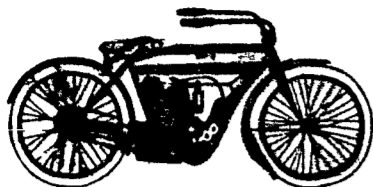


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WOMEN WHO LIVED AS MEN.

Instances in Which the Deception Was Kept Up For Many Years.

Dr. James Barry, who lies buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, was a wonderful instance of successful concealment of sex, says the London Tit-Bits. At an early age she fell in love with an army surgeon, to follow whose fortunes she assumed the dress of the opposite sex and entered the army as hospital assistant. She displayed such ability that she rose until she was given the post of Inspector-General of the Army Medical Department.

Slight of form and of dark complexion, her general bearing and conversation displayed an almost feminine refinement. A favorite with the men on account of her humanity, her quarrelsome temper by no means endeared her to the officers, and served her in such bad stead that once she was obliged to fight a duel from which adventure she fortunately emerged scatheless. She died in 1865 at the age of 70.

A female soldier who in 1789 was buried at Chelsea Hospital with military honors, was Christian Davis better known as Mother Rosa. She served for 15 years in the Earl of Orkney's regiment, being present at the battle of Bonavent, where she received a musket ball in her hip and at the engagement of Hamillies, where she was so badly wounded as to require the attendance of a surgeon, by whom her sex was discovered. Some while after this she returned home and received from the Queen a bounty of £50 and a pension for life.

To avoid a distasteful marriage, Sophie Bobine Apitzsch, who was born in Leutnant, in Saxony in 1692, took to wearing men's clothes. After several exciting adventures she came across an armorer, one Karl Marlitus whose name, having by some means got possession of his papers, she for awhile assumed. One day, however, on being detected blowing the horn—a privilege reserved in those days for such only as were of noble birth—the was brought before a Magistrate, a certain Herr Volkman, who for some reason known only to himself, thought her recognized in the handsome stranger the Crown Prince of Saxony. Shrewd enough to take advantage of this mistake Sophie Apitzsch accepted not only an invitation to the Magistrate's house, but all the costly presents that were showered upon her by that misguided man.

For some considerable while all went well both with Sophie and her deuced host, in whose brain the most ambitious designs for his daughter Joanna were fast taking shape. But such a gross fraud was bound sooner or later to be found out. And found out it was, when Sophie Apitzsch, brought before the authorities to answer for her fraud, could make but a lame excuse, and was sentenced to be shipped publicly out of the country—in other words to be conveyed from town to town until the frontier was reached and flogged publicly in the market place of each. This severe punishment, however, was commuted to a year's imprisonment where Sophie emerged to disappear into obscurity for her subsequent career history is silent.

Insanity and Descendants.

Professor Wagner von Jauregg, whose publications concerning heredity have created a great deal of discussion in the medical world, said to your correspondent in substance: "A person descended from insane people need not fear to go insane. If he lives a hygienic life there is every reason to believe that he will escape the curse. This ought to be given the widest possible publication for fear or anticipation of insane disaster drives numerous people insane who otherwise might lead happy and useful lives."

According to the elaborate statistics of Doctors Keller and Diez, there is little or no hereditary insanity," continued the professor; "this means persons descended from insane ancestors are not necessarily doomed to end their days in a strait-jacket; in fact, there is little probability that the hereditary taint, so-called, will affect them if they live right. I deny that a positive disposition to hereditary insanity exists. There is no rule whatever that man is doomed to his ancestor's mental diseases or physical either. He may suffer from them, I admit, but that he must suffer I deny."

"Man sets up systems, many sorts of systems. The descendants of insane or sick parentage should keep that in mind and instead of moping over their fate should pay no attention to hereditary disease talk, but instead try to lead hygienic lives. If they do, there is no reason why they should not be healthy and happy."

Present Day Honeymoons.

Keen observers have noted that newly married couples of moderate means are beginning to take a more sensible view of the honeymoon, and even wealthy people are showing a tendency to limit the wedding tour to three or four days in Paris.

The old-fashioned idea that a young married couple must cut themselves off from their friends and spend more money than they can afford at expensive hotels is gradually giving way to the more commonsense practice of disappearing for three or four days.

Some unconventional couples have recently gone so far as to make of their honeymoon nothing more than a week end at a popular watering place, asking their friends to come down for bridge over Sunday. One bride, after two days absence from London, brought her husband back to her parents' house and gave a series of these parties, an innovation which greatly pleased her friends.

WHEN THE PRINCE CAME

By Fred Jackson

Paul sat on a low stool facing the fire, his breakfast spread on a great arm-chair beside him. Beside the egg and the toast and the glass of milk there was The Book, with its cover wondrously decorated in red and gold, popped open at the picture of the princess. As he finished the last morsel of buttered toast and began quite slowly on the egg—one kept the egg always for the last—he turned his eyes meditatively on the picture.

"What could one do to grow large—as large as you—large enough to sit in this big chair?" he wondered, thoughtfully.

Mary was pinning on her cap at the mirror. She spoke with difficulty, her attention on her task.

"Oh, eat much and sleep much and be very good and obedient."

"Eat and sleep—and be good," Paul summed up concisely. "Does it take long?"

Mary turned her laughing eyes on him, curiously. "Not very long," said she. "Why does he want to be big, I wonder?" He reached gravely for The Book and opened it quite slowly to the place.

"I should like," said Paul, "to eat down-stairs, where Simpson waits, and to go places with—with her, and to see what happens after she kisses me good night."

"Oh!" said the girl, in an odd little voice.

He thumped the pages wistfully.

"I suppose it rather surprised her—having a little son," said he. "The Princess in this are all big, and I suppose she wouldn't know quite what to do with me if I went down now—I wouldn't—fit in. But I don't seem to belong to her up here, somehow."

Mary dropped upon her knees and patted his little legs comfortingly. They were rather fine little legs—straight and shapely, and rosy-brown above the socks.

"Don't you now?" said she. Her eyes grew very narrow and bright as they always did when she was thoughtful or cross.

"I tell you! Let's have a surprise!" she proposed brightly.

"A surprise?" "Something nice which she won't expect," explained the girl. "Shall we have it?"

"Yes, let's!" cried Paul eagerly.

"It's something about being big—and eating down-stairs and being with—with her? What is it?"

Mary hugged him tenderly. "It's sleeping in her very own bed with her!" she said impressively. "Would you like it—just for once! And when she wakes up she will find you!"

Paul put his arms around her happily. "When—when will it be bedtime, please?" said he.

The boy opened his eyes on a strange world. Before him stretched a wonderful view, waving fluttering billows of soft blue silk. His little body was almost buried in downy sheer pillows. He had never been in this place before, but somehow it reminded him of her, perhaps because the faint, very faint blossomy smell that she had was here, too. Suddenly, he remembered. He breathed a quaint little sigh of content, then he opened his eyes again, amazed. Soft strains of music were floating in to him. Very cautiously he pushed back the curtains and peeped out.

The room was as dainty and blue as the bed, and was dimly lighted by a pale-blue lamp in the alcove. He crept out of the bed scarcely breathing, and, half-awed, approached the window. It was black outside, and the familiar sky was strangely lit with many twinkling lights. He was 5 years old, and he had never seen the stars! He dropped down on his knees and gazed at them ecstatically.

"How pretty—how pretty!" he murmured softly, and then, remembering, he drew a sharp little breath and added, "How very clever, too!" Outside the music was running on dreamily. He scratched his head an instant, reflecting, and started slowly for the half-open door in his bare feet and pajamas. And so, in his journey of inspection and exploration, he came upon the two on the stairs—a pale, slim, little figure, all eyes and tiny, quivering lips.

"If only you were not unhappy," said the man slowly. "I—why—I could bear it then; that would be enough for me, but—"

"I am happy," said the Princess tremulously. She raised her roses to her lips to hide their piteous trembling, and dropped her eyes.

"Last week—yesterday, perhaps, I might have thought otherwise, but tonight—tonight, I know that I have everything—everything my heart desires."

"Everything?" She nodded, her face turned away to escape the pain in his eyes; her own were very soft and dark and glistening in the half light, and a little wistful.

"Yes," she repeated, "everything."

"When I married," she said slowly. "You—you know the story. We gave each what we wished and so—it was not love, you see. We didn't even pretend that it was love."

"I loved you," she went on solemnly. "I loved you—do you see, but you didn't love me—then, and Terrinini did. Afterwards you told me—afterwards, and so I had that comfort to begin on. Then—and then my child was a boy. I didn't want—a boy. I knew nothing whatever about boys, and I was very young, and so—but, meanwhile I have come to know Terrinini and—"

She raised her eyes to his curiously, and he winched.

"He's brave—and big—and true," she went on evenly, "and my boy is growing up. Some day he'll be a man. I don't want the love in his eyes to change. I want him always to look at me as he does now. I—"

There was the slightest rattle on the stairs behind them, and a very forced cough. They turned their heads curiously at the sound.

"I beg pardon," said Prince Paul, gravely, one hand on the balustrade, the other nursing a bare foot. "I think I must have wakened by mistake."

The princess caught her breath sharply and held out her arms to him.

"Is it Fairyland?" he asked seriously, coming down to them. "I have never seen things like this before."

"It is," said the man, "and how will you tell me, did you get here?"

"I don't now. I really shouldn't have come I suppose, I'm so little, and little people don't belong to stories, but—I wanted to be near you," he finished sweetly in her ear. She clasped her white arms around him and let her head fall down on the soft, silvery folds of her gown.

"Boy—boy," she murmured unsteadily.

The man reached over and caught the child's hand. "And now that you've come—what?" said he curiously.

Paul sat thoughtfully pondering the question.

"It is only for a visit, I guess," he sighed. "There is no place, you know, for—just children. They don't count in things at all—they don't."

The man pressed the hand he held tenderly. "They just do," he insisted. "Fairyland is Childland. Don't you know? Fairyland is only for you—"

"And mother," said Paul. "Fee princesses, too. Your picture is in my book," he confided to her in a whisper. "I recognized you. That's why I know you are a princess, and Mary says it's true. Princess Terrinini."

Then he turned politely to the man and added:

"I expect you didn't want your picture in? Or maybe you aren't a prince?"

"No," said the man. "I am not a prince; I'm afraid I'm not such good, you know. I'm there, though. Perhaps you didn't recognize me. I'm The Wicked One."

"Why, no!" cried the boy, wide-eyed. "Are you the one who kept the princess in the tower and made her old and unhappy—and—?"

"No," said the man gently. "I couldn't. The little prince won her away from me; got into her heart and held it against me, and then—"

Paul wrinkled his forehead, puzzled.

"I don't quite remember that story," said he.

He lay back comfortably in the princess' arms and closed his eyes to shut out the glittering lights. Over his slim white form the man stretched out his hand and caught the princess.

"Good-bye," he whispered. "I'm off again. You are happy, I see, happier than I could ever make you—I—I'm glad."

Then she smiled at him; tears for him were in her eyes.

But Prince Paul sat up, as he had turned to go, and held out his hand to The Wicked One, who arose from his stair seat.

"I'm sorry you are the Bad Man," he said. "I—I rather like you. I—I suppose, though, you have to be that way. You wrote you that way. And I'm sorry I couldn't rem-remember the story. I'll look it up—tomorrow," then he turned and smiled up into the princess' soft blue eyes.

"Would you put me—in bed?" he asked timidly, "and kiss me good-night again—if the others could get on without you, I mean?"

"They must," whispered the princess happily. "They must, for I am never coming back to them. I am going to stay always—with you."

He blinked his eyes sleepily and pressed his warm little lips tenderly against hers.

"Tomorrow—and tomorrow—and tomorrow!" he asked doubtfully.

"For always," she promised.

He closed his eyes, sighed, and smiled and so, in her arms, she carried him back to the blossomy bed.—Black and White.

A Princess and Pockets.

The Princess of Wales, who gives so many orders to London firms, has one idiosyncrasy that must be obeyed. She heartily disapproves (so the Reader informs us) of the non-pocket tyranny meted out by some dressmakers to their customers and will not tolerate the placing of pockets at the foot of the skirt, among the ruffles beneath it, says Woman's Life. For her Royal Highness pockets are always provided in the seam that appears upon the left of the front breadth of the skirt, a position that rather arbitrarily dictates a similarity in skirt trimming, especially when muslin frocks are being made.

Exciting Experiences of a Party of Automobileists.

A thrilling story of how the sidestepping of a motor car nearly resulted in a man being roasted alive, is told in Motoring Illustrated. The incident occurred in Dublin, a village on the road from Delhi to Bombay. The car was being driven slowly past a Jain temple, amid the whooping of the natives and the beating of tom-toms.

"At the temple entrance," stood two priests, regarding us with an ironically visaged. Bang! and our back tire has burst—a deep rut in the road has caught the wheel, too. In a moment we swerve around, and, horridly smash right into the temple door. Alas! we have committed sacrilege, and of the worst kind.

"We set to work to repair the tire, and just as we have finished a heart-rending, ear-piercing shriek rings out from the temple enclosure. We rush in, brushing aside two juvenile priests who try to stop our progress. A crowd of white-robed priests stand us and the inner sanctuary. But the three of us are old football players; the priests are down like nine-pins.

"We tear the curtains aside and stand for a moment rooted with horror. There on a rude altar our poor native motor boy is being literally roasted alive. Only a second's pause to take in the situation and with a rush we are on them.

"Seizing the uplifted knife from the nearest fanatic, we cut the leather straps and lift the fainting sacrifice from the altar. Then we beat the priests off, regain our car, and ride away amid a shower of missiles.

The Zuni Indians' Great Feast.

The medicine men among the Zuni Indians perform a feat at the annual corn festival which surpasses the famous mango-growing trick of the Hindu. Many scientists have been present to witness this strange ceremony, but have never been able to fathom the mystery of it.

In front of the southern opening of the medicine lodge a large square of clean yellow sand, carefully smoothed and packed, is spread. With a ceremonial arrow figure, representing the Great Spirit, the earth, sun, sky and rain, are drawn. There are also the symbols of the corn and a bountiful harvest. The indentations made by the arrow are then filled in with pigments, blue for the sky and clouds, black for the earth and chrysoe yellow for the harvest. The middle of the square is left vacant. This picture in sand painting is a most pleasing specimen of barbaric art.

The hour for the ceremony arrives, and at the right moment the medicine man comes forth from his lodge and takes a seat in the opening of the lodge, facing the sand square. The warriors and chiefs arrange themselves around the square, according to rank. The ceremonial pipe is then filled and lighted, and the medicine man blows one puff in each direction of the compass and up to the heavens. He then makes an address, going over the past history of his tribe and the kindness of the Great Spirit and his care. He concludes with a prayer for the continuance of this feast.

The great moment has arrived. With impressive solemnity the medicine man thrusts the sacred arrow into the sand, withdraws it, and places a grain of corn in the hole thus made. Carefully smoothing the sand over it, he resumes his seat, while the assembled chiefs make their pipes in stolid silence. If the Great Spirit condescends to answer the prayer of the medicine man, and he generally does, the corn will sprout, and, up to a short while after an interval of fifteen or twenty minutes the sand seems disturbed at the spot where the grain of corn was planted and soon the slender green blades of the sprouting corn are seen above the surface. The plant continues to grow rapidly and luxuriantly during the day, and by the next sunrise the silk and tassels appear. By noon the stalk and ear have reached full maturity and the ripening begins. Finally the blades and husks turn yellow and rattle when the wind shakes them. All this, we must bear in mind, has been done in thirty-six hours. On the morning of the second day the corn growing is complete. The medicine man now addresses the watchers who in company with him have watched the plant grow, for it is never left alone. With appropriate ceremonies he symbolizes the harvest by stripping ear from the husk, and placing the corn in his bag for future use. The stalk is pulled up by the roots and hung over the door of the lodge.

A Parnell Anecdote.

This of Parnell is told by William O'Brien:

"One evening I happened to mention at dinner that I had got a note informing me that two of my subeditor's children were down with scarlet fever. 'My God! O'Brien,' he cried almost in a panic, 'what did you do with the letter?' When I told him that it was still in my pocket he begged me instantly to throw it into the fire. Seeing how genuine was his concern I did so. 'Now,' said he, 'wash your hands. This time I found it difficult to avoid smiling. He bounded from the dinner table and with his own hands cupped the water over into the basin on the wash hand stand. 'For God's sake, O'Brien, quick!' he cried, holding out the towel toward me, with an earnestness that set the whole company in a roar. He returned to his dinner in a state of supreme satisfaction.

Bobbs—"The man who was lost in the woods captured a rabbit just in time to keep from starving."

Bobbs—"Yes, I see; saved by a hare."

How to Save the Negro.

For twenty-five years the Negro Fathers have labored among the negroes of the state of Virginia, ready aim Mission Stations have been established. These are supported by Saint Joseph's Mission House. Others are badly needed to reach our unfortunate colored brethren. We appeal to the generosity of the faithful to come to our aid in this glorious apostolate. St. Anthony's Union has been established to support the priests who so generously devote their lives to the salvation of this people. There are 400,000 negroes in the state of Virginia, but only 2,000 of them are Catholics; the others are ignorant of the blessings that Christ bequeathed to mankind through His church. Our desire and efforts are to erect a new mission each year. Each mission station costs \$2,500 to erect. Will you join St. Anthony's Union, and help in the salvation of the souls that cost the blood of Jesus Christ to save?

"Of all things the most divine is to co-operate in the salvation of souls."—St. Cyril of Jerusalem.

Send a donation to Rev. Charles Hamalson, St. Joseph's Mission House, Box 113, Richmond, Va.

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