. In the case of Isaac Romeo there is no dispute as to the facts.

Romeo and Griffin were fellow workmen in the boiler shops of a machinery and steam fitting concern. Romeo had a bolt on his left shoulder. The boiler making room is a difficult place in which to carry on conversation, but occasion arose for Griffin to speak to Romeo about the work. He shouted several times, but Romeo did not hear, and kept at work with his riveting bar. Then he touched Romeo on the shoulder, and it happened that he hit the bolt.

Romeo "jumped" and hit a wild swinging blow with the heavy steel riveting bar, hitting Griffin on the side and the small of the back. Griffin had kidney trouble, which was aggravated by the blow, and he soon died.

Romeo is heartbroken over the death of his roommate.

The court records of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and New York were searched for precedents, as those are the States which have considerable numbers of Canadian Frenchmen among their population.

FROM LUCILE'S DAIRY

All my evening frocks are getting so worn that I decided that I simply must have something fresh for Hazel Dudley's wedding. As the Dudleys are old family friends, I knew that there would wish a good appearance there. I always like to please him whenever I can. So I went to one of the stores where he has an account and bought a charming white lace princess costume. My chief reason for getting a ready-made gown was that I was in a hurry for it. Then, too, it was a great convenience to have it charged to father, for it is hard to stretch my allowance over all the requirements of my wardrobe.

When I was having my first fitting—for, of course, there were a few alterations to be made—I asked when the frock would be done.

"The last of the week," replied the fitter, a kindly faced, middle-aged woman.

"But I must have it for Wednesday," I said.

"What! two days to alter a handsome robe like this! It is impossible to have the work done in so short a time."

For a moment I was in despair. Then I had an inspiration.

"It is absolutely necessary for me to have it Wednesday," I said. "It's extremely important. In fact it's—well, it's for a wedding."

"Oh, I understand," she said and smiled at me broadly. "Well, well!"



My First Fitting.

I'll tell the girls in the workroom and I know they'll hurry it through."

"Thank you so much," I answered, turning my head away, for she was looking at me with such interest that I was really embarrassed. Evidently she took my manner for a bride's shyness, for she laughed gently as she hung the lacy folds of the gown over her arm and left the little fitting room. In a few moments she returned triumphant.

"You'll not be disappointed," she said. "The dress will be ready for the great event. The sewing girl's took a special interest right away, when I told them it was your wedding gown."

I did feel a bit guilty when I thanked her, but I wanted the dress dreadfully for Hazel's wedding and it certainly seemed a harmless deception to allow her to think that I was the bride.

Malcolm Cox had made an engagement to call that evening, so I was very much surprised when he telephoned me that he would not come. He gave no reason and I could not avoid showing some vexation, for I had saved the evening for him.

"I thought under the circumstances," he said, "that you would prefer that I remain away."

"Why should I?"

"I suppose you have a great deal to think of and at such a time as this it would be just as well for me not to intrude. Of course I know you have a right to keep your own secret and I didn't mean to say a word about it, but, Lucile, I can't help feeling hurt that you wouldn't tell such an old friend as I. The fact is I—I am too much surprised and cut up to be very coherent. But, just the same, I wish you every happiness and I suppose I can guess who the fortunate man is."

His voice actually grated as he said the last words.

"What are you talking about? You must be dreaming," I said.

"Well, of course, if you don't want to own up, I will say no more. I know I have no right to the news, for it's a mere accident that I heard it."

"If you don't want to give me brain fever," I said, "tell me immediately what news you have heard."

"I suppose a girl who is having her wedding dress made to wear next Wednesday night might be able to guess what I am talking about." He spoke in a tone of deep injury. I burst out laughing. "How did you find that out?" I asked.

"My sister was having a gown fitted in the next room to you to-day and could not help overhearing the conversation in the room where you were."

"Come right over here, Malcolm," I said, "and I'll tell you all."

Of course he came and I explained the ridiculous mistake the fitter had made. I think it was horrid of his sister to play eavesdropper and then tell Malcolm. But if she fancied that she could make us quarrel in that way she was mistaken, for after the little misunderstanding we are better friends than ever. Malcolm was so penitent for his quick words over the telephone that I, of course, forgave him.—Chicago News.

DESIRE BLONDE CHILDREN.

Many People Want Light Children. When Adopting Little Ones.

Strange as it may seem, said a prominent philanthropist in the New York Tribune, not a few children of the thousands who must be classed as street waifs receive a valuable inheritance of blue eyes and light hair, which, without too great a stretch of the imagination, may be called golden. While I do not pretend to understand the psychology of the question, facts will nevertheless bear this out.

Of the great number of requests received by the charitable institutions of this city for children for adoption the majority of those who specify ask for the blue-eyed, golden-haired type. So, you see, the inheritance of such coloring is a sort of "open sesame" to a good home. This curious predilection was much more marked 10 or 15 years ago than now, but it still crops up occasionally and is certainly an interesting trait.

The figures and letters obtainable at charitable institutions contain information corroborative of this statement. For instance, in the records of the New York Juvenile Asylum, an institution which for the last 50 years has given a real home and useful training to some 40,000 children who would otherwise have grown up in the slums and has placed 6000 of them in outside homes, mostly in the West, there is a multitude of letters asking for children to be adopted. Some of them show this curious blue and yellow choice.

Can you send a child out here for adoption? says one letter from a Western state which every year receives many children from the institution. "If so, have you a little girl with blue eyes and curly golden hair?"

We should be glad to give a good home to a little boy, says another. We prefer one with light hair and blue eyes.

Of course a brunette complexion is no handicap to the child for whom the juvenile asylum is striving to find a square deal. But those who wish to adopt light-haired children generally specify on this particular since on other points the judgment of the asylum authorities is regarded as sufficient.

One man who has long watched the work of this and other institutions of a similar kind insists that the psychology of a selection is simple. According to his theory the West, where a real chance is found for many of the children, has a population made up in large part of settlers from Northern European countries, where blue eyes and light hair constitute the prevailing type. Naturally enough when adopting a child one of such coloring is preferred, all of which, while directly opposed to the theory of attraction of opposites, serves to emphasize the value of blue eyes and light hair to the New York waifs.

Strange Holiday Custom.

The posadas ("posada" meaning dwelling place or inn) commemorate the journey of Joseph and Mary from Nazareth to Bethlehem, whither they went in obedience to the Roman emperor's mandate, to be enrolled in the census. This journey, made by Mary on a donkey led by Joseph, is supposed to have occupied nine days. Wherefore the posadas last also for nine days. Each evening, as the shades of night descended, the humble pair naturally begged shelter, which, in many cases, was at first refused. It is this nightly episode that is commemorated in Mexican homes by the posadas, or "begging shelter."

Very nearly every Mexican family, of whatever rank, gives a series of "posadas" on varying scales of grandeur, and to these functions numerous guests are invited. Each guest is expected to be present at the entire series of nine "posadas," and it is considered extremely discourteous to absent oneself from even one of them. In the conservative and old-fashioned families, only dear friends and relatives are allowed to share the posada season, but the more cosmopolitan Mexicans are broader minded, and frequently invite foreigners to join their Christmas parties.

Impermeable Corks.

Referring to the manufacture of impermeable corks for vessels containing extracts, The Scientific American draws attention to the following process, taken from The Deutsche Oel-Industriezeitung, for making corks absolutely impermeable: Five per cent. of glycerine is added to a 5 per cent. solution of gelatine and the corks, which, of course, must be properly weighted, allowed to remain for several hours in the liquid. Care must be taken that the temperature of the bath is warm enough to retain the gelatine solution in a fluid condition. The gelatine fills up the pores of the corks, while the glycerine serves to keep the latter elastic. The corks remain in the bath till they are completely saturated, and are then allowed to dry in the ordinary way, no special method being necessary. Tightly-fitting corks, elastic and at the same time impenetrable even by gases, can be obtained by this process.

Missionaries' Motor Boat.

A motor-boat is to be utilized for mission service in the North sea by the Missions to Seamen Society. It will be named the Frances Roget, and will be stationed at Harwick.

WORK OF PEDIGREED SEEDS.

Remarkable Results Achieved by Modern Agricultural Experts.

The achievements of the plant breeders in the development of pedigree seeds are quite wonderful considering the difficulty of fixing permanently characteristics resulting from hybridization.

For instance, when species of rye with different types of heads are crossed it is found that the female parent was neither alone nor most prominent when exerting its influence on the product and its progeny. In about one-half of the plants of the first generation of rye crosses the type of head and form of seed of the male parent was prevalent, while in the other half the same characters of the female parent predominated.

In the second generation the individuals split up into groups showing type of either one parent or the other or both together.

One-fourth of the number of individuals showed the spike characters of the female parent, one-fourth those of the male parent and one-half intermediate forms.

Irritating Americanism.

One of the most irritating of Americanisms is the use of "limb" for "branch." "Limb" for "leg" has always been accepted as an Americanism, but what is the matter with "branch"? Careful anglophile writers are beginning now to reintroduce this latter word, but "limb" has hitherto been the trans-Atlantic word with all authors. If it is also old English we shall not mind so much, but is it? The joke of the verse is at least 1,300 years old, but how old is the English version?

A Clever Swindle.

In the island of Malta two ignorant women nicknamed "The Fly" and "The Magpie," respectively, involved a decade ago, investments at some 600 per cent annum interest. It was computed that as much as \$1,200,000 was lodged with them and they stowed the money away in petroleum tins, soap boxes and flower pots and diminished it by the interest, which was met for some time. The swindle was never thoroughly cleared up.

Donotee of the Camera.

Few people are aware that the King is a devotee of the camera, and that he seldom goes abroad without taking it and making a number of exposures. His Majesty's camera is such a tiny affair that few people have ever noticed it. It is almost too small for practical purposes, but the picture taken by it are always carefully enlarged to a uniform size, and are then nearly as good as if taken direct by a big camera.

Against Use of Absinthe.

Switzerland is making a campaign against the use of absinthe, the intention being to drive all liquor of that character from Swiss territory. The secretary of the campaign committee said a short time ago that 8,022 signatures had already been obtained for the petition asking for a stringent federal law to the above effect, and now there are probably more than 100,000 signers.

Instructive Postal Cards.

The postal cards that have been distributed by the German meteorological bureaus have proved successful as aides to science. On these cards information of interest is sent from all points of Germany to the meteorological bureaus of Aix-la-Chapelle, Berlin, Hamburg, Goettingen, Magdeburg, etc. The cards are exempt from postage.

Refusing Their Workmen.

The agent of a Canadian railway arrived in St. Petersburg seeking laborers who were wanted to construct a new transcontinental line. He did not get them, the authorities being of the opinion that it was not desirable that Russian workmen should be brought into close contact with American workmen.

Due to Americans.

The cheapness and excellency of the modern watch are due to American invention and skill. Watches were first made early in the sixteenth century, but it was a century later before the coiled spring was introduced and the "bullseye" watch was made. It was long considered a special mark of gentility to carry a watch.

Sentencing a Child.

The Swiss press is agitated and indignant over the sentencing of a three-year old child to three and one-half months' imprisonment for theft. In passing a toy store the little fellow helped himself to two or three articles which were on exhibition outside the shop.

Latest in Skates.

The latest idea in skates has the quality of folding into compact shape, so that it is possible to put them in a wallet, and thus a pair of them may be carried in the pocket of a coat or tucked away in the interior of a lady's muff.

Foods Containing Iron.

Spinach, yolk of egg, beef, apples, lentils, strawberries, white beans, potatoes, wheat and milk all contain iron, lessening in quantity in the order named.

What Statistics Tell.

Taking the statistics for the entire world four and a half persons to the thousand are either deaf, dumb, blind or mentally deficient.