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THE FORSYTH WILL CASE.

"There are some things the multiplication table can't estimate, doctor, and I calculate this case is one of them."

The speaker was a Texan alcalde of half a century ago, a man with a grave, handsome face and one of those gigantic antediluvian figures only found in the bracing atmosphere of the prairie or the lush freedom of the woods.

"The senorita will help you to a fair settlement; she knows her own mind. Santa Jose! few women know as much."

The doctor gave his opinion decidedly and in very good English, albeit his small, yellow person and courtly, dignified manner fully proclaimed his Mexican lineage. Then he calmly helped himself to an olive and a glass of champagne, and watched the alcalde as he smoked and waited for the expected ayuntamiento, or jury.

In half an hour the twelve men had dropped in by twos and threes, nodded coolly to the alcalde, and helped themselves to the liquors and cigars on the sideboard. Now and then they spoke in monosyllables, and the composure, gravity and utter absence of hurry gave a kind of dignified, patriarchal earnestness to the proceedings that were eminently American, and which quite made up for the lack of ceremony.

After a lapse of five minutes the alcalde touched a little bell, and said to the negro who answered it:

"Zip, tell the gentlemen we are waiting, and send Tamar for Miss Mary."

"The gentlemen," who were sitting under a gigantic arbutus tree in the garden in close conversation, rose at Zip's message and sauntered slowly into the presence of the alcalde, who nodded rather stiffly to them and motioned toward two chairs. They were evidently men of culture and brothers. Some of the jurors leaned toward them with courteous salutations, others simply ignored their presence.

But every one's interest was aroused when the doctor, hearing a footstep, rose, opened the door and offered his hand to a lady who entered. A calm browed woman with large, steadfast eyes—a woman who it was easy to see could be a law unto herself.

She looked inquiringly at the two gentlemen, who were evidently her brothers, but finding no response to the unuttered love in her pleading eyes, dropped them and calmly took the seat her friend led her to.

There was another pause. Then the alcalde laid down his cigar and said:

"Men!"

"Squire!"

"We have got a little business to settle between David and George Forsyth and their sister Mary. You are to judge fairly between them, and they are willing to stand by what you say. I calculate they'll explain their own business best. David Forsyth, will you speak for your side?"

David was a keen, shrewd lawyer, and knew how to state his case very pleasantly. He said that his father, unduly influenced by Dr. Zavala, who had designs on their sister's hand, had left not only the homestead but \$30,000 in gold to Mary Forsyth, and that they claimed their share of the money.

The men listened gravely, with keen, sidelong glances. When he had finished one of them said:

"Very good, stranger. Now what do you mean by 'unduly influenced'?"

"I mean that this Mexican passed whole days with my father, reading to him, talking to him, and in other ways winning his affection in order to influence him in the making of his will."

"How much did old Forsyth leave Dr. Zavala?"

"He left him personally nothing, but—"

"Oh!"—the men nodded gravely at one another.

"But," said David angrily, "he had a deeper scheme than that. He induced my father to turn everything but his homestead into money, and to place the whole sum in the San Antonio bank to Mary's credit. We have no objections to Mary's having her share, but we do not see why our share should go to that Mexican whom she intends to marry."

The doctor smiled sarcastically, and Mary, blushing with indignation, half rose as if to speak, but a slight movement of Zavala's eyelids was sufficient to check the impulse.

"Then Mary Forsyth is going to marry Dr. Zavala?"

"Of course she is."

"And you are willing that she should have the homestead and \$10,000?"

"We are willing she should have the use of the homestead for a moderate rent. We are not willing to give up all claim to it. Why, there are 200 acres of the finest cotton land in the world that go with it. If she had the entire right to the homestead she ought to give up the money."

"Dr. George Forsyth, what have you to say?"

"My brother David has spoken for me."

Then there was a pause. The procurator stepped to the sideboard and filled his glass; several of the jury followed him, and the others chewed away with silent, thoughtful intentness.

"Dr. Lorenzo Zavala, will you speak for the defendant?"

The doctor turned his chair so as to face both the brothers and the jury, but did not rise.

"Men," he said, "I have known the late David Forsyth for twenty years. I have been his physician and been his friend. I saw his wife die, and watched his children grow to what they are. When the good mother left them Mary was 12 years old, David 10 and George 8. For her father and brothers Mary sacrificed all that makes the youth to other women."

"Will you be plainer, doctor?"

"If you desire. It is known to me how they were then poor, her father a trader in silks and lace and ladies' fine goods between San Antonio and the outlying settlements. But he was a good man, industrious and ambitious. For his two sons he had great hopes, and saved and saved and saved by day and by night. The little girl at home helped him bravely, hiring out their one servant, and doing cheerfully the work with her own hands. She plaited the straw, and made hats, also, which sold for much, and she worked up the remnants of lace and ribbons into one thousand pretty trifles for the fair women in San Antonio."

"Alcalde, these details are irrelevant and impertinent," said David angrily.

"Every man tells his story in his own way. Are you willing to listen, men?"

There was a universal articulation which evidently meant "yes," for the doctor smiled graciously and went on:

"For her two brothers the little Mary worked, and always worked with a glad heart. They had been sent to the northern states to school, and David was educated for a lawyer and George for an architect and builder. For eight years this father and sister worked together solely for these beloved boys, sparing all comforts to themselves. So they paid all their expenses liberally and saved besides about \$10,000."

"But when the young men came back there was great sorrow and disappointment. They had been educated beyond the simple trader, the self-denying sister and the log house on the Wachita prairie; so much sorrow and disappointment that the sister at last begged for them that they should go to the capital and divide the \$10,000 between them."

"How do you know such a thing? It is a lie!" said George.

"I have the father's letter which says so. Will the alcalde and the jury read it?"

The alcalde read the document and nodded to the jury.

"You have forgotten, Mr. George," he said. "It is easy to forget such money. The doctor is right."

"After this the father heard little from his sons. They married and forgot the self-denial, the hard labor and the love of so many, many years. The old man worked on, with failing health; but now that he had lost his ambition and cared little for money it came on every venture. He did not try to make it, but it came and came. He made on silk and cotton and land. Whatever he touched was fortunate."

"But as money came health went; he was sick and suffering and could not bear his daughter away from him. He was jealous of her love, also, and he suffered her not a lover. This is one thing I allow not myself to speak about. I tell you, alcalde, this woman showed through many years one great, sublime sacrifice. Upon my honor, squire!"

The little gentleman laid his hand upon his heart and bowed to Mary as if she had been a queen.

"Not for myself; that is one infamy, one scandal too great to be believed. As my sister, as my friend, I honor Miss Mary Forsyth. As my wife! Impossible! Does not all San Antonio know that I adore alone the incomparable Dolores Henriquez?"

"One day as I sat reading by my friend's bed he said to me:

"Doctor, that is a pitiful story, and too true. We think it a grievous wrong not to give our sons a trade or a profession, but we never think what is to become of the poor girls."

"I said, 'Oh, we expect them to marry.'"

"But they don't, doctor," he said, "they don't, doctor; and the most that do is left by death, ill usage or misfortune to fight the world some time or other with no weapon but a needle, doctor. It is a sin and a shame!"

"It's the way of the world, my friend," I said.

"I know. I spent thousands of dollars on my boys, and then divided all I had between them. If Providence had not blessed my work extraordinarily or if I had died five years ago what would have become of Mary?"

"So, gentlemen, I said:

"Squire, your sons do not know that you have made more money; they thought they had got all you had, and have not visited you or written to you lest you should ask anything of them. Do justice at once to your loving, faithful daughter; secure her now from want and dependence, and give her at length leisure to love and rest."

"And my friend, being a good man, did as I advised that 'he should do.' For that he died in good peace with his own conscience, and made me for once, seniors, very happy that I gave good advice, free, gratis, for nothing at all."

"So you did not profit at all by this will?"

"Not one dollar in money, but very much in my conscience. Santa Jose! I am well content."

"Miss Mary," said the alcalde, kindly, "have you anything to say?"

Mary raised her clear, gray eyes and looked with yearning tenderness into her brothers' faces. David pretended to be reading. George stooped over and spoke to him. With a sigh she turned to the alcalde.

"Ask my brothers what they value the homestead at."

"Two thousand dollars," promptly answered David.

"Too much—too much," grumbled all the jury.

"Two thousand dollars," reassured David.

"I will buy it at two thousand dollars. Will you ask my brothers if they have any daughters, alcalde?"

"Gentlemen, you hear? Have you any daughters?"

David said surlily that he had no children at all, and one of the jurymen muttered, with a queer laugh, that he was sorry—didn't see how his sin was "a-going to find him out."

George said he had two daughters.

"Ask their names, alcalde."

"Mary and Nellie."

The poor sister's eyes filled as she looked in George's face and said:

"Alcalde, I give to my niece Mary ten thousand dollars, and to my niece Nellie ten thousand dollars, and I hope you and the good men present will allow the gift to stand. I know my brother David will never want a dollar while there is one in the country he lives in. George is extravagant, and will have always a ten-dollar road for a five-dollar piece; but his boys can learn his own or their uncle's trade; there are plenty of ways for them. I would like to put the girls beyond dependence and, beyond the necessity of marrying for a living."

David rose in a fury and said he would listen no longer to such nonsense.

"You forget, Mr. Forsyth, that you have put this case into our hands. I think you will have more sense than make enemies of thirteen of the best men in the neighborhood. Gentlemen, would you like to retire and consider this matter?"

"Not at all, alcalde. I am for giving Miss Forsyth all her father gave her."

"And I," "And I," "And I," cried the whole twelve almost simultaneously.

"I shall contest this affair before the San Antonio court," cried David passionately.

"You'll think better of it, Mr. Forsyth. Do you mean to say you brought twelve men here to help you rob your sister, sir?"

"I mean to say that that Mexican, Zavala, has robbed me. I shall call him to account."

The doctor laughed good naturedly, and answered:

"We have each our own weapons, my friend. I cannot fight with any other. Besides I marry me a wife next week. And the doctor leaned pleasantly on the alcalde's chair, and with a joke bade friend after friend "Good-by."

Mary Forsyth carried out her intentions. She settled strictly and carefully \$10,000 on each of her nieces, bought her homestead, and then sat down to consider what she should do with her \$3,000.

"If I were a Frenchwoman and San Antonio were Paris," she said, "I would rent a store and go to trading. I know how to buy and sell by instinct, and if I were a born farmer I could plant corn and cotton and turn them into gold; but I am not a farmer—I never made a garden and got a decent meal out of it. I calculate 'twill be best to get John Doyle for head man and put my money in cattle."

Just as she came to this decision Dr. Zavala drove hurriedly up to the door.

"Mary! Mary!" he cried, "come quickly! There is an old friend of yours in the timber too ill with the dengue fever to move."

"What do you need, doctor?"

"Need? I need you and a couple of men to carry him here. Do you know that it is Will Morrison?"

"Oh, doctor! doctor!"

"Fact. Heard of your father's death in Arizona and came straight home to look after you. Poor fellow! he's pretty bad."

Well, Mary did not need to hire John Doyle as head man, for Will, who had loved her faithfully for fifteen long years, was the finest stock man in the state, and within three months the doctor and his beautiful Dolores danced a fandango at Mary and Will's wedding.—Amelia E. Barr in New York Ledger.

A Mighty Close Safe.

Hiram Ricker, Sr., bought a new safe for the old house at Poland Spring. The man put it up, explained the combination and went away. Three weeks later I said, "How do you like your safe?" "Like it!" said he. "Like it! It's a great safe. Sure thing against burglars! No use to fool with that safe! I put all my money in it the day the mail went away, and there ain't one of us 'round there that's been able to open it since, and the money's still there. For a safe it's first class, but for a bank to draw on it's dryer than a contribution box."—Lewiston Journal.

Medical Nomenclature.

Judge, jury, lawyers and spectators were treated to an exhibition of professional priggishness in division No. 3 of the circuit court the other afternoon that was decidedly refreshing. The case of H. G. Bouham against the Kansas City Railway company was on trial before Judge Glover. The case is one for \$30,000 damages for injuries sustained in an accident, and considerable medical testimony had to be taken.

A young doctor was put on the stand who was determined to display his learning, and he was successful. When he started off he did so with the easy gait of one who feels he has the nomenclature of his profession at his tongue's end, for every sentence he uttered was so mixed with technical terms that an ordinary person could scarcely understand him. When he took the witness stand he glanced patronizingly at the jury and the rest in the court room, and in answer to the first question rattled off a lot of medical terms that drew the attention of every one in the room. Judge Glover looked at him a moment and then said:

"Use plain English, doctor; I know you can if you try."

The witness looked around and said, "Yes, sir; certainly, sir."

"Now, doctor, where did you say Mr. Bouham was injured?"

"On the posterior portion."

"Speak plainly, doctor," admonished the court.

"Well, he suffered a severe contusion of the posterior of the abdomen" (turning to the jury with a familiar wave of his hand). "He was bruised in the rear of the stomach. In other words, his back was hurt."

Judge Glover looked worried while the witness continued to answer another question.

"When I examined him I first removed his clothes, you know, and in feeling him I could determine that the abdominal wall was baggy and tender, and he appeared to be suffering from a touch of the" (here followed a name as long as one's arm), "and the dorsal vertebrae were severely contused. In other words," again turning to the jury with a wave of his hand, "his backbone had been rubbed."

When the witness left the stand every one looked relieved and Judge Glover mopped his brow, for the ordeal made the perspiration flow freely.—Kansas City Times.

Postoffice Detectives' Gallery.

There have recently been many complaints to the postmaster concerning the loss of registered letters in the Philadelphia office, and the officials have been greatly worried by the charges that there were thieves in the service. It has been decided to erect a gallery along the roof of the working room, from which watchmen can look down upon the entire force without being seen from below. This gallery will be eighty feet long, and will depend from the glass and iron ceiling by iron supports. In it there will be frequent small windows with swinging sashes, from which the watchman can see every part of the great room where the stamping and distributing is all done. Here there are 300 men at work at times, and it is impossible to oversee all of them from any other point than above.

The watch is to be kept not alone for the purpose of watching for thefts, but also to see that men do not shirk their work or disturb other clerks by conversation. The gallery will be reached by an iron stairway at its southern end, and at its northern end another iron stairway will ascend to the glass roof. There are two of these roofs. One above the other, and it is necessary for working to ascend to the lower one to clean it of dust. There is now no way to reach there except by putting up a ladder. It is said that it is purely for this purpose that the gallery goes up, but there is another use. There has been talk of having such a structure for nearly two years. Assistant Custodian George Painter has been studying the matter, and has finally succeeded in getting the work done.—Philadelphia Record.