

Father Mollinger's
Great Remedies
Conquer Disease
Cures for Rheumatism, St. Vitus' Dance, Cure for Kidney Diseases, etc.
Rheumatism, St. Vitus' Dance, Cure for Kidney Diseases, etc.
Cures for Rheumatism, St. Vitus' Dance, Cure for Kidney Diseases, etc.

Do You Want Money?
We take as collateral stocks, bonds, first and second mortgages, horses, cattle, crops, machinery, etc.
YERKES & BURGESS
134-135 Powers Block.

Mrs. Florence C. LaPointe,
Teacher of Piano By Means of the Virgil Clavier Method.
9 A. M. - 4 P. M. 106 Powers Block.

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORK
WELL BROS. & KERN,
MANTELS, GRATES AND TILES
IMPORTERS OF SCOTCH GRANITE.
236 & 240 STATE ST. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Catholic Relief

And Beneficiary Association
Admits Men and Women on equal terms. \$1.00, \$2.00, \$5.00, \$10.00, \$20.00.
Special Rates to Charter Members.
For circulars, etc., write to THOS. H. O'NEILL, 83 Wall St., Auburn, N. Y.

Try PEA COAL.
J. A. Van Ingen, 91 & 93 Smith St.
It costs less money and will do the same work.
Telephone, 449.

Bookbinding of Henry G. Bauman.
278 East Main cor. North Ave. 1st floor.
Books of any description bound in neat and durable style. Lettering done in gold and silver on leather goods, books, etc.

Flowers for Funerals.
Floral Designs on Short Notice.
PRICES ALWAYS THE LOWEST.
J. O. PRIDMORE, FLORIST,
356 to 360 Lyell Avenue.

PATENTS
Design, Trade-marks, Design Patent, Copyrights.
Moderate Fees.
Information and advice given to inventors without charge. Address:
FRED CLAVIS CO.,
JOHN WEDDERBURN,
Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 442, WASHINGTON, D. C.

5 DOLLARS TO PER DAY 20 Easily Made.
We want many thin, women, boys, and girls to work for a few hours daily, right in and around their own homes. The business is easy, pleasant, strictly honorable, and pays better than any other offered agents. You have a clear and no competition. Experience and special ability unnecessary. No capital required. We equip you with everything that you need, treat you well, and help you to earn ten times ordinary wages. Women do as well as men, and boys and girls make good pay. Any one, anywhere, can do the work. All succeed who follow our plain and simple directions. Earnest work will surely bring you a great deal of money. Everything is new and in great demand. Write for our pamphlet, standard, and receive full information. No harm done if you conclude not to go on with the business.
GEORGE STINSON & CO.,
Box 489,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

IN PLEASANT MOOD.
Teacher—Define memory. Doll Boy—It's what we always has till we come to speak a piece.
Gambon—Another increase in your family, eh? Son of a daughter? Bilbeed, gloomily—Son-in-law.
"How are you? Just thought I'd drop in a while to kill time." "Well, we don't want any of our time killed."
"What perfectly lovely children's stories you write, Mr. Scribner! How do you ever do it?" asked Miss Gascher. "By looking them out of the room, Miss Gascher," replied Scribner, "and filling my ears with cotton."
"I will never speak to you again," sobbed De Broot's wife. "My dear," he replied, like the cold blooded monster that he is, "I will buy you a seal-skin saque this winter if I can. There's no need of your trying to bribe me."
"Sell you a nice alligator bag for \$3," said the gentleman clerk to Uncle Isom, who was trying to buy a valise. "What on earth do I want with an alligator bag?" asked the old man. "I ain't goin' to Florida, I'm goin' to Chicago."
Hobbs and Dobbs were discussing men who stammer. "The hardest job I ever had," said Hobbs, "was to understand a deaf and dumb man who stammered." "How can a deaf and dumb man stammer?" asked Dobbs. "Easy enough," replied Hobbs, "he had rheumatism in his fingers."
"What do you call that thing you ride up here on?" asked the farmer of the youth who stopped to get a drink of water at the well. "It's a bicycle."
"Seems to me," said the old man, "that I'd druther have a wheelbarrow. Wheelbarrows something you can sit down in and rest when you get tired of pushing the thing."

MIXED MATTERS.
Lake Michigan is twice as deep as Lake Superior and nine times as deep as Lake Erie.
At Northampton, Mass., there is a well 700 feet deep that is perfectly dry at the bottom.
Special Agent Hunton estimates that the government lost last year by fraudulent importations of Havana tobacco over \$4,000,000.
A Pittsburg man who threatened to murder every resident on the street on which he lived, was given ten days imprisonment by a judge, a few days ago.
A horse jumped off London bridge the other day. He narrowly escaped landing on a passing steamboat, but was finally rescued, unharmed by its plunge into the Thames.
Among American towns there are five Cleoras, three Tullys, six Catos, seven Ovids, six Virgils, nine Floraccas, ten Milos, seven Hectors, seven Solons, ten Platos, fifteen Homers, and four Scipios.
A man was on trial for his life in Dublin and the principal witness against him was Delahunt, who swore to all the facts necessary to secure conviction. When the accused was asked what he had to say why sentence should not be pronounced, he said he was innocent of the crime, and that the man who had chiefly testified against him was the actual murderer. As a result of further proceedings the prosecuting attorney and the alleged murderer changed places. Delahunt was hanged and the man who had tried to make a victim of his perjury was pardoned.

WIT AND WISDOM.
The busy have no time for tears—Byron.
The circumplous are not otherwise—Maugham.
The public is wiser than the wisest critic—Baneroff.
Have no friends not equal to yourself—Confucius.
Influence is the exhalation of character—W. M. Taylor.
Mediocrity can talk, but it is for gentia to observe—Disraeli.
Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will—Oromwell.
The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom. Henry Ward Beecher.
Next to acquiring good friends the best acquisition is that of good books—Colton.
A politician weakly and amebically right is no match for a politician touchingly and pugnaously wrong—E. P. Whipple.

\$10.00 Loaned
Larger amounts on chattel mortgage security and other collateral.
Lady customers will receive special attention from a lady attendant.
K. E. ALLINGTON 32 Reynolds Arcade.

A Simple way to help Poor Catholic Missions
Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammondon, New Jersey. Give it once your address and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammondon Missions.

Scientific American Agency for
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.
For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York. Old-fashioned for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American.
Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligence can be without it. Send 10 cents for a year's trial gratis. Address MUNN & CO., Publishers, 361 Broadway, New York City.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.
Train robbing in Spain is guarded against by stationing two soldiers in every railway car.
The name "milliner" really means "milliner," the first hat trimmers in England having been ladies from Milan.
The drinking of salt water is said to be a perfect cure for sea-sickness, though it makes the patient very miserable for a few minutes after he takes the cure.
The operatives in Japan mills work every day, there being no Sunday. The hours range from twelve to seven, but the pace is slow and there are frequent holidays.
A German has invented a kind of paper from which any sort of ink may be erased by the use of a manglestone, but the government has refused to grant him a patent on it.
George Clifford, watchman for a Bridgeport, Conn., provision dealer, has furnished abundant proof that booty he stole from his employer leading to his arrest was all given away to persons he found suffering from hunger.
The Albanian girl puts all her fortune into gold and silver coils and mounts these on her high cap that not only the groom but all the assembled company can discern her value at a glance.
The other day the brakeman of an accommodating accommodation train on the Santa Fe road is said to have stopped the train to chase a raccoon into a well. Next day they brought along a ladder, and one of the men went into the well and caught the coon.
The editor of a Georgia paper remarks that "the first good citizen bringing the office a possum will receive in return a notice that a defeated candidate would pay if referred to his successful rival, would speak of your public spirit, patriotism, generous disposition and how you are loved by your fellow countrymen. The weight of the possum will have considerable to do with the length and tone of the notice." Don't all come at once.

SHORT TALKS.
Old Lady—What's the matter now? Steamboat Captain—We've run on a sandbar. Old Lady—Well, why don't you go over it? What's your walking-beam for. I'd like to know!
Little Ethel—It's awful impolite to ask for things. Little Johnny—Course it is. What of it? Little Ethel—Nothing only I'm getting hungry for some candy I've got in my pocket, and there isn't enough for two.
Fond, Parent—Yes, Bobby, the angel of death passed over the bridge and smote the first born of each Egyptian family. Bobby, after a moment's silence—Pop, what did the angel do when it was time?
A little girl says she is not going to be an old maid, for, says she: "When a nice little grown-up boy comes to ask me to get married, I'll be so happy I won't wait to run downstairs to meet him; I'll just slide down the banisters."
"It was so bad," she said to her husband, as they left the theater, "that that woman with the high hat should have spotted the performance for you." "Yes, I had some satisfaction though." "How?" "Watching the man who sat behind you, dear?"
"Now dear," she said, as she stopped at the depot gate, "you will see that everything goes right about the house, won't you?" "Yes, indeed," he answered. "You will do everything just as if I were there." "I will," he replied earnestly. "I'll discharge the servant girl every morning before I go down town."
"So, Mr. Hankinson, you are going on a tour of the world?" "Yes, Miss White," and you'll promise to write to me from every country you might visit?" "Promise! Ah, you know not how I value the privilege. And will you really care to hear from me?" "Yes, I am collecting the postage stamps of all countries."

SUGGESTIVE STATISTICS.
Belgium has 150,000 saloons and 6,000 schools.
Two-thirds of the gold now in use in the world was discovered during the last fifty years.
The United States has a lower percentage of blind people than any other country in the world.
The biggest fresh water fish, the "Arapaca" of the Amazon in South America, grows to six feet in length. French paupers are provided for by the fund arising from a ten per cent tax on theater tickets. This tax averages \$1,500,000 a year.
It is estimated that the chinch bug, Hessian fly, army worm and cotton worm have cost the people of the United States more than the civil war.
Counting the bearing and non-bearing orange trees in Florida, there are estimated to be 10,000,000. California is credited with having 6,000,000 trees, and Arizona about 1,000,000.
During the years 1891-92 nearly 500 American locomotives were exported to foreign countries. Of this number Brazil took 193; Cuba, 86; Mexico, 34; Chile, 23; and Japan 13. Even from Joppa the American locomotive hauls the train to Jerusalem.
Statistics of some of the great wars of the past are reported to be as follows: The Crimean war cost \$2,000,000,000 and 750,000 lives; the Italian war of 1859, \$300,000,000 and 45,000 lives; the war for Southern independence cost the North \$3,100,000,000 and the South \$2,300,000,000, and together about 830,000 lives; the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866 cost \$333,000,000 and 45,000 lives; the Russo-Turkish war, \$125,000,000 and 350,000 lives and the Franco-Prussian war, \$4,100,000,000 and 196,000 lives.

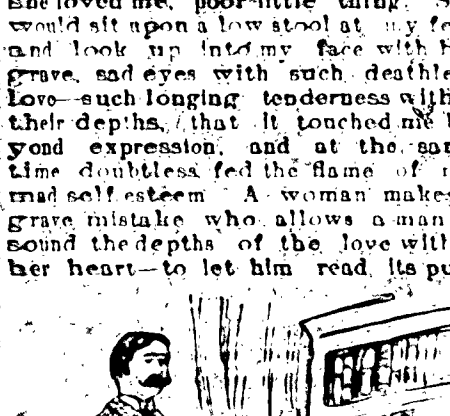
ODDS AND ENDS.
Sixty thousand people in Ireland speak Irish only.
The catalogue of the books in the library of the British museum occupies 2,000 volumes.
A horse thief was run down and captured by policemen, mounted on bicycles, at Bloomington, Pa., recently.
Ex-Mayor J. W. Kitchen of Fayetteville, Georgia, stands six feet four inches in height and weighs 250 pounds.
It is a fact of curious interest that twenty-four of the 6,100 murderers arrested in the United States in 1900 were blind men.
A meeting of 200 persons over seventy years of age is annually held at Leicester, England, and of these over 400 die before the next anniversary.
Three husbands of a young woman, who has been held for bigamy by a court at Saratoga, N. Y., have turned up. Her defence is that she is a monomaniac on the subject of marriage.
There is no truth in the old adage, "A pint's a pound the world around." A pint of coffee weighs twelve ounces, a pint of flour one half of a pound and a pint of granulated sugar fourteen ounces.
At Parkersburg, W. Va., William Kato, a horse thief, told that on the night the horse was stolen he went to bed tired and worn out, and that when he awoke he was sitting by the roadside miles away from town holding a strange horse by the bridle.
At New Orleans, a rich cotton broker of Louisiana sent a telegram. When he returned the train had gone, so he chartered a locomotive, climbed into the cab and after a stern chase of nine miles caught his train and went on with it. He had to be in New York the next morning.
A form of physical culture within reach of every one is found in raising lads for young women by Mrs. Bridget Maguire of New York. Take the scope (the high little name for broom) in the hands, which should be held at half reach reversed grasp, allowing the bushy portion of the scope to rest upon the floor, and holding firmly to the upper end of the handle, bend the body firmly forward, give the arms a horizontal movement, lift the scope slightly and move one foot before the other. Repeat these movements until the scope has been brought into contact with every portion of the floor.

COMIC CHATTER.
Little Miss Nugg do get a bicycle, and you hasn't. Little Miss Fleckles—Yes, and now everybody knows you wears darned stockings!
"Mr. Billings, what do you think of these fresh young women who run typewriters?" Mr. Spinkins I don't think of them at all. I've a wife who does my thinking in that regard.
"What new arrangement has Conley for his store?" He's always talking about it. "Greatest novelty I've seen." The stove pipe he had last winter fits the store now without any change being made in it.
Servant Maid Please, ma'am, the parrot has been saying another lot of fresh words. Mistress to visitor: Yes, my Jocko is very teachable. It listens to every word my dear husband speaks to me. (To servant) What did the creature say? Servant Maid Shut up, you old beamin' Talleau.
Lawyer—Are you sure that occurrence was on the 17th of the month? Witness—Yes, it was the 17th. Lawyer—Now, remember, you are under oath. How do you know it was on the 17th? Witness—"Cause the day before was the 16th and the day after it was the 18th."
Uncle Ebony—I's glad you're in, sah, 'cause I want to borrow your cyclopedias, and a few dictionaries and any other nice books you can spare, sah. Employer—Goodness me! And you've brought a wheelbarrow, I see. What on earth do you want of them? Uncle Ebony—Very imp'nt occasion, sah, very imp'nt. Dinah and me wants to hunt up a name for the baby, sah.
I went into the postoffice the other day and asked for two one-cent stamps and one two-cent stamp. The genius at the window got rattled and gave me only the one-cent stamps.
"Where is the two-cent stamp I called for?" I asked. I further observed that if I had any influence with the present administration, "You won't be here long." "And if I have any influence with the watchman," said he, "you won't be here long."

ECCENTRICITIES OF AGE.
Georgia Cayvan has a fad for collecting fancy pins; she has some that were made in the reign of Queen Besa.
Eleanor C. Shaw of Portland, is said to be the oldest drummer in Maine. He is 86, and still beats everybody else down to the store, arriving daily at 8:45 a. m.
Nelse Phillips of Barre, Vt., when he got to be 80 years old thought he was old enough to begin work, so started in as a reporter. That was a year ago. Now he writes like an old hand.
Alexander Underwood of San Jose, Cal., who has become prominent as a prohibition advocate on the Pacific coast, has taken out a marriage license. He is eighty-five years old, and his prospective bride, Mrs. Eliza G. Backman, is eighty-seven.
Uncle Joe Ardie is an old drakey, living on the Savannah river in Georgia, who after the earthquake of 1880, became afraid to live on the ground, and built him a home in a huge oak tree, where he lived contentedly till a storm blew him out. He will try it on the ground awhile now.

MURDERED FOR LOVE.
"I LOVED her. It was not the first love of my life but it was the dearest and strongest, the purest and truest that had ever entered my heart."
"How could I know that she was so tender-hearted, so over-sensitive that the least breath of coldness would sweep over her like a gale from Arctice seas, parching, killing the very life within her heart? We men so seldom understand a woman's nature. We judge them all by our own standards; we make no allowance for the difference in nature; we are like giants tramping upon a dainty flower-bed; leaving devastation in our paths." I thought I understood her, my poor little Augustine; but now looking back upon that time I marvel at my own blind stupidity.
"Triple lock to my blind folly purified and impotent were."
Thinking to move the words, who could I did not dream of the depths which lay below the surface in that tender loving heart. I looked upon her with a sort of pity, because she was so gentle and tender, so loving and timid, and little did I dream of the suffering which lay hidden within her innocent breast.
This is not an exciting story, it is a plain, unvarnished tale, but it is a tale with a hope that some man may read it, some man with the overbearing arrogance of the male creature, and will pause and reflect upon his own course. To such I would say, "Beware." The day may come when you too, may stand alone and desolate. When your heart may be bowed in bitter anguish, and you will cry, "Beware how you deal with a woman's heart." Beware how you deal with a woman's heart. Beware how you deal with a woman's heart. Beware how you deal with a woman's heart. Beware how you deal with a woman's heart.
Augustine had promised to be my wife, and I was happy, happier than I have ever been since, for I had not grown so cold and arrogant then as I later days. I think there is a devil, a familiar demon in every man's breast. In mine the evil spirit was chiefly pride, foolish, self-conceited pride. It passes my understanding (now looking back upon the past, of what has any mortal the right to be proud and vain-glorious? Oh, how she loved me, poor little thing! She would sit upon a low stool at my feet and look up into my face with her grave, sad eyes with such deathless love—such longing tenderness within their depths, that I touched and she trembled, and at the same time she would feed the flame of my mad self-esteem. A woman makes a grave mistake who allows a man to sound the depths of the love within her heart—to let him read its pure contents.

At last, weary with the struggle of the mad hope of ever calling forth a response from this barren statue, I sought her one evening after my return to health, determined to know what it all meant. I found her alone in our small library. Her head was resting upon her hand, and she looked against the open window, her eyes under their ordinary mortal eyes I had ever seen before—were fixed upon the sky outside.
"Augustine," I said, gently, putting my arm about her, with a tender caress, "my wife, tell me what has come between us? I love you, darling—you have all the love of my heart; I worship you, adore you; I will never offend you again; only love me—love me—love me."
I was on my knees before her now, clasping her hands, kissing the hem of her dress, weeping mad tears of wild-ecstasy. But I might as well have appealed to a stone.
"Tell me what it is," I demanded, hoarsely.
She clasped her hands under my arm and gazed into my face.
"I will," she said, slowly, "though it cuts to my heart like a knife to tell you; but after all the truth is best, and I am your wife—and you have a right to know. It is this: My love for you is dead—murdered by your own hand! I cannot help it. I strove against it with all my strength; but my heart has starved to death; my love has perished, and your coldness and neglect have murdered it. I am your wife and I shall do a wife's duty. If you wish me to remain in your house, I will do so, but my heart is dead."
"My punishment is just, but who shall say that it is not bitter? My days go by in a long nightmare-like existence. I am utterly alone and my life is cruel." And when I look upon her—the cold, calm statue of the head of my table, and recall the tender devotion, the worshipping eyes that used to follow my every movement, there are times when I am tempted to take my own life to escape the mute reproach of her presence—my murdered love.
"Oh, to the house with a corse, and she so fair! With her dim, unearthly golden hair And her sad serene blue eyes!"
When Richness Is Not so Desirable.
A specially rich strike of silver ore in the West is not so profitable to the owner of the mines as an outsider might suppose, partly because it costs more weight for weight to transport rich ore than poor ore from the mine to the smelting furnace. When a mine owner asks a railway company to run in a spur to his mine and seeks to make terms for transportation the first question in reply is: "How much does your ore assay?" The railway's charge per ton is in proportion to the value of the ore.



The Father of Mathematics.
Euclid, who is sometimes called the father of mathematics, taught this subject in the famous school at Alexandria. Being asked one day by the king of Egypt (Ptolemy Soter) whether he could not teach him the science in a shorter way, Euclid answered in words that have been memorable ever since: "Sirs, there is no royal road to learning." Not many scraps of conversation have lived as this reply has for nearly 2,300 years.

own willingness to "make a door-mat of herself for the man she loved!"
Of course, dear-like, I abused this unselfishness and devotion. I began to absent myself from home; my evenings were passed with room companions who gladly welcomed me back to their midst, an evening at poker or a theater party; made up of masculines alone; it is true—but with a decided tendency to linger and exclaim: "We won't go home till morning."
Augustine said nothing; she never complained. I wish now, with all my heart, that she had. A little judicious home-lecture, occasionally, seems requisite for every man's well-being. But no matter how late I came, there was never a reproach, never a hastily uttered word; only uniform gentleness and kindness; though I could not shut my eyes to the traces of tears upon the sweet, patient face, and the sad blue eyes grew sadder daily, as time went slowly by.
I did not know it—did not dream that such a thing was possible—but my wife's love for me was dying—a lingering death, by slow torture, but dying all the same. Had any one suggested such a possibility to me, I would have laughed it to scorn.
The end came at last. One night while out with a half-dozen old club mates, a difficulty arose, an altercation ensued, angry words—and a pistol fired in the midst of the group—it was never known by whose hand, or at whom aimed. But the bullet found a resting place in my body—it buried itself in my side, and I fell to the ground, bleeding and senseless.
I opened my eyes to find myself at home in my own bed, while, pale as marble, Augustus, my wife, sat at over me. Her blue eyes were full of sympathy and sorrow; the golden hair, worn like a coronet, gave her the look of a saint with an aureole.
I put out my hand—a great wave of pitying love surging over my hard, worldly heart. She took it in her own, but said nothing. She nursed me continually through the long illness that followed. Night after night she never left my side, only when compelled to rest her weary body for a brief space. Before I was fully recovered, I found that I had learned to love my wife in the true way at last—the pure, noble, unselfish way. Now I was willing to give up all for her dear sake, to submit to live but for her, shutting out the cold world, and hand in hand to pass down life's hill together.
She was very quiet, almost too silent. She accepted all my overtures and demonstrations of affection with a sad, sweet smile, but there was no more adoration lavished upon me—no more sitting at my feet, like a penitent before a shrine. I remembered with what secret impatience I had received her expressions of love and devotion in other days, and I longed—oh, so earnestly for those days to return. But they never came back— they never will. Kindly, gently, humbly, she received my proofs of affection, but there was no demonstration in return.
I had made one. I got up at last to wash up my face as usual, but a sudden dimness before my eyes made me dash my hand upon a marble Galatea, to whom no hope of life can ever come.

At last, weary with the struggle of the mad hope of ever calling forth a response from this barren statue, I sought her one evening after my return to health, determined to know what it all meant. I found her alone in our small library. Her head was resting upon her hand, and she looked against the open window, her eyes under their ordinary mortal eyes I had ever seen before—were fixed upon the sky outside.
"Augustine," I said, gently, putting my arm about her, with a tender caress, "my wife, tell me what has come between us? I love you, darling—you have all the love of my heart; I worship you, adore you; I will never offend you again; only love me—love me—love me."
I was on my knees before her now, clasping her hands, kissing the hem of her dress, weeping mad tears of wild-ecstasy. But I might as well have appealed to a stone.
"Tell me what it is," I demanded, hoarsely.
She clasped her hands under my arm and gazed into my face.
"I will," she said, slowly, "though it cuts to my heart like a knife to tell you; but after all the truth is best, and I am your wife—and you have a right to know. It is this: My love for you is dead—murdered by your own hand! I cannot help it. I strove against it with all my strength; but my heart has starved to death; my love has perished, and your coldness and neglect have murdered it. I am your wife and I shall do a wife's duty. If you wish me to remain in your house, I will do so, but my heart is dead."
"My punishment is just, but who shall say that it is not bitter? My days go by in a long nightmare-like existence. I am utterly alone and my life is cruel." And when I look upon her—the cold, calm statue of the head of my table, and recall the tender devotion, the worshipping eyes that used to follow my every movement, there are times when I am tempted to take my own life to escape the mute reproach of her presence—my murdered love.
"Oh, to the house with a corse, and she so fair! With her dim, unearthly golden hair And her sad serene blue eyes!"
When Richness Is Not so Desirable.
A specially rich strike of silver ore in the West is not so profitable to the owner of the mines as an outsider might suppose, partly because it costs more weight for weight to transport rich ore than poor ore from the mine to the smelting furnace. When a mine owner asks a railway company to run in a spur to his mine and seeks to make terms for transportation the first question in reply is: "How much does your ore assay?" The railway's charge per ton is in proportion to the value of the ore.

The Father of Mathematics.
Euclid, who is sometimes called the father of mathematics, taught this subject in the famous school at Alexandria. Being asked one day by the king of Egypt (Ptolemy Soter) whether he could not teach him the science in a shorter way, Euclid answered in words that have been memorable ever since: "Sirs, there is no royal road to learning." Not many scraps of conversation have lived as this reply has for nearly 2,300 years.

When Richness Is Not so Desirable.
A specially rich strike of silver ore in the West is not so profitable to the owner of the mines as an outsider might suppose, partly because it costs more weight for weight to transport rich ore than poor ore from the mine to the smelting furnace. When a mine owner asks a railway company to run in a spur to his mine and seeks to make terms for transportation the first question in reply is: "How much does your ore assay?" The railway's charge per ton is in proportion to the value of the ore.

The Father of Mathematics.
Euclid, who is sometimes called the father of mathematics, taught this subject in the famous school at Alexandria. Being asked one day by the king of Egypt (Ptolemy Soter) whether he could not teach him the science in a shorter way, Euclid answered in words that have been memorable ever since: "Sirs, there is no royal road to learning." Not many scraps of conversation have lived as this reply has for nearly 2,300 years.

When Richness Is Not so Desirable.
A specially rich strike of silver ore in the West is not so profitable to the owner of the mines as an outsider might suppose, partly because it costs more weight for weight to transport rich ore than poor ore from the mine to the smelting furnace. When a mine owner asks a railway company to run in a spur to his mine and seeks to make terms for transportation the first question in reply is: "How much does your ore assay?" The railway's charge per ton is in proportion to the value of the ore.

The Father of Mathematics.
Euclid, who is sometimes called the father of mathematics, taught this subject in the famous school at Alexandria. Being asked one day by the king of Egypt (Ptolemy Soter) whether he could not teach him the science in a shorter way, Euclid answered in words that have been memorable ever since: "Sirs, there is no royal road to learning." Not many scraps of conversation have lived as this reply has for nearly 2,300 years.

When Richness Is Not so Desirable.
A specially rich strike of silver ore in the West is not so profitable to the owner of the mines as an outsider might suppose, partly because it costs more weight for weight to transport rich ore than poor ore from the mine to the smelting furnace. When a mine owner asks a railway company to run in a spur to his mine and seeks to make terms for transportation the first question in reply is: "How much does your ore assay?" The railway's charge per ton is in proportion to the value of the ore.