

TELEPHONE 127, RESIDENCE, 17 HENRIOT PLACE
THOMAS B. MOONEY,
UNDERTAKER
 AND MANAGER OF
JOYCE UNDERTAKING ROOMS,
 195 West Main Street,
 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FAMILY WASHING
 At 4c per pound.
 All kinds of pieces, ironed; the rest good dry; a
 great saving over old methods. Criterion Steam
 Laundry, 44 Monroe av., James T. Clark, Prop.
 Telephone 1031, or send postal.

LOUIS W. MAIER,
Undertaker,
 No. 5 North Clinton St.
 Telephone 502. Residence, 50 Buchanan St.

D. C. FEELY,
 Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
 304 Powers Building, Rochester, N. Y.
 Office open evenings 5 to 10 p. m.

PENSIONS!
 Procured under supervision of a late Special Ex-
 aminer of the Pension Office. Quarterly Vouchers
 executed. Call on or address
W. BOWEN MOORE & CO., Attys., 63 State st

Catholic Prayer Books,
 In the Latest and Finest Bindings,
 Rosaries, Crucifixes, Holy-Water Fountains,
 Communion Books in German & English,
 Statues, Pictures, Candlesticks,
 Wax Candles.
 You will always find a Large Assortment at the
 Lowest Prices. Wholesale and Retail.

EDWARD VAY
 Cor. King and East Maple Sts
 OPP. ST. PETER AND PAUL'S CHURCH

W. A. Wilson. J. M. Dunn.

Rochester Boiler Works,
 Boiler Makers and Machinists,
Boilers, Tanks and
Water Pipes,
BUILT AND REPAIRED.
 Tubes Welded and Reset,
 Foot of River St. Rochester, N. Y.
 TELEPHONE 922

MARBLE and GRANITE WORKS
NELL BROS. & KERN,
MAINTENANCE, GRATES AND TILES
 IMPORTERS OF SCOTCH GRANITE,
 238 & 240 STATE ST. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Catholic Relief



And Beneficiary Association.

Admits Men and Women on equal terms.
 Insures its members for \$250, \$500,
 \$1,000, \$2,000.

Pays \$5 a week in case of sickness.
 Special Rates to Charter Members.
 For circulars, etc., write to THOS. H.
 O'NEILL, 33 Wall St., Auburn, N. Y.

Louis Ernst & Sons,
 DEALERS IN
Mechanics' Tools,
Builders' Hardware,
Manufacturers' Supplies,
 129 AND 131 EAST MAIN ST.
 Two Doors East of So. St. Paul St.

St. Joseph's Work Among the Negroes.
The Colored Harvest

Issued every October, for the training of priests
 for the Colored Mission.

SUBSCRIPTION, 25 CENTS.
 Become a Zealot by getting twenty subscribers.
 Spiritual benefits announced on certificate of mem-
 bership. Blessed medal to every subscriber.
 7,000,000 Negroes in our land, nearly all outside
 the Church, and over 2,000,000 are uneducated. Send
 for a copy of "The Colored Harvest," to
REV. J. R. SEATERY,
 St. Joseph's Seminary,
 Baltimore, Md.

A Marvelous Discovery Free.

Superbulous hair restored permanently, instan-
 taneously, without pain, by Electro-Chemical
 Process. In order to prove this, we will
 refund the next ninety days, send sample bottles and
 testimonials free on receipt of fifteen cents to
 pay postage. Electro-Chemical Co., 55 East
 14th St., New York.

A Reliable Woman!

Wanted in every County to establish a "Con-
 crete" for the sale of Dr. Nichols' Celebrated
 Patent Sizing, Corsets and Girdles. Write
 \$10.00 per month and expenses. We
 furnish a complete stock on consignment. Write
 for a sample of our goods. Send 25
 cents postage for a sample of our goods. S. S. Mc-
 Gowan, 101 Canal St., New York.

LAX DIVORCE LAWS.

Shameful Practice of the Court and Mis-
 isters of South Dakota.

Bishop Hare, of the Episcopal Diocese
 of South Dakota, complains bitterly of
 the lax divorce laws and of the alacrity
 with which married people break one
 partnership to enter into another.

Well, whose fault is it? The ministers
 of the protestant denominations do not
 hesitate to re-marry divorced cou-
 ples.

Society does not turn its back on per-
 sons who have been through the divorce
 court, of whom there are plenty in fas-
 tionable circles; but, if they are wealthy,
 ignores the unpleasant little chapter in
 their history—skips it quickly—and
 carresses and gushes over them as usual.

Sioux Falls is the great divorce resort,
 and it is surprising that some clever
 writer has not made a farce out of the
 scenes that go on there. The people who
 take up residence in the town to be di-
 vorced in some instances immediately fall
 to courting one other, so as to lose no
 time but to be in readiness, when the di-
 cret is handed down, for another match.
 The unhappy husband or wife finds
 another affinity ready at hand. The little
 circumstance that applicants for freedom
 are required to swear that they intend to
 make the State their home is not regard-
 ed, although such an oath is cold-blooded
 perjury.

Sioux City is much opposed to doing
 away with this pleasant system of "di-
 vorce while you wait," as it greatly helps
 business in the town. The visitors are
 almost always people of means who
 spend their money freely; hotel keepers,
 jewelers, florists and all sorts of trades-
 men are benefited, and they would regret
 to see such profitable sources of income
 closed.

Bishop Hare is among many others
 who realize the "appalling evil" of easy
 divorce; but they are not ignorant of
 where much of the blame should be
 placed, although they might not be wil-
 ling to acknowledge it.—Baltimore
 Mirror.

How Popes Deal With Maladministrators.
 The impunity with which so many
 financial institutions in Italy can now-
 days cheat their confiding clients and
 still enjoy the protection of the present
 Government, recalls the rigor with which
 the Sovereign Pontiffs treated those
 guilty of similar malversations when
 such institutions were subject to their
 government, which has been so often and
 so bitterly maligned by sectarians. One
 of the most celebrated examples of this
 severity is the case of Cardinal Coscia,
 who abused the power with which the
 extreme bounty of Pope Benedict XIII.
 had invested him and allowed him to ex-
 ercise without control. At the death
 of his master Cardinal Coscia took
 refuge in the kingdom of Naples. A
 safe conduct was sent to him in
 order that he might return to Rome and
 assist at the Conclave. He was allowed
 to fulfill his duty as elector, but as soon
 as the Conclave was over he was deprived
 of the active and passive voice in the
 congregations by the severe and just Pope
 Clement XII. A committee of six Cardinals
 was formed to make all the neces-
 sary inquiries, with the result that Cardi-
 nal Coscia was condemned to pay 200,000
 scudi into the treasury. Coscia begged of
 the Pope not to be imprisoned in the Cas-
 tle of St. Angelo, and his prayer was
 granted; but after an attempted evasion
 on the part of the disgraced Porporato in
 1692 he was confined to the Monastery of
 St. Praxede, and only after the Conclave,
 in which Pope Benedict XIV. was elected,
 was he absolved of the censures pro-
 nounced against him and set at liberty.

An Archbishop Now.
 During the late war a priest approached
 the commanding officer of the Federal
 troops that had fallen back after a sharp
 skirmish with the Confederates, and re-
 quested a pass to get out beyond the lines.
 "There are," said the Father, "a
 number of wounded soldiers in the camp
 beyond."

"But," said the commander, "the
 pickets of both lines are at close quarters,
 and you may be shot."

"It is my duty to administer to the
 spiritual wants of the wounded," replied
 the priest with much firmness and per-
 sistence, "and danger is a secondary con-
 sideration."

The commander, with eyes full of ad-
 miration, called an orderly and gave
 directions to have the priest conducted to
 the Federal pickets. There he was left
 to take his course alone into a deep wood
 full of the enemy and full of dangers.
 He had advanced but a few hundred
 yards when he was halted and several
 rifles presented to his breast.

A few words along with the presenta-
 tion of the Federal pass lowered the guns,
 and the noble-hearted Confederate sol-
 diers became his escorts to the camp hos-
 pital, where he gave administration to the
 forsaken wounded soldiers.

This simple priest was the distinguished
 prelate, Archbishop Gross, of Oregon.

Bethlehem.

Long Centuries have come and gone.
 The world has plunged forward through
 many revolutions. Almost all things are
 changed. Time moves, but eternity
 stands still; and thus amid perpetual
 change the Faith, which is the representa-
 tive of eternity on earth, remains and is
 at rest, and its unchangeableness is our
 repose. The Bethlehem of that night has
 never passed away. It lives, not only in
 the memory of Faith, but in Faith's
 actual realities as well. It lives a real,
 unbroken, unsuspended life, not in his-
 tory only, or in art, or in poetry, or even
 in the energetic worship and hearts of
 the faithful, but in the worshipful reality
 of the Blessed Sacrament. Round the
 Tabernacle, which is our abiding Bethle-
 hem, goes on the same world of beauti-
 ful devotion which surrounded the new-
 born Babe.—Faber.

The Bright Side.

It is sad to see persons who might en-
 joy much happiness in the world, hunt-
 ing their surroundings for some dark,
 knibbling, and unpleasant thing to be
 gazed upon, instead of living in the sun-
 light and gathering pleasant things in

life gained by observation and experience.
 The present is a dark time in the nation,
 yet there are many pleasant things to
 contemplate in connection with it, and
 now. The following thoughts are well
 timed, and may be profitably treasured
 up! Look on the bright side of things.
 It is the right side. The times may be
 hard, but it will make them no worse.

A Sign of the Times.

Sometimes it seems as though this
 world was moving with more than ordi-
 nary rapidity, and one of those occasions
 made its appearance when the Rev. Dr.
 Murray, dean of the faculty of Princeton,
 assisted in the ceremonies attendant upon
 the investiture as monsignor of the Rev.
 Thomas R. Moran, pastor of St. Paul's
 Church at Princeton. The millennium
 cannot be very far away when such a
 knotty and pugnacious Presbyterian as
 Dr. Murray participates publicly in
 Roman Catholic services.—Washington
 Star.

St. Bernard's Hospice.

The Hospice of St. Bernard, in the
 Alps, is situated at the summit of the
 great St. Bernard pass from Switzerland
 into Italy. It is said to be the highest
 inhabited building in Europe, the exact
 elevation above sea level being 8,120 feet.
 It stands on the edge of a small lake,
 which for nine months of the year is
 frozen, and the temperature even in sum-
 mer is often exceedingly cold. In winter
 20 to 25 degrees below zero is a common
 state of the thermometer. The hospice
 owes its existence to Bernard de Menthon,
 a nobleman of Savoy, who erected it in
 the year 983 for the assistance of pilgrims
 journeying from the northern countries
 of Europe to Rome. About twenty Aus-
 trian monks now live there, spending
 their time in lodging and attending to
 visitors, in religious services, and
 resuming of wayfarers lost in the snow.
 Travelers of all nationalities who visit
 the hospice are boarded and lodged
 gratuitously, but deposit something in
 the poor-box before leaving. The St.
 Bernard dogs, who assist the brethren to
 find and extricate travelers buried
 in the snow, are famous all over the
 world, although the original breed is said
 to be extinct. In the middle ages the
 monastery was very wealthy, and em-
 perors and kings recognized the services
 rendered to humanity by the "pious
 monks of St. Bernard," by gifts and
 grants; now, however, the small reve-
 nues of the hospice are chiefly derived
 from collections made in Switzerland,
 and to a much less degree from the offer-
 ing of visitors. The church, which is re-
 ported to be entirely buried in snow, was
 built so long ago as 1680.

When a Suicide Is Not Responsible.

Rev. Bernard Schwalen, who killed
 himself in Cincinnati, O., on Christmas
 Day, was undoubtedly insane, and at his
 funeral all the rights of the Church due
 to a deceased priest were paid to Father
 Schwalen. The Bishop of the diocese
 conducted the exercises, and priests from
 throughout the vicinity were present.
 The Bishop, in his funeral sermon,
 said that the Church could not be
 misunderstood in its emphatic
 condemnation of and denial of the
 rites of the Church to the person who
 took his own life. In this case, how-
 ever, there was no doubt in the Bishop's
 mind that the deceased was bereft of
 reason when he committed the act, and
 this fact entitled him to burial with all
 the rites of the Church.

A Modern Via Sacra.

Dr. Bacelli still persists in his project
 of a Roman exposition in 1893. He would
 like to see a new Via Sacra cut in the
 midst of the venerable ruins of the Eter-
 nal City and all the archaeological dis-
 coveries of late years ranged on either
 side. But, we permit ourselves to won-
 der, what sort of a barbarous effect will
 be produced by the hideous modern zig-
 zag buildings, kiosks, tents, etc., in the
 midst of these grand monuments? It
 recalls the picture of a grand St. Ber-
 nard dog enduring the yelping of a tiny
 spaniel in silence and toleration.—Liver-
 pool Catholic Times.

DOMESTIC READING.

The way to do a thing is just to do it.
 Always act on principle—never on feel-
 ing.

A critic is always more feared than
 loved.

Fly from creatures if you wish to pos-
 sess the Creator.

Renew every day your resolution of
 aiming at perfection.

One grace wins another grace, and one
 vice engenders another vice.

Whatever is beautiful in our nature,
 God has instituted and religion blessed.

People are more in dread of being
 thought vulgar than of being wicked.

Love and truth are the two great hinges
 on which all human sympathies turn.

The saints accepted as favors the sick-
 ness and the sufferings which God sent
 them.

A very good remedy for effacing the at-
 tachment to earthly things which you re-
 mark in yourself is not to think of them,
 but on t' contrary to raise your heart to
 God.

The love of God does not consist in
 shedding tears, nor in experiencing
 sweetness and tenderness of heart, but in
 truly serving God in justice, strength
 and humility.—St. Teresa.

Charity is so beautiful! It is a tribu-
 tary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which
 is all love. The only happiness we have
 on earth is to love God, to know that he
 loves us.—Cure d'Ars.

A friend, who loveth at all times,
 through evil and good report; through
 sorrows unto joy; through sin and suffer-
 ing unto repentance, is more beautiful
 than the stars in the firmament above;
 more to be desired than all the wealth in
 Golconda.

Be charitable towards your neighbor,
 liberal to the poor; regard God alone in
 all your actions; seek him in simplicity,
 purity, and humility of heart, desirous
 only of pleasing Him, and of attributing
 to Him the glory of everything.—Blessed
 Margaret Mary.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

The Most Selfish Woman in the World.
 Do You Know Her?

It is the woman who is devoted to her
 family. In her narrow little eyes her
 children, her mother and father, her
 brothers and sisters come before every-
 body else. She will make any sacrifice
 for them herself and will not hesitate to
 make other people make any sacrifice
 also. She will hide their faults; she will
 refuse to see anything wrong in any-
 thing they do, no matter what. She will
 break a promise or tell a lie without the
 least hesitation for them, and set at
 naught all principles of honor and com-
 mon honesty and put herself for it be-
 cause of her womanly devotion. She
 is so blind and silly that she believes
 her own kin are wiser, handsomer
 and better than all the rest of the
 world. If one of her children should
 commit a crime this wicked, selfish
 woman would permit another to go to
 prison for it to shield her own, and she
 would think she was thereby showing
 her womanly love. There is no real love,
 no womanliness in such a spirit. It is
 merely a prodigious feeding of her own
 idiotic vanity. There is no genuine love
 in her nature. She has not brains enough
 to comprehend the larger, sweeter, real
 mother love which can take in the whole
 human race and do justice to the Jones
 children even at the expense of her own.
 This little fool and the woman who be-
 lieves all she is taught are the greatest
 impediments to the progress of humanity
 today.

Do not believe all that you are told
 by persons who think they know more
 than you do. Think, do think for your-
 self.

The executive committee of the na-
 tional council of women recommends
 that ladies visiting the World's fair wear
 dresses of short walking length.

I have read carefully the dinner
 speeches of some of the most famous
 orators in America recently. Speeches
 made at banquets where women are not
 admitted. I have this to say. In all the
 speeches put together that I ever heard
 from women there have not been so
 many stale old jokes perpetrated or so
 many gray old chestnuts of stories fired
 off at the audiences as I have noted in
 the orations of these distinguished gen-
 tlemen this winter.

Girls, don't choose your sweethearts in
 the offices where you are employed.
 Don't let your outside sweethearts hang
 around the offices where you are em-
 ployed either.

In trying to estimate the woman of
 today the average man should consider
 that he is still surrounded with the tradi-
 tions and superstitions of the ages.

Have you noticed how much the later
 portraits of Julia Ward Howe resemble
 those of Queen Victoria? Only our
 American queen is far more helpful to
 the race than the English sovereign is.

When a merchant in a large eastern
 city went all to smash some time since
 and did not seem to have spirit enough
 left in him to pull himself together again,
 his pretty and accomplished wife showed
 that she was made of stronger stuff. She
 had been noted before her marriage for
 her skill in making bread, pie and dough-
 nuts. She was a New England girl.
 After her husband failed she quietly
 bought out a little bakery and began
 business. She furnished such delicious
 pies, such sweet light bread, baked all
 through, and such crisp, tender dough-
 nuts, that in a short time her success was
 assured. She needed before long a de-
 livery wagon for her goods, then another
 and another. She is supporting the fam-
 ily, handsome and laying up some-
 thing besides. She carries on her baking
 business under an assumed name, how-
 ever. Why an assumed name? What
 she has done is something to be proud of.

Mrs. Catherine Stearns was born in
 Maine in 1800, but she has lived to vote
 for members of the Boston school board.
 Women are weak and cowardly and
 men are strong and brave. Yes, but
 Anna Crouse, a girl in domestic service
 in Indianapolis, caught a burglar in her
 employer's house not long since. In-
 stead of screaming and fainting, Anna
 Crouse snatched a knife and slashed the
 thief in earnest, cutting him so seriously
 that he was captured.

So women are to be admitted to Har-
 vard at last! At least the thing is near
 enough in sight to be counted on with
 tolerable certainty.
 A woman is worth more than a man
 after she is dead, anyhow, as a woman
 journalist reminds us. Her skeleton
 will bring more than that of a man in a
 medical college any day.

Mrs. Caroline Le Conte is state librar-
 ian of South Carolina, with a salary of
 \$3,100.

Edith M. Thomas is said to be the one
 author in America who can readily find
 sale for all she writes. But Miss Thomas
 had it no easier than any other writer
 when she began to make verses in her
 early youth out in Ohio.

In the fire department of Kansas city
 a woman is employed.

Learn to take people as they are, not as
 you read about them in novels. Don't
 expect an iron kettle to be a silver cup.
 It can't!

The worst of this retaining the word
 obey in the marriage service is that wo-
 men never do obey their husbands.
 Where a woman seems to obey a man
 she never does. She simply cheats him.
 ELIZA ARCHARD CORNELL.

A Pretty Penwiper.
 An attractive penwiper represents a
 lack of cards and is
 made of felt.
 Three dark pieces cut
 the exact size of a
 card, the fourth, of
 white, on which, after
 fastening together in
 the center with a
 patent (McGill) fast-
 ener, paste five
 spaces cut of black
 broadcloth or of some material that will
 not reveal. Hearts of red flannel may be
 substituted for the spaces.

A Christian Father.
 It is one of the greatest graces for a
 child to have a good mother, but this
 grace is perfected and completed only
 when with this mother it has a good
 father. By a good mother the proper
 bringing-up of the child is in a high de-
 gree assured, but still more is it assured
 when a truly Christian father puts his
 hand to the work and assists the mother
 in her holy efforts. O fathers, would we
 had the power to make you understand
 how much depends on you.

THE MONK OF MESSINA.

BY LADY HERBERT OF LEA.

In the year 1784 there was a terrible
 earthquake at Messina. Houses were
 thrown down, many lives were lost, the
 very graves were opened. The only
 thing which escaped was the cathedral,
 and the people attributed its safety to a
 miracle. A few years after this event the
 Chevalier—, a man of noble French
 family, one of whose brothers was a dis-
 tinguished general officer, and the other a
 minister at Berlin, visited Messina for
 the purpose of seeing the scene of devas-
 tation and of making researches among
 the monuments and ruins. He was of the
 order of the Knights of Malta, and a
 priest; a man of high character, of cul-
 tivated intellect, and of great physical
 courage. He arrived at Messina on a fine
 summer day, and getting the key of the
 cathedral from the custodian—for it was
 after vespers—commenced copying the
 inscriptions and examining the build-
 ing. His researches occupied him so
 long that he did not see that the day was
 waning; and when he turned round to go
 out by the door through which he had
 come he found it locked. He tried the
 other doors, but all were equally closed.
 The custodian, having let him in several
 hours before, and concluding he had long
 since gone away, had locked up the build-
 ing and gone home. The Chevalier
 shouted in vain; the earthquake had de-
 stroyed all the houses in the neighborhood
 and there was no one to hear his cries. He
 had, therefore, no alternative but to sub-
 mit to his fate, and to make up his mind
 to spend the night in the cathedral. He
 looked round for some place to establish
 himself. Everything was of marble ex-
 cept the confessional, and in one of these
 he ascended himself in a tolerably com-
 fortable chair, and tried to go to sleep.
 Sleep, however, was not easy. The
 strangeness of the situation, the increas-
 ing darkness, and the superstition which
 the strongest mind might be supposed to
 feel under the circumstances, effectually
 banished any feeling of drowsiness. There
 was a large clock in the tower of the
 cathedral, the tones of which sounded
 more nearly and solemnly within the
 building than without. The Chevalier,
 with the intensity of hearing which sleep-
 lessness gives, listened to every stroke of
 the clock. First ten, then the quarters;
 then eleven, then the quarters again,
 then twelve o'clock. As the last stroke
 of midnight died away, he perceived sud-
 denly a light appearing at the high altar.
 The altar candles seemed suddenly to be
 lighted, and a figure in a monk's dress
 and cowl walked out from a niche at the
 back of the altar.

Turning when he reached the front of
 the altar, the figure exclaimed in a deep
 and solemn voice: "Is there any priest
 here who will celebrate a mass for the
 repose of my soul?" No answer followed,
 and the monk slowly went down the
 church, passing by the confessional,
 where the Chevalier saw that the face
 under the cowl was that of a dead man.
 Entire darkness followed; but when the
 clock struck the half hour the same
 events occurred; the same light appeared;
 the same figure; and the same question
 was asked, and no answer returned; and
 the same monk, illuminated by the same
 unearthly light, walked softly down the
 church.

Now the Chevalier was a bold man; and
 he resolved if the same thing occurred
 again, that he would answer the question
 and say the Mass. As the clock struck
 one, the altar was again lighted, the
 monk again appeared, and when he once
 more exclaimed, "Is there any Christian
 priest here who would celebrate a Mass
 for the repose of my soul?" the Chevalier
 boldly stepped out of the confessional,
 and replied in a firm voice, "I will!" He
 then walked up to the altar, where he
 found everything prepared for the cele-
 bration, and summoning up all his cour-
 age, celebrated the sacred rite. At its
 conclusion the monk spoke as follows:
 "For one hundred and forty years every
 night I have asked this question, and,
 until to-night, in vain. You have con-
 fided upon me an inestimable benefit.
 There is nothing I would not do if I
 could for you in return; but there is only
 one thing in my power, and that is to
 give you notice when the hour of your
 own death approaches."

The Chevalier heard no more. He fell
 early in a swoon, and was found very
 early the next morning by the custodian,
 at the foot of the altar. After a time he
 recovered and went away. He returned
 to Venice, where he was then living, and
 wrote down the circumstances above re-
 lated, which he also told to some one of
 his intimate friends. He steadily asserted
 and maintained that he was never wider
 awake, or more completely in possession
 of his reasoning faculties, than he was
 that night, until the moment when the
 monk had done speaking.

Three years afterwards he called his
 friends together and took leave of them.
 They asked him if he was going on a
 journey. He said "yes; and one from
 which there is no return." He then told
 them that the night before the monk
 of Messina had appeared to him, and
 told him that he was to die in three
 days. His friends laughed at him, and
 told him, which was true, that he seemed
 perfectly well. But he persisted in his
 statements, made every preparation, and
 the third day was found dead in his bed.
 This story was well-known to all his
 friends and contemporaries. Curiously
 enough, on the Cathedral of Messina, be-
 ing restored, a few years after, the skele-
 ton of a monk was found, wallied up, in
 his monk's dress and cowl, and in the
 very place which the Chevalier had al-
 ways described as the one from which
 the specter had emerged.

Scientific American
 Agency for
PATENTS
 CAVEATS,
 TRADE MARKS,
 DESIGN PATENTS,
 COPYRIGHTS, etc.
 For information and free Handbook write to
 SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 311 Broadway, New York.
 Oldest and best security for securing Patents in America.
 Every patent taken out by us is brought before
 the public by a notice given free of charge in our
 columns.
 Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the
 world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent
 man should be without a copy. Address SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,
 311 Broadway, New York City.



ALWAYS THE DESIRED EFFECT.