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## NOW WORTH MILLIONS.

**Frank Phiscator Found a Big Fortune in the Klondike.**

### HORRORS OF ALASKAN WEATHER.

**Young Prospector Makes Five Millions of Dollars in Fifteen Months—Perils of the Trip—Death Strews the Way With Skeletons and Menaces the Traveler at Every Step—A Thrilling Story Fresh From the Frozen Northwest.**

Frank Phiscator of Baroda, Mich., is back from the Klondike with his purse full of drafts and five times a millionaire, and his experiences in the frozen goldfields form the most thrilling and engrossing story that has yet come down from the Yukon country.

Phiscator became a gold king in 15 months. He went west with money he earned sawing wood. He was backed by two strong arms, a brave heart and a constitution as tough as a knot. He ran a race with death over glaciers, crags and passes, through raging rivers, canyons and rapids, into frozen lakes, killing storms, murderous insects and pests, past starvation, along yawning chasms and under avalanches. It is his verdict that a man who stands the venture earns all he gets. He pities the men who have dared to try the trip. He will be surprised if one-quarter of the crowd that has started gets through alive. He expects to find the trail from Dyea to Dawson strewn with dead when he goes again in March.

This man's story sounds like the tales from books of adventure where fact has no place. He told it the other night to some men who were preparing to start for the goldfield. They went home converted.

#### Built For the Journey.

Phiscator looks the sort of a man built for this journey. He is short, stocky and weighs 230 pounds. He has a sharp, clear eye—an eye of a man that would look rather than be shot. His upper lip curls up in an expression of recklessness. His hair is jet black. His neck is short. He walks with a swagger, shakes hands with a hard tug, takes his tracers straight, wears the big, white hat of the west. When he talks, he looks squarely at one, and his talk has the ring of rough honesty.

#### Here is the way he tells his story:

"It was the Klondike or die a year ago in February. The chances were ten to one I would never come home, and in view of the cheerful outlook I came to Baroda and Chicago to say goodbye to my friends and relatives. It seemed a big risk, but I had come to the conclusion to risk all I had as well as my life in one last try for a gold mine. You see, I had had years of roughing it and knew exactly what I wanted to take along. There didn't seem to be any other man who wanted to go with me, so one cold day I stood alone on the Seattle wharf, about the only white man bound to Juneau.

"It was to Juneau. The business of the journey begins right at this point, or it did at least with me. I picked up a fellow on the boat who was pretty brave, and we joined forces. There was but little accurate and detailed information about the country, but what little there was I had. It was all a blind chance, so far as I was concerned, barring the fact that some of the books said there was gold in Alaska for the mere finding. It did not take long for me to conclude that the books were all wrong. It looked for about six months that it would be great luck if we got out with only so much as our lives.

"The trip from Juneau to Dyea was made in a small boat. The weather was bad. The waves ran over the little thing, filling it with water almost as fast as all hands could bail it out. This was a mighty hard hundred miles, but it was a patch of roses in comparison with what came a few days later.

#### The Start For the Goldfields.

"Dyea was nothing but a dock and a few Indian huts. Charles Fifer, a wanderer from Wisconsin, was in the settlement, and when I told him what I was going to do he concluded to take a hand in the game. My baggage contained enough food for two years, tools which would be needed in case we wanted a boat and a miner's outfit. There was but little traffic over the mountain at that time, and the Indians were secured at a reasonable rate to do the packing. We started.

"It went all right for the first two days, the only danger being in crossing ravines and crevices filled with snow. The third day it snowed—snowed as it snows no other place but in Alaska. No one can tell or imagine its terrible force. It is not possible to see your hand at arm's length. There is nothing to do but to get on the lee side of a drift, roll up in blankets and rest on the sleds until the tempest passes. A tent is whipped into shreds in a minute or sent tearing into the canyons. A fire was out of the question, and we ate canned meats that were frozen solid.

"The sides of the mountains and glaciers are so steep that in many places all a stout man can handle is 100 pounds. There are days in which five miles is a good record. The way they do is to take part of the supplies about five miles ahead and leave them on the side of the trail while they go back for the rest. There is not a minute from Dyea to Lake Lindeman when a man is not more likely to die or be killed than he is to get along.

#### Death on Either Hand.

"We were caught in another snowstorm in the middle of Crater lake. The ice was beginning to break up. It was full of air holes. There was constant danger that we would plunge into one of these if we went ahead, and as great danger that we would be snowed under if we camped. It was almost a race to face proposition with death, and no one, not even an Indian, slept during that

night. The next morning the ice began breaking up, and we were constantly dodging big cracks and heaving out sleds overboard.

"Slowly we worked along, not able to use the compass and trusting only to the general information we had from the Indians that we were on the road to reach the Yukon. They did not know anything about the gold mines, and all they did know was that in 30 or 40 days we might possibly get to our destination. It was no glittering prospect, I can tell you, and just as we were pretty well tucked out and beginning to wonder if it was worth while we came across the bodies of two men who had died by the wayside.

"We met some prospectors as we got near Lake Bennett. They were out of food and were living off the meat they had made of their dogs. We did not have any more than we would need, but what can you do when men come to you with a plea that they are starving? Flour in that country was worth \$60 for 50 pounds, but it had no price when I saw the poor wretches who were thinned down to skeletons. They were going back. I never heard whether they got out or not.

#### Built a Ship For the Trip.

"Lake Bennett was where we built our boat. The Indians brought down the logs, while I sawed them into boards and then built our ship. A man named Van Wagner joined us here and went through the game. He was a lawyer in Seattle, but he was made of the right stuff. Our ship was about 30 feet long and 6 feet wide, and it was put together to stay. It wasn't very pretty to look at, but I guess it would have held its own against anything this side of a glacier.

"It was beginning to break up in the spring, and it was much easier sailing than it had been sledding. This lake is about 30 miles long. We got over it in three days without accident. It was, however, only the calm before the storm, since when we drifted into Lake Tagus all the furies on earth and under it were let loose. It blew so hard I really thought the earth would be blown to pieces. The snow fell almost a foot at a time, coming down in great sheets and emptying itself into the boat. We only went three miles in two days and were glad of that. The snow covered up the holes in the ice, and time and again we sank into the ice water up to our necks. It was part sledding and part sailing and every minute liable to be the last.

#### The Tagus Indians have a post at the bottom of this lake, and we stopped a day with them, eating large quantities of frozen caribou, which was sickening in its filth, but nourishing after one got it down. It seemed as if we were eating twice as much as we did at home. I tell you I pity the men who have started to the Klondike this year when I read the supplies they have taken. They will run short before they get half way. There is no hope for them. It is likely those who go next spring will find rows of white boards on both sides of the trail. They are gone.

#### Frightful Dangers.

"If there was danger up to this point, then Lewis river is fire and brimstone. It was like making a trip over Niagara falls. In the places where it is smooth the current is at least 7 miles an hour, and in the places where it is rough it runs 40 miles an hour or an inch. It is filled with big rocks, some of which stick up in sight, others of which stay just below the surface.

"A snow ahead of us had seven men in it. All hands were at work with the oars, trying to keep it headed clear. We were coming along faster than steam launches. There was a cry from the company in front. In a minute the boat was out square in two. A rock had torn through it like an ax. The men floundered around in the ice water. Part of them got out. The others went down. All the provisions were lost.

"This was more encouragement. We ran into the shore and did all we could for the poor wretches, and the last we saw of them they were sitting disconnectedly on the bank, wondering whether to try to get out or to press on. I have never heard of them since.

"There is no man who can figure how many men are lost each year in trying to make this trip. Bodies are found all along the way. They are tangled in the driftwood of the eddies or thrown up on the ice. The miners usually dig a little grave for them. Many of them do not have any papers on them, and I suppose they go down in the list of the missing. I predict there will be plenty of missing next spring when navigation opens up and the people begin to come out.

#### Cold Water That Kills.

"It seems almost impossible for a man to do anything in the water up there. It is so cold that it seems to kill in a very few minutes after they get into it. It makes no difference how expert a swimmer the man may be, I never saw any in any of the rivers who could get out alive.

"It took us 56 days to get to the Yukon, and we danced a set with death every day. The river was about a quarter of a mile wide where we entered it and flows in such a torrent that we had to keep near the shore. It is lined with rocks and trees that threaten to swamp you, but with the greatest caution we finally pulled up at Forty Mile Post on Forty Mile creek.

"There was great excitement at Forty Mile when we returned. A prospector had come in from the Klondike district with the information that he had struck it rich. There was a wild scramble to Bonanza creek, the location of his discovery. I started the same night, poling 55 miles up the Yukon before noon of the next day. An hour in time on that trip might have meant a million in money, and it is wonderful how a man will work when an hour's extra labor may settle things for him for the balance of his life.

"We did not want to be handicapped in the race with our provisions, so we left them on the shore of the Klondike

with some Indians. This left us free handed, and we scudded over the mountains, carrying only our mining outfit, about 100 pounds to the man. We were among the very first to reach Bonanza, staking four claims in the richest part. They did not seem to pay as much as we expected, and so we concluded to go back and try some place else, holding our claims in case of emergency.

#### The First Find.

"We were creeping down from Bonanza when we came to a camping place a little below the mouth of El Dorado. I think the men with me were ready to throw up their hands. They were glad to act as cooks on an offer that if they would cut the wood and get the meals I would take a run up to El Dorado and see what I could find. It was about all I could do to get my 100 pounds on my shoulder and get started. It was apparently the last chance, as the grub was out and there was none to buy and no money to buy with.

#### Panned Out a Quarter.

"I confess I was feeling a good deal like a man just waking up from a good dream. It was a hard mile and a rough mile to the creek, and with a discouraged heart the tools were unpacked and the old pick again whacked into the ground. You can't tell there is gold in the ground by the way it looks, and I don't think I expected to find a bit of the yellow metal within 40 miles of where I was working. There was a little excitement in washing the first pan, and I tell you I handled that shovel full of Alaska gravel with great care. The sand gradually ran out, and with close searching I was able to get together about 25 cents' worth of yellow dust. It was a big come down from the stake set when we left Montana, but it was the only stake in sight at the time. It was that or nothing.

"It was a joyful night in Phiscator camp that night, if it was not very hot. The boys were happy even in their hunger, and could hardly wait for morning to get into the field and locate. My claim was No. 1, and the others took claims on both sides.

"We actually dined up the El Dorado about 8 o'clock next morning. I think each of us could have carried a ton. We forgot hunger and weakness, with only very poor wages in sight. It was our only hope, and we made the most of it.

"I went to work on the spot where I had earned the 25 cents the next day. It was good luck as of a stout and rugged disposition. I shoveled one scoop into the pan and began to sift. I got a nugget worth \$1. It was enough to cause heart disease. The other men did as well, and there was no doubt we had made our pile.

"We three were the only ones on the creek. We saw there was no danger that our claims were not clearly marked, and then prospectors all the way up the stream, about 80 miles. We found it gold in spots and had in others—finds at least 30 locations where one was as good as the other.

#### Riches Going to Waste.

"We sat in our tent at night and almost wept: at we could not get word back to our friends. We saw millions, with no one to claim them. I do not think a claim of the 80 is worth today a cent less than \$1,000,000 each. The law allowed us only three—one each.

"This much for the way we found it and the time we had in finding it. This is the way the gold runs after you have a good claim.

"It is possible to work the claims about 2 1/2 months a year. You can't get water any of the balance of the time. I put in this amount of time on my claim and took out exactly \$90,072. It was done by myself and two men, who earned \$15 a day as laborers.

"It is beyond comprehension to imagine the richness of the soil. During the summer we worked over a space 86 feet long by 85 feet wide to the depth of 4 feet. The find was \$49,084.

"The biggest pan ever turned out on the claim held \$53. Berry, who has a claim near by, beat this by picking his dirt. He got \$695 at one sifting. The nuggets run from \$15 to \$40.

#### Horrors of the Climate.

"There are troubles in the air and on the ground and everywhere. It gets down to 78 degrees below zero and sticks there for ten days at a stretch, and it is all about the cold being so dry that it is not felt. It is the cold cold out of doors. It will run along at 80 degrees below zero for three weeks or a month at a time.

"It is so cold that the ground is frozen to a depth of 30 feet. It does not thaw out in the summer time, even under the red hot sun. The cold from the frost comes up through the moss, and in the middle of August the cold coming out of the ground freezes the low places.

"The winter days are horrors. The sun gets up at 8:30 in the morning and disappears at 2:30 in the afternoon. It snows all the time, and there is nothing to do but to keep from freezing to death.

"In the summer the sun hardly ever gets out of sight. It is daylight at midnight. The sun gets to a point which looks about 15 feet above the horizon and then starts back. It never sets.

"If one likes this sort of a thing, he can get rich at the Klondike.

"My advice is, all tenderfeet had better stay home and live than try to get rich in the Klondike. It has more kinds of death than any place on earth."

#### Princess Louise an Artist.

Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Victoria, has branched out as an architect as well as an artist. A picturesque inn on the Clyde is going up from her design and under her close supervision. She will paint the sign to be hung above the doorway. The Marquis of Lorne, her husband, is a junior partner in a London firm of house decorators, and this also affords a field in which the princess exercises her talents.

## DIOCESAN NEWS.

**What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.**

From Our Special Correspondents.

### Brookport.

John Pallace has gone to North Hamilton to take charge of the school there.

Miss Mary and Anna Pallace have just returned from Troutburg-on-the-Lake after a week's vacation, and report a most enjoyable time.

Miss Agnes Stevens has returned to her home in Mt. Morris.

The Normal school commenced on Wednesday with a large attendance.

Miss Margaret Lockwood, assistant operator of the Western Union, and her sister Franca have been visiting friends in Rochester for the past week.

John H. Welch and wife of Niagara Falls are visiting his parents.

Miss Mary Jennings of Boston, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. James McMannis of Charlotte, N. Y., are visiting at the residence of W. J. Lockwood.

### Sodus Point.

Mrs. J. McGivern has returned to Toronto after a three weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. Charles Featherly.

Frank Darling, formerly foreman in the E. B. Parsons Milling Co.'s elevator, has gone to Geneva to accept a position under S. K. Nester.

J. Kiley and son of Rochester spent Saturday in Sodus Point.

Mrs. Joseph Rhatigan and son spent Sunday in Lyons.

The yacht race held here Saturday for a gold cup was won by the Henrietta, Spencer Meade's boat. The Wissahocken came in second.

Pears, plums and peaches never were so plentiful in many years in this section as they are this year.

Lyman Scott, Jr., has occupied his cottage on Charles Point for the last two weeks.

### Caledonia.

The death of Mrs. Thomas Reid occurred at her home in this village on Friday morning last, aged 36 years. The deceased had been in poor health for the past two years, although confined to her bed but a few days before her death. The funeral was held on Sunday afternoon. The casket was completely hidden by flowers, testifying to the high esteem in which she was held by her many friends. She leaves a husband and one child, a mother and two sisters, Mrs. James Quinn and Miss Laura Rullman.

It is expected that a mission will open in St. Columba's about the middle of October. Charles Grady left on Monday for Buffalo, where he will take a four years' medical course in the University of Buffalo.

The Misses Buckley of Stafford were guests of Anna Cain over Sunday.

Mrs. Elmer is spending some time with her daughter in Towans, Pa.

Mrs. Thomas Mooney returned home on Thursday from the Homeopathic hospital, much improved in health.

Dr. T. J. Carlin returned to his home in Denver, Col., Monday, after two weeks' visit with friends here.

### Penn Yan.

Mrs. Nellie C. Gulluk of Geneva spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Miss Mamie Hoban has returned from a visit with friends in Auburn.

Miss Mary Ryan has been visiting friends in Elmira.

Miss Mary Dawan has been in New York selecting goods for the fall millinery trade.

Mrs. Katherine Norton of Rochester is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward McAdams.

Miss Ida Carleton has returned from a short trip to Rochester and Niagara Falls.

Mrs. A. J. McMahon is visiting friends in Toronto.

St. Michael's school opened on Tuesday with an attendance of a large number of pupils.

Frank Haplin is now business manager of the Penn Yan band.

Miss Jennie Early of McFarren & Sherman's millinery department, has been in New York during the past week selecting goods for the fall millinery trade.

Miss Katherine Argus of Hammondsport is the guest of the Misses Dolan on Monday.

D. Scanlan of LeRoy spent Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. H. J. McKenna.

Wayland.

Jacob Mimmel of Cohocton was in town Sunday.

E. P. Klein was in Rochester Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nold and Mrs. John Ott were guests of friends at Danville one day last week.

Adam Nonsengord of Rochester was in town one day last week. He intends to move to Buffalo shortly.

Jacob Langknecht of Rochester was the guest of George Nold and family last week.

John Souther and wife of Rochester were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Souther this week.

Mrs. J. E. Schu of Portway was visiting friends in town Monday and Tuesday.

Misses Ida and Helen Smith of Hornellville were the guests of Mrs. E. P. Klein over Sunday.

Anthony Rita has returned to Rochester after spending three weeks in town with relatives and friends.

Mrs. P. N. Conrad, who has been visiting friends in Cohocton, has returned.

Lima.

Mrs. Kate Maloney who resided alone about two miles northwest of here, died last Saturday aged about 75 years. She is survived by one brother, William Phalen, who also resides here. The funeral took place on Monday.

Timothy Burns of Chicago was in town a few days last week.

Andrew Meehan and daughter of Scottsville and Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan of Rochester called on Lima friends last Sunday.

Shoreville.

Mr. and Mrs. Laughlin and two children of Louisville, Ky., returned home after a three weeks' visit with Mrs. Gilfoyle.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan O'Brien are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy.

Miss Delia Van Kirkhove of Farmington spent Sunday with friends here.

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