

Her First Sorrow

The big house stood on the corner of one of the best residential streets and its great glass windows, its heavily carved entrance, the massive portico, the tall palms waving upon the steps and the well appointed surroundings indicated unostentatiously that the owner was a person of means and consequence in affairs of the world.

The door opened and a white-capped nurse descended the steps and carefully inspected the street and then looked at the cloudless sky apparently to detect any lurking rainstorm that might interfere with the pleasure of Dorothy, whose six years of life amid every luxury that wealth makes possible had not been marred by the knowledge that the world contains aught but joy and happiness.

Satisfied that the street held no dangers and that the sky contained nothing but promise, she returned to the house and a moment later there came down the steps the tiniest girl, a little lady whose very presence upon the thoroughfare seemed to brighten it and give to the brown-stone mansions a cheery tone.

Such a dainty, charming little girl as she was. The blue skies were reflected in her eyes and the sunbeams played at hide-and-seek among the curls that rebelliously escaped a restraining ribbon and fell upon her shoulders. The dainties upon her diminutive hat bobbed a pleasant greeting to the passerby, and the grizzled old street sweeper on whom she bestowed a friendly smile as to an old acquaintance rested upon his broom and followed her with an admiring gaze as if contrasting the meagre pleasures of his own little ones with those of this pretty child of luxury.

Sharing all her joy and brightness there capered by her side a fox terrier the whiteness of whose coat indicated the care given him and the pink bow on his neck plainly marking him as a dearly beloved treasure of his little mistress. His sharp black eyes twinkled and danced as his playmate and he made their way along the street.

When the two friends came to a crossing, the gruff, red-faced man in the delivery wagon shouted a hoarse "Whoa!" to his horses and tugging on the reins brought them to a stop, and even the chauffeur who always delighted in whizzing around corners at the imminent risk of his own and other people's lives or in making pedestrians scurry out of his way lessened the speed of his big automobile to a snail's pace that the little girl and her companion might reach the next curb in safety.

The terrier pranced about, now and then bounding up to his mistress in the sheer exuberance of his joy and when he threatened her spotless dress, was gently reproved and remained crestfallen at her heels only to jump forward a few moments later, and then in answer to her call, return to her usually with a twig or stick in his mouth as if to offer it in token of apology for his disobedience.

It was unfortunate that the young man who walked briskly up a side street did not obey his impulse to put on his devoted four-footed companion that trotted by his side. The English bull dog came of a long line of ancestors whose names were carefully registered and in whose blood was the last of battle. Indeed his owner had laughingly remarked that he could name from memory more of his pet's forefathers than he could of his own.

Gentle and affectionate to his master, the sight of another dog aroused in him the demon that dozed fitfully and his heritage the love of strife became uppermost. As the young man reached the corner, he was the first to note the approach of the two little friends and he instinctively turned to grasp the collar of the bull dog. At the same instant the terrier, with the bravado of puppyhood, gave a short, sharp bark.

There was a flash of white past the young man as the bull dog, heedless of command, eluded his master's outstretched hand, and a moment later, a series of pitiful yelps as the bull dog seized the terrier by the throat and shook him furiously. The frightened screams of his mistress, who in her ignorance of the danger, rushing forward to protect her pet, brought on a run the burly policeman from the next block. The bull dog's ribs almost cracked as the officer kicked him with his heavy boots and beat him unmercifully with his club, but the blows seemed only to kindle the dog's desire for the life of his innocent victim, and there was a tightening of his jaws as the agonized yelps of the terrier grew fainter.

The young man, heedless of his own safety, finally secured a grasp upon the jaws of the bull dog, and exerting all his strength, endeavored to pull them asunder. The muscles of his arms hardened and as the cruel teeth slowly drew apart, the terrier fell inert upon the street.

Gathering in her arms his poor lacerated body and hugging it to her breast, unmindful of the blood that stained her dress or the dirt that covered the white hair and the pink ribbon she had lovingly tied around his neck, she gave way to such grief that the officer could only stand silently and pityingly beside her while the young man muttered an imprecation against his dog, the cause of the tragedy.

Sobbing as if her heart was broken, the little girl turned toward her home, where she had romped with her only playmate. The great shadow had come into her life. Her little friend was dead.—ANNA McDERMOTT.

COURSE OF HARBOR IN EGYPT.

Threatens to Become as Great a Vice as Opium Among Chinese.

The Egyptian government has failed in an effort to prevent the importation of hashish from Greece. The government had also failed to induce Greece to prohibit the growing of the pernicious drug on Greek soil. Greece objects because hashish produces a very large revenue and its cultivation employs thousands of people.

The smoking of hashish, or Indian hemp, has become as great a habit among the fellahs of Egypt as opium among Chinese, and the efforts of the government to eradicate the vice have failed. Greece, however, intimates it may consent to lay a heavy export tax upon the drug, in the effort to reduce its consumption, but that will not avail in reducing the prevalence of the vice. It merely will cause the slaves of the drug in Egypt to spend more to obtain it.

The Government of Egypt does not approve of the heavy export duty, because it will offer additional temptations to the smugglers of hashish. Smuggling of hashish into Egypt is now a large and profitable industry.

Not many years ago a high official of one of the consulates in Cairo was detected in a conspiracy to smuggle hashish. The customs authorities discovered that this official was receiving thousands of pounds annually, which he disposed of to the dealers in the bazaars at a great profit. The consular official received the drug under his consular seal.

Hashish is the curse of the Egyptian peasant, hundreds of thousands having learned to smoke the drug during the past five years.—New York Mail.

NEW NAVY FOR RUSSIA.

It can be Created in Strength Within Five Years.

The naval section of the Imperial Russian Technical Society has completed an investigation as to the possibilities of constructing a new Russian fleet in Russian shipbuilding yards and has arrived at the conclusion that this can be done in five years time. It is stated that the Baltic works can build a first class cruiser, and the Galerna Island and New Admiralty yards if first class battleships, Kronstadt, with its Peter Dock, is in a position to construct armored cruisers of the improved Bayan type and sea going torpedo boats or torpedo transports. Torpedo cruisers and submarines may be ordered of the Neva works and of Lang's works in Riga. Sea going torpedo boats (including destroyers) and coast defense torpedo boats can be successfully built in the small shipbuilding yards of Finland, Riga, Revel, and Libau, which may take in hand the construction of part of the torpedo transports or storships required.

The Putiloff works can complete in the same period four cruisers of the Bayan type and a number of torpedo boats and gunboats. As to the works in the south of Russia, it is estimated that Nikolaeff and Sevastopol can complete battleships, cruisers of the Bayan type, and some torpedo boats in regard to machinery, orders may be placed, beside the Baltic works, with the Franco-Russian, Sormovo, Brisanak, St. Petersburg Metal Works and Nikolaeff works.—Page's Weekly.

Unclaimed Wealth in England.

How many millions of pounds worth of property lies unclaimed today in the form of shares, dividends, deposits of money, plate and jewels in the hands of bankers, companies, solicitors, auctioneers, and others?

This is the fascinating question raised by the writers of a letter, who urge the Chancellor of the Exchequer to lay hands upon the spoil and devote it to the increase of national revenue.

Unclaimed wealth in the hands of the Crown and funds in Chancery amount to more than \$50,000,000. It is possible that the funds in private hands amount to an equally large sum.

Some of the examples of hidden wealth given by the writers of the letters suggest that the amount must at any rate be a large one. It is not, apparently, the custom of companies to search very far for the owners of unclaimed dividends. Occasionally the chairman of a company refers to unclaimed amounts. In the case of a building society the chairman announced at the annual meeting that certain unclaimed money had been utilized to form a reserve fund.

"In fifty-five years," explained the secretary of the society yesterday, "we have accumulated \$5,000 of unclaimed deposits. At any time we are liable to be asked to refund this, and should do so with interest."—London Daily Mail.

United States Pearl Fishing.

Pearl fishing in the United States has been carried on in many States, including Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas, Wisconsin, Illinois, Arkansas, Missouri, Georgia and Kansas. One pearl from a freshwater mussel was sold for \$1,500, while a round, pink pearl from Tennessee brought \$650. One of the finest pearls ever collected in the United States was the "Queen." It had a beautiful luster and weighed ninety-three grains. It was found near Paterson, N. J., in 1857, and was sold to the Empress Eugenie for \$2,500. To-day it is probably worth \$10,000.—Scientific American.

A DAUGHTER OF THE TROPICS

The pavilion was built upon a shelving rock that overhung the waters of the bay. Pendleton and the girl sat in unison as they sat down by the railing and admired the beauty of the scene.

"A beautiful sight," murmured the girl in liquid Spanish.

"A bewitching sight," corrected Pendleton in a whisper, his eyes glowing ardently as he turned and let his gaze meet that of the girl. For a moment both were spellbound; then lashes were lowered and they sighed again as they turned their glances seaward.

For a time the pair sat in silence, entranced by the splendor of it all. Then Pendleton moved along the sea a little nearer to his companion. The gentle breeze stirred the delicate perfume in her hair and wafted it tantalizingly to his nostrils. The down of her fan brushed his hand as it lay upon his knee. He turned his eyes to her again and, as if magnetically compelled, he turned to meet her own. At what he read in them, and the wistful smile on the crimson lips, Pendleton's senses swam.

"Lola," he whispered, and gathered her into his arms. For a moment the girl yielded and lay passive in his embrace, submitting to his kisses, then with a frightened cry she placed her hand on his breast and pushed him from her.

"Senor! Senor!" she panted, "we forgot. She of the North—that other of whom you told me—what of her?"

Pendleton laughed bitterly. "I pinned my faith to the wrong star; she has thrown me over."

The girl averted her head and repressed a smile; then turned away to Pendleton, her lips pointing.

"And so," she said after a short silence, her voice simulating reproach "the senior comes to me with his wounded heart."

"No!" protested Pendleton hastily. "Do not think so, senorita; I—think I cared for you before I knew that."

But the girl detected a lack of ardor in his words. The mention of the Northern girl had broken the spell. With every moment his manner became more constrained, and it was a relief to both when someone was heard approaching the pavilion, calling Pendleton's name.

"A message for me, very likely," he said, rising. "You had better remain here while I see who it is."

When he had gone the girl sat, chin in hand, gazing out to sea. And so it had been accomplished, she mused, and after all with not very much trouble. But that was easy with her cousin, Felipe, in the postal service. And then, after a time, a most condescending letter to the girl in the North, signed with the name of one of Pendleton's nearest friends, regretting, oh, so much, that Pendleton had proved perfidious. And then the letter from the North that Felipe had brought to her, the flap of whose envelope she had steamed open, whose contents she had read. Oh it had worked so beautifully. But she of the North was proud. Not one hint of her knowledge of Pendleton's supposed baseness; only a request that their engagement terminate because she found she cared more for someone else. And then the envelope had been resealed, and Felipe had returned it to the mail, and behold, the result!

But there still remained the bitter with the sweet. The mention of the Northern girl had effectually damped Pendleton's ardor. What if it should be so always—not necessarily the mention of her name, but the thought of her which would come to him in the future? Now the thought held her and tortured her. And then—

"Lola is convent bred—there was heaven to be reckoned with. Ah! Dios! yes, how would she fare at the hands of heaven? She buried her face in her hands and moaned. Suddenly she straightened; she must undo the evil she had brought about. She shuddered at the thought of facing Pendleton and telling him the shameful story.

After a minute or two she raised herself and taking up her dance order, began writing on the blank surface of its back, hastily, feverishly, so as to finish before Pendleton's return.

Meanwhile Pendleton had met the servant who was searching for him, and his chief was waiting to see him. When he returned to the pavilion he had been absent at least half an hour. He sprang up the steps with a contrite apology for his neglect, then halted suddenly; the pavilion was deserted. Pendleton spied the dance order fastened to the railing by a jeweled pin. He picked it up and read what Lola had written. It was brief, but it told him the whole shameful story.

For a moment he was stunned; then a startling suspicion entered his mind. He leaned over the rail and peered searchingly upon the bay. Was it fancy or did he really see something—an arm—a face—gleaming white on the shimmering surface of the water?

"Lola! Lola!" he called, his voice so husky he could barely speak.

"Madre de Dios comes—now—my—soul—to—thee," came faintly to his ears.

A cloud swept over the face of the moon and blotted the scene from sight. When it had passed the "ipples" were widening where the white had gleamed.

"Lola! Lola!" called Pendleton again, but everywhere was silence. Silence save for the sobbing of the sea where the bar reached across the entrance to the bay.—ELIZABETH W. GERRARDSON.

SKUNK SKIN AND SKUNK OIL.

Fields a Profitable Annual Revenue in the State of Maine.

Fashion in furs—regulates the price of skunk skins. Three years ago the coat of a dark skunk was worth from \$2.50 to \$3 and there were not enough to supply the demand. Since then the muskrat has supplanted the skunk as the wearer of a profitable skin, and only the very choicest of skunk pelts sell for \$2 this season.

But when there are from ten to a dozen fat skunks to be had on every acre of meadow land, when a hardwood club is the only weapon required in the killing, and when every fat skunk, regardless of its color, holds more than a quart of oil, which is worth \$6 a gallon wholesale, there are always men who will chase skunks for the money there is in the business.

From 100,000 to 150,000 skunks are slain in Maine every year. The practice of killing the black ones and leaving those of a lighter color to perpetuate the race has reduced the income received from the furs to a small figure and has practically exterminated the dark skunk, but the demand for skunk oil is steadily growing and the price has gone up \$1 a gallon since last year.

The oil is used by residents of Maine, who esteem it highly for its virtues in curing rheumatism and stiff joints, and the druggists send many gallons out of the State to be sold in Boston and New York. It is probable that nearly 25,000 gallons of skunk oil is produced in Maine every year.

Most of that used locally is pure, but some of the oil sent out of the State is adulterated with fat obtained from hogs and woodchucks. As the impure oil seems to effect as many cures as the genuine article, the men who work the imposition on the public stand small chance of detection.

Most of the skunk pelts taken in Maine are sent to Philadelphia, where they are tanned, dipped in a black dye and made up into furs for export to France and Germany, in which countries they pass as monkey skins.

The killing of skunks lasts for about a month, by which time all the fat ones that contain oil have denned for the winter. It is estimated that the Maine skunks yield an annual revenue of from \$125,000 to \$150,000, which is double the sum made from all the honey bees in the State.

LOST ARTS OF THE ANCIENTS.

Many Abandoned Because New Knowledge Makes Them Useless.

Not as much as we used to—but occasionally even yet, one hears of some wonder accomplished by the ancients which cannot be done now.

Not so many years ago it was quite commonly asserted that modern workmen could not quarry or, having quarried, could not handle stones as large as the monoliths of Egypt, and the writer has heard a public speaker of note assert that it would be impossible to handle with modern implements such large stones as were used in the pyramids, or to join them as perfectly as they are joined there; yet, when occasion arose, larger stones than any of these were quarried in Maine, and some of the larger monoliths themselves were transported, not only to the sea, but across it, and erected in England, France and America, and there are individuals to-day who might, if they chose, cause the transportation to and erection in this country of the largest pyramids, or build new ones ten times larger and more durable. Pyramids are not being generally built, nowadays, because they are not in line with the trend of modern ambition; that's all.

It is very doubtful if a "Damasus blade" would stand half as severe usage as a modern hand saw blade, or even as much as the spring of a forty cent clock; while the ornamentation of those wondrous blades, so far as the mechanical execution is concerned, can be excelled by apprentices and amateurs of to-day.

The Kaiser's Busy Days.

The Kaiser's reputation as the most strenuous of modern monarchs would seem to be thoroughly well deserved, if we may judge from some statistics of his energy which have recently been published in Berlin. During the last twelve months he has, we are told, personally attended to 5,857 "foreign matters," and to 50,200 dealing with home affairs.

But the total of nearly 5,000 "matters" a month to which he has given personal attention take up only a fraction of his energy. There were another 100,145 "matters" (one would like to know the exact meaning of this expression by the way) the settlement of which was left to private Cabinet, but of which he had personal cognizance. Besides all this, he has written (for which, presumably, we may read signed) more than 7,000 letters, telegrams, orders, or other documents.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Hearts That Beat After Death.

Hearts of cold-blooded animals will beat for a comparatively long period after death or removal from the body (if kept cool and moist), because of powerful internal collection of nerves, known as ganglia, whose automatic impulses cause the regular contractions of the muscles. Similar ganglia exist in man and other warm-blooded animals, but their action is less prolonged. A turtle's heart, after removal, has been known to beat thirty-six, or even forty-eight hours. Twelve or fourteen hours is a common record.

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