

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 tides, crocheted edging and slipper patterns, but often to receive the chilling information that "We never buy of no peddlers; mistresses ain't to home."

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, proud, ill-tempered woman. She never liked me. I was too plain and old-fashioned for her, though I gave her the reins 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. He looked pretty nervous. 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 frightened 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. 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 find 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 bit 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 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. Gait on One Hiltop 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. Everybody 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.

REMARKABLE OLD WATCH. Curious Relic Once the Property of Royalty. The descendants of Mary Stewart, one of the four moids of honor to Mary Queen of Scots, have in their possession a curious watch which was given by that queen to her favorite. It is a 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 "Mida more acqui punit pede pauperum laberans Regumque turres." At the back of the skull is another representation, this one being of the skull and crossbones, and on the side of the skull is the emblem of eternity. The upper section of the skull is divided into two pictures. On one side is the Crucifixion with the Marys kneeling at the foot of the cross and on the other side are Adam and Eve surrounded by animals in the Garden of Eden. Below these pictures running round the skull there is an openwork band, and below the band 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, swords, spears, the lantern used in 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.

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, and of one who 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 Alonso Hanna, Edward O. Wolcott, James K. Jones and John D. Rockefeller, the girl was Celestia Spelman, now Mrs. John D. Rockefeller. A further strange fact is that two of these boys in later years became the chairmen 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 Freese 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 are 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 'ar'—the penultimate one before the last. "Niagara means 'Hark 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, Ticonderoga, Oswego, Conahohocken, Wissahton 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."

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