

From Citizen To Soldier.

(Original.)

Royal Trimmingham at eighteen went to college, and the same year Ellihu Dubbs went to West Point. Of the two Trimmingham was the more popular, the handsomer, the more attractive in every respect. The young men had no interest in each other except in one respect, and that may be called an antagonism instead of an interest—they loved the same girl.

Genevieve Fay was the girl. It is somewhat difficult for a maiden of sixteen to send either of two adorers about his business, thus depriving herself of his adoration; but, since Genevieve had a decided preference for Royal Trimmingham and he insisted upon an answer before going to college, she gave it and thus decided his and her fate. Ellihu Dubbs, when he started for the Military academy, considered himself the most miserable man in the world. At that time, however, he had not experienced the miseries of a plebe at West Point.

Now, Trimmingham had a hankering for military life and had sought a cadet's warrant. When he had been at college six months he was appointed an alternate for a cadetship, and the party of the first part failing to pass the entrance examination the party of the second part was put in his place. Trimmingham left college and entered the Military academy.

Had the young man fully realized the position he was placing himself in with reference to his rival he would have plunged into the Hudson river instead of stepping on to the wharf at West Point. Not that Dubbs took the slightest advantage of being a third class man to torment the man that had supplanted him. On the contrary, in accordance with the code of honor prevailing at the academy he not only refrained from the customary pranks played on plebes, but persuaded his fellow classmen for his sake to remit hazing in Trimmingham's case.

Had Genevieve kept away all might have gone well. But Genevieve could not wait a minute after her fiancé had reported at the academy before going there to see how handsome he would look as a soldier. On the morning of her arrival she went to guard mounting expecting to see Royal in command either of the retiring or oncoming guard or both. Royal was not there, but Ellihu Dubbs happened to be the officer of the retiring guard, and the clean cut uniform he wore, with his shining accoutrements, the whole surmounted with various colored cock feathers nodding every time he turned his head, quite took her breath away. When the ceremony was over she went back to the hotel thinking how beautiful Mr. Dubbs looked and how much more beautiful dear Royal would look in the same paraphernalia. She was told that the gold lace on the sleeve indicated an officer, and as she knew nothing about the customs of cadets supposed that her lover's arm was covered with gold lace from shoulder to wrist.

She had written to Royal to meet her at the station, but if he didn't get her letter in time to spend the morning with her at the hotel. Royal didn't appear at the station or the hotel. He could as easily have met her in the White House. So about the middle of the morning she went down toward the encampment to find him. On the plain she saw squads of youngsters in citizens' dress standing in line being drilled by the older cadets. Now, there is nothing more inappropriate, inartistic, quaint, incongruous, than a squad of plebes in coats and hats of all sizes, colors and materials being turned into soldiers. They are not yet soldiers, and as citizens they are beneath contempt. Genevieve drew near one of the squads, her expression indicating her supreme disapprobation, when suddenly in one of the plebes she recognized her lover. He was standing like a ramrod between two short men, the one very fat, the other lean. Their coats were of a light color and short, while his was dark and very long. They wore straw hats, while he wore a derby.

Poor little Genevieve's heart went right down into her high heeled shoes. Was this the man she had worshipped? His eyes were upon her, and she forced a faint smile. At the moment a trim little drillmaster yelled in unnecessarily severe tones, "Eyes front!" and Trimmingham's eyes left hers as if they had been turned by a crank.

Genevieve would have relieved the situation by going away had she not felt that she might hurt her lover's feelings by going without a word with him. But Trimmingham, red as a turkey cock, didn't heed an order, and the little drillmaster began to rattle him unmercifully. There was nothing for the poor girl to do but retreat.

I must tell the rest of this story by elting events rather than feelings. What Genevieve's feelings were she was by no means sure herself. She went to a cadet boy that evening. Somehow she hoped Royal would not be there in his long coat, and he wasn't. Ellihu Dubbs, seeing her without masculine attention, devoted himself to her. She stayed at West Point two days, and once Trimmingham while on drill saw her go by with Dubbs and gaped his teeth. That was the last he saw of her.

About the time Trimmingham got on a uniform and wished Genevieve could see him he received a note from her. "Oh, how can I forgive myself for making such a mistake when I decided between you and Ellihu? I didn't know then that I loved him and that my feeling for you was friendship. I have at least healed the wound I gave him. We are engaged."

ANNIE STONE SYKES.

PET ANIMALS IN WILLS.

Fortune to "My Red Horse"—Parrot Bequeathed to Cullen Victoria.

A. T. Newbold, the Suffolk brewer, who has left his greyhound, Wildfire II, an annuity of £20, is one of many testators who have remembered their pet animals in their wills.

A farmer near Toulouse who died a short time ago left his entire estate to "my red horse." One John Spooner of Chicago bequeathed \$400 to his dog "in recognition of his sympathy and tender nursing when I was seriously ill," and the will of a Mr. Burland contained this clause: "I bequeath to my monkey, Jacko, the sum of £100 per annum and to my faithful dog, Shock and my well beloved cat, Tib, a pension of £5."

Dr. Christians of Venice left 80,000 florins for the maintenance of his three dogs, a Mr. Harper settled £100 on his "young black cat," and a Frenchman named Souchat left his entire fortune to his tortoise.

A good many years ago an old lady bequeathed her pet parrot to Queen Victoria, with 100 guineas a year for its keep, on the amusing condition that "her majesty publicly exhibits it before her court twice a year to prove that the person intrusted with its care has not wrong its neck."—Westminster Gazette.

A Bungler.

He was a twentieth century hustling builder, and under his auspices cottages and buildlugs seemed to spring up like mushrooms.

"Please, sir," said one of his foremen, rushing up to him one morning in a state of mental collapse, "one of the new houses has fallen down in the night."

"What?" he roared. "You mean to say that one of my well built, desirable residential houses has come to grief? Ah, I suppose you took the scaffolding down before you put on the wall paper!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what can you expect, you rank outsider? Call yourself a foreman! Get off the works! You're sacked!"—London Globe.

Two Rights and a Wrong.

A Canadian shoe man sold a pair of shoes recently to a woman and after she had left the store discovered that he had made the mistake of giving the customer two rights instead of a right and left, as is customary. Rushing after the woman, he offered to make the wrong right, but was curtly informed that the customer was satisfied, as she had a wooden leg on the left side anyhow and needed only rights. Now the dealer considers himself flummoxed, because for the price of one pair of shoes he has really supplied the customer with two pairs.—Kennebec Journal.

How About House Cleaning Time?

You will need Wall Paper and Paint. I have a large stock of both. Our Wall Paper represents the best designs of many factories.

The Warren Mixed Paint is warranted for 5 years, and the Chl-Namel for floor finish, furniture, the exterior of yachts, carriages, etc., is taking the lead in the city—best references can be given.

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The steadily increasing business of our ladies department has forced us to reduce our Men's and Boy's Clothing that we may have more room for our ladies' department, therefore we have decided to inaugurate the Greatest Sale of Men's and Boys' Clothing ever known in Northern New York.

200 men's and boys' Suits included in this sale at prices that will create confusion in the ranks of attempted competition.

Sale begins Saturday, April 18th at 8 a. m.

Remember this the time and place to get your Suit.

Bargains galore.

The Hub.

Torrans Registration Bill Passed.

Albany, April 23.—The senate last night, by a vote of 35 to 16, passed the bill of Assemblyman Green providing for the Torrans system of the re-valuation of land titles. The bill now goes to the governor.

The Omen.

Mr. Newlywed—But, my love, why are you weeping? Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, John, John! I just peeped into the kitchen and saw that cook has on her traveling gown.—Harper's Weekly.

Easy.

Lady (on street)—Do you know where Johnny Tucker lives, my little boy? Little Boy—He ain't home, but if you give me a nickel I'll find him for you. Lady—All right. Now, where is he? Little Boy—Thanks I'm him.—Judge.

TO LET

TO LET—Furnished, or unfurnished rooms. Very desirable location Apply 188 State St., corner of Fayette.

FOR RENT—Basement, suitable for small family.

Mrs. Evans, No 85 Main street.

FOR RENT—From May 1st, one side of double house, 32 La Fayette St., near Pickering, \$12.50 per month.

Mrs. N. J. Atchison, 21 Pickering St.

FOR RENT—Store and living rooms in rear, also two flats at Akin.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE OR RENT—House on Morris St., between Ford and Green. Nathan Frank's Sons.

FOR SALE OR RENT—House corner of State and Jay streets. All modern improvements. C. C. Wright.

FOR SALE—House, Estey Organ, Oak Sideboard, Double Cot Bed, Iron Folding Bed, Motor Boat, two Bicycles and large drop end Couch. T. R. Turner, 62 Jersey Ave.

FOR SALE—\$1,800, if sold before April 20th, buys 9 room house, furnace, gas in kitchen, bath, with hot and cold water. Easy terms. Enquire 70 Knox St.

FOR SALE—New typewriter. Enquire this office.

FOR SALE—no night buggy, one cutter, and two sets of harness. Enquire of Geo. J. Burns, 57 State street.

FOR SALE.

I have been appointed agent for the sale of the real estate belonging to the late Col. Edward C. James and offer the property for sale at reasonable prices and on easy terms.

Alic R. Herriman, No. 9 Ford street.

WANTED,

BOY wanted at F. N. Murphy's.

WANTED—To buy a small house with bath room, by the 1st of May. Address D., News Office City.

WANTED—A girl, 22 Greene street.

WANTED—\$1,500, first mortgage loan on farm, for five years. Apply, F., News Office.

WANTED—Live agent, man or woman; Exceptional opportunity. Badger Specialty Co., Inc., New Rosenblom Bldg., Syracuse.

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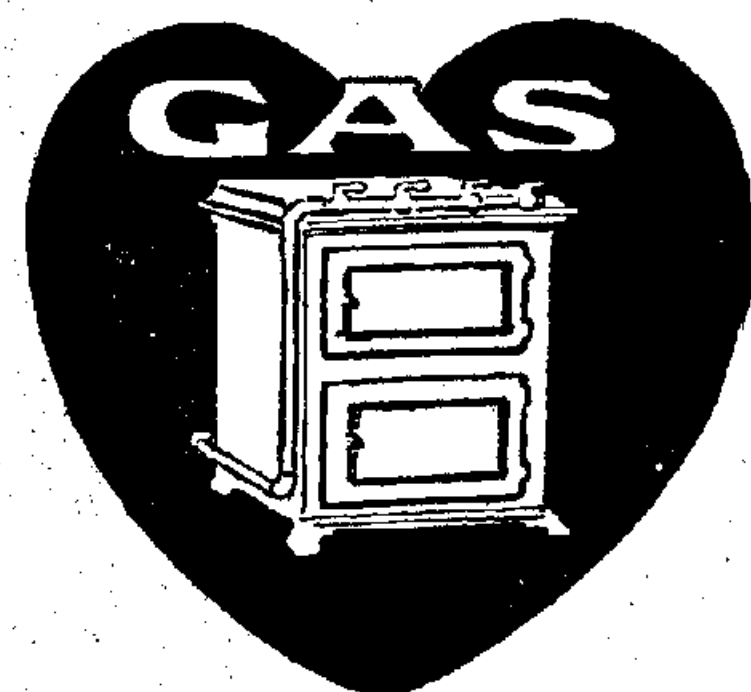
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