

WURTZBURGER 50c Doz. Delivered Anywhere in City. Quetzal Lager, Doz. 50c Sparkling Ale, Doz. 50c Porter, Doz. 60c American Pilsner, Doz. 75c

JOHN C. ROSSENBACH Funeral Director. Office and Residence, 438 Wilder Street

MENEELY BELL CO. TROY, N.Y. 177 BROADWAY, N.Y. CITY BELLS

Rochester Artificial Limb Co. Expert fitters of trusses, abdominal supports, elastic hose, arch supports, etc.

York Safe and Lock Co. M. E. WHITNEY, Mgr. New and Second Hand Safes

Sours Carting Co. 47 Stillson St. New Storage warehouse; furniture and merchandise stored and packed for shipment.

Charles H. Lamb Wholesale and Retail. LOBSTERS, CLAMS, CRABS, FISH. All Sea Food in Season.

STOP THE COLD DRAFTS. Stop drafts from blowing through your door and window openings by equipping them with our METAL WEATHERSTRIPS

Scanlon Auto Supply Co. DISTRIBUTORS FOR Mohawk Tires. Full line of accessories—Tires of All Makes

Gordon & Madden Wm. G. Kaebler ARCHITECTS. 300 Sibley Block, Rochester, N. Y.

LEWIS EDELMAN Dealer in Anthracite COAL Bituminous. 88 Portland Avenue

Wetzlau Vulcanizing Co. "The Tire Hospital". TIRES AND SUNDRIES. 837 Lake Avenue

S. W. CASE Hay, Straw, Feed & Coal. Main Office, 224 North St. Branch, 1792 East Ave.

L. W. Maier's Sons UNDERTAKERS. 166 Clinton Ave N. Phone 409

COLORADO COUGH REMEDY For the Speedy Relief of Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, Whooping Cough, Etc.

ROBERTSON & SONS Both Phones. 38 1/2 Water Street. EST. 1864. Work Called For and Delivered.

The Shadow of Death. What President Lincoln Did While It Hung Over Him. By F. A. MITCHEL

The following narrative is given exactly as it occurred with scarcely any filling in transforming it from ordinary parlance to the story form: One of the saddest features of the war between the states was the arraying against one another of the different members of the same family.

Such cases were more especially to be found on the border line between the United States and the Confederacy. In east Tennessee the prevailing sentiment was for the Union. Kentucky was about equally divided. Maryland was in favor of the Confederacy. All these states, however, were held for the Union by being occupied by Federal troops in the early part of the war.

For years the mutterings of the strife that was to come were heard in the land, and for months those who were farsighted began to fear that it was about to break forth. Then came the day of firing on Fort Sumter, and the people began to range themselves on the side with which they sympathized.

One day two brothers, Allmon and George Vaughan, had each other good by in the town of Canton, Mo. Allmon's sympathies were with the north in the struggle about to take place, while George's were with the south.

"I am so 'y, George," said Allmon, "that you are determined to take the Confederate side in this contest, but I grant that you are honest in your convictions. You are to be in the Confederate army; I shall fight with the Federals. I hope that we shall never meet on the field of battle."

"And I regret, Allmon, that you will not be convinced of the wrong the northern people are doing the south and that you will not join me in defending her. However, since I can't convince you we must part."

"Goodby, George. I hope that we will both come out of the struggle alive and shall meet again here at our home, but something tells me that the war will be a long one and before that can be we shall both be exposed to terrible dangers."

Little did either of the brothers foresee the great danger that would befall one of them and the efforts to be made by the other to save him from a fate worse than death on the battlefield or under the surgeon's knife. George Vaughan made his way to the south, while Allmon was given a position on the staff of General Mark E. Green, an old friend of the Vaughan family.

About a year after the parting of the brothers George Vaughan determined to pay a visit to his home in Canton. Being a Confederate soldier, this could only be done secretly. Disguising himself, he passed the Union lines and reached Canton without his identity being discovered.

When George Vaughan returned from his visit he was recognized by one who had known him before the breaking out of the war, and since he was known to have gone south to enlist in the Confederate army, and caught within the Union lines in disguise he was arrested and lodged in jail at Palmyra.

The Kokuro Vase. How It Established a Man's Good Name. By CLARISSA MACKIE

It is understood that I purchase the house as it stands now, with all of its contents," warned John Day, as he sat in the office of the Japanese agent. The Japanese bowed deferentially. "Yes, Mr. Day, it shall be as you desire. My clerk has made an inventory of the contents of the Tatsayou house, and you will find that not even a sheet is out of place or a kakemono or some luckless individual would bear it up, thus declining to respect it. But in the case of the president overruled the secretary and ordered a new trial for the condemned man.

The hopes that were raised in Allmon Vaughan by this interference were doomed to disappointment. The officers of the court, refusing to permit their feelings to influence them, returned a second verdict of guilty. Again the president was appealed to, and again he ordered another trial, and again the same verdict was returned.

Naturally these three trials consumed a great deal of time, and when the last verdict was returned the spring of 1865 had opened, and the end of the war was in sight. Senator Henderson refused to be discouraged. There was one means of saving George Vaughan's life that had not been utilized. President Lincoln possessed the pardoning power in such cases, and the senator resolved to make an attempt in that direction.

Visiting the White House, he obtained access to the kind hearted president and solicited a pardon for the condemned Confederate, urging the fact that the war was practically over and such an act of clemency would go far to bringing the Confederates of Missouri back into the Union fold.

"See Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln, "and tell him that this man must be released." "I have seen him," replied the senator, "and he will do nothing." "See him again," said the president, "and if he will do nothing come back to me."

Again Senator Henderson sought the jury secretary, who set his square jaws and refused to interfere with the verdict of the court martial. Had Allmon Vaughan known of this final effort to save his brother from an ignominious death and of the shadow and had been over since Day had discovered that Henry Burdick had been wronged him in a business matter and fled to Japan. Day's appearance in Tokyo a few days before Burdick's death was purely accidental, and he did not know that Burdick was aware of his presence. But the hastily drawn senator was shown to Mr. Lincoln's will and naming of Day as an executor private room, where he found him dressing for the theater.

"Mr. Stanton will do nothing," said Henderson. "There is no hope." Mr. Lincoln shook his head; then without a word he seated himself at a desk and, taking up pen and paper, began to write.

No other such scene fraught with life and death occurred during those dark days of war. Placed on canvas by an artist it would be: The long, gaunt president, sitting at his desk about to write a pardon for one of his country's enemies, his face wearing an expression of magnanimity. Near by would stand the senator, silently wondering what the writing would be and hoping for victory. Overlooking the president a mingled expression of disappointment and satisfaction—disappointment at being cheated out of one victim; satisfaction at the certainty of securing a far more important one in the man who was robbing him of the other.

When Mr. Lincoln had written a few lines he handed the paper to the senator. Henderson scanned it with a look of mingled pleasure and triumph. It was a pardon for George Vaughan and an order for his release.

Having expressed his gratitude to Mr. Lincoln the senator hurried to the telegraph to flash the good news to Missouri, relieving the strain on the condemned Confederate and gladden the hearts of his brother and others who loved him.

But the president, shortly after this act of mercy, descended to a carriage and was driven to the theater, and while sitting in his chair, possibly thinking rather of the life he had spared than the play, was sent to his long home by one who thought he served the same cause as the man he had pardoned.

Half a century has passed since the tender hearted president was martyred. There have been many anecdotes told of him, but none so affecting as this writing of a pardon for a Confederate officer and going directly to his death at the hands of Booth. We have Mr. Lincoln's speech at the dedication of the field of Gettysburg. Every day is advancing Mr. Lincoln in the admiration and the hearts of the civilized world. Beside his impressive words should stand this last act of his life from which the pardoner went to his own death. His words of consecration on the battlefield were long in being recognized for their true value and in finding the place among men they occupy today. Perhaps at some future date this last official act—an act of clemency—may take its place beside his words at Gettysburg.

The Shadow of Death. What President Lincoln Did While It Hung Over Him. By F. A. MITCHEL

It is understood that I purchase the house as it stands now, with all of its contents," warned John Day, as he sat in the office of the Japanese agent. The Japanese bowed deferentially. "Yes, Mr. Day, it shall be as you desire. My clerk has made an inventory of the contents of the Tatsayou house, and you will find that not even a sheet is out of place or a kakemono or some luckless individual would bear it up, thus declining to respect it. But in the case of the president overruled the secretary and ordered a new trial for the condemned man.

The hopes that were raised in Allmon Vaughan by this interference were doomed to disappointment. The officers of the court, refusing to permit their feelings to influence them, returned a second verdict of guilty. Again the president was appealed to, and again he ordered another trial, and again the same verdict was returned.

Naturally these three trials consumed a great deal of time, and when the last verdict was returned the spring of 1865 had opened, and the end of the war was in sight. Senator Henderson refused to be discouraged. There was one means of saving George Vaughan's life that had not been utilized. President Lincoln possessed the pardoning power in such cases, and the senator resolved to make an attempt in that direction.

Visiting the White House, he obtained access to the kind hearted president and solicited a pardon for the condemned Confederate, urging the fact that the war was practically over and such an act of clemency would go far to bringing the Confederates of Missouri back into the Union fold.

"See Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln, "and tell him that this man must be released." "I have seen him," replied the senator, "and he will do nothing." "See him again," said the president, "and if he will do nothing come back to me."

Again Senator Henderson sought the jury secretary, who set his square jaws and refused to interfere with the verdict of the court martial. Had Allmon Vaughan known of this final effort to save his brother from an ignominious death and of the shadow and had been over since Day had discovered that Henry Burdick had been wronged him in a business matter and fled to Japan. Day's appearance in Tokyo a few days before Burdick's death was purely accidental, and he did not know that Burdick was aware of his presence. But the hastily drawn senator was shown to Mr. Lincoln's will and naming of Day as an executor private room, where he found him dressing for the theater.

"Mr. Stanton will do nothing," said Henderson. "There is no hope." Mr. Lincoln shook his head; then without a word he seated himself at a desk and, taking up pen and paper, began to write.

No other such scene fraught with life and death occurred during those dark days of war. Placed on canvas by an artist it would be: The long, gaunt president, sitting at his desk about to write a pardon for one of his country's enemies, his face wearing an expression of magnanimity. Near by would stand the senator, silently wondering what the writing would be and hoping for victory. Overlooking the president a mingled expression of disappointment and satisfaction—disappointment at being cheated out of one victim; satisfaction at the certainty of securing a far more important one in the man who was robbing him of the other.

When Mr. Lincoln had written a few lines he handed the paper to the senator. Henderson scanned it with a look of mingled pleasure and triumph. It was a pardon for George Vaughan and an order for his release.

Having expressed his gratitude to Mr. Lincoln the senator hurried to the telegraph to flash the good news to Missouri, relieving the strain on the condemned Confederate and gladden the hearts of his brother and others who loved him.

But the president, shortly after this act of mercy, descended to a carriage and was driven to the theater, and while sitting in his chair, possibly thinking rather of the life he had spared than the play, was sent to his long home by one who thought he served the same cause as the man he had pardoned.

Half a century has passed since the tender hearted president was martyred. There have been many anecdotes told of him, but none so affecting as this writing of a pardon for a Confederate officer and going directly to his death at the hands of Booth. We have Mr. Lincoln's speech at the dedication of the field of Gettysburg. Every day is advancing Mr. Lincoln in the admiration and the hearts of the civilized world. Beside his impressive words should stand this last act of his life from which the pardoner went to his own death. His words of consecration on the battlefield were long in being recognized for their true value and in finding the place among men they occupy today. Perhaps at some future date this last official act—an act of clemency—may take its place beside his words at Gettysburg.

The Shadow of Death. What President Lincoln Did While It Hung Over Him. By F. A. MITCHEL

It is understood that I purchase the house as it stands now, with all of its contents," warned John Day, as he sat in the office of the Japanese agent. The Japanese bowed deferentially. "Yes, Mr. Day, it shall be as you desire. My clerk has made an inventory of the contents of the Tatsayou house, and you will find that not even a sheet is out of place or a kakemono or some luckless individual would bear it up, thus declining to respect it. But in the case of the president overruled the secretary and ordered a new trial for the condemned man.

The hopes that were raised in Allmon Vaughan by this interference were doomed to disappointment. The officers of the court, refusing to permit their feelings to influence them, returned a second verdict of guilty. Again the president was appealed to, and again he ordered another trial, and again the same verdict was returned.

Naturally these three trials consumed a great deal of time, and when the last verdict was returned the spring of 1865 had opened, and the end of the war was in sight. Senator Henderson refused to be discouraged. There was one means of saving George Vaughan's life that had not been utilized. President Lincoln possessed the pardoning power in such cases, and the senator resolved to make an attempt in that direction.

Visiting the White House, he obtained access to the kind hearted president and solicited a pardon for the condemned Confederate, urging the fact that the war was practically over and such an act of clemency would go far to bringing the Confederates of Missouri back into the Union fold.

"See Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln, "and tell him that this man must be released." "I have seen him," replied the senator, "and he will do nothing." "See him again," said the president, "and if he will do nothing come back to me."

Again Senator Henderson sought the jury secretary, who set his square jaws and refused to interfere with the verdict of the court martial. Had Allmon Vaughan known of this final effort to save his brother from an ignominious death and of the shadow and had been over since Day had discovered that Henry Burdick had been wronged him in a business matter and fled to Japan. Day's appearance in Tokyo a few days before Burdick's death was purely accidental, and he did not know that Burdick was aware of his presence. But the hastily drawn senator was shown to Mr. Lincoln's will and naming of Day as an executor private room, where he found him dressing for the theater.

"Mr. Stanton will do nothing," said Henderson. "There is no hope." Mr. Lincoln shook his head; then without a word he seated himself at a desk and, taking up pen and paper, began to write.

No other such scene fraught with life and death occurred during those dark days of war. Placed on canvas by an artist it would be: The long, gaunt president, sitting at his desk about to write a pardon for one of his country's enemies, his face wearing an expression of magnanimity. Near by would stand the senator, silently wondering what the writing would be and hoping for victory. Overlooking the president a mingled expression of disappointment and satisfaction—disappointment at being cheated out of one victim; satisfaction at the certainty of securing a far more important one in the man who was robbing him of the other.

When Mr. Lincoln had written a few lines he handed the paper to the senator. Henderson scanned it with a look of mingled pleasure and triumph. It was a pardon for George Vaughan and an order for his release.

Having expressed his gratitude to Mr. Lincoln the senator hurried to the telegraph to flash the good news to Missouri, relieving the strain on the condemned Confederate and gladden the hearts of his brother and others who loved him.

But the president, shortly after this act of mercy, descended to a carriage and was driven to the theater, and while sitting in his chair, possibly thinking rather of the life he had spared than the play, was sent to his long home by one who thought he served the same cause as the man he had pardoned.

Half a century has passed since the tender hearted president was martyred. There have been many anecdotes told of him, but none so affecting as this writing of a pardon for a Confederate officer and going directly to his death at the hands of Booth. We have Mr. Lincoln's speech at the dedication of the field of Gettysburg. Every day is advancing Mr. Lincoln in the admiration and the hearts of the civilized world. Beside his impressive words should stand this last act of his life from which the pardoner went to his own death. His words of consecration on the battlefield were long in being recognized for their true value and in finding the place among men they occupy today. Perhaps at some future date this last official act—an act of clemency—may take its place beside his words at Gettysburg.

FREE BURNING HARD COAL. Egg or Dove Nut. Per Ton, Delivered. "Derry" Coke. Egg or Dove Nut. Per Ton, Delivered. JENKINS & MACY CO.

Albert McLean PIANO MOVER. Automobile Truck for City and Country. 46 Cornfort St.

JOSEPH ZICK. Manufacturer of Guaranteed Quality Traveling Bags. 12 Walnut Street.

R. WILLIAMSON Contractor and Builder. 25 East Main St. Room 205.

D. H. Alexander Company Contractors. Mechanical Engineering. Automobile Sprinkler Systems. Heating and Sanitary Plumbing. Steam Power Plants. 272 State Street.

F. W. Evans Coal Co. Inc. Anthracite COAL. 481 SMITH STREET. Specialist in Disinfecting of Heat.

L. MILES, M. T. D. M. S. D. Mechanic and Hydro-Therapy. 42 Edward St.

GO TO Albert H. Hatmaker For Hardware, Paints, Oils, and Glass. 1053 Main St. East.

SMITH & WITTINGTON COAL. Phone Home 2424 Bell Main 2424. 38 North Fitzhugh St.

The Best Remedy Jackson's Cough Syrup. Geo. Hahn Prescription Druggist. 561 State Street.

Thos. B. Mooney Funeral Director. REMOVED. To 88 Edinburgh Street. Temporary Office, 263 Plymouth Ave. Lady Attendant. Phone 2418 Bell Phone 187.

RYAN & MCINTEE UNDERTAKERS. 198 Main St. West. Phone 2418 Bell Phone 187.

Geo. Engert & Co. COAL. 304 Exchange.