

Like Attracts Like.

When Hope Westworth and Fred Morton met at a week end party at the beautiful summer home of Judge Sherman in the Adirondacks, they were frankly interested in each other.

The next day as Hope strolled about the grounds, admiring at every bend in the road new phases of the scenery which spread in grand panoramas around her, she came unexpectedly upon Mr. Morton, who also seemed to be drinking in the beauty of mountain and valley.

"This rock seems to have been put here by nature for us to worship at her shrine. Let's sit down and do her homage," he suggested.

"All right," replied Hope, "but as I can feel her grandeur so much better than I can express it, let mine be a song without words."

A few moments of silence followed, and then Hope said with a quizzical look: "Does Mrs. Morton enjoy the country, too?"

"Why, there is no Mrs. Morton. I have been too busy to think of such a thing. As I am old enough to be your father, suppose just for novelty's sake, that I am, and you tell me all your trials and tribulations, and who holds the key to your heart, for I know from the tilt of your chin and your independent walk that it is going to take a general versed in military tactics to gain the citadel."

An amused smile swept over the face of the girl, and she replied: "Confidence begets confidence. You start."

Although the time had been so short since they met, an air of good comradeship already existed, which seemed to exhilarate and invigorate both, and to fade into insignificance the years when they had not known each other; for their present was full of life and joy.

"My story is a short one. Like numberless American boys, my chief stock in trade at the start was brains and brawn. I made the most of my study time; went West; got interested in mining, worked up and became part owner; took an interest in politics; went to Congress; have heard the sound of my own voice there since or twice; and last year had the good fortune to meet Judge Sherman, and to receive an invitation to his home, where I have met a bright, capable, and interesting young woman."

"Well done!" exclaimed Hope. "Business-like to a degree, it seemed hard to realize though, that a man could live to be 45 and not have an ounce of romance."

A shadow flitted across her companion's face, but was followed in an instant by the same inscrutable expression.

"Since I have recited the story of my life from Chapter I to the end, am I to be favored? Doubtless yours will make up in romance for what mine lacks."

Hope's eyes searched those of her companion, and with a determined voice she dropped her bantering air and said: "I believe I will tell you the truth. I feel as if I must be frank with you. I am an only child, and from the time I was born have had everything that money could buy. My mother and I live with my father, and he seems determined that we shall not have a chance to regret the loss that so early came into our lives."

"When very young my mother favored against the wishes of her wealthy and beautiful young man. They were both married, but a few months later she was by the constant thought of the beautiful home from which she had been banished and the little she seemed able to give her in return, he left her a poor mother found a note promising her untiring love and his wealth when he could give her a comfortable home."

"When I was old enough to understand she told me all this, and how vain now she has not ceased to hope for his return."

FIVE SHOTS AT A DEER.

A Guide Tells of the Effect of High Power Bullets.

Jonathan Balch of the Twin Lakes country in northern Minnesota has a shooting anecdote of the last season which goes to prove either that some deer are insensible to pain or else that they like to be shot at.

Balch, who makes a living as a guide, was in the woods in November by himself trying to get a deer for an employer who would take it home with him and tell his friends how he killed it. He was carrying a .30-06 rifle belonging to his patron, and he had never shot it. The patron had impressed upon him that it was a high-power gun, which threw its projectile at least three inches high at fifty yards, and in aiming at anything inside of a hundred yards it was necessary to aim low to avoid shooting over.

After walking an hour Balch jumped a deer from a pine snatching it was a two-year-old buck, with hand some spike horns. It ran straight down a narrow trail for forty yards or so and then stopped across the trail, standing broadside on to the man and looking back to see what had disturbed it.

The hunter had dropped to the ground when the deer jumped and now rose to his knees behind an old stump. He rested the barrel on the stump and sighted with care. He remembered the injunction, he drew a bead on an imaginary point just under the deer, centering a perpendicular line passing a fraction of an inch behind the deer's shoulder. It was his purpose to hit in the center of the body just behind the shoulder and shatter its heart.

At the crack of the gun the deer jumped a foot high, straight up. In its tracks and stood still, its head up, turned and gazing down the trail. Plainly it had not seen the base of the smokeless powder.

Balch tried it again, and the same thing happened. He tried it again with like results, and then a fourth time, the only difference being that at the last three shots the deer did not jump, but merely stood and gazed.

Balch had never missed so many shots in his life and swore hard at the new gun. Then he drew a bead exactly upon the spot where he wished the lead to land, and the deer with one huge leap, went down stone dead.

Examination showed that Balch had been doing good shooting, though he did not know it. Each of the four previous shots had gone where he aimed. They had just scraped the skin of the body from half an inch to an inch behind the foreleg. Two of them had merely buried off the hair. Two of them had broken the skin and drawn a little blood.

Nobody knows why the buck stood there to be shot at a fifth time when it had been touched four times. Balch's theory is that the high power bullets are so small and travel with such velocity that a graze from them inflicts no pain at all and that the deer did not know it was hit.

Marrriages in Austria.

The Austrian Supreme Court has given a judgment which is of the highest importance to foreigners contemplating marriage with Austrian subjects.

Justice has not been done in the gossip. The wisecracks indulged in the native doctor Peacock's flesh and pig's ghee are the best medicines for acute rheumatism. Cobwebs are most useful in boils and in skin diseases of all kinds.

There's Good in the Gossip.

Plagues and Pain.

EAST INDIAN FOLK MEDICINE.

Remedies in Which the Natives Have Implicit Faith.

Perhaps in no other country in the world is the "evil eye" an object of such great dread as in India. You will cause mortal offence to a Hindu lady should you remark of her child, "What a nice baby you have!" or "How baby has grown since I saw him last!" She makes it a rule to speak depreciatingly of her child and represents it as the victim of countless ailments so that your evil eye shall not affect it. Should she become aware that, in spite of her precautions, you have defied it with your admiration, she will lose no time in counteracting the apprehended effects of the "drahtidosham."

One of the simplest methods adopted for this purpose is to take a small quantity of chillies and salt in the closed palm and throw it into the fire, after waving it three round the head of the child to the accompaniment of incantations. If no pungent odor is apparent it is an indication that the dosham has been averted.

The harsh ceremony, so frequently observed in marriages and other festive occasions, is also intended to counteract the dire influence of the evil eye. A plate containing balfon water is held by two ladies in front of the married couple about a score of times during the progress of a Hindu marriage so that the admiration of the spectators shall not injuriously affect the bride or the bridegroom. The curious ceremonies of which her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales formed the central figure within a few hours after her landing on Indian shores were in one way intended to be a sort of insurance against the possible effects of the evil eye.

If a child in arms be taken into the open air and a bird (be it rapidly) reduced to a mere skeleton. The only remedy is to give it for some days a few drops of oil extracted from the titirupitta, a kind of sparrow.

Great virtues are ascribed to the claws and horns of certain animals with the common people. One or two claws may be worn near the tonsils, but should one possess a larger number the fortunate owner makes a garland of them and wears them around his neck. Deer's horns, ground into a fine paste, is an excellent cure for pain and swellings. A more curious use is found for the same substance. It is sometimes made into a powder which is supposed to aid the growth of stunted women. The joints taken from the long and slender tail of the black scorpion are supposed to keep illness at arm's distance when children wear them on their waist thread.

A red or swollen eye is cured by having it touched with the bolt or chain attached to a door. A remedy which I have seen applied with considerable effect in more than one instance is to place a bunch of keys in the palm of the sufferer. I have heard it said that the fit passes away as readily if the keys are placed on the head.

Sore throat is cured by spitting on red hot iron, quite the simplest and least expensive cure known to the native doctor. Peacock's flesh and pig's ghee are the best medicines for acute rheumatism. Cobwebs are most useful in boils and in skin diseases of all kinds.

There's Good in the Gossip.

Justice has not been done in the gossip. The wisecracks indulged in the native doctor Peacock's flesh and pig's ghee are the best medicines for acute rheumatism. Cobwebs are most useful in boils and in skin diseases of all kinds.

The habit is commonly supposed to be affected chiefly by women. The injunction "Let your women keep silence in the churches" would seem to give them license to speak freely elsewhere, but the male gossip is much in evidence on all occasions.

Gossip is necessarily slander. The light and airy periffage which gives so much grace and interest to social intercourse is a form of gossip which makes life worth living.

The painfully silent person does not get on very well in any circle, so that it is better to talk a little innocent chaff than not to talk at all. The greatest persons, when introduced, begin their conversation with meaningless platitudes about the weather, or indulge in vague gossip until they find some common ground for sane intercourse.

The intelligent reading world pays an unconscious tribute to gossip in assigning to such writers as Pope and Boswell a place among the English classics. The charm of certain modern histories is due to the fact that they record gossipy trifles which were once regarded as much beneath the dignity of historical narrative.

Gossip is the pillar of social fabric its prop and stay. Everybody on good terms with his neighbor must gossip with him, and it is more important, says a keen student of human nature, "that a person should be a gossip and talk pleasantly and smartly of common friends and the thousand and one things of the day and hour than that he should speak with the tongue of men and angels."

Planning For It

(Scene, the large wicker-furnished veranda of a summer home on a lake. Rustic stands of bright-hued flowering-plants, hammocks, swings and all the paraphernalia of the modern porch a full bloom, form the background for half a dozen young women.)

Girl in Blue—"We're just going to plan to-day, you know. I think it so much better to systematize things and make out an exact list of what we shall need. It will be only four weeks to the time when we want the bazaar, you know."

Girl in Green—"I think so, too. Say, don't you think it will be sweet to have all the girls in costume and—"

Girl in Pink—"Oh, can't we have a Rebecca-at-the-well book for lemonade? And do you know that if you take lemon juice on the end of an orange-wood stick it helps tremendously when you manicure your nails?"

Girl in White—"But it makes them brittle!"

Girl in Gray—"We must have a flower booth. That always looks so pretty, even if it doesn't make much money. Last summer in Europe—"

Girl in Yellow—"What are we giving the bazaar for anyhow? Won't that date collide with the regatta, ball? Oh, girls, Hugh Livingston is coming over for that—I got him to promise. He's the finest dancer!"

The One in Pink—"I hope a lot of men will come over for that dance. It generally is so stupid. I'm saving the dearest white chiffon frock for it, though I suppose it is foolish to wear it to a dance!"

Girl in Blue (firmly)—"Girls, we must simply get down to business, win, and win enormously, but money won in this way seems to do no sunshades and garden hats? We could cover old frames?"

Girl in Green—"Lovely! Did you ever make a parasol? How do you do it?"

Girl in Blue—"No, but it ought to be easy. All you have to do is to cut the stuff to fit. Well, we'll say that aside till we figure out how much goods it takes. By the way, has anybody old parasol frame?"

Chorus—"I haven't!"

Girl in Blue—"I guess we won't have parasols now—"

Girl in Yellow (half rising with a little shriek)—"Girls isn't that Doliv White with Tom Arway in his launch? Did you ever? I should think she'd be ashamed of herself for chasing him up as she does? Why she's years older than he! He way she looks at him when she meets him on the pier is enough to—"

Girl in White—"She calls him 'dorky.' Yes she does—I was right behind them on the elm walk and heard her. I didn't know which way to look, and as for Tom—he certainly looked foolish when he saw me."

COST OF THE BRIDGE TABLE.

Social Diversions in England—Part. Lot of the Younger Sons.

Nothing ever happens nowadays says the London Tribune, except in the police or the divorce courts. The aristocracy have lost all interest in politics; they are not very keen even on sport. They live down here, for they are always in their motors, and a chronicle of their movements would be as complicated and as uninteresting as Bradshaw. Worst of all, they have been reduced to insignificance—they cannot strike out in any original line for themselves because they are so terribly poor.

Of course, the first and largest cause of this poverty is notorious—"agricultural depression." Many a nobleman who can travel perhaps for a hundred miles without leaving his own estates is scarcely so rich as a successful manufacturer, and nothing like so rich as the South African magnates in Park Lane. On the top of this depression comes the stress of competition with the new aristocracy of wealth, who assert their right to dominate society, by dint of gigantic extravagance.

To complete the ruin, some malicious person must invent bridge. Has it ever occurred to any one to try to calculate how much money is dropped at bridge by society ladies in a year? It is not by any means an exaggerated estimate to put the number of persons who are in society to-day at 20,000 and out of this number it is still more modest computation to reckon that there are 12,000 ladies playing bridge every night in the year. Allowing for deductions on the score of occasional good luck, may safely put down £2 a night as average loss of each of these ladies. That gives us almost £9,000,000 lost at bridge by women in the course of a year.

It can be very plausibly objected that, if most lose, still some must simply get down to business, win, and win enormously, but money won in this way seems to do no sunshades and garden hats? We could cover old frames?"

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Girl in Pink—"Nobody else pays any attention to him any more. Did you hear what his sister said when—"

Girl in Gray—"Does anyone know how to cut a pattern for those fancy aprons with the ruffle cut in the middle and a piece set in and beading bordering it with lace? Why, you must know what I mean—I'm sure my description is plain enough for anybody to understand. Of course, you've seen them. No, I can't remember just now, anyone who has one. But they have beading—"

Girl in Blue—"Everyone must contribute something besides what we do here at the weekly meetings. Only don't make bedroom slippers. Who can go to town to-morrow to buy material to work with?"

Girl in Gray—"But we haven't the least idea what material we want, have we? What are we going to make?"

Girl in Pink—"I—"

Girl in Blue—"I'd go myself only I have a luncheon engagement."

Girl in Yellow—"I'd love to do it, girls, but I have guests coming from Chicago on the afternoon boat and have to meet them. I—"

Girl in White—"My manicurist comes in the morning and mother wants me to help in the afternoon with her card party."

Girl in Pink—"I'm simply no good picking out stuff. I—"

Girl in Green—"Our launch is broken, so you see I—"

Girl in Gray—"Let's see the list of stuff we need."

Girl in Blue—"But I haven't made any list. You—"

(Distant clatter of a heavy brass bell. Everybody jumps to their feet, scattering handkerchiefs, embroidery and trinkets.)

Grand Chorus—"Gracious! Is it 1 o'clock? There goes the luncheon bell at the hotel and I'm starved!"

Girl in Blue (distractedly)—"Buc girls, what on earth shall I buy for you to start on?"

Girl in Pink—"Oh, just use your own judgment, Jess. We'll all be perfectly satisfied."

Joyful and Relieved Chorus—"Yes, that's it! You just use your own judgment!"

(They vanish toward the hotel, leaving the girl in blue sunk down by a littered table with a pencil to her lips and in an attitude of despair.)

Girl in Blue (finally to empty air)—"Who suggested this bazaar, anyway?"—Chicago News.

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