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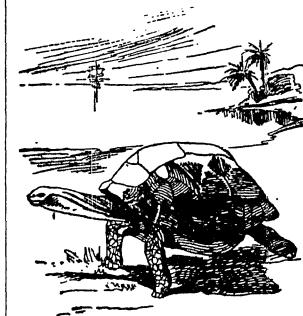
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A GLANCE AT THE PROGRESS OF OUR TIMES.

An Automatic Stamp Moistener is One of the Latest Labor Saving Contrivences-New and Startling Directories of Recent Record.

Ever since the capitulation of the 'Isle of France" (the Island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean), which took place on Dec, 3, 1810, the soldiers who have been stationed at the artillery barracks of Port Louis, the capital of the island, have noticed a gigantic turtle in the large courtyard of the place. The animal, now almost blind, has lived there almost ever since it was first discovered by the victors in 1810, and to-day, eighty-two years after, is the almost daily companion of another generation of soldiers, since that time the casemates having been turned into



THE MONSTEB. mess-rooms for the officers of the garrison. Some of the oldest inhabitants of Port Louis have seen this same turtle when they were children, and it has changed but little during the intervening years. Nobody knows its age, nor whence it came. It weighs nearly three hundred and seventy-five pounds and its carapace, which is gray in color, measures in circumference 8 feet 6 inches. One of the monster's forefact Catholic Prayer Books, is fitteen inches long, a hind one measuring nine inches. Head and neck together are nearly eighteen inches long, while the tail measures a little less

> It is noticeable at a glance that the which is made from an original photoance. This photograph was made recently, showing the animal in walking positions. Some of the old inhabitants of Port Louis say that the turtle had almost reached its enormous size in 1810, the date of its first discovery, and it is generally believed that it is at least 200 years old. It carries on its back with ease two men of ordinary size. Those familiar with the extraordinary longevity, strength and vitality of these animals will not wonder at the above approximation of the mon-ster's age. It may be called to-day without doubt the oldest inhabitant of the Island of Mauritius.

Concerning the origin of the turtle, it is believed that it is one of the last survivors, if not the last, of a species of incredible numbers on this island by day. the first explorers who visited it at the close of the sixteenth and the beginning seventeenth centuries. As they were regarded welcome food on account | This is the first time that this precious of the delicacy of their meat by the in- stone has been found in what may be vaders, they were exterminated ere considered its primitive gangue. In long, and it is possible that a small all the rocks where it has been hithernumber of them succeeded in finding a | to met with, even in the pegmatite of hiding place in some inaccessible spot, India, we may see that it has been in-thus escaping the fate of their kind. troduced as such during the formation This race of monster turtles has be- of the rock. Here, on the contrary, come almost entirely extinct except in the very state of the diamond, which a few small islands north of Madagas- appears as a fine powder disseminated car, whose large specimens can be in certain parts of the meteoric iron, found, but their number is decreasing seems to indicate that it has taken its from day to day, although some of the origin on the spot, and has been formed most celebrated English naturalists during the consolidation or crystalizahave endeavored to protect them tion of the moss. against complete extermination, efforts which have proved entirely futile. Some of the inhabitants of the island of Mariutius have domesticated giant turtles, who live with them as contentedly as the cat does with us, but in its wild and untamed state the monster turtle is exceedingly scarce.

Four-Footed Wire-Layer and Her Ways of Working.

Many people in Brighton are interested just now in watching the clever work of "Strip, the Electrician," who after laying down many miles' length of copper wire, for the purpose of electric lighting, in London, has lately come to Brighton with the same ob-

Lest Mr. Edison should not at once

ecognize the name of his distinguls hed 'collaboratrice," we will explain at once that Strip is a clever little foxterrier, the property of Messrs. Crompton, the electrical engineers, and that she is under the special protection of that company's night watchman. Strip's method of working is as follows: The workmen lay down, in the desired position, a short length of the corresponding length of the copper spondent's desk. wire along which the electric current will ultimately pass.

The iron pipe having been fixed, Strip is called, has the end of the copper wire fastened to her collar, and, at the workman's sign, goes in at one end of the pipe—"And comes out at the other end," says an intelligent but too hasty reader. Not so, however. The other end of the iron pipe has a bar having entered the pipe with the wire fastened to her collar, presents herself at the other end to the workman awaiting her there; who thrusts his hand under the bar, unfastens Strip's collar, and draws it and the wire out. Strip, when she feels her collar gone, turns round, retraces her steps, comes out again at the same end she went in at, and lies down on the workmen's coats until she is wanted again.

About Pears. It is remarkable that, although new fruits come to the front every year, there is not a pear yet that has been able to take the place of the Bartlett or the Seckel. The Bartlett is a European sort, originating in England, and named there William's Bon Coretion.

It was introduced into this country, and its name getting lost it was named Bartlett, after the man in whose garden it was when its excellent qualities were discovered.

The Seckel is a native, a chance seedling, found growing near the Schuykill Rive, Philadelphia, and the original tree still stands and bears fruit. The Bartlett is in season throughout September, the Seckel from the close of September and through October. These two kinds are no exceptions to the rule that the quality of all pears increases in value as the trees get older. The fruit from a full grown Seckel pear tree, for instance, is far superior to that from a tree fruiting for the first

Every one who is interested in photographs of outdoor scenes—and who is not?-must often have wished for some satisfactory means of obtain-

Telephotography.

ing larger pictures of distant unattainable objects than can be got with an ordinary camera. The writer of this remembers with keen regret that the lack of such an instrument or device prevented him from obtaining some most desirable pictures during a visit to the Yellowstone Park.

For instance, many mud swallows build their nests under the projecting edges of the "Liberty Cap" at the Mammoth Hot Springs, and sitting in the open doors of their habitations they gaze down upon the spectator beneath with the indifference of conscious security. With a camera that combined the powers of a telescope and a photographic plate a most pleasing picture of these birds, showing them apparently close at hand, could have been

Such cameras have been devised, but it is only quite recently that they have assumed a fairly satisfactory form. The desired result is brought about by means of a peculiarly constructed lens, consisting of a positive lens in front and a negative lens of much shorter focal length in the rear. This gives an image several times as large as that obtained with an ordinary camera.

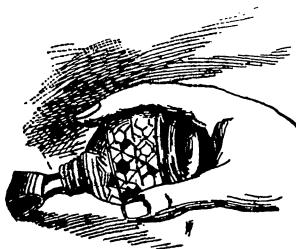
With such an instrument photographs of birds and other animals which cannot be approached closely can be made, showing them in their natural attitudes and of a sufficient size to exhibit their characteristic features. It is also suggested that this method of telephotography will prove useful in astronomy.

The common amethyst is only crystal, colored purple by manganese and animal is quite old. The illustration, iron. The largest amethyst in the world, it is claimed, has recently been graph of the monster turtle, gives a cut by a Denver lapidary. The deeper come when suddenly turning a corner at somewhat adequate idea of his appear | the tint the less brilliant the stone, for | the foot of a steep incline we stood in which reason the ancient engravers | front of Thorpe manor. It was a quaint preferred the light-colored variety. In- old house, standing back a little from work occur in amethyst, but usually as when first built, but mellowed and only as the light-colored sort; in fact, an engraving on a dark stone may be suspected of being modern.

The pale amethyst was supposed by Tessing and other writers on gems to be the hyacinthus of Pliny, which, ac- huge, rusty key and unlocked the door, cording to him, differs from the splendor of the amethyst is diluted in the rooms, which had low ceilings and this gem, and so far from filling the broad window seats. Most of these had eye, does not even reach it, fading away more speedily than the flower of the same name." This flower was not our hyacinth, a bulb derived from hersia, but was the blue iris or fleur-dethat class which was found in almost lis, the blossom of which only lasts one the elaborate carving on the high man-

> Diamond Meteors. There can be no doubt as to the existence of diamond in meteoric iron.

An Automatic Stamp Moistener. A very practicable little invention on the part of some Frenchman, who seems to have taken pity on the American nation in their wrestle with the new Columbian postage stamp of



chest-protector size, has just made its appearance. It consists of a flask of gradually into the felt stopper. It is equally well adapted to the moistening of envelopes and altogether will prove stout iron pipe which is to shelter a a very practical adjunct to a corre-

tains a collection of dried plants remarkable for their age and preservation. They had been used in remote ages to adorn the dead. The French or beautiful. scientist, V. Lorget, has published a book under the title of "The Pharaonic | disbelief in the supernatural—so I sim- | mixture being one liter of water, fifty Flora," in which he describes this ply waited to see what the intruder prowonderful herbarium. Many of these plants are more than 5,000 years old. Before they were arranged in the Cairo herbarium they were soaked in warm water and freshly dried pressed Among them are flowers of the pomegranata, the poppy, blue and white lolotus, several species of the mallow, and leaves of the leek, onion and telery, with which the dead Egyptians were buried in those days.

Adhesively damp Just run out your tongue and dab it; But to give it a lick. That will made it stick You will discover after a few applications that it will be necessary. To acquise the licker habit. -New York Sun

The New Stamps.

Tổ make the new stamp

BOOTH IN HAMLET.

Once in life's rosy dawn I saw the towers Of Elsinore rise on the painted scene— The king, the ghost and the unhappy queen saw, and fair Ophelia with her flowers. And heard the slow bell toll the passing hours But when you entered with dejected mien.

Theothers were as though they had not been; We wept with Hamlet, for his griefs were ours And here tonight, amid the listening crowd That hangs upon your lips, I see the flame (The sacred fire nor time nor age can quell

lowe'er the mortal frame be changed and Burn clear as the high places whence it came. Passon, thou royal Dane; hail and farewell. -Flora Macdonald Shearer in Lippincott's.

A FAIR RECLUSE.

DEAR FRANK-I have found the very house for you -Jacobean period and almost original. It was a triffe spoiled by some Philistine individual about thirty years since, but with your taste and the aid of the local architect everything can be put right. This pearl of houses goes by the name of Thorpe manor, and is of course haunted, so you may relieve the monotony of country life by a genuine ghost hunt. P. S.—The house is in Surrey, about four miles from Winton station. You had better come down at once, as I hear some one else is

At that time I was a fairly good looking, well to do bachelor of thirty-five. My ample leisure I devoted to antiquarian researches, literary work and the collection of "curios." I had no relatives and few friends, and I lived an almost solitary and perfectly happy life in my chambers.

Among what some people called my 'craze" was an enthusiasm for ancient houses, and I had deputed John Ridgway, an artist friend of mine who lived in Surrey, to find me a genuine old country house—a dreamy, rambling place where I could spend the summer. Hence his letter.

As the train steamed into the little station at Winton John rushed up to my carriage and clasped my hand. Dear old chap! he quite beamed with joy at the prospect of showing me his wonder-

"Charming old place! I've had my eye on it for mouths!" he said as he walked over the common.

Then he produced the inevitable notebook and pencil and was soon drawing plans and explaining details.

As we passed through the village we called upon the house agent and took him with us. He was a prosaic man, and evidently thought we were a couple of mild lunatics, so excited did we be- tightening around me. Then it was taglio of all dates and of every style of the road, and its walls were as perfect beautified by time.

We walked up the prim gravel path to the wide doorway with its fantastic carving. Here our agent produced a which swung back easily on its large amethyst, "inasmuch as the violet hinges. We entered and went through paneled walls, though some of them had been covered with paper, which of course we said must come off. One of the bedrooms—which I thought from tel shelf and the beautiful oak paneling had originally been the state one-was

I felt strangely attracted to this room, know not why, and as we turned to leave I lingered behind the others for a parting glance. Then I slowly went down the winding stairway.

"Seen the ghost?" asked John jest-The agent looked uneasy. Ghosts are tiresome things, apt to militate very much against the chances of securing a good tenant, but I reassured him by remarking that I rather liked ghosts, and that, so far as I could see, the house was exactly what I wanted. Of course there were many details to be settled about the lease, repairs and other matters, and I stipulated that I should be allowed to make some alterations, such as removing the staring plate glass with which the late owner had "modernized" the

windows of the lower rooms. Six weeks later I was installed in my new residence. The alterations were not nearly completed, but declining the Ridgways' pressing invitation to take up my quarters with them, I occupied two rooms in the old house and engaged a woman in the village to come daily and attend to my simple wants.

On the third evening after my arrival I was smoking my favorite pipe by a wood fire in the oakroom, which I had made my bedroom. It was nearly 12 o'clock, but being accustomed to late hours I did not feel inclined for bedfar from it. I decided to have one more pipe, and hastily taking up my pouch I began to refill my pipe. Suddenly I stopped short, and with my little finger glass filled with water which seeps still rammed into the bowl of the pipe left my chair and walked to the opposite side of the room, for I could have sworn zine. I saw the paneling move ever so slightly upward. Nor was I mistaken; for very slowly the whole panel disappeared, and in the opening stood the figure of a wo-

The room was dark, for the wood fire had begun to smolder, so I could not see what she was like—young or old, ugly desired end is really more quickly at-

posed to do. She advanced into the room and came close to my elbow, then raised her hand and beckoned me to follow her. Of course I went, and she led me through the aperture and down a steep wooden staircase. It was pitch dark, but I struck matches at intervals. My companion went on quickly, never looking behind her, but I smiled as she tion that the process is not so rapid, beraised her skirts gingerly from the dusty der as a rat scuttled by.

"No ghost this," thought L On we went down the wooden stairs till at last we came to some stone ones, all green and humid, owing to neglect. We continued our course, going down flight after flight of damp, slippery companion paused before a heavy oaken Free Press.

door, then opened it and entered. Following her, I found myself in a low. vaultlike chamber, more like a cell than anything else. The floor was stone, the walls were bare, but it was apparently inhabited, for there were a few articles of furniture—a rickety, spindle legged table, a couple of high backed, worm eaten chairs and a battered horsehair sofa. In the grate, too, burned a small fire and a couple of tall, white candles in tarnished sconces were on the narrow mantelshelf.

In the dim light afforded by these candles and the fire I closely scrutinized the woman who had brought me there. She was tall and slender, and wore a long russet gown of an old fashioned cut, but her face was pale and sad, with sharp, clear cut features, and a mass of rough, reddish hair was carelessly twisted into a long knot at the nape of her neck.

She motioned me to one of the charts. taking the other herself, and she now sat bending over the fire, apparently too deep in her own bitter reflections to be conscious of my presence. The expression on her thin, worn face was very sorrowful, and her hands were tightly clinched in her lap. But, though thin and worn, her face was still lovely, and as I gazed I thought how lovely it would be were the hollows filled out and the deep lines smoothed away.

Suddenly, with a little resolute gesture, she turned toward me and began to speak in low, rapid tones.

"I brought you here because I wanted to tell you my story, and I want your help if you will give it."

Then, with voice rising and falling with varying emotions, and with deep gray eyes fixed on my face, she told her sad tale. The beginning was commonplace enough—a beautiful, willful girl a stern, unyielding father; two lovers, one brave and handsome, the other morose and unattractive; a proposed flight; a sudden death; a broken heart—the last

three were the tragic elements. "And I saw them carry him by the house-dead," she said, speaking in a strange, dull way, "and for a long time I think I must have lost my senses. When my father still insisted on my marriage with the wretch he had chosen for my husband I raised no protest. 1 viewed the preparations for the wedding with indifference. I seemed turned to stone. But a week before the marriage my reason returned, and I realized the horror of the coil which was slowly that I determined on what was virtually a living burial. I was born in this dear old house, and I knew every nook and cranny of it. My foster mother had shown me the sliding panel in the room above that which I then occupied, and she and 1 were the only living persons who knew the secret. She was devoted to me, and 1 at length won her over to my plan.

"On the night before my bridal day I fled down here, and here I have remained ever since. For eight years I have been dead to the world. I had valuable jewelry which had been my dead mother's; that has been gradually sold, and on the proceeds I have subsisted. My foster mother comes daily and brings me food—not through the house of course. There is a secret path and door of communication in the garden." "And the ghost?" I queried.

"Oh," she said, with a queer little smile, "I am the ghost! You see, I wanted to keep the house empty, so that might wander about the rooms and grounds; but now I am tired of this unnatural existence. Life will always be sad for me! I have had a dreadful grief, and all my dear ones are dead; but, in spite of all, my youth reasserts itself, and solitude has at last lost its charm. So I wish to return to the world, and you can nelp me to do so. Will you?"

Of course I helped her, and within a week from that time the Thorpe manor 'ghost"-now laid forever-was safe ander the kind wing of John Ridgway's homely little wife, and by the time the roses were blooming in my sweet scented old fashioned garden the 'ghost," too, had bloomed into beauty. and I, sober old bachelor, had fallen in love—quite hopelessly, I told myself, for her heart was with her dead, and yet it happened that one June afternoon, as we stood alone by the sundial on the sloping shady lawn, something gave me courage. Perhaps it was that she looked so-sweet in her fresh muslin gown, with the flowers in her belt, or perhaps because I caught a strange, fleeting look in her shy gray eyes; anyway I know she murmured that she loved the dear old home with its many gables and pretty garden. Then whispered:

"Need you ever leave it?" And looking under the broad brimmed garden hat into her flushed happy face I added. "Come, sweet ghost, and haunt the old place forever!"

And she consented.—Munyon's Maga-

Acids for Tool Sharpening. A French journal calls the attention of mechanics to the fact that, though all dilute mineral acids are adapted for tool sharpening—say ten parts of sulphuric acid hydrate to 100 parts of water-the tained if a portion of the sulphuric acid I was not nervous—I had a profound | be substituted by nitric acid, a suitable grams of Chili saltpeter and sixty cubic centimeters of concentrated sulphuric

acid. This compound dissolves 1½ grains of metal within ten minutes from an iron surface of one square centimeter. Dissolution is slower where sulphuric acid alone is used. Steel is acted upon in the same manner as iron, with the excepcause of the polished surface becoming stairs, and once I saw the woman shud- | covered with a thin deposit of separated

What Do You Think?

Charley Horsey-I don't think a 2:30 horse is very fast, do you?

Miss Tennis (looking at the clock)— Well, it's a great deal faster than an stairs, till at length, to my relief, my 11:30 man. don't you think?-Detroit



to the Roman Catholic Church. Cannelton, Ind., September 16, '911 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.

Toussant, Ohio, Oct. 25, 1890.

I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for a lady % 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. bottle of your medicine; she had taken three-quarters of it and she wrote to me a few days ago: "The medicine helps me much; I think another bottle will cure me."
REV. ARMAND MAMELIN.

A Vuluable Book on Nervous Dia eases and a sample bettle 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 1876, and is new under his direction by the

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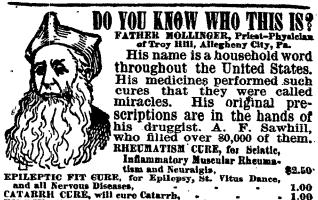
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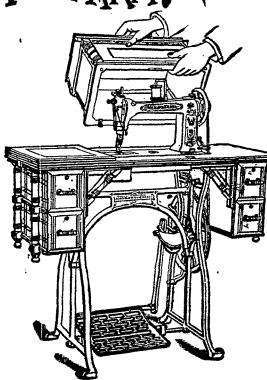
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The above and all his other medicines will be sent express paid upon receipt of price, if your druggist can't furnish them. Cure guaranteed or money refunded. None genuine without my name on each package. Send for book, free, describing his treatment of chronic diseases.

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