

YOU WILL FORGET.
You will forget. The flowering tide of Spring
Stands still at flood; the blossoms overflow
For gladness, and beside that tender glow
Of life, you kiss me, and yet I dumbly know
You will forget.
The summer comes. Ah, sweetheart, love is sweet;
The very breath of God lies on the land;
You draw me close to you, but though my hand
In faith seeks yours, I dimly understand
You will forget.
The earth grows chill. The banner of the frost
Flames gold and crimson in the wood. We start
As from a dream, and wondering, stand apart;
Ah, what is this? Hush, hush, my beating heart.
You will forget.
Can I forget? The harvest of my soul
Lies winnowed at your door. The meadow-rue
Which binds it as of old is not more true
Than I, and yet I walk alone, while you—
You will forget.
—The Bookman.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

That Miss Foster was different from and more charming than all the rest of her sex might have been proved from any of the fifteen men to whom she had been engaged in the last two years since she had come back from school, beginning with Cadet Ferris and ending with Cady.
That Capt. Foster was exactly like all the rest of mankind, and little deserved the blessing he had in his daughter, was manifested by his drawing from his pocket a letter, and saying as he gave it to her, "By the bye, Kitty, this came for you yesterday while you were riding with Cady, and I forgot to give it to you."
Miss Foster looked at the postmark, and at the almost feminine chirography, and knew that the letter was from Port Bowle and from Gloucester. She laid it beside her plate and finished her breakfast. Afterward she took it up to her own room and read it. Then she sat with folded hands and looked, unseeing, at the photograph of the fifteen upon the wall before her. She was very white.
The most astute woman will frequently stake anything and play all her game upon honor in man. When that chances to fail, her calculations are set at naught, and the bottom falls out of her universe.
And Gloucester's honor has failed. He wrote—Kitty read it again—"So you are engaged to Cady. That means little to you; but it may mean much to him. Therefore, to prevent his being made the fool that I have been, I have taken the liberty of sending him by this mail the letters you have written to me within the last month—four in number—that he may know with what manner of woman he has to deal."
Now, fourteen times before Miss Foster had not been in earnest. But this time she was. Unfortunately, the fact that she cared greatly for Cady had not prevented her from writing to Gloucester more affectionately than prudently. In order to keep him—her dear charmer—who was away—upon her string, so long as it would hold him without snapping. And the letters, sent while she was actually engaged to Cady, were going to fall into his hands. It was a desperate situation. But, with all her blue eyes, and curls, and bewitching ways, Miss Foster was the woman to meet it.
After some time she rose to her feet and set her lips. It is a peculiarity of Cupid's bow lips that she can set, upon occasions. She knew that Cady had not yet received those letters. And she determined that he never should. She would rob the stage.
Guard mounting was just over and the stage was not due until noon. Kitty set a big hat at ailing upon her curls and walked down to the post-office. Fate, with her partiality for the brave and fair, willed that the post-masser should have left his desk. Miss Foster pushed open the gate and went behind the rail. The keys to the mail bag hung upon their hook. She put them in her pocket. When the post-masser came back she was placidly marking his clean blotter with the letter stamp.
"If you please, Mr. Jones, I want this letter registered."
An hour later Miss Foster reined up her horse on the top of a rise and looked across the flat stretch of green-wood, and cactus and sage. Far away a tiny speck was crawling toward her along the white road. It was the stage. She had been born upon the plains, and she had an unerring eye for its distances. There would be fully half an hour to wait. She cast about for some way of killing time and found a deep, wide fissure in the parched earth. It appeared to her daring. She put her horse to a run and jumped it time and again until he was winded. Then she rode again to the crest of the slope. The stage was near. She dismounted, felt of the girths, and sat down, hugging the tiny noontide shade of a tiny mesquite bush, for the sun was burning down from a hard, blue sky. A big red ant was carrying a beetle's wing many times larger than itself. Kitty watched it until she heard the clatter of traces as the stage climbed the other side of the slope. Then she commanded her soul to heaven and brought her quilt down upon the horse's flanks.
The stage driver drew up his stock, and the one passenger put out his head and shoulders and gazed at the slender gray figure rising alone in the midst of the prairie.
"Whatever, Miss Kitty?" the driver stopped short. He saw the horse grazing off a bunch of stumpy grass, a hundred yards away. Kitty went a step nearer and laid her hand on the wheel. She had seen that there was no woman in the stage. A woman would have upset all her calculations. She raised her big blue eyes. The men who could have resisted them were few. Those in the stage listened now

to a tale calculated to melt a heart of stone.
"I was just out for a little ride," said Kitty, "and my girths were loose, so I dismounted to cinch up, and that horrid Dandy got away. If you had not come, I don't know whatever I should have done."
Miss Foster would not have been the woman she was if he were—the gent of the lamp of fair femininity—had not risen at her will. The driver looked again at the horse and back at Miss Foster. He had known her from the day of her birth. When he was in his first enlistment, long before he had returned to civil life, he had been her father's striker. He had held her upon a burro and taught her to ride before she could walk. Therefore, he was justly annoyed. For the cleverest consprator is apt to overlook a detail, and Kitty had forgotten that the horse of a good rider, which has broken away should have the bridle over his head.
"I'm sure, Miss Kitty," he said, "that it weren't me learned you to leave the reins hooked over the pommel when you dismounted—and I should have thought you could have mounted alone anywhere."
Kitty flushed. Of all things she was proudest of her horsemanship.
"Do you think, O'Rourke, that you could catch Dandy for me?"
"I dunno," said O'Rourke, "taint so easy to catch a horse when the reins are hooked over the pommel."
But he would the lines around the brake and jumped down. The passenger was not to be outdone. He jumped down, too, and together they went trotting across the plain.
Kitty had seen others try to catch Dandy. She climbed leisurely into the saddle, and dragged the mail pouch from under the seat. She was frightened now, and cold and trembling, and she threw quick glances to where O'Rourke and the passenger were advancing, and retreating, and deploying—never within arm's reach of Dandy. When she had stowed away in the crown of her cap a small package post-marked Bowle and addressed to Cady in a pointed, scrawling, almost feminine hand, she snapped the lock. She had left the keys in the bag. For she knew that the postmaster had duplicates. Then she steadied herself with a longdrawn breath, and gathering her riding-skirts about her, walked toward Dandy, holding out her hand. Dandy had been brought up to believe that a man meant sign of nutmegs. He came, with neck outstretched, and muzzled in the little gloved palm.
"He is sorry he was naughty," said Miss Foster, scratching the back of his ear, "and he is going to be good, and never, never run away from his mistress again."
And then she rewarded O'Rourke by putting her booted foot in his great palm and springing in a manner that did his training credit. She smiled at the passenger and thanked him sweetly.
"I hope the postmaster will not be angry with me for delaying the transportation of the government mails," and she cautioned away.
Cady sat himself upon the top step of the porch of Capt. Foster's quarters. Miss Foster did the same. Cady's face was stern and set. Miss Foster's was white and scared. There was a silence. Then Cady drew from his pockets a package of letters. They were in Kitty's writing. Kitty drew from her pocket another package. They were in Cady's hand. Cady spoke first.
"Here," he said, "is a bundle of letters—four in number. They came to me in today's mail. They were accompanied by this note from Gloucester. I need not assure you that I have not read them, but I gathered from what he says that they are of an exceedingly personal nature and of a very recent date. You may guess my opinion of Gloucester. 'But,' he bent upon her a look of withering scorn, 'you cannot guess my opinion of you.'"
He held the bundle out to her. She pushed it away. Then she held up before his eyes a package of much the same size. He reached out for it quickly.
"Not yet!" said Kitty. "Here," she continued, "is a bundle of letters—six in number. They came in today's mail. They were accompanied by a note from Miss Fowler of Bowle. I need not assure you that I have not read them. They are of an exceedingly personal nature—I may say affectionate nature and of a very recent date. They were written by you to Miss Fowler. I read too, the note with which she returned them. Here it is. You may find it interesting—I did."
Cady took the package she held out to him. Miss Foster took the one Cady held out to her. And again there was silence.
Then the lieutenant spoke. "To whom may I ask, were the letters from Miss Fowler addressed?"
"To you."
"And may I also ask how, in that event, they came into your possession?"
Miss Foster considered. "No."
Cady put his package in his pocket and fastened his blouse over them. Then he sat looking over the parade ground. After a time he put his hands on his knees and turned and faced Miss Foster.
"Well," he said, "Kitty's eyes had been cast down, so that her long lashes lay upon her cheeks. She raised them. He looked down steadily into their blue and twinkling depths.
"Well?" echoed Kitty. And then he smiled.
Miss Foster gave a huge sigh of relief. "Isn't it curious," she said, "how exactly alike Miss Fowler and Mr. Gloucester writes? Any one might have been deceived."
Which was not very relevant; but Cady did not ask what she meant. Irrelevancy was one of Miss Foster's many charms.
The Unlucky Hindoo Widow.
Action is being taken by certain enlightened natives to ameliorate the shocking condition of the average Hindoo widow. To begin with, the Indian widow is shaved bald, and can only hide her baldness with her cloth; she is deprived of all jewelry, wears coarse clothes than the rest of womankind, must fast on certain days, and every day has fewer meals than are taken by the rest of the family. The scheme of relief mooted is that no widow shall be shaved until she is twenty-one, the age at which it may be supposed that she will be able to show a will of her own in case she objects.

PRIZE SUGGESTIONS.

TWO LETTERS BELOW SELECTED FROM "MANAGING LIFE."
A Contest Conducted by New York Journal and Prizes Awarded Mrs. Mary F. Lambert, of Allston, Mass., and Mary Ford, of New York.
I am a servant girl and these are my views: I think every servant should have two evenings and every other Sunday afternoon and evening out. This gives her a chance to see her friends without their coming to the house where she works. I think she should be allowed to have company when it is her Sunday in. If her girl friends come it is very well to see them in the kitchen, but if her sweetheart calls she should no doubt much prefer to see him under the stars in a sitting room for the servants they ought to be allowed to see their friends in the dining room if it is in the basement and they do not interfere with the household arrangements. But there must be a limit to the girl's company. She must not expect to have her friends call too often. I think a servant should have an afternoon off once a month or so to do her shopping, as it is late when her work is finished, and if she needs anything she has to get it at the nearest little store, where they charge much more than they do in the big stores down a town. A servant should have a certain amount of work to do every day, and if she does it up quickly and well she should not be made to put in the time thus saved in helping others of the servants who have lingered around trusting to some such stock to their pocket money. That makes a girl feel that no matter how hard she tries she is never through. On the other hand, if one girl is not able to do her work the others should do all they can to help her. A mistress should never encourage her servants to carry tales to her about each other, and the help should never speak unkindly of their mistress, as these seeming trifles lead to more changes among the servants than any amount of hard work. I have always found that when I look out for the interests of my mistress she always looks out for mine. A good servant should be a mistress does no harm and it makes a girl feel that she is not a mere machine, she goes about her work with a light heart.—Mary Ford.
In referring to the servant question it is to be remembered that poor work is as often the fault of the mistress as of the maid. In cases where several servants were employed each one should have her appropriate work assigned, but with the understanding that if needed she be called upon for work outside that which she considers her own. If the mistress of the house shows herself ignorant of any of the duties belonging thereto, she has no reason to look for or expect satisfactory service from those in her employ. A firm but kind government, and a few rules, requiring implicit obedience, give larger promise of faithful and prompt work and far more respectful service than an ignorant but exacting housekeeper can ever expect to find. While demanding prompt attention to the work she will command, she should also receive such kindness and watchful care for their interests and comfort as employers would wish their children to have if similarly situated. Make their rooms as pleasant and comfortable as possible. If the arrangements of the house will permit, see that those who have the hot and dirty work to do have the means for daily or frequent baths, which is as much for the employer's comfort as for theirs. Ample time should be allowed them for keeping their clothes in order. In making up a contract with a girl for any position in the family, the mistress of the house should very carefully explain the rules by which she regulates the time and labors of those she employs. Give every privilege that can be allowed consistently with the duties to be performed, and for the girl's own benefit. The things of the household and evening of leisure each week is all the time that can be spared conveniently from household duties, and as much as the servant can have and attend faithfully to her own sewing and keep her clothes in repair. All the other arrangements after the ordinary work is over will be needed for this important attention to her own garments. To allow the servants more time would be apt to lead to idle habits. When two, three or more girls are needed in one house, the question of how much company they can be allowed at the house is important. If the mistress has the privilege of allowing her friends to call when they choose, the others will expect the same privilege, and justly. This will cause confusion and disorder in their regular duties. It should be settled that visits cannot be permitted after the day's work is over, and that by 10 o'clock visitors must leave, the kitchen and range be put in order and the girls all in and ready to retire to their needed rest. Nor should a kitchen full of visitors be allowed at any time, nor the dining room be used for the purpose. Do not approve the policy which permits the many visitors that naturally call where there are two or three girls to be invited or expected to bring their meals with them. On the contrary, it should be distinctly forbidden. In engaging help, be slow to decide. Seek for the information possible. Be sure of their worth and honesty; then, this one settled, let them see that it is the wish of their employer to trust them. Locking up closets where the food is or putting aside the best part of the food from the best table is a good reason for making a city dishonest servant.—Mary F. Lambert.
The Old Provocative Table Linen.
It is an old and pretty custom for the bride to provide her table and household linen. Even if she brings nothing else to the new home she must bring the linen. The following outfit is advised: Three pairs of sheets to each bed similar in size; three pillow slips to each pillow, or five between every two pillows of the same size; three soft and three rough towels a head; of bath or Turkish towels you should allow two a head; or, if bath sheets are used you should allow three between two people; from four to six tablecloths, with half a dozen napkins for each; three or four sideboard cloths, twelve doilies, three or four tray cloths and two or three 5 o'clock tea cloths; three round towels for each room, three or four kitchen tablecloths twelveusters, twelve each of glass slips to each pillow, four pudding cloths and some dust sheets.

SEVEN-UP FOR HIS LIFE

Wild-Cat Smith Beat His Comanche Captor at the Game—Won His Life and the Life of a Young Girl.
Old Wildcat Smith of Texas, is just about the last living one of that famous band of pioneers who drove the Indians to the mountains, killed the hunters and civilized the tracks through the trackless wilderness. He does not look like a lawyer, but he has, nevertheless, sat upon a camp stool and decided cases of the greatest importance. He does not bear any very marked resemblance to General Grant, but he has commanded a considerable force in battle, and while military critics might have complained that he was deficient in strategic ability, none ever charged him with lack of valor. Few people would discover in his face or manner any of those traits that distinguish a duelist, but he has demonstrated that he possesses them all in an eminent degree by ordering "pistols and coffee for two" more than once. Upon one occasion he had the audacity to invite General Houston, who was at that period President of the Republic, to "come and see me at my place" with him. He says that the old warrior "got on the paper and putting it in his desk. In answer to the enraged challenger's inquiry, the General simply said: 'Mr. Smith, you are the fortieth who have killed these other thirty-nine in a second year, and I will hang you if I will accommodate you.' Be prudent, sir."
Smith went to Texas in 1836, and served in the Texas army through all the long wars with Mexico. He was also a soldier in the great Civil War, and then that ended he enlisted to fight against the rebels in the border, until there were no more Comanches to shoot. He has been a man of war from his youth up, and in his old age he carries a soldier's musket with a fixed bayonet, and continues to make war on all kinds of game and "varmints." He wanted to go to Cuba, and when the boys in black and white entreated that he be his "old and feeble" he threw off his coat and challenged the whole company to fight him.
Upon one occasion Smith was captured by a roving band of Comanches, many of whom were well known to him. He was taken to a place where they intended to make him run the gauntlet and burn him at the stake when they reached their village on Devil River. The captive had a flask of whiskey, which the chief took away from him. After taking several drinks the old warrior asked Smith if he could play "seven-up." Smith proudly boasted that he could beat any man living playing that particular game. This answer appeared to put the Indian on his mettle, and he at once proposed that they should play by the side of the warpath and play for the highest factory service that money could buy. A firm but kind government, and a few rules, requiring implicit obedience, give larger promise of faithful and prompt work and far more respectful service than an ignorant but exacting housekeeper can ever expect to find. While demanding prompt attention to the work she will command, she should also receive such kindness and watchful care for their interests and comfort as employers would wish their children to have if similarly situated. Make their rooms as pleasant and comfortable as possible. If the arrangements of the house will permit, see that those who have the hot and dirty work to do have the means for daily or frequent baths, which is as much for the employer's comfort as for theirs. Ample time should be allowed them for keeping their clothes in order. In making up a contract with a girl for any position in the family, the mistress of the house should very carefully explain the rules by which she regulates the time and labors of those she employs. Give every privilege that can be allowed consistently with the duties to be performed, and for the girl's own benefit. The things of the household and evening of leisure each week is all the time that can be spared conveniently from household duties, and as much as the servant can have and attend faithfully to her own sewing and keep her clothes in repair. All the other arrangements after the ordinary work is over will be needed for this important attention to her own garments. To allow the servants more time would be apt to lead to idle habits. When two, three or more girls are needed in one house, the question of how much company they can be allowed at the house is important. If the mistress has the privilege of allowing her friends to call when they choose, the others will expect the same privilege, and justly. This will cause confusion and disorder in their regular duties. It should be settled that visits cannot be permitted after the day's work is over, and that by 10 o'clock visitors must leave, the kitchen and range be put in order and the girls all in and ready to retire to their needed rest. Nor should a kitchen full of visitors be allowed at any time, nor the dining room be used for the purpose. Do not approve the policy which permits the many visitors that naturally call where there are two or three girls to be invited or expected to bring their meals with them. On the contrary, it should be distinctly forbidden. In engaging help, be slow to decide. Seek for the information possible. Be sure of their worth and honesty; then, this one settled, let them see that it is the wish of their employer to trust them. Locking up closets where the food is or putting aside the best part of the food from the best table is a good reason for making a city dishonest servant.—Mary F. Lambert.
Lord Kitchener is made the hero of an interesting anecdote, the details of which have just reached London. It is told by a relative of the Sirdar. According to the story, while the British-Egyptian army was approaching Omdurman a Dervish spy was discovered in camp, and was placed under arrest in headquarters. Not a word could be coaxed out of him; he pretended to be deaf and dumb. Shortly afterward a second spy was caught, and he, too, assumed a deaf and dumb role. He was placed in the same tent with the first prisoner.
Half an hour later a third spy was brought into headquarters, and was put with the other two without delay. At the end of an hour the alert guard heard animate sounds proceeding from the tent among the deaf and dumb prisoners. A moment after the third of the spies stepped out of the tent and demanded of the guard to be taken to the officer's tent. He turned out to be the Sirdar himself, who was disguised so cleverly that he not only fooled his own men, but secured the secrets of the two prisoners from them.



AMATEUR UPHOLSTERING

How to Renovate Old Chairs and Tables to Look Like New.

Many old and shabby pieces of furniture are discarded as useless without any trouble being taken to renovate them, and yet it is marvelous how a little trouble and ingenuity will so transfigure them that they look better than they did when they were new. For instance, a girl who was about to be married, and in whom money was not abundant, had a very scarce commodity, could furnish her drawing room, as far as chairs and tables go, for a mere song, if she purchased some old ones at a second-hand shop and exercised her taste and patience in doing them up. A shabby cane-bottomed chair with its seat out could be made quite presentable.
First of all, nail some stout webbing across in criss-cross fashion to form a seat, and put a cushion stuffed with flock or mill-puff upon it; then cut down the legs of the chair to make it lower, taking more off the back than the front ones, and paint them with black or white enamel. The whole must then be put into a cretonne cover, back and seat, with a deep fringe round the latter reaching to within three inches of the ground. Four of these, say with white legs and pale green coverings, will be quite effective in a room.
The plainest wooden table may be made beautiful by very simple means. For instance, to make a writing table get an ordinary deal dressing table with a drawer. Take the ugly knobs off the drawer, sandpaper the table, size it and stain it light green with brass stain. When quite dry screw on green handles in place of the knobs. With brass candlesticks, inkstand, &c., and a pretty blotter and stationery case, this will look well in a recess or near a window.
A very quaint table can be made out of a white wood one stained the color of dark oak and an arabesque design in white paint, and then hammer in the nails, which should be plain "studs," in continuous lines. A thick row must go round the edge and half way down each leg. Other small tables can be enamelled white and the tops tightly covered with broadcloth, edged with ball fringe. Silk cord, fifty inches wide, makes excellent tops, with the fringe exactly matching.

A Few Good Recipes

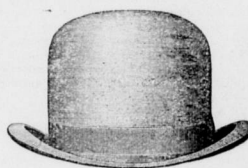
POTATO CROWDER.
Cut potatoes into cubes, cut four slices of salt pork into small pieces, put them into the frying pan; when hot add one half a sliced onion, fry until a light brown, put in a stew pot some of the potato, then add the onion and pork and some finely chopped parsley. Add one pint of boiling water, cover, and let simmer until the potatoes are tender. Scald one pint of milk, together with two tablespoons of butter and two of flour, add to the scalding milk, let boil, add this to the potato crowder; stir carefully. Season highly and serve very hot.
CHICKEN CROQUETTES.
One cup of chopped cooked chicken and one-half cup of canned mushrooms chopped fine; put one-half cup of cream in a frying pan; rub together two tablespoons of flour and two of butter; add this to the hot cream, let boil; then add the chopped chicken and mushrooms, one teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper and a little onion juice; beat one egg, add to the chicken; thoroughly beat but do not boil after the egg is added; remove from the fire, add one tablespoonful of lemon juice; spread on a platter when cold; divide into as many portions as are to be served; shape, beat one egg, add one tablespoonful of water, dip the croquettes in egg, then in bread crumbs, fry in deep fat, drain on paper, arrange the croquettes on a folded napkin; garnish with parsley or water-cress; serve with mushroom sauce.
MUSHROOM SAUCE.
Put two tablespoons of butter in a frying-pan, add one-half stick of onion, one of carrot, a small slice of celery, one small bay leaf, a sprig of thyme; simmer this on the back of the range (do not brown), then add two tablespoons of flour, stir well; pour over slowly, stirring all the while, one cup of white stock or milk, let this boil and salt and pepper; then add one-half cup of cream and one-half cup of mushrooms cut in halves; serve in a sauce boat.
CREAM WAFFLES.
Cream one-half cup of butter; add the well beaten yolks of four eggs and one-half teaspoonful of salt; beat this well; then add two cups of sifted flour, one cup of milk and one cup of cream, alternating, making a smooth batter; beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth and beat them in; have the waffle iron very hot; grease it with salt pork; bake the waffles and serve with syrup or sugar and butter.
IMPERIAL PUDDING.
Boil one-half cup of rice one hour; soak one-half box of gelatine in one-half cup of cold water until soft; heat this and strain it into the rice; add one cup of granulated sugar; set this in the refrigerator or in ice water; when partially cool add one cup of cream whipped, four tablespoons of sherry wine, cut in small pieces one bunch of three figs, three slices of pineapple; add this fruit to the pudding; when quite stiff pour into a mould; serve with a thin whipped cream.
Now was Henri come back from the wars, only to find Beatrice married to another.
"So, after all your vows you forget me?" he exclaimed, with much bitterness.
The girl hung her head guiltily.
"Yes," she faltered, and then she added, with great vehemence, "that's what I get for trusting to my memory. I should have made a memorandum. Mon Dieu!"
Ah, but it was too late to think of that now.—Detroit Journal.

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