

Donald's Cap

"Where's grandpa?" called an excited little voice at the front door. "Papa and I have come to take him driving, and papa's holding the horses."

Grandmother smiled over her glasses. "You'll find grandpa in the library, Donald," she said, and as the chubby little figure trudged along toward the library door, Aunt Bea called after him.

"In the house, Don, if you want to be my pet covey!"

A minute later Donald came back into the sitting-room with grandpa's tall silk hat on his head, and it had slipped down over his eyes and nose until nothing but his red rosebud mouth was in sight. But grandpa's face was close behind, and a minute later he had rescued his precious hat from Donald's head, and the two had started off together.

Donald's papa was waiting in the carriage. "That's right, come on! These horses don't like to stand!" he called, as they came out, and added: "Donald, you've left your cap in the house. Go back and get it." Donald's hands went up to his head. No cap there. So back into the house he went.

"Where's my cap, grandpa?" Grandmother did not know; but she went into the library with him, and lifted all the pillows on the couch, and looked under the couch, and under the chairs, and under the newspapers on the table, and in all the places where Donald's cap usually is. She could not find it.

Out in the carriage Donald's papa was getting impatient. "It's strange they can't find that cap!" he muttered. "The boy wasn't in the house five minutes." And at last he gave the reins to grandpa, and went in to see about it himself.

"I don't remember puttin' it anywhere at all, papa," Donald said. "That's the trouble—he never does remember!" his papa said finally. "I told him yesterday that the next time he lost his cap he'd stay at home from the place he was going, and that means this drive. Father and I will go without him. This is the only way to teach him. But, if he finds his cap before we come back, I'll take him a little drive then." And Donald's papa jumped into the carriage beside grandpa and drove off.

Donald sat on the front steps, looking after them, a miserable little heap of disappointment. Two big tears were rolling down his cheeks. It was a beautiful, sunny Saturday afternoon, and he had been promised this drive all the week! Oh, dear—and, oh, dear. Where could that old cap be?

It was two hours before the carriage drove up again. "Have you found your cap?" called papa.

Donald shook his head hopelessly, and Aunt Bea answered. "Found it! We've turned this house inside out since you went away; and, if I didn't remember telling him to take it off when he came in, I should know positively that you brought him here bareheaded!"

While she was speaking, grandpa had climbed out of the carriage, and now, as he came up the steps, he took off his own high hat and put it on Donald's curly head. "There, sir!" he said. "If you can't find your hat, you may have mine!"

It was only a joke, of course, for grandpa is really very careful of his shiny silk hat; but, as he lifted it from Donald's again, Aunt Bea cried out, "Look there!"

"Well!" said grandpa. "I never!" said grandmother. For there, on top of Donald's curls, was the missing cap!

By that time papa had tied the horses and was coming up the steps. "Where did that cap come from?" he demanded, and they all stared at each other without a word.

Donald spoke first. "I know!" he cried. "It came out of the top of grandpa's hat!"

"It must have stuck there when he had on my hat before!" added grandpa.

"Now, papa," Donald said then, "I couldn't find my cap 'fore you come back, 'cause you an' grandpa had it wiv you in the carriage."

Papa burst out laughing at that. "Come on, father!" he cried. "There's time yet for a good spin round the park before dinner, and I think I owe this boy a drive!"—Companion Ethelwyn Cody, in Youth's Companion.

Taming the Animals.
A bright but inexperienced young woman consented to take charge of the boy infant class. She found them jumping from the tops of the steam radiator. Fifteen minutes later the superintendent found fourteen meek masculine "infants" seated sedately in a tightly queered room before the teacher, every eye fixed inquiringly on the lady's bright countenance.

"How in the world did you accomplish this?" demanded the astonished superintendent. "Oh," she replied, "I just piled all I couldn't get my arms round in a heap on the bench and sat on them until I got them interested in a bear story."—Youth's Companion.

Prey Together.
To pray together, in whatever tongue or ritual, is the most tender brotherhood of hope and sympathy that men can contract in this life.—Madame de Staël.

CHILD OF THE WOOD

Family Could Not Find Heart to Devote Their Favorite.

"It doesn't pay to raise chickens in a small way," said a merchant, "for the reason that you can only eat the eggs, never the chickens, themselves."

"But why can't you eat the chickens?" inquired the man's partner.

"Could you eat your snary or your dog? No. And for much the same reason," says the Philadelphia Bulletin, "you can't eat your chickens. For they are pets, as dogs or cats are. You have raised them; they have learned to know you; they have names that they answer to; they follow you about the yard—in a word, they like you and you like them."

He shuddered. "I remember when we killed and stewed Mary Jane. She had stopped laying, she was long past that stage, so we murdered her and tried to eat her. But we failed. We felt like canibals, like ghoulia, when Mary Jane's remains were set smoking before us. Eat! Why, the very memory half sickens me now."

One Place, Anyhow.
Two men from New York awoke one morning to find themselves in Savannah. Remembering that they were in a prohibition state and having a thirst worthy of their surroundings, the pair started out on a still hunt for an eye-opener.

They were not acquainted and were in a quandary as to where to start on their quest, and while they were debating the question mentally between them they were approached by a pleasant-looking policeman, who asked them "good morning."

"Say, Jim," said one of the pilgrims to the other, "this is an opening. Here's a good fellow; let's ask him." It was agreed, and the officer answered their inquiry by saying laconically, "Follow me." He walked them three blocks until they stood in front of the cathedral. Here he paused.

The travellers looked at each other in astonishment.

"Surely, my good man," said the first, "you do not mean to tell us that a blind tiger is being operated in church?"

"You see the church, do you?" asked the policeman solemnly.

"Yes," assented the two.

"Well, that is the only place in Savannah that you can't get it," said he.

Mightier Than the Himalayas.
In describing his latest journey in Tibet, ended during the present year, Dr. Eves Hedlin says that the greatest result achieved in the discovery of a continuous mountain chain, 3,000 miles long, stretching east and west, and which, taken as a whole, is the most massive range on the crust of the earth. Its average height above sea level is greater than that of the Himalayas, and although its peaks are from 4,000 to 5,000 feet lower than Mount Everest, its passes average 8,000 feet higher than those of the Himalayas. The eastern and western parts of this range were known before, but the central and highest part, in Bonga, was unexplored, previous to Dr. Hedlin's visit. He crossed ten passes in the range.

Well Satisfied.
A well known novelist was touring through Lancashire in order to learn something of the lives of the inhabitants, when he came upon an old man breaking stones on the roadside, and, thinking he might gain some knowledge from him, addressed him thus:

"How far is it to Fleetwood, my man?"

"You'll see a milestone a bit farther on," was the gruff reply.

"What's the use, if I can't read?" said the novelist, eager to draw the old man into a conversation.

"Then I'll just suit you for there's nowt on it," said the old fellow.

A Valuable Koran.
The most valuable work in existence is said to be a copy of the Koran, now treasured in the Mohammedan city of Ispahan-Rusa, Persia. The covers, 9 1/2 inches by 4 inches, are of solid gold, one-eighth inch thick, while precious stones, set in symbolic designs figure in the centre and each of the corners. The book is written upon parchment, and this part of the work alone is valued at \$10,000.

A Thought for the Week.
There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that evil is ignorance; that imitation is sufficient; that he must take himself for better or for worse as his portion; that though the world may be full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Money in Savings Banks.
A majority of the savings banks of New York City already pay 4 per cent on deposits, and nearly all of the rest, it is said, will go up to that rate on January 1. A year ago people were fit a panic to get their money out of the banks, but the managers of these institutions now report quite the normal rush to deposit funds in time to catch the January quarter's interest.

Novel Advertising Scheme.
A tailor in Carthage, Northern Africa, hit upon a novel advertising scheme. He had painted a series of immense foot-tracks from each side of a city park, both series terminating at his well-stocked store. Everybody was anxious to see where the tracks led, and followed them to the store thus ingeniously advertised.

The Abalone House

By RUTH ALLEN BROWNE.

"Hi, Joe, I will marry thee when thou art a man!" Carmencita's black eyes shone merrily, and she held upon the string of polished abalone about her neck—"when thou canst build a house of 'dobe' inside with the abalone shell!"

"Surely, Carmencita, but how?" queried her lover.

"The big 'dobe' blocks, with one shell stuck in each. It will not take long," said he, "if thou art not enough of a diver. Manuel, thy brother, is certainly."

The dark blood flushed Jose's face, but because of his constraining love he answered quietly enough:

"It is well, and I begin our home to-morrow."

Day after day, through the opalescent waters of Catalina Bay, the little body of Jose shot downward. With dextrous hands he wrenched the huge sea-ears from their rocky home, and rose with his prize to the surface. Oh, what relief to draw the air once more through the straining lungs, the wild exultation at the sight of the sun, the half-sigh of grief as for another perilous trip accomplished!

Every swift dart through the blue-green water meant a possible encounter with a shark, or, more to be dreaded, a misstep into the open jaws of a huge abalone. The great clam never relaxes his hold, and many a luckless diver has been drowned, or choosing heroic measure, risen to the surface minus a heel.

"The little home progressed steadily, not so Jose's woe. The changing lights of the abalone he loved seemed to dominate Carmencita's character. One day she smiled on Jose, the next drove him to despair by sailing with the rich fisherman Fernando. But at last the little two-roomed house was all but done; the swastika was graven on the lintel; all was ready save the one great shell needed to fill the niche above the door. Shells of course there were, but none large or shimmering enough to suit the capricious Carmencita. Whereupon, Jose stumbled along the reef at low tide, looking closely at every rock to discover the prize shell. It was a weary hunter that toiled through the oozy sand; for he had spent the day in fruitless diving, until now, night and tide were fast coming on.

The thought quickened his steps. He slipped and fell. The knife in his hand stabbed a crevice in the rock and snapped off. At the same moment Jose felt his foot caught in a vice-like grip, which slowly tightened with a sickening pain. In vain he struggled to tear his foot away; even the fragments of his knife were beyond his reach, and the one movable stone was too small for use. He sent a shrill cry echoing over the lonely beach. Spent by this useless effort, he fiercely pressed his hands over his burning eyeballs, as if by shutting out the world he might get inspiration for his release. The lagging of the waves at his feet roused him from his frantic planing. He started to his feet, but the pain in his ankle dragged him down again. This, then, was to be his death, caught like a silly fish, just when life was at its fullest, when Carmencita—ah, that was the bitterest of all to bear!

Yet as he sat there stoically, still thoughts at intervals, not a hard thought of her troubled his loyal heart, never a reproach for the vanity which had cost a life, only a regret that he could not find the last shell for her. When the water crept up above his waist he seized the little jagged piece of rock and sawed madly at his foot. Seeing that it was impossible to hack it off before the tide swept over him, he desisted and waited. Slowly and precisely the waves crept up, calmly they choked his last cry, and with a suave insouciance bolted out the tragedy.

When his body was brought home Carmencita's grief was beyond bounds. Five months she mourned passionately, and on the sixth married Manuel, his brother. To those who dared remonstrate with the imperious beauty, she gave but one answer—"She had loved Jose, truly, yes; but Jose was dead. Why not then marry Manuel, his nearest of kin?" But the simple fisher-folk shook their foreboding heads at the daring couple who took up their abode in the new abalone house, and saw clearly the visitation of God in the tidal waves which crept up the bay, demolishing the glittering little house, and drowning Manuel and Carmencita in their bridal bed. And to this day a mound of crumbling clay remains, with polished shells protruding here and there, to testify to the tragedy. No one will take a shell from the heap, and all the villagers will tell you that the spot is ill-omened.—Boston Post.

Conductors Are Linguists.
Conductors on the German state railways are to be discharged unless they can pass an examination in the English and French languages. Some of them have been twenty years in the service.

Europe's Criminals.
Signor Garofalo, the Italian criminologist, has figured out that there are 10,000 persons annually condemned for murder in Europe, and but only one criminal in three is brought to justice.

WATER'S STERILIZED WATER

Form of Epithem Water of Impurities and Adverse Effects.

The ancient Greeks recommended the use of sterilized water, says the Detroit News-Tribune. In the first century of our era Galen of Pergamon wrote: "The water of all ponds and rivers is bad, except that of the Nile. Stagnant water and the waters of streams which traverse unhealthy lands or pass near public latrines are unwholesome. The best water is that which has been boiled in vessels of earthenware, allowed to cool and held of again before drinking."

For a rule in the field the following method of purification is recommended:

"A series of pits extending from the highest to the lowest point of the soft, unctuous clay of which pottery is made. The water is caused to flow successively through these pits, which retain all the impurities." It is remarkable that neither of these methods was deemed necessary in the case of the water of the Nile, which, although the microscope shows it to be safe, is apparently the worst of all and looks like very muddy water.

All Belong to Unions.
The following information in regard to trade unions of railway employees in Switzerland is given in the issue of the Locomotive Fireman and Enginemen's Magazine, in a letter from Munich by H. Feilinger:

"At the end of 1906 there existed in Switzerland three unions of railway employees, with a total membership of 7,719 members. In the course of the year was the Union of Employees of Swiss Transport Establishments, with 19,433 members, or nearly two-thirds of the total number of organized railway men; the Workmen's Union of Swiss Transport Establishments had 3,199 members, and the Society of Swiss Trainmen had 718 members. In the course of the year 1907 the Locomotive Engineers, Firemen and Car Inspectors' Union succeeded from the Union of Employees of Swiss Transport Establishments, so that at the present time six trade unions of railway employees exist."

In a table the membership of these organizations is given as follows for December 31, 1907: Union of Employees of Swiss Transport Establishments, 19,433; Workmen's Union of Swiss Transport Establishments, 3,199; Society of Swiss Trainmen, 718; Union of Locomotive Engineers, Firemen and Car Inspectors' Union, 1,445; Union of Locomotive Firemen, 1,374; Car Inspectors' Union, membership unknown.

Only Half Happy.
During a decidedly stormy passage to New York, Lionel Lincoln, the playwright and novelist, said "my night in the smoking room of the steamship."

"It is pleasant to cross the Atlantic but this bad weather is making a good deal of discomfort with our pleasure. Life is usually, though, like that—pleasant and pain—half and half."

"It reminds me of an elderly spinster who sat near me at the table d'hôte one afternoon in Venice. Turning to her niece I heard her say: 'In Venice at last! Ah, dear, half the dream of my youth is now fulfilled.'"

"Why only half, auntie?" the young girl asked.

"I counted on going to Venice, signed the splinter, on my wedding journey."

Mallet.
Dr. B. was just getting over a attack of rheumatic fever, during which his wife had been in the habit of sitting by his bedside to comfort him, often shedding tears at his evident suffering. When he was convalescent he met one of his friends, who asked: "How are you getting on, B.?"

"Oh, badly. I don't seem to make much progress. And it is all because of my wife."

"Dear me! You surprise me. Who seems such a devoted nurse," said the friend.

"Ah, you don't know her, man! The doctor always said that a damp room was the very worst thing for me, and that woman used to sit and cry just to make the air damp."

A Regimental Custom.
A peculiar custom obtains in the 12th Lancers—the playing of the Vesper Hymn, the Spanish Chant and the Russian National Hymn every night of the year after the "Last Post" has sounded. It is said that the playing of the Vesper Hymn originated in one of the officers, wives presenting the regiment with a new set of instruments on condition that the hymn was played every night after the "Last Post." The playing of the Spanish Chant is declared to be a remembrance of the seeking of a convent during the Peninsula War. No reason is assigned for the playing of the Russian National Anthem.

Lord Kitchener's Rebuke.
During Lord Kitchener's recent visit to the Indian frontier defenses he inspected a new fort. He was astonished to find that it had been so placed as to be commanded by a mountain hill. The officer who had chosen the site was present with the party, and Kitchener called him forward, instead of the outburst that the sight expected, Kitchener merely held out his hand and said: "I congratulate you, colonel. What a capital place for a fort! When do you begin to move the hill?"

Cigarettes from Turkey.
The cigarettes did not reach England until after the Crimean War, in which the English officers adopted it from the Turks and Russians.



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