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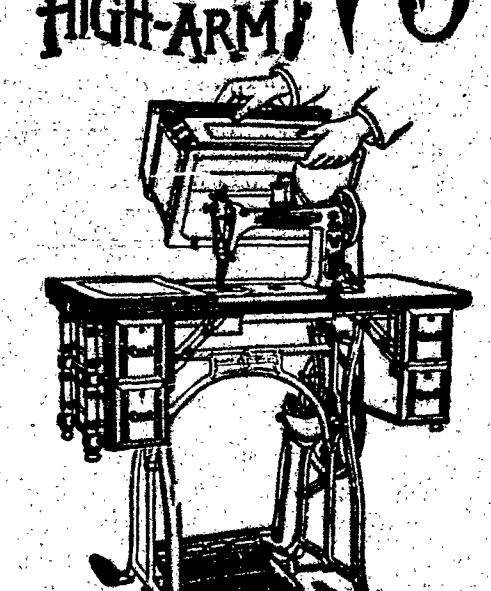
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SECRET OF LONG LIFE

CAN A HEALTHY PERSON PROLONG
HIS LIFE TO 200 YEARS?

The Theory of "Retarding Vital Consumption" Franklin and the Flies—Work the Heart Does—Recent Experiment in the Partial Vegetarian System.

Among the various fantastic theories for prolonging life one of the most popular at the end of the eighteenth century was what was called "retarding vital consumption." Maupeuis fancied that a complete suspension of vital activity, a sort of Rip Van Winkle sleep, might be produced so as to check self consumption. Bodie in this state could be laid away and then resuscitated after a lapse of two or three centuries. Benjamin Franklin even, while living in France, seems to have had faith in this. One day he received some bottles of wine from Virginia. In one of them—only one—were a few dead flies, which the great philosopher resolved to utilize in an experiment. The month was July, and these imported flies, which had been on a spree in Virginia, had fallen into the native wine and had been in this state shipped to France, where they were exposed to the heat of the French sun. Three hours passed, and the winged Virginians came to life after an apparent death of many weeks. At first a sort of convulsive movement seized them. They began then to use their legs, walked around awhile, and seeming to be aware that they were in France immediately concluded to make their toilet by rubbing their eyes with their fore feet, using their hind legs to smooth out their wings. They then flew away to associate with Paris flies. Franklin wrote of the incident:

"Since by such a complete suspension of all internal as well as external consumption it is possible to produce a pause of life and at the same time to preserve the vital principle, might not such a process be employed in regard to man? I can imagine no greater pleasure than to cause myself to be immersed, along with a few good friends, in wine and to be again called back to life at the end of 50 or more years by the genial solar rays of my native country, only that I may see what improvement the state has made and what changes time has brought with it."

It was once thought that people died from lack of what physicians called "the vital principle." It is a phrase that has a fine, vague, mysterious sound, but it really means little or nothing. Or, in other words, it is now conceded that death comes from disintegration, very gradual often. It is true, in all the bodily organs, brought about by the all important blood being blocked up by accretions which close the channels leading from the heart. Most magnificent and most wonderful muscle as the human heart is, it may yet clog in such a way by the earthy salts in the blood as to be unable to perform its regular functions. Then the life fluid cannot be kept in proper circulation. Allowing 60 or 70 pulsations of the heart—the usual average—every minute, one person has 100,000 heart beats in the space of one day. This means, of course, that the heart and arteries are contracted with such power as to keep 60 or 60 pounds of blood in healthy movement. Really it is a wonder that one does not wear out long before he usually does. And it forces a new kind of admiration from the thinking man when he sees for the first time a human being who has lasted 100 or 115 years, and whose heart is still going on after all this enormous expenditure of force. The eyes, ears and stomach all have a rest, but the heart keeps on through waking hours as well as through sleep. Pauses between the beats are all the vacation it gets, which seems to be really no rest at all. When one does not dream, even the brain seems to sleep, or at least it gives peace and quiet.

Much has been written and talked about vegetarianism in relation to health and its effect on long life. It is not claimed, however, by its strict advocates that any of the great number of people who have lived to be 100 years and over were vegetarians. In fact, most of these centenarians seem to have lived just like common folk who die at 40 or 50. If they had only taken care of themselves and kept their blood in good condition, there is no telling but 200 years may have been scored as easily as 100. Natural advantages being so great, as shown by what they did do, a vague sadness overcomes the social philosopher when he thinks of what they might have accomplished under more favorable conditions for the success of the experiment.

As to the admitted advantages of a partial vegetarian system of living, M. Franquique Sarcey, the famous French critic, has been trying it, and in a communication to one of the Parisian journals gives his experience. Since April, 1888, he has touched no meat. In August of the same year he reports that he is only a moderate vegetarian—that is, he only eats meat and admits eggs, cheese, butter, milk and fish to his regimen. Contrary to the expectations of both himself and friends, he finds that he is in much more vigorous health and in better working condition under the influence of his new menu than before. At first he naturally felt hungry an hour or two after eating, but after a fortnight the flesh craving passed away, and now he not only eats at the same hours as before, but consumes much less food. The advantages of the system are described by him as most remarkable. His mind is clearer, and he feels more disposed for work. He is no longer sleepy after meals, his brain is fresher, his limbs more elastic, and more astonishing still, he can stand more fatigue. Formerly he felt the need of stimulants, and now he has done away with such things. He does not smoke, and he is endeavoring to diminish his coffee supply. Altogether he is enthusiastic. At first it is rather like self denial, but one gets to like it in time.—Chicago Tribune.

A Time Saver.
It is the fashion now for ladies' maid to keep diaries two or three weeks ahead of their mistress' probable engagements, putting the name of the dress against the day. The lady looks at the list at the beginning of each week, and if she does not approve of the gowns to be worn she alters it. It saves a great deal of flurry at the time of dressing.

Perhaps a Slip of the Pen.
The Rev. S. J. Gibson lectured on "Yeola" at the Wesleyan church here on Sunday. There were a large number present.—Carterton (New Zealand) Star.

Some men are all preamble.—Dallas News.

A CHILD'S IDEA.

He stood beside my knee the while I turned
The pictured pages of the holy book.
Stood in the wisdom of his three brief years—
True wisdom—that which ever seeks to know.
And now his eyes are wide with wondering:
A ladder set from earth to heaven! Wherefore?

The small boy knelt then came conclusion
Swift: "see, no angels carry up the gold
For God to make the harp of." Smiling, I
Dismissed the childlike face with a kiss.

But pondering, as I ponder ever now
On all his words, there grows the meaning as
In darkness grows the star. The harp, in
heaven are fashioned, but the withdrawal
Is derived from earth's dark breath with toll
and pain.

Cleaved—tempered—it may be with bliters
To all the ladder's foot, our part is done.
So shall the harp be ready, be attuned.
For symphonies divine—oh, wise sweet soul!

—Emily Jewett Royal in Washington Post.

DISCOMFORTS OF ACTING.

Lack of Accommodations In the Green-
room and Behind the Scenes.

The janitor has an important bearing on the actor's condition, which finds its expression in his playing and possibly on his nervous organization. He supplies the house and in most cases furnishes quarters for the actors such as no self respecting slave owner would in the old days have condemned a slave to poverty.

For the public nothing is too good. For the actor on the other hand, anything is good enough. Instead of silk draperies, he finds only a tattered curtain at the window, if indeed he finds a curtain at all, or even a window which it might cover. Instead of soft, comfortable chairs, one wooden chair none too clean, or a chair minus a back, will be the only seat, and not infrequently, if he wishes to sit down, he must do so on his trunk. Instead of delicately tinted walls, he will find dirty walls which have not been treated even to a coat of whitewash for years. While in the auditorium a soft carpet covers the floor, in the actor's room a carpet rarely exists, or, if by chance there be something which once was a carpet, it is so dirty that it would be better away.

The washing appliances of the actor's room, if they are found at all, usually consist of a small basin with a tap of running water. Most people would expect that, as the winter is the theatrical season and the paints used by the actors are made with grease, hot water would be at hand. But this is rarely the case, and in many instances running water in the dressing rooms is unknown. It is not uncommon for actors to refrain from using the basins, preferring to remove the "makeup" as well as possible with vaseline and to wash until the hotel is reached to complete this portion of the toilet. Tin basins and buckets are not the worst that I have seen "on the road," for once the water was in dirty, battered, old lard tins, and basins had to be bought by our manager.—Forum.

Pig's Fig.
The following is a true copy of an indictment found a few years since by the grand jury of Lawrence county, Ky.: "Lawrence criminal court, Commonwealth of Kentucky against — defendant. Indictment." The grand jury of Lawrence county, in the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, accuse — of the offense of malicious mischief, committed as follows: The said —, on the 1st day of A. D. 18—, in the county and circuit aforesaid, did unlawfully, willfully and maliciously kill and destroy one pig, without the consent of said pig, the said pig being of value to the aforesaid George Pigg. The pig thus killed weighed about 20 pounds and was a mate to some other pigs that were owned by said George Pigg, which left George Pigg a pig less than he (said George Pigg) had of pigs, and thus rathlessly tore said pig from the society of George Pigg's other pigs against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Kentucky."—Green Bay.

Didn't Want to Be Shamed.
He took her hand gently in his. They were affianced, and there was no kick coming on the score of conventionalities.
"I will always," he murmured, "be at hand to shield thee in the great struggle of life."
She gazed earnestly into his loving eyes.
"No!"
She seemed not to be aware that he started violently upon the word.
"I must insist upon going to bed gain sales alone. You would only be in the way."

Even as she spoke her face kindled with the excitement of the fray.—Detroit Tribune.

The Rector Clerest.
"Since you take me to task so roundly for my failings," said the physician, somewhat nettled, "let me ask why you don't restrain your own son. He gambles, drinks and plays the race."

"Ah, yes," said the clergyman, with a sigh. "We don't seem to exert much influence over our own families, do we? By the way, doctor, please convey my warmest sympathies to your wife and say to her I am sorry she is still unable to find any relief from her rheumatism."—Cox's "Magna Britannia."

A Thief Rewarded.
A thief in the act of breaking into a safe was greatly astonished on looking up to see a gentleman quietly watching his proceedings. He tried to escape, but the gentleman stopped him.

"Go on, my friend," he said. "I am greatly interested in your work."

"How is that?" inquired the astonished thief.

"Because I have lost the key to this safe. If you can open it, you shall be well rewarded for your trouble."—Advertiser.

Carries.

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it that these boots are not the same length?" "I really don't know, sir, but what bothers me the most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

Boston Woman's Journal.

Dr. Muster's Women.

Speaking of "Trifles," have you ever noticed what an important part eyebrows play in Dr. Muster's face? No matter how small the face, the eyebrow stands out as the most characteristic feature.—Critic.

The Seven Hells.

The Moslems believe in the existence of "seven great hot hells" bearing the names of Jannah, Letha, Hishamah, He'l-in-Sakir, Jehim and Al-Karibah. The first is to be the endless abode of the Dahiyah, a sect which denies the resurrection; the second for Manicheans and Arabs, the third for Brahmins, the fourth for the Jews, the fifth for Christians and the sixth for the Magians. The seventh, the "great, great, hot, hot hell," is to be reserved for liars and hypocrites.—St. Louis Republic.

The finest copy in existence of the first folio of Shakespeare, 1598, is owned by the Boston Public Library. You can see it at the Boston Public Library.

THEORIES ABOUT BALDNESS.

Why Does the Hair Fall Out on the Top of the Head and Not Elsewhere?

A question often arises and is seldom answered, i.e., in the same way as to why the hair falls out on the top of the head and not at the back and on the sides. The old fashioned theory is that baldness occurs within the lines marked by a man's hat, and as nobody has ever offered conclusive proof to the contrary, that explanation may be the correct one.

The case was stated the other day to two very intelligent barbers. One of them thought that the reason why baldness occurred at the top of the head was that the brain came closest to the surface there, and this being an age in which many brains are kept going at a high tension the abnormal amount of blood thus carried to the cranium produced a kind of fever in the upper scalp. Fever, as is well known, often result in the falling out of the hair.

The second barber gave variety to the discussion by enlarging upon the notion that he had formed from the observation and reflection of many years.

"You will notice," said he, "that the first hair a baby has occurs on the top of the head and falls off before the child is many weeks old. The hair that comes to stay grows thicker and stronger on the sides and at the back, and I have an idea that the growth on the top of the head is always the weakest from infancy on to old age."

"But how do you account for the fact that women do not grow bald as men do?" queried a skeptical listener.

"Account for it? I don't have to account for it," replied the ready-witted second barber. "It isn't so. Why, I used to work in an establishment where they had nine chairs in the men's department and 11 in the women's, and I want to tell you that I learned some things there that the average man and the average barber, too, for that matter, doesn't know. If you could appreciate as I do the number of women who have false hair so artfully arranged that nobody can tell it from their own natural tresses, you wouldn't ask why men grow bald and the other sex doesn't."

Hairdressers have their pet theories on this subject as well as barbers, and some of them are very plausible. But if you should ask a doctor who was not ashamed to confess his ignorance the chances are that he would tell you he didn't know much about it.—Washington Star.

Needless.

To the present day the superstition is that blood stains cannot be washed out. During the French revolution 80 priests were massacred in the Carmelite chapel at Paris, and the stains, so called, of their blood are pointed out today. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Tales of a Grandfather," relates that the blood stains of David Birome, the Italian private secretary of Mary, queen of Scots, who was stabbed at Holyrood palace by certain Protestant leaders of her court, are still to be seen.

In Lancashire the natives show a stone called the "Bloody stone," which was so marked to show heaven's displeasure at some Cromwell's soldiers atrocities at Cromwell's Croft. In "Macbeth," act 5, scene 1, Shakespeare alludes to the idea, "Yet here's a spot."

The truth is blood cannot be easily removed. In the first place, if that of a murdered person, it is not attempted. In the next place, blood contains coagulants, which sink deep into the fibers of wood and prove indelible to ordinary washing. Thus, it is true that stones of a porous nature and wood are susceptible to the stain of blood produced by the oxide of iron which the blood contains. They do, however, petition for a mild visitation but even the loss of an eye does not appear to be viewed as a very serious calamity.

"Is there not another eye sufficient for all purposes?" questioned one of these stoical philosophers. "If it were the leg or hand, it would be different, but an eye is immaterial."—Notes and Queries.

No Means Convinced.

A patient in an insane asylum imagined himself dead. Nothing could drive this delusion out of the man's brain. One day his physician had a happy thought and said to him, "Did you ever see a dead man bleed?"

"No," he replied.

"Did you ever hear of a dead man bleeding?"

"No."

"Do you believe that a dead man can bleed?"

"No."

"Well, if you will permit me, I will try an experiment with you and see if you bleed or not." The patient gave his consent. The doctor whipped out his soap and drew a little blood. "There," he said, "you see that you bleed. That proves that you are not dead."