

Her Choice

By F. A. MITCHEL

Patience Goodman was a young Quaker widow of Philadelphia some 200 years ago and but twenty-three years of age. Patience's conscience and heart were so tender that when she found herself obliged to disappoint or pain any one she stood stock still.

When she married Enoch Goodman it was as a dutiful maid in obedience to her father's mandate. She had preferred Pardon Fairweather, but parental authority was all powerful in those days, and she did not even encourage him.

When her husband died, as soon as it was proper for a man to ask her to be his wife Benediction Turner did so. Then came Fairweather, just one week later, and gave her the same invitation.

There was no parental authority now for her father was dead and she had become her own mistress. She found herself obliged to give pain to one of her suitors. Each urged his suit and gave her to understand that if she refused him he would seek death. Pardon vowed he would seek it in battle with the Indians, who were lurking near the settlements with hostile intent, and Benediction declared that he would turn pirate.

Patience was horror stricken at these threats and almost felt it her duty to marry Benediction because by turning pirate he would certainly lose his soul which was far more precious than a man's life, but she was unable to decide upon any course, so she kept putting her lovers off with one excuse after another till they were worn out with delay, while she was worn out with their importunities.

Finally they both agreed that if she would tell which of them in her heart she preferred the one whom she did not prefer would abandon the field to the other without laying any blame upon her. But it was not a matter of blame from them, but a disinclination to give either of them pain. She declined to consent to this proposition, but said she would pray to be shown her duty. She prayed, but no sign came to guide her.

One day when she was making candles her two lovers came to her together, and Benediction said:

"Mistress Goodman, by thy indecision they are giving both of us pain, whereas if thou would choose one of us that one would be happy. We pray thee therefore to choose between us, naming that one thou would wed."

The widow heaved a deep sigh, but did not reply for some time, evidently trying to say something and failing. Finally, taking up a candle in each hand, she made the following proposition:

"Take each of you one of these candles, light them at the same moment and the one that burns the longest him will I wed."

Thankful at the prospect of ending the suspense under which they lived, each took a candle. They had been cast in the same mold and were consequently of equal length. Each would burn from two to three hours. The widow brought her steel and flint and lighting a blaze, touched it to each candle at the same moment. Then she told her suitors that when they had burned to the socket of their candles she would send for them that they might see with their own eyes which would go out first and that one she would wed.

"We need not fear, Patience," said Benediction, "that these will tamper with the candles, because they have only to choose between us without their deciding for you. Therefore we may safely leave them in your care."

"But," said Pardon, "we will come in at the end, that he who is favored of us and he who is not shall see with his own eyes."

Benediction went to the wood and on the inside, to which the movable clamped behind his back, sorely disturbed by anxiety. During the long period of his uncertainty there was no suspense like this. Pardon went into his library, there were but two books in it, the Bible and a copy of Shakespeare's plays, and taking up the latter, read a few scenes from "Othello."

In this way each passed the time till the books that charmed us in youth should be remembered to learn his fate. At last a messenger came from the widow that the candles were burning, and each suitor repaired to the neat kitchen of Dame Goodman, where they were burning. Benediction turned ed white at seeing that his candle was but half an inch long, while that of his rival was an inch. Pardon's countenance did not change, but he cast a glance aside at the widow.

"It is not meet," groaned Benediction, "that I should remain longer here, since it is certain that I have of lost." He went out, the widow still keeping her eyes fixed on the floor and her hands clasped on her bosom.

Then Pardon went to the table, looked first at one candle, then at the other, and seeing a few tiny white grains that had been spilled on the dark polished wood, bent low to see what they were.

Wetting a finger, he put it on the grains and touched it to his tongue. He started, his face lighting up with a look of great happiness. Then he went to the widow, who stood still, bent, and put his arms about her waist, and put his head sunk upon his breast. The grains on the table were salt. Placed on a wick salt causes a candle to burn slower.

Discredited by a Knife.
An old politician whose tendencies were toward the teachings of prohibitionists tells how he accidentally spoiled the effect of a plan he was making against the liquor traffic before an outdoor audience in the northern part of Indiana. By the time he had made out the notes for his speech he had reached a point of view that boded ill for King Rum, and when he began speaking from them his imagination expanded and his language fairly scintillated with firebrands hurled at the traffic. In the midst of it, while paying his special respects to those who helped the traffic along by their lenience toward it, a series of malevolent breezes tried to carry off the loose leaves of his manuscript. To stop the annoyance he opened up his pocketknife and pinned the pages to the pine board before him. He pinned them with such a vigorous jolt that a big corkscrew with which the other end of the knife was equipped flopped open and stood up shamelessly before all those temperance people.

"I have always felt," the orator went on to say, "that the impression I made on that crowd was not commensurate with the beauty of my effort."—Indianapolis News.

First Drop Curtain Sign.
It is very seldom nowadays that we catch a glimpse of advertising signs on the drop curtains of any New York production, and yet time was when this method of advertising was a source of revenue to the manager, and curtains were literally covered with signs. It is related that one of the foremost producers along Broadway some twenty-five years ago, while putting on a big musical play, discovered that his funds were running low and he was unable to raise a loan. One of the scenes in the play represented Union square, at that time the first class retail center of New York city. He had an idea. He went to merchants whose places of business were on Union square and proposed to show their stores in his scene, and with their signs plainly in sight, which would be a good ad. The suggestion was readily accepted, and the producer got all the money he required for bringing out his play and a great deal more.—New York Telegraph.

Lively Wedding Gifts.
No one ever received a more curious consignment of wedding presents than the famous lion trainer Ridel. "We spent our honeymoon at Lyons," he once told a friend, "and we had some queer presents from the ordinary point of view, as all my friends were anxious to give something useful. Among other gifts were three boa constrictors, and five alligators. I shall never forget how annoyed I was and how frightened my wife was when during the night two of the alligators broke out of their boxes in our bedroom and began exploring. I could not find the matches, and my wife and I remained on top of the bed canopy till morning. Luckily my wife did not think of the thing that was worrying me. I was dandy afraid that the alligators would wake up the boa constrictors."

Died For His Mate's.
There is a tablet in the sailors' home at Melbourne to James Marr. He was a sailor before the mast on the Rip. On July 15, 1873, the Rip was caught in a squall. Marr sat astride of the gaff when a great wave broke over the boat and brought down the mainmast. There was only one chance to save the Rip. That was to cut away the litter. But Marr clung to the broken spar, and to cut away meant to send him overboard to his death. So, looking at him doubtfully, the men beatified their axes in their hands. Marr, helpless, pondered. He saw that his help would be the boat's salvation, and he shouted:

"Cut away, mates! Goodbye!"
Then he let himself fall into the cold, wild sea.

Making Dolls.
The assembling by German dollmakers of the different parts of the dolls is often very complicated. The best jointed dolls have stout elastic cord parts are attached. A special branch of the industry is devoted to the making of dresses and hats. The interest of Parkins stores are copied in dressing the larger-sized dolls, and the area his library, there were but two books in it, the Bible and a copy of Shakespeare's plays, and taking up the latter, read a few scenes from "Othello."

The Books of Youth.
The books that charmed us in youth should be remembered to learn his fate. At last a messenger came from the widow that the candles were burning, and each suitor repaired to the neat kitchen of Dame Goodman, where they were burning. Benediction turned ed white at seeing that his candle was but half an inch long, while that of his rival was an inch. Pardon's countenance did not change, but he cast a glance aside at the widow.

Not Dangerous.
"We found a kidnapper in our house the other day."
"Good heavens! Did you get the police?"
"It is not meet," groaned Benediction, "that I should remain longer here, since it is certain that I have of lost." He went out, the widow still keeping her eyes fixed on the floor and her hands clasped on her bosom.

Full of Thrills.
"Was the play exciting?"
"Oh, very! The management had engaged two leading ladies, and there was a constant struggle for the center of the stage."—Washington Herald.

Heart Throbs Stopped.
Nan—So you've had a falling out with Jack. I thought he loved you with all his heart. Pan—That's just it. He had heart failure.—Philadelphia Record.

The only thing that walks back from the tomb with the mourners and refuses to be buried is character.—W. G. Sumner.

LUCKY CARDS

By JOSEPH E. COUCH

When I went out to the wild west—at a time when it was the wild west and not the civilized country it is now—it seemed to me that every one gambled. There were all kinds of games from the most honest to the most rascally.

I very soon found that to be like other people I must do as they did—in other words, I must gamble. I had played poker occasionally in the east with my friends to pass the time, and finding it to be the prevailing game in my new home, I concluded that since I must play I would play the national game.

One evening I won a very large pot on three nines. When I showed my cards every one at the table exclaimed: "Dead man's hand, by thunder!"

I asked what was meant by dead man's hand, and one of the party told the following story:

"A few years ago a young fellow came out here to look over some mining property. A prospector had struck some first class indications and had some first to put the property into a company. He had failed at that, but had induced this young man to come out to investigate and, if satisfied, furnish the money to open the vein.

"Johnston—that was his name—had a wife and a couple of kids. He had had hard luck in making a living and was scraping bottom when his wife received a legacy of \$10,000. He was visionary enough to persuade her to give it to him to make the investigation of the mine with and to use for development purposes if the case looked promising.

"Johnston came out here with the money to make the investigation and while he was doing it attended to business. A company was organized, two-thirds of the shares to be on his payment of the \$10,000. Hammond, the prospector who had discovered the vein and owned it to have the rest Johnston had made the investigation and determined to invest the money in the mine. While he was waiting for the necessary legal steps to form the company having nothing to do, one day he stepped into a place where some men were having a small game. There was something fascinating to him in the rattle of the chips, and wasn't he called for \$10 in forfeits and set down at the table.

"It was the worst thing he could do, for the very next day he was to put up the money for the shares and to receive a contract for them. He won a little at first but not much then he began to lose. He realized that if he lost any of the money he was to invest he might better have stayed at home, and this made him nervous. He didn't play with any kind of skill, being timid when he should have been bold and bold when he should have been timid. The game was fair enough, there not being a professional gambler in it, but a man can get cleaned out at an honest game as well as at a dishonest one.

"Just as soon as Johnston began to lose he began to plunge. It wasn't long before he had lost \$5,000. After that he insisted on making all sorts of foolish bets. His face got red, and his eyes were wild. Some of the men who were in the game with him tried to stop it but he demanded his revenge and they couldn't well get out.

"About midnight Johnston had lost all but about \$1,000 of his pile. Next hand was a jack pot. He opened it with \$100, and most everybody stayed in. It seemed that all had something to bet on, for the pot kept growing bigger and bigger. Toward the end of the betting it was noticed that Johnston's face instead of being red was white.

Well, the money kept piling up on the table. No one knew how much there was of it because it was a heap of dust and gold and silver and bills. At last some of the players, seeing that Johnston was looking kind of queer called a halt. Nobody bet any more, and as for Johnston, he had pulled his hat down over his eyes so as to conceal his face. When the showdown was called he had his elbows on the table and his jaws in the palms of his hands.

Every man turned his cards over except Johnston, who sat looking down at the table. There, there, though that he was himself beaten and had no stuff left in him to turn them over. The hat is almost as heavy as lead. There were three eights, three fives and several double pairs.

"Wake up Johnston, and look at your cards," some one sang out.
"But Johnston didn't move. One of his opponents turned his hand over and showed those nines. He had won over the others by one point."
"Johnston, you've won!"

"Somebody pulled his hat from off his forehead and exposed his face. There was a stony stare in his eyes that sent a thrill of horror through all.

"The man was dead."
"One of the players scooped the money off the table and put it away. When it was counted there was \$10,227 in it. The next day it was turned over for the shares, and they made Johnston's widow rich."

"Since that day no one out here has been known to lose a pot on three nines, and it has always been called 'dead man's hand.'"

The story cost me a thousand dollars, for pretty soon I got three nines and another fellow three tens. I won, so if it was all put up on me.



Indian Wit

In Colonel Newell's reminiscences as an Indian agent is this story: The Indian commissioner visited the agency one day and asked to have all the Indians brought before him that he might make them a speech. These were the brave souls, of whom spotted "But one" of the most illustrious of Indians was at that time head chief. In the course of his address the commissioner faced the Indians to quit painting their faces and bodies. He told them that some but a savage painted his face or his body. After he had finished Spotted Tail arose.

"You say we are savages because we paint our faces and bodies," he said. "Last spring I was in Washington and went to the president's inaugural ball. All the white women at that ball had their faces painted. I do not think we are savages," he said.

The assembled Indians shrieked with laughter.

The Tag at the Rear.

A Chicago physician recently motor ed to Columbus, where he spent several days with friends on the east side. While downtown one day he left his touring car standing in front of the "Chiffenden" hotel, and when he came out he saw the colored doorman standing back of the machine laughing.

"What's the giggle?" queried the doctor.
"Nothing, boss," answered the genial doorman. "But you're a physician, aren't you?"
"Yes."

"I thought so when I saw the red cross on the front of your machine, but if I owned that car I'd take that sign off the back."
The doctor went around to the rear and looked at the house tag. It read: "35,000 Ill. Columbus Dispatch."

Frogs and Mud Farts.

There is a frog in the mud and fort drug the breathing apparatus in order to protect her eggs. The female frog is a very good swimmer and and respects the laws of gravity. She erects a mud wall around her eggs in diameter. She stands at a distance from the surface of the water, and the mud wall is most carefully constructed. The mud is performed only once, and it is completed before the eggs are laid.

Shocked Him Anxiously.

"What's old Edward looking so grouchy about?"
"Got short changed out of \$15 last night, and he's sore."
"Edward short changed out of \$15—hurrrah! It doesn't seem possible where'd it happen?"
"The only place it could happen—in a dream"—Houston Post.

Then He Got Mad.

Husband (Impatiently): If the fool-killer would strike his town he would find plenty of work to do. Wife: Is there such a person, dear? Husband: Of course there is. Wife (with anxiety): Well, I do hope, John, that you will be very careful.

Good Investment.

"I am going to marry a shoemaker."
"Why a shoemaker?"
"Because he is the sort of man who is generally whole soled and well heeled."—Baltimore American.

Peace Hath Her Victories.

She—No, I can never marry you, but we can always be friends. He—Well, that is one of the advantages of not getting married.—Pack.

The Beverage for the Man who "Does Things"

Maltop

is a food beverage with tonic properties that stimulate sluggish organs to natural activity. It braces up every nerve, muscle and fibre of the body.

Keep A Case In Your Home

PHONES

HOME—271—MAIN

Flower City Brewing Co.

We are Headquarters in Rochester

For Everything in the

Horse Goods Line

Harness, Riding Saddles, Leather Goods

CHAS. S. GIBBS

93 State St., Rochester, N.Y.
Both Phones 1387

Have Your Carpets Cleaned by Compressed Air

FEATHERS AND MATTRESSES RENOVATED BY STEAM

Gray's Carpet Cleaning Works

17 MT. HOPE AVENUE

BOTH PHONES—WAGONS WILL CALL

German American Lumber Co

GET OUR PRICES

134 Portland Ave. 888 Clinton Ave. S.

Both Phones, Home 1865, Bell 1248

John H. McAnarney

General Insurance Fidelity Bonds

101-102 Ellwanger & Barry Bldg.
Roch. Phone 2172 Bell Phone 3682 Main

W. B.

Elastine Reduso CORSETS

are the most comfortable corset for the well-developed woman.

The Elastine Gores

in the front relieve all strain, and allow freedom and comfort in any position.

W. B. Elastine-Reduso Corsets are guaranteed to

Reduce Hips and Abdomen One to Five Inches

effecting a wonderful improvement in the figure lines.

\$3.00 and \$5.00

At All Dealers.

WEINGARTEN BR' & Co. Makers, New York

W. B. NUFORM Corsets, this style—low back—extreme length over hips—giving the long lines of the up-to-date figure with unexcelled comfort. Selected materials, skilfully trimmed. Banded guaranteed not to rust. Price, \$1 up.