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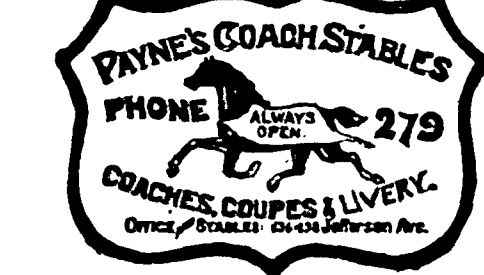
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THE FIDDLER CRAB AND DRAGON FLY.

Why a Little Boy Made a Promise Never to Hurt Them Again.

The Fiddler Crab held up his one big claw like a shield and fed himself very fast with one of his little claws.

The tide was out and there was a good deal to eat on the narrow sand flat near the road where, down among the reeds and the marsh grass, the Fiddler Crab and his family made their home.

I don't know just what the Fiddler Crab eats—something the tide brings, perhaps—but whatever it was he was eating it as fast as a little boy eats his breakfast when he is going to a picnic. Just then the Dragon Fly came along, chasing a gnat or something, and stopped to rest on a spear of grass near by.

"What are you stuffing your breakfast down in such a hurry for?" he called to the Crab. "Don't you know it isn't good for you to eat so fast?"

"Oh, yes, I know all about that," answered the Fiddler, "but I'd rather have a little stomach ache than be killed, and I'm afraid for my life here every minute. I must eat fast and get back into the water out of sight."

As the Fiddler Crab said this his eyes stuck out at least a half an inch on two funny little sticks that were a good deal like a short two-tined fork with the eyes fastened on the points.

He looked so droll that the Dragon Fly could hardly help laughing. He did not laugh, though, and looked very grave, as he said:

"Why, Mr. Fiddler, what has happened? What is the trouble?"

"A boy," replied the Crab. "A naughty little boy who came along here yesterday. He threw stones at us and broke off my uncle's big claw and nearly killed a lot of my other folks. About three hundred and fifty of my relatives are breakfasting over there on the next flat, and I came over here to stand guard and give the warning if he comes again."

"Well, well," said the Dragon Fly. "I do believe it is the very same boy that almost killed me with the branch of a tree. He stood down there on the bridge, and just as I came dying along, not thinking of any harm, swish came a great bushy branch that grazed my wings and frightened me into a fit. The best hunting is along this road, too, right in the very place he can reach us. What are we going to do?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," began the Fiddler Crab, and then all at once he threw up his big claw and his eyes stuck out just as far as ever the two little sticks would let them.

"Sh!" he whispered. "Here he comes now!" Then he made a clicking sound with his claws and there was a burry and scamper behind a bunch of marsh grass where his three hundred and fifty relatives were sliding into the water.

"Sh!" he whispered once more. "Better lie low, Mr. Dragon Fly, and maybe he won't see us."

So the Dragon Fly crept down the stalk of grass out of sight and the Fiddler Crab sidled into the reeds close to him. Then they kept still and listened.

They heard the little boy talking and knew that somebody must be with him. Pretty soon they could hear what he was saying.

"Oh, mamma," they heard his say, "right here yesterday I saw about a million Fiddler Crabs! I threw a stone at them and you ought to have seen them run—all going sideways—so funny! I knocked a claw off one of them, but I didn't quite kill any. I will next time!"

"Why, Eddie!" answered a soft voice, that the Dragon Fly and the Fiddler liked, because it sounded good and gentle.

"Yes, and right over there I saw a big blue Dragon Fly, and I broke a branch off a bush and when he came along I stood on the bridge and swung the branch around and just grazed him. I waited there a long time, but he didn't come back any more."

"Why do you want to kill the poor Crab and the Dragon Fly?" asked the soft voice.

"Oh, just because," said the little boy. "Let's sit down here on the bank and watch for them."

"Eddie," said the other voice, as they paused and sat down, "don't you know that the Fiddler Crab and the Dragon Fly love to live, just as we do? That they love the blue sky and the sea and the sunshine?"

Mr. Crab and Mr. Dragon Fly, peering out through the grass, saw the little boy digging in the ground with a stick.

"Think, Eddie, how it would hurt you to be hit with a big stone that broke off your arm, or with a limb that scratched and tore you. And how sorry papa and all of us would be. The Fiddler Crab and the Dragon Fly have their families, too. You don't want to be cruel, do you?"

The little boy did not answer right away, and the other voice continued: "Everything, Eddie, that lives loves its life. We kill only in self-defense and for food. If you think a moment I know you do not wish to hurt any defenseless creature or take just for fun a life you cannot give back again."

Then the little boy answered, but his voice was so weak that the Crab and the Dragon Fly had to listen very hard to hear what he said.

"I didn't think about that," he said, still digging away in the sand. It hurts and—and they have mamma

and papa and—oh, mamma, do you suppose that one's claw will ever grow out again?"

"Perhaps, I've heard of such things."

"Will it, mamma? Do you suppose it will really? I'll never try to kill anything again—never! Oh, there they are now!"

Sure enough! The Dragon Fly and the Fiddler Crab had felt so happy to hear him say those words that they had popped right out of their hiding place. The Fiddler Crab was sidling back and forth across the sand and the Dragon Fly dancing up and down in the air just above him. Then suddenly from behind the clump of marsh grass sidled the three hundred and fifty relatives, wavering, while across the marsh came the Dragon Fly family under the blue sky.

The little boy laughed and shouted and clapped his hands. The sun shone brightly upon the fields and sea—Albert Bigelow Paine, in New York Herald.

When the Cows Came Home.

Going after the cows was an errand regularly assigned Dolly and Dick during the summer months. At first they were impatient for the hour to come when the big red ball of the sun would drop behind the tops of the orchard trees that they might start for the pasture where Buttercup and her pretty fawn-colored calf, Dairy Maid, cropped the juicy clover all day long.

What great fun it was to chase each other down the lane through the deep clover to the bars where Buttercup waited, placidly chewing her cud. How ready she was to rub her cool, black nose into their outstretched hands, as if to say:

"Good evening, Dolly and Dick, have you a nice tidbit of salt with you? I'm ready to be taken home to the milking-stable."

After Dick lowered the pasture bars Dairy Maid would always politely stand aside to allow Buttercup to pass out first. Then as soon as Dick had put up the bars he would give a low whistle, at which Dairy Maid would prick up her pretty ears and start on a run down the lane, with Dick following close beside her. Most times Dairy Maid would win in the race to see who could get to the road first. Then she would turn around and come back to meet Dolly, holding out her head to be stroked.

This all seemed the very best part of the whole day until the long, long days of midsummer came, when Dick became absorbed in fishing down by the brook. It always seemed that the fish began to bite just as the sun went down, and he must scamper away to help Dolly bring in the cows. And Dolly sometimes thought it just too bad to have to leave the cunning playhouse she was building for her dolls down under the old quince-tree.

One hot July afternoon the playtime hour seemed shorter than ever. The cool shade at the brook and under the old quince-tree was so pleasant and hard to leave that Dolly and Dick did not set out until the red light was dying full speed, with hardly time to go and come while it was light.

But some perverse thought came to both to try a short cut through Neighbor Shank's fresh mown meadow, that they might have a slide down the newly mowed hay-cocks, though something whispered to them that this was directly against their father's command.

Soon Buttercup and the on-coming dark were entirely forgotten in the good times they were having trying to see who could climb up first after a quick slide down the haycock and a tumble into the masses of fragrant hay beneath.

But one time when Dolly failed to climb back up after Dick, she noticed it was so dark that she could hardly see her brother on top of the hay—and over where the pasture bars should be it was all dark night.

Thoroughly frightened, she ran with all her might in the direction of the pasture, with Dick following her at full speed, while away off somewhere they heard Buttercup moaning dolefully. The stubble out Dolly's bare feet, and she thought with a lump in her throat what would mother say when they got home. And maybe they might not get back home. Then her throat hurt dreadfully far worse than her feet, and she could not keep the tears back.

All of a sudden Dick gave a howl of pain and danced around frantically. Dolly ran back to find out what was the matter, and she, too, began to scream with pain. They had stumbled upon a nest of bumblebees. After that all else was forgotten but to escape their tormentors. Away they ran with all their might, with the bees buzzing angrily about their ears, and did not stop until the last bee had given up the chase. They thrust down beside a haycock so exhausted that they hardly realized where they were.

It had grown very dark and a chilling mist was settling down. Dolly felt around to where Dick was and crept closer to him. Oh, how their feet hurt, and Dick's head felt as big as a bushel right over the temple where a bee had stung him. Dolly did not feel the pain of her torn feet and stung hands so much as the hurt in her throat when she thought how they were lost in the dark night.

"Oh, Dick," she sobbed, "if we had only gone the way we told, we'd been home by this time eating custard for supper, but now we'll never"—and she could not finish for the choking sobs, in which Dick joined.

Poor, tired, naughty children, some way, they never remembered how, they fell fast asleep—and the first thing Dolly knew was a bright light flashing into her eyes and blinding her. Papa was bending over them with a lantern in his hand and calling to somebody, "Here they are!"

It was a week before Dolly could put on her shoes and play out under the quince-tree, and Dick wore a bandage over his eye even longer. The first time they went again to bring Buttercup from the pasture she would not lick Dolly's pink palm when she held out her hand.

I wonder why.

## DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Lima.

Last Sunday the church was full of scaffolding erected for the use of the decorators and painters, who will begin work soon.

Father FitzSimons announced last Christmas that any one wishing to donate statues could do so after that time, which statues were to be placed in the church between the windows. So far, enough members of the congregation have promised statues to fill nearly all the available spaces but one or two. The statues, which will cost \$1,000 over \$100 apiece, will be very handsome and add much to the already handsome interior of our church. The exterior of the church is being painted and penciled, and electric lights are shortly to be put in. Both Father FitzSimons and the members of the church are confident that when everything is finished the church will look better than ever.

Miss Mary Grace was in town over Sunday.

Joseph Mason spent Sunday in Lima visiting relatives and friends.

Patrick Hendrick, Merwin W. Long and James T. Gordon attended the democratic convention held at Mt. Morris on July 20. Mr. Hendrick was appointed one of the tellers of the convention and was also appointed chairman of the congressional committee.

Preparations are being made by our firemen to attend the Livingston county Firemen's convention to be held in Livonia August 14th and 15th. The Hooks will have brand new uniforms and are expected to make a good showing.

Palmyra.

Master Bernard McDonald of Exchange street, Rochester, is visiting Master Pinkney and May Ennis.

Misses Mayne Sullivan and Edna Gaffney spent a few days in Fairport last week.

Miss John Ennis and daughter May spent a few days in Fairport last week.

Miss Mary Sullivan of Rochester is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Margaret Pender of Corning is here for the summer at the home of Mrs. C. C. B. Walker.

Fairport.

Miss Alice Doherty of Palmyra visited friends last Friday and Saturday.

Miss Julia Kennedy spent Sunday with Miss Kate Sullivan at Father's station.

Miss Florence Conway visited Miss Frances Sullivan over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Burns are rejoicing over the arrival of a young son.

Dr. Burns and Miss Anna Welch spent Sunday with John Burns and wife at Farmington.

D. M. Doherty, formerly of our village, called on Fairport friends Saturday. Sunday he left for Camp Bland, having enlisted with the 202d separate company H. of Buffalo.

Miss Lizzie Caffery of Rush is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. M. Burns.

Last Saturday evening occurred the death of Mr. Dennis McCarthy at his home east of our village after an illness of two weeks. Mr. McCarthy was 71 years of age and the father of 22 children. He was born in County Clare, Ireland, and came to this country 51 years ago last Fourth of July. He survived by his wife and 12 daughters, Mrs. James Finigan, Misses Mary, Teresa, Elizabeth, Celia, Anna, Sabina, of Fairport, and Mrs. John Flanagan, Mrs. Fred Lavery, of Rochester. Mrs. James Monahan of Albany and four sons, Dennis, William and Patrick of Fairport and John of Rochester. Mr. Sullivan has been a kind and loving father, and by his death Fairport loses a good citizen. The funeral took place from the church of the Assumption Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. Interment at the Holy Sepulchre at Rochester.

T. A. Sullivan of Buffalo has been visiting relatives in this city for a few days. He returned home Tuesday with his wife, who has been here for two weeks.

Lady Hill.

One of our oldest and most respected residents passed away to his reward in the person of Thomas Kelly, whose death occurred in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Thomas Kelly, in Mr. Beards, Thursday afternoon, July 21st, at the ripe old age of 87 years.

During the past 50 years Mr. Kelly was widely known as one of the most earnest workers for his holy faith; generous among his fellow workers in the old cause of sympathy for the Irish race. His worth was manifested in the attendance at the funeral of this most devout Catholic. His funeral took place in the church of Our Mother of Sorrows Saturday morning, when solemn high mass was celebrated in the presence of a large circle of relatives and friends. He leaves one son and three daughters, Mrs. Thomas Neary, Mrs. M. Burns of Michigan, Mrs. Wm. Devlin of Rochester; also numerous grand and great-grand children. May his soul rest in peace.

Shortsville.

St. Dominic society will hold their annual picnic at Connolly's grove on Tuesday, August 2d.

Miss Annie Russell of Rochester is visiting her parents.

R. McCoy of Livonia was the guest of his son the latter part of last week.

Miss Mary Dunn is visiting friends at Waverly.

Miss Margaret Phipps of Rochester is the guest of her mother.

Miss Louise Sheen of Utica is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Toomey.

Savannah.

Miss Katie Hayes spent Sunday in Clyde. The Misses Rocherts of Jordan have been visiting at Mrs. McCarty's the past few days.

John Needham of Lyons spent Sunday in town.

Miss Rose Conroy of Lyons has been visiting her mother, Mrs. James Conroy, the past week.

Miss Mayne FitzSimons spent Sunday with friends in Clyde.

Jerry Carlin entertained his sister, Miss Carlin, and niece, the Misses Tucker of Syracuse, last Sunday.

Bert Reed, M. A. Gregg, J. S. Seely and Ed. Evans are spending a week on Cayuga lake cruising on the yacht "Blaird."

About twenty-five young people of this village enjoyed a short dancing party in Gregg's hall on Thursday evening.

On Monday this vicinity was visited by one of the most severe electric storms of the season. During the storm the large grain barn on the Colvin Mead farm was struck by lightning and entirely destroyed.

The funeral of Martha J. E. Burke, who died in Rochester last Friday morning, was held from the home of Mrs. James New Clyde, Sunday at 4 o'clock. Miss Barker resided in Savannah until two years ago when she moved to Rochester. She leaves many friends here who deeply regret her death.

Mr. and Mrs. John Platt are rejoicing over the arrival of a bright baby boy at their home on Sunday.

Seneca Falls.

Charles Mahan of New York is visiting his parents in this village.

William Rush left last week for Attica, where he has secured a position.

Thomas J. Saxton has returned from Westbury, R. I., and becomes boss carter in the Seneca Falls woolen mills.

Mrs. Milton Hoag and daughter, Irene and Ethel, are visiting with friends in Little Falls.

Charles Casey, an employee of Gould's shop, had his left hand badly cut on a slapper last week.

Patrick McGuire and son John have been spending the week at Buffalo.

Miss Elizabeth Lyman of Willard is in town visiting friends and relatives.

The Knights of Columbus of Syracuse, Auburn, Geneva and Seneca Falls will hold their annual picnic at Cayuga Lake, August 11th.

Mrs. Mary A. Shanne died at the home of her son, Martin Shanne in High street, Monday morning at 3 o'clock, aged 73 years. She was an old lady most highly respected by all her acquaintances, and a true member of her Christian faith. The funeral was held Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock from St. Patrick's church. The Rev. Father Dwyer officiated.

Corning.

Miss Anna Lynch, who has been visiting at the home of Miss Nellie Troll, has returned to her home in Oswego.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Elwood of Big Flats was held from St. Mary's church on Tuesday morning of last week. Requiem high mass was celebrated by Rev. J. M. Sullivan, and there was a very large attendance.

In spite of the rain, quite a crowd went to Elmhurst Wednesday of last week, and of those who were left in town a large majority were attracted to East Side park in the evening, where Sparks' circus was worth seeing, and the remnants that remained drifted to the Painted Post and pretended to enjoy the entertainment there. And the quiet old town, used to such desertions, waited patiently for the return of its children.

Miss Anna Sloan of West Second street is visiting friends out of town.

A delightful tea party was given by Mrs. J. C. McGovern on Thursday of last week, in honor of the Misses Dempsey of Elmira, who are her guests.

Patrick Cronan has been visiting at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Florence McCarthy.

James Hannon, the young man who was struck by a base ball club which slipped from a player's hands at Eldridge park last week, causing a severe scalp wound and necessitating his removal to the Arnot-Ogden hospital, is getting along very nicely, and will no doubt recover fully. This is good news to the friends of the young man, who are many, and who have felt much anxiety since the accident occurred.

Miss Dora Doyle entertained a number of her friends on Sunday evening in honor of her friends from the metropolis. There was music and singing of a high order, and a most enjoyable time was had by all those present.

Miss Anna Ray of Brooklyn entertained a number of her friends on Tuesday evening. The affair was delightfully informal and most enjoyable. Music, dancing and singing with the latter being of a unusually high order, served to "keep the fingers limber," and all present pronounced the party the success of the season. Among those present from out of town we noticed Mrs. Smith of New York, Miss Josephine Meyer of Fort Jervis, and Messrs. Albert Campbell and Archie Gillis of New York. A most delightful feature of the night was the recitations of John Corbush, which called forth much applause.

Rodney Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Ryan of Rochester visited friends here last week.

There is a disease among children here which the doctors say is whooping cough, while others claim it is a spotted fever. It is very severe to those with weak lungs.

Miss Nora Driscoll of Staley visited here last week.

Dr. McDonald and family of Newark are at their cottage on Sand Point.

Melcomb.

The annual lawn party under the auspices of the people of St. Bridget's church has been announced to take place Aug. 15.

Ed Keefe of Victor was the guest of Father Neville last week.

Miss Lucy McCarthy has received an appointment to enter the Buffalo hospital to practice for trained nurses.

Miss Castle O'Neill, who has been teaching school in Rochester for the past year is spending her vacation at her home here.

Miss Mary Toomey returned home from Buffalo last week where she has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. S. Hogan.

Miss Nellie Sweeney of Rochester was at home Sunday.

Miss Theresa O'Brien of Canadawaga was in town last week.

Geneva.

Company Clerk George Caray of Camp Alger was on a furlough from Thursday until Wednesday, and was the guest of relatives and friends in Geneva, leaving on Wednesday morning for Camp Alger. He reports all in good health.

Mr. Quinn, of the baggage express firm of Smith & Quinn, has purchased his partner's interest in the business. Mr. Smith retains the theatrical baggage wagon and that part of the business.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Stapleton have returned from a visit with their daughter, Mrs. John Murphy of Bellingham.

Miss Julia Dinneen has returned from a visit with relatives and friends in Syracuse.

The Geneva Canning works are running on short time, now, and probably will until corn season commences.

Elizabethtown.

Mrs. King and Mr. Flint attended the Hibbert