

Simply a Man Hunt.

"I declare!" shouted a helmy in one of the big downtown hotels as he dashed into the lobby.

"I declare!" he shrieked again, or at least it sounded like that.

An insensible old gentleman whose cardroom was jarr'd by the shrill screech wheeled about and glared at the boy.

"I declare!" he piped louder than before.

"Well, what's the answer?" demanded the old man gruffly.

"I declare!" came the shrill reply.

"Oh, you do, eh?" snorted the old fellow. "Well, why the deuce don't you?"

The helmy cast a withering glance at him, gazed searchingly about the room and exhaled a shrill "Declare!"

"Say," exclaimed the old chap, coloring the boy, "what the deuce is wrong with you, anyway? Are you going crazy?"

"Now, I ain't goin' crazy," replied the brass buttoned one. "I got a telegram for me; that's all. Aw, look for yourself!" exclaimed the boy disgustedly as he showed the yellow envelope under the old fellow's nose. It was addressed "L. D. Clair."

"Well, I declare!" gasped the old man weakly as he sank into his seat—*Vinnyberg Gazette.*

Shoe Windows in Austria.

The Austrian shopkeeper takes great pride in having his window dressed in an attractive manner and the glass perfectly clean at all times, no matter how small the shop or how small the city.

Frequently the greater part of the stock of merchandise is displayed in the windows of the smaller shops. It is much less difficult to make attractive displays than in American stores, as windows open outward on highways. Even heavy plate glass windows ten to fifteen feet square are so arranged and dressed from the street instead of from the inside, as in America. The large windows are usually arranged in the morning before many pedestrians are on the street. The wall space between shops is frequently rented by owners of adjoining stores, and arranged to appear like windows, giving the appearance of being a large shop. When one wishes to examine an article displayed in a window the proprietor or clerk goes to the street with a key, unlocks the window and takes out the article, then locks his window again.

The Only Difference.

Clorinda was as black as night and of heroic proportions, but in every possible way she copied her slender young mistress, for whom she had a great admiration. "I like to look just as much like you as I can," she often said, "because you look just like a lady order book, Mr. Henderson."

Clorinda intrusted all her shopping to Mrs. Henderson and scorned the bright colors and pronounced styles affected by her own friends. One day she asked her mistress to buy her a pair of low shoes. As she made the request she glanced with admiration at the slim little foot showing beneath the edge of a dainty skirt.

"An' I want 'em just exactly like yours, Mr. Henderson," said Clorinda, "no difference cepin' dey's gatter be wide alone, so maybe de buckle might 'pear better if 'twas a twenty mile larger'n yours."—*Youth's Companion.*

Father's Method.

During a recent slight illness the five-year-old Teddy, usually so amiable, fatly and obstinately refused to take his medicine. After a somewhat prolonged and ineffectual argument with him his mother at last set the glass of medicine down, leaned her head on her hands and "played" that she was crying. A moment passed, and the tender hearted Teddy, unable longer to bear the sight of his mother's stricken attitude, inquired, "What's the matter, mother, dear?" Without removing her hands from her eyes she replied, "I'm grieved that my son won't take his castor oil for me." Whereupon Teddy sat up in bed and, offered consolingly, "Oh, I wouldn't feel bad if I were you, mother, dear. Father will be home soon, and he'll make me take it."—*Deliberator.*

Bunching the Hits.

A legal journal tells a story of an Illinois attorney who argued to the court one after another a series of very weak points, none of which seemed to the court to have any merit until the court finally said, "Mr. —, do you think there is anything in these points?" To which the attorney replied, "Well, Judge, perhaps there isn't much in any one of them alone, but I didn't know but your honor would kind of bunch them."

Had Authority.

A case was being tried before the late Lord Young, "Crabbe versus Crabbe."

"I may explain, my lord," said the advocate, "that my client Crabbe is a nephew of our opponent Crabbe, but a few years ago he dropped the 'I' in his name for the sake of euphony."

"Ah," replied Lord Young, "he has Biblical authority for that—'If thy 'I' offend thee, pluck it out.'"—*Westminster Gazette.*

Different Now.

"They say his wife was the inspiration of some of his best plays."

"Yes; he produced them before he was married."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Significant.

Tom—Do you think your father dislikes me? Tess—Well, he gave the dog's chain and muzzle away yesterday.

It were endless to dispute upon everything that is disputable.—*Penn.*

Of Interest to Women

♦♦♦

Mrs. O. H. F. Belmont Enters the Literary Field—As a Mother, She Writes for Those Who Do Not Know How to Rear Children—Book Will Contain Photographs from Life.

Mrs. O. H. F. Belmont has entered the literary field, having written a book. The work was delayed somewhat by her suffrage engagements.

The book is a history of the lives of her three children—Conuelo, Duchess of Marlborough; W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Harold Sterling Vanderbilt, covering the period of their youth. It will bring in many New York society members who were wont to play with the little Vanderbilts.

The book found its beginning in a series of tales told to the children of the Dutchess of Marlborough, the grandchild of Mrs. Belmont—the little Marguitta of Blandford and Lord Ivor Spencer Churchill. It was intended at first that they should be put in book form merely for the little noblemen. But as the idea developed Mrs. Belmont decided to give it a broader scope.

The writer will have many things to say to parents as to the rearing of children, and she hopes the book will prove interesting not only to children but grown-ups as well. It will be fully illustrated, showing the children who figure in it and their little stunts at work and at play at the Vanderbilt Summer home on Long Island, with their ponies and pet animals, all photographs taken from life. It is in the educational part of her book in which Mrs. Belmont takes the greatest interest.

"There are a great many parents who wish to bring their children up properly but they do not always know how to do it," she said, speaking of it yesterday afternoon. "I'll give you a good example. I'll tell you of it yesterday afternoon. I'll tell you of it yesterday afternoon. I'll tell you of it yesterday afternoon."

"That is not the way in which most children are brought up. They are brought up on the third floor with a nurse, but I never put mine on the third floor. I kept them on the second floor with me. They were not put away to sleep in a room with the nurse; they slept in my room."

"The nursery was next to my room, and when they were older they slept here, but with the door open so that I could look after them, and the nurse and one slept in my room. I nursed all of my children, though I don't know now that any one is interested in that."

"I looked after my daughter's education particularly. She was educated entirely at home. There were three governesses, although it was a great nuisance to have them around."

"The book begins by bringing the three children into a story of family life when the youngest is about five. They will be under assumed names, but those who know them will readily recognize them. The story will interest many people besides children, or many who were associated with the children when they were small will be brought in Mrs. Markay will be as much interested as any one for he naturally will be brought in."

Hand Vacuum Cleaner.

House cleaning is rubbed off its terribleness by the new vacuum cleaner that has been put on the market. This is one of the wagon outfits which has sprung into such universal demand for the cleaning of large buildings.



Work Handles Like Bellows.

ings, nor is it one of the electrical machines, but a simple hand apparatus which can be used about the house as readily as a carpet sweeper, and is infinitely more effective. The handle bears a slight resemblance to a small plow. It consists of a broom's head with a suction apparatus. The two handles are movable, and the operator presses them in or out, a rough working a bellows. This set in action the suction machinery and creates a vacuum into which the dirt on carpets or floors is swiftly sucked. It can be readily seen that this is a big improvement over the old method of house cleaning, being quick, doing the work more thoroughly and having the additional merit of not raising a dust to undo the cleaning.

The man who tries to be funny is generally a bore, but a woman can be funny without trying by just running on a street car.—*Somerville Journal.*

A Shooting Match

At Which One of the Parties Was Sure to Win.

By AINSWORTH RHODES.

Copyright, 1914, by American Press Association.

The first time I saw Daisy she was coming over her father's broad acres on a horse whose lope was very like a rocking chair. She was riding straddle with divided skirts. No other woman on the ranches thereabout would ride in any other costume. Barker was riding beside her, and the two made a very handsome pair. The brim of his sombrero was fattened against his forehead by the wind, a kerchief hung at his saddle bow, and his splendid figure was revealed by his costume—a tanannel shirt and trousers, with boots to his knees.

Daisy had gone out from the east with her father, who because a sheep raiser, and she had become fascinated with ranch life. Unfortunately she had conceived a romantic idea of the genus cowboy, and Barker being physically a perfect type, she had persuaded him, that he was just the man for her. I say "persuaded" because he was not an educated man and in every way unsuited to her. There were other factors about him to render him undesirable which will appear presently.

The couple passed me, all of us waiting, though they were unknown to me, and I rode on to the ranch house, where I had business with John Nolan, with reference to a large purchase of wool. While dicking with him on his veranda up the road way came the couple I had met and alighted at the foot of the steps. Throwing their bridle reins over a post, they walked up on to the veranda. Then I learned that Daisy was Nolan's daughter.

As the pair passed into the house I noticed a cloud fill over the face of the girl's father. I knew by Barker's bearing toward her that he was in love with her, and I judged that his attentions were not rebuffed by Nolan. But he said nothing to me then, and we went on with our dicking. When I arose to go he said:

"There's no place about here in which you will be comfortable except my house. Spend for you traps."

I accepted the invitation, especially as I was pleased at being under the same roof with Miss Daisy. I knew she had a lover, but my attraction for her did not then go so far as to intend to come between them; I merely liked the idea of being near her during my stay.

But I stayed a good while, and it was not very long before she and I each made a discovery. I discovered that I wanted her, and she discovered that she didn't want Barker. Meanwhile I found out something else—that he had become frightfully jealous of me, and if I took her away from him he would probably kill me. At first he and I spoke to each other when we met either on the ranch or elsewhere. Then he only nodded me at the Nolan house.

I thought it best after awhile to remove to the so-called hotel, a mile from Nolan's. If anything happened between Barker and myself I preferred that it should not happen under Nolan's roof. So one day I removed my luggage to my new quarters.

One morning I was sitting on the porch of the hotel smoking a briarwood pipe. Barker came out of the barnroom, where he had been drinking, and took a seat about thirty feet from me. I didn't know he was there till turning my head, I saw him out of the corner of my eye sighting his revolver at me.

Naturally I started.

"Hold on there," said Barker. "Your pipe makes a fine target. We don't allow people to smoke such expensive pipes out here."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when I felt a faint tick on the bowl of the pipe, heard the crack of a gun and knew that a bullet had passed through the pipe.

"Wait up!" he growled as I was about to rise. "Your pipe won't draw with a hole in it, but it's still a mighty good target."

I snatched a look at him. He was evidently under the influence of liquor. I felt sure that if I didn't let him shoot at my pipe he would shoot at me and nerved myself to ward another shot. Indeed, this was all I could do, for I was unarmed. But a cold chill ran down my back and a cold sweat stood out all over me. Nevertheless I put up a pretty good front. I sat with comparative composure, occasionally letting a faint cloud of tobacco smoke escape from between my lips, but not daring to move a hairbreadth for fear of interfering with the man's aim.

Several persons from inside the hotel, having heard a shot, came out to discover who had been killed. They arrived just in time to see the second shot and the top of the bowl of my pipe cut off. They at once took to the situation, and, seeing me coolly puffing, not knowing my internal condition, they cried out, "Good pluck, stranger!" "Steady nerve!" "He ain't no tenderfoot!" and such like compliments.

Presently a third shot shattered what was left of the bowl of my pipe, and only the stem remained in my mouth. Whether my nerve made Barker half ashamed of himself or that he was headed off by the admiration of the others I don't know, but he desisted from further shooting. I fancy, how-

ever he had intended to shoot at me that if I took Daisy Nolan away from him I would have to take my death. The witness urged me to go on and have something, but I declined, saying that I was anxious for a smoke and would go upstairs for another pipe. The truth is I wanted a change to see where I could, unobserved, give way to my feelings for a few moments, they having been controlled only by a more desperate effort.

When I was alone I staggered to the bed, fell on it and for a few minutes trembled like a leaf. But when I began to recover I started to get up at the same time. Men will fight more desperately for a woman than for any other cause, and it occurred to me that Daisy being the home of contention, if she preferred me either Barker or I must die. I spent some time considering what to do, then went to the ranch, intending to offer myself to Daisy. If she refused me I would leave the field at once to all others. If she accepted me I would have it out with Barker.

I found Miss Daisy very much excited. She had heard of Barker's shooting episode and had turned indignantly against him. I told her that I wanted her and if she wanted me I was willing to settle the matter between Barker and myself. Her reply was all I could have asked for, but she positively forbade my coming into collision with my rival. I told her frankly that I believed she would kill me if I married her and that the matter had better be settled before the wedding. Being a woman, she wished to get round the matter by subterfuge and for the time being would consent to getting daisy.

Daisy was very fond of an old rancher called Jake Hockins. To her he was "Uncle Jake." A day or two after Barker's shooting as I was riding over the country on horseback Hockins came up behind me and ambled along side of me.

"I hear about the shootin' of your pipe open yer mouth," he said. "Little Daisy was tellin' me about it."

"Oh, it was Miss Nolan who told you, was it?"

"Yes, and what's more, she asked me to suggest some way of settlin' the matter without blood spillin'."

"That's impossible," said I.

"So I thought at first, but after awhile I thought of a plan. Barker's mighty proud of his shootin', and he's pretty much made up his mind that he's beat Daisy. I reckon he'd agree to settle the matter by a trial of skill between him and you. He'd consider it his only chance."

"I'm no shot. Such a contest would give Miss Daisy to him, and she doesn't want him."

"Not so fast. You don't need to be much of a shot. Could you hit a hen's egg at twenty feet?"

"I might hit two or three above."

"Well, I give Daisy my plan and she's decided to try it. Here's a hen's egg for you, and here's a note for Barker. Whoever hits a hen's egg with a sixty-two the most outta five shots shall marry."

He handed me a note to that effect from Daisy and showed me another he was commissioned to deliver to Barker.

"Do you consent?" he asked, drawing rein.

"Yes," I said; "I consent to anything Daisy desires."

Without waiting for more he turned about and rode back in the direction from whence he came.

The next day Uncle Jake informed me that Barker had gladly agreed to the terms.

On the appointed day I made my appearance at the barn, wondering what was to be the upshot of this singular contest. I found an egg suspended over a basket by a fine thread. I won the toss and with it the right to fire five consecutive shots at the egg. I missed the first and the fourth, but put a hole in the egg on the second, third and the fifth. For my life I could not see why I had not lost. It would be nothing for Barker to hit the egg every time.

A new egg was attached to the thread for him to shoot at, and, whirling out his revolver, he fired with apparent carelessness. He was surprised to see the egg oscillate violently, but the shell was not broken. The next time he fired he took careful aim, but with no better success. He was thunderstruck. Since I had hit the egg three times he could now only tie me.

"You must hit it in the center," said Uncle Jake. "If you don't you'll glance."

Barker aimed long and carefully at the center and sent the egg bobbling, but still the shell was unbroken. Flinging his revolver on the barn floor, he strode away.

I knew that Barker had been tricked, but could not conceive how. It appeared to me that nothing could be more fair than the trial. I asked Uncle Jake how he had managed to get me, a poor shot, beat the best shot in the territory. He would not tell me. Barker was never seen there again. Daisy had induced him to sign a promise that if I beat him he would leave the field clear for me.

I married Daisy and took her east with me. She said she had had enough of the wild west and had no further use for cowboys, not considering them the romantic creatures she had thought them when she first went to the country. She learned the secret of the shooting match from Uncle Jake the day we were married and told it to me on our wedding journey. The meat had been taken from the egg Barker shot at, and the featherweight shell had been moved aside each time by the wind of the ball. To hit it was impossible.

Uncle Jake had learned the trick from a prowlidigger who had passed through the locality with a circus.



How they shone—these old folks—at a function or reception—But oh! what they missed in their lack of all conception of a food so good as

Uneeda Biscuit

The Soda Cracker that makes our days the best of days
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Don I. Banks

35 NORTH AVENUE

Watches, Diamonds, JEWELRY

ON EASY PAYMENTS

Only First Class Up-to-date Goods

Call and examine our stock and receive terms to suit your convenience.

Now is the Time and Here is the Place

Horse Blankets, Lap Robes, Automobile Robes

Best Assortment at Reasonable Prices

CHAS S GIBBS

93 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Both Phones 1837

JOHN F. MOLONEY

Dry Goods and Notions

Men's and Boy's Underwear from 25c to 50c a pair
Hosiery 10c to 25c cotton, wool and mohair
Ladies and Children's underwear, 25c to 50c a pair
Baby bonnets, Boys' sweaters, muffers, caps, gloves, mitts
Bell Phone 1749-L Main

German American Lumber Co

CITY OF THE PRICES

134 Portland Ave. 888 Clinton Ave.

Both Phones Home 1248 Bell 1242

Lewis Edelman,

ANTHRACITE COAL BITUMINOUS

Both phones 871
38 Portland Avenue
Near 22, 23, & 24 Sts.

John H. McAnarney

(Successor to O'Rourke & McAnarney)

Mrs. Plate Glass, Boiler and Elevator Insurance
Fidelity Bonds for Administrators, Undertakers, Auctioneers,
Pinhookers and All kinds of Court and Property Bonds
1000—101 and 103 Ellsworth & Barry Sts. ESTABLISHED 1857

Patronize our Advertisers