

A Telling Shot

Bradford had three weaknesses at Lenoxx that summer each one excited in its way, but combined they combined against him.

There's no harm in a camera, except to a pocketbook, there's no harm in a bicycle, there's no harm in a girl. But the girl had said, "Do you know Mr. Bradford, you look unconsciously well on a wheel." That was why Bradford had been busy for two days with his best instantaneous shutter and a very long string.

He chose an old road, little frequented by riders and drivers, where he would not be liable to interruption, and spent a great deal of time in choosing the best point of view and fixing the tripod firmly.

The focusing was again a matter for the nicest judgment. Then he set the shutter lightly across the road and fastened the strings and to a little bush in such a way that the pressure of the wheel across it would set the shutter off without jarring the camera.

Then he gave a few touches to his hair, mounted his wheel and took a short run through the trees coming back and passing neatly across the string. He had looked at the camera.

"I'll try again," said Bradford, setting the shutter and putting in another plate. "I'll keep my mind on her and then I won't worry about the shutter so much."

He thought of her as he wheeled off to take another shot, and in thinking he leaped forward and passed the brown string at a scorching gallop. "And she hates scoring," he murmured, discomfitedly.

He set the camera once more. "It's the last time I can try today," he mused, glancing at the long shadows and the fading sky. "I'll take a good long run and come back early in the afternoon with my face neither turned to the lens nor quite away from it, and I won't do any thinking, and in that way I may get a telling shot." But as Bradford came along he saw a little basket pheasant in front of him pass slowly across the brown string in the roadway and disappear among the shadows of the foliage. And Bradford spoke about it feelingly.

"I'll just see what I've got," he remarked to the man as he went into the dark room after dinner, "because I promised one to a friend, but a carriage came along and spoiled my only good chance. Say you want to come in with me? Well, and he said he'd enter the stuffy little closet. "They're just as I expected," he continued, as the first two exposures came up swiftly out of the mysterious fog.

"The first has a beautiful expression you'll see, and the second is John O'Hara's ride to Ware. The third is a little slower in coming because the light got so thin, and I don't care about it anyway. It's a wonder that horse cleared the string. He might have tangled the string about his foot and brought the camera down smash. People oughtn't to go driving carelessly like that along an unfrequented road."

"Ah, here it comes! God, but it's to be a pretty negative!" As soft as velvet, there was a little too sharp on those others, and here they had the brass to come along and take my plate. It's a man and a girl, of course."

The diadim increased in Bradford's tone. "I might have known it was a man and a girl. He's got his arm around her, too. Bah! God! I believe he's kissing her." Bradford smote the table in delight. "If it's only someone round here, won't it be a treasure? Yes, I'll take it out of my hypo in a minute. Just put the developer back into the big bottle on your left—that's it."

The sound of the bath, poured from the tray into the graduate, and from the graduate into the bottle, was the only sound in the dark room, except the little drip of hypo into the tray as Bradford finally lifted the plate full to the red light. It was a beautiful picture—the best one he had ever taken. He gazed at it an instant, and then, as he recognized the girl's features, he let it fall shivering on the hard stone floor. "That's the end of it," he mumbled, as the girl gave an exclamation of dismay, splintering developer over his flannels as he turned. "What a pity," said the girl, "and you hadn't found out who they were! Well, you have your own pictures—the ones you promised—anyhow."

"That's so, I have my pictures, and as the girl led the way out of the dark room, Bradford's heel ground into atoms all that was left of the telling shot.

A GALE BY ANOTHER NAME.

What the Sailorman Meant When He Told of an Adventure in Force 10.

Doubtless there were many buzzed readers when a deep sea skipper sailed into New York harbor a few days ago and reported that his ship had been beated by a gale which had blown up to "force 10." "Force 10," it was explained, meant something like a hurricane.

It is a term borrowed from the sea-farer's scale of wind measurements devised by the British admiral Beaufort before the days of rearing steam. Force 1 was a calm, force 2 a light breeze, and so on up to the hurricane velocity.

Perhaps the Beaufort scale may give a clue to those who have been wondering for some time at the title of a popular German picture. It is just one episode of frowning clouds and storm-tossed billow, and the artist has named it "Windstärke 10."

Wood-Choppers of Australia.

The Australian choppers are slender men and might be taken for anything rather than lumbermen. They are really strong, said Mr. MacLaren, but you know it does not require strength to chop. It is a knack. A little weight on the cuts clean wood, but from a green man. Much depends upon the axe used. "We use axes made in America, entirely in fact," nothing but American tools is used in the Australian bush. Axes for use in the bush are kept in prime condition, even the handles are given the best treatment of rusting rubbers. Some have them as baseball bats, some the handles of their bats. In London we shaved a man on a stage with one of our axes. It was steel. Yes, all good tools are of steel. Almost anybody can sharpen an axe but when it comes to a good job as in drawing a picture, for instance, I have lived in every all my life, yet I cannot sharpen wood properly. It takes Jackson to do that, and you should see him every morning beveling the edges of every tooth of the crosscut we use."—Lee Ho's Weekly.

Illustration of Form.

James Ten Eyck, careman and coach, discussing towing one day in the Syracuse Herald office, said success depended on form. He explained what he meant by form. Then by way of illustration, he added: "Everything, everything, goes by form. Thus, out West in the old days, it was the essence of form to be informal. My father used to tell about a squire who would marry the young couple that came to him in some such form as this: "Bill, do you take this gal whose hand you've squeezed to be your lawful wife? In fresh times air in skinny? "Mame, do you take this cuss ya've jined fids to be yer pard through thick and thin? "Yer right, for once old man. "All right, then, kiss in court, an' reckon yer married as tight as the law can line ye. I guess four bits'll do. Bill, if I don't have to kiss the bride, if I do, it's six bits extra."

Marjorie's Remark.

Marjorie, aged four years, has a fox-terrier, in the welfare of which she takes great interest. Said fox-terrier wears the customary collar and license, and Marjorie understands the importance of those perfectly well. The other evening a young woman came to dine at the house of the small girl. She wore around her throat what was possibly a souvenir of some sentimental nature, a tiny chain from which depended a gold heart.

"Dear me," said Marjorie when the guests had assembled in the drawing room, and she was bidding them good-night before going to the nursery for her supper. "Dear me, mamma, Miss Smith has on her license, hasn't she? Why are Fido and Miss Smith the only ones who have on licenses?"

And then she was hustled off summarily to darkest retirement and Miss Smith, tag and all, went out to dinner.

It Came at Last.

Few letters have remained so long in the keeping of the post office as one which has now safely reached its destination after a lapse of twenty-nine years. On Christmas day, 1871, the document was posted at Swindon, addressed to a young lady who resided in Charnham street, Hungerford. A day or two ago it was delivered to a lady at Newbury, having occupied a quarter of a century plus four years in transit. The delay was caused by the mislaid falling behind some wood-work at the Swindon office, where it lay unnoticed until certain alterations in the building brought it to light. It was then sent on to Hungerford where there happened to be a post-man who knew the lady to whom the letter was addressed. Hence the delivery to the rightful owner, in spite of the fact that she had changed her name three times since the envelope was inscribed.

Automobile's Odd Fate.

A chauffeur in Kansas City was unable recently to stop his car when he took it in at the rear door of a garage in Broadway in that city. The machine went straight through the garage and plunged through a large plate glass window facing the street and stopped with the front half of the machine on the sidewalk and the rear half inside the garage, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

John Davis, the chauffeur, was on the front seat of the motor car when it went through the glass. He was unhurt and after the big machine stopped he got out upon the sidewalk. The machine was viewed by thousands as it hung in the window.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE

"You would not dare?" "Indeed I would," Alma Brown replied. "I always wanted to explore a haunted house. I never believed in ghosts and it would be just fun to be hunting after something you did not expect to find."

"You would believe in ghosts all right if you once explored that house," her cousin Claude replied.

Alma laughed merrily. "Carrie is just longing for the adventure," she said, turning to a girl by her side, and May will join us."

The two girls thus addressed looked doubtful, but Claude's part. "I dare you three girls to explore that house," he said, "and that night we will set for the grim event."

"Shall we take the dog?" Carrie asked, after Claude and his friend, Bob Marshall had started down the road.

"Are dogs any good with ghosts?" Alma asked.

Carrie did not know but her dog was a faithful pet, so she concluded to take him, and the girls parted to meet at the old iron gate at the midnight hour.

The church clock was striking 12 as three dark figures crept through the entrance of those ruined walls, and made their way to the big oak door. Pushing it in with some difficulty they entered the hall, where Carrie produced a small lantern from under her cloak. It smoked dubiously, but it helped them to find their way through the bare and dust-covered rooms.

"Come back girls," May whispered, her teeth chattering with nervous fear, for even the dog turned from the dense darkness that met their gaze but with careful steps Carrie pressed forward until by the glimmer of the lantern they could see a slender staircase when Alma's courage was suddenly revived.

"Come on," she begged, "I'm not afraid," and slowly and carefully, for it was a perilous undertaking, the three girls climbed to what seemed to them a terrific height. Creeping down the hall which seemed more weird than below they paused before a door on the right, when suddenly a faint green issued from somewhere around them, so long and mournful as almost to congeal the life-blood in their veins. They turned, but not being able to again find the stairs, they lunged trembling to each other as the screams came louder and deeper. A rowl and then a gasp, like something added or inhuman in their path.

"Oh, what shall we do?" May sobbed, as in their excitement the lantern had fallen to the floor leaving them in total darkness. Not one ray of light pierced through the closely drawn shutters, and beating their way they could hear the patter of light footsteps rushing over those empty floors.

They stumbled against the walls, and over each other, their nerves now strained to their utmost pitch.

"Where shall we go?" Alma gasped, brokenly, as now again a wall broke the awful silence.

By this time they had gained a small alcove where on one side the wall had fallen out. A gust of fresh air helped to revive their strength.

"We shall have to wait here until daylight," Carrie cried. "We can never find our way out."

"Oh, do not stay in this dreadful place," Stream again, Alma, but she could only cling to her friends in horror.

They pushed wildly on not daring to pause, until at last, weary and faint, they could see a gleam of light in the distance, and hurrying on gained a low covered driveway, but at that moment a most terrific wall rent the air, and Alma sank in a heap at their feet.

Her companions tried to assist her to rise, almost dragging her along the path.

"Do not run any more," she cried in a tone of disgust. "What fools we have been."

"What do you mean?" May asked, still trying to hurry her forward.

"Those moans all came from your confounded little dog."

"No," Carrie exclaimed in amazement.

"They did, for didn't you hear that same wall when I tripped over him just now? And those light footsteps were just the patter of his feet."

They had reached the gate, and throwing themselves on the steps there were several moments of stony need laughter, as each one, so thoroughly relieved, realized from what they had escaped.

"Why didn't I think of him?" Carrie said at last. "He always makes those hideous sounds when he gets excited."

"Do not tell Claude," Alma begged.

"How he would crow if he knew of our experience to-night."

"Yes," Carrie responded, with a hearty laugh. "He would say we went to explore a haunted house, and took our ghost with us."

Just then they heard the boys calling to them, and the next moment they came dashing up the path.

"Did you see the ghost?" Claude asked.

"Yes," all three girls shouted.

"And took tea with her," Carrie added, in a saucy tone.

"Really," Bob exclaimed. "What did she provide? Wind pudding?"

"Yes," Alma asserted, with quick repartee. "And if you boys had been with us, there would have been plenty of tongue sauce." And it is safe to affirm that no other secret of that midnight hour was ever disclosed.

CHEMICAL DYES IN RUGS.

Cheap Coloring Make Care Necessary in Selecting Imported Goods.

W. F. Doty, United States Consul, Tabriz, furnishes some interesting facts on the extent to which chemical dyes are supplanting those of vegetable origin in Persia.

The large carpet importing houses, he writes, have done their utmost to guard against coal tar preparations and presumably most of their Oriental rugs are about what they are represented to be. Naturally the price of such rugs is above that of the products in which chemical dyes are employed. In Persia there are some well established rug weaving firms that loudly cry "the vegetable dyes." It is to be noted that the credit is given that a royal edict was issued more than eight years ago forbidding the introduction of artificial coloring materials. This law however is not enforced.

Faith and Works.

The author of Seventy Years Young. Mrs. Emily P. Bishop says that it is as easy to do as to be. She does and quotes the incident in an illustration says an exchange.

A little girl's brother set a trap, it was for birds. She knew it was wrong against the laws of kind, but she thought it was so from her own point of view.

She went at first, then a little later she noticed that she had been very helpful one more and they were the same.

"What did you do?" asked the mother.

"I set a trap for my brother to be a better bird."

"What a better bird?"

"I set a trap for the trap would be better for the birds."

Then I went out and kicked the trap.

How Dickens Learned to Write.

When asked by one of those who were who are convinced that in order to write good English a man must be taught to write bad Latin when his son was educated Mr. John Fickens replied with considerable spirit that his son or well his son—might be almost said in a sense to have educated himself. The street was warehouse Mr. Fickens an attorney's office the reporters gallery and post-office sub was the education that equipped a young man of twenty to preside at the banquet of literature at an unprecedented age to make the best speeches in London, to go into the best society to set the table in a room, to lead every company in which he mixed, to travel, to acquire French and Italian with ease and to write the most animated letters known to the modern world.—London Times.

Singing Kettles.

The Japanese who know so well how to add little, unexpected attractions to everyday life manufacture a great variety of forms, iron teakettles which break into song when the water boils. The song may not be very perfect melody but it is perhaps as agreeable as the notes produced by some of the insects which the Japanese also treasure for their music. The harmonious sounds of the teakettles are produced by steam bubbles escaping from beneath thin sheets of iron fastened close together nearly at the bottom of the kettles. To produce the best effects some skill is required in regulating the fire. The character of the sound varies with the form of the kettle. These curious singing kettles have been used by the people for many centuries.

An Unlucky Date for Royalty.

The number fourteen has come to be looked upon as an unlucky one for the royal family. It was on what was apparently a mild attack of typhoid fever, and on the anniversary of her father's death, seventeen years after the Grand Duchess of Hesse, always dear to the English nation under her name of Princess Alice, died a victim to her motherly devotion. The late Duke of Clarence's death took place on January 14, and twice has his present majesty been in danger of his life on that date—the first time when as Prince of Wales he lay ill of typhoid fever, and the doctors all but gave him up on December 14, 1871 and again on June 14, 1902, when down at Aldershot, in the middle of the night, the first alarming symptoms of the illness that kept him hovering for several days between life and death first manifested themselves.

Biggest Chair in the World.

Gardner, Mass., boasts of its being the biggest chairmaking community in the world, and is known popularly as "chairtown." Believing in advertising its business, it has had set up near the railroad station "the biggest chair in the world," which stands on a concrete base in the middle of the lawn alongside the Boston & Main station platform.

The chair weighs two hundred pounds, and is five and one-half feet square at the base and is twelve feet high. To make this bit of furniture there was used six hundred feet of lumber.

As a bit of town advertising, as well as an indication of what's going on in the town, this chair is a "win now" and every one passing through Gardner is sure to see it and to remember it.

One Morning While at the Black Board.

One morning while at the black board hearing a great commotion behind her, the teacher turned around and sternly demanded: "Johnny, what are you doing?" "Nothing," he replied.

"Harry, what are you doing?" "Helping Johnny."

A ROYAL DISAPPOINTMENT

"The carriage is waiting, Princess." "I will wait this morning," the Princess Rosalie answered graciously. Then to her ladies-in-waiting with a sweet winning smile, "I wish to be alone."

The royal wish constituted a comedy, and the maids-of-honor soon dispersed to their several diversions. Left alone, the Princess wandered through her beautiful gardens, and at length made her way to her favorite arbor, a little retreat tucked away under a huge bowlder, where the roses grew in riotous profusion, and the branches of the trees heavy with foliage interlaced, forming a canopy, that the golden sunlight tried to penetrate, but that only a few shafts of gold could pierce. The birds flew in and out at will, and their strange sweet chorus, together with the song of the gentle south wind and rustling leaves, formed a delightful symphony performed by that most wonderful artist Mother Nature. It was altogether a charming nook, and well earned the title of "Her Majesty's Bowler."

The Princess threw herself carelessly on the little rustic bench that ornamented the arbor and closed her eyes. A strange thing had happened last night at the court reception. It was her 21st birthday and the castle was filled with guests, many of them American tourists. Even at the reception last night many Americans had been presented to her and there had been one in particular on whom she had smiled with more than ordinary favor when he kissed her hand. He was so different from her own people he was so strong and handsome, with a boyish earnestness that quite won the little Princess heart. And all the evening he had roamed through the rooms as if looking for some one. Perhaps and here a sweet flush rose to the clear ivory of her face, perhaps it was herself he was looking for after the reception, was over she had mingled with the guests and had danced quite like the other ladies present.

She hoped he would be at court again that evening and if he were, perhaps she would dance with him as a mark of her special favor.

The Princess reverie was rudely disturbed by the sound of voices approaching the arbor. With a frightened gasp she slipped behind the big rock. There were many strangers at the castle and it would be a most unconventional thing to find the Princess Rosalie alone in the arbor unattended by her maids-of-honor.

Again the little Princess gasped as she recognized the intruders for they entered the arbor and sat on the Princess's own bench. The man was no other than the handsome American the Princess had spent the morning dreaming of, and the girl? Well, her Majesty did not care to know just who the girl was but that she was very young and pretty even the Princess could not deny.

"You were at the court reception last night the girl was saying. The Princess Rosalie is very pretty is she not?"

"Is she?" her companion returned indifferently. "I didn't notice. I was looking everywhere for you dear. I would not have gone had I not thought you were going to be there."

The girl laughed softly and happily, as she broke a rose from its stem and carelessly pulled the petals apart, watching them fall through her fingers to the ground. Still laughing happily, they left the arbor and wandered off to enjoy the beautiful grounds surrounding the palace.

The Princess came forth from her hiding place with a flush of real anger on her face. Tearing up her beloved roses right before her very eyes, and then walking off with the handsome American with whom she had already fallen in love. It was quite a few minutes before she sufficiently recovered her imperial dignity to present herself at the castle, and then her maids-of-honor wondered at the silent haughty bearing of their royal mistress, who was usually so sweet and winning.

"I will ride now, you may all accompany me," she said quietly.

In less than half an hour the horses were brought around and the Princess and her maids were ready to start on their morning ride. The usual chatter was absent this morning, as her Majesty showed a desire for silence. Suddenly she reined in her horse and called quickly to the groom. Her companions wondered at their royal mistress' flushed and disturbed face, for all they could see were two inoffensive foreigners enjoying the beauty of the grounds.

"Henri," the Princess' voice shook a little as if in anger, "you see that lady and gentleman by the shrubbery?"

"Yes, your Majesty," the groom answered.

"Kindly inform them that these are the Princess Rosalie's private grounds."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"And Henri, tell them they are trespassing, and that the Princess requests they leave the park at once."

The groom went on his errand, vaguely wondering, for although the grounds belonged exclusively to the castle, the Princess graciously allowed the tourists to enjoy her beautiful gardens.

The Princess suddenly became her bright happy self again as they turned into a different path. After all Princesses are very much like other girls.

—GENEVIEVE MARIE ROYCE.



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

No Symptoms Have Since Been Seen.

St. Louis, Mo., February 12th, 1903.

We used one bottle of Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic for a child who had a severe attack of nervousness, the medicine had a remarkable effect, she has completely recovered and no symptoms have since been seen. Finding it such a blessing among children, we shall always keep it on hand.

—SISTER OF CHARITY.

Columbia, S. C., February 4th, 1903.

I procured a bottle of Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic for my little son who could not remain quiet and we feared he might get St. Vitus dance and had to keep him from school. This did him more good than any medicine he had used during a year and since its use 2 years ago he has had no recurrence. I recommended the Nerve Tonic to many friends and all derived benefit from it. I cannot say enough in its praise and beseech God, thank so beneficial a medicine.

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