seeks the means of health she is often like a woman blindfold. confidence. She cannot tell what her effort will lead to. She turns now to this side and then to the other in uncertainty and doubt.

The sick woman who uses Dr. Pierce's Pavorite Prescription may do so with absolute confidence. It invites openeyed 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.

"Favorite Prescription" cures irregularity and dries weakening drains. It heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

\* With a heart full of gratitude to you for sending out over the land your wonderful medicine ! send these few lines, hoping that some poor suf-fering women will try Dr. Pierce's medicines, writes Mrs. Cora L. Root, of Greenspring Fur-nace, Washington Co., Maryland, "I had suf-fered severly from female weakness and had to be in bed a great deal of the time. Had headsche, backache, and pain in left side when lying down. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favor-ite Prescription, and had not taken two bottles when I was able to be around again and do my work with but little pain. Can now eat any thing and it never burts me any more. Have taken seven bottles of Dr. Pierce's Fayorite Pre-soription, and one of his 'Compound Extract of Smart-Weed and several vials of his 'Pleasant Bellets.' Feeling better every day. My hus-band says I look better every day."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache.



## 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.

Colery King is a tonic-laxative. 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, 25 c.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEV

he forenoon of that day, then and there to And if any of the aforesaid persons are un 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 LUDOLPH, Clerk Surrogate's Court. Att'ys for Petitioner, 1003 Wilder Bldg., Rochester, N. V

) By driving the excess of urle acid from the blood. Tophene has been extensively used and prescribed by the medical profession FOR MORE THAN 50 YEARS. Tophene reaches the seat of disease and destroys the cause.

TOPHENE is a sure remedy for Chronic and Inflammatory Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout and Neuralgio Pains. For sale by all druggists. Price, 50 cents. Write for testima; nial letters.

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. GILETTE'S, DOGS.

MATINEE EVERY DAY

MATINEE PRICES: 15, 20, 25c.

I wondered if the world so wide had heard my heart a-beatin', With Sally walkin' at my side along the way to meetin'? seemed to time my every step-jest keepin' time accordin', sayin: "There's no rest fer you 'cept

t'other side of Jordan!"

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;

But somehow, when it reached my lips, it seemed too much to utter, With my poor heart a-keepin' up that everlastin' flutter!

Twuz 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 twuz 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:

loved her more than all the worldthat's how I stood convicted! then, as close she come to me, with sweeter looks an' fonder,

an' over yonder! -Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Consti-

read my shinin' titles clear to earth-

## THE INFATUATION OF\_GRANDPA

By Louise J. Strong.

RANDPA PORTER had become I a source of anxiety to his son anybody thinks." and his son's wife, Mrs. John. They his money, and that by a young minx who might well be his granddaughto the girl they were sure; that he thought himself deeply in love with-

usual jolly, careless old self. He moped about in fits of melan- glad of an excuse to do so. choly abstraction; he rend romances - Sunday, grandpa came out dressed and he had hunted up his old cracked for church in the extreme of style, flute that he had not touched for 50 years and stayed out on the porch evenings playing "Robin Adair" and wail that was distressing.

"I can hardly stand it," Mrs. John vain effort to shut out the sound. along together. "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." "Why Grandpa Porter!" Mrs. John exclaimed, amazed at the exhibition. A laughing face looked in at the

side door and a blithe young voice said-gayly: "Good for you, Mr. Porter! - I told you the other day that you were younger than half the boys. You ought to see him on the turning bar, Mrs. John." She set a basket on the table, adding: "Here are some eggs Grandma Taylor was bringing to you. I thought them too heavy for her and came along to carry them for her. She looked tired. Take this rocker, grandma," in anxious solicitude.

The brisk, anything-but-tired-looking old lady who had followed her in, sat down stiffly and the girl rattled on: "No, Mrs. John, I can't stop a minute. Mr. Porter, it's about time

for you to go to the gym, isn't it?" Grandpa got his hat with alacrity, and they went away together, stopping first for the minx to fasten a

rose in his buttonhole. "'Mr. Porter!'" Mrs. John burst out, sarcastically, as soon as they were gone. "It, used to be grandpa before he took this silly notion. She came on purpose to get him, she's that you needn't say anything more done it before-the bold piecel"

"I did't want any of her help; she took the basket right out of my hands. As if I couldn't carry it across the street! One would think me too old and feeble to stand up alone, to hear her talk on," Grandma Taylor said, indignantly. "I'm-two years younger than he is," she added, a red | made their appearance.

spot on each cheek and a spark in her eyes. "I suppose you saw him making a fairs," he declared, stamping around speck of himself"-grandma nodded- noisily. "I'll do as I please, and it's "Its disgusting the way an old man none of your business." young girl. I wish his old flute was coaxed in va ; then they went off to

will act when he takes a notion to a in the stove. I'd put it there if I tackle the milix. Eben gave and took dared, I get so tired of his sentimen- immediate offense, and left to go over tal tooting. I know it disturbs vour it again need to his father. folks, too."

Grandma didni say so, but to tell storm had mont itself - You're a

ALONG THE MYDY TO MEETIN', to hear it; in 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 grandma," Mrs. John mused, regretfully, as off till noon, I expect."

Which she did and then hung on tractingly wheezy wail than ever. 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," clean of all his beautiful, white beard, leaving only a moustache, and that cut in the latest fashion and with his Grandma Taylor, in lavender lawn, ruddy cheeks and twinkling eyes he white tie and new bonnet, had gone looked absurdly young, almost younger than his son.

"Well," he said, as they stared at him, "ien'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

"Perhaps if you talked right out were fully persuaded that he was plain to him, showed him what a in danger of being married for laughing stock it's making of him-" "It wouldn't do, Lucy," her husband

interrupted. "He'd get mad and ter: That grandpa had taken a fancy leave in a minute. You know how touchy pa is." -Mrs. John-ground --- She remom

her they feared, for he was not his | bered the threat to go and board at the minx's home; like enough he'd be

twirling a dainty cane as airily as any callow "dude," and boldly marched away to where the minx was waiting other bygone ballads, with a wheezy for him with a fresh rose for his but-

"You see," said Mrs. John to Grandsaid, punching up her pillow in the ma Taylor, as the two families walked

"There's no fool like an old fool, quoted Mrs. Ray, grandma's daugh-

"Old Mr. Porter is no fool, though he does act like one," grandma re-

"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 after the wedding-" 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 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

"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 lit tle grandma?" grandpa asked with a

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 | self wasn't happy." 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 to fellow."

"Oh, ma'd never think of marrying somewhat incoherently. "

"Well, you can manage an old lady, but an old man you can't. I feel as if we were disgraced," Mrs. John re-

She was sure of it one day when grandpa dressed up, brought a livery rig and took the minx out for a ride to his farm. She clapped on her sunbonnet and went to interview the

"Don't you think it's disgraceful for a young girl to go traipsing off with an old man, Hannah Smith?" she demanded with asperity.

"Mr. Porter is a man of good character and a church member," Mrs. "Oh, I understand; you are in the

game, too," Mrs. John retorted. and tossed her head. And Mrs. John Hannah Smith well enough to know seeking him. to her when she looked like that.

Grandma Taylor was just leaving a neighbor's when the couple returned. She bowed to them in cold hauteur as she passed and the saucy minx laughed gayly.

Grandpa's other two sons, Eben and Charles, in answer to urgent appeals,

Grandpa flew into a rage.; "I won't have anybody meddling with my at-

Eben reas natrated and Charles

Charles sauntered in when the the truth, she kept her window open | gay old boy; pa," he said, slapping | Stray Stories.

grandpa on the back, and you must bring mother Porter up to see us." "Now that's something like!" grandpa replied, shaking his hand

warmly. Her last hope gone, Mrs. John subsided in tears, and a headache; and grandma walked briskly away, erect | grandpa shut himself up and played and trim. "That girl will keep him all the old things he could remember, triumphantly, but with a more dis-

> 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 when he came in. He was shaved then one day, after an early dinner, he dressed in his best and again took her for a long ride out in the counwax waxed till it shone; his hair was try. It happened to be a day when

to visit an old friend, and Mrs. Ray was at liberty to run over and condole 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 Grandma 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

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, appar ently on the lookout for some one. "How did you hear?" she asked, her face one radiant smile.

answered shortly, "I want to know what's become of Grandpa Porter." "Why, they're riding around somewhere, I guess. I came away right

"We've heard nothing," Mrs. John

"What wedding-where?" shricked

"Up to the parsonage, of course, "And you came off alone as soon as supple as a boy. She looked at as you were married?" interrupted Mrs. Ray; Mrs. John was speechless. "But I'm not married," said the

minx serenely. "Then who-" began Mrs. Ray, a wild suspicion seizing her. "There they come!" the smiling

minx broke in. "Don't they look sweet!!" as a buggy whizzed around

"Ma Taylor!" gasped Mrs. Ray. "Grandma Taylor-Porter," corrected the minx. "And we've had such a time with her, grandpa and I! She was so afraid of offending her folks that she wouldn't listen to grandpa at all, until she got wretchedly jealous of me. Poor grandpa was so miserable over it-and grandma her-

"No," added grandma seriously. "And I decided that you should not break both our hearts with your no-

tions, Emma." Mrs. John went off into peals of laughter, aided by the minx and gallavanting around with some young | bridegroom. Mrs. Roy turned her. kins, Jessie Owen, James Wilson, Anna Patt, back on the hilarious crowd and fled.

Eventually she relented and took deceased, whose names and places of residence anybody. I just wouldn't allow that the happy old couple into favor, but are unknown to the petitioner herein, and canmybody. I just wouldn't allow that the happy old couple into lavor, but not be ascertained with due diligence, heirs at N. Y., Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society
-young or old," Mrs. Ray declared she never forgave Mrs. John that law and next of kin-of-Horace Wilson, send of Chicago, Illinois, the legatees, next of kin-of-Horace Wilson, send of Chicago, Illinois, the legatees, next of kin-of-Horace Wilson, send of Chicago, Illinois, the legatees, next of kin-of-Horace Wilson, send of Chicago, Illinois, the legatees next of kin-of-Horace Wilson, send of Chicago, Illinois, the legatees next of kin-of-Horace Wilson, send of Chicago, Illinois, the legatees next of kin-of-Horace Wilson, send of Chicago, Illinois, the legatees next of kin-of-Horace Wilson, send of Chicago, Illinois, the legatees next of kin-of-Horace Wilson, send of Chicago, Illinois, the legatees next of kin-of-Horace Wilson, send of Chicago, Illinois, the legatees next of kin-of-Horace Wilson, send of Chicago, Illinois, the legatees next of kin-of-Horace Wilson, send of Chicago, Illinois, the legatees next of kin-of-Horace Wilson, send of Chicago, Illinois, the legatees next of kin-of-Horace Wilson, send of Chicago, Illinois, the legatees next of kin-of-Horace Wilson, send of Chicago, Illinois, the legatees next of kin-of-Horace Wilson, send of th laugh.-New Orleans Times-Demo-

## WORKED A MIRACLE.

Unconsciously by the British.

A good story is told of how the Somall Mullah worked one of those "miragles" which drew many wayfarers to his banner, says the London

An English man-of-war was sent to demonstrate off the coast, and at Smith asserted, bridling defensively, night threw a searchlight onto the jungle-covered mountains. Abdullah was in hiding there, and knowing Mrs. Smith closed her mouth firmly from his visits to Aden what it was that his followers halled as a new gave it up and went home; she knew star told them that the light was

> When the electric rays actually, flooded his encampment he cried in triumph, "Will you deny now that I am under the eye of God?"

> The Somall fell on their knees, beat the earth with their foreheads and replied: "Thou are truly the Elect, the Chosen, the Mullah, the Master: Our goods, our existence, our souls belong to thee. We place ourselves entirely at the disposition of thy will."

A few weeks later came the news of the rising of some 4,000 of these Somali.

More to Be Regretted. Mrs. Henpeck-Ah, those sad, sad words, "it might have been!" Mr. Henneck (feebly)-That's. all

right, my dear, but they're not in it with those sad sad words, "It was."-



Motherhood is woman's natural destinybarrenness 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. Thousands of children owe their existence to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This great medicine is so well calculated to regulate every function of the generative organs that its efficiency in this respect is vouched for by multitudes of women.

Nine Years Without a Child.

"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. Pink-

ham's Vegetable Compound. "Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was a constant sufferer. I had pains in my back and sides, especially before menstruation. I had doctored but received no benefit. Hearing so much about the Vegetable Compound I decided to try it, and after taking six bottles.was cured."—Mrs. T. H. Goulbey, 1223 Nevada St., East Toledo, Ohio.

> 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 as ting why I could not have a child. I explained that I had displacement of the womband ovarian trouble, and suffered with backache and headache. You sent me a nice letter in reply giving me full instructions how to treat myself, and in accordance with your directions I took your Vegetable Compound, and followed your kind advice faith-

fully in every respect, and now I have a little girl, the joy of our home. I never would have had my baby if it had not been for your advice and medicine .--"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough for what

it has done for me. I hope other childless

women will see this letter." Mrs. John Urer-

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. "You answered my letter and I followed your advice. I was completely cured. Have just given birth to a fine, healthy babe, and during childbirth had a very easy time.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's medicines are a God send to women who want to be mothers." - Mrs. Schultz, 12 Luzner St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Many women whose letters we print were utterly discouraged, and life lacked all joy to them when they wrote Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., without charge of any kind. They received advice

which made them strong, useful women again. THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW York: By the grace of God free and indeendent. To Olive Swain, Laura M. Woodruff, Eva Macky, Emma Williams, Fannie Caulkens, Lewis Wilson, Mary Ann Sorter, Ella Hiscox, Frank Wilson, Elijah Wilson, Lizzie Steadman, Ella Wrife, Ellery Wilson, Burnett Wilson, Lottie Pruden, John Wilson, Belle Wilcox, Judson Wilson, Emma Kidder, Willis Wilson, Daniel Wilson, Mary Acker, Mary Higble, John Wilson, Jane Porter, Charles Whalen, Fran-cella King, Jerry Wilson, H. Wilson Whalen, Orvil Tague, Charles Curtis, Howard Whalen, Scott Crowell, Elmer, Wilson, William Jenheirs at law and next of kin of Horace Wilson,

LACKER, 1111 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio.

Whereas, Florence G. Shaw, formerly Florence G. June, the executor named in a certain instrument in writing, bearing date Nov. 4th, ceased, Greeting: 1897, purporting to be the last will and testa. You are hereby ment of Horace Wilson, late of the village of before the Surrous Penfield, 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 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 23d day of March, 1903, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to attend the pro-bate of said last will and testament. And if any of the aforesaid persons are under the age of twenty-one years, 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 pro-

ceedings for the probate of said will. In testimony whereof, we have caused the scal of the Surrogate's court of the county of Monroe, to be hereto affixed. Witness, Hon. George A. Benton, Sur-rogate of said county, at the city of Rochester, this Sist day of January, in

the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

ANDREW LUDOLPH,
Clerk Surrogate's Court.

E. J. Fisk, Attorney for Petitioner,
Fairport, N. Y.

Her Chance "Yo's mah choc'late ladyl" exclaimed Sam Hokenby, cooingly. hopes yo' donn' object to dat."

"No, indeed," replied Miss Lily White, "'kase dat sho'ly am mah fav'ryte flavah. Hows'mever, of dey-nin' got dat kin I'll eat strawberry an' vernellah." -Philadelphia Press.

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

Mrs. Bocker—And after that? Mrs. Knicker—I shall go somewhere for the winter to rest from the summer,-N. Y. Times.

A York, by the Grace of God free and inde-pendent. To Truman Rundel, Betsey A. Aus-tin, Helen Creber, George Mulliner, Lena Mo-Master, George K. Higble, Frank P. Higble, next of kin, whose names and places of residence are unknown and cannot be ascertained with due diligence); Donald Parce, Yale Parce, Lucile Parce, Harold Parce, Trustees of the Baptist Church and Society of Pentield N. Y .; American Baptist Missionary Union of Boston, Mass. American Baptist Home Mission Society of New York City, N. Y., Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Boston, Mass. Trustees of the Penfield Cemetery of Penfield, heirs at law, creditors and persons interested in the estate of Mary L. M. Highle, late of the vilage of Fairport, in the county of Monroe, de-You are hereby cited and required to appear

fore the Surrogate of our county of Mouroe, in the Surrogate's court, on the 27th day of February, 1903, at ten o'clock in the forencon f that day, at the Surrogate's office in the city f Rochester, then and there to attend the ju icial settlement of the accounts of Clarence G said deceased. And if any of the aforesaid persons are under the age of twenty-one years, 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 ap-pointed by the Surrogate to represent and act for them in the proceedings for the settlement of said estate,

In testimony whereof, we have caused the seal of the Surrogate's court of the county of Monroe to be hereto affixed.

[L.S.] Witness Hon. George A. Benton, Surrogate of said county, at the city of Rochester, this 14th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and three

J. FISK, Clerk Surrogate's Court. Att'y for Executor, Fairport, N. Y. 2w7

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