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**A Bottle and a Message**

By F. A. MITCHELL

I'm a fisherman myself, and before I was a fisherman I was a seafarin' man. So I can truly say that I'm a water man all over. But now Em livin' in clover.

There be stories of bottles with messages in 'em dropped from ships goin' down, that the messages bein' written for a joke. This has made pussions think that all messages found in bottles are jokes. But this isn't so, as I can prove, for I picked up one of them bottles myself, and the pussions that the message was written to be livin' and can vouch for my story. But the message I'm thinkin' of was a different kind from the jokes.

One day when I was pullin' in my net with a catch o' mackerel I saw a bottle bobbin' up and down. It floated near me, and I had only to put out an oar to take it in. The cork wasn't sealed, but it was driven in so tight that I had to cut it out. There was a paper inside and a message on it, written with a lead pencil. This is the way it read:

On Steamer Ellen Hathaway  
Ship goin' down in a gale. I kidnaped Stephen Cartright. He's been with Matthew Drake. No. Bennett Street, Baltimore, Maryland. SAM SHARKEY.

It didn't seem to me that if a feller was goin' to make a joke he'd write that sort of a one. So the next day I takes the message to Boston and hands it in at a police station. They called it a fake or something like that, but said they'd see that it got to the party what it was written to.

Not herein nothin' from it for some time. I forgot all about it. I just kept on fishin'. One day a young feller come down on to the dock where I was mending my net and looked at me and asked if I was Jack Bunker. I said that was my name.

"He should be lookin' at the kind o' queer for awhile, then he said.

"Mr. Bunker, if you had a wish granted what would the wish be?"

"My friend," I said, "I'm nothin' but a fisherman. I can't get to town to be thinkin' about whether or not I'd like the sky for a blue landman."

"The feller was a stud in me all the while and when I'd said that he says: "Mr. Bunker, is that your boat tied up alongside the pier?"

"I reckon it is," I says.

"How would you like a new one?"

"How would I like a new one? What d'ye take me for—a lunatic? Of course I'd like a new boat in place of that old trap. I'm thinkin' that the next time I git caught out in a gale she'll let me down into the brack."

"Is there anything else you'd like, Mr. Bunker?"

I looked up at him, wonderin' if he was toany.

"Young feller," I says, "I reckon if I'm goin' to get these bits needed I'll have to stow you off all to one. I'd like a new house on the bluff over the four furnished, with a garden, I'd like a thousand dollars a year to keep it up. I'd like the other stacked with good gold. Now I've told you all this perhaps you'll let me alone for awhile."

He turned away without sayin' nothin' more, and I thought he was mad. I was sorry, but I didn't see why he should take up my time askin' four questions, so I thought no more about it.

Less'n a month after that somebody begun to build a house on the bluff. When it was finished it was the purtyest little shack I ever seen. And one day when I come down to the dock I found a single sticker about thirty feet long, from new and rigged out with everything needed, anchored out about a cable's length. And the queerest thing about it was that on her stern was painted the same name as my ole tub. I asked who was her owner, but nobody seemed to know anything about her.

"That afternoon I come in early from fishin', not havin' no luck, and as I rounded up to the pier who should I see standin' on it but the lunatic that was askin' me how many things I'd like to have if I could get 'em. When I'd thrown the painter around a post the feller said to me:

"Mr. Bunker, when I was here some time ago I think you said you'd like a house."

"Yes, and a garden. Are you goin' to begin that racket agin'?"

"Do you see that house up on the bluff?"

"In course I do. My eyes are as good as when I was at sea and could take in a bird on the horizon."

"That house is yours. The cellar is well stocked with grog, and there is plenty of room for a garden."

"My friend," said I, "I'd better do you a favor. From what madhouse did you escape?"

"You also said," he went on, not noicin' my remark, "that you'd like a boat. There she is out there," pointed to the new boat, still ridin' at anchor, "and in a deposit company's vaults in Boston are some 5 per cent bonds that will give you a thousand dollars a year income."

"See here, stranger," I was beginnin' when he stopped me.

"I'm Stephen Cartright. Your findin' the bottle with the Sharkey message in it has resulted in my being restored to my parents, who are very rich. Go up to your new house on the bluff and you'll find them there waiting to thank you for being instrumental in giving them back their son."

"Well, now, mebbe I'm not havin' a jolly ole age!

**ORIENTAL COURTESY.**

An Amerer's Nice Choice of Words in Speaking of a Fall.

A good horseman may be thrown from his horse, under some circumstances, with little or no reflection upon his skill. The accident may have been excusable, even inevitable, when all the details are known; but as casually related the excuses frequently disappear, and the fall, with its ignominious suggestion of incompetency, alone remains. Lady St. Heller, in telling of the deep admiration and regard entertained by the Amerer of Afghanistan for Lord Kitchener, gives a little anecdote of the oriental's instant perception and avoidance of the possibility of any humiliating implication for his friend.

Lord Kitchener had suffered a severe accident that resulted in a leg so badly broken as to necessitate several weeks' complete rest at the time, and later, two months' furlough in England, and a resetting of the bone. One of Kitchener's staff gave the news of his misfortune to the Amerer during a great tiger hunt at Gwalior. "I told him," the officer wrote Lady St. Heller, "that the chief had a nasty fall at Poonah, his horse tumbling down an embankment. He immediately asked for a piece of paper and wrote a telegram of sympathy in Persian. He handed it to Sir Henry McMahon and asked him to send it off immediately. Sir Henry wrote it down in English, but when he came to the words 'to hear of your fall from your horse,' the Amerer instantly corrected him, saying: "No, no! Not from your horse with your horse; in Afghanistan—big difference!"

**CAPRI, A TWIN HUMPED CAMEL**

Island Richly Dowered For Artist, Historian and Geologist.

Capri, a great twin humped camel of an island, kneels in the blue just off the Sorrentine peninsula. From the sway backed hump of white, pink, blue, cream and drab houses along the large harbor up the breakneck road to the fascinating town nestled among the hills, white roofed and Moorish, and on, still higher, by the winding road or up the nearly perpendicular flights of rock stairs which furrow the frowning crag with their sharp, zigzag outlines to Anacapri, 200 feet or so above, every step of the way breathes the pride and splendor and degradation of the island's greater days.

Here a cyclopean mass of whittened masonry in the warm emerald water tells of a Roman emperor's bath, yonder on a chimney-like cliff the glistering ruins of a stout castle keep whispers of ancient garrisons and pirates not armed with automatic rifles or high powered artillery, and here, overlooking the sea, the vast ruins of a villa recall "that hairy old gent," Tiberius and his wastrel voluptuousness that turned fair Capri into satyrdom.

Capri today is richly dowered for sightseer, artist, historian, antiquary and geologist. On every hand are shaded walks and semiprivated bowers in the thick groves of orange and lemon, laurel and myrtle, wild backgrounds of tumbled rock, terraced lifts in the coast into which the sea has thrust long, irregular, blue fingers.—National Geographic Magazine

An American Golf Club of 1794.

It may come as a surprise to golf players to know how long ago, almost a century and a quarter, the royal game was enjoyed by Charlestonians. In making research through the files of the South Carolina Gazette recently I came upon the following notice, which I send as a contribution to our *Golf Gazette* and *Daily Advertiser*, Saturday, November 15, 1794.

This being the anniversary of the South Carolina Golf Club, the members are requested to attend at Williams' Coffee House, in lieu of Harrison's Green, on account of the bad weather.

Dinner on table at 3 o'clock.

By order of the president,  
EDWIN GAIRDNER, Secretary.

—Charleston News and Courier.

**Her Fame.**

The Duchess of Westminster has the reputation of being the wildest woman in society. The duchess tells an excellent story about an ex-shah of Persia who was very fond of paying compliments to English ladies.

When the Duchess of Westminster was presented he greeted her heartily. "I have heard much about you," he said. "Your worthy name is well known even in my country."

The duchess was surprised at first, then a light dawned upon her. "Gracious me, I do believe he mistakes me for Westminster abbey," she said. "What was more, she was right."

**Something in the Filling.**

"Do you know you can tell a man's disposition by his teeth?" asked the girl who believes in signs, bumps and palm reading.

"How interesting!" said her companion, who did not believe in anything.

"Then Jack must have a golden disposition."

**Discretion.**

"What did you do, sub, when big Brudder Timb called you a lath?"

"Th—well, sub," replied small Brother Slink, "as de gentleman nigh six feet high as de weighs mighty nigh a ton, what could I do but move dat we make it nooonalious?"—Exchange.

**Asking the Impossible.**

Bob—Perhaps we had better forget another? Bess—Oh, I couldn't do that; I have so few things to laugh about—Puck.

**Celebrity sells dearly what we think she gives.**—Emile Souvestre.

**A SHABBY NOBLEMAN**

By ALAN HINSDALE

A gentleman dressed very plainly indeed, shabbily-stepped into a jewel store in New York and asked with a British accent to see some pearl necklaces.

The clerk went to a safe, took out several trays and placed them on the counter.

"These necklaces are very expensive," he said. "Of course so large a number of real pearls cost money. But this one," handing out a single string of very small jewels, "is cheaper. The price is \$2,500."

The man did not seem shocked at the enormous price named by the clerk, but after a close inspection of the articles, holding them within a few inches of his eyes, on which he wore glasses (evidently to correct near sight), he handed them back to the clerk, saying: "I can do better in London. Let me see some earrings."

The clerk put away the trays and brought forth others containing earrings. The customer, as in the case before, examined the price of a pair, each having a single pendant of a diamond as large as a good sized pea. The price was \$4,500.

"You are nearer a reasonable price on these," said the customer. "They are very pretty."

The clerk had shown the man jewels far beyond the price he supposed from his appearance he could pay. Indeed, he fancied the party simply desired to feast his eyes upon them. The diamond earrings were apparently nearer his caliber. Perhaps a sale could be effected. After holding them near and far and catching the light on the diamonds he asked the clerk if he could send them to his hotel. He would like his wife to see them. The clerk agreed. The gentleman gave his name, George Throkmorton, and his hotel, at the same time taking out a crumpled handkerchief and wiping his glasses. With the handkerchief came a letter which dropped on the floor.

The clerk's back was turned at the time for he was putting away the jewel trays, and when he again faced the customer a fashionably dressed man was there holding out the letter the other had dropped.

"The man who just left you dropped this," he said.

The clerk took the letter and naturally looked at the address. It was the Earl of Boyningstone, hotel, New York U. S. A. and bore a London postmark.

"That's singular," said the clerk to the man who picked up the letter.

"What's singular?"

"Why, that the fellow should be a nobleman! His clothes are worn shiny."

"Don't you know," replied the other, examining the address, "that those English lords wear seedy clothes? It's an affection. But you should see their buckles, all velvet and gold, with powdered wigs and silk stockings. Sometimes their shoe buckles are set with real jewels."

"You don't mean it!" said the clerk.

"I've heard it said that the members of the house of lords are the worst dressed men to be found in any legislative assembly. I happen to know that the Earl of Boyningstone is one of the richest men in England."

The clerk put the letter in his pocket and when he sent the earrings and the letter to the earl's hotel sent also a message that there was a 15 per cent discount on the necklaces, which he had not mentioned. The Countess of Boyningstone admired the earrings, and the earl asked the man who brought them if a draft on London for the price would be accepted in payment. The bearer telephoned the firm, and since the clerk had reported that George Throkmorton was also Earl of Boyningstone the partners consulted as to whether they should do so unusual a thing as he requested. The clerk was called in and told that the customer had refrained from buying the pearl necklaces not because they were expensive, but because he said he could do better in London. "If there was anything wrong with him," added the clerk, "it would seem that he would have chosen the jewels in his own country."

**Looking It Up.**

He was that type of genteel beggar that "puts up a front," as the fellows say. His face had more tears in it than a cemetery, and he was just getting ready to tell his down and out tale when the man at the desk reached into a drawer and brought forth a dictionary, placing it in front of the appealing one.

"What do you want—sympathy?" the man at the desk asked.

"Yes, sympathy," was the half sobbed reply.

"Look in it for it. I saw it there the other day."

"The sympathy chaser granted and headed for the door. He wasn't looking for work, just sympathy—in the form of a piece of loose change.—Herald-Examiner.

**Spilled His Speech.**

"When I rose to speak it was so still in the hall you could have heard a pin drop."

"Yes?"

"Well, I stood there for a moment looking out over the audience and trying my best to remember, and I am sure that I should have been able to speak along all right, but just before I had got ready to utter my first word some fool in the back end of the hall yanked 'Loacker'!"

**Reckless Disregard.**

"The law of supply and demand," said the economist, "is as hexorable as the law of gravitation."

"You can't always enforce either of them. The law of gravitation doesn't prevent people from getting up in the air these days."—Washington Star.

**At Night and Day.**

"My daughter is a wonder at the piano," said the proud father.

"That's so. For wonders never cease," said the man who accepted the adjoining fat.—Boston Transcript.

**Powerful Mind.**

"So Stubbins has a mind of his own?"

"I should say he has." And you ought to see her use it.—Chicago Herald.

**A POSER FOR THE JUDGE**

The Way the Accused Put the Case Up to the Court.

Writing of Polish temperament and talent, Sidney Whitman in "Things I Remember" has an amusing story of a bright Polish Jew who traded in chemicals. He was brought before the law courts for selling poison without fulfilling the legal enactments bearing on such transactions.

The magistrate proceeded to read out the charge when the Jew suddenly interrupted him with the question: "Excuse me, Mr. President. Do you understand anything about chemicals?"

"Mr. S., the expert, is here in that capacity," replied the judge.

"And you, Mr. S.," queried the Jew, "do you understand anything about law?"

"You have just heard from his worship that I am an expert in chemicals. If you want to know anything about law please address yourself to the judge."

"I ask you, Mr. President, just to consider the case for one moment. You are the judge of the court and admit that you do not understand anything about chemicals, and the expert tells us that he does not know anything about law. And I, a poor Jew, am expected to be familiar both with the law and with chemicals. Now, Mr. President, I ask you how you can possibly convict me?"

**FINDING THE ALTITUDE**

How Altimeters Measure the Heights to Which They Ascend.

Altimeters or barographs are used by aviators to measure the heights to which they ascend. Both of these instruments are constructed on exactly the same principle as the aneroid barometer. They depend upon air pressure. At sea level, where the air is much compressed by its own weight, the pressure is about fifteen pounds to the square inch; but at greater heights it becomes less. The barometer is governed by the pressure and so indicates the height above sea level.

There are many forms of barometers. The simplest is a tube of glass, shaped like a very long letter J and partly filled with mercury. The upper part is closed, and the space above the column of mercury is a vacuum. The lower or hook end of the tube is open and subject to the pressure of the atmosphere. As the pressure becomes less on rising above the surface, the mercury in the long part of the tube falls. The extent of the fall indicates the height.

Altimeters use one of these instruments mentioned, which are practically self-registering barometers, and when the altitude comes down the instrument shows how high it has been carried.—Philadelphia Press.

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