

A MAN OF ADAM'S CLAY

Edwin Graham loved Gertrude Allen, a young woman, beautiful, exquisitely natural and a governess in his house of his sister's three children. Edwin Graham instinctively admired much as we all do, the indefinable, in comprehensible power which lurks behind a broad mind, the depth and vigor of which make all else deteriorate into artificiality.

But he had given hope to Grace Trowbridge, who was just ending a two weeks' visit with his sister. That he had behaved like a monster toward Grace he fully realized and was sincerely sorry, but it was not an easy task to be pleasant when that attitude was misunderstood, and it was an unhealthy pleasure to feel the with each hour in her company he was becoming more and more deeply immersed in project out of which there seemed to be no tangible clue to escape. Grace had noticed that he was emphatically averse to anything serious, that his original attitude with all its confidence, had quite deserted him that reticence was becoming more and more apparent, that his usual interest had developed into a constrained babble of words, that he was always engrossed in a seeming contemplation of something beyond her and with the week-end she knew that Edwin Graham loved Gertrude Allen. She felt that Miss Allen's presence had the effect of a strong wine on his nerves, stimulating his very blood. And as the train which was to bear Grace Trowbridge away whistled into the station Edwin Graham said, "Thank you for forgiving me, Grace." There was a clutching in her throat and the only response was a warm pressure of her hand in his. "Thank you," he said and she was gone.

But Graham felt something still lacking, that an unwelcome something which instinctively and unawares he all aspire to, something which he all hope to realize one day before that silent, unquerable conqueror, death closes our eyes and ears and stills our senses.

The undiscovered had for months by slow processes been awakening in him, wending its way into every delicate fibre of his being. It grew until in its strength it overcame him and he knew it to be love.

"Of course, you know why I have sent for you." This, as Graham joined his sister in the library in response to her request.

"I really don't understand you, Catherine."

Despite his indifference to her, there was a slight tremor in his voice. Despite the carelessness with which he threw one knee over the other, he was consumed with a wild desire to get out of her sight. Despite his seeming ignorance of what was to follow, his pallor increased as he compared the two women. Gertrude Allen and his sister.

"Miss, I think you are very foolish."

"Indeed!" he answered.

He was sarcastic without intending to be so. She was in no mood for badinage, and his seeming want of interest increased her impatience. All the indignation it is possible to conceive came from an invisible centre to a manifest surface. Do you know what you have done? what you are doing, what you are hinting? Her voice, hitherto all music, was bared of its sweetness. It grated upon his ears, her smiles entirely at an end, and in their place hard lines, which not even the dimness of the room could soften.

"Look here," she continued in a hard, unnatural voice. "Why do you antagonize me so?"

"Because, my dear girl, I still do not understand you."

"Do you understand yourself?" she almost screamed. "Do you not see that you are leading that girl on Miss Allen, my governess, and that I do not choose to have you?"

Graham heard footsteps without and knowing that it must be Gertrude he opened the glass doors and said to his sister, but sufficiently loud for Gertrude to hear: "Catherine, there is only one thing that matters now. It is the love that is living. I love Miss Allen, I love her." His sister rushed out of the room, and Graham joined Miss Allen on the veranda. Her features were indistinct in the shadows that played upon them. "You heard what I said, Gertrude. I love you." Her thoughts were tumbling over each other as she murmured: "And I love you." As his words echoed in her brain, she dropped the frail blossoms her fingers had destroyed and in a few minutes she passed down the stairs, through the garden, around to the back of the house, opened the glass doors of the breakfast room and slipped in.—MISS ANNA McDERMOTT.

A Grateful Editor.
We wish to thank the city authorities for quarantining me and my family for two weeks recently because one of the children had small-pox. During that time my wife caught up with her sewing undisturbed by callers. We had three square meals a day, and no one came in and my wife was not permitted to go out. We enjoyed two weeks of good, long nights' sleep, and best of all, a cousin with four children arrived to visit with us, saw the sign on the door and left town so scared that she will never come back again. I wish to thank the city authorities and hope they will think of our comfort some time again.—Pine-oid (Kans.) Dispatch.

CAST OF A DEATH STRUGGLE.

Obtained by Placing a Martyr in a Mass of Soft Concrete.

In the museum of Algiers there is one object which is unique in the world's list of curiosities. It is a plaster cast of the martyr Geronimo in the agony of death. The Algerians put Geronimo alive into a soft mass of concrete which presently hardened into a block and was built into a fort. This was in 1569 and about forty years later a Spanish writer described the event and told exactly how that articular block could be located. The fort stood for nearly three hundred years. Then in 1833 it was torn down, the block was identified and broken up and an almost perfect mould of the dead martyr was found within.

They filled the mould with plaster and the result, a wonderful cast, lies here in the museum today face down as he died, hands and feet bound and trailing, head twisted to one side in the supreme torture of that terrible martyrdom.

It is a gruesome fascinating thing," writes Albert Bigelow Paine in "The English at Table," "and you go back to look at it more than once and you slip up between times for a breath of fresh air. If I lived in Algiers and at any time should sprout a little bud of discontent with the present state of affairs, a little sympathy with the subjugated population I would go and take a look at Geronimo and forthwith the discontent and the sympathy would pass away and I would come to gloating in the fact that France cracked the whip and that we of the West can ride them down."

The Ways of Treating "Stars"
The English actor Macready, according to Sir Squire Macready and Lady Macready's recent book, "The Macready's Collections of Sixty Years," was playing "Hamlet" in the United States during rehearsals he had found it so severe with the local favorite who took the part of the king his majesty determined to re-engage himself upon the great role at the performance by reciting Hamlet, to the center of the stage instead of remaining back and falling dead upon the spot which Macready had intended for his own end.

The plan was carried out. Macready, in his part, grained and prompted. "The further up the stage sir? What are you doing down here sir? Get up or die elsewhere, sir!"

To the amusement of the audience, the king sat bolt upright on the stage. Mr Macready he said, "You have set your way at rehearsal but I am not now, and I guess I shall die where I please."

William Terriss accommodated himself to similar conditions with superior grace and humor in rehearsing the duel in "The Corsican Brothers," he said to Irving.

"Don't you think, governor, a few rays of the moon might fall on me? Nature, at least, is impartial."

Descendants of David
The history of the Sassoons is one of the most dramatic in the very dramatic story of the Hebrew race. The original Sassoon was a Bombay merchant, but the family is descended from a group known as Ibn Shoshan, who at one time held the position of chief of Toledo. The name Shoshan, which signifies ally in Hebrew, was gradually transformed into Sassoon, signifying gladness. The family name of David, descent and Abraham soon after flourished in the seventh century as stated that he was a descendant of Shephathiah, the son of David. Not only are there references to the name in Hebrew medieval literature but mention of it is made in the Talmud.—London M. A. P.

A Spark Making Alloy
When 70 per cent of cerium is alloyed with 30 per cent of iron, the metal thus produced possesses the remarkable property of giving off a shower of sparks when struck lightly with a steel wheel. This substance has been employed for making auto-lighters for gas-burners, miners' acetylene-lamps and cigar lighters. Recently it has been proposed to utilize it as a substitute for electric ignition in the cylinders. Doctor Brill has found it, for the last named purpose, to be the most efficacious of all as it falls off with use. The cause of its loss of efficacy is suspected to be the presence of oil and dust.

"Forbear to State."
Every one will recall the orator who, while declaring that he will not mention this fact, nor make any reference to that one, contrives to include both. The Kansas City Times gives us an every-day instance of the same way of at once avoiding and mentioning a subject.

"I rather pride myself on one thing," said the young father. "Although I have the brightest, smartest, most, best youngster I ever saw, I never brag about him."

Time Measurement.
Our measurement of time into six-minute intervals, each minute into sixty seconds, etc., comes from the ancient Babylonians. The system was handed to the Greeks, and the distinguished philosopher, Hipparchus, who lived out B. C. 150, introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about A. D. 150, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time.

A nursery for the children of parsons is connected with a Glasgow (Scotland) theatre.

NOT GROWING COLDER.

Earth's Climate Has Not Changed Within Historic Times.

During the last few years the supposition that the earth is growing colder has received a setback from the consideration of the consequences which result from the discovery of radium in the earth's rocks. If radium exists throughout the interior of the globe in the same quantities in which it appears in the surface rocks, then such is the volume of heat which it would render up that the earth ought to be growing hotter instead of colder.

If, furthermore, the earth were slightly increasing in temperature, amount of rainfall precipitated from the atmosphere would become greater rather than less, and as, at the same time, the amount of water shut up in the earth's rocks would also be forced out in greater quantities by increasing heat, it would not be possible to suppose that the earth's surface was becoming dryer.

Therefore the supposition that the earth has exhibited within historic time any general drying up or any tendency to revert to a glacial epoch has been regarded with more and more suspicion and the hypotheses have been substituted that either the apparent variations of climate are local, or else that they are the results of some sea-saw of conditions, the causes of which remain to be discovered.

In short, whatever test be applied it becomes extremely hard to show that the climate of any portion of the civilized world has appreciably changed within historic time.

The English at Table.
The English have for centuries been accused of "taking their pleasures sadly." The latest gibe is found in a letter written by a German to the London Daily Mail. He thus describes the dinner scene at a great hotel.

Elegant toilets, splendid surroundings and an absence of sound. Slowly, stiffly like automatons, the dining ladies and gentlemen proceed with their meal. The scene is undoubtedly very impressive but oh, so sad!

Amid the sparkle of jewels and silver and crystal and porcelain amid a scene that fairly invites begonia for a bright smile or a low rippling laugh or at least that deep, animated hum that makes itself noticed wherever there is a large gathering of diners sit as in expectation of the judgment day. Sometimes somebody does speak. One word or two. The lips hardly part. The other nods his head in terrible earnest. Then silence reigns supreme again.

A friend who had been in England, once related a story, the point of which I have never fully appreciated until now. Like myself, the first time he had entered a dining-room in London he looked round in surprise. Finally toward the end of the meal he called the waiter.

"Tell me please," he asked, "does anybody ever laugh here?"

"Well," replied the waiter, "I am sorry to say that we have had complaints, but not often, sir—not often."

Hindering the Boom.
The pride of locality which is so insisted upon in certain small Western towns had an amusing illustration. You saw a writer in Puck in a place by the name of Paxton. The landlord of the tavern was telling a friend about the arrest of a fellow for walking down Main street in the middle of the afternoon in his stocking feet. He's in jail now," continued the narrator when the other interrupted.

"Why," cried his friend, "isn't a crime, is it for a person to walk in his stocking feet?" Personal liberty, my dear sir."

"Aw," replied the eloquent landlord, "personal liberty is proper enough as long as it don't interfere with the rights of other people. Any thing tends to add to the silence of our little city is an offense against the general welfare. We're public-spirited here, even if we ain't exactly metropolitan."

Not Even the First Step.
Mr. Morse having bought a new bicycle of the most improved pattern, presented his old one to Dennis Haloran, who did errands and odd jobs for the neighborhood. "You'll find the wheel useful when you're in a hurry, Dennis," he said.

The young Irishman was loud in his thanks, but regarded the wheel doubtfully.

"I mistrust 'twill be a long while before I can ride it," he said.

"Why, have you ever tried?" asked Mr. Morse.

"I have," said Dennis, gloomily. "A friend lent me the loan o' his wishes he has having the moompa. 'Twas three weeks I had it, an' what wild practising night an' morning, I niver got so I could balance meself standing still, let alone riding on it."

Battle Royal with a Whale.
The enormous strength of a large whale was demonstrated by the recent experience of the steam whaler, Samson, in the Norway seas. Off Sandefjord the cannoner of the Samson succeeded in lodging a harpoon in the flank of a whale, which in the eyes of the sailors was of monstrous length. The whale took to flight, towing the little steamer after it. When the rope had run out to its full length the engine was reversed, so that, normally, it would have given a backward speed of 10 knots. Still the whale continued to tow the vessel during a period of eight hours, at the end of which the cable parted, and the chagrined crew saw their prey escape with the harpoon.

AVIS'S OPPORTUNITY

Avis viewed her reflection in the mirror with scornful lips. "What did you ever do," she addressed to the reflection, "that was anything but common and ordinary in the eyes of the world? I am ashamed of you, you every-day sort of person. Once I had hopes for you, thought you would do great things, but here you are, going on 23, and you are nothing but a machine with nothing to recommend you but your keeping at a thing steadily until it is done, and any machine could do that."

With that she put on her coat and hat and walked down the street briskly to the great factory where she was employed as a stenographer. That morning as she was busily taking notes from the senior partner, an imperative rap came to the door of the private office in which she was sitting. It was an unusual thing for anyone to intrude on the privacy of the senior partner so she turned wondering to the door as it opened to admit the intruder.

It proved to be the junior partner and he wore a worried expression. He said a few words to his partner in a hurried undertone and Avis noted the look of consternation that came over the older man's face as he listened. Together the men went out and as the door was closed Avis noticed the air was hush with smoke which had been admitted. She jumped to her feet with a faint beating heart, and opened the door which they had gone out of a few minutes before.

A great cloud of smoke came pouring through the factory it left the air almost black as Avis shut the door again and stood in the private office, trying to gather her scattered wits. Again she opened the door trying to pierce the murky air for some explanation. That near the end of the factory the air was a reddish brown but no distinct flame was visible.

She gathered up her skirts and made her way towards the light, where the boilers and furnaces were. When she got nearer she could discern a group of men standing around one of the big furnaces among whom were the senior and junior partners. They were gazing at a huge mass of molten lead which in the flames of the furnace. The lead pot in which it was supposed to be had burst, and the lead had run into the fire itself. All around the furnaces tin sheets were spread to protect the floor from catching fire from flying sparks, and the place was really in no great danger as the fire would burn itself out after a certain time.

Just then a hoarse cry came from one of the men as he pointed to the figure of the half-crazed engineer creeping nearer and nearer to the furnace with a pail of water in his hands with which to extinguish the flames. One drop of water would have sent the molten fluid over everything, they all realized it, yet seemed powerless to move. Every man there had his eyes terror-stricken on the creeping figure as it got nearer the flames.

With a bound Avis was at the side of the man just as he raised the pail in his hands to throw into the flames. She grasped the pail with all her strength and tried to empty it on the floor but with mechanical force he got it free from her without spilling a drop. He passed it again when Avis threw herself against him with a force she could muster and succeeded in knocking it out of his hands. It fell short of the fire by a couple of feet, emptying all over Avis. By this time the men had come out of their stupor and were at her side. No help was needed to hold the engineer back, as he had become unconscious and was carried out of the building.

The head partner carried her half-fainting to the office and restoratives soon brought her to consciousness. Many were the accounts of her heroism in the papers, and bouquets were showered on her during the few days she was ill. When she went back to the factory again she was presented with a handsome gold watch from the employees and the tears came to her eyes when she tried to thank them.

A few days later a handsome young man came to call on her at her home, and told her he was the man against whom she had pitted her strength in that awful hour which had unbalanced his mind. Fear had unbalanced his mind when the accident happened as he did not fully understand the situation, being new to the position. A short time afterwards the senior partner gave them a check for \$1,000 for a wedding present.—GWENDOLYN G. McCAPPETT.

Called Back.
The lady of the household was very ill and the good old doctor shook his gray head doubtfully.

"We must rouse her in some way," he whispered.

Then the distracted husband had an inspiration. He ran to the phone. Fifteen minutes later there was a soft knock at the door and a trim young woman entered bearing an immense pasteboard box.

The husband bent over the sick woman.

"Jane," he murmured, "look up. Mme. Merrywid has just sent over one of those new fur hats from Paris. Isn't it chic?"

Whereupon Jane sat up and took notice, and the good old doctor chuckled with delight.

"The crisis is passed," he joyfully whispered.



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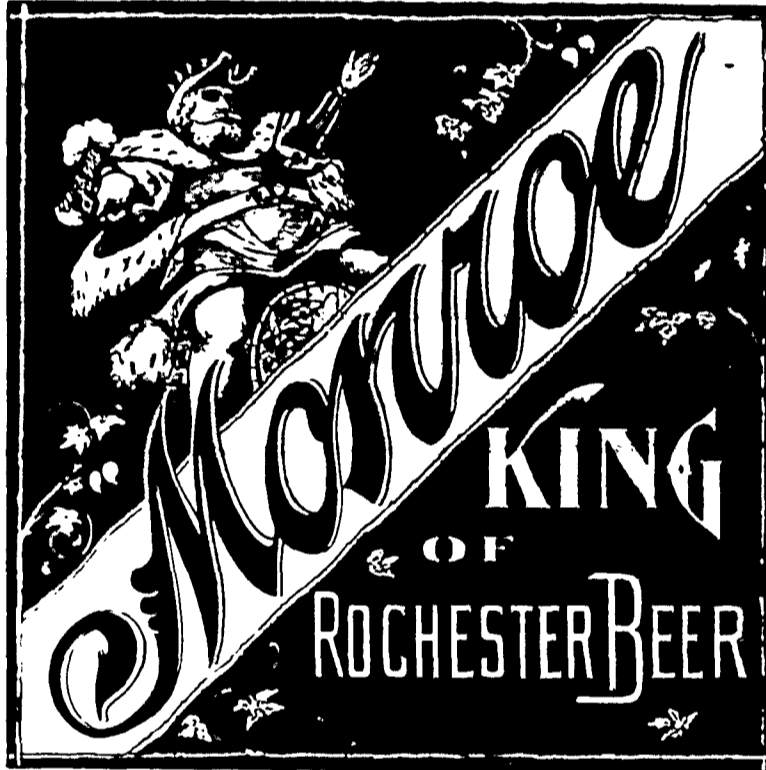
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