

A SCHOOL OF LOVE

By EMMA L. GOULD

Mrs. Edmonds at forty-five found herself a widow with no income. As Kate Brewster she had in her youth more offers of marriage than she knew what to do with. She had married Major Edmonds because he was the best of those who proposed before she was too old to flirt. At his death she succeeded the original idea of making a living by teaching young women how to get husbands.

So she put out a circular in which she agreed for a stipulated fee to tell any girl how to get any man she wanted, the fee to be paid after engagement. This looked fair enough, and a number of young women called at her consultation rooms for advice. Among them was Johanna Ormsby, who stated what she wanted as follows:

"I wish to marry Mr. Sam Trusdell. He is a bachelor of thirty-five and a woman hater. I have tried to make myself agreeable to him, and he likes to pass an evening with me for a chat. What is to say, he never is anything toward me but friendly."

"How long has this been going on?"

"About a year."

"That's bad. If you had but recently made his acquaintance it would be much easier. Such chronic cases need desperate remedies. In your case I see no way but to pick a quarrel with him."

"A quarrel?"

"Yes; you must contrive something out of which a quarrel shall grow. When misconstrued something is done, or, if that is impracticable, make the fight on no basis whatever, trusting to invent one, and if you can't invent one tell him you have been mistaken in something which has passed, but which now, since it is all over, is too painful for you to mention in that case you will have the advantage of being penitent and throwing yourself on his mercy."

"But I wish him to love me. Why make him angry?"

"To start him. The longer your relations remain as they are the more chronic they will become and the harder to break up. Since you are not an apt scholar I shall have to manage the affair for you. To make a beginning, cut him the next time you meet him on the street."

"For what ostensible reason?"

"Cut him and leave the rest to me. Use the telephone freely, and I will keep you advised."

Miss Ormsby went away, and the next time she met Mr. Trusdell she called by him with her nose in the air.

He looked at her with astonishment. What could he have done to merit such treatment? He turned to look back at her, then passed on his way in much agitation. There is nothing that will so rock a man as to receive the contempt of a lady. She may fight him, she may plead with him, and he can stand it manfully, but let her condemn him and he is crushed.

That same evening Miss Ormsby received a note from Mr. Trusdell, begging to know wherein he had offended her. She called up Mrs. Edmonds, repeated the matter and asked for instructions.

"Pay no attention to the note," was the reply.

"But now your treatment of the case is getting me out of chronic indifference as well as Mr. Trusdell. I fear I shall make a breach that will never be healed. That would be dreadful!"

"It will never be healed until you do as I tell you."

There followed a silence. Miss Ormsby felt as if she were hanging over a precipice with no one to help her. Nevertheless she dare not disobey instructions. She did not reply to Mr. Trusdell's note.

One evening there was a ring at the doorbell and a guest was ushered into the drawing room, where Miss Ormsby was sitting. He was Mr. Trusdell. The lady had no opportunity to consult her instructress. She must depend upon her own resources. Having no resources, she fell back on the general instructions she had received in the beginning. She stood still, said nothing and prepared to appear penitent.

"I have called," said Mr. Trusdell, all of a tremor, "to ask what in the world I have been doing to meet your contempt."

There was no reply. Miss Ormsby's eyes were bent to the floor. Mr. Trusdell came nearer and implored her to tell him.

"I fear," she said at last, "that I have done you a great injustice."

"Injustice?"

"Yes. I am very sorry for what I have done. My voice trembled."

"Has any one maligned me?"

"Yes—no. Let it all pass as something too painful to be remembered."

"Will you not name my traducer?"

"That would only make matters worse. Do, I beg of you, drop the matter. I will do any penance you ask."

"Why do you feel so deeply concerning it?"

"I don't know. I can't tell—I—"

"My dear Johanna, do not trouble yourself further in the matter. It is enough for me to be assured that you feel toward me—"

Miss Ormsby blushed and turned her head aside.

A few weeks later Mrs. Edmonds received a pleasant fee.

The Temper of a Thunderstorm.

A tall, well-gowned young woman entered one of the department stores, accompanied by an angelic appearing little girl of three years. "What a beautiful child!" the shoppers murmured as she passed. From one counter to another the two went, purchasing gloves, a white lace veil, some rose pink ribbon, that the mother held under her daughter's chin and then at her child to see the effect, which the saleswoman declared perfect. All the time the child was sweetly acquiescent in all her mother's plans. Once or twice she spoke quietly to her mother, who answered her by saying, "Perhaps, later," and smiled. Suddenly a change came over the angelic face. It was like a great black thundercloud passing over the face of the sick.

"I won't stop teasing," shrieked the angelic one; "I won't! I want chocolate ice cream! I will have it! I will! I will!" The voice rose in a shriek of rage and determination. Then she threw her dainty self to the floor and rolled over and over.—New York Mail.

Napoleon's Last Doctor.

M. Frederic Masson has traced the remarkable career of Signor Antonmarchi, whom Cardinal Fesch sent to St. Helena to act as Napoleon's medical adviser. He was not even qualified, but was only a student holding an appointment in the dissecting room of the Florence hospital, and he diagnosed cancer of the stomach as a simple indigestion and counseled the emperor to cure it by digging in the garden. After Napoleon's death he tried to obtain a pension from his heirs on the strength of an unsupported statement that there was a codicil in the will bequeathing one to him. Marie Louise and Neipperg refused to do anything for him, but the matter ultimately went to arbitration, and he was awarded an annuity of 3,000 francs. He raised a little ready money by selling Napoleon's death mask, and then, after setting up in medical practice in Paris and failing to obtain patients, he crossed the ocean to New Orleans. He died in Santiago in 1838.—Westminster Gazette.

Dickens' Resemblance to Tennyson.

Some of the great writers of the last century seem to have resembled each other in physical appearance as well as in genius. Mr. Comyns Carr in his "Eminent Victorians" states that he was struck at one of Dickens' residences by the resemblance of Tennyson. Afterward, on seeing a pencil drawing which Millais made of Dickens after death, he found the likeness to the poet still more marked, and on the sketch being shown to Tennyson he too observed the resemblance. He gazed at it curiously for some minutes, then exclaimed: "Why, this is almost extraordinary drawing. It is exactly like myself." And Lady Dorothy Nevill in her "Reminiscences" tells of a painting purchased by a friend of hers as a portrait of Browning. It was afterward found to be a portrait of Dickens, made by an artist friend at Gad's Hill.

Outs and Ins of London.

When the late Franklin Fyles first visited London he told his traveling companion as they rose from breakfast the first morning that he would have to be gone most of the day. "I've got to see a doctor and a lawyer to whom I have cards of introduction," he explained, "and there are a couple of dramatic critics here who've written me to call as soon as I reached town. Then I'm going to hunt up Goldsmith's grave down in Temple Gardens. I'd rather see that than any other one thing in England."

A few minutes past 10 Mr. Fyles walked into the hotel again, and to his friend's surprised look, merely said: "Doctor and lawyer and critics all out. Only man at home was Oliver"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Found Imitation Difficult.

Bert, a Washburn freshman, closed a letter to his cousin Joe, five years old, by saying: "Now I must quit and write five pages on Father."

The next day his father found Joe armed with tablet and pencil trying to hold down his young brother, Robert, and said to him: "Joe, what are you doing?"

"I'm trying to write five pages on 'Bob, but he won't be still,'" replied the little fellow.—Indianapolis News.

In His Mind.

An artist gazes intently into the space within an empty frame.

"What see you there?" says a friend.

"I see a wonderful picture," was the reply.

"Oh, an intentional picture?" the friend retorts.—American Art News.

Taking No Chances.

Mr. B. Jones—Don't you think Johnnie is getting too big to be a messenger boy?

Mrs. B. Jones—No, I'd rather keep him there because there is no danger of his getting into fast company.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Picking Up Pins.

"How do you make your living, my lad?"

"Picking up pins, sir."

"Dear me—What an odd occupation. Where?"

"In a bowling alley, sir."—Boston Transcript.

Disgraceful.

Willie—Has Jack a good reason for being ashamed of his ancestors? Billie—I should say so. His grandfather struck out four times in a world's series.—Philadelphia Record.

It is less pain to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

A College President

A Story For Commencement

By ARTHUR TROWBRIDGE

"Molly," said Deacon Maynard, laying a letter he had just opened and read on the breakfast table, "President Woodward of the state university writes me that he desires to see me and will come here about 1 o'clock today. I must go to B. this morning and may not get back before 2 or 3 o'clock. I shall have to rely upon you to entertain him."

"Goodness gracious, father, what shall I do with him? I'm no hand to entertain an old person like that. I shall let down the bars of your philosophical library, turn him in and let him browse there."

"Anyway you like, daughter, only apologize for my not being here to receive him."

Molly, who kept house for her father—her mother was dead—attended to her morning duties, then took her sewing out on the porch and, seating herself, proceeded to work and enjoy the bright sunshine. She worked perhaps an hour when she became restless and, laying aside what she was making, arose and, taking a tennis racket and some balls, went down to the court and began a little practice work. But she soon tired of this and wished she had some one to play a game with.

A man apparently between thirty and thirty-five, in a pepper and salt suit and a slouch hat, came down the road and, leaning on the fence, said:

"Beg pardon. Is Deacon Maynard at home?"

"No; father has gone to B. this morning and will not be back before early afternoon."

The man looked disappointed. Taking out his watch, he noted the time and looked uncertain what to do.

"I think I shall have to wait for him, though I shall have several hours to get away with. I've hiked fifteen miles to see him and shall hike fifteen miles back. I don't wish to do it for nothing."

He looked at the net stretched across the tennis field rather longingly. Molly thought and, joining invitation to play, she asked him, if he played the game and when he said he did she invited him to pass the time in that way. Putting one hand on the fence he vaulted it. Molly brought him a racket and they began to play.

Molly at once discovered that she had an experienced tennis player to tackle and was consequently much pleased. Her room was stacked with prize rackets, pennants and such articles as she had won in tournaments, and she seldom found a player worthy to meet her over the net. But playing her best she soon found that the stranger could beat her. This irritated her. She soon forgot that the man was a stranger and a visitor, and whenever he touched the line between the fair and the unfair she spoke sharply to him. He always seemed penitent, but the more irritable she grew the more he seemed to take a malicious pleasure in annoying her. Playing with a lady he should have played a lady's game. Instead of that he served as if he were hurling missiles at an enemy. One of these balls hit her on the hand and hurt her badly. Dropping her racket, she said:

"No more today, thank you. I am expecting a gentleman with an inflexion on the word gentleman to see my father whom I am to entertain at dinner if you will come back at 3 o'clock. I dare say father will be here, though since he has an engagement with President Woodward you may have to wait some time."

All this was said under the spiteness of pain. Molly not realizing her rudeness, the stranger seemed much grieved at having hurt her and thanked her for helping him through with the time. Whereupon, being ashamed of herself, she said:

"It's of no consequence, I assure you. But I must really go now. The president will be here in a few minutes, and I have the task before me of entertaining him. How I am to do the job I don't know. If it were not for this I would ask you to come in and wait for father here and would give you some dinner, but the president is all I shall be able to stagger under at one time."

The stranger declared that nothing could induce him to trespass upon her at such a time and left her, hoping that she would have an easier task with the president than she anticipated.

It was now ten minutes to 1, and, making a toilet, Molly, after a visit to the kitchen to see that all was worthy of the dignified guest to come, sat on the porch waiting for him. Half past 1, 2 came, and no president. At half past 2 her father returned and was quite surprised that Dr. Woodward had not arrived. At 3 the stranger tennis player came and was closeted with Deacon Maynard for the rest of the afternoon. When he had gone Molly asked her father who he was.

"He's President Woodward, and he has taken \$5,000 of mine away with him to found a scholarship for his college."

"President Woodward?" exclaimed Molly agast.

"Yes, he came earlier than he expected. He said that, since he did not find me at home, he would not trouble you to entertain him. You see, they are using men with begging faculties now for college presidents instead of men to occupy a chair of philosophy."

"My goodness gracious!"

Cooking Fish Out of Doors.

"Clean the fish, but do not scale; leave head, tail and fins intact and put a small strip of bacon in each of them. Dig a hole large enough for the fish to lie in with several inches to spare. Build a fire in it and get a good hot bed of coals. Bake out half of them, cover the remainder with an inch of grass, place the fish on the grass, cover with more grass and pile the rest of the hot coals on top. Cover the hole with a frying pan or any other handy thing, as, for instance, a flat stone.

"In thirty minutes they will be cooked, and Delmonico himself could not make them taste better. They are partly fried and partly steamed by the juices of the grass. The bacon fat has fried out and permeated the flesh. The grass juice adds a peculiar and exceedingly pleasant flavor, and when taken from the hole the grass which clings to the fish can be easily pulled off, and all the scales and skin will come with it."—Edward G. W. Ferguson in *Outing Magazine*.

Fairies—Good and Bad.

Deep down in their hearts, if the truth were told, the majority of grown-ups have a strong regard for fairy stories, and there are few of us with so little imagination that we have not a liking for these light, fantastic tales. Just as there are all sorts and conditions of men, so are fairies diverse as a class. The banshee is an Irish fairy, and Scotland calls it a brownie. An elf is a fairy of diminutive size, supposed to be fond of practical jokes. Genii are eastern spirits, sometimes good, but occasionally bad. A gnome is a guardian of a coal mine or quarry and a goblin a phantom spirit. Imp is the Welsh spirit of mischief and jack-o'-lantern a bog or marsh fairy who loves to mislead. Every one knows the mermaid as the sea spirit, and naiads are water nymphs. Oberon was king of the fairies, and a pixie is a fairy of Devon. Puck, full of fun, is Swedish, and a sylph is a spirit of the air.

Houses Keep London Warm.

The temperature of the air in London is raised by the artificial sources of heat existing in it no less than two degrees on the annual mean above that of its immediate vicinity. Mr. Howard, in his work on climate, has fully established this fact by a comparison of a long series of observations, made at Plaistow, Stratford and Tottenham Green, all within five miles of London, with those made at the apartments of the Royal Society in London and periodically recorded in "Philosophical Transactions," in explanation Mr. Howard refers to the heat induced by the populations (just as the temperature of a hive of bees and from the domestic fires and from the foundries, breweries, steam engines and other manufactures.—John Thib's "Curiosities of London."

Beads and Minister.

A story is told about a west country minister and his beads, showing the familiarity that used to exist between the minister and his man. The minister and John had got into an argument, and it became so hot that John was like to lose his temper. The minister naturally tried to throw oil on the troubled waters.

"Man, John," he said, "it's a good thing we are not all of one mind. For example, had everybody been of my mind everybody would have been wanting my good wife Janet."

"Very true," replied John a little surly, "for if everybody had been in the same mind as me nobody would have taken her away. She may mak' a good enough minister's wife, but she would have made a purf show aside my Jean!"

—London Answers.

Superstitious Miners.

Coal strikes have sometimes been threatened in England on curious grounds. In 1874 a woman was employed as a messenger at one of the collieries near Oswestry. As she commenced her day's work very early, she often met the miners on their way to the pit, and as the men considered it a bad omen to meet a woman first thing in the morning, trouble arose. By threats and persuasion they tried to get the offending female to give up her job, but, failing in this, they went in a body to the manager and flatly refused to go down until the woman had been dismissed.

A Punning Match.

Father ruefully gazed on his last shilling.

"Money has wings, and house rents make it fly," he said.

"Yes," said his fifteen-year-old son, "and some houses have wings, for I've seen many a house fly."

"You're smarter than your old dad, maybe, my son, but I always thought that no part of a house except the chimney flew!"—London Tri-Bit.

It Reminded Him.

"The dew is falling," she said. "Let us go in before it settles."

"Yes," he answered, but a worried look stole into his face. Little did she dream that with him many dews were falling and that he was utterly unable to settle.—Judge.

There Were Others.

"John, I want the baby named Paul."

"My dear, Paul was a woman hater."

"Mercy! Did you think I meant that Paul? I'm naming him for Paul Jones."—Chicago Tribune.

Perfectly Proper.

Smith—Jones seems to have no thought for anything except his clothes. Brown—Yes; he is perfectly wrapped up in them.

Good faith is a seldom guest. When you have him hold him fast.—German.

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Bartorial Discard.

Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood was greatly attached to a regiment of highlanders when the latter were stationed at Portsmouth. Sir Evelyn then a captain, one day returned from London and with great hurry proceeded to array himself for parade. When he at last emerged he observed that his men were evidently at great pains to conceal their laughter, and he quietly questioned his subaltern as to the probable reason. "Well, sir," replied the latter, "you are dressed correctly as to kit, sporan and all the rest of it, but you have forgotten to remove your tall hat!"



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