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**Notice to Creditors.**

PURSUANT to an order of Hon. Selden S. Briggs, Surrogate of the County of Monroe, is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Margaret M. O'Neill, late of the city of Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers therefor, to the undersigned as such administrators at No. 225-226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y., on or before the 19th day of July, 1909.

MARY A. O'NEILL, Administratrix.  
Murphy, Keenan & Keenan Attorneys for Administratrix, No. 225-226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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**Guilford's Gold**

Mr. Carter was very angry and when his daughter entered the room his wrath burst forth.

"So this is the way you obey me, is it?" he stormed. "I told you not to have anything more to do with that young Guilford, and the very next day you go against my wishes."

But Betty was not at all awed by this sudden storm. She was her father's own daughter and her brown eyes looked into his steely blue ones, without flinching.

"I've promised to be Richard's wife," she said quietly. "There's no harm in my going out walking with my fiancé is there?"

Mr. Carter ignored the question. "You shan't marry him," he declared sternly. "He's a poor man compared to me, and you know I've different ideas for you."

"That's just it, father. You'd made your mind that I shall marry David Thatcher, a man old enough to be my grandfather almost just because he is rich, and you want me to marry a young man."

"There's no need of our discussing why I want you to marry David Thatcher. We'll talk now about why I don't want you to marry that young man, Guilford. You weren't cut out for a farmer's wife, Betty. I don't want you to have anything more to do with him and I forbid it."

Betty said nothing but the firm lines which settled around the pretty mouth told plainly that she did not intend to yield to her father's wishes. For a few moments she swept proudly from the room and went upstairs to her own chamber.

I really don't want to disobey him," she said. "But I won't give Mr. Thatcher. If father won't marry his consent to my marrying Dick, who'll marry me without it."

Suddenly her thoughts turned to what Richard Guilford had said that afternoon. "Don't worry little girl," were his words at parting. "Just trust in me and everything will come out all right. Love always will find a way."

"What could he have meant?" she reflected.

Richard had also told her that he was going to the city that week but he would not say what business was taking him there. Although she wondered a little she trusted him fully and was confident that she would hear all about it when he returned.

That evening David Thatcher called, and though Mr. Carter requested her to treat him with cordiality she was barely civil and her elder sister was quite satisfied by her indifference. The question he had been intending to ask her he decided to postpone until she was more gracious.

A stormy scene was enacted between Betty and her father after Mr. Thatcher's departure, but the girl remained obedient, and her father had no objection to himself that it was an easy matter to make her yield, although he was greatly vexed with her. He could not help admiring her.

A week passed, and then mysterious proceedings began to take place on Richard Guilford's farm. Richard had returned from the city and had brought a stranger with him. Some sensitive neighbor had reported that he had seen the two men, with queer-looking instruments in their hands, working from one end of the farm to the other. This piece of news spread rapidly and the villagers began to be very curious. Even Mr. Carter when he heard of it could not help wondering what it meant. As for Betty she was as mystified as anyone else felt that Richard at the very first opportunity would let her know.

The next evening Mr. Thatcher called. When he arrived Betty was in her own room and when she went down stairs she found him and her father in a state of great excitement.

The latter held the evening paper in his hand from which he had apparently been reading aloud. Betty looked at him with questioning eyes, and he passed her the paper without a word. Immediately her eye caught this headline: "Gold is Found on Young Farmer's Land in Freeville."

Young quickly scanned the details following this. Not that it was really necessary for after the first moments of bewilderment, she had intuitively understood Richard's plan. She felt aghast at the news, and she felt both her father and Mr. Thatcher.

"I'm mighty glad to hear of this," declared Mr. Carter after a few moments. "According to the paper he'll be one of the richest men anywhere around. Well, he deserves it, if any person ever did. He's a lad after my own heart. And he's always been a first rate fellow. Ain't that so, Mr. Thatcher?"

Mr. Thatcher murmured an assent, but his manner was not very convincing. He had lost heart, for he knew that his rival now stood a good chance with the father.

Later when Mr. Carter and Betty were alone, he said: "I'll take back what I said a while ago, Betty. If you and Dick want to get married, why I shan't have another word to say against it. I'd rather you'd have him than any other man I know of."

But after all Betty did not marry money, for all the gold her husband brought her was a wealth of love and protection. — MRS. ANSTRUP A. NICHOLS.

**DISTRIBUTING RARE PLANT.**

Efforts of Jacksonville Man May Help Perfume Industry.

In 1892 Frank Mira, of Jacksonville, Fla., discovered a twig which seemed to him a some use to the perfumer. He submitted it to Mr. E. Moulle, of that city, says the Scientific American, who was engaged in the business of extracting essences. The plant immediately interested Mr. Moulle, who succeeded in producing from it an essential oil. Many attempts on the part of Mr. Moulle and the United States Department of Agriculture to ascertain the scientific name of the plant finally resulted in its identification as Mentha citrata, a very rare plant which is popularly called bergamot mint. From year to year Mr. Moulle has increased and developed the few plants which he has been able to obtain and is now engaged in gratuitously distributing the plant for general propagation. We believe that in this manner a very valuable perfume industry may some day be built up on the cultivation of this rare plant.

**The Unprejudiced Observer.**

A young woman who spends much of her time copying in the Metropolitan Museum of Art recently said in the New York Sun that a critic had had helped her a great deal in her work came from a man to whom she took a picture to be framed.

As the picture progressed, his friends told me it was she said some of the other copyists said it had a "good character," "good coloring" and "as those things, and even one of the guards in the gallery got real friendly one day and remarked that it was the best copy of that picture he had seen.

I began to think that maybe, after all, my several years of study were beginning to bear fruit.

When the picture was finished I took it to the framer where I picked out a good frame. The man began to figure on the cost.

"The best you can get," he said after a while, "that frame will come for three dollars and ninety-eight cents. If I were you I'd get something cheaper for that picture."

**Wind Gaps for Trains.**

A singular device for the protection of trains crossing a viaduct exposed to heavy winds has recently been employed at Ulverston, England, says P. R. De C. Ward in Science. It consists of a wind-gauge at the west end of the Lovens viaduct. When the wind-pressure reaches 32 pounds to the square foot an electric contact is made automatically and bells ring in the signal cabins on each side of the viaduct. Upon this all trains are detained until the force of the wind abates. The interruption is telegraphed along the line. In February, 1907, a wind velocity of 65 miles an hour was recorded. The danger of very high winds to trains on an exposed bridge or viaduct was tragically illustrated many years ago by the lamentable Tay Bridge disaster in Scotland.

**Mark Twain as an Art Critic.**

Mark Twain's humorous advice to some burlier, who broke into his house the other day proves that he has the faculty of finding humor in the most unexpected places. A friend once took him to see a very beautiful and valuable piece of sculpture. It represented a young woman coiling up her hair and the workmanship was such that the owners other companions stood open-mouthed in admiration. "Well," said the host, turning to Mark Twain for his verdict, "what do you think of it?" Grand isn't it? "Yes, it's very pretty," said Mark, "but it's not true to nature!" "Why not?" inquired a very one in surprise. "She ought to have her mouth full of hairpins," replied the humorist gravely. — Waep.

**Passing of Wedding Rings.**

"Perhaps because rings as simple ornaments are so completely out of fashion few married women wear the symbolic gold band at present," said a fashionable New York manufacturer the other day. "Of the several dozen patrons who frequent our establishment in the busy season every day not one in six or seven of the married matrons is so distinguished. The fragile looking circle which of past years has gradually been losing something of its solidity is carefully preserved no doubt with other interesting souvenirs and keepsakes. It is seldom worn."

**To Extract a Splinter.**

When a splinter has been driven deep into the hand, it can be extracted without pain by steam. Nearly fill a wide-mouthed bottle with hot water, place the injured part over the mouth of the bottle, and press tightly. The suction will draw the flesh down, and in a minute or two the steam will extricate the splinter and the inflammation will disappear.

**The Weather and the Shoe Trade.**

As long as the ground is dry the old shoes do not show their hidden weaknesses and defects, but let a heavy, cold rain or even a slight snow fall arrive, and then the almost invisible cracks in the uppers and the worn places in the soles will prove their probability and the rush to the shoe store will amount almost to an invasion.

**A Formula.**

Right ideas backed by persistence and promulgated at psychological moments, will gain a foothold and become a great force for good, no matter how determined may be the opposition. — Detroit News

**THE HAT IN THE WINDOW**

It was a wonderful hat. Such a wonderful hat that Filmy & Co., who owned it, gave it a whole show window to itself—a whole window with only a few of those distracting little lace caps some ladies wear in the morning, placed around to finish off the picture, rather than to display themselves. It was pink with a great bow of pink ribbon on one side and a huge and bewitchingly curved brim on all sides. And it was as fresh and as exquisitely tinted as if it were a big ripe fruit on its stem.

Even men passing by stopped to look at it. Some of them, too, probably framed a particular face beneath the broad tilted brim, and passed on with a smile for the bewitching vision, but the passerby of the other sex? It was for them the picture was made.

One very great lady coming out of the store on her way to her carriage caught sight of it and went back. But she didn't buy it, thank Heaven! Imagine that dream of pink young loveliness shadowing any such rouged, freckled, powder-softened world-harsh usage as that very great lady's with its keen hard eyes and its thin tight lips. No, madam, not so the statu of the fairy-tingered Agnes can give you the right to wear that coronet of maidenhood. What a grotesque figure you would cut if you did! How I should love to see you try it. How discreetly I would advise you to buy it, but try it, madam, it might shame you into visiting the store. You have not seen since your second marriage. Just was ten years ago. He is an undergraduate now. But no, you stay too was. "Home, James, I told, madam, before you go, let me show you those lace caps. Come now, madam, lay aside the hair wash for a season, let the gray at the roots creep up, and up, let a few of those, oh so caddy shaven wrinkles peep out and do one of these, the finest Madam, you do, you have gone—how do you know you can't place some you would, wrinkled, wisened out normal what an air you have! And for what reason? None. The sacred awe of menara, some one called you and your like. Well named, don't you think?"

Oh, but surely here comes the rightful owner, timid and stepping fast, from that very neat electric at the curb, young Miss Bowyer, 19 and two years out in society. She, too, looks up at the window and—marcel! Heavens—she sighs. What is there anything on earth you can't have if you really want it?

Down past the window they come, slowly stepping with downcast eyes, and amid the sparkle of silk and broadcloth and silver and gold and stamped leather and waving feathers. What a contrast is made by their black robes and hoods and white neckerchiefs.

Surely not for these two sisters of St. Mary's could the window have a message? No kin are they to the very great lady or poor little Miss Bowyer. Perhaps something they have in common with Mag and Lou but the others—never.

And yet it was the crowd that first drew her eyes. They were away from the monotonously regular black surface of the pavement whence they should never wander. And there above the heads of the crowd shone out the first radiance of the milliner's inspiration.

When Sister Theresa—Sister Theresa was thirty years the senior—missed Sister Margaret from her side she found her two feet away staring at the window, too. It was a moment only, the length of time it takes to go two feet.

"Sister Margaret!" The tone was loud but insistent, and so the touch upon her arm.

Sister Margaret turned quickly, flushing furiously under the white and black hood.

When the window was safely passed, Sister Theresa looked down and under the hood. The flush was still there and there came to her ears the soft sibilant of a sigh.

"Oh, Sister Theresa," said Sister Margaret.

But who knows whether Sister Theresa should not have sighed also and said "Oh, Sister Margaret!" What were her eyes doing before she found Sister Margaret smiling?

Well, perhaps so. Else why did Father Ambrose receive next day two confessions of the identical sin and impose two penances of identical length—for Father Ambrose is a kind man, and besides he buys a new soap himself every now and then.

And as for the hat! Why, it wasn't a real hat after all. Only an affair of ribbons and wire twisted and tied to show what may be next year. So you could sigh for it and sin for it and be very unhappy about it, but if you touched it, it would fall in pieces beneath your fingers.

**The Value of Books.**

A young girl once asked MARY Twain if he liked books for New-Year gifts.

"Well, that depends," drawled the humorist, "if a book has a leather cover, it is really valuable as a razor; if it is a brief, concise work, such as the French write, it is useful to put under the short leg of a wabby table. An old-fashioned book, with a clasp, can be bent as a missile to hurl at a cog, and a large book, like a geographical, is as good as a piece of tin to nail over a broken pane of glass."

**ACCUSATIONS MADE TO IMPROVE**

**Public Genealogists Thieve With Growth of Latest Fad.**

Of recent years not only among the wealthy but among the well-to-do, there has grown up a desire to know one's ancestry, a desire which has been fostered by the growth of patriotic societies requiring a Revolutionary ancestor or one who fought in the Colonial wars. Here is where the professional genealogist comes in. One of these fakirs said in defence of his trade: "Well, what would you do? The newly rich man who wants a pedigree and is willing to pay for it, wants a 5-ft class one with kings and nobles in it—and I give it to him. He may have come from a long line of peasants—in all probability did so descend—but if I gave him his real pedigree he would look me out of the house. If I can't hook or crook, carry his line back to his first ancestor in this country, the rest is easy. Once on the other side of the water with Battle Abbey toll, Domesday Book and Burke's Peerage at my disposal, my fancy takes free range and my client gets his money's worth."

Another way in which the weakness of human nature is shown is by the assumption by Americans to "coat of arms" to which they have no right whatsoever. The manager of one of the carriage manufacturing establishments in this city, in reply to a question as to where he got the coats of arms which he placed on the panels of the carriages of his wealthy customers, said: "Oh, it is this way. A customer comes to me—it is generally the woman of the family—and says: 'I would like to have our coat of arms on the panels of our new coach.'"

"What are your arms, madam?" I ask.

"Oh, I don't exactly know. Haven't you a book that tells?"

"Certainly, madam. And I take down Burke's Peerage or General Armory and turn over the pages to let us say, Smith, Smith, Sir Robert, Irish baronet, I read."

"Oh, no, that's not it," says my fair customer. "So I look further."

"Smith, Baron Gravesend," I venture.

"Well, perhaps that is it."

"I turn over a few more leaves. 'Smith-Vavasour, Duke of Billingsgate.'"

"Oh, that is it!" cries the delighted customer, and on to next coach does go the arms of the noble Duke of Billingsgate, with whom, after a while, the whole family claim relationship.—New York Mail.

**COST OF BILLIARD BALLS.**

Owing to Scarcity of Ivory Price Doubled in One Year.

Every billiard player knows the delicacy of the ivory ball. Every man who owns his private table knows also, due to the difficulty in securing the ivory from which they are made, the product from which the best balls are cut and polished is found only in the tusks of elephants, although ivory dentine is obtained from the tusks of the walrus as well.

Because of the qualities essential in a properly prepared billiard ball the dentine found in the finest kind of elephant tusks is the only kind that is used in their manufacture. Owing to its scarcity the price of billiard balls has steadily increased, those of the regulation size, 2 1/2 inches, having advanced in price from \$3.50 to \$16 in one year.

This increase in cost is not due to a trust in ivory or in ivory balls, as the manufacturers themselves have been as anxious as anyone to secure some material which could be substituted for ivory in the manufacture of good billiard balls.

The regulation ivory billiard ball has, as billiard players know, great susceptibility to atmospheric conditions. Sometimes the balls are "gelled" and respond promptly to "English" and the slightest touch of the cue. At other times no amount of skill can prevail upon them to work properly. When a set of ivory balls is moved from one place to another the experienced billiardist knows that they must not be unwrapped or taken out for three days if they are exposed to the new atmospheric conditions they "catch cold" and are likely to crack or chip.

Thankful for the Car.

Superintendent Foster, of the New Orleans Street Railway Company formerly with the Boston and Northern at Salem, tells the following story of the days when "spotters" were much in evidence on the cars.

A young fellow who had charge of one of the Salem Willows cars during the rush season was suspected of more than ordinary "knocking down" says the Boston Herald. He turned in his trips at the Salem office, and the cashier, who was aware of what was going on, said "Thank you." Next trip he turned in still less money, but the cashier was there with his smiling "thank you."

"What the deuce are you thanking me for?" asked the conductor.

"For bringing in the car," replied the cashier.

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