

## PROFIT IN LITTLE THINGS.

A Successful Inventor Tells What He Has Found Most Advantageous.

William Westlake, the railroad inventor, whose patents have made a fortune for him, started in life as a roller boy in the Wisconsin office in the days when this paper, which now keeps the fastest of progress hustling to get off its daily edition, was printed weekly on a small Franklin press. Becoming dissatisfied with his salary of \$3 per week, he severed his connection with the establishment and tried his hand at several jobs, learning, among other things, tinkering, and finally drifting into railroad work.

As a coppersmith he got work on the old La Crosse road and became an engineer. He "fired" the first locomotive ever run in Wisconsin, and stuck to engineering until one night he mistook a swinging lantern for the conductor's signal, and starting his engine just as an old lady was boarding the train, threw her down and cut off her leg. He resigned and set about inventing a conductor's lantern that should be unmistakable.

The result was the half green, half white lantern that is used now the world over. The glass could not be made in this country, and it was three years before he got one made in Europe. While working on the La Crosse road he invented the railroad lantern with a movable globe, which is now universally used. He offered that invention to two Milwaukee gentlemen for \$250, but they laughed at him. Since then millions have been sold and fortunes made out of them.

In 1868 he went to Chicago with \$250 and started a business that became the Adams & Westlake Manufacturing company, which employs 3,000 men. Mr. Westlake made inventions by the hundreds and sold the patents, but he says he never got 1 per cent. of the amount other people made from his inventions. "I sold my stove board for \$100,000," he said, "and the manufacturers make that much every year out of it."

Mr. Westlake had on his hands a great many patent lawsuits, and getting tired of the worry six years ago he sold all his patents remaining for \$80,000 and with them the lawsuits. His home is in Brooklyn, and there he spends his time free from business cares.

Mr. Westlake's patents are counted by the hundreds. He invented the headlight, the car lamp, the oil stove and dozens of other things for every day use. He has recently made some great improvements in the headlight. He says that he has found that it is the little things that pay, and that there is no money in inventing costly machinery.

He is at present amusing himself by trying to invent a substance with which to coat the bottom of his yacht which will prevent the formation of barnacles. He says he has made a sort of enamel, so smooth that nothing can stick to it, and it has worked very well on a centerboard. He thinks it will work as well on the bottom of the boat.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## Suspense.

"One night," said a chemist, "a doctor came and woke me out of a sound sleep to prepare morphine powders for an old gentleman named Martin, who had been ill for some time. I weighed out the morphine and put it up according to direction, but thought while I was doing so that the powders seemed to be unusually large. Next morning, when I was arranging things in the shop, I found that there was a ten grain weight in the scale beneath the one the prescription called for, and each of those powders was ten grains too large."

"A cold chill ran down my back when I realized the mistake, for it meant almost certain death. A short time afterward the doctor came in, and I thought my time had come. Bracing up as well as possible, I asked:

"How is Martin this morning, Doc?"

"Dead."

"The powders kill him?" I stammered in fear and trembling.

"But the first words he said were: 'How is Martin this morning, Doc?'"

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## THEIR BED A COFFIN.

LIFE OF A SMALL RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY IN MONTREAL.

A Religious Existence.—At Certain Times of the Day Young Girls Wear Heavy Ox Chains About Their Necks.—There Are Five Enthusiasts, However.

There are five women and one man living in Montreal who sleep every night in coffins. For some time past The Empire correspondent has been told of a certain Dr. Jacques, a widower and graduate of the Victoria School of Medicine, who, without obtaining permission from the ecclesiastical authorities, had founded a community, and in order to verify the reports of the extraordinary character of the house in question a visit was paid to the establishment. The reporter was received most cordially by the doctor, and, while conducting the correspondent through the different departments of his singular little monastery, he related the history of the work since its foundation.

Dr. Jacques has the appearance of a very sincere man, but is evidently touched on the religious question, and, in fact, he admits that Archbishop Fabre is not pleased with the work he is carrying on. However, he believes God is with him, and that the ecclesiastical approbation will sooner or later descend upon his head.

"I made a bargain with the bon Dieu," began the zealous doctor, "the year the smallpox raged in Montreal. I visited no less than 1,200 cases, and in return God greatly favored the mission I have in hand, viz., the adoration of the Holy Face."

## WEARING OX CHAINS.

Among these patients was a family from St. Jerome named Aubin, and the father and mother, with five daughters the eldest 24 years, and the youngest 13, now live under the doctor's roof. The parents live like ordinary mortals, but the five children lead a life almost as severe as the terribly austere regime of a Carmelite nun. The house in question is not of modern construction by any means, and when the visitor was shown into the courtyard in the rear the elder Aubin was engaged washing the doctor's wagon, and his good wife was similarly occupied with the windows.

At this worthy couple do not belong to the community proper, and consequently do not sleep in coffins, they were left at their work, and the next floor was reached. The five little sisters, as the doctor calls them, were found robed in red material, with a white head dress falling down over their shoulders. These girls have no education whatever, yet their medical protector says they are very learned in things pertaining to the celestial sphere. They retire at half-past 8 and arise at 4, and although they do all the work for the house, the greater part of the day is spent in adoration and prayer.

By the side of a nicely decorated altar stands a post about six feet in height, and upon the latter hangs an ox chain ten feet long, the use of which was explained as follows by the good doctor: When Montreal is given over to carnivals, to balls and parties, and when the devil finds it easy to tempt frail man and woman, it is at these seasons that the five sisters devote themselves most intently to penitence and prayer. This heavy chain is hung around each sister's neck for an hour at a time, while they kneel in prayer for their sisters of the world whom destiny has thrown in temptation's way.

## THEY SLEEP IN COFFINS.

The doctor now draws aside a curtain, and a large, deep coffin, painted black and covered over with gray cotton meets the astonished gaze of the reporter. The cloth being removed the pillow is found to be made of soft wood, and not a single article of clothing is visible. The five sisters sleep upstairs, the second floor being divided into a half dozen small, cheerless rooms or cells. The furniture in each of these sleeping apartments consists of a black coffin, a table and a tin washbasin, the same absence of clothing being quite as marked as on the floor below. In reply to a question Dr. Jacques stated that the girls would rather die any time than leave the community, and he rattled off the most wonderful miracles that had been operated following a brief sojourn in his community.

A brother from Oka had left his own establishment broken down with disease, and after a sojourn of forty-eight hours had returned to his monastic home in the Oka weighing sixty pounds more than when he left, and being quite unrecognizable by his religious conferees. "In fact," concluded the doctor, "far more miracles are performed here than at St. Anne de Beaupre, and everything has been done but bringing the dead to life again."

The only recognition of this famous community by the archbishop of Montreal is the fact that the Rev. M. Fil-

lathant, of St. James' church, is spiritual director of the five sisters in question, of whom three go to communion every morning and two three times a week.—Cor. Toronto Empire.

## Men's Night Shirts.

There is no specialty in the range of men's furnishings in which greater strides have been made than in the manufacture of night shirts. In the contemplation of the crude home made articles of a few years ago, cut at haphazard out of coarse material, it is in the nature of a revelation of careful and good taste to contemplate the array of slumber gowns that are now offered to the purchaser from which to make a selection.

From the most frugal to the most sybaritic taste these essential garments of somnolence may be had promptly for the asking.—Clothing and Furnisher

## A Woman's Reason.

Auntie (reading):—"The government has contracted for a number of magazine guns." Now I wonder what a magazine gun is?

Niece (from Vassar):—"I guess it's the kind that go off only once a month."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Morning vs. the Evening Pipe. It has been oftentimes debated whether the morning pipe be the sweeter, or that first pipe of the evening which "Hesperus, who brings all good things," brings to the weary with home and rest.

The first is smoked on a clearer palate and comes to unjaded senses like the kiss of one's first love, but lacks that feeling of perfect fruition, of merit recompensed, and the goal and the garland won, which clings to the vesper bowl. Whence it comes that the majority give the palm to the latter, to which I intend no slight when I find the incense that arises at matins sweeter even than that of evensong. For, although with most of us who are laborers in the vineyard, toilers and swinkers, the morning pipe is smoked in hurry and fear and a sense of alarms and excursions and fleeting trains, yet with all this there are certain halcyon periods sure to arrive—Sundays, holidays and the like—the whole joy and peace of which are summed up in that one beautiful pipe after breakfast, smoked in a careless majesty like that of the gods "when they lie beside their nectar and the clouds are lightly curled."

Then only can we be said really to smoke. And so this particular pipe of the day always carries with it festive reminiscences; memories of holidays past, hopes for holidays to come; a suggestion of sunny lawns and fountains, and the unguilt loins; a sense of withdrawal of something free and stately, as of "faint march music in the air" or the old Roman cry of "Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement."—Scots Observer.

## Habits of an Old Painter.

Sidney Cooper, a famous and favorite English painter and R. A., now 87 years young, as the Autocrat would say, devotes five or six hours a day to painting, and possesses excellent health and unimpaired eyesight. He rises at 7 and works till 8, when he breakfasts on oatmeal porridge, bread and fresh milk. At 12 he lays down his brush for luncheon, and at 3 cleans his palette for the day, and goes to walk. At 6 he dines, and at 10 he goes to bed, and he believes that every man who lives with equal abstemiousness, relinquishing tea and coffee, and taking little wine, may do his work as well, and bear his burden of years as lightly on the verge of 90 as his own happy fortune to do.—Harper's Bazar.

## A Wholesome Fear.

The many manholes which have blown up from time to time and the sensational character of the amateur electrocutions which have taken place in the city have together produced in the minds of the people a well grounded fear. I was forcibly struck by a scene in Broadway recently. A crowd had collected at the corner of Canal street for some unknown reason, as crowds will, when suddenly there was heard a rumbling noise in the sewer. The firing of a battery of Gatlings could not have dispersed the concourse with greater dispatch, and in fact several of the people fell over each other in their desire to escape.

One excessively stout man attempted to pass between a hydrant and a lamp post, and there not being room, met with evidently very painful results. The confusion of panic is sometimes very funny, always providing you are not yourself suffering from it. An innocent wire lying across the sidewalk will turn the stream of travel into the roadway, no matter how muddy it may be, as effectively as a barricade of boxes in the dry goods district.—New York Telegram.

An officer of the Sixty-ninth regiment, of New York, says that when the regiment turns out on parade it has a band of sixty-five pieces, of which every man gets \$6 excepting the leader, who gets \$12. The drum major gets \$9 a day.

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ONLY THREE MONTHS TO LIVE.

What One Doctor Told Willard Lent.

Mr. Willard Lent, of 174 East Main street, has had an experience with doctors and patent medicines which usually falls to the lot of those who suffer from chronic diseases. His story, told in his own words, is quite interesting, and if his advice is followed it may prove benefit to our readers. "For the last two or three years I had been in constant ill health. I did not know what ailed me, neither did the doctor who prescribed for me. I became very weak, nervous and exhausted upon the slightest exertion. I had severe headaches, chills and fever. I was continually hawking and spitting, and the discharges from my head, nostrils and throat were horribly offensive. I began to cough, and had pains all through me. I lost all appetite, and the little I did eat caused intense pain and distress, with belching of gas and bloating of the bowels. I could scarcely find myself around, I was so weak and reduced in flesh. My friends said I had one foot in the grave and would soon die, and one doctor even went so far as to tell me that I could not live three months. This completely discouraged me, but I finally resolved to try once more. I consulted the Specialist, Dr. C. M. Freeman, president of the Medical Institute, 105 Franklin street. He said there was yet hope. His charges being so very reasonable, I began treatment at once. I have already gained twenty-five pounds in weight, and feel well in every way. If you are ill, consult Dr. Freeman. I feel that he is 'WILLARD LENT.'"

Office hours at the Institute from 10 a. m. to 3:30 p. m., and from 6 to 8 p. m.; consultation free.

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LEGAL NOTICE

THE People of the State of New York, by the Grace of God free and independent: As Michael Larkin, John Larkin, Roddy Larkin, James Larkin, Michael Larkin and Maggie Larkin, next of kin, heirs at law, creditors and persons interested in the estate of Michael Larkin, late of the City of Rochester, in the County of Monroe, deceased, Greeting: You are hereby cited and required to appear before the Surrogate of our County of Monroe, in the Surrogate Court, on the first day of January, 1897, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the Surrogate's office in the City of Rochester, then and there to attend the judicial settlement of the accounts of Edward O'Reilly, as the administrator of the estate of 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 appointed 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 of the County of Monroe, to be hereunto affixed. Witness, Hon. J. A. Adlington, Surrogate of said county, at the City of Rochester, this 24th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety. E. A. MARSH, Clerk Surrogate's Court. O'BRIEN & PAINE, Attorneys for Administrators, Rochester, N. Y.

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