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THE MAN

who has no Music in his Soul." is deserving of sympathy, but we

more so, than THE MAN

who is without one of the handsome. New Style Driving Vehicles of





[This graceful tribute to General Grant was read at the Grant memorial meeting, held at Chicago, August 10, 1885, by Melville W. Ful-ler, now chief justice

Let drum to trumpet speak. The trumpet to the cannoneer without, The cannon to the beavens from each redoubt, Each lowly valley and each lofty peak, As to his rest the great commander goes into the pleasant land of carned repose

The great commander when Is beard no more the sound of war s alarms.
The bugle's stirring note, the clang of arms.
Depreciation's tengue would whisper then-Only good fortune gave to him success.
When was there greatness fortune did not bless?

Not in his battles won.
Though long the well-fought fields may keep
their name.
But in the wide world's sense of duty done. The gallant soldier finds the meed of His life no struggle for ambition's prize Simply the duty that next him hes.

And as with him of old, mmortal captain of triumphant Rome, Whose eagles mach the rounded globe their.

home,

How the grand son of true heroic mold.

Despised resentment and such meaner things.

That peace might gather all beneath her wings.

No lamentations here: The weary hero lays him down to rest As fired infant at the mother's breast Without a care, without a thought of fear, Waking to greet upon the other shore. The glorious hostor comrades gone before.

Earth to its kindred earth. The spirit to the fellowship of souls! As slowly lime the nighty scroll unrolls.
Of waiting ages yet to have their birth.
Fame, faithful to the faithful writes on high.
His name as one that was not born to die.

They Charged to Sure Death. We had just mounted our horses. after a bite of breakfast when the Indians appeared on a ridge one and onehalf miles away. They had picked up our trail at daylight and followed it at full gallop. We were on the broad plains, with the nearest post

"How many, Toxas!" asked the lieutenant of the scout. "A million mebbe, but 200 for sure!" was the growling reply.

ninety miles away.

Every man shaded his eyes with his hand from the morning aun and took a long look. Two hundred warriors to fifteen troopers is big odds, but there was no excitement—no confusion. The foremost Indians were within a mile of us and their yells plainly reached our cars when the officer uttered his command, and we moved off at a steady gallop.
We ascand and descend swell after

swell, reminding one of furrows turned by some monster plow. The Indians gain a little. We know it from the note of triumon in their yells. The scout looks back and I watch his face to read the situation. A smile flits over it. That means our chances are still good. He casta a rapid glance over the party and his face expresses anxiety. The labored breathing of some of the horses tells him that the pace cannot last much

Ahl There is the spot! As we raise a swell we see shead of us a connection with the lamented death cone shaped hill higher than anything of Powhatan Clarke. As an officer of place for a stand. The pace is increased a bit, and we thunder down the incline across the bit of valley and spur the blowing horses up the billside. It is a last effort. Four or five of them turch and stagger as their portunity to serve a year in the Gerriders dismount, and not one of them could go another mile. The top of the hill is a plateau about thirty feet ecross. No water, no grass.

"Down with the horses," is the order from the lieutenant, and we lead. and push them into a circle, and fifteen revolvers go pop, pop, pop! (lal- made every effort to have his reports lant old troop horses, every one, but published, but was denied that satisthey must be sacrificed. The dead horses make our breastwork. Above us the summer sky, below us hundreds of savages shouting in giee that

we have been driven to bay. "Unpack the spare ammunition and then take distance around the circle! Every bullet has got to find an Indian Hold your revolvers for close work! warriors are not up in time to make a rush. They part to the east of us and encircle the hill. That is always the first move, and we had expected it. We are no worse off, however, tactics they adopt. The Indians take a breathing spell for half an hour and then make ready for a charge. The base of the hill covers about two acres of ground. Warriors on foot step forth and form a circle numbering 135. The lieutenant counts them and gives us the number. The odds are nine to one, but the scout calmly lights his pipe and remerks:

Boys, you've got a picnic! They won't make a decent mouthful fur You to chaw on."

The officer and the scout have Winchesters, and we have the seven shot and a deadly aim, and of a sudden, and lamentations

han't got no sense." We were as ready as we could be when the entire band made a grand rush. The din was terrific, but every gun had a dead rest, and every trooper was sure of his first man. The impetus of the rush carried some of the warriors up to the breastwork, but

limping and crawling in every direc-Waugh! You've broken their hearts," exclaimed the scout as he dropped a wounded warrior with an offhand shot, "They'll even ave their dead behind in their hurry to

get away. And so they did Defeat brought panic, and every warrior who could ride galloped away to the east and out of sight, says the Chicago Times writer. The scout went down among the wounded went down alone. The Comanches had murdered his father and mother in the years agone. We heard them shout defiance at him, followed by the report of his revolvers. By and by all of us climbed over the dead horses to inspect the battlefield. Eighty-four dead warriors - no wounded.

The Union Jack.

As I observe much has been said of

late about the British flag and various attempts made to cast discredit on the union jack, I should like to tell a story about it which I believe to be. true, and which shows that when properly used it cans do excellent service. The story was told me by the guard of the Pullman car in which I traveled from Quebec to Montreal at night in the autumn of 1978, and I. believe that I give it just as I heard it. This man was the son of a clergyman in one of the Southern states, and after the war broke out his father was forced to break up his home and send his children adrift, save a writer in the Spectator. My informant was then about 20, and just finished his college course; and, having a turn for acting, he formed a company of his friends, with which he went through the West Indian islands, acting at each in turn; and I gathered that it had answered very well. "But I don't tell you this, said he, "to exalt my own proceedings, but because I should like to let you know how well the interests of the English were looked after at that time by their consuls in the Spanish and French Islands' and to prove this he gave me the following, among other instances. When he was in Havana there was one evening a great row in the streets and a man was killed. Every one ran away except an Lugiubman, who did not see why he should run off, but stopped to see what he could do for the wounded man. The city was then, as it often was, under martial law, and in a few minutes a party of soldiers came up, walked the Englishman off, he was tried then and there by a sort of drum-head court martial, and conat 8 o'clock. He managed to get the news conveyed to the English consuland at 8:15 the consul appeared in his coach and four, uniform, cocked hat and sword, all his orders on, etc. The shooting party were drawn out, and the prisoner was there too. The consul walked up to the officer commanding the party and demanded the life of his countryman. "Very sorry," said the officer, "but I must carry out my orders," and he showed a warrant. signed by the governor. "Well," said the consul, "at least you'll allow me to shake hands with him before he dies." "I can't refuse that," was the to the Englishman, but his hand union jack, unfolded it threw it over the man, and then said. There, now. staggered, the matter was referred to vices. the governor, and the Englishman was

saved. Lientenant Powhatan Clarke.

The war department has lately come in for some rather candid comment in else within a mile of it. That's the brains, energy, and enthusiasm, and one, moreover, who had won the United States medal of honor for special gallantry in action against Apache Indians, Lieutenant Clarke was allowed to avail himself of an opman army. He joined the Eleventh Hussars at Dusseldorf, worked hard, learned all he could of German military methods, and made regular reports of the results of his observations the adjutant-general's office in Washington. When he came home he faction partly because he could not convince the authorities that his recommendations were of value, partly because it was averred that in his reports he had "criticised the service." Finally he began to communicate his views in newspaper articles published in the New York Herald, but was warned that a continuance in that We have worked rapidly, and the method would expose him to trial by court martial. If the assertions of his eulogists are well founded, his death. with all his music in him," will bring relief in quarters where his energy was a source of discomfort, and his No help can be looked for from the military knowledge something of a distant post, and it matters not what menace to ease and quiet life It. would be rash to assert, without knowing what was in his reports, that it was a mistake not to publish them, but the story of his experiences, as it has lately been told, recalls the impassioned declaration made a month or two ago by Mr. Frederick Remington, about the military fogies in Washington bureaus who strangle live soldiers with red tape. Harper's Weekly.

The Army and Navy Club.

The Army and Navy club is naturally the headquarters of the social life of both services: the club-souse is a fine Spencers. Every man works himself new building, most pleasantly and down where he can secure protection conveniently situated on Farragut square, and from the bow windows of with yells such as devils utter, the the spacious rooms the bronze statue circle dashes for the crest. No orders of the gallant old sailor can be seen are given none needed. No man facing the club, as if in greeting to fired over five shots. When the smoke comrades of his own and the new genlifted, only dead Indians were to be eration. Everything to make life seen. We rose up and cheered, and pleasant is gathered within the walls our cheers were answered by howls of this building, and, with the true gallantry of soldiers and sailors the "Told you so!" growled the scout world over, one of the most spacious Their's over thirty varmines who and haudsome spartments of the house won't hanker arter any more scalps is placed at the disposal of those of right away. The next thing will be the gentler sex who may be invited to a rush by all hands. We've got'em honor the club by their presence. And mad, and when an Injun's mad he following the unswerving custom of the services, "the latchstring hangs outside" the door of this most hospitable of clubs, although none but men who wear or have worn army or navy olue can be admitted to full membership.—Harper's Weekty.

The remarkable price of \$300 was only to die there. We rose up to paid in London recently for a fossil cheer, but never a man opened his egg of the moyornia, an extinct wing-The number of doad had less bird that inhabited Madagascas doubled, and wounded men were in prehistoric times



MARIES PICTURE

There hands her picture bright With mem ries that have sound me And ner charms present the light Of other days around me. The light that lies.
In those sweet eyes.
No time the tie can sever.

Till ar reis doubt And store burn out.
Thou art mine, Marie, forever.
Thus hangs her picture bright.
With mem ries that have bound me, And her charms present the light Of other days around me

I could see in those eves The love she could not tell me. A love eternal as the skies. Whatever fate pefell me. Through smirsund tears.
Since chibinools years.
The vow has ne of been proken. And she to day.
The same sweet May

As when our love was spoken.
Thus hangs the picture bright
With mem res that bays bound me-And her charms present the light Of other days around me -Samuel O Loske

A Sermon to Parents. "Whatever you wish your child to be," says a distinguished writer, "be it yourself. If you wish it to be hap py, sober, truthful, affectionate, honest and godly, be yourself all these Children are such imitative beings that they often act unconsciously as mirrors to us older people. We see in them our faults produced again and again, and we less heart, for we know what a battle is to be fought We see, too, in happier moments our virtues and perhaps our graces reflected

in our little ones and we take courage. But most of us expect our children to be improved editions rather than exact copies of ourselves. We want them to be a great deal more healthy and a great deal more godly; happier; handsomer and even more affectiondemned to be shot the next morning total honest and truthful than their pareuts.

We have spent perhaps twenty five or thirty years in acquiring these virtues, and I think the demands we make upon the little men and women who have just begun the journey of life is sometimes out of all proportion. to their tender years. Indeed, I have seen parents exact an amount of selfcontrol and an unfaltering obedience from their children which I think they would find it difficult to practice themselves.

Virtue is not the growth of a day, but the outcome of years of discipline and experience. And to preach goodreply. On which the consul stepped ness is, as everybody knows who has tried it a great des into his breast coat pocket, drew out a nearly so effectual, as to practice it. Children imitate our manners and our little tricks of speech. They copy Bre if you dare!" The lieutenant was quite as readily our virtues or our

If we are selfish and grasping, we have no right to expect our children to be models of generosity, and if we are impatient and irritable, we ought not to be surprised if their tempers are also somewhat uncertain. To a mother belongs the double duty not only of training her child in the way he should go, but of training herself on St. John's ove and ground; a pansy, likewise, a task that requires quite as

much patience and wisdom. To rule one's household wisely not an art that comes by intuition it demands our most serious thought and best energies. A little tact and ingenuity is much more effectual than a stick, and a great saving to the tem-

There are times, no doubt, in the history of every family when a fault blices scald one pint of milk; rub toand its consequences must be emphase gether three tablespoonfuls of butter sized by some sort of punishment. But don't point vour moral with your slipper. Let the punishment come at thickens. Season with salt; dip each nearly as possible in a line with the fault. Make it a logical consequence, not an arbitrary act, for these little people reason quite as clearly as we do from cause to effect and appreciate quite as readily the force of a striking argument After all, it is not rules and regulations, although they be of the best, which develop the character of the child; it is the mental and moral atmosphere in which he lives.

### What a Listener Heard.

"I had a rather amusing experience yesterday," said, at a large dinner party not long ago, a clever woman who is the author of several wellknown books. It was during a paise in the conversation, and as she spoke, several of the other members of the party stopped their talk involuntarily

'It is almost too well known a truism, she went on, to say that listeners never hear any good of themselves, but unfortunately it is one of the eternal truths that is continually being exemplified. I had occasion to stop at one of the large book stores yesterday morning, and was standing at the counter waiting for my parcel when two ladies came up and asked the clerk for one of my books. I suppose said the youngest and prettiest of the pair, that as I am to meet her at dinner to morrow I must really look over something that she has written. Oh, any one will do' (this to the salesman). 'A dollar each? I am sure they are not worth that; mamma says that they are great trash, but that I had better skim over one or two.' Meanwhile my parcel had arrived and I had no excuse for remaining, so I walked off. a sadder and a wiser woman."

"It was not I." laughed her vis-a-vis at the table, and vet it must have been one or us. Tell us who it was," she went on coaxingly.

"No, that is our secret," answered the author, good naturedly. hope that, now that my little critic has read the book, she may judge me more leniently." "Dear Mrs. - , said a young girl

in the drawing room afterward, blushing a distressful scarlet as she spoke, "will you ever torgive me? I thought your book perfectly levely." "My dear, don't think of it again,"

replies the older woman "I have had my little vivenge and consider that we are quite. Come and see me; I dare say we will be great friends."

Care of the flead, Half a dozen short bristle brushes ver and an hour's hard work every day is the bottom price of sclean head, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. It the hair is olly and thick it will take more time and a dozen or more shampoos to clean and invigorate the scalp.

Save the fancy hair brushes for company. Get a barber's brush, the largest you can find, with the shortest bristle. The white boars are the best They are ngly and expensive, but they are strong, and one stroke cleans the hair and the scale in the hands of M Jeanette Ballantyne, an attendant on obliging relative a brush of this sort wielded one hour a day with make any head of hair beautiful glossy and clean.

No girl can brush her ewe wig properly unless she is possessed of sleight of hand ability. Many women who appreciate just the treatment the hair needs take their own comb and brush to the barber shops where a specialty is made of children's hair cutting to have the work done. They select hours and days when customers are not likely to drop in. Two visits to the barber shop or hair dressing parlor a weak will give the hair all the attention required. No tonic of any sort is needed. Just get a brushing and insist on having every stroke touch the scalp, for if the head is clean the hair will be clean.

Some heads need washing; others do not. Brushing excites the oil glands They open the secretion pours out, the hair is dressed and continued brushing makes it glossy and beautiful Where there is much oll it is necessary to wash it out, otherwise the accumulation of dust will cause the hair to mat. Very olly hair is apt to lecome unpleasantly unctuous. It is also a fact that waste material. dandinff &c., is more noticeable on fine oily hair than on a coarse, drier

If brushing does not suffice, then use shampoo Warm water and castile soap are the essentials. Dry the hair with a towel, dry it more in the sunshine; if the eyes are sensitive, put on a ten-cent straw, crownless hat and pull the hair out of the opening. This is proof against a stiff neck. If there is no sun the tresses can be fanned dry or spirit dried with a little inodorous alcohol. This, however, parches the hair and is irritating to the scalp. The same effect is produced by using ammonia, sods and borax in the water; they are cleansing but irritating. They also tend to bleach the hair, which is not desirable Borax and soda should be avoided by old ladies especially unless they want gray hairs to come out of the bath tinted a buttercup yellow.

The following hair wash is said to be harmless. Dissolve an ounce of salts of tartar in a quart of warm water and add the juice of two lemora When the effervescing is over dip the hair in the basin and with the fingers rub the scalp until it is covered with lather and all the dandruff and dust has been loosened. If the water is blackened you may know that your head is red and clean. Rinse in warm water, again in cool and a third time in cold water. It will take from one to three hours to dry the hair, and it should not be done up until it is dry.

Love Philters Still Popular. Among substances supposed to be valuable in love philters are. In Italy, powdered lizard which has been drowned in wine, the powder dried and then thrown on the obdurate one; in Bohemia, bat's blood dipped in beer; in Scotland, lozenges stuck together with perspiration; in England a certalp bone of a frog dried over the fire to be placed on the eyes, orchids, vervaln, cumin seed, basil, mandrake, fern root, purslane, crocus, mallow, In England love philters are pretty well outgrown, but their use is still common in central Europe

Milk Toast

Toast the bread quickly and evenly. and slightly butter each piece as soonas taken from the toaster. For six and one of flour until smooth. Add to the scalded milk and stir until it piece of toast in the milk; place in the toast dish and pour over it the remainder of the milk. Serve at once. Women Everywhere.

The executors of the estate of the late Mrs Theresa Fair, of San Francisco, intend to erect to ber memory in Holy Cross cometery, San Mateo county, a mausoleum to cost not less than \$50,000 Mrs. Stannard, the writer who is

best known by the name of John Strange Winter, says she knows of one happy marilage that was the result of a proposal made on the fourth day after the couple met. It is her

Helen Keller, the blind little prodigy from Boston, asked one of the justices of the supreme court in Washington If he knew a certain Boston lawyer, and upon his replying in the negative retorted brightly: "Why, are you not brothers in-law?"

Mme. Paul Bonnetain has had a ride worth chronicling. She accompanied her husband, a novelist, to Africa, and has just completed a solitary and adventurous ride through the bush to the Niger. Their little daughter secompanied the venturous parents Prominent women of Toronto are

promoting a Woman's Residence in connection with the Provincial university, to which young women are admitted as students. The university senate will give a site worth \$25,000, and for the building and needed furnishings it is proposed to raise \$50,000 by subscription.

When the queen dies her mortal remains will rest in the gray granite sarcophagus with the late lamented Prince Albert's ashes. Underneath the arms of the queen and Prince Albert on the monument is inscribed: \*Farewell, well beloved. Here at last I will rest with thee. With thee in Christ I will rise again."

Mrs. Kipling, mother of the author, who long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the cleverest and wittiest women in Northern India, once said of an extremely garrulous official: 'He is essentially a clever man, but he shouldn't be allowed to talk. He should be used as a dictionary and sunsulted when necessary."

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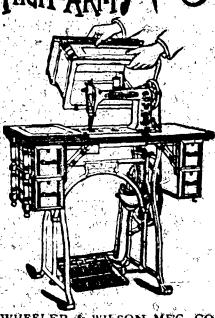
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