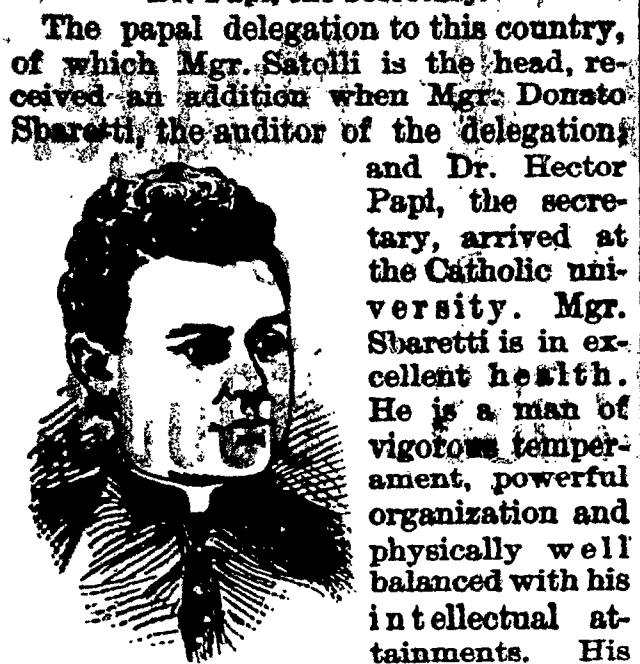


## THE PAPAL DELEGATION.

Mr. Donato Sbarretti, the Auditor, and Dr. Papi, the Secretary.



MR. DONATO SBARRETTI.

The papal delegation to this country, of which Mr. Sbarretti is the head, received an addition when Mr. Donato Sbarretti, the auditor of the delegation, and Dr. Hector Papi, the secretary, arrived at the Catholic university. Mr. Sbarretti is in excellent health. He is a man of vigorous temperament, powerful organization and physically well balanced with his intellectual attainments. His broad and striking features, with their massive masculinity about them, indicate great force and scholarly comprehensiveness.

The new official is a comparatively young man, being only 45 years of age. He was one time clerk of American affairs for the propaganda. Mr. Sbarretti was transferred a short time ago to the propaganda clerkship for Chinese affairs, which office he held until he was appointed auditor of the delegation here. The principal duty of Mr. Sbarretti will be to travel from place to place and take testimony for the use of Mr. Sbarretti. He will also send reports of the decisions and actions of the ecclesiastical court to the propaganda.

Rev. Dr. Papi, the secretary of the delegation, is probably about 10 years younger than the auditor. He does not hold as important a position as Mr. Sbarretti, who as auditor will take all the testimony in the cases heard by Mr. Sbarretti. In his custody are important papers brought from the Vatican.

## Sects and Religions.

In Cardinal Gibbons' book, "Faith of Our Fathers," he sums up the various religions and religious sects as follows: Anabaptists, originated in Germany, Nicholas Stork, 1521.

Baptists, Rhode Island, Roger Williams, 1639.

Free Will Baptists, New Hampshire, Benjamin Randall, 1780.

Free Communion Baptists, New York, Benajah Corp, close of eighteenth century.

Seventh Day Baptists, United States general conference, 1835.

Campbellites, or Christians, Virginia, Alexander Campbell, 1813.

Methodist Episcopal, England, John Wesley, 1739.

Reformed Methodist, Vermont, a branch of the Methodist Episcopal church, 1814.

Methodist Protestant, Baltimore, a branch of the Methodist Episcopal church, 1830.

Methodist Society, New York, a branch of the Methodist Episcopal church, 1820.

True Wesleyan Methodist, New York, delegates from Methodist denominations, 1843.

Presbyterians (old school), Scotland, general assembly, 1560.

Presbyterians (new school), Philadelphia, general assembly, 1840.

Episcopalian, England, Henry VIII, 1534.

Lutherans, Martin Luther, Germany, 1524.

Unitarian Congregationalists, Germany, Caelarius, about 1540.

Congregationalists, England, Robert Browne, 1583.

Quakers, England, George Fox, 1647.

Quakers, America, William Penn, 1681.

Catholic church (not a sect), Jerusalem, Jesus Christ, 33.

## A Strange Ceremony.

Ten thousand women, all Catholics, and from many widely separated points and several states, performed a strange ceremony on Mount Adams, a precipitous hill in the eastern portion of Cincinnati, its crest being 600 feet above the river's level. About half way up a series of wooden steps and landings exceeding 300 in number leads to a small Catholic church. In the church is a statue of St. Francis, brought from France, said to possess miraculous powers and never refusing to grant the prayers of those who once a year on a stated day approach the sanctuary in proper form.

This form prescribes that only women may come, and that each must crawl on her knees from the bottom of the stairs to the altar of the church, where, after remaining three hours in absolute silence each supplicant passing out of a side door, leaving an altar and receiving in return a blessing from a barefooted monk. At each step in the stairway the supplicant must say a "Hail, Mary."—New York Freeman's Journal.

## Catholics in Madagascar.

A marvelous change has been wrought in the island of Madagascar within the last 80 years. In 1861 when a band of Jesuit missionaries landed at Tananarive there was not a native Catholic in the district. The number of converts now exceeds 100,000. Churches, schools, hospitals, etc., are numerous and well equipped.

## School.

The birds are in the meadow,  
And the swallows in the sky;  
The cattle in the shadow  
Watch the river running by.  
The wheat is hardly stirring;  
The heavy dews are falling;  
The dragon fly is whirling  
About the yellow blossomed flag.  
And down beside the river,  
Where the trees lean over the pool,  
Where the shadows reach and quiver,  
A boy has come to school.  
His lessons are the swallows,  
And the swallows are the trees;  
His lessons are the shadows,  
And the shadows are the bees.  
He knows the birds' learning,  
He knows the bees' learning,  
He knows the dragon fly's learning,  
He knows the dragon fly's learning.  
In the meadow and the pool,  
In the shadow and the quiver,  
The river's lesson he  
Will try to speak to heedless ears  
In talking mimicry.  
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

## ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

Romantic Life of the Poet Monk—Canonized in the Heart of Humanity.

Among all the religious orders of the church the Franciscans might be called the Order of Poets. St. Francis himself was a poet of no mean rank. Ginguene, in his "History of the Literature of Italy," speaks of "St. Francis, whom the Italians count as one of their earliest poets, and who was indeed the first writer who composed religious canticles in the common tongue."

Montalembert says: "His influence was to enliven art, his example to influence poets. While reforming the world God permitted him to use the first—that poetry which was to bring forth Dante and Petrarch." And Milman, in his "Latin Christianity," says, "St. Francis is among the oldest vernacular poets of Italy."

His life itself reads like a romance. The gay, beautiful youth, the flower of Assisi, leader of the revels in his native city; the valiant soldier glittering in arms and foremost in the conflict when Assisi warred with Perugia; next the enthusiast renouncing all worldly grandeur, clothed in coarse garments, hooted at and hunted through the streets, called fool and madman; then the little beginnings of the great foundation—the first convent, the first community of the great Franciscan order, St. Francis with two companions in the little hut of Rivo Torto.

And now we see him wandering through forests and over hills, mingling his voice with voices of the birds, pouring forth in song the joy of his heart, and now again he is in the crowded leper houses nursing the poor lepers with a mother's tenderness, and now again on the height of Mount Alvernia, the blazing seraph fires in his hands and feet, and side the wonderful stigmata, making him alone of all purely human men the living image of that man who was both human and divine. And when he dies the influence of his presence still remains on earth in the hundreds of thousands of his spiritual children, or even now, when more than 600 years have passed away, the members of the three branches of the Franciscan order outnumber the aggregate of all other orders of the church.

There is a universal sentiment evoked by the name of St. Francis of Assisi. While other saints canonized by the Catholic church seem exclusively saints of that church, St. Francis is the saint of the whole world—canonized in the heart of humanity. Says Tennyson:

Sweet St. Francis of Assisi; would that he were here again!  
None is too high, none too low, none too far away, for the warmth of his heart's love to reach. The little lambs that follow his steps, the birds that eat from his hand, the worm that he lifts out of his path lest it be trodden on, are embraced in his love no less than the poor leper whom he cherishes and embraces, the holy Duchess of Thuringia, to whom he sends his mantle as a gift, or the sultan of Egypt, before whose throne and for whose sake he is ready to lay down his life. Nor does the animate creation alone satisfy his need of loving, even the inanimate creation is a living thing to him, since it is the expression and embodiment of the thought of the Creator. This universal love is the keynote of his poetry as of his life.

The post saint naturally attracted to himself singers and the lovers of song, so that while his order counts among its children its popes and patriarchs and martyrs; its royal saints, among them St. Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Louis of France, St. Ferdinand of Portugal; its Isabella of Castile and Christopher Columbus; its statesmen, among them Ximenes; its prose writers, from Duns Scotus to Cardinal Manning, it has also its list of poets, from St. Francis himself to Leo XIII, the reigning pontiff, who wears the habit of the Third Order of Franciscans.

Of the poems of St. Francis three remain, the "Cantic of the Sun," "In Foco l'Amor mi Miso" and the "Amor di Caritate." Of the first named the critic Schlosser says, "His 'Cantic of the Sun' is unquestionably one of the finest productions of sacred poetry."—Home Journal.

## The Paulist Fathers.

The Paulists are zealous in many directions, but the labor to which they especially apply themselves is the conversion of persons outside the faith. Many of the priests in the Paulist order are themselves converts, and hence their natural anxiety to see others brought to know the truth.

The Paulists were founded by the late Rev. Isaac T. Hecker, and the present superior is the Rev. Dr. Hewitt. Candidates for admission to the organization are required to undergo an extra two years' course of study in philosophy, a four years' course in theology and a four years' course in additional knowledge to fit them for ordination.

One of the methods of the Paulists is to use the Bible a great deal, as Protestants have an idea—an idea that causes Catholics to smile—that the Catholic church is opposed to the reading of the Bible. This strange old notion, to which some persons cling so persistently, the Paulists are making heroic efforts to eradicate. These priests also encourage congregational singing, to which the Protestant denominations are accustomed, in order to remove another queer fancy in certain minds that all the worship in a Catholic church is conducted by the persons in the sanctuary and that those in the pews merely look on.—Catholic Mirror.

## The Oscar Jubilee Present.

"The Oscar," wishing to contribute to the erection of the jubilee church of Leo XIII, has asked the minister to ascertain from his holiness the form of gift that would be most acceptable. After consulting with the director general of the work the pope has intimated that an altar would be most gratefully received. Those who have visited the Church of St. Paul beyond the walls of Rome will remember the tables of lapis lazuli and malachite that adorn the main altar of that basilica. They are the gift of Oscar Paul.—Exchange.

## FELDKIRCH BELLS.

JOYFULLY THEY RANG ONE EASTER MORNING LONG AGO.

How the Joyous Peals Turned Back the Invading Legions of Napoleon and Saved a Town From Destruction—A Miracle of Resurrection Day.

Zealously and victoriously the armies of the great Napoleon were sweeping over Europe. No fort was strong enough to resist them, no number of men large enough to defend a city at that time when the French battered at its walls.

On the frontiers of Austria was a little town called Feldkirch. It had no more than 3,000 or 4,000 people, mostly God fearing men. The great Napoleon found Feldkirch in his way as he advanced and gave an order to one of his generals to take it, just as a housewife would order a servant to kill a fowl for dinner. The general selected was Massena, and one beautiful Easter morning as the people arose to go to the first mass of the festival they saw General Massena's forces, numbering 18,000 men, encamped on the heights above the town. The sun as it rose shone on the long files of French muskets—a sad though glittering sight to the people, who had been thinking only of their risen Lord.

Naturally there was the greatest consternation. No one knew the best course to pursue, so a hurried meeting of the town council was held. One thing all were agreed upon—that it was useless to oppose the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Then some arose and suggested that a suitable person be sent to the French camp with a flag of truce and the keys of the town, asking for some degree of mercy—that at least the women, children and old men might be spared, and a general sack, the awful accompaniment of war, averted.

At this juncture an old and reverend priest arose, and all listened with close attention, for his counsels had always been loving and wise. "My children," he said, "this is Easter day. Cannot God, who arose from the dead, protect us in our distress? Shall our first act in this calamity be to forsake him? What are we against that vast number awaiting the order to attack us? Let us go to church as usual and trust to God for the rest."

At those brave and earnest words hope sprang anew in the breasts of the faithful, and the various sections were ordered to ring all the bells of the town as joyfully as possible. Troops of people thronged the streets and entered the churches, and one would not have known except for that menacing host upon the hill that anything had interfered with the happiness of those who were rejoicing in the resurrection.

And so the joy bells rang and rang and rang, and the French hearing them took word to their general that they were ringing because of the arrival of reinforcements; that the place had been relieved in the night by a large portion of the Austrian army. The general, believing this, ordered his troops to retreat at once.

Thus while the bells of Feldkirch rang the French army stole away, and the people fell again upon their knees and gave thanks to God for their deliverance.—Catholic Review.

## For Ireland and For Right.

The following song, says the Dublin Freeman, was written by William Allen, member of parliament for Gateshead, England:

In your millions, in your millions,  
Gather, Irishmen, today,  
Leal and true to Ireland's freedom  
From the Saxon's cruelty.  
Ireland calls you, Ireland calls you,  
What her message to the brave?  
Never shall tyrants or her traitors  
Make an Irishman a slave.

For Erin shall we ever, ever, ever,  
Bear aloft the torch of freedom's glorious light;  
No traitor voice shall stay us,  
No Saxon sword dismay us,  
Our marching song shall be, "For Ireland and For Right."

Weary years of woe and sorrow,  
Weary days of tears and pain,  
Ye have borne till dawn the morrow  
Of the rising sun of change.  
Ireland answers, Ireland answers,  
From the graves of patriot sires;  
'Tis the hour when freedom's glory  
Only patriot sons require.  
Courage, Ireland, 'gainst your foe;  
Courage, Ireland, as of yore;  
Gather, gather, Irish yeomen,  
As ye oft have done before.  
Ireland calls you, Ireland calls you,  
Listen to your battle cry,  
Gather, Irishmen, for freedom,  
And for freedom do or die.

## Selection of Sponsors.

Parents should be careful in the selection of sponsors for their children, writes Archbishop Janssens of New Orleans, for should parents neglect the religious instruction of their children or should they die while the children are still young it becomes the duty of the sponsors to take, if possible, the parents' places and to see that their children be raised in the fear and love of God and the knowledge of religion. The Catholic church forbids as sponsors any one not a Catholic or to select anybody who belongs to excommunicated societies or who leads a publicly scandalous and sinful life, for such persons are unable to fulfill the duties which may be expected of them. In baptism spiritual relationship is contracted, by which marriage is forbidden between sponsors on one side and the child and its parents on the other side.

## Purify the Heart.

Most people when setting about their reformation or conversion are much more anxious to spend their lives in doing difficult or unusual things than in purifying their intentions and to renounce self-will in the ordinary duties of their position, but this is a great mistake. Far better make less outward alterations as to actions and more inward change in the heart which prompts them. Those who are leading a decent well ordered life and who are desirous of becoming more earnest Christians.—Fenelon.

## STRUCK A SISTER OF CHARITY.

A Hasty Blow That Brought More Pain to the Giver Than the Recipient.

"I struck a sister of charity not long ago," said a gentleman to an Indianapolis Journal reporter, "struck one of them with my hand in anger. I was completely dumfounded. I had known him for 40 years, and a more royal, hearted, kindly disposed fellow doesn't exist."

"Come, old fellow," said I, "surely you were either very ill or in your sleep."

"No, sir," he said. "I will tell you about it, but please don't repeat it. I have suffered enough already. It happened this way," he went on. "Business had been awful dull. Everything I tried to do turned out a failure. It was either a case of the wife won't sign the deeds or there was some black mortgage or something else that bobbed up at the last moment to spoil every trade I had on hand for two weeks or more, and I was blue and worried. On that particular afternoon I had just come into my office and found on my desk a note from a client that a certain trade I felt sure of making must fall through, as the wife in the case had concluded she would rather have a divorce with alimony than take her chances on getting a share of the proceeds from the sale of the property. I was almost furious. Just then two sisters came into the office. I saw them enter, but paid no further attention to them, turning to my desk to my work. In a moment a mild, clear voice over my shoulder said something about my giving for charity, or something like that. I impulsively threw out my hand with a sudden, impulsive movement, half in anger, by way of emphasis, declaring at the same time that I had nothing for myself. My hand, as I threw it up, came in contact with the outstretched white hand of the nun with a resounding smack. I had struck her hand a severe blow. I was on my feet in a moment to offer an apology. Never to my dying day will I forget my feelings at the moment I turned and faced the sister. She was standing, holding out her delicate white hand, while the great big tears stood in her eyes—yes, that seemed too expressively beautiful for this world. With the saddest smile in her pale face she said in a low, sweet tone of voice, 'That blow was intended for me, sir; now what have you got for the poor?'

"What a terrible wretch I felt myself to be! I know the dear, kind woman saw my emotion; I know she understood it all, yet the thought that I had so far forgotten myself as to strike that little hand that was stretched out in humble appeal for the poor almost bereft me of my senses. I only had \$10 in my pocket. I laid that gently—aye, reverently—in her hand, adding as I did so that I wished it was a thousand."

## Calvary Clover.

All over Europe a strange little plant grows and thrives. It is commonly called Calvary clover, being a trefoil and said to have been unknown on the earth until the time of our Lord's crucifixion. In some localities it has no name but the crucifixion plant or plant of Calvary. Tradition says that the first of its species sprang up under the feet of Pilate, who unjustly condemned the Saviour to death. After the crucifixion he went to Calvary, and the little plant appeared at every step he took to remind him of his crime.

This Calvary clover has three round green leaves, each with a spot of carmine in the center, looking exactly like a drop of blood. During the day they arrange themselves so that to the most incredulous they resemble a cross, and when the flowers appear in their season each one is startlingly like the crown of thorns.

Many historians, both sacred and profane, have mentioned this strange member of the floral kingdom. Julian tells us that as far back as his day there was a tiny white cross displayed on each leaf, and that if one looked carefully enough he could see a figure hanging thereon. The figure of the central leaf is clothed in white, those on the other leaves being in black or red. The same writer declared also that when the blossom appeared the figures gradually faded away, the central one lasting longer than the others.

Tradition is so uncertain, however, that we hardly know how much of this folklore is to be credited. But surely in a belief which is so widespread it can do no harm to place some confidence, and we like to believe in the pretty Calvary clover.—Ave Maria.

## Kissed the Pope's Cheeks.

King Oscar of Sweden is a very simple minded man. When he went to see the pope, he kissed the holy father on both cheeks. Such a salute was quite irregular, long usage having established the custom of kissing only the pope's hand. This rule was only broken once, in the case of the late pontiff, by a president of the United States. General Grant simply shook him by the hand and said, "How do you do, sir."—Exchange.

## A Sea Story.

To larboard and starboard the sea with its swirl and swirl,  
And thoughts of a dripping deck and a pale faced girl,  
Starting out at our wake with motionless hands and eyes,  
And hair a yellow tangle, blown out in the rainy skies,  
And all night long the wash of waves over deck and bow,  
And the throb of the ceaseless screw as it strove and struggled, and now and then a splash of the spray and light of the ship with the angry sea.  
As if to mock the prayers she was making as she lay for me—  
Happy, happy, the birds that were flying away to the east,  
Out of the dull gray mist that lay in the sulken sky,  
And each white sail and sail followed till it sank on the far sea line,  
To gleam again for a moment where wave and wind hid them.  
But that was many a year ago, and how the world has changed since then,  
As the sea has changed with the wind and the sun,  
And here in the cool green depths the sea is a quiet bed  
To rise a whole ship's company when the sea gives up her dead.  
—Boston Pilot.

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