

WITHOUT MERCY.

By Lucy Cope.

Way up on the Jungfrau, pearly in an early morning mist, they two were climbing, well ahead of the rest of the party. He had studied her face in the rosy light of the dawn; he looked deep into her eyes through the wondrous twilight of the Alps; had laughed with her when a sudden shower sent the big drops rolling down her cheeks and converted her flying hair into moist curls; and always the face, the eyes, were beautiful to him beyond expression.

They had reached a platform of ice on which they could stand securely and gaze down on the frozen grandeur beneath. He said suddenly: "Eleanor, I wonder—if you will let me tell you what has been in my heart for so long—that I love you, dear—if you knew how much!—and want you to be my wife."

With a long gaze he enveloped her form as she turned her head from him. There was a pause. He moved until he could see her, could see the fixed, thoughtful look in her eyes and determined line of her mouth.

"Tell me, Eleanor, if you love me."

"No," she said at last, "I fear I do not. Shall we go on?" She walked resolutely ahead while he followed, keeping carefully in the rear to hide from her his stricken face.

Perhaps she was careless, still too thoughtful to note the path; and he in the first pain of the hurt she had given him failed in the constant watchfulness he had exercised over her during all their mountain climbing. For suddenly she slipped over a ledge, clutching as she went at a sharply cleft rock. What she held to heavens knows, but her fall was stayed, momentarily.

Seeing her hang thus, with face pitifully upturned to him, the man's heart gave a sudden leap and he knelt at the edge of the cliff.

"Keep a firm grip, dear," he said, with great quietness. "I can save you." As he spoke he was unknown to the rope from his waist. "See, I will tie it around this rock of ice," slipping a cleft in the rock as he had seen the guide do. Then as the rope, snagged beside her:

"Now, can you grab it?"

"Geoffrey, Geoffrey," she cried, with drawn lips, "I do love you—I do—"

"—oh, save me."

With illumined face he leaned still farther over.

"If you are afraid to trust it I will weigh it with my own body."

It was the work of a moment to fasten the loose end about his waist and to let himself over the edge, smiling encouragement into her eyes, as he hung beside her in the void.

"Rest one hand on my shoulder—now, your foot here—now pull hard on the rope—careful, darling. Thank God, you are safe!"

"Just hand me my stock and I shall soon—"

But as she realized her deliverance, with a gasp of relief ending in a shriek she turned and sped away.

"Eleanor," he called faintly, as the last echo of her slipping flight reached his ear. He looked grimly at the rope by which he hung. How long would they hold, the knots he had tied so hurriedly with her imploring, agonized face to urge him on. He felt them slipping and closed his eyes with a shudder.

Two weeks later, Eleanor, whose nerves had regained their tone, received from her mother a letter on which the various postmarks showed how it had followed her from place to place.

"The young Earl of Hercomb, newly succeeded to the title, is travelling in Switzerland. He is your fate! Play your cards well, dear—he is worth the effort. His estates are vast and adjoin the Duke of Somerset's. I have given him a letter of introduction to your aunt, which he will probably present at Cannes some time around the 26th. And, my dear, he wants to meet you—I have stimulated his interest. Good-by, my little countess."

At Cannes, in the ballroom of the hotel, the girl's heart beat high when she saw her aunt approaching on the arm of a tall young Englishman. His head was spirited, his eyes blue and keen. She welcomed her fate.

Her brilliant beauty was well set off by art and perfect taste. Sure conquest sparkled in her eyes.

"At last," he said.

And even then she became aware of another commanding form which towered above the earl by an inch or two. They stood shoulder to shoulder, and at the words of introduction on the earl's lips, "My brother," the other bowed low, regaining his full height to look her squarely in the eyes.

It was Geoffrey, who, as she last saw him, had hung doomed over the measureless abyss, of whose mangled, frozen corpse she had more than once had horrid vision.

Into Eleanor's face came an old, old look, the look of Becky Sharp, when in her mad successful career the moment arrived which forced from her lips the surrender—"I'm done for."

TO WORK WELL DON'T WORRY

It Adds Years to the Face and Accomplishes nothing.

The thing that kills effective work is worry. Don't worry. The way to kill worry is the way to kill weeds. No two objects can occupy the same space at the same time. If you discharge yourself in worry you fan the worry into a fury.

As a proof that you can experience moments in which worry is not absent just mark this present moment. You are thinking what you are reading, worry is absent, for no two things can occupy the same space at the same time.

When we worry everything is distorted. Nothing appears natural. The world looks dark to us. Our friends do not seem near us.

There is no hard luck in the world except sickness. All other so-called hard luck is temporary. If you lose your money, do not worry, make some more. If you lose a friend, do not worry, show him he was mis-taken. If you lose an opportunity, do not worry, be ready for the next one.

Life is short. The end of life is death. What's the use of worrying? Worry is like drink, the more you give in to it, the more it fastens on you. Cultivate a cheerful disposition. Mix with people who are cheerful, learn to look at the bright side of things. Do not allow the garden of your mind to grow up with worry-weeds.

Occupation kills worry. If your mind is occupied with uplifting work or brainmaking you can't worry.

CONCERNING WOMEN.

Queen Maud of Norway is called "Harry" in her own family.

The two best-known women playwrights are Madeleine Lusette Kley and Martha Motron.

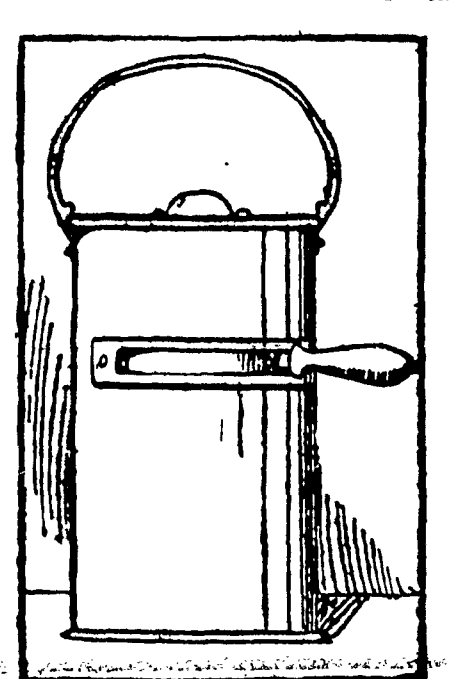
Cashmere shawls are not nearly so costly as they were years ago, but there are many worn by women of rank and fashion which have cost \$2,500 or even \$5,000.

Miss Mae Kennedy was the first woman to go before a board of legal inspectors and successfully pass the examination for steamboat pilot on the Mississippi river.

There are almost no white women in the Congo state, none at all, in fact with the exception of the women of the Belgian colonies, who do not take their white wives, if they have them, into the country.

Dustless Ash Sifter.

Many a man often wishes that the ash sifter at home was really dust-proof. Without a doubt a great deal of unconsumed coal would be saved if it was known that the ashes could be sifted without danger of ruining clothes. The ash sifter shown here looks ideal in construction. It is cylindrical in shape and made of sheet metal. The cover is made in



two sections, one half being hinged to the other.

The ashes are taken directly out of the fire and placed in the top of the sifter. The sifting is accomplished by means of a wire screen operated by a handle at the side. The screen is invisible, the opening in the side of the can to allow free operation of the handle being very small. There is thus small chance for the dust to escape. A small opening at the lower end serves to afford a method of dumping the waste.

For Ivory Handles.

Ivory-handled knives may be cleaned in this way: Coat the steel with wax or paraffin, and immerse the handles in a solution of chloride of lime and water, in the proportion of one part of lime to four parts of water.

Leave the knives in this bath for a day, then wash well with warm water and wipe dry. Remove the wax if the bone is perfectly white and free from stains.

Another way is to dip the handles in a saturated solution of alum and water for from one to three hours, then wash and wipe dry. This latter method is far preferable unless the handles are very much darkened and discolored. Polish the blades with putty powder, using a buffer wet with alcohol. This will not stain the ivory.

Remaining Young Long.

One step in this twentieth century we are making in the right direction—we are remaining young much longer. Our grandmothers took to caps at 40 and became old women before they had attained to middle age. Now we are frisky at 60 and are taking our part in social life well on in the seventies, many even in the eighties, and some fortunate people when over 90.

Alpine Statistics.

The Swiss Alpine Club has just issued statistics of accidents which took place in the Alps last year. One hundred and seventy-two climbers perished, but considering that the previous year numbered 185,000, the death roll is regarded as low.

HISTORY'S "OLD MAID"

FINDS MANY FOLLOWERS IN THESE MODERN DAYS.

The Term Has Lost Its Stigma—Increasing Opportunities For Women in the "Business" World in a Great Measure Responsible.

The term "old maid" has lost its stigma.

The independent, unmarried woman no longer bothers to resent it.

Modern opportunities to engage in business, to play a part in the activities of business and art, of philanthropy and politics, without being hampered by the presence and care of a mere man, has proved such an alluring prospect to many women of forceful personalities that a proposal of marriage far from being something to be eagerly wanted, is now regarded as a sort of nuisance.

The divorce difficulties of the Countess de Castellane, born Anna Gould, form an interesting comparison to the peaceful and happy life led by her sister, Helen Gould.

It is no lack of gallantry that prompts the statement that this lady has passed the age when women usually marry. That she has had countless opportunities is only what is to be expected for an heiress a woman of fine education and most enviable personality.

But unlike Anna Gould, who married a worthless title, Helen elected to remain single.

She had plans of philanthropy which she wished to be unhampered in carrying on. She has taken out in law for the needy that impulse of sentiment which most women direct toward one man, and she has had her reward for few women are more generously loved than she. The prejudice that exists against holders of great fortunes has never operated against Miss Helen. Her thousand acts of charity and help for the needy have made her name blessed the country over.

If love is a good thing in life, Miss Gould made no mistake to stay an old maid.

Perhaps even the first of the grand old maids, Miriam, of Old Testament history, suffered a little rally from her associates, because she was some hundreds of years ahead of her times, but the sister of Moses knew the possibilities of good in a woman who had her time free to think for the race and she carved for herself a place in Bible history that suffers nothing in comparison to the deeds of the greatest of the wives.

The same tendency of the old maid of ability to stand out in strong relief will be found throughout the entire pages of history.

Jeanne d'Arc, although perhaps she cannot be said to have lived to the period of life when she could be called an old maid, went to her martyrdom without ever having entertained a thought of matrimony.

Queen Elizabeth could hardly have made for herself such a magnificent place in the annals of English achievement if she had encountered the rivalry of a husband. Throughout all the wonderful period of her reign, a time that produced Shakespeare and a dozen other great writers, that saw England gain a mighty foothold in the new world, and come victorious from many conflicts by land and sea, the potent force of an old maid was at the helm.

Ask any British soldier what woman of the last 200 years did the most to lessen the rigors of military service and to give the fighting man a chance against disease, a foe more to be feared than the bullets of the enemy, and he will reply: "Florence Nightingale."

Another old maid.

Ask any American soldier who served in the war against Spain, or Japan, or Russia, who fought in the recent conflict, the same question that was suggested above as one to put to the British soldier, and again the answer will be the name of an old maid.

"Clara Barton"

When this lady in 1881 organized the American Red Cross Society, and became its president, she inaugurated a movement that has gone far to introduce mercy into warfare.

The Clothes-Cure.

To a woman, even the prospect of new and pretty apparel is positively invigorating, the selection is another most bracing proceeding, while the actual wearing of the clothes completes a certain cure for depression. Lady's Pictorial.

Hints For Wives.

There are two ways of looking at a husband, says Health. One is to make up your mind that he has no faults and to consider him a piece of perfection. The other is to recognize his faults and to make up your mind to love him in spite of them.

Moth Preventive.

For a moth preventive and exterminator, steep in about eight ounces of strong alcohol, for about four days, one ounce of gum camphor and one shell of red pepper; strain and sprinkle the clothes or furs and roll in sheets.

Save Salt Bags.

Save all your salt bags; they not only make nice jelly bags, but several put together and stitched on the machine make good dish cloths.

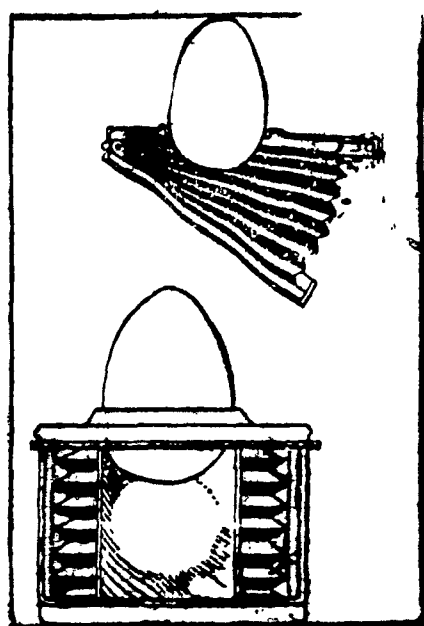
Renewing Black Lace.

Black lace can be freshened to look like new by washing in water into which has been put a little ammonia; then rinsed in strong coffee.

PRACTICAL EGG TESTER.

Light in Weight and Can Be Carried in Pocket.

Testing eggs by candle light has always been deemed the only safe method of determining the age and edible qualities of this product. Such inspection is necessary to determine the freshness or otherwise of the egg for commercial purposes. An egg-tester of unique design is shown in the illustration. It is so light in weight and so small in size it can be carried in the vest pocket. The top is rectangular in shape, in the center of which is a circular opening for the reception of a portion of an egg. The



bottom is hinged to the top at the rear. Mounted on the bottom is a mirror, while the sides of the device are collapsible, the walls being accordion-pleated. To test an egg one end is placed in the opening at the top, flashlight or artificial light being concentrated on the exposed part. The cover hinged section is opened sufficiently to reflect the egg upon the mirror. If the egg is sound and fresh the reflection of the yolk will appear like a fiery bill or body, as the rays of light which penetrate the shell and light fluid break upon the yolk and continue to the lower part of the egg, thus reflecting the yolk in glossy red in the mirror. This reddish hue diminishes when the egg becomes old, and disappears entirely when the same enters into the state of decomposition, as the fluidities are no more distinct and white loses its transparency.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

Cream and acids do not curdle when milk and acids will.

When broiling steak try brushing it over with butter and flour to keep the juices in.

When blowing out a candle hold it above you and blow. If this be done the wick will not smoulder. Do not pile left-over cooked potatoes together, as they will sour quickly. Spread them out on a large dish.

If sponge cake is mixed with cold water it will be yellow, but if it is mixed with boiling water it will be white.

When making white cake use one-half a teaspoonful more of cream of tartar than soda, as this extra amount of the cream of tartar makes the egg whites stiffer.

About Wearing A Hat.

There is a set of rules about hats and their wearers that should be rigidly followed.

If a woman has a thin face and is inclined to be sharp featured let her beware of hats that go up over her face.

This kind of a hat only tends to outline her defects and she should choose a hat that is brought well forward.

Her hair, too, should be loosely arranged and never drawn back in a plain fashion. Sharp or smart hats should be almost avoided and fancy edges adopted.

If one has features that look good at a casual glance but will not bear inspection a hat crushed in and pulled out with many corners and angles will be her most becoming design.

This tends to mystify and one finds herself unwilling to investigate—the effect is too good to be believed.

A small face should deal warily with the picture hat. It is very liable to have its saving graces drowned in the depths of the enormity and should never be attempted by any one who has not the height sufficient to carry.

A well-formed face can show off most any model and it is with this sort of face in view that most designs are created.

To Clean Chiffon.

Chiffon should be washed in soap suds by carefully rolling and pressing between the hands, then rinsed in clean water and stiffened in gum water, the same proportion as for lace—namely one tablespoonful to a quart of water.

Roll in a cloth to absorb some of the moisture, but it must not be too dry when it is ironed.

To iron chiffon, it must be placed on the table wrong side up and ironed along the selvedge, as ironing across would displace the fibers and destroy the appearance of the delicate fabric.

Chiffon ties with a natural crepe or crinkle should not be ironed, but, instead, the ends should be pinned out on a table, the tie just stretched enough to permit of the crinkles falling into their natural shape.

When dry fold it without pressing the folds in; air and put carefully away.

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