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Good Out Of Evil
By DWIGHT NORWOOD

As I entered the station I ran up against a beautiful display of flowers in a shop window. I have always been fond of flowers, and entering the shop I bought a rose, an American Beauty, and put it in a buttonhole of my coat. On reaching my destination, stepping from the train, I ran into something more beautiful than the rose. At least it was more engaging. A young girl who seemed to be taking in with rapid glances those who were alighting fixed her eyes upon me, gave a sign of recognition, started forward, halted, then as I was passing her caught my hand and said: "Walter!"

THE CURIOUS KANGAROO.

A Theory Its Queer Style of Animal Architecture Suggests.
The kangaroo family is unique and is found only in Australia. It is the most remarkable branch of the order of the marsupials, or pouched animals, the pouch being a kind of pocket in which the young are nourished and protected for a long time after birth. The opossum is an example of a marsupial inhabiting America, but it bears no outward resemblance to a kangaroo. The marsupials arose in very ancient geological times somewhere in the mesozoic age, and later on nearly disappeared except in Australia and neighboring islands, where today they constitute the characteristic native fauna.

HIS DAY OF REST.

A Town in France Where a Legal Holiday is Strictly Observed.
The jeweler's face expressed bewilderment and astonishment and amusement. He looked from the artist to me and back again at the artist. He started at the end of every sentence to say something, but the artist didn't give him a chance. The artist kept on talking, while I kept on trying to control my sense of humor. I wanted to write shorthand, so that I could put it all down for posterity. The artist had left a watch to be mended, and we were standing in front of the jeweler's shop on one of the narrow streets of Paris. The street was the extreme west of France. The street lay west in front of the shop, and the jeweler was in his shirt sleeves, looking as if he had been waked up by our knock from an enjoyable after-dinner sleep. The artist and I were leaving by the 8:15 train for Pont Croix, and we didn't intend to come back this way. It was Thursday, but the jeweler had politely explained that he could not give us the watch until tomorrow, although it was all ready and was hanging from its little hook in the shop at whose open door we stood. The reason was that Thursday had been chosen by the jeweler for his repose heldomadire—the one day in seven rest imposed by law.—Herbert Adams Gibson in Harper's Magazine.

Light of a Deep Sea Shrimp.

One of the most extraordinary crustacea ever discovered was dredged up by the Prince of Monaco from a depth of 10,000 feet. It has been named Ophiobolus grimaldi. It is a sort of shrimp, and its peculiarity is that it glows from two holes near its mouth, a liquid which, on coming into contact with salt water, produces a fine pale blue light. Absolute darkness reigns in the depths where it lives, but the little shrimp does not find it necessary to keep its light always burning. This would use up too much energy, so it glows only when it wants to look at something, or perhaps to attract the minute animalcules that form its food.—New York World.

A Poverty Stricken Queen.

Partly owing to the fact that she was wedded to an avaricious king and partly because she was generous with the little money allowed her Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII., spent a small amount for dress. She was very often in debt, and the sums she spent were ridiculously small, 20 shillings (\$5) being the greatest amount expended at any one time. Her gowns were mended and turned, and new waists were made for them, as is shown by the record of bills paid to her tailor. These bills prove that she wore her clothes for a long time, for her gowns were obliged to be newly hemmed, and also that, though a princess of the great house of Plantagenet, she wore shoes costing but 24 cents, which were decorated with tin buckles.

Charm Cures.

Belief in charm cures is not quite extinct even today. Only a short while ago a child in East Anglia went to a chemist with a request from her mother for a spider in a nutshell to hang round baby's neck to cure his whooping cough. In the west country some still pin faith in the cure of whooping cough by administering cooked dormouse or by plucking a hair from the sick child's neck, hiding it in a piece of meat, and giving it to a dog. No child will ever have the malady, others affirm, if it has ridden on the back of a bear.—London Telegraph.

Friday Weddings.

Friday is a day of which about two wed couples are extremely nervous. It is a matter of record in most cities that fewer licenses are issued on that day than on the other five of the working week. In the divorce court no such hesitancy is manifest.

Aridity.

He—The town you live in is rather dry socially, isn't it? She—Arid? Well, I should say so. Why, the soil there is so arid socially that you can't even raise your eyebrows.—Vanity Fair.

Things of India.

Among the countless varieties of criminal which infest the large cities you are doubtless familiar with the "thug," a ruffian who would stab a person in the back for a few cents. The name "thug" is derived from the old religious order that flourished in India unmolested up to about 1830. Thuggee was practiced by religious fanatics, whose great prohibited shedding of blood. Any human sacrifice which might be offered to the goddess Kali must be slain without the breaking of the skin or the appearance of one bloodstain! Usually the thugs masqueraded as pilgrims or peddlers, got the confidence of their victims and then strangled them by means of a rope, a handkerchief or an unwound turban. They were then buried in shallow graves, dug with a consecrated pickax, and a third of the plunder was laid on the altar of Kali, their barbaric deity.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Taking an Impression.

The original point of view of Stephen Hawley, the English painter, is seen in the following fable, which was included in a letter to a friend: The artist peeped into a window of a room where a retired merchant sat, doing a jigsaw puzzle. "Whose is that strange face?" the merchant asked anxiously. "I saw no one," his wife said. "I did. I saw a strange face distinctly—but before he reached the window the artist was gone. "Do you think it was a burglar?" his wife said. "We will see if he has taken anything." Investigation showed that nothing was missing, but the artist had taken away an impression which he sold to that particular merchant for \$100.—Kansas City Times.

The Penetrating Stars.

Can a stare be felt? A woman who has conducted many experiments says it can, that "no matter how deep her absorption, the stare at her back will always disturb her. AM girls feel a stare," Dr. Cooper, "a psychologist," says, "a stare is not felt and that he has tested it a thousand times." It is probably all imagination on the part of the woman, for it is easy in such cases for what one imagines to become real to her. Where she passes a man, and he stares at her, she can doubtless feel that stare a block away, for it will take awhile for the impression of a stare to pass away. Stares are no doubt a great annoyance to women, but there is no way to prohibit them. The only way to do to abolish the stare is for women to dress simply, and go modestly about their business.—Ohio State Journal.

Nickel in Soapmaking.

It will probably be news to the average abolitionist that the metal nickel is used in making his soap. And further, perhaps, he will be glad to learn that although the nickel, finely ground, is mixed with the other soap ingredients the finished product contains none of it. This is so because the nickel acts as what the chemists call a catalyst; that is, its presence causes certain desirable changes to occur, although it takes no part in the chemical reaction. Offensive oils and those too thin for satisfactory use when mixed with finely divided nickel and subjected to the action of a current of hydrogen become thickened and harder and suitable for the soapmaker's use. Cottonseed oil, for example, after the nickel-hydrogen treatment, makes a satisfactory soap.—Pittsburgh Press.

Elephant Skin.

Elephant skin is beautiful and durable, but it is very hard to get. The piece of a live elephant is large, and a leather manufacturer who promised to provide a number of elephant skin bags at short order would find himself facing a big problem. Almost all elephants, after they die, fall into the hands of the leather manufacturers, or else they are stuffed and put in museums.

She Was Right.

Teacher—Now, Dorothy, tell me how many bones in your body? Dorothy—Two hundred and eight. Teacher—That's not right. There are only 207. Dorothy (with great delight)—But I swallowed a fish bone this morning!—Indianapolis Star.

Balata.

Balata is a substance belonging to the rubber-like products and which is very similar to gutta serena. It is obtained from the milky juice of the "hully tree" (Sapota muelleri belk), found chiefly in the Guianas and Venezuela.

An Easy Arrangement.

Wife—Am I, then, never to have my way in anything? Husband—Certainly, dear. When we are both agreed you can have your way. When we differ I'll have mine.

Obliging.

"Only give me time, your honor," begged the convicted prisoner. "All right," replied the judge. "How will ten years suit?"—Baltimore American.

Limited Experience.

Mistress (to new girl)—We entertain a good deal. Have you had much experience at parties? Girl—Only as a guest, mum.—New Haven Register.

Curiosity is looking over other people's affairs and overlooking our own.—Wayland.

The Villa On the Hill
By EUNICE BLAKE

Sherbourne was one of those young men into whose laps an unjust fate pours boundless wealth. Sherbourne's pile was about twenty millions. At twenty-one he found himself in possession of it all, and it was so well invested that he had nothing to do but put it in bank as fast as it came in. He soon tired of this and hired a man to do it for him. Then he went abroad to see the world. One day while running about in an auto in Italy he saw a girl crossing the road ahead of him. She was dressed neither as a peasant nor a lady, but between the two. In her hand she carried a basket of berries. On a hill near by was an imposing villa. Sherbourne was wondering who lived there when he reached the girl crossing the road. "Can you tell me, signorina," he asked in a mixture of Italian and Latin, seasoned with a little English, "who inhabits that villa up there on the hill?" "The Princess Angela Farial." "Much land with it?" "Many acres, signor." "It's," said Sherbourne half to the girl and half to himself, "I wonder if it is for sale." "Are you an American?" she asked. "Yes. Why do you ask?" "You Americans wish to buy every thing you see. I don't think you can buy this place, however." "I presume there is no harm in trying, is there?" "Oh, no!" "I don't think land can be worth much about here. The more a person owns the worse he is off on account of the taxes." "You might make the princess an offer. She is alone in the world, her parents being dead. She is much attached to the place, but on account of loneliness would prefer city life." "Thank you very much for your information." And Sherbourne drove on. When Sherbourne came to the entrance of the place he turned in and ascended the hill, admiring the splendid view as he rose. He thought that he would like to settle down on the place, collect a library and spend his days reading. He had not yet reached an age where a man notices that a home is no home at all without a woman in it. At any rate, he made up his mind to buy it, and when Sherbourne made up his mind to buy anything he considered it as good as purchased. Driving up to the entrance of the villa he alighted. "I have called," he said to a liveried lackey who admitted him "to ask if the Princess Farial would consider an offer for her place." The lackey showed the visitor into a cosy reception room, then disappeared. Presently he returned and asked how much the visitor would give. Sherbourne made an offer of \$50,000,000. The lackey, after consulting with his master, returned with a purchaser, at last brought him a card of a real estate agent in New York with a message that the agent had dealt with him. He went to Ross and Deal's and purchased the place and everything in it for half a million dollars. He had occupied it a month when one day while driving by a hill on the near foot of the hill on which his place stood he saw the sign. He had met in the road some one who she was dressed like a lady, but who was watering some flowers. She pulled up, lifted his hat and bowed that he had spoken to her, but that he had found it lonely. The lady said that she had heard the princess's story she had sold her home. After some further conversation, during which it came out that the lady knew the princess, she said she would see her and learn if she would buy it back. Sherbourne was to call for a reply the next day. When he called he was invited into the villa, and negotiations were opened, this time the princess dealing through her friend instead of the agent. The friend proved attractive, and Sherbourne prolonged the bargaining in order to enjoy her society. At the end of a month she had him enthralled. He proposed to her and she accepted. Sherbourne now declared that he would not sell his villa. He and his bride would occupy it together. To this his fiancée agreed, but later said that she would not like to offend the princess, who had been kind to her, and Sherbourne was obliged to rescind his place. His fiancée, however, informed him that the princess had graciously permitted her to be married in the villa on the hill. When the day of the wedding came round Sherbourne drove to his former abode, and when his bride appeared he noticed that she wore a coronet. Surprised, he asked if her friend the princess had loaned it to her for the bridal. "I am the princess," was the reply. "You the princess?" exclaimed the groom. "Yes; the day I met you I was roaming about my property in common costume, as is my habit, to pick berries. I saw that you were a rich American and concluded to sell my property to you, which is all I have of worldly goods. Then it occurred to me to get it back with you also." "You need not take me with it unless you like," said Sherbourne, miffed. "I like."

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