

BLIND-FOLD.



Blindfold a woman and she loses all confidence in herself. Her step is slow, hesitating and uncertain. Her hands are raised to ward the imaginary blows which threaten her.

The sick woman who uses Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription may do so with absolute confidence. It invites open-eyed investigation. There need be no hesitation in following the hundreds of thousands of women who have found a perfect cure for womanly ills in the use of this medicine.



Don't Take Pills, or Salts, or Castor-Oil.

They are not tonic-laxatives. They are cathartics. A cathartic action leaves the system exhausted and depressed.

When you feel ill, have headache, backache, no appetite, stomach out of order, bad taste in the mouth, take the tonic-laxative, Celery King. Herb or tablet form, 25c.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: By the grace of God free and independent. To Joseph Murphy, William Murphy, John R. Murphy, Darby Murphy and Thomas Murphy, heirs at law and next of kin of Stephen Murphy, deceased.

Whereas James Murphy, the executor named in a certain instrument in writing, bearing date Nov. 12th, 1902, purporting to be the last will and testament of said Stephen Murphy, late of the town of Perinton, in said county of Monroe and state of New York, deceased, and relating to both real and personal estate, has lately made application to the Surrogate's court of our county of Monroe, to have said instrument proved and recorded as a will of personal and real estate, you and each of you are cited and required to appear before the Surrogate of the county of Monroe, at his office in the city of Rochester, in said county of Monroe, New York, on the 23rd day of March, 1903, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, to attend the probate of said last will and testament.

And if any of the aforesaid persons are under the age of twenty-one years, or insane or otherwise incompetent, they will please take notice that they are required to appear by their general guardian, if they have one, and if they have none, that they appear and apply for the appointment of a special guardian, or in the event of their neglect or failure to do so, a special guardian will be appointed by the Surrogate to represent and act for them in the proceedings for the probate of said will.

In testimony whereof, we have caused the seal of the Surrogate's court of the county of Monroe, to be hereto affixed. Witness, Hon. George A. Benton, Surrogate of said county, at the city of Rochester, this 29th day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

ANDREW LUDLOPH, Clerk Surrogate's Court. Atty for Petitioner, 103 Wilder Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

TOPIHENE CURES RHEUMATISM. HOW? By driving the excess of uric acid from the blood. Topihene has been extensively used and prescribed by the medical profession FOR MORE THAN 50 YEARS.

BLAUW & BRICKNER, CHEMISTS, Rochester, N. Y.

COOK OPERA HOUSE. ROCHESTER, N. Y. FOR WEEK OF FEBRUARY 2ND. HERAS FAMILY Greek Acrobats, Artie Hall, Coon Shouter.

FOR WEEK OF JANUARY 9TH. SALAMBO'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPHERS. GILLETTE'S DOGS. MATINEE EVERY DAY. MATINEE PRICES: 10, 15, 20, 25c.

ALONG THE WAY TO MEETIN'.

I wondered if the world so wide had heard my heart a-beatin'. With Sally walkin' at my side along the way to meetin'.

I'd tried an' tried to say "the word," with patientest endeavor. The word that might, or mightn't, make her heart my own forever.

"Twas shore my tribulation day—close by my side to view her—To pull the wild flowers by the way, an' then not give 'em to her!

But, sudden come this word from her—'Hear! like a benediction—' 'I'm thinkin', John, this meetin' day you're under deep conviction!"

An' then, I up an' told her all my heart; so sore afflicted: I loved her more than all the world—that's how I stood convicted!

An' then, as close she come to me, with sweeter looks an' fonder, I read my shinin' titles clear to earth—an' over yonder!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE INFATUATION OF GRANDPA.

By Louise J. Strong.

GRANDPA PORTER had become a source of anxiety to his son and his son's wife, Mrs. John. They were fully persuaded that he was in danger of being married for his money, and that by a young minx who might well be his granddaughter.

That grandpa had taken a fancy to the girl they were sure; that he thought himself deeply in love with her they feared, for he was not his usual jolly, careless old self.

He moped about in fits of melancholy abstraction; he read romances and he had hunted up his old cracked flute that he had not touched for 50 years and stayed out on the porch evenings playing "Robin Adair" and other bygone ballads, with a wheezy wail that was distressing.

"I can hardly stand it," Mrs. John said, punching up her pillow in the vain effort to shut out the sound. "He acts like a love-sick boy. I tell you, John, we've got to get him away, up to Eben's, or somewhere out of her reach."

"Yes," assented John, drowsily. "I'll write to Eben if you'll persuade him to go."

"Grandpa Porter, don't you think a change would do you good?" Mrs. John asked the next morning. "Eben'll come for you any time you want to go up there for a visit."

"I won't go to Eben's! I won't stir one step! I don't like Mrs. Eben; we always quarrel. If you want to turn me out I'll go over to Widow Smith's and board."

And Widow Smith was the mother of the minx! "Why, grandpa, nobody wants to turn you out," Mrs. John cried, hastening to appease him. "It was just that you seem out of sorts lately, and we thought a change would perk you up."

"I'm not out of sorts! I'm spry as anybody!" he declared. "I suppose you think I'm getting old and sort o' helpless, and haven't much life left. Look here!" and he turned down a chair and skipped over it.

"And look here!" he pranced out across the porch, jumped the steps, ran to the woodpile and brought in a big armful, saying as he threw it into the box: "I guess John couldn't beat that very much, could he, hey? I don't go down to the gym so often for nothing."

to hear it, and fashioned tunes appealed to her heart, awakening memories of youth and love.

"If Grandpa Porter had got to be so foolish, I don't see why he couldn't have taken a notion to grandpa," Mrs. John mused, regretfully, as grandpa walked briskly away, erect and trim.

"That girl will keep him off till noon, I expect."

Which she did—and then hung on the gate at her own home and talked to him till Mrs. John had to send one of the children to tell him to come to dinner.

The child ran back with big eyes, exclaiming: "You'd just ought to see grandpa!" They all looked "with big eyes."

When he came in. He was shaved, clean of all his beautiful, white beard, leaving only a moustache, and that waxed till it shone; his hair was cut in the latest fashion and with his ruddy cheeks and twinkling eyes he looked absurdly young, almost younger than his son.

"Well," he said, as they stared at him, "isn't it an improvement?" Words failed them.

"I'm prepared for anything now," Mrs. John confided to her husband, later. "It's plain that she put him up to it. Maybe if she knew all about his will she wouldn't be so bent on marrying him."

"She does know; I had a good chance and told her the other day." "What did she say?"

"Just laughed and said 'folks changed their wills sometimes.' She's got a long head, I can tell you; she knows that she can coax his money out of him, and she don't care what anybody thinks."

"Perhaps if you talked right out plain to him, showed him what a laughing stock it's making of him—" "It wouldn't do, Lucy," her husband interrupted. "He'd get mad and leave in a minute. You know how touchy pa is."

Mrs. John groaned. She remembered the threat to go and board at the minx's home; like enough he'd be glad of an excuse to do so.

Sunday, grandpa came out dressed for church in the extreme of style, twirling a dainty cane as airily as any callow "dude," and boldly marched away to where the minx was waiting for him with a fresh rose for his buttonhole.

"You see," said Mrs. John to Grandpa Taylor, as the two families walked along together. "There's no fool like an old fool," quoted Mrs. Ray, grandma's daughter.

"Old Mr. Porter is no fool, though he does act like one," grandma remarked. "No, more's the pity," said John, half regretfully. "I'd interfere and stop it if there was the ghost of a chance that way. But he's too sharp at his business affairs to have anything the matter with his mind."

Oh, he knew well enough what he was about, grandma reflected, and he was a fine figure of a man and walked as supple as a boy. She looked at the girl beside him, in white, fluffy array, then glanced at her own plain, sombre habiliments and decided that she would no longer dress as for a funeral, although it was considered proper for old ladies to thus robe themselves.

"Mamma," Bessie complained a few days later, "the children at school laugh at me and say that Polly Smith is going to be my grandma."

"Well, wouldn't she be a sweet little grandma?" grandpa asked with a chuckle? Mrs. John bit her lips to keep the hot words back.

"I do believe it's catching," Mrs. Ray ran across to confide to Mrs. John. "Ma's been and got a lavender colored lawn, and white ties, and a jaunty bonnet with lavender ribbon and violets; she says she has smothered in black all she's going to."

"That's not so bad," Mrs. John replied. "As long as she don't go gallivanting around with some young fellow."

grandpa on the back, and you must bring mother Porter up to see us."

"Now that's something like!" grandpa replied, shaking his head warmly.

Her last hope gone, Mrs. John subsided in tears, and a headache; and grandpa shut himself up and played all the old things he could remember, triumphantly, but with a more distracting wheezy wail than ever.

Across the street an old lady lingered by the open window, listening hungrily, at times wiping away a furtive tear.

Grandpa and minx were thicker than "peas in a pod," Mrs. John said, after his declaration of independence and victory over his sons. And then one day, after an early dinner, he dressed in his best and again took her for a long ride out in the country.

It happened to be a day when Grandpa Taylor, in lavender lawn, white tie and new bonnet, had gone to visit an old friend, and Mrs. Ray was at liberty to run over and console Mrs. John.

"I don't know what I would do if it were ma, but I'd never consent to her marrying again."

"Pa Porter don't ask anybody's consent, unless it's that girl's. I guess you couldn't help yourself, in my place."

"Maybe not. But ma knows my mind too well ever to think of such a thing. Why," she added laughingly, "when she first came here I was a little anxious about her and grandpa, they took to each other so. But she hasn't had much to say to him since I spoke to her about it."

"That would have been a suitable match," Mrs. John replied, "and we couldn't have objected. But I suppose Grandpa Taylor is too old, and withered looking to suit Pa Porter."

"She's younger than he is, and looks it, too, in her new things," said Mrs. Ray, taking up the cudgels. Then she added, smiling: "We're talking nonsense; for no matter what anybody thought of ma, I'd never allow a man in my father's place."

"Well, you can manage an old lady, but you can't manage a head-strong old man," Mrs. John reiterated with a sigh.

Towards night Mrs. Ray hurried in again. "Polly Smith has come home afoot and alone; what do you suppose she's done with grandpa?"

"Come with me and we'll find out," said Mrs. John.

The minx was at the gate, apparently on the lookout for some one. "How did you hear?" she asked, her face one radiant smile.

"We've heard nothing," Mrs. John answered shortly. "I want to know what's become of Grandpa Porter."

"Why, they're riding around somewhere, I guess. I came away right after the wedding—"

"What wedding—where?" shrieked Mrs. John.

"Up to the parsonage, of course, and—"

"And you came off alone as soon as you were married?" interrupted Mrs. Ray; Mrs. John was speechless.



The New Baby. Motherhood is woman's natural destiny—actual barrenness is rare—comforting words to childless women.

Many women are denied the happiness of children simply because of some curable derangement of the generative organs. Among the many triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is overcoming cases of supposed barrenness.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—We had been married nine years and never had children, and now we have a little baby girl nineteen months old, the joy of our life. She owes her existence to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Portrait of a Baby Girl Who Owes her Existence to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wrote to you some time ago asking why I could not have a child.

Another Happy Case in Brooklyn. DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wrote to you a year ago telling you of my troubles. I had pains in the ovaries, menses were painful, and I had never borne children.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: By the grace of God free and independent. To Olive Swain, Laura M. Woodruff, Eva Macky, Emma Williams, Fannie Caulkins, Lewis Wilson, Mary Ann Soutter, Ella Hixcox, Frank Wilson, Eljah Wilson, Lizette Steadman, Ella White, Ellery Wilson, Burnett Wilson, Lottie Pruden, John Wilson, Belle Wilcox, Judson Wilson, Emma Kitchin, Willie Wilson, Daniel Wilson, Mary Acker, Mary Higbie, John Wilson, Jane Porter, Charles Whalen, Francis King, Jerry Wilson, H. Wilson Whalen, Orvil Cypus, Charles Curtis, Howard Whalen, Scott Crowell, Elmer Wilson, William Jenkins, Jessie Owen, James Wilson, Anna Patt, Emma Bowen, George Wilson; also all others heirs at law and next of kin of Horace Wilson, deceased, whose names and places of residence are unknown to the petitioner herein, and cannot be ascertained with due diligence; heirs at law and next of kin of Horace Wilson, deceased.

WORKED A MIRACLE. How the Somali Mullah Was Aided Unconsciously by the British. A good story is told of how the Somali Mullah worked one of those "miracles" which drew many wayfarers to his banner, says the London Express.

Her Chance. "Yo's mah choc'late lady!" exclaimed Sam Hokenby, coolly. "I hopes yo' doan' object to dat."

The Strenuous Life. Mrs. Knicker—I have planned to go somewhere for the summer to rest from the winter.

More to Be Regretted. Mrs. Henpeck—Ah, those sad, sad words, "It might have been!"

Stray Stories. Mrs. Henpeck—And after that? Mrs. Ducker—I shall go somewhere for the winter to rest from the summer.

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If you Have the place We have the TELEPHONE. Each one connected With 25,000 others In your neighborhood. Bell Telephone Co.