

Hood's Pills

Should be in every family medicine chest and every traveler's grip. They are invaluable when the stomach is out of order; cure headache, biliousness, and all liver troubles. Mild and efficient. 25 cents.

Geo. Engert & Co.,
Adolph P. Senica, John H. Engert,
Edward H. Engert

Geo. Engert & Co., COAL.

Principal Office and Yard, Telephone 257
306 Exchange Street.

Louis Ernst Sons

DEALERS IN

The Most Complete Line of
Steel Hods,
Steel Barrows,
Mechanics' Tools,
Builders Hardware,
Contractors Supplies,
129 and 131 East Main St.

Champagne, for Medical Use.

Half Pints, 25cts per Bottle.

California Wines, Extra Old.

\$1.00 and \$1.25 per Gallon.

IONA WINES.

The most Delicate, and Delicious of all
\$1.00 per Gallon.

CLARET.

65 cents per Gallon

A full line of all brands of Champagne,
Ales, Wines and Liquors. For pure goods
at reasonable prices.

GO TO

Mathews & Servis,

TELEPHONE 1075.
Cor. Main and Fitzhugh Streets.

TELEPHONE 107

THOS. B. MOONEY

Funeral - Director,

196 West Main Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

JAMES CULLEN,

Practical Horseshoeing.

And General Blacksmithing.
Special Attention Given to Lane and
Interfering Horses.
29 Mumford Street.

W. J. S. BORTON,

Paper Hanger,

Painter and Decorator,
68 Lake Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Country Trade Solicited.

PAYNE'S COACH STABLES

PHONE 279
COACHES COUPES LIVERY
CITY STABLES - 1000 Main Ave.

John H. Ashton, Jas. Malley

ASHTON & MALLEY,

FIRE INSURANCE.

Old, Tried and Reliable Companies.
Losses Promptly Paid Rates Reasonable
OFFICE - 201-203 Ellicott & Barry Building
Entrance 30 State St. Rochester, N. Y.

\$2.50 Buffalo

TO

Cleveland

Also Daily Line Between
CLEVELAND & TOLEDO
"VIA C. & E. LINE."
Steamers "City of Buffalo," (new)
"State of Ohio" and "State of New York"

DAILY TIME TABLE

Daily, except Sunday, until about Dec. 15
Live Buffalo 8:30 p. m. Live Cleveland 8:00 p. m.
Ar. Cleveland 8:30 a. m. Ar. Buffalo 8:30 a. m.
(Eastern Standard Time)

Take the "C. & E. LINE," steamers
and enjoy a refreshing night's rest when
enroute to Cleveland, Toledo, Columbus,
Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Detroit, Northern
Lake resorts, or any Ohio, Indiana, or South-
western point.

Send 4 cents postage for tourist pamphlet.
For further information ask your nearest
Coupon Ticket Agent, or address

W. F. Herrman, T. F. Newman,
Gen'l. Pass. Agent, Gen'l. Manager
Cleveland, O.

PATENTS

CAVEATS, DESIGNS, TRADE-MARKS.

Send me a model or rough pencil
sketch of your invention and we will
EXAMINE and report as to its patent
ability. "Inventors' Guide or How to Get
a Patent," sent free.

O'FARRELL, FOWLER & O'FARRELL,
Lawyers and Solicitors of American and
Foreign Patents.

1425 N. Y. AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C.
When writing mention this paper.

EDISON'S NEW MARVEL.

An Invention That May Prove to be His
Greatest Achievement.

Thomas A. Edison has just completed
what may prove to be the greatest
achievement of his life. After eight
years of incessant work, night and day,
in the face of discouragements which
seemed almost insurmountable, in spite
of obstacles which only a genius could
overcome, he has given to the world
an industrial invention which is the
seriousness of its intention may come
to rival the kinetoscope, the phono-
graph or even the electric light. Noth-
ing he has done heretofore has required
so much of his individual attention,
taxed his inventive ingenuity so fully,
or in the aggregate consumed his vital
powers more than this latest accom-
plishment. He has in short at last
pointed out a commercial way of uti-
lizing the immense deposits of iron ore
which lie under the New Jersey hills.

Billions of tons of iron ore lie scat-
tered through the rocks of the Eastern
spurs of the Allegheny mountains. Ed-
ison himself made this remarkable dis-
covery years ago and geologists ever
since have amused themselves with
proving how perfectly inexhaustible is
the supply. But the ore is scattered
about in such fine particles that it
could not be mined with the ordinary
methods, and hence has been looked
upon as one of the few great wastes of
Nature. This state of affairs was very
aggravating in view of the peculiar
conditions which prevailed in the iron
trade of the extreme East. For some
years past the bulk of the Bessemer
steel trade has been drifting westward
by reason of the discovery and opening
up of immense deposits of high grade
ore in the upper Peninsula of Michi-
gan, suitable for making Bessemer
steel, cheaply produced, and carried at
a small cost by water transportation to
furnaces contiguous to the lake ports.
The tremendous cheapening in the cost
of mining and transportation of these
deposits have apparently raised in-
calculable obstacles in the way of Ed-
ison's plan to extract iron from low
grade ores by means of electro-mag-
nets, but the details have not until now
been given. Mr. Edison bought many
acres of what was regarded as nearly
worthless land and put up a plant. He
says near his factory are 200,000,000
tons of low grade ore. His machines
tract from this ore every day nearly
1,500 tons of pure iron. The ore is broken
up pulverized, and then passed
close to electro-magnets, which
draw away the iron and leave the refuse matter. The
whole process is automatic and appears
to be very simple, just as most of Mr.
Edison's processes are. "The most use-
ful inventions are the simplest but a
scientific mind is needed to bring them
into existence. Mr. Edison has long
been regarded as one of the most as-
tonishing men of the age. He is modest,
as all really great men are, going
about his work always in a quiet sort
of way. There is nothing of the boom-
er about Edison.

The Part He Took in a Fight on THE PLAINS.

On Account of His Exuberant Spirits He
Was Called "Frisky." He Scouted the
Redskins and Saved a Command From
Destruction—Received a Gold Medal.

About twenty years ago when there
were but few railways in the western
states and territories, the United States
mail was carried in saddle bags on
what were called pack mules. The
riders were young men, carefully se-
lected for their bravery, fearlessness
and activity. The animals were
changed at stations about twenty-five
miles apart, so that they were always
in good condition to run if necessary
required it, which was often the case,
as the country was swarming with
Mexican and Indian savages, a contribu-
tor to our animal friends.

Benton, a brave young Irishman,
with Indian blood in his veins, was
chosen for the road between Camp
V, Arizona, and a town on the border
of New Mexico, and for more than
a year escaped the snares and treach-
erous traps that were laid for him.
One cold day in February, 1875, when
a heavy mist not only made things
cheerless and gloomy but threw such
a veil over the earth that it was im-
possible to see any object more than a
few feet away, Benton started on his
customary long ride. When or how
the Indians surprised him was never
known. His body was found in the
entrance of Sunset Pass by a squad of
cavalry sent from Camp V, riddled
with bullets and arrows, and near it
lay three dead Indians, showing that
he had sold his life dearly. The mule
galloped into Camp V, two days
later, and fell exhausted in front of the
barracks, with mail bags untouched
save by the blood that had flowed from
the bullet hole in his side. He was
put in a comfortable stall in the cav-
alry stables, and owing to the skill of
the veterinary surgeon, in addition to
the best of food and care, he soon
grew strong and fit for light work.
During his sickness the soldiers be-
came so attached to him that the post
quartermaster made an effort, and suc-
ceeded in buying him.

One year later I had the good for-
tune to be ordered east on temporary
duty in Washington. Though I had
been in Arizona but six months I was
heartily tired of that desolate country,
and fully determined to let no obsta-
cle delay me in the trip that was tak-
ing me to my native city. We left
Camp V in an ambulance drawn by
four mules. Soon after starting I
found that one of the leaders was the
pack mule I have mentioned. He had
fully recovered and had been named
Frisky by the soldiers on account of
his exuberant spirits.

In the ambulance with me was the
driver and an old soldier whose name
was Flaherty. Behind us was an army
wagon packed with our luggage, ra-
tions and forage for the mules. It was
guarded by an escort of eight privates,
with sergeant and corporal. Frisky
was as lively as a young kitten and
seemed none the worse for the hole
in his side. On the fourth day of travel,
soon after starting, Frisky began to
sniff, prick up his ears and tremble.
Flaherty turned toward me, saluted
and said, in a half-apologetic voice:
"Beg pardon for troubling you, look-
ing at it, but I think it will be wise to
halt a bit and take a look at the country."
Frisky sniffs the red men, and you
never can deceive him on them."

The driver slackened the speed of
his team and looked at me for an order
to stop. I had been but one year and
a half from West Point; I had quite
an opinion of myself and my judgment,
and I thought I knew far more of In-
dians than old Flaherty, who had been
in the service nearly thirty years, and
mule continued to act like a frightened
child, and about noon refused to go
by throwing himself on the ground re-
gardless of harness, and braying in the
loudest tones. The men tried coax-
ing, then the whip, but all to no avail.
"He speaks the truth in his way, look-
ing at it," said Flaherty, in what seemed
to me a patronizing tone. "We'd better
prepare for an attack. I'm an old
soldier, sir, and I know what an In-
dian surprise is. It means trouble.
Pardon me, look at him for trying to
give me commandment orders."

I felt very foolish and angry when I
found myself obeying Flaherty and
stopping my command for the pranks
of a mule. I ordered the men to make
a barricade of sand and sage brush
branches, and corralled our mules be-
hind it. In front of them we put the
ambulance and wagon for us to hide
behind, so as to keep from the enemy
the fact that we numbered only fifteen
all told. We remained in this war-
like attitude for nearly an hour, then,
disgusted, with what I thought my
folly, I gave orders for the mules to be
harnessed and our command to move
on. The words were scarcely out of
my mouth when, glancing to my left,
I saw a cloud of sand. I turned to Flaherty,
who stood by my side, saying
reproachfully and sullenly, "What's
that?" I asked. "It's the red men,"
said Frisky and I said were coming.
"It's the beginning," said the circum-
stances. In a few moments we were surrounded
by about fifty hideously painted In-
dians on their ponies, galloping around
us and giving us the full benefit of
their war-like yells. Fortunately,
they were not as well armed as we
were; if they had been, our time in
this world would have been short.
As it was, our men had to fight like
tigers. The struggle lasted a little less
than an hour. During that time I
lived through days, it was all so new,
strange and horrible to me. I was but
22, and very much of a boy at that.
My youth and inexperience seemed
strangely out of keeping with my at-
tempts to give orders to men who had
spent more than half their lives fight-
ing Indians. So after giving a few,
I turned the plan of battle over to
Sergeant Flaherty. The latter was in
his element, and showed the greatest
courage, coolness and clear-headedness
I have ever seen. After every shot he
fired he would call out in slow tones:
"Faith, an' it is me red scalp ye want
to flumminate yer wigwags? Well,
take a piece of coward lead, instead."
"Coom a little closer, ye red snakes,
Frisky an' me want to pay a debt we
owe ye," and he would fire away delib-
erately, and with sure and deadly aim.
Owing to his bravery and that of the

SAGACITY OF A MULE.

other men we came out conquerors,
and felt very light-hearted when we
saw what was left of the red men dis-
appearing over the hills, leaving their
dead and wounded behind them.

The men lost no time in harnessing
the mules, packing the wagon and
moving on. After the last Indian had
disappeared, Frisky regained his cus-
tomary spirits and activity, and was
the hero of the hour, for we all ap-
preciated the fact that had it not been
for his warning, we would have been
massacred in the wagon. That night
we put twenty-five miles between us
and the battlefield, and save for a
slight flesh wound on my arm, and a
grazed spot under Flaherty's red hair,
we were none the worse. Soon after
I reached Washington, I sent Frisky a
gold medal; on it was engraved: "For
Frisky, the wisest mule that ever
lived." He wore it fastened to the
collar of his harness until he died.

HIS FOOLISH PRESUMPTION.

The Young Lady Thought Him That He Had
Made a Mistake.

"No," said Evangeline Glendinning,
as she looked down at the floor and
nervously twisted her slim little fin-
gers, "no, Alfred, I am sorry, but it
cannot be."

Alfred Doncaster had loved the beau-
tiful girl from the moment he had first
seen her, and he had fondly believed
that she looked upon him with more
than ordinary favor.

But now his hopes lay shattered, and
the future stretched out black before
him.

The strong, handsome young man
sighed, and was silent for a long time.
At last the sweet maiden said:
"Try to be brave, Alfred. Look at
me. See how I am bearing up."

He turned toward her in wonder,
and said:

"Why should you bid me do this?
What have you to bear up under?"

"Ah, Alfred, if you only knew!"

"Evangeline" cried, catching her
in his arms and holding her in a
strong embrace, "you love me! Ah,
darling, you cannot hide the truth
from me! Tell me it is so."

"Yes," she said, "I love you, Alfred."

"O heaven," he groaned, "this is ter-
rible, terrible. Oh, if you only hated
me—loathed me! Then my fate would
be less bitter."

She was frightened, and drew away
from him.

"Why," she asked, "do you want me
to hate you?"

"Ah," he answered, "I might bear
my own burden, but how can I sur-
vive knowing that you, too, suffer?"

"Why should either of us suffer?"

"Evangeline" he almost choked, "I
do not jest with me! Why should we
suffer? Are we not doomed to ever-
lasting separation and misery? Are
we not to be—"

"Oh," she interrupted, "you're not
going to let a little bluff stop you right
at the start, are you? Did you want
me to tumble into your arms the first
thing, as if I had merely been waiting
for the word? You must be new at
this business."

Then she became so angry that it
took Alfred Doncaster nearly seven
minutes to win her back again.

FELONY-HUNGER.

More than the hunger after bread,
more than the frenzy of love or hatred,
the poison-hunger overpowers every
other instinct, and even the fear of
death. In Mexico, the surgeon of the
Second Zouaves was one night awak-
ened by the growling of his spaniel,
and thought he saw a man crawling
out of his tent. The next day the cap-
tain informed the company that some
fellow had entered the hospital camp
with burglarious intent, and that he
had instructed the sentries to arrest
or shoot all nocturnal trespassers.
About a week after the doctor was
again awakened by his dog, and light-
ing a match he distinguished the figure
of a large man crawling from under
his table and carrying a large book.
He called for him to stop, cocking his
pistol at the same time but the fellow
made a rush for the door, and in the
same moment was floored by a ball
that penetrated his skull. He lay
long enough to confess his desperate
enterprise. His regiment had been
stationed at Alajuela, where he learned
to smoke opium, and having ex-
hausted his supply and his financial re-
sources, he felt that life was no longer
worth living, and resolved to risk
it in the attempt at abducting the
doctor's medicine chest.

Queer Ways to Meet Wedding Expenses.

The problem of how to meet the ex-
penses of a honeymoon has driven
many a man into a queer corner. And
in this strait a resourceful medical stu-
dent last year sold his body to the hos-
pital where he was working, receiving
\$15 for it. The sum gave the young
pair a nice little holiday, and they are
both too healthily constituted to see
any morbid suggestion in the means by
which it was raised.

About three years ago a young en-
gineer in Liverpool, England, wanted
very badly to get married, but was
in a bit of desperation, he set down
and thought out an invention, which
was bought by the firm at the following
faced by the old difficulty of how to
manage the honeymoon. One night
morning for £30. It has since realized
thousands. But the young inventor is
quite satisfied to have had his honey-
moon paid for so easily, and has never
received another penny out of it.

The Teeth With Glass.

The latest use for glass is instead of
gold as a material for stopping decay-
ed teeth. It answers splendidly, and
is far less conspicuous than the yellow
metal. Of course, it is not ordinary
glass, but is prepared by some new
patented process which renders it soft
and malleable.

Dyeing a Horse.

An enterprising carter has conceiv-
ed and executed the original idea of
dyeing the horse that draws his deliv-
ery wagon in a vividly impres-
sionist style that attracts wonder and
attention wherever he goes. The
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to
Animals cannot interfere, because the
dye is harmless.

DIOCESAN NEWS

What Our Friends in the Surrounding
Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Lima.

James Cleary and wife of Rochester, were
in town Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Walsh spent last
week in New York city.

The following young gentlemen from
Rochester spent Thanksgiving at Lima:
Michael Ryan, John and Eugene Carroll,
Patrick Slattery, and Wm. Hogan of Canan-
daigua.

The winter term of the Seminary will be-
gin on Wednesday Dec. 1.

A meeting held Sunday afternoon the
people of St. Rose's church decided to hold
between Christmas and New Year's a fair,
the proceeds to go toward renovating the
church preparatory to celebrating our
golden jubilee in August 1898.

First communion will be given in this
parish on Wednesday Dec. 8th.

Last Thursday the remains of Patrick
Collins who died in Honeyey Falls were
interred here, and on Monday those of
Michael Calligan who died in Lodiola.

Ovid.

The notice of the marriage of Miss
Jennie O'Neill and Mr. Albert Kerr in the
East Bloomfield item of THIS JOURNAL last
week contained two mistakes. Mr. Kerr's
name was given as Curran, and the item
stated that the ceremony was performed by
Rev. Father Garvey. The couple were
married by Rev. Jas. E. Kennedy assistant
at Holy Cross, Ovid, N. Y.

Married at Ovid, Sunday Nov. 24th,
Thomas James Lyman and Theresa
McDonaghy.

Married Thursday at Holy Cross Church,
Ovid, Patrick Whelan and Mary Rogan.
Father O'Connell performed the ceremony.
Willard.

The popular comic drama "Side-Tracked"
was produced on Friday evening last at
Hadley Hall. The play was well acted and
the house was packed to its fullest extent.

Coming attraction, Corbett-Glass Club,
Dec. 11th.

The band concert on Saturday after-
noon, at the opera house, are well attended
and enjoyed by all.

Mr. Patrick Hamilton of Canandaigua, is
visiting at the home of his daughter, Mrs.
Con. Green, on Willard avenue.

The new conservatory is enclosed.

Dr. Macy, Superintendent, is absent on a
long vacation.

Dr. E. Finnegan of Union Springs,
formerly of Willard, is now located at his
dental rooms at Ovid.

Mr. Elliot Andrews head painter at the
hospital is enjoying a much needed vaca-
tion of two months.

Lyons.

Miss Belle Murphy spent last Sunday
with Clyde friends.

Mr. Elmer Ayers, formerly proprietor of
the railroad meat market, has accepted a
position as traveling salesman for Swift
Bro. Packing House with headquarters at
Reading, Pa. Mrs. Ayers will soon join
her husband in their new home.

John F. Bradley, formerly of this city,
now of Le Roy, spent his Thanksgiving
vacation with his parents here.

Rev. D. W. Kavanaugh who is spending
a four week's vacation at Leadville, Col.,
on account of ill health has sent word that
he has greatly improved.

Miss Anna Murphy formerly of this place,
now a teacher in the Little Falls high
school, spent her Thanksgiving vacation in
this village.

Last Wednesday morning recorded the
sad death of Oscar Vanderhoof. Mr. Van-
derhoof was employed by the New York
Central R. R. Co. as brakeman on the
Lyons and Auburn local with Joseph Davos
conductor, he was waiting for his train Wed-
nesday morning and was walking in the
lower part of the yard, when one of the
early morning trains bound westward struck
and instantly killed him. Mr. Vanderhoof
had a host of friends among the railroad
men while he has worked for the last fifteen
years. Besides a wife and child he
leaves a mother, a father, mother
and two brothers. The funeral was held from
his home Saturday at 2 o'clock p. m.
Mr. Charles Williams of Waterloo, and
Mr. Henry Williams of Syracuse, brothers
of Mr. Vanderhoof were in attendance at
the funeral.

Mr. M. J. Keane and children are
spending a week with his parents here and
Mrs. M. Keane on Geneva street.

Daniel Moore, Jr., and Cutler Kerrigan,
spent Sunday in Waterloo.

Mr. M. T. Bradley and John F. Bradley
were in attendance at the funeral of Mr.
Newark, Thanksgiving eve.

Miss Rose Conroy spent Sunday at her
home in Syracuse, the guest of her parents.

Miss Belle Murphy took a leading part in
the fair entertainment at Newark last Thurs-
day evening.

Mrs. Patrick Ford of East Syracuse,
formerly of this place, is spending a week
among her many friends in town.

Miss Annie Dealing and Mrs. Lawrence
Kelley of Newark, spent a few hours in
town Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Thomas Burke was among the
number who attended the grand ball in
Clyde, Thanksgiving evening.

Miss Sarah Burke has gone to New York
to spend the winter with Seymour Scott and
family.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Fleming of Roch-
ester, spent Thanksgiving with Mr. Flem-
ing's parents, Mrs. and Mrs. L. Bradley.

Miss Annie Conroy, who has been spend-
ing a fortnight with her sister, Mrs. John
Quinn, has returned to her home in Savan-
nah.

Miss Marie Walsh of Clyde, and Miss
Kathryn Mortimer of East Syracuse, called
on Lyon friends Saturday of last week.

Mr. Daniel Moran went to Waterloo on
business last Saturday.

Mr. Ed. Lally of this place, is in Roch-
ester, undergoing treatment for his nerves.

Mr. Stephen Myers spent Thanksgiving
day in Syracuse.

Mrs. Johnson of St. Catharines, Ont.,
who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm.
Hart of this place, has returned to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Myers spent
Thanksgiving day in Rochester.

When you are in need of job print-
ing of any kind, leave your order at the
Gleaner Journal office, 224 East
Main street.

WILSON'S

Do people say that
because in every
in the history of the world

Because

They know from
in the best, I. e., it gives you
Hood's Sarsaparilla is not
the personal supervision of
pharmaceuticals who are
The question of food is
decided in favor of Hood's
Sarsaparilla.

Another thing: Every
of Hood's Sarsaparilla is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It is the One True Blood Purifier. It is
Prepared only by C. J. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.

IT CURES.