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For Lieutenant Governor, THOMAS F. CONWAY, of Clinton.
For Secretary of State, EDWARD LAZANSKY, of Kings.
For Comptroller, WILLIAM SOHMER, of New York.
For Treasurer, JOHN J. KENNEDY, of Erie.

- For Attorney General, THOMAS CARMODY, of Yates.
For State Engineer and Surveyor, JOHN A. BENSEL, of New York.
For Associate Judges of the Court of Appeals, IRVING G. VANN, of Onondaga.

- FREDERICK COLLIN, of Chemung.
For Congress, George P. Decker.
For Purchasing Agent, William Ward.
For District Attorney, Milton E. Gibbs.

- For Senator 45th District, Chas. T. Haggerty.
For Senator 46th District, Frederick D. Lamb.
For Assembly 1st District, E. J. Fisk.
For Assembly 2nd District, H. Clifford Spurr.

- For Assembly 3rd District, John Miller.
For Assembly 4th District, John E. Conway.
For Assembly 5th District, Jos. T. Simpson.
For Coroner, Dr. W. D. Wolff.
For Coroner, Dr. Chas. J. Tucker.

A RETURN TO LIFE

"The gentleman over the way is dead, sir."
My valet made the announcement as he set down the tray with my breakfast.
"Good fellow!" I remarked. "Rather should pity those who remain behind."
"They're better off than if he kept back, sir."
"Who do you mean?"
"I knew a man once who kept back, sir, and it was very inconvenient."
"Tell me about it."
He did so, and I listened to his story.
"Pat Dolan was laid out with candles at his head and feet and covered with a sheet. Pat had been in the heat of death till one morning he was found lying beside the road, dead. That's what everybody who saw 'im said, so his body was made ready for the wake."
"Now Pat had been a thrifty man and had put by a good many gold pieces which he had kept in a wooden stockin' in the clock. He hadn't been married, but was going to be to a lusty red-headed girl, Bridget O'Toole, twenty years behind 'im in age. The banns had been published when Pat was found dead. Bridget would have been satisfied with Pat's death if he had died a few days after instead of a few days before the wedding, for she preferred Tom Flanagan, but knowing of the gold pieces Pat had hid away, she preferred an even to Tom."
"Pat couldn't be buried till the doctor returned and certified that he was dead, and the watchers, havin' drunk a deal of Irish whiskey and havin' been awake two nights in succession, on the third grew mighty sleepy. Bridget was becomin' impatient, for since there was no relatives to claim Pat's gold and she was to have been his wife, she was thinkin' of his fortune and anxious to get hold of it. About 8 o'clock in the mornin' every watcher except Bridget O'Toole and Tom Flanagan was asleep. The two set in a corner layin' plans for house-keepin' as soon as they had secured Pat's gold and a decent toime had gone by.

"I'm thinkin', Bridget, said Tom, 'ye'd better secure that fortune at once. There'll be a crowd of relatives either if ye give 'em toime.'
" 'What a head ye have on ye, Tom,' replied Bridget. 'I don't know flowerets and four green peppers cut where the gold is, but Pat told me he hid some where in the house. The watchers bein' asleep, it's a foine the mixture of vegetables and let it soak for twenty-four hours. Heat just enough to scald it and turn into a col-ander to drain. Mix one cupful of the old clock. Open the door, showin' the weights and the pendulum within. Bridget bent down, Tom bendin' over her, and drew up the stockin' filled to the knee with the yellow metal. They holdin' it up, they turned to feast their eyes on it.

But their eyes saw another sight. Pat's shanty was on the banks of the river, and there never was a river that didn't produce mosquitoes. It waied a beggarly little mosquito, that spawled everything. While Bridget and Tom was huntin' for a fortune, the little beast was huntin' for something to eat, and at the moment they found the gold it found blood, good blue blood in the tip of Pat's nose. While Bridget and Tom turned to enjoy the sight of the gold they saw Pat sit 'im up grin- in' at 'em.

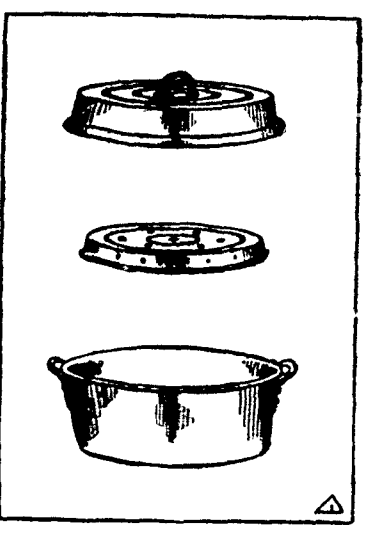
"Howly mither" was the first sound that broke the stillness of death, and a third of the gold fallin' on the floor was the second. The third was the feet of Tom and Bridget paterin' as they left the shanty.
" 'Now, Pat, though he was ragin', had seen how easy it is for gold to pass into other people's possession, so he grabbed the stockin' to keep it with 'im. Then, gatherin' the sheet about 'im, the only garment he had to keep out the cold, he left the shanty to fol- low Tom and Bridget. It was the gray of the mornin', when everything looks lolkie a ghost anyway, and Bridget, lookin' back, saw Pat maskin' after 'em, carryin' the stockin'."
" 'Oh, Tom,' she says, 'it's comin' wid the gold! I'm goin' to faint.'
" 'Keep up, darlin', answered Tom, who was lolkie enough to faint himself. 'There's a bridge boyant. It can't cross runnin' wather.'
" 'It couldn't be expected that Pat, who had been dead three days and had nothin' to eat or drink in the mean- time, could run as fast as them as had been feastin' at his wake. By the time he reached the bridge he was played out and settin' on the rail, rest- ed awhile, then went slowly back to his home. There for the first time he took in the situation. The watchers were still snorin', the candles still burnin'. Pat began to feel uneasy.

" 'Is it dead I am?' he asked him- self. 'I don't know. I'm powerful weak anyway. I'll try a drop of the bottle. If I'm livin' I'll know it by the taste.'
" 'Fouirin' out a double dram of spir- its, he swallied it."
" 'I don't know,' he said, 'whether I'm on earth or in heaven. Like enough, judgin' by me feelin's after the brace, I might be in heaven. I'll try a bit of the bread and pork.'
" 'Pat sat down at the table and, glin- in' his plate and his cup, ate his fill. Lookin' at his sleepin' wather and re- memberin' Tom and Bridget, he re- membered to himself:
" 'What a dirty trick it is of me, after all, comin' back to life and spoilin' everything!'"
This ended the story, and I finished my breakfast at the same time.

"It wouldn't always work for the best to have the dead return," I re- marked. "Bring me the morning pa- per."

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Roasting Pan That Keeps Meat Out of Water.



An aluminum roasting pan for which several advantageous features are claimed has been designed by an Ohio man. Of course one of these features is the material used in the utensil, as it is generally acknowledged that aluminum vessels are about as sanitary as well can be, and it is said that even acids will have no effect on this one. The chief merit of this pan, however, lies in the perforated raised plate in the bottom. The meat or chicken or whatever is roasted in stands on this plate instead of lying in the water. In this way the meat is cooked without being in the water, which is regarded as a distinct advantage, yet the steam and even the water at times will bubble up through the perforation in the plate and keep the roast moist without soaking out of the flavor, as otherwise might happen.

Mustard Pickle.
One quart each of small whole cu- cumbers, large cucumbers sliced, green tomatoes sliced and small button on- ions, one large cauliflower divided into flowerets and four green peppers cut where the gold is, but Pat told me he hid some where in the house. The watchers bein' asleep, it's a foine the mixture of vegetables and let it soak for twenty-four hours. Heat just enough to scald it and turn into a col-ander to drain. Mix one cupful of the old clock. Open the door, showin' the weights and the pendulum within. Bridget bent down, Tom bendin' over her, and drew up the stockin' filled to the knee with the yellow metal. They holdin' it up, they turned to feast their eyes on it.

Two pounds beef, one pound car- rants, one pound raisins one pound suet, two pounds apples two pounds sultanas, two pounds sugar brown one teaspoonful cloves, three teaspoon- fuls mace, two teaspoonfuls salt, two grated nutmegs, four oranges (juice and rind), four lemons (juice and rind). Stirmer meat gently. When done chop, add suet and apples chopped fine, spices, sugar first, then juices of oranges and lemons. Pack in glass jar. This requires no cooking until put into pies. Make a rich pie crust, fill with mincemeat and bake until crust is thoroughly cooked.

Tasty Apples.
Wipe small, firm apples and run a slender skewer into each. Put into a saucepan a pound of granulated sugar and a teaspoonful of water. Boil with- out stirring, until a little dropped into cold water is brittle. Then take from the fire, put the vessel containing the sirup in an outer vessel of boiling wa- ter, add a teaspoonful of lemon juice and dip each apple quickly into the sirup. When each is well coated lay on wax paper to dry and harden. The sirup may be colored with any vege- table coloring matter desired.

Breadcrumb Griddlecakes.
Crumble two thick slices of stale bread or enough to make two cupfuls. Scald two cupfuls of milk and pour over the breadcrumbs. When cool add two well beaten eggs and two table- spoonfuls of melted butter. Sift one cupful of flour with three teaspoon- fuls of baking powder, one tablespoon- ful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Beat thoroughly into the breadcrumb mixture and cook on a very hot griddle.

Quince Marmalade.
To make the marmalade, pare, core and quarter the quinces. Put them on the stove in the preserving kettle and add a pint of water to each gallon of fruit. Cover the kettle and let its con- tents steam slowly until very tender. Then add three and a half pounds of sugar and each gallon of fruit and boil it slowly until it is of an even con- sistency. Then fill jelly glasses taken out of boiling water to the brim and seal at once.

For the Children

Flying Squirrels and Aeroplanes.



Modern inventors have been fairly successful with the aeroplane, but for a long time two little animals have used a similar principle in their suc- cessful flights. The flying squirrel and the flying fish sail through the air and rise and fall on an aeroplane of na- ture's invention.
Our common flying squirrel, with its thin, winglike membrane stretched tightly between the extended legs, is a typical aeroplane. Thoreau in speak- ing of such a squirrel says "It sprang from a maple at a height of twenty- eight and one-half feet from the ground and landed easily and lightly on the ground at the foot of another tree fifty and one-half feet away. Its flight was not a regular descent. It varied from a straight line both horizontally and vertically. It skimmed much like a hawk, and part of its flight was nearly horizontal. There were six trees from six inches to a foot in diameter be- tween the beginning and the ending of its flight and these it skimmed part- ly round and passed through their thin- ning twigs. It did not, as I could perceive touch a single twig. Other observers have seen crowds of these little creatures in similar sportive gam- bols which seem to have no other ob- ject than playfulness or the mere pleas- ure of flight. St. Nicholas.

A Thanksgiving Game.
A good game to play Thanksgiving evening is called "the wand passes." One of the company is sent from the room. Another, who is in league with the first, promises that when he holds the wand, which may be a cane or umbrella, over some member of the company the exiled member will be able to tell over whom. The door must be left open. The confederates explain that this is in order not to interrupt the current of electricity be- tween them.
The magic monger allows the com- pany to chant a few minutes after his confederate has departed. Then he suddenly breaks in upon the conversa- tion, waving the wand and saying in a sepulchral tone, "The wand passes." The exile answers from the next room very solemnly, "Let it pass." Again comes the announcement, "The wand passes," and again the answer, "Let it pass." The third time the possessor of the wand holds it over some head and inquires, "The wand rests over whom?"
Then is the exile promptly to an- swer, "Over So-and-so," naming the right person. The trick is accom- plished by having it arranged that the confederate who remains in the room shall hold the wand over the person who spoke last before the an- nouncement, "The wand passes." All the exile in the next room need be able to do is to distinguish the voices of the company.

Thanksgiving Day.
Over the river and through the wood To granddaddy's house we go The horse knows the way To carry the sleigh Through the white and drifted snow
Over the river and through the wood— Oh, how the wind does blow! It sings the toes And bites the nose As over the ground we go
Over the river and through the wood To have a first rate play Hear the bells ring, "Ting-a-ling-ding!" Hurrah for Thanksgiving day!
Over the river and through the wood Trot fast, my dapple gray. Spring o'er the ground Like a bounding hoard, For this is Thanksgiving day.

Over the river and through the wood And straight through the barnyard gate. We seem to go Extremely slow! It is so hard to wait!
Over the river and through the wood— Now granddaddy's cap I spy! Hurrah for the fun! Is the pudding done? Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

A Shipload of Toys.
Hundreds of tons of toys, dolls and railroad cars, jumping jacks and auto- mobiles and flying machines came into Philadelphia the other day on the steamer Dortmund. The steamer came from Hamburg, Germany, and carried no freight except toys. This is the first of many such cargoes that will be brought across the ocean before Christmas for the boys and girls of America.

The Smallest Island.
The smallest inhabited island in the world is the rock on which stands the Edystone lighthouse.
Robert's Deep Regret.
It would be excellent indeed If a turkey were a centipede, For then it would not be the late For drumsticks when folks reach my plate.

The Ancient Use of a Kiss.

A Roman woman in the ancient time was not allowed to drink wine except it were simple raisin wine, and how- ever she might relish strong drinks she could not indulge even by stealth. First, because she was never intrusted with the key of the wine cellar and, second, because she was obliged daily to greet with a kiss all her own as well as her husband's male repre- sentatives, down even to second cousins, and as she knew not when or where she might meet them she was forced to be wary and abstain, altho' the smell would have betrayed her. So strict were the old Romans in this respect that a certain Ignatius Mer- curius is said to have slain his wife because he caught her at this wise- cask a punishment which was not deemed excessive by Romulus, who ad- solved the husband of the crime of murder. Another Roman lady who un- der the pretense of taking a little wine for her stomach's sake and frequent infirmities indulged somewhat too freely was mulcted to the full amount of her dowry.

Among the Honors.
One of the last times that Bishop Burgess of Long Island dined out was at the Press club, where the waiters are all negroes. The head waiter bowed Bishop Burgess and his host profusely to their places. "This way, admiral," said he. "Tek this table. You get a better view of the harbor head, ad- miral."
" 'I am not an admiral,' said Bishop Burgess, smiling.
" 'My mistake, sub,' said the head waiter. " 'Ah, most er known all the time I was er talkin' to a military man. You like dis table, colonel?'"
" 'I am hot a colonel,' said Bishop Burgess, smiling more broadly. " 'I am a bishop.'
" 'To be shuah, sub,' said the head waiter. " 'To-o be shuah! Ve'y sorry for mah mistake, sub. I got dem titles of admiral and colonel wrong, sub, but Ah was all right on de main issue. Ah knowed soon as Ah saw you dat you was one of de face cards of your pre- fession, sub.'—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Purely Hypothetical.
"Uncle Henry, I want to ask your advice."
" 'Well'
" 'But you musn't mention it to a liv- ing soul! Suppose you were a young girl of my age and three men had pro- posed to you, one of them a young preacher, fine looking and well edu- cated, the second one a handsome young man in business, swell dresser and thinkin' the world of you, and the third a rich foreigner with a distich guished air about him and well spok- ed by everybody. Which of the three do you think would make the best hus- band?'"
" 'Why, Annabel, child, consult your own heart. Which of the three do you love best?'"
" 'Merry, Uncle Henry! Nobody's pro- posed to me yet. I'm only trying to get pointers, so I'll know the right man when he comes along.'—Chicago Tribune.

The Preparation of Parchment.
Parchment is the skin of sheep or other animals prepared in sheets to render them fit for being written upon. The heavier parchment, used for drum heads, is made from the skins of asses, older calves, wolves and goats. All these are similarly prepared. The skin, being freed from the hair, is placed in a lime pit to cleanse it from fat. The pelt is then stretched upon a frame, care being taken that the sur- face is free from wrinkles. The flesh is pared off with a circular knife, after which it is moistened, and whitening spread over it. Then the workman, with a large pumice stone, rubs the skin. He next goes over it with an iron instrument and rubs it carefully with pumice stone without chalk. Fi- nally the skin is gradually dried, right ening being occasionally required.

A Fast Express.
The slow train is still the target for the shafts of the humorist. Recently an English wag sent the following let- ter to the editor of his local paper:
"Sir, is there no way to put a stop to begging along the line of the railway? For instance, yesterday an aged men- dicant with a wooden leg kept pace with the afternoon express all the way from Blankton to Spacoley and an- noyed the passengers exceedingly, go- ing from one open window to another with his importunate solicitations."

Prince Henry, the Navigator.
The Kingdom of Portugal counted in its royal house one of the men who hold first rank in scientific attain- ment and practical application. He was the son of John I., of Portugal and Queen Philippa (who was an Eng- lish princess); he spent his life in sending out ships on voyages of dis- covery, and it was through this Prince Henry, called "the Navigator," that Columbus got his idea of seeking for a new land across the sea.

Our Friendships.
Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams instead of the tough fiber of the human heart. The laws of friend- ship are great, austere and eternal—of one web with the laws of morals and of nature.—Goethe.
Nature's Ways.
Nature turns over a new leaf in the spring, but in the fall she always paints things red.—Philadelphia Rec- ord.
Diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck.—Seneca.