

TOM AND TEDDY

Every morning, rain or shine, heat or cold, you might see her as she passed down the street. One thin, withered hand, clasped the handle of a very dilapidated satchel, in which were stored her wares, for she was a peddler in her own small way; and from house to house she went, sometimes to find a purchaser for her hand-knit tidies, crocheted edging and slipper patterns, but often to receive the chilling information that "We never buy of no peddlers; mister ain't to come."

"Late, one cold, rainy afternoon, she rang the bell of a homelike little cottage on a street that was strange to her. The door was opened by the lady of the house herself, who, noting the tired, worn face, the thin-limbed figure and wet shoes, asked the little woman in, though a desire to purchase her wares was not the motive that prompted the action.

"She opened the satchel and displayed her goods. As she spread them out before her, two little boys, evidently twins, came running into the room. The little woman looked up—"My Tom! My Teddy!" she cried, holding out her arms to the little fellows; then, seeing how startled they were, and the mother's wondrous glance, "I beg your pardon, ma'am," she said, "but oh, how alike, how alike!"

"Do you think so?" returned the mother; "every one says that but for their height no one would realize they were twins, but my husband was a twin, and he and his brother, he says, were exactly like our boys."

"And, madam, I am the mother of two boys, and at the age of these little ones they were as like as two peas."

"How strange; tell me about them please," said the sweet-faced woman, seeing that love and sympathy were more needed than money.

"If you wouldn't think me intruding—I never have any one to talk to now, and sometimes my heart grows so full it seems that it must overflow to some one."

John and I were married the summer I was eighteen, John was considerably older than I, in all the country round he went by the name of 'Lucky John,' and we were as happy as could be but for one thing—no children came to us. The neighbor's boys and girls were growing up about us, but in our home the years came and went with never a little child to comfort our hearts or brighten our home.

"John never said much but I knew how he felt; and the day my boys came—can never forget it—we had been married then fifteen years—John had business that kept him in town all day, and when he came home old Auntie Brown met him at the door.

"Never mind yer hosses, Lucky John; they's sth' in dis yer house we want yer ter pass yer judgment on, and in came John. He gave one look at the two tiny bundles laying in the old wooden cradle, that had laid him when he was a baby, and then he took me in his arms and cried.

"Well, I can't begin to tell you what she babies they were—how they grew and throve so strong, both of them and smart—they couldn't be brighter. And as they grew older, with store as they set by one another, John always said we would have them called Damon and Pythias; but we named them after their two grandfathers, Theodore and Thomas.

"Teddy was the apple of his father's eye. We expected great things of him yet, somehow though I loved and did for both my boys all a mother could do, Tommy, who was always in trouble, was wild and reckless, and as he grew to manhood, some said fast (though I could never believe it). Tommy was mother's boy, and if he did do what wasn't exactly right sometimes, it was because that big heart of his ran away with him; and somehow, the more trouble he got into, the more I loved him—he seemed to need more love.

"Well, neither boy took to farming. This was a disappointment to me, I could see, though he made me complain; so in the bank, where he was a large stockholder, father found positions for them side by side, at the same desk. Teddy we knew, would do well, and Tom—well we would be glad the brothers were together. Teddy would help to keep Tom steady. It was the second summer that they were there. Teddy was working very hard (he always cared too much for money, I thought, though John never seemed to see it), and Tom was doing pretty well. There had been a little trouble once or twice, John never told me about it but he had made things all right, and Tom kept his place—when, one night, some one drove up to the door and a heard Tom's voice calling 'Mother' father was sick in bed at the time." So I ran out to see what was the matter; and there, with an officer each side of him, stood Tom.

"Mother, he said, 'a lot of money has been taken from the bank (don't tell father); and I am arrested for the theft. Then reaching out his hand to me, the tears on them—and

as I thought my heart would break at the sight. Mother, he cried, do you believe me guilty? and I looked into his face, where there was only truth and sorrow. No, Tom, no!" I cried, "but tell me who did it."

"I can't, don't ask me, don't ask," he said, with such a look of pain on his face that I shall never forget. Only believe me innocent, and here, mother, is a little gold cross I got for your birthday, keep it always, and perhaps some day you'll know. And he kissed me good-by. And the voice of the little woman broke in a sob and the eyes of the young mother were wet with the quick dew of sympathy.

"On the same day the prison gates closed upon our boy and the gates of heaven opened to his father, and Teddy and I were left alone in the world."

"Though I grieved for Tom and father we lived happily and comfortably till one day Teddy brought home a wife, cold and proud, ill-tempered woman. She never liked me, I was too plain and old-fashioned for her, though I gave her the rings and tried my best to feel cheerful in being driven this way and then that, though sometimes it was hard. But ever since Tom went away he seemed so troubled and anxious that I hadn't the heart to trouble him."

"One evening he came home completely wretched. The doctor had just seen him he looked pretty serious. Before he left he said to Alice, Teddy's wife, 'I hope your husband's a trifle in good order; the disease is a malignant type, and I can give no hope for his recovery.'"

"Teddy heard him and gave me a frightful glance, then turning to his wife said: 'Would you leave mother and I alone for a little while; there's something I want to tell her, and as the door closed upon her, and I knelt down and clasped him in my arms all the months and years he seemed to be growing from me, was bridged over—Teddy was still my boy."

"For a little time he held me close; neither spoke and I was almost beginning to think that he had forgotten what he wanted to tell me, when he said: 'Mother, I can't go out of the world with my crime on another man's head. I took the money they accused Tom of taking, I should be where he is now. Tom knew it; he wouldn't tell, once I thought I would be brave and confess all, but Tom said: 'No, I've always been the black sheep and another black mark to the score won't hurt like one against your name—father couldn't stand that and, like a coward, I let him go. He's been punished for my crime, but if he has suffered one-hundredth of what I have suffered all these years, I pity him. I pity him. Oh, mother, speak to me, say you forgive me, for I was crying, 'My poor Tom, my poor Tom! And then I kissed Teddy and said: 'I do forgive you, dear, and God will too for He has seen your suffering, and then Teddy fell back on his pillows and smiled and I was left alone."

"After the funeral I took the train for the town where Tom was, with a heart half sad, half glad. It was hard to lose Teddy, to know that he had not been the boy I had always believed him, but to have Tom home again—well, I couldn't be his mother and not feel glad. So I went to the prison and asked for Tom. 'Isn't he with you?' the Superintendent said: 'he was pardoned sometime ago.' 'Pardoned?' I answered, 'he never should have been sentenced; but where is he?' 'I supposed he'd gone home. Henry,' he said to a young man at the desk, 'tell the warden to send No. 17 to me.' And in a few minutes No. 17 came in, and, as I saw him, I couldn't keep my tears back for pity, and the thought of Tom looking just like him. And the Superintendent said: 'There, there, my dear lady, we'll send your boy if we can. Russell, you and Tom Haines were friends; can you tell us of his whereabouts?' No, sir; all he said to me was: 'Good-by old man, I'm going to change my name and start in again, and he ever say to you he was guilty?' 'No, sir, he stuck to it he wasn't; and it's my belief he knew who was and wouldn't tell for he was a fine fellow, even if he was a little bird.'"

"No, madam, I wish I could, but if you ever find him tell him how glad old Russell was that he always believed him innocent."

"For years I've looked and waited for him. I go from town to town selling my small wares I manage to keep soul and body together. Every night I pray for my boy's return, every morning I awake with the hope that to-day I may find him. And now I must go. You have heard my story and I thank you. Perhaps my boy may be waiting for me now; perhaps—and this is the cross Tom gave me," she said, holding out the small emblem in trembling hands.

"No, mother; he's found you," and she turned to be clasped in the arms of the man who had entered unseen, while the twins circled around them crying and shouting: 'Is she our really grandma, papa, our really grandma.'—Louise Holland in Woman's World.

"His Two Confidantes. When a man gets mad there is only one woman in the world besides his wife who knows how mad he has got, and that is the telephone girl.—Atlantic Globe.

SET THE TIME FOR SCOTLAND.

Ball on One Hilltop Drops When Cannon on Another is Fired.

"Speaking of clocks," said the traveler, "Edinburgh, Scotland, has the most interesting time marking device I ever saw. The city lies between two hills. On one of these, known as Carlton Hill, there is an observatory tower, in the top of which a large black ball is suspended. Across the valley, probably a mile away to Castle Hill, Castle, one of the large guns in this fortress, pointing toward Carlton Hill, is electrically connected with the ball in the tower, a mile away. Every evening at six o'clock the gun is fired, and at the same moment the ball falls. The device sets the official time for all Scotland."

"It is interesting to stand on Carlton Hill at the appointed hour to see the simultaneous flash of the gun on Castle Hill and the fall of the ball close at hand, while the roar of the gun is of course some moments in crossing the valley. On the other hand it is equally interesting to stand beside the big gun at dusk to watch the ball on Carlton Hill fall just as the shot is fired. I recall once standing in the courtyard of the castle, watch in hand, waiting for the cannon just overhead to be fired. It occurred to me it would be more exciting to watch the crowds of passing people, especially since not one was apparently thinking of the shot from the cannon. When the roar took place absolutely without warning, hardly a yard above the heads of the crowd, the scene well repaid my waiting. Every body dodged. Children screamed and men and women jumped to the side of the wall. Of course, it was all over in a second but in that moment it seemed that an electric shock had passed through the crowd.—Birmingham News.

Three Famous Senators and a Money King.

Amongst the faded, yellow pages of an old book which no amount of money could buy from its owners are a number of the schoolboy compositions of three men who later became famous Senators of the United States, one of whom became the greatest money king the modern world has known, and of a little girl who became the wife of the great money king.

The boys were Marcus Alonzo Hanna, Edward O. Wolcott, James K. Jones and John D. Rockefeller, and the girl was Celeste Spielman, now Mrs. John D. Rockefeller. A further strange fact is that two of these boys in later years became the chairs of the National Committees of the two great political parties—Jones of the Democratic and Hanna of the Republican—as well as the leaders of their respective parties in the United States Senate while 'Eddie' Wolcott won hardly less distinction as a Senator of the United States from Colorado.

The owner of the little age-yellowed book is Andrew Fresno of Cleveland, O. and no offer of money could induce him to sell the volume, though he has now for the first time permitted copies of several of these compositions to be made, and has allowed the National Magazine's representative to make photographic facsimiles of some of the early writings of Mr and Mrs. Rockefeller.—National Magazine.

Found Sanctuary in a Chimney.

For the past ten days the town of Newry, in Ireland, has been convulsed over the curious strategy by which a small contractor named James Gill, has defied the efforts of the police to enforce the penalty of a 40s. fine or a month's imprisonment, to which he had been sentenced for drunkenness.

The man had recently undertaken the demolition of a factory chimney, round which the scaffolding necessary for the work had been erected and he sought security from the clutches of the authorities at the top of this structure, climbing by means of a short ladder which he drew up after him as he reached each successive platform of the staging. Food and drink were furnished to him by his son, and raised to the summit of the chimney by an ingenious mechanical device. The other evening Gill managed to descend to the ground and reach his home unobserved, but he returned to his lofty perch early on Monday morning.

Large crowds of people have flocked from all the country round to Sugar Island where his hiding place is situated, and the police have now resigned themselves to waiting till the work of pulling down the chimney is completed before attempting to arrest him.—Reynolds's Newspaper.

Pronunciation of Niagara.

"Everybody pronounces Niagara wrong," said the philologist. "The accent of this beautiful 'Indian word should not be put on the syllable 'ni,' but on the syllable 'a'—the penultimate one before the last.

"Niagara means 'Hawk to the thunder.' Its accent should fall on the penultimate because the Indians themselves all our Indian names of places the penultimate is the accented syllable. Think of the Indian names you know. Don't you accent nearly all of them on the syllable before the last? There are, for instance, Toronto, Mississippi, Algonquian, Appalachiola, Narragansett, Tuscaloosa, Saratoga, Tionnderoga, Oswego, Conahohocken, Wissahaton and Hochelaga. In all these names the accent is on the penultimate.

"Niagara is a Huron word, and if you find a Huron, you will find that he accents it as he does Saratoga or Tuscaloosa. I don't know how we have fallen into the habit of accenting it wrongly."

REMARKABLE OLD WATCH.

Curious Relics Once the Property of Royalty.

The descendants of Mary Stewart, one of the four maidens of honor to Mary Queen of Scots, have in their possession a curious watch which was given by that queen to her favorite. The watch, which is in the shape of a miniature skull, is about two inches and a half in diameter. It is supposed to have been purchased by Mary herself when on a visit to Blois with her husband, the dauphin of France, as it has the name of a celebrated Blois manufacturer engraved on it.

The entire skull is curiously engraved. On the forehead there is a picture of Death with the usual scythe and hour glass and sand glass. He is depicted as standing between a palace and a hotel, to show that he is no respecter of persons, and underneath is the familiar quotation from Horace 'allida more acquiri possunt pauperum laboribus Regumque turres.' At the back of the skull is another representation, this one being of the same man carrying a scythe, and beside him is the emblem of eternity.

The upper section of the skull is divided into two pictures. On one side is the Crucifixion with the Martyr kneeling at the feet of the cross and on the other side are Adam and Eve surrounded by animals in the Garden of Eden.

Below these pictures running right across the skull there is an openwork band, below the band is the sound of the striking of the watch to be heard. This openwork is a series of designs cut to represent the various emblems of the crucifixion, such as scourges, the cross, the spear, the hammer, the nails and the garden, and so forth. All of the carvings have appropriate Latin quotations.

By reversing the skull and holding the upper part in the palm of the hand, and lifting the under jaw on its hinge the watch may be opened and on the plate inside is a representation of the stable at Bethlehem with the shepherds and their flocks in the distance.

The works of the watch are in the brain of the skull, the dial plate being where the roof of the mouth would be in a real skull. This is of silver and gold with elaborate scrolls, while the hours are marked in large roman letters. The works are remarkably complete even to a large silver bell with a musical sound which holds the works in the skull when the watch is closed.

This curious old watch is still in perfect order and when wound (very dry) keeps accurate time. It is too large to be worn and was probably intended for a desk or private altar.—Kansas City Journal.

A Locomotive Testing Machine.

One of the latest triumphs of engineering skill is to be found at the Great Western Railway works at Swindon where an ingenious contrivance for giving a locomotive its trial trip without leaving the scene of its construction is in operation. The feature of the testing plant is that the engine, after being placed on the machine, runs on wheels fitted with tires which correspond to the tread and section of the permanent way. A clever braking arrangement secures a representation of the difficulties encountered in running on the main line and all the tests usually made on a trial trip can be conducted inside the works with all the appliances at hand. The dangers of a breakdown, and subsequent blocking of the main line, are thus obviated and the work of experimenting is simplified. This machine is the invention of the locomotive superintendent, J. G. Churchward, and is said to be the only one in Europe.—London Chronicle.

THE 6th DOMINICAN EPISODE.

On the 6th of December, 1869, the American flag was raised at Samana Bay on the island of Santo Domingo, with the full expectation that it would never be lowered. With this in view it was expressly stipulated that the money paid for the first year's rental of the bay, \$150,000, should be deducted from the price paid for the whole island in case of the ratification of the treaty of annexation.

This price was to be \$1,500,000, which was no more than the estimated value of the property, docks, navy yards, custom houses and other public buildings owned by the Dominican government. Out of this sum all the debts of Santo Domingo were to be paid, so the United States would have a clear and unincumbered title to the eastern portion of the island. As a bargain in islands this was as cheap as dirt, and could not be matched to-day, notwithstanding the present low prices of West Indian real estate.—Independent.

"Pop's" Day at Home.

We have dressed the jacket of evil schoolboys, dressed the shrubbery and trees on our home place, (ad) dressed debating societies in the rural precincts, but until recently we never undertook to dress the baby. Why, bless your chin whiskers, we would as 'leave' try to decipher ancient chronicles on the Babylonian tablets! And that little eye of our eye and chin of our chin looking up at us as if he pitied us or thought we were getting him ready for hanging. Buttons, hooks, pits, Pins, hooks, Buttons! Armholes and bands, and safety pins, gee! ain't it fun to dress the baby. It's like an ice cream picnic in a cold rainstorm. In all these names the accent is on the penultimate.

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