

AN AVERTED SACRIFICE.

By Douglas Alexander.

One can always find a quiet spot at Hurlingham," said the man. "There is no solitude like that to be found in a crowd." The woman at his side made no answer to the platitude. Her eyes showed that her mind was far away from the gay and changing scene, and there was an unaccustomed hesitation resting on her finely chiseled features, an unwonted indecision.

She looked very handsome. Though no longer in her first youth, she was still a rose among women, a fair and perfect rose. She wore a gown that would lead the fashion, and was certain to be copied in Dover street upon the morrow, for although society did not visit Mrs. Rashleigh, it did not disdain to imitate her taste in dress, which was everywhere allowed to be perfect.

"I have been alone all my life," she said at last, for, while she had not answered it at the time, she had heard his remark. Her words gave him the opportunity he had been awaiting.

"Ah, but you will be alone no longer," he replied in low tones. "Eunice, you must give way to me in this; let me be your will." She shook her head. "It would never do. It would spoil your whole life."

"You wrong yourself by such words," he returned. "Listen, Eunice; let me tell you a story." "No, no," she protested. "I know exactly what you are going to say. You want to make my part out to have been that of a heroine. What I did was really little. A sudden impulse, no more."

"They were seated a little apart from the well-dressed crowd, as much alone as if they had been in a desert place."

"Granted that it was no more than an impulse—it was still an impulse that saved my life," he returned, earnestly. She stared at him, not understanding. "Yes," he went on, "I had determined to shoot myself, and should have done so if you had not come to me that night, more like an angel than a woman, and made a pathway for my stumbling feet. I had contracted debts of honor which I could not repay. Tomorrow I should have been branded with the stigma of dishonor that sticks to the man who plays cards to win, but whose own debts he cannot meet. I could have faced death, but not disgrace of that kind. You heard of my hopelessness and desperation; guessed it, perhaps, and forced upon me the money that gave me back my forfeited honor, would take no denial. Ah, Eunice, Eunice, I think you can never have been loved in all your life as well as you were loved that night by the boy whom you had saved. A lad's love, perhaps, but true love for all that."

His gray eyes shone with an emotion that was rare in him—there were rich notes in his pleasant voice. "But remember," he added, after a pause, "that I took this help from you upon one condition."

She colored, and looked away from him. "That foolish promise," she murmured. "Why, it all happened ages ago." Her lightness was admirably assumed, but the man heard the tremor in her tone, noted the restlessness of the gloved hands.

"It is a promise that I shall hold you to," he returned, gently. "I had ruined my life before that night by my marriage with a woman whom I loved. Yet, knowing this, knowing that I was tied to this woman—ignorant, vulgar—you still promised me, not in jest, Eunice, but in earnest, that if I should ever be free, you yourself would become my wife. Yes—that was the promise you gave me, and now—now I am free."

"But what you wish can never be," she said vehemently. "You are years younger than I. This other woman tricked you into marriage—I know all about that—when you were only a boy. Shall I trick you into marriage now that you are a man?"

"Don't be too generous, Phillip," she said, earnestly. "Don't do what may bring you regret. If you persuade me I'm sure I shall yield—so I warn you."

He placed his hand on hers for a moment. "You helped me once, dearest of women," he said; "let me help you now. I know that there is one great desire in your life that as yet has been unsatisfied. You want to be received at houses which are closed to you at present. You're a little tired of dwelling on the outskirts. Confess, isn't this the truth?"

She nodded. "It is a hateful position to occupy," she said; "that everlasting Peri at the gate. Yes—frankly, I should like to visit the best people." "Then surely there is no reason why our marriage should be delayed?" She laughed protestingly. "You are too hasty, Phillip," she said. "You must give me three days to—think it over."

"Agreed! But don't keep me longer, for remember, Eunice, remember that I love you, dear."

Many years before Mrs. Rashleigh had bought a country cottage, partly as a home for a girl she had taken charge of, when the girl's own parents had died, leaving her alone in the world, and partly as a harbor of refuge for herself, a place where she could forget the busy world and spend the days in peace and silence.

It was a charming building, a bow-window fit for Titania. Close-growing trees made pleasant shade, the air was drenched with the perfume of syringes, passion flowers glowed like immense stars against the red brick, clusters of marigolds grew at the feet of rose-trees, a twining profusion of varied color betrayed where sweet peas blossomed.

Mrs. Rashleigh had a very tender feeling of protective love for the girl whose life she had made her own responsibility, and she always looked forward with eager pleasure to staying at Dawn Cottage, where Isabel Dorrington lived, her sole companion, an old Irish maid-servant, in whom Mrs. Rashleigh had implicit trust. The older woman had rarely taken the girl to London; it had been her desire to keep Isabel unspotted from the world, a girl as pure and sweet and fragrant as the flowers in her garden.

She was tall and slim, and gave promise of great beauty, when buds should have ripened into blossom. Mrs. Rashleigh gazed at her searchingly when, upon the following afternoon, she sat drinking tea in the cool of the garden, seeking to read if any change had come to Isabel since her last visit—three months ago.

Yes—there was a change—she detected that at once, the look of untroubled youth had gone—her eyes were no longer the eyes of a child. She did not ask for her confidence then, though she knew that there was something for her to hear, also that the girl would need little persuasion to tell it her. But presently, when night fell, and they were seated in the drawing room, with windows wide open to the summer night, Mrs. Rashleigh turned to Isabel and addressed her in low tones, speaking words that were half serious, half playful.

The girl made no answer for some moments, and then she spoke in a faltering voice: "Yes—there is something I want to know, auntie, a secret that is on my heart."

Mrs. Rashleigh glanced at her uneasily, wondering at the throbbing of pain in the clear young tones. "Let me tell it you as if—as if it were a story—a fairy tale," Isabel continued, and then she paused again.

"Let me help you," whispered Mrs. Rashleigh. "I—I know about these things. There was once, let us say, a little girl who lived alone in a little house. She was quite contented, perfectly happy, until—she stopped a moment, "that is where you take up the story, Isabel."

up with a tender smile—Isabel had been sketching her mysterious lover. She gazed down at the face which a few vivid lines had portrayed, and drew in a sharp breath. It was Phillip's face which she saw there. He was the fairy prince of Isabel's tale, the hero of her dreams.

She returned to her pretty chintz-hung bedroom, but it had its power to calm and soothe. Could she give him up, now that she had learned his secret, now that she knew Phillip loved some one else, but felt himself in honor bound to remain true to herself? If earlier in that evening she had been compelled to say which it was she valued most in Lord Arreton's proposal she would have said that it was the position which he could give to her. But now there was a more noble pain, a keener regret than frustrated social ambition.

She loved him. Without knowing it, she must have loved him for years. But the last few hours had rent the veil, and left her with the full realization of what this meant to her, this relinquishment not alone of the position he offered her, but of the man himself.

And what if his fancy had strayed away in the direction of sweet and twenty? He was not a man whose love would be easily held by a girl—at least, she did not think that he was, and her judgment of character had always been excellent.

She knew that if she pitted herself against Isabel, and used all her weapons her beauty that was still miraculously fresh, her tact, her charm, her personality, her knowledge of life—that the victory would be hers. She did not underestimate herself, she knew her own value.

And then she thought of the girl's white face, her wistful eyes. "I must give him up," she said, at last, speaking aloud. "Yes, I must give him up."

She sat down at a little writing desk and penned a brief, determined note which betrayed no sign of the faltering heart which dictated it. She meant to prove to him that she could be magnanimous, too.

She got up when the letter was finished, and moved across to the open window. "The world shall be as filled with flowers to them as the garden is below," she murmured, "and what though to me there will be but the desolation of the desert—the desert without its mirage—they will have found their heaven."

She turned back toward the room weeping—weeping for what she had lost. She fell into slumber toward morning, and was awakened from sad dreams by Isabel, who burst in with a radiant face.

"Auntie!" she exclaimed, "wake up and hear my news, for the unexpected has happened. My fairy prince is free, yes, free to love me. The woman for whom he did not care has flitted him. He has written to tell me this, the letter came two minutes ago."

Mrs. Rashleigh looked up with bewildered eyes. Her own letter of renunciation had not even been posted as yet. This could be no reply to that.

She listened to the girl's happy words, shared her delight in this happy ending to her love story—and when she had heard all she asked a question: "I found some sketches of your—Isabel, last night; a man's face. Do you know him?"

The girl turned a perplexed face to her. "It is not a friend of mine, auntie," she answered. "I thought it must be some one you knew. You left a photograph behind the last time you were here. I amused myself with sketching it because it is a fine face. Won't you tell me who it is?"

NO GOLD FOR BOODLERS.

It Was Objectionable On Account of Weight and Noise. Here is a new phase of the paper money question: The banks of San Francisco had for a year or more been mystified by an unprecedented demand for currency. The people of the Golden State have always eschewed Uncle Sam's notes; they have insisted on the heft and ring of coin. So when calls came on the cashiers for thousands and thousands in bills the demand was without explanation, says the New York Sun.

The currency that reaches the Pacific coast is such as travelers take out with them from the Eastern States. The banks make a practice of gathering it up for the accommodation of customers about to travel or who wish to forward remittances in the mails. When this great demand suddenly arose, cashiers were puzzled to meet it.

The revelations made before San Francisco's grand jury as a result of the work of Francis J. Heney and Secret Service Agent William J. Burnes have furnished the solution of the mystery. "Bring me the money in currency," was the command of Boss Ruef to the bribe givers.

The grafting to which Ruef has confessed amounted to about \$1,000,000 within a year, and in the light of his testimony the drain on the banks is easily explained. Ruef invariably insisted that the boodle money should be paper.

There would be no fingling, no metallic sound to betray; he handled very large sums, much larger than a man could carry in gold. The boss was cautious itself. Ex-Mayor Eugene E. Schmitt, the convicted pal of Ruef, did not seem to appreciate the virtues of paper money for the silent work of the boodler. Under his led in his Filmore street home he had a box constructed in the floor in which to conceal his wealth. He lined it with plush so that gold might be deposited noiselessly. The precaution was needless, however, for Ruef, who always attended to collections, was careful to insist on currency.

The mayor vacated the Filmore street house for a mansion that he built in Vallejo street. In the rush of his activities he neglected to remove the box from the floor. Detective Burns found it there, having been directed by Ruef in a confession.

Ruef's caution did assist to some degree in his downfall, however. The boodle in the trolley deal, a total of \$400,000 was passed in two payments of \$200,000 each. All the available supply of currency in San Francisco was exhausted each time. It was necessary to use thousands of bills of small denominations.

The supervisors in their confessions all declared that the money came to them in heaps of small paper money. The circumstance that the railway company had clamored for currency and had received large quantities of small bills was an important link for the prosecutors.

But on the whole noiseless paper money helped the San Francisco boodlers in the secrecy of their crimes. It is not to be inferred that they would have shunned gold, silver, copper or anything in fact, according to the testimony given at the time, but the fact remains that currency is a convenience to the boodler.

First Used Balloon in War. The first man known to have used a military balloon for the purpose of reconnoitering the position of the enemy in war was Henry L. Johnson, retired stock broker, who died at Plainfield, N. J., aged 70 years. He was judge advocate on the staff of General FitzJohn Porter. It was while at Yorktown, Va., that he got the idea of a military balloon. He had one constructed after his own model, and with it he rendered great service to the Federal army.

Hydrophobia Scare in Italy. Information has been received through Vice Consul Ernest Santì of Milan to the effect that the Italian Government long ago took action compelling dogs to be muzzled and requiring the owners of dogs to pay a tax annually while the animal remains within the limits of cities. The result is that hydrophobia is hardly known in Italy today. His complete report on the subject is filed for public reference at the Bureau of Manufactures.

SCHOOL WHERE DIVERS LEARN.

Work Under Water, as It is Taught by the British Admiralty. The British Admiralty trains divers, and every British war ship carries at least one representative of the craft and frequently more. There are training schools at Portsmouth, Devonport and Sheerness.

One of the difficulties with which divers have to contend, says the London News, is probably not realized by a landsman, namely, that the greater the depth the greater is the pressure of water on the man's body and the greater the labor and exhaustion of working. The naval authorities limit their men to a depth of 120 feet. The greatest depth to which a man has descended is said by Siebe to have been 204 feet, and the pressure at that depth was extraordinary, namely, 88½ pounds to the square inch. One wonders how any human being could stand it. Twelve fathoms, or about 70 feet, would be enough for most men. The ears and nose would probably begin to bleed and the pressure on the head would be very serious. A practiced diver can, of course, descend much deeper without such unpleasant sensations.

His dress costs more than a hundred pounds; it is of tanned twill and rubber and made in one piece, with a big opening at the neck. The helmet is of copper and screws on to the shoulders so tightly that the water cannot penetrate the joint. Air is pumped down to him by a pipe made of canvas and rubber and outlet valves, which only open outwardly are placed at convenient places to permit the vitiated air to escape. These valves are extremely important as by them the diver can regulate his supply of air.

In addition to this pipe the diver has a lifeline enabling him to communicate with his assistants above water. This was formerly done by a series of concerted tugs or jerks on the line, but the method is being superseded as a means to communicate by the telephone, the wires being conveyed by the lifeline. He therefore, touches the button and talks as if he were in the city.

Another great improvement is the use of the electric lamp, though in some West Indian waters a diver can see clearly for some distance. In other waters again the darkness is intense 20 or 30 feet down. The weight of the dress is extraordinary and is necessary to enable the diver to maintain his stability. His helmet weighs considerably over a quarter of a hundredweight and his boots taken together, about as much, while, if these be not sufficient, he claps lead upon his shoulders.

Another Fallacy Exposed. For several years past, in some of the vine-growing districts of France and Italy, persistent attempts have been made to dissipate gathering hailstorms by the systematic firing of guns at the clouds. Many vine-growers believe that the method is effective as their vineyards have escaped threatened hailstorms when the guns were fired. A recent report by Dr. Blerna of the results of a long series of experiments, under scientific control, shows that the supposed effects of the gun-firing are illusory and that hail cannot be dissipated by firing in the air any more than rain can be induced by a similar method.

Electro-Chemical Colors. The preparation of mineral and artificial organic colors by the aid of electricity has recently made considerable progress and it is suggested that the products of this new industry may eventually replace those derived from coal tar. Among the colors now produced in commercial quantities by the employment of the electric current are vermilion, Scheele's green, cadmium yellow, Japanese red, cerise or cherry red, Berlin green and zinc white, besides a number of organic colors. The process consists essentially in sending an electric current through a solution containing the elements required for the production, by precipitation, of the coloring matter desired.

There Are 5,000,000 Miners. The masses of the world employ 5,000,000 persons and more than one-third of them are in the British Empire.

Police Women Must Be 40. The chief of the Ghent police, who is organizing a brigade of police women, proposes to take on none except women of from 40 to 50. At that age he thinks the sex has reached years of discretion and has sufficient experience of life and human nature.

Salaries of Bank Presidents. The salaries of presidents of banks, even those in the largest cities, are, as a rule, very much less than the salaries of railroad presidents. James Stillman, president of the National City Bank of New York, gets only \$25,000 a year.

Offal of Fish to be Utilized. Consul L. E. Dudley of Vancouver calls attention to the opening afforded for the establishment of a plant to utilize the waste offal of fish in the manufacture of guano in British Columbia.

Nun Butterfly a Nuisance. A government commission is struggling with the problem of exterminating the Nun butterfly, which has become a plague in Bohemia.

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