

THE MAHOGANY TABLE

The indifference with which a wealthy man may squander the money of a poor man was not one of Nettie's characteristics; her mistake resulted through ignorance, want of knowledge of her husband's ability to spend. She never asked him about his money possibilities. When she needed anything it was enough for her to hear his, "We may." He had never yet said, "We may not!" They made one addition after another to the pretty house-furnishings until all that the parlor needed was a mahogany table.

"It must be mahogany," she said, looking brightly up into Dick's face. "For the nicer it is, the more price we shall take in it, and the longer it lasts, the more economical we shall find it in the end!"

Somewhat, they were not quite so happy after the table came. Dick would often return from business tired and harassed and instead of the evening stories or interesting talk, passed the floor with a tired tread that made Nettie's nerves ache. Once or twice he spoke irritably and sharply to her, had to catch himself and apologize for not being as loving as usual, until one night when she told him he was positively cross and he answered something under his breath about its being enough to drive a man to drink, she ran upstairs in a crying fit and he went out at the front door, banging it after him.

Whether it was a long or short time after this troubled incident, Nettie could never tell, but suddenly there was noise and commotion in the hall, the sound of voices and many feet, and Dick's voice cold and desperate, saying: "I'll go quickly enough; don't make a fuss; only let me see my wife first!" She was in the hall in an instant, struck dumb at the sight of two burly officers. What were they saying—embarrassment—Dick a thief? Never! She tried to speak but her lips refused utterance. One last despairing look, and Dick was gone.

"Oh, Dick! Dick!" moaned the grief-stricken Nettie. Whatever had the officers meant when they said embroilment? Dick a thief? Never! It was all a mistake, a terrible, wicked mistake, and all her fault, for she had been cross to him when he was tired, and this was a punishment for them both.

Dick Rice's father threw down his evening paper in astonishment and his alighted feet fell with a thud to the floor, knocking over the footstool as he sprang up on sight of his son's wife, wildly disheveled, throwing herself sobbingly upon the bosom of Mrs. Rice, declaring that Dick wasn't a thief and she didn't know what embroilment meant anyway.

Drawing on boots and coat, he actively called numberless people over the telephone, ending by going out himself; while Mrs. Rice, trying to comfort the girl, alternately dried her own tears and Nettie's on the same handkerchief.

Hours had dragged by to their anxious fancy when Mr. Rice returned, bringing Mr. Ross and Mr. Plunkett, members of Dick's firm, and among them Dick himself; not a cowed, trembling Dick afraid to look them in their honest faces, but a white-faced anxious Dick whose gaze searched one by one the faces before him—lastly his mother's and Nettie's. Mr. Ross was voluble in his distress. "Not for world's would he have had this terrible mistake occur. Dick was an honest fellow; he had trusted him as his own son; he should speak or himself."

Nettie saw the shamefaced expression cross the crumpled face of Mr. Plunkett, who endeavored to hide the fact that he had secretly held a motiveless grudge against Dick and watching his opportunity had charged him with theft at the first sign of proof.

"I cannot deny it!" came the unexpected reply from the boy's ashen lips. The men fell back. "I wanted rather nice things at home," he continued in a low voice. Nettie heard as though waking from a dream. "I bought them," she heard him say. "Thinking I could save money enough of pay for them; but I could not and payment was due. I held a responsible position for the firm; large sums of money passed through my hands, and I used a sum I did not mean to steal; I could have replaced it soon, but somebody"—he hesitated—Mr. Plunkett's name unspoken—"watching, found it out."

"Oh, Dick! Dick!" cried Nettie, throwing herself into his arms. "It was all my fault. I pressed you to spend for things we could have done without—but I didn't know—you didn't tell me!" she sobbed choking her voice; she could not go on.

His face lighted. He held her to him in a wild joy. "You do not hate me!" he cried; "you can believe in me again when this is lived down!" To him this was the only consolation. "You can love me still?" repeated the young husband.

"Always! always!" she answered, oblivious to everyone but him. Leading into each other's arms the two felt they had been through deep experience that drew them only closer together.—Boston Post.

CHILDREN TO AID THE BIRDS

School Army Working to Save the Guardians of Crops.

On the millions of school children in this country final hope of averting the extinction of the valuable insectivorous birds has been rested.

What the Federal Government, the State Legislatures, and even the straggles, women's clubs or national commercial organizations have failed to accomplish completely, the National Association of Audubon Societies have announced will be now given to the children of the land to bring about. To organize every body of pupils from the largest New York public school to the most remote district school or the Pacific coast, into a general movement for housing, feeding and protecting the wild birds that save the country's crops is the object of the Audubon workers.

General headquarters for this new campaign are being established in the offices of the National Association of Audubon Societies, at No. 141 Broadway, New York. Already the organization is in touch with thousands of teachers and girls and boys' clubs throughout the country, to which it has regularly sent literature on bird guarding and care. With these as nucleus, the children are to push the fight; until the members of each school in every neighborhood are enlisted in the work of building bird houses and "restaurants" to sustain the sadly thinned ranks of the feathered army of insect destroyers. Special ammunition in the form of printed directions and suggestions for making bird shelters and "insect counters" is being prepared for every boy and girl who will write and ask for it.

Old kettles, boxes, or milk cans, and kerosene cans, are being used by the children as emergency bird shelters. Elaborate houses, rustic imitations of hollow hawks, and neatly furnished apartments are also being planned. All must be made cat-proof, and should face to the south or west if possible. The teachers' pair who will seek quarters for rearing their families in the spring will be particular in their tastes. If they find no promising spot for a home in any locality, they will pass on and leave its fields and gardens at the mercy of the insects. The children are urged to the immediate building of houses for this season's bird families, because seasoned and weather-beaten structures most quickly tempt the birds when spring moving day comes.

Ornithologists declare that the march of civilization has robbed millions of useful, as well as slightly and tuneful, birds of their old-time facilities for home making. Sheltering tree trunks are being laid low every year over hundreds of acres. The old-fashioned structures, where birds might flock under open eaves, are being replaced by modern roofs that shut out bird life. Whole races, like the chimney swifts, are being deprived of their shelter in the big, old-style chimneys.

Such conditions, combined with laws for spring shooting and pot-hunting, may drive the valuable insect eaters to extinction. It will be the children's work to house the evicted birds at the time when they not only rear their young, but eat most copiously of the insect crop-destructors.

"The children are now the great factor in this economic movement," said William Dutcher, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies. "Not only their patriotism, but the self-interest of every one of them, parents is the motive for preventing the extinction of the beautiful and highly valuable birds of this country. We are calling on Congress, the State Legislatures, and on every adult body to help; but I believe the work of the school children will accomplish more than all the other methods combined. It is a fine chance for every boy and girl to do something for his village, State, and the country at large, and I know they will not neglect to do their part. 'Save the birds' is the motto and rallying cry."

Music in Mexico.

According to the American consul at Monterey Mexico everybody in that sunny land has a love of music. "Musical America," The common laborer who works all day paving the streets, may be found in the evening taking a leading part in an orchestra playing classic music. It is a poor house, indeed, that has not some sort of a musical instrument. Cotton goods, nails, steel rails, and various other articles or commerce are manufactured in Monterey, but as yet the consul is quoted as saying, that nobody has ever made a guitar there, except, perhaps, some lone genius who manufactured one for his own use. Guitars and mandolins are almost exclusively imported from the United States, though some come from France and Spain. Germany is supposed to be the home of the violin, and nearly all these instruments used in this part of Mexico, come from that country, though an insignificant number come from the United States. In pianos, of which quite a number are sold there, the United States has the best of the trade, the balance going to Germany. In organs the United States is practically unrivaled in this country, very few of these instruments in any grade coming from Europe. But there is one general class of instruments in which the United States might do a good business, but as yet does practically none, and that is the instruments which go to the furnishing of a brass band.—Washington Herald.

CHICKEN-POX AND FEATHERS

So on no wrong in Advertising for a Wife.

TO LET—Lately built. Has been occupied before, but is in good repair and will be found warm and comfortable. May be leased for life by the right party.

There may be places where Capital is still efficient and the stars reach the sky without undue delay, but the spirit knows that sort of ammunition won't do in a town like this.

So to cover more territory Capital suggested the want ad. columns to Rev. J. Holwell Gear, who offered the following as a perfectly innocent expression of the needs of the hour.

But Dr. Gear was much disturbed because of the notoriety that befell him when he wrote to a newspaper asking if they would insert such an advertisement.

"It seems to me perfectly proper to advertise in the papers for a wife," he said. "Is it so unusual? You see I know very few persons in this city—and if a man wishes to get married under such circumstances, what is more simply than making his wishes known through the newspapers? It is no more than asking an acquaintance for an introduction to a person one would like to meet."

"If I had a toothache and advertised for a dentist, it would excite notice. So why, if I have a heartache, should I not advertise for a wife? Why should it seem so strange?"

Dr. Gear, who is a very pleasant person, looked remarkably young in spite of his gray hair. He has a keen sense of humor, and a gentle demeanor that augurs well for the future of the woman, whoever she may be, who accepts his name.

"It is true that I am lonely," he continued, "and would like to be married. Being poor I would want the lady to have some means. This was said with an engaging simplicity that belittles perhaps to the doctor's acceptance of poverty as part of his life."

"The paper referred to my own checks," continued Dr. Gear. "In view of many causes contributing to such rudeness in this great city I think mine should be classified. I got it from the Devonshire air."

As he spoke the hotel clerk announced another reporter and the doctor looked alarmed.

"How long is this likely to last?" he exclaimed. "Why I can't get out to luncheon. I don't understand it. England reporters would not think of asking about one's private affairs. Even in case of murder they would not enter a private house to get news. It wouldn't be allowed. Why, do you know, when the bishop of London was here recently a reporter called him on the telephone at 5 in the morning to ask his engagements for the day. He was very indignant."

"I tried to explain to the doctor the difference between a private affair and a 'heart interest story,' to use a 'trade' term, but I had to give it up. He couldn't see it. But anyway, let's get his 'ad' in the paper and I hope he'll get the wife. He deserves a good one, too.—St. Louis Chronicle.

Ramrook in His Lair.

The wild hog is still to be found in the Choctaw Nation in Oklahoma. W. A. Jandridge, a citizen of that tribe, says the land owners there count on these hogs and try to keep tab on them just as they did many years ago, before any good hogs were raised there. He says that farmers are raising good breeds of hogs, but they still own some wild hogs which run in the open country in the heavily timbered districts. As many of these hogs as can be caught when they are small, are marked on the ears, and some are branded. Then they are turned loose and allowed to run wild with the other hogs until they grow up.

"The round-up," says Mr. Jandridge, "is exciting sport. There is no use trying to round up these hogs on foot, or even on horseback. They can outrun a horse through the timber, and he can get clear out of sight in a few minutes. We go on horseback and on foot, but use dogs to do most of the work. The dogs go into the brush after them, and bring them out, and in that way we finally corral them. They are kept in a strong enclosure for a few weeks, where they are fed on corn. They get very fat and then with long bristles. They live on acorns and grass and seem to be free from all kinds of disease which destroy so many of the tame hogs. The round-up season is in the fall when the wild hogs are at their best.—Chickasha (Okla.) Express.

New Method of Watch Advertising.

A watch, frozen into a cake of ice for twelve hours, during which time it recorded accurately the fleeting seconds and minutes, is one of the latest wrinkles in jewelry advertising.

Goats in Dixie.

In Dixie almost every third youngster owns a goat, and many have pairs of them. "It is a common sight, in any of the fashionable streets, even of large cities, to see well-groomed billies drawing miniature carriages with juvenile drivers. Many of the goats owned by Southern children are handsome animals."

The greatest cathedral at Cologne, although completed but a few years ago, has so deteriorated from factory smoke that the body of the church will have to be renovated throughout.

SHAPESHAPING TULE LAKE

The Water is Rapidly Falling and a Tremendous Whirlpool Has Formed.

The water of Tule Lake is rapidly falling, and a tremendous whirlpool has formed just at Scorpion Point, through which the water is passing with a deafening roar that can be heard a great distance. Below is apparently a great channel underground through which the waters and outlet beneath the Moscow lava beds and thence through the drainage of Wall River to Pitt, and finally on to the ocean through the Sacramento and San Francisco Bay.

It has long been held by geologists that Tule Lake had an underground outlet and that Wall River which bursts from a gushing spring in Modoc county, Cal., is the vent. Last spring the lake water reached a higher level than has ever been known since the country was settled, and bordering farms were inundated. For several days the water has been receding, and investigation revealed the new outlet. Should the vent entirely drain the body of the lake it will add \$50,000 acres of irrigable land to the project and at a saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the people of the Klamath Basin, as the intended diversion of Lost River will be rendered unnecessary.

Johnannesburg.

The fact became public every day that Johannesburg is over-built and that its trade is no more a legitimate index of the prosperity of the Witwatersrand gold fields. This is the gambling in gold shares in Europe a legitimate index of the prosperity of South Africa. The handsome town suffers from over-saturation. Such trade as there is thoroughly soured, and quite worthy of the world's greatest gold industry—Special Commissioner of South Africa.

Nations' Debt.

The debts of the principal countries in Europe aggregated some \$6,000,000,000, involving an annual charge of more than \$240,000,000. France is at the head of the most indebted countries with \$1,167,000,000, and there come next Russia with \$920,000,000 of debt, Germany with \$440,000,000, Great Britain with \$719,000,000, Italy with \$530,000,000, Austria with \$400,000,000, Spain with \$160,000,000, and Hungary with \$240,000,000.—L'Esclair, Paris.

A Widow's Mite.

Mrs. Catherine L. Hall, a highly respected woman of this city, known for her charity and good deeds, has voluntarily and without notice from any one, paid \$1,210 back taxes into the county treasury on personal property which she had owned since 1901.

Mrs. Hall, who is a widow, was entirely overlooked by the assessor and her property was not listed for taxation. As her father, ex-Probate Judge Linzee, with whom she lives, paid taxes, Mrs. Hall thought nothing of it until a recent revival in this city so impressed her that she not only paid all the back taxes for six years on over \$5,000 but had all her property listed for future taxation.

Tutor of the Kaiser.

George Hinspeter, tutor of the German Emperor, celebrated his eightieth birthday recently at Berlin, his birthplace. A writer in a Berlin paper says that, although the world knows little of the modest man, he is more than any other person responsible for the development of the qualities in the German monarch which make him the terrible man that he is.

Japanese Residents in Korea.

The Japanese residents in Korea now number 110,000, and the trade between the two countries is already worth more than \$18,000,000 a year. The work covers the reform of the local administration and police service, the development of education, mining and industries in general and road making and other public civil engineering works.

Preacher 100 Years Old.

The Rev. Thomas Lord, who will reach his one hundredth birthday in April, celebrated the seventy-third anniversary of his entrance into the ministry by preaching at the First Baptist Church, Chicago, recently. He has preached over 5,000 sermons.

State Automobile Line.

The first state automobile line in Australia has been opened between Neumarket and Predazzo, over a route forming the highest automobile line in Europe, the road in places crossing the mountains at an elevation of 4,000 feet.

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BOCK
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on draft at all
patrons' on and
after to-day.
In Bottles Phone No. 10

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Call and inspect our display
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COSTUMES
Mrs. L. M. Wickham, COSTUMER
Everything pertaining to the Costume
Business, Hats, Trimmings and Bows. All
Kinds of Theatrical Make-up.
322 Spring St. cor. Ford
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A perfect fitting corset is a continual
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THE ECONOMICAL DRUG STORE
Drugs at Cut Rates
We also handle an up-to-date list of
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FOUR CULTURE AND PLANT
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Malone's Orchestra
Latest music furnished for all
occasions. Any number of pieces.
John L. Malone, leader, also playing at
the Hotel de Ville, Paris.

Wall Paper
Reduced Prices on Room Lots
Room lots that were 75c now 50c.
Room lots that were 50c now 35c.
Room lots that were 35c now 25c.
We must have the room for
new goods which are arriving
daily.
MISS GLOSSER
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Opposite Malone's Temple

Clothing
Men's, Boys, Suits, Overcoats,
Raincoats, Trousers, also
Suits, Coats and Fur
Half Price
Home Phone 100
G. W. BEELER 40-42 North Main St.
Up One Flight

ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK
Corner Main St. W. and Pittsburgh St.
Organized 1851
Reserve Jan. 1, 1908 \$23,878,351.34
Surplus Jan. 1, 1908, 1,372,000.00

4 per cent. interest allowed
on accounts from One
Dollar up to Three Thousand
and Dollars.

Money to loan on Bond and Mortgage
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REAL ESTATE
804 German Insurance Bldg.

NEW TEETH
Ready in a Day
Old teeth out in the morning—
new ones in by night. Perfect
and excellent finish.
\$8.00
And not the slightest pain in the
operation. VITALIZED AIR—
the most wonderful of all
killers, is free to you.

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Matthews & Sons
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Wines and
Sundries
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100 Main St.

Geo. E. Jones
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