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NOTES OF SCIENCE.

CLEANINGS IN THE WORLD OF INDUSTRY.

Progressive Doings in Different Lands—Some of the Newest Inventions For Labor-Saving—Geological Survey in Texas.

An Important Invention.

Quite an advantage is said to be gained in the manufacture of a fabric by some recent improvements in the buffers or springs for the nipping rollers in constructing scrapers and for preventing such fabric collecting at the sides of the machine during its travel to the nipping roller. For pressing the latter together india rubber buffers or springs are employed, in combination with adjusting screws, the springs being placed in tubular cavities formed in the side frame; the bearing blocks of the movable nipping rollers are formed with shanks, which are constructed to slide in the cavities and bear against plates; and placed between the hanks and the buffers are adjusting screws, having hand wheels, and arranged to screw through screw-threaded caps fixed on the frame—thus operating the screw, the pressure on the buffers can be increased or diminished. The scrapers, the backs of which are of iron, and the faces composed of strips of brass, are not liable to be affected by the dye liquor, these scrapers being also arranged horizontally and below the center of the roller, and mounted on the bearings of the roller, otherwise it would require adjusting each time the roller is moved. To prevent the fabric from collecting at the sides of the vat a cross piece or guide support is used, so as to be capable of sliding in bearing pieces fixed on the side of the vat, and in each bearing piece is a rubber or elastic cushion for the cross piece to rest against. Thus, when the fabric tends to collect at one end of the cross piece, the extra pull of the fabric is greater on the most distant end of the cross piece, and therefore the fabric is pulled to the center of the cross piece again.

A New Glass.

A superior quality of glass bottles has for some time been manufactured of peculiar material and by a special process at Pinedon, England. The factory is situated in close contiguity to the blast furnace of the village iron works, where the ore is worked, and as the molten slag is run from the furnace it is conveyed in carriers to the glass works. In the latter a Siemens regenerative gas furnace applied to a glass melting tank enables the preparation of the "metal" to be carried on continuously, affording a constant supply to the glass blowers. The ingredients of the glass are fed into the tank in charges of about 500 pounds, the larger part of which is the molten slag, the remainder being the other ingredients, such as sand and alkalis. These substances are fused and fined in the tank, the fused metal flowing through a bridge to the other end of the tank, where there are five working holes from which the metal is taken and fashioned into useful articles in the usual way, the principal products being wine and beer bottles. The daily output has been very large, and the results of the operations have been so satisfactory as to call for a considerable increase of the plant. The glass in this case has the reputation of being stronger than the ordinary article, and, though the natural tint is green, the color can be varied as required; and, as the material comes from the furnace in the best possible condition for the worker, its working qualities are said to be of the highest order.

Purifying Lead.

A number of processes have lately been brought to notice for effecting the purification of black lead, with a view to removing iron and other impurities and obtaining the resulting product in the finest possible state of division. According to one of these processes, pulverized black lead is moistened with concentrated nitric or sulphuric acid, or both, and is next washed until the wash water is free from acid, and then calcined; in another process, the black lead is heated with a solution of bichromate of potassium, and subsequently calcined; and in another, the black lead is heated with concentrated nitric or sulphuric acid, scooped out, washed and calcined. In order to obtain a still finer product, the black lead that is obtained at the end of the processes thus described can, if desired, be thrown into water, stirred, scooped off, and dried.

Good for Farmers.

One of the most novel as well as useful inventions recorded lately is a hay rake and loader. It is the product of an Illinois man's brains. It will rake clover, timothy, alfalfa, millet or any kind of grass whether the yield be light or heavy. It rakes the hay clean and at the same time loads it at the rate of a ton in fifteen minutes. If



RAKE AND LOADER.

properly arranged and attached to a wagon, a good team can easily manage it. It is light, strong and durable. Only one man is needed to work it. He does the driving, raking and loading. It will work on the hillside or level ground. It is easily detached or attached to the wagon. They also say that it will pay for itself in one season by the saving in the amount of hay as well as the lessened expense for labor.

Strata in Texas.

An interesting contribution to geological data is presented in the description of the different strata pierced by the boring of the remarkable artesian well at Galveston, Texas, the deepest on the sea coast of the United States. The well was started with a 24-inch casing, inside of which a 15-inch pipe was sunk to a depth of 870 feet, and within this latter a 12-inch

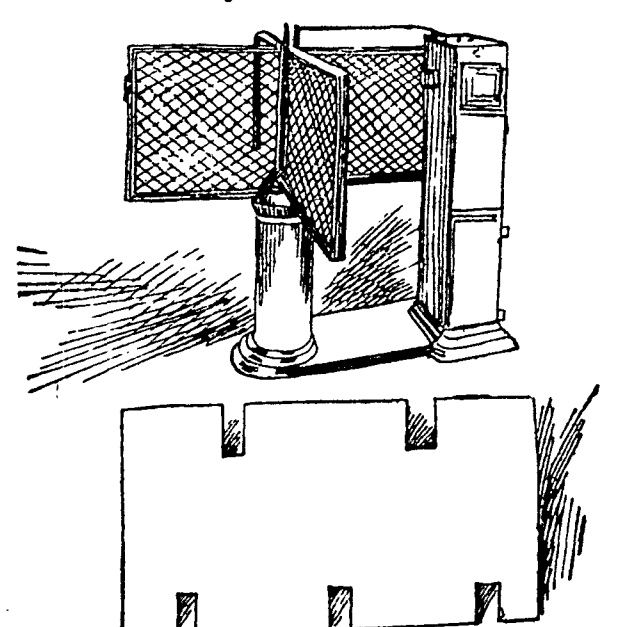
pipe was telescoped to a depth of 1,300 feet. After this nine inch pipe was inserted to a depth of some 2,263 feet, and, following this, a 6-inch pipe, a total depth being thus reached of 3,000 feet 9 inches, but no water was reached nor rock penetrated. From the surface to a depth of 40 feet there was a stratum of gray sand, thence a depth of 64 feet there was a layer of red clay and shells, thence to a depth of 100 feet was a stratum of blue clay, sea shells, and fragments of rotten wood; from this to 315 feet sands and sea shells were encountered, and, following this, to the 815 feet level, sand and clay were discovered. From the 815 feet level to the depth of 1,288 feet, sand, clay, sea shells, and decayed wood were found, and from that depth to the 3,070 feet level varying strata of sand, clay and large logs were encountered, and at the very bottom of the hole a bed of sea shells was struck.

Toothed Gearing.

The opinion is expressed by some noted engineers at present that the only possibility of transmitting great power with safety at the speed required in modern mills, by means of toothed gearing, lies in reducing the length of the teeth, and in many cases their breadth, the fact being that, owing to imperfections in cutting and variations in the quality of metal, only a comparatively small proportion of the length of a tooth really comes into action and the remainder is superfluous; if, however, the teeth actually have a long bearing surface, so that they are in contact up to the points, the risk of breakage is much greater than when the contact is restricted to a portion of the surface and nearer the center of the wheel. The essential part of gearing practice, as advocated by the authorities quoted, is that the teeth must be spaced accurately, and that, before one pair of teeth part contact, the succeeding pair must come into gear. From a practical point they consider that the form of the curve of the teeth is perhaps one of the most important features in connection with the design of wheel gearing, provided that the deviation from the correct theoretical shape is not excessive.

Will Mutilate the Tickets.

The Walmsley automatic turnstile and ticket chopper will be used at the World's Fair gates, and the souvenir tickets which get into that chopper will be sadly mutilated. The turn-



THE TICKET CHOPPER.

stile and chopper are operated by a single person. The visitor drops his ticket in the box, and as the stile turns the ticket is automatically cut in five different places. By this means the mutilation is so pronounced as to render its use again impossible.

Labor-Saving Gophers.

The California gopher is not the deep-dyed villain his reputation would indicate, as the following story, which, if true, would show, and of its truth we have no doubt, as it is vouched for by at least two of our most reputable ranchers, says the "Ausable Pomotonic." Some time ago the heavy rains did sad damage to the pipe being put in place by Contractor French, tearing out whole sections and filling up the vitrified water veins with sand. In one place there was about 70 feet of the line of 30-inch pipe filled solidly with sediment, and how to get that big pipe cleaned out without taking it all up was a question for men to ponder over. Not for very long, however, for George Ott, soon discovered a neat way out of the difficulty. Knowing that Directors Marshall and Rubins were to meet Monday morning for consultation at the point where the pipe was blocked, George caught a couple of gophers and sent the little burrowers over to the pipe-line in a slatted box. The directors were not slow to take the hint. Mr. Marshall put the gophers into the sand-filled section and sent J. C. to the lower end of the line to watch. In just twenty-three minutes the gophers made the 70 feet in the race of their lives, doing the distance so rapidly that they didn't have time to back-fill the holes. After congratulating each other a few moments on the success of the experiment, the water was turned into the gopher-holes and the pipe soon cleaned out from end to end, verifying the well-known fact that water will run into a gopher-hole when it won't run somewhere else.

A Truthful Witness.

Truth is beautiful as well as safe and mighty. In the incident related below, a boy 12 years old, with only truth as a weapon, conquered a smart and shrewd lawyer who was fighting for a bad cause.

Water was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said: "Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy, modestly,

"father told me that the lawyer would try and tangle me up in his testimony, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time."

The lawyer didn't try to tangle up the boy any more.—Observer.

Value of Collection.

Little Boy—Papa, I wish you'd save all the postage stamps that come on your letters.

Papa—What for?

"I'm making a collection of them."

"Humph! What earthly use will a collection of canceled stamps be?"

"I don't know, but I guess it'll be about as much use as the collection of cracked teapots that mama is making."

THE CLAMBAKE OF RHODE ISLAND.

No, for the sea, the moss green grove, Where the rocks in a glowing pile, With rock-work make a fragrant bed, For clams to rest awhile.

With bluefish from the briny deep, With sweet corn from the field, And sweet potatoes from the south, Their fragrant breath will yield.

The ambrosial feasts of the fabled gods Are as naught compared with these, Thou delicious, fragrant, delightful thing, Thou clambake by the sea!

—Etta A. Brow in Providence Journal.

THAT MIRROR.

It was altogether queer, and Jingleberry to this day does not entirely understand it. He had examined his heart as carefully as he knew how, and had arrived at the entirely reasonable conclusion that he was in love. He had every symptom of that malady. When Miss Marian Chapman was within range of his vision there was room for no one else there. He suffered from that peculiar optical condition which enabled him to see but one thing at a time when she was present, and she was that one thing, which was probably the reason why in his mind's eye she was the only woman in the world, for Marian was ever present before Jingleberry's mental optic.

He had also examined as thoroughly as he could in hypothesis the heart of this "only woman," and he had—though he had, which amounts to the same thing—reason to believe that she reciprocated his affection. She certainly seemed glad always when he was about. She called him by his first name, and sometimes quarreled with him as she quarreled with no one else, and if that wasn't a sign of love in woman, then Jingleberry had studied the sex all his years—and they were thirty-two—for nothing. In short Marian behaved so like a sister to him that Jingleberry, knowing how dreams and women go by contraries, was absolutely sure that a sister was just the reverse from that relationship which in her heart of hearts she was willing to assume toward him, and he was happy in consequence.

Believing this, it was not at all strange that he should make up his mind to propose marriage to her, though, like many other men, he was somewhat chicken hearted in coming to the point. Four times had he called upon Marian for the sole purpose of asking her to become his wife, and four times had he led up to the point and then talked about something else. What quality it is in man that makes a coward of him in the presence of one he considers his dearest friend is not within the province of this narrative to determine, but Jingleberry had it in its most virulent form. He had often got so far along in his proposal as, "Marian—er—will you will you"—and there he had as often stopped, contenting himself with such commonplace conclusions as "go to the matinee with me tomorrow" or "ask your father for me if he thinks the stock market is likely to strengthen soon" and other amazing substitutes for the words he so ardently desired yet feared to utter.

But this afternoon—the one upon which the extraordinary events about to be narrated took place—Jingleberry had called, resolved not to balk in his determination to learn his fate. He had come to propose, and propose he would, rue it ceterum. His confidence in a successful termination to his suit had been re-enforced that very morning by the receipt of a note from Miss Chapman asking him to dine with her parents and herself that evening, and to accompany them after dinner to the opera. Surely that meant a great deal, and Jingleberry conceived that the time was ripe for a blushing "yes" to his long deferred question. So he was here in the Chapman parlor waiting for the young lady to come down and become the recipient of the "interesting interrogatory," as it is called in some sections of Massachusetts.

"I'll ask her the first thing," said Jingleberry, buttoning up his Prince Albert, as though to impart a possibly needed stiffening to his backbone. "She will say yes, and then I shall enjoy the dinner and the opera so much the more. Ahem! I wonder if I am pale—I feel sort of—um—There's a mirror. That will tell." Jingleberry walked to the mirror—an oval, gilt framed mirror, such as was very much the vogue fifty years ago, for which reason alone, no doubt, it was now admitted to the gold and white parlor of the house of Chapman.

"Blessed things, these mirrors," said Jingleberry, gazing at the reflection of his face. "So reassuring. I'm not at all pale. Quite the contrary. I'm red as a sunset. Good omen that! The sun is setting on my bachelor days—and my scarf is crooked. Ah!"

The ejaculation was one of pleasure, for pictured in the mirror Jingleberry saw the form of Marian entering the room through the portieres.

"How do you do, Marian? Been admiring myself in the glass," he said, turning to greet her. "I—er—"

Here he stopped, as well he might, for he addressed no one. Miss Chapman was nowhere to be seen.

"Dear me!" said Jingleberry, rubbing his eyes in astonishment. "How extraordinary! I thought sure I saw her—why, I did see her—that is, I saw her reflection in the glass—Ha! ha! She caught me gazing at myself there and has hidden."

He walked to the door and pulled the portiere aside and looked into the hall. There was no one there. He searched every corner of the hall and of the dining room at its end, and then returned to the parlor, but it was still empty. And then occurred the most strangely unaccountable event in his life.

As he looked around the parlor he for the second time found himself before the mirror, but the reflection therein, though it was of himself, was of himself, with his back turned to his real self, as he stood gazing amazedly into the glass; and besides this, although Jingleberry was alone in the real parlor, the reflection of the dainty room showed that there he was not so, for seated in her

accustomed graceful attitude in the reflected armchair was nothing less than the counterfeited presentment of Marian Chapman herself.

It was a wonder Jingleberry's eyes did not fall out of his head, he stared so. What a situation it was, to be sure, to stand there and see in the glass a scene which, as far as he could observe, had no basis in reality; and interesting it was for Jingleberry to watch himself going through the form of chatting pleasantly there in the mirror's depths with the woman he loved! It almost made him jealous, though, the reflected Jingleberry was so entirely independent of the real Jingleberry. The jealousy soon gave way to consternation, for, to the wondering suitor, the independent reflection was beginning to do that for which he himself had come. In other words, there was a proposal going on in the glass, and Jingleberry enjoyed the novel sensation of seeing how he himself would look when passing through a similar ordeal.

Altogether, however, it was not as pleasing as most novelties are, for there were distinct signs in the face of the mirrored Marian that the mirrored Jingleberry's words were distasteful to her, and that the proposition he was making was not one she could entertain under any circumstance. She kept shaking her head, and the more she shook it the more the glazed Jingleberry seemed to implore her to be his. Finally Jingleberry saw his quicksilver counterpart fall upon his knees before Marian of the glass and hold out his arms and hands toward her in an attitude of prayerful despair, whereupon the girl sprang to her feet, stamped her left foot furiously upon the floor and pointed the unwelcome lover to the door.

Jingleberry was fairly staggered. What could be the meaning of so extraordinary a freak of nature? Surely it must be prophetic. Fate was kind enough to warn him in advance, no doubt; otherwise it was a trick. And why should she stoop to play so paltry a trick as that upon him? Surely fate would not be so petty. No, it was a warning. The mirror had been so affected by some supernatural agency that it divided and reflected that which was to be, instead of contenting itself to what Jingleberry called "simultaneity." It led instead of following or acting coincidentally with the reality, and it was the part of wisdom, he thought, for him to yield to its suggestion and retreat, and as he thought this he heard a soft, sweet voice behind him.

"I hope you haven't got tired of waiting, Tom," it said, and turning, Jingleberry saw the unquestionably real Marian standing in the doorway.

"No," he answered shortly. "I—I have had a pleasant—very entertaining ten minutes; but I must hurry along, Marian," he added. "I only came to tell you that I have a frightful headache, and—er—I can't very well manage to come to dinner or go to the opera with you tonight."

"Why, Tom," pouted Marian, "I am awfully disappointed. I had counted on you, and now my whole evening will be spoiled. Don't you think you can rest a little while, and then come?"

"Well, I—I want to, Marian," said Jingleberry, "but to tell the truth I—I really am afraid I am going to be ill. I've had such a strange experience this afternoon. I—"

"Tell me what it was," suggested Marian sympathetically, and Jingleberry did tell her what it was. He told her the whole story from beginning to end—what he had come for, how he had happened to look in the mirror and what he saw there, and Marian listened attentively to every word he said. She laughed once or twice, and when he had done she reminded him that mirrors had a habit of reversing everything, and somehow or other Jingleberry's headache went, and—and—well, everything went.—John Kendrick Bangs in Chicago Post.

An Appropriate Hymn.

A good old time member of the Methodist church, whose keen appreciation of humor is only one of many pleasing characteristics, relates with rare gusto the following story: For a meeting of the congregation a certain subject was announced for discussion. The members were invited and expected to participate in the debate or consultation. When the hour of adjournment was almost reached a male client of the creed arose. He was notoriously long winded. When delivering an address or opinion he treated the possibility of eternity with contempt. In this case the audience could not escape. He held it there some time over an hour, and finally sat down, to the great relief of the people.

The pastor glanced at the programme for the evening. Unfortunately for him, perhaps, the preacher had designated on the written slip only the number of the hymn to be sung. Consequently he announced, "We will sing hymn number three." And number three turned out to be no less a triumphal selection than the grand old "Halleluiah, This Done." Perhaps never before in the history of that congregation was the moving melody sung with more meaning and enthusiasm.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Why the People Smile.

There is an honest and jolly butcher who does business in Eighth avenue not far from the Central park entrance. He is a large and heavy man, his wife is almost as heavy, and his grown daughter weighs nearly 200 pounds. It is customary for this weighty family to take a ride in the butcher's delivery wagon every Sunday afternoon, and the trio, dressed in Sunday finery, present a very imposing appearance. The women are particularly fond of bright colors. One or two Sundays ago this party arrived on Riverside drive and attracted much attention. The complacent butcher and his female companions seemed to more than fill the stout wagon, and doubtless they were wholly unconscious of the reason for the merriment caused by their appearance. On each side of the wagon was painted in bold, black letters, "Dressed Beef."—New York Times.



From the Author of the "Short Line to the Roman Catholic Church."

Camelton, Ind., September 18, 1911. Some of my people, my teachers as well as myself, are using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the very best results. I recommend it most heartily. REV. J. W. BOOK.

The Doctors Could Not Relieve Her.

TOUSSAINT, Ohio, Oct. 25, 1890. I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for a lady 30 years old; every two or three weeks she had a serious attack of falling sickness, accompanied with headache and was driven to madness; she was sent once to an insane asylum. The doctors could not relieve her. I began with one bottle of your medicine; she had taken three-quarters of it, and she wrote to me a few days ago: "The medicine helped me much; I think another bottle will cure me." REV. ARMAND KAMBLIN.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Four patients also get the medicine free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1874, and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

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Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

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