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Prepared by F. M. Mollinger, M.D., New York, N.Y.

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THE FAIREST LAND.

"Tell me, gentle traveler, thou who hast wandered far and wide—
 Seen the sweetest roses bow
 And the brightest rivers slide
 Say of all thine eyes have seen
 Which the fairest land has been?"

"Lady, shall I tell thee where
 Nature seems most sweet and fair,
 Far above all climes beside?
 'Tis where those we love abide.
 And that little spot is best,
 Which the loved one's foot hath pressed.
 Though it be a fairy space,
 Wide and spreading in the place,
 'Tis where the heart is true and sound,
 With thee, my lady, waste would seem
 The garden of Alcazar's stream.
 And thou shalt make a dun, on gloom
 A bower where new-born roses bloom."
 —From the Persian.

What's in a Name.
 Naming a baby is, in my opinion, a more important matter than we really make of it. The poor little helpless thing has no voice or choice in the matter, but must take whatever we see fit to give him. Just think, too, a name is something that lasts through life and will be forever on our tongues and dined in our ears. Surely we ought to give thought and care to its selection. Of course what is musical to the ears of one might not be to another, but a little discrimination and common sense will show to us good advantage in the selection of a name as in any other place you could possibly use it.

Often a name really becomes pleasant to us by reason of the affection and respect we bear to the one to whom it belongs; but it will hardly follow that if we call a child any name it will grow sweet with us. I know a man says a writer in the Philadelphia Times, who carried the name Zollicoffer through life, and that with dignity; but I used to look at him and think what a hard time he must have had when a boy, and I divided my pity between him and another poor fellow whose name was Jehosaphat. Two names are better than one, that is more musical if they are well put together, and if they look well when written in full. This is especially true for one's public life, or if the surname is a very common one. Give your son a name that you would like to see written in full if he becomes a noted divine or senator.

Above all things, don't give a poor little helpless baby a name that will be a mortification and perhaps an almost insupportable burden to him all his life, for the sake of naming him after some grandfather, or some kind, well-meaning uncle, who agrees to buy a suit of clothes for him in return for the "honor" honor to whom, pray? What respect would it show to the departed or elder members of the family to give their names to your baby? It surely does not foster respect in the mind of the child.

Instead of handing a name down in a family from father to son, one of a name in a family is enough. Who has heard of "Big Joe" and "Little Joe," "Old Dave Barker" and "Young Dave Barker"? If you feel a name and perhaps a pardonable pride in the parent's or grandparent's name, remember that the children of noted men seldom are as great as their fathers. Sometimes, indeed, they are quite the reverse, and in that case you not only do not add to the son's capabilities or character, but may bring reproach to the honored name. Even should he excel, let him have the credit of doing so on his merits, not on account of his father's name. Then, too, how awkward in business or literary writing to always be adding the Sr. or Jr. to distinguish them.

I lost a sister, years ago, whose name was pretty and would bear repeating, but mother would never allow the name to be given to another in the family. To mother the name is as much a part of sister as her face was and to hear it used for another would destroy its individuality and seem almost like sacrilege.

Another point in choosing a name to give one that cannot be nicknamed, or, at least, one that will nickname well, not like the cloddy woman who named her boy Sappho and called him Sap for short, and her girl Cynthia and called her Sin. For a second name nothing can be nicer than for one child in the family to bear his mother's maiden name, provided it is a "comfortable" one. A name can be given for a second name that you think very pretty, but which is too long or hard to speak for common use. If you give a name that ends in a, by all means pronounce it properly. Don't call Alva Alvy, nor Julia Julia. If the surname is a very common one, like Smith, Jones, or Brown, select some name that is not likely to be duplicated. In this case, too, names may be given with an unusual combination of initials. They impart more individuality in later years. But don't go to the other extreme. Don't give a name so fantastic or romantic as to emphasize by force of contrast the prosaic common surname. Fantastic names are all very well on the program of a comic opera, but they are rather undignified in real life. This is not a theatrical world, and one does not want to be saddled for life with a stage name.

Brave Hannah Snell.
 There have been many women warriors in the world, but it must be admitted that there have been very few whose deeds were such as to claim the admiration of the country for any great length of time. In the annals of women's warfare there are generally stories of overzealousness, leading to fanaticism and subsequent punishment and disgrace.

Hannah Snell, who, when but a girl took the strange resolution of enlisting as a soldier, the records of a fleet, rose on one of the West Indies, and showed so much courage that she was repeatedly promoted. Her sex was unknown, and therefore it could never be claimed that Hannah's success was due to partiality or favoritism.

Once, when dangerously wounded, she extracted the ball herself, faring that she might be discovered and discharged. After long service she returned to her native home at Worcester, England, where her adventures soon became spread abroad. The government, on investigation of her really great career, granted her a pension of £20. She died full of years and laden with honors at an inn near Wapping.

Entertaining a La Mode.
 A great modification has been inaugurated this season in the mode of dinner-giving, and the fashion of serving dinners at small tables laid for eight or ten has been almost universally adopted in the grand mode of Paris. This arrangement has been hitherto only in use at ball suppers, but now these late suppers are rather out of date, and the festivities begin with a dinner instead of ending with a feast. The dinner is much the same as for a ball supper, the chief difference being that at the supper the guests placed themselves where they liked, while at the dinner the places are assigned by the mistress of the house.

The tables are all decorated with different flowers, and each gentleman receives of a packet and an envelope containing the name of the lady he is to take to dinner and the flowers to be found at the table intended for him. Handsome dishes of old silver or modern ones in imitation, baskets of silvered wire, shells of China or simple vases of glass the color of the flowers, are used as receptacles for the pretty flowers, and pretty trays are filled with bonbons and candied fruits. The menus are made very small, in the shape of a pocket book, and consist of pink, blue or green, and ornamented with gilded initials or the crest of the family. White damask linen is used for these grand affairs, the military mode of table decoration being reserved for country houses and simpler feasts.

The Popular Girl.
 The really popular girl always knows a lot. She knows enough not to gossip about people who have done her favors and who are in a way of doing her favors. She knows enough to dress appropriately at all times and never to be over-dressed. She knows enough not to wear diamonds, discuss religion or politics, boast about her ancient lineage or tell long-winded tales. She knows enough to keep silence and she knows how to talk well.

She knows how to dance, swim, row, sail, a best play, the piano and banjo, sing negro melodies and college songs. She knows enough not to "give away" all the funny confidences the boys give her when in the blues or feeling particularly good; and she knows how to cook when they are stranded on an island, becalmed and without oars or a stick with which to pole home. She knows just how to catch a fish, and then to cook it and she knows enough not to growl and whine and complain until they are safely home.

Uses of Hairpins.
 Hairpins are very valuable. They cost only a trifling sum, to be sure, but they are worth a great deal when you don't happen to have one.

Here are a few uses for them:
 They make splendid corkers for wine bottles.
 They are invaluable when it comes to straightening out tangled shoe strings.
 They are invaluable when you lose the key of your desk or trunk. With a little ingenuity, plenty of patience and persistent scratching with one of them the lock will snap back with sheer desperation.

They are very handy to pin veils.
 They have been known to keep detached ruffles in place.
 They can be used as hat-pins—in a pinch.
 They are superior to any shoe or glove button ever invented.

How Old are You?
 The physical beauty of women should last until they are past fifty. Nor does beauty reach its zenith under the age of thirty-five or forty. Helen of Troy, comes upon the stage at the age of forty. Aspasia was thirty-six when married to Pericles, and she was a brilliant figure thirty years thereafter. Cleopatra was past thirty when she met Antony. Diane de Poitiers was thirty-six when she won the heart of Henry II. The king was half her age, but his devotion never changed. Anne of Austria, was thirty-eight when described as the most beautiful woman in Europe. Mme. de Maintenon was forty-three when united to Louis and Catherine of Russia, thirty-three when she seized the throne she occupied for thirty-five years. Mrs. Mar was most beautiful at forty-five, and her beauty lasted well on into the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five.

The Padding of Long Ago.
 Four large tart apples, half of a nutmeg, grated; four ounces of stale bread crumbs, half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, four eggs. Beat and chop the apples very fine, mix them with the bread crumbs. Beat the eggs separately until very light, then add the yolks to the crumbs, stir in the whites carefully, and the salt cinnamon and nutmeg; mix carefully and boil in a greased mold three hours. Serve hot, with foamy sauce. Good.

Baked Chicken.
 An appetizing way to cook chicken is to cut it in pieces, as if for a frieze. Dip the pieces in beaten egg and then in fine bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper and minced parsley. Put them in a dripping pan with bits of butter over them, and a little water in the pan. Bake slowly until they are done. Put the chicken upon a hot dish, make a rich gravy of the contents of the pan and pour over the chicken. Garnish the dish with parsley.

Unique and Beautiful.
 The Empress Frederick of Germany, possesses a unique tea service. The tea tray has been beaten out of an old Prussian half-penny. The teapot is made out of a German farthing, and the teacups are made from coins of different German principalities.



NOSHI AND THE GLORY.

It was the rosy flush of dawn
 In the beautiful Japan.
 When through the garden ways
 Came little Noshi San—
 Her striped and lacquered wooden shoes
 A clacking as she ran.

She stopped beside the mossy well
 With silver crescent of blue
 And would have drawn, but that she spied
 A morning glory vine
 Which in the night the pall had wreathed,
 To equate doan.

The dainty thief smiled up at her,
 Uncertain, little Noshi stood
 Debatin' what to do
 Then lifted raised her empty pail
 And to a neighbor flew.

Gifts were friend, I pray, she said,
 For in the night a vine
 Has seized my bucket, and so fair
 Its fragile arms entwined
 I could not raise it from the ground
 Mary M. Scott, in St. Nicholas.

The Real Cinderella.
 The true Cinderella lived a great many years ago, long before the little cinder girl who had the wicked sisters, and whose adventures pleased you so much in the story-book. Thousands of years ago the little dark-skinned boys and girls of Egypt, tended to the real story from their mother's ear, their nurse's lips with the same interest and delight with which you read the adventures of the young girl whose fairy god-mother dressed her with wonderful skill and gold and gave her the tiny glass slippers that have been so famous ever since.

But there were no cruel sisters in the first story, no mice were changed by magic into gay steeds, and no pumpkins became stately chariots. The good old godmother was left out, too, for an eagle did all the managing and carried the beautiful slipper over the silver sands and the gray old pyramids to the fascinated prince who afterwards married and won his mistress. The story has come down to us accompanied by a sort of moldering and exquisite perfume from ancient papyrus archives, which modern science has learned to translate from Egyptian hieroglyphics.

In the first place her name was not Cinderella at all, but Nefertau, which is quite as pretty. I think. She was a beautiful Persian princess, who had been taken captive by an Egyptian general and brought with the rest of his spoils to his home on the banks of the Nile. Persia was called in those days the land of flowers and glass slippers, for nowhere else were there so many roses, and nowhere else did they manufacture glass slippers. Nefertau, though a slave, wore on her feet a pair of those wonderful crystal sandals. Most wonderful of all, they were so small that nobody but Nefertau could wear them.

One day Nefertau went with her mistress to bathe in the cool tank in the garden. She left her glass slipper on the back of the tub, and the one among the callas and lotus blossoms, with her pearly feet shining like alabaster in the water. While they sported in the current they saw an eagle swoop down upon the shore and bear away something bright in its talons.

"It is my slipper," said Nefertau sorrowfully. "The eagle has carried it away."
 "Never mind," said her mistress, "it may bring you good luck. An eagle, you know, is a symbol of sorcery."

"I am glad of that," answered Nefertau, and she checked her tears and hobbled home as best she might with one foot slipperless.
 Now at Memphis reigned King Ramesses in great glory. He was a young man and had just come to the throne. He was brave and handsome, too, but he was not married.

"Women are all quinine," he said to his counselors. "It is better to reign alone than reign with one you do not love."
 The king sat one evening in the cool portico of his palace overlooking the Nile. The last rays of the sun light quivered on the sands of the Libyan desert. Delicious breezes rose from the river scented with the odor of callas, palm leaves and orange flowers. The sweet voices of beautiful slaves hummed a gay tune, but Ramesses was very sad and thoughtful.

Suddenly the shadow of a huge bird passed over the palace court.
 "What is it?" asked the king of his servants.
 "An eagle, my lord. There is luck for you. He brings a message from Osiris."

The royal bird flew nearer and nearer. At last he swooped down and dropped upon the balustrade at the foot of the porphyry steps the tiny glass slipper that Nefertau had worn.
 "This is a wonderful foot which this will fit," said Ramesses, picking up the glittering thing. "None of the ladies of Egypt can have a foot so small."
 "Pray, your majesty," answered his wise old counselor, "the shoe is not of Egyptian make, but surely the owner cannot be far off."

"I will make the maiden my queen if you can find her," declared Ramesses, "but be sure she is not in the land of the Seven Rivers."
 "We will find her, never fear," said the wise men, and they at once dispatched royal couriers with orders to search every house till they could find the maiden to whom the slipper belonged and whose foot it should fit.

The messengers went over all the land of Egypt and at last came to the palace where Nefertau lived as a slave. Now Nefertau's mistress had a daughter who, when she heard of the king's proclamation, determined that she would be queen. So when the messengers arrived at the palace she appeared before them, very meek, and delicate, and said:
 "Ah, you have brought back my

slipper. It is very kind of you. I valued the pair very highly."
 And she showed them the mate to it, which she had taken from Nefertau. But the messenger had two or three ideas of his own, so he answered:
 "If this slipper belongs to you, surely it will fit your foot."
 The young lady then could do no better than to attempt to put it on, but her great toe was too large, and ball and push as she might it would not go.

"Then hast a young and handsome slave—perhaps the shoe will fit her," said the messenger looking at Nefertau. And in spite of all she could say he knelt down and slipped on the dainty slipper, which fitted her exactly.

"We salute you as the bride of our king," the messengers exclaimed; and they mounted her in a golden chariot and carried her to Ramesses. Beautiful and dainty as a white lily she stood before the king, with her pearly feet clad in the wonderful glass slippers.

When Ramesses saw her he said:
 "She is as beautiful as the golden goddess Isis, whose statue is in the great temple."

And he wooed her even as Thothmes the grandfather wooed the dark-eyed Nitaker of Thebes. What better could Nefertau do? She married him, and there was a great wedding. There were processions to the temples and costly sacrifices made to the gods.

As the bridal party went to the temple the daughter of Nefertau's mistress went out to see the show. She was sorry for it ever after, for a dove picked out her eyes, so that she was always blind. But Nefertau had so much pity for her that she took her home to the royal palace and made her chief lady of honor, though all she could do was to sit and with an ostrich fan keep the flies from the queen's face. Philadelphia Times.

A Wonder for Time-Keeping.
 One of the most wonderful time-keepers known in the horologists was made in London about 100 years ago and sent by the president of the East India Company as a gift to the emperor of China. The case was made in the form of a chariot, in which was seated the figure of a woman. This figure was of pure ivory and gold, and sat with her right hand resting upon a tiny clock, fastened to the side of the vehicle. A part of the wheels which kept track of the flight of the hours, were hidden in the body of the chariot, which had seemingly just alighted upon the lady's finger. Above was a canopy so arranged as to conceal a silver bell. This bell was fitted with a miniature hammer of the same metal and, although it appeared to have no connection with the clock, regularly struck the hours, and could be made to repeat by touching a diamond button on the lady's bodice. In the chariot at the ivory lady's feet there was a golden figure of a dog, whose nose and front paws were two birds, apparently flying before the chariot. This beautiful ornament was made almost entirely of gold, and was elaborately decorated with precious stones.

How the Gorrilla Walks.
 The usual pictures of the gorilla do not represent him as I have seen him. He is not only a crouching habit, but he walks on all four of his legs, and has the motion of most quadrupeds, using his right arm and left leg at the same time, and alternates with the left arm and right leg. It is not exactly a walk or a trot, but a kind of ambling gait, while the chimpanzee uses his arms as crutches, but lifts one foot from the ground a little in advance of the other. They do not place the palm of the hand on the ground, but touch the back of the fingers from the second joint, and at times the one I have described above seemed to touch only the back of the nails, but this was when she was scarcely moving at all. I am now preparing to photograph one of them, and I think I can give a more reliable picture of this animal than I have ever seen heretofore. McClure's Magazine.

Responsible for His Mother.
 A minister of a prominent New York church, who was about to leave home for a few days, was bidding good-by to his family, says the Boston Budget.
 When he came to Bobby he took the little fellow in his arms and said: "Well, young man, I want you to be a good boy, and be sure to take good care of mamma."

Bobby promised, and the father departed, leaving him with a very large and full appreciation of his new and weighty responsibility. When night came and he was called to say his prayers, the young guardian expressed himself as follows:
 "O Lord, please protect papa, and brother Dick, and sister Alice, and aunt Mary, and all the little Jones boys, and Bobby. But you needn't trouble about mamma, for I'm going to look after her myself."

The Seven Senses.
 Robbie—Uncle Jacob, Mr. Tarbox said this morning that when he fell from the roof he had the seven senses knocked out of him. I thought there were only five senses.
 Uncle Jake—There is seven senses, honey; but of dat man, or any uddah man had all, dey's a merrickle. Yass, dees seven ob—um—hearin', seein', feelin', tastin', smellin' is do dat, dat, dat, folks know er bout. Den dees' home sense, which some mules an' some white folks ain't got, an' den, leass, dees' common sense, which is so uncommon 'at it nevah gets to be plenty, an' mighty few people has it—at leasin' my time.—Harper's Young People.

Orate! Robin Redbreast.
 Miss Cecilia Morse, of Morrisania, N. Y., discovered a lame robin hopping on the lawn not long since, and bound up its broken leg. It was in the course of an early morning walk that this act of charity was done, and the bird has since made its appearance at the identical hour every day. Becoming weary of early walks, Miss Morse abstained from her peregrinations one day, and was surprised the next to hear a gentle tapping at her bedroom window, which, on investigation, proved to be the work of the robin.

One More Victory.
 A well-brought-up child was seen secretly to purloin and pocket an orange from the laid-out dinner-table, but was afterwards seen to enter the empty room and secretly again return it to the dish and triumphantly exclaim: "Sold again, Sam!"

BRILLIANT.
 When you give advice don't try to put it all in italics.
 To love is to admire with the heart; to admire is to love with the mind.
 No woman is educated who is not equal to the management of a family.
 It is our kindest and tenderest emotion which we screen from the world. Fame comes only when deserved, and then it is as inevitable as destiny. He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without a fault.
 Physical exercise and intellectual rest in due season should never be neglected.
 Unbefriended indeed is he who has no friend bold enough to point out his faults.
 Wrong ever builds on quicksands, but the right to the firm center lays its moorings base.
 Sense can support herself handsomely in most countries on some eighteen pence a day; but for phantasy, planets and solar systems will not suffice.
 Of a certain class of dispensants it has been wittily observed that their conclusions are always right and their reasons for them invariably wrong.
 There are lots of people who mix their religion with their business, but forget to stir it up well. As a result the business invariably rises to the top.
 A leveler has long ago been set down as a ridiculous and chimerical being, who, if he could finish his work to-day would have to begin it again to-morrow.
 Remember Talleyrand's advice, "If you are in doubt whether to write a letter or not, don't." The advice applies to many other doubts in life beside that of letter-writing.
 The idea of duty—that recognition of something to be lived for beyond the mere satisfaction of self—is to the moral life what the addition of a great central ganglion is to animal life.
 I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colors and makes the surface shine.

JUST FOR FUN.
 Turnpike Walker—I say, Willie, if you had a million dollars what would you do with it? Willie Werk—Buy a brewery and live.
 Maude—There is one thing Bells can say about her fiancé. He belongs to a well-known family. Grace—Indeed? What is his name? Maude—Smith.
 "Is your business good?" asked the burglar of the counterfeiter. "Good?" repeated the counterfeiter. "Well I should say it was. I have been just coining money."

Tommy's Mamma—So Johnny grabbed your apple, did he? The naughty boy! Why didn't you grab it from him? Tommy, in tears—I did—I grabbed it from him first.
 Conundrum—What's the difference between a cat and a legal document? Answer—The one has claws at the end of its paws; the other has paws at the end of its claws.
 Bunker—Pretty hot yesterday, wasn't it? Eli—Hot is no name for it. My wife put a pickerel in a soup tureen and he perspired so much he was swimming around inside of thirty minutes.

"Y-a-a-s," said young Mr. Gilgal, "I sang for them. They didn't seem to care for popular music, though."
 "Liked something with more depth to it, eh?" Y-a-a-s. That's what they did. So I gave it to them. "What did you sing?" "Down in the coal mine."

Overheard in a street car—"The doctors can say what they please, but I know it's just flyin' in the face of nature to bring a baby up on a bottle. There's Mary Jane Riley's baby; she tried bringing it up on milkman's milk, and it just up and died of water on the brain."

The mayor, in his capacity of registrar of marriages, put the usual question to the bridegroom: "Jules Esprit Hanler, do you consent to take Made-moiselle Victorine-Eugenie Lamour, here present, to be your wedded wife?" A long silence. Then suddenly, as if awakening from a dream, the young man said: "Beg pardon, your worship, were you speaking to me?"

GATHERED GRAINS.
 The material of which merchandise pipes are made is used in Spain as a building stone.
 Very handsome dresses and window curtains as well, are now made of glass in Austria.
 The dome of the new observatory now in course of erection at Greenwich will be made of papier mache.
 The new weldless chain has been proven by experiment made by Professor Hele-Shaw of the University college at Liverpool that its breaking strain is nearly double that of the steel of which it is made.
 The largest band saw machine in the world has recently been completed in England and sent to Tasmania. The machine can saw through a maximum depth of seventy-five inches, and the carriage will accommodate logs fifty feet long and weighing about fifty tons. It is asserted that this saw cuts faster than a circular saw, while wasting seventy-five per cent less wood.

Travelers in the Southwest, and especially in Mexico, find a striking resemblance between the domestic architecture there and the same architecture in Palestine. There are old towns in Texas, Arizona and California that are so like such places as Bethlehem and Bethany that if photographs of them were thus labeled not one observer in twenty would be the wiser.

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