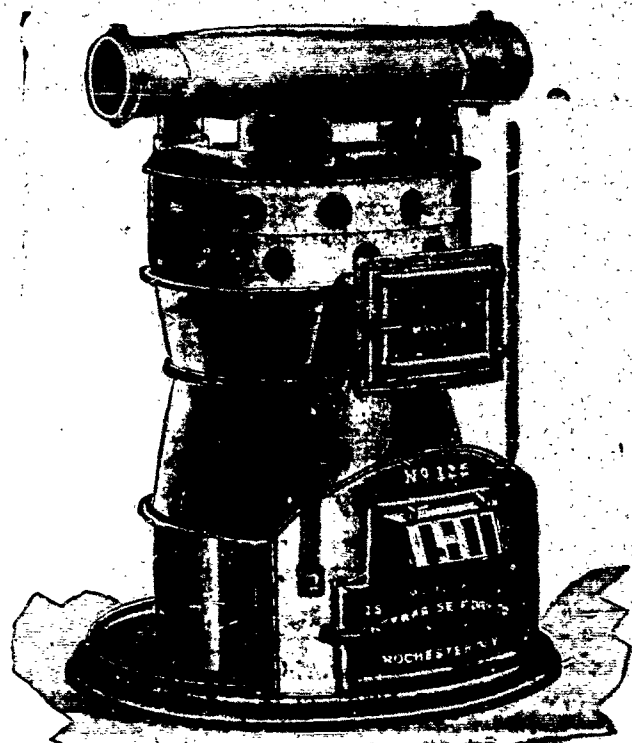


# THE ENTERPRISE FOUNDRY CO.,

Office and Foundry 48 to 54 Olean Street.



## THE NEW MONITOR FURNACE

IS THE LOWEST IN PRICE OF ANY FIRST-CLASS FURNACE SOLD IN ROCHESTER.

WHY? BECAUSE WE MAKE IT!

We deal with the people direct--manufacture our own registers--have a corps of expert furnace men.

Every furnace fully guaranteed--every part is made of the very best materials to be had.

Repairs for THE NEW MONITOR can always be obtained without the necessity of sending out of town.

CALL AT OUR OFFICE FOR PRICES, OR TELEPHONE 210.

The Enterprise Foundry Co.,

Office and Foundry 48 to 54 Olean Street, Rochester, N. Y.

### THOUGHT TOO SLOW.

THIS MAN THINKS HE LACKED PRESENCE OF MIND.

Should Have Shot the Near Man With His Left Still He Did Considerable Execution When the Big Band Stage Was Robbed.

"It's a great thing, presence of mind, and I always regret that somehow I don't think of the right thing until the wrong time."

The speaker was a man whose mustache and hair showed the winter of life was near. His eyes were piercing, not shifty, and his clothing and adornments betokened comfortable circumstances.

"I was guard on the Big Band stage. I had been a gambler for 20 years. I knew all the tricks, and had played every game in all sorts of ways and with every kind of device. It was just such a night as this, the very gentlest of breezes, the moon so bright one could read by it, and the road through the woods was as white as a white ribbon. We were bowling along quietly enough up a grade, when at a little turn we met two horsemen coming at a slashing gallop. They threw their horses back on their haunches and we were held up."

"Passengers, driver and all were stood up in a row, and one of the bandits guarded us while his partner, Pete, he called him, was soon at work on the box. I suspected the driver of connivance, for when we heard the horses he said it was a courier coming. He knew of the trip, and so threw me off my guard. I was put up in a line alongside the reinsman, and while I had both eyes on the guard and his partner, not a move of that rascally driver escaped me."

"Of course, we all had our hands in the air--and right here let me explain a little point. Did you ever see a poker held out? It's an ingenious contrivance which fits beneath your clothing, with an arm extending down the sleeve of your coat on the inside, so regulated that by a pressure of the elbow the clip at the end is at the wrist to grip a card or out of sight in the arms. It is a handy affair not to be caught with, too, for it is prima facie evidence, and hanging's too little for a man who's known to be ready to play with the contrivance about him. When I quit the game I had a set of 'em; I took 'em from a fellow from the bay who came up to earn an honest dollar. I wouldn't sell 'em or give 'em away; some one might think I used such things myself. So I just quietly worked a patent. I got a pair of single shot derringers, which would lie in the crook of my arm and not rest hard, and I fastened 'em to either clip of them hold out. Of course, when my hands were up the derringers lay snug against my forearm. I had practiced with 'em lots and knew just how to grasp my elbows, draw my arms a little

and have the little barker in my hands.

"I was gradually letting my hands down once; that is, I was testing the thing, when the guard called me up sharp, fearing something, and made me move away a mile from the line, where he could watch me particular and keep the passengers covered as well. He ordered everybody to keep still, too, for there was a little bit of snoring by a woman in the party, and a snoring drummer was bemoaning his fate. Pete was not doing good business with the box, though, for he was clubbing away with a hammer, but not making any headway at opening the little safe."

"Suddenly the opening came. The guard was getting impatient and cursing Pete, when with a smash the hinges broke. Pete gave an exclamation, and the guard turned his head--only for a second, though, but that was enough for I had been watching him, and it was no great thing to take advantage of the chance."

"Like a flash my arms had dropped, and those little .38 caliber pops were in my hands. With my right I dropped the guard, the bullet going through his head. I shot the fellow at the box with my left hand. I never was as good a shot with my left as with my right, and in addition he was three times as far away. So, instead of hitting him in the head, as I tried, I only got him in the body. As he turned and drew his gun I cried to the people to drop, for I knew there would be some lively shooting. I didn't take time to reach for my own gun, but threw myself on the dead robber, catching his bullet as I went down."

"I had the gun of the dead one up in a moment, and was able to kill Pete before any of the passengers were hit. I have kicked myself a hundred times when I remember my absolute lack of self possession. It would have been just as easy for a man with presence of mind to have turned the trick with two shots, using the left on the close party, and saved the wound, but I couldn't think fast enough."--San Francisco Examiner.

### SCOTCH AIR IS BEST.

"Out in Arizona we have a way of bragging on the purity and clearness of our air," said Judge Murphy, the delegate from that territory, "and we have reason for it, for there is nothing like it in the known world. The air of California may surpass that of Arizona from a photographer's point of view, and it is claimed that it does, but as the Arizona only cares for air for breathing purposes, we are not at all jealous on that point. We can see mountain tops for over 100 miles, and some have claimed that mountains 180 miles distant can be discerned with the naked eye. I was speaking of this to some friends here recently when I was blandly informed by a Scotch clergyman, who was here on a visit, that that would hardly be regarded as in any way remarkable in Scotland, where, too, he said, the air was very clear. 'We can see farther than 180 miles in Scotland,' he said. 'We can see all the way to the moon.'--Exchange.

### A RUDYARD KIPLING.

William Stokes, Private, Writes Verses Worth Reading.

The Army and Navy Journal seems to have discovered a Rudyard Kipling in Private William Stokes of G company, First artillery, United States army, stationed at Fort Hamilton. Stokes began sending verses to The Journal for five years ago. Their literary merit was undeniable, but the editor could not believe they were the work of a "ranker" until he investigated and learned that such was the fact. Private Stokes had a reputation as a "good soldier," and was a mail apparently about 38 years of age. Beyond that little was known of him. It has been said that he was a native of Ireland and was educated in an Irish university. Here is a good specimen of Private Stokes' style from his poem entitled "The American Army."

The call is after sound in assembly for parade. The sergeants, front and center, have dutifully said:

"All present or accounted for," an while the bugles blow.

"Forward--guide right--march!" we do the best we know--

Up Englishmen as Frenchmen, Hungarians and Scotch, Ketylans and Dutch.

An Scandinavians from above An Swissers from below.

For there you see before you the The American army, O.

The soldier band must keep posted on English military operations. Here is a clever epigram hitting off an English campaign in the east:

A smear of blood--a British yell-- The natives run to cover.

"This is diapies," "God Save the Queen!" Another war is over.

—Troy Times.

### THE TORRENS LAW.

A Good Thing Which Every One Should Push Along.

A bill for the adoption of the Torrens law is now pending in the Ohio legislature, with a strong probability of its passage. The contemplated measure goes farther than the system in some other states, inasmuch as it makes registration compulsory, the present record system being continued till all lands are registered under the new plan.

Thus the Torrens method of land transfer is spreading. Massachusetts is considering it. The same thing can be said of New York, Minnesota, Montana and Utah. Every state in the Union, indeed, should adopt it before long, for wherever it has been tried it has met with unquestioned approval and general commendation. It applies to real property the principle which has always been applied to personal property and makes the parties to a transaction responsible to each other.

It gives the purchaser protection by a certificate of title from the state, and it places upon him responsibility for his own acts in a real estate transaction just as he is compelled to bear the responsibility in all other business contracts. --St. Louis Republic.

### IN WALES' SET.

Author Has the Best of Aristocratic Foes Upon Him.

Beyond three small paragraphs in some of the newspapers, Mr. Astor's great triumph in securing the heir apparent to the British throne to spend Sunday at his country seat missed all public eclat. However, his social standing as a new member of the English aristocratic set is now assured, and those who say his aim is to be an English lord money he has taken a long step forward.

I sent a reporter to Mr. Astor's house. From his report I learn that he went to Muddhead, the nearest town to Cliveden, where Mr. Astor gave the house party. He found the old town calm and quiet, and only one mention made of the great event; that was a sentence by a leading citizen, who said, "Well, Astor's got it at last."

The reporter found it difficult to get in the grounds at Cliveden, because of a gigantic "bobby" at the gate, but being properly approached he proved amiable.

At the house a highly respectable butler refrained the reporter with a stony British stare and said he was not aware that the prince was one of his master's guests.

However, just at that moment of Saturday evening the prince was disembarking from a steam launch, on which he had made the journey. He was not at the landing place by one of Mr. Astor's carriages, and soon went whirling into the beautiful park with its masses of gaily colored, but the great beds of rhododendrons in full bloom were less proud than the butler.

His royal highness saluted The Journal reporter, on in the reporter's language, "was graciously pleased to return my bow."

The prince was quite his jolly, familiar self, wearing his favorite alpaca hat, light topcoat, red scarf, colored shirt, and looking fat and fair. He made quite a commonplace appearance as compared with two of Astor's many servants, whom the reporter saw sitting copious quantities of white powder on each other's heads in a dressing room in full view of the side garden.

These were really magnificent personages as seen in the Astor livery, consisting of scarlet silk suits, with knee breeches and white silk stockings. They were getting ready to wait at table. His royal highness the prince came just in time for dinner.

At table he met all the members of the party spending Sunday, including the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Randolph Churchill, the Earl and Countess of Yarborough, the Earl and Countess of Harrington, Lord Roberts, Lady Trafford, Sir Edward and Lady Lawson, Colonel Sanderson and some few who, having no titles, need not be mentioned.

The evening was quietly spent. There were cards in evidence, but no heavy play. The prince took a hand at whist, in a game at which Mr. Astor also played, sixpenny points being the modest scope of the competition.

Sunday the prince arose late and lounged about until after luncheon, when he went for a short drive, and ended it at Riverbank, where Charles Magnard had his steam launch, the Duchess, awaiting him, and on it the prince spent three hours, going to Marlborough and returning at 7:30 o'clock in time for dinner.

He soon left Cliveden and returned to town. Julian Ralph in New York Journal.

### The Latest Slot Machine.

The latest development of the nickel in the slot idea is a machine that automatically sells railway and ferry tickets. Its only drawback is that it cannot make change. Besides selling tickets, it saves the cost of printing them. A blank roll of paper of the width of the ordinary ticket is placed on a bracket at the top of the machine, and as the successive nickels are dropped through the slot it is rolled off by a mechanism actuated by the weight of the coin. The strip is chopped by a sharp knife into the required lengths, and the ticket drops out forthwith. The automatic ticket seller stands on a four foot, supporting pedestal. The mechanism is contained in a cylindrical box of iron about a foot and a half high. The numbering of each ticket affords a check on those who have the collection of the cash. The last number tells how many tickets there should be in the money drawer. The inventor says he devised it to save the large cost to railroads of ticket sellers, but he will not guarantee that it cannot be successfully "beat" by counterfeit coins.

### A Spiritual Thermometer.

Strangers who dropped in to Trinity Methodist church in Chicago last Sunday night grew nervous and showed an inclination to turn in an alarm when they glanced at the thermometer on the front wall and noticed the temperature of that room. It was 75°.

But it was a spiritual thermometer, and had no reference to heat at least to earthly heat. The thermometer is used to denote the spiritual warmth of the room as shown by the number present. The presence of 100 persons would show that many degrees, which would be "cold," while 400 on the scale would be "boiling." The spiritual thermometer was designed by the pastor, the Rev. Frank Crane, for use in the Sunday school room, but last night it hung in front of the prayer meeting. It is 5 feet high, and everybody in the room can see whether or not the room has the proper spiritual temperature. --Exchange.

### His Looks Are Against Him.

It is stated that the reason the Duke of York was absent from the coronation attending the coronation of the czar is that his great personal resemblance to the emperor of Russia caused the Russian police to refuse to be answerable for his presence in Moscow, claiming that it would have meant guarding two czars instead of one, and the duke was finally persuaded to absent himself.

### HIMCESAN NEWS.

From Our Special Correspondents:

#### Sodus Point.

Charles Featherly of Rochester was here over Decoration day visiting his parents. Maurice and Richard Doris, entertained the Sodus Point Catholic choir at their home Wednesday night.

Col. E. B. Parsons has bought a bicycle for the use of his office boy.

#### Seneca Falls.

Mr. John Jones of Walnut street is confined to his home by illness. Appropriate Memorial Day exercises took place last Saturday.

Cayuga Lake park opened for the season on Saturday.

#### Penn Yan.

Miss Ella Maynard, Agnes Maynard, attended the ordination of their cousin in Rochester on Saturday last.

Mr. Thomas Carmody delivered the Decoration day address in Dresden.

M. J. Greary of Rochester spent Sunday at his home in this village.

F. Dwyer is spending his vacation with his family here.

Mr. Frank Halpin of Elmira was in town Sunday.

Miss Rosella Whitebeck has returned from a visit with relatives in Coming.

Rev. J. Maloy will sing high mass in Dresden next Sunday.

Misses Blanche and Berrie Kelly took part in the junior entertainment at the Academy on Friday evening last.

Miss Anna Corcoran is spending a short vacation with friends in Geneva and elsewhere.

Miss Maria Quinn has returned from a visit with friends in Buffalo, Rochester and Seneca Falls.

Miss Nora Ryan spent Sunday with relatives in Ballou.

#### Mr. Morris.

Mrs. Sullivan of this place is visiting friends in Rochester.

Mr. Murphy and wife and Master Frankie spent Memorial day in Buffalo.

Miss Kate Egan of Danville was in town Memorial day.

Miss Eva Sattle of Buffalo was in town last week.

The Memorial day exercises were held in the academy. Rev. Mr. Love was speaker of the day. In the afternoon there was an exciting game of ball played between the fat cat team and the crew. The men won. The man who played third base weighed over 300 pounds.

#### Alma.

The retreat for the young ladies of the parish, given by Father Dougherty of Danville has just closed.

Last Friday night the members of the Lima Driving Park association held their second annual ball in the rink at this place. A fairly good crowd was in attendance, and all reported a good time.

Memorial day was not observed in this place. A committee of old soldiers decorated the graves of their dead comrades.

With last Saturday night the May devotions closed here.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kernan of Rochester spent Sunday with Mrs. Kernan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Murphy.

Miss Ella Fitzgerald of Rochester spent Sunday with her brother, M. L. Fitzgerald in this place.

Mr. George Smith of Honeoye Falls spent Sunday at home with friends.

Mr. James Coyne of Honeoye Falls spent Sunday in town with relatives.

Mr. George Terry of Auburn, formerly of this place, has been visiting in Lima with his brother, A. A. Terry.

#### Shortsville.

The funeral of Mrs. P. Farrell, who died Sunday, May 24th, was held from St. Dominic's church Wednesday morning. Mrs. Farrell was 78 years of age and was a most devout member of our church. She leaves to mourn her loss, beside her husband, two daughters and a son.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Farrell and daughter Anna, of Syracuse, were called here by the death of Mr. Farrell's mother.

The Forty Hours Devotion closed on Tuesday morning of last week. Father O'Leary was assisted by three priests, Father O'Leary of Stanley, Father O'Neil of Phelps and Father Harrington of Waterloo. Father O'Leary was presented with a very handsome chair last week.

### Flowers for Funerals.

Floral Designs on Short Notice. PRICES ALWAYS THE LOWEST. J. O. PRIDMORE, FLORIST. 350 to 360 Lyell Avenue.

Open all the time. First Class Service. Telephone 279.

### PAYNE'S Coach Stables.

FRANK W. PAYNE, Prop. Coaches, Cabs, Livery & Boarding. Office and Stables: 136 and 138 Jefferson Avenue.

### Pure California Wines.

FOR MEDICINAL USE. To say anything is created without a purpose would be to expose our ignorance and become the subject of ridicule, therefore accepting the belief that all things were judiciously used or applied lead to the best of our conditions. In some particular, it is a natural conclusion that pure Wines are one of nature's greatest gifts and intended as a medicine which taken as such is a rejuvenator which to the convalescent and those physically weak consequent from overtaxation of work etc., cannot be supplied in any other way.

Port Wine. Ordinary, \$1.00 per gallon. Golden Gate \$1.25 per gallon. Harvest Queen Whiskey \$2.00 per gallon.

The reputation of this whiskey has been established upon its time immemorial and is no exaggeration to say that it is equal to many brands costing double the money. If you wish a first class article go to Matthews & Sons.

Telephone 1001.

## Women.

Who are nervous, weak, with local troubles, need Hood's Sarsaparilla.

We do not say the above to cause false hope. It has been the experience of many, very many women, of those intensely trying periods, with attendant and consumes as much.

## Nervous

forces--those sporadic physical trials so delicately indicate by merely using the words--"Mild, Mother, Mother." I like a confidential friend who suggested a box of Hood's Sarsaparilla, a blood purifier and tonic, to be used many winters and will testify to its power in poor health five years ago. In strength, and appetite all gone. Last troubles and other weaknesses intensified my misery. Nervous sick.

## Headaches

dizziness, heartburn and pains in my back made me think I should cover my face with a towel. A friend prevailed upon me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I soon began to improve and in six months I was able to do better health than for years. I have found Hood's Sarsaparilla a grand medicine for all troubles possible to women.

## My Sex

Full of strength and healthy and all a good day's work. I stand by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it cured me after all medicines failed. Mrs. John Smith, Carrollville, Illinois.

This and many similar cases prove the value of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

In the One That Will Cure You. Prepared by Dr. C. C. Hood, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Save Your Health.

From

W. C. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

21 Elm Street.

Notice to Customers.

PURCHASERS OF HOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

Be sure you get the genuine article. It is made in Lowell, Mass., and is sold everywhere.

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