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DAVE'S RESOLVE.

Sprawling down one hill and half-way up another was a little village; at the corner of its main street stood the White Lion Inn. The sun poured yellow light through the bar windows on to the sanded floor, and on the figures of two men who sat talking at a table.

"I tell you he's sweet on my cousin Phoebe, damn him!" exclaimed the younger man, bringing his fist down on the table.

"And what's that got to say to it?" replied the other, in a slow, heavy voice. "Josh Tuckett'll never see no darter o' his married to a drunkard."

"Dave ain't no drunkard; he takes his glass and goes out. Dang him, I wish he was!"

The elder man leaned forward and caught hold of the button of his companion's coat.

"Answer me this, Tummus Rod," he said, "didn't his father die o' drink?"

"Ay, sure."

"And his grandfather afore him?"

"Ay, certain."

"Bain't his three brothers lying in the churchyard at this very minute, regular soaking the place w' spirits; the grass niver grewed casual over their graves the same as it did over 'other folks?"

"What's that got to do w' Dave?"

"Why, begore, he'll come to the like sooner or later, mark my words if he don't. He's a drunkard now—at heart. Scores o' times I've reckoned to hear his throat split and crack when the drink dizzles down it."

A heavy flush rose to Rod's face. "And may it, the sooner the better," he said.

"You and he wor thick anuff as boys," replied the old man, rising, and regarding him curiously.

Rod turned away and went back to the bar. "Didn't I tell 'ee that he be sweet on my cousin and her on him?" he answered, in a sullen voice.

There was a sound of footsteps, and Dave entered, the old man taking his departure at the same time. Rod glanced with quick scrutiny at the newcomer's gaunt but boyish face, as dropping his bag of tools, he flung sixpence on the counter.

"A half-and-half, Tom," he said. "My throat be regular dring'd (squeezed up) with thirast."

The flush on Rod's face receded, leaving it ashen gray. He filled a small glass to the brim with spirits and pushed it across the bar. Dave swallowed the contents at a gulp, and stood, fingering the glass nervously.

"Take another nip," said Rod.

"Naw, naw, naw, thank 'ee."

"Come, I'll stand yer."

Dave's thin white face reddened. "I dursn't," he said, turning away and picking up his bag of tools.

The innkeeper burst into a rough laugh. "You puts me in mind of a maid before her first kiss, terrible afraid, but wonderful willing," he replied.

"Come," he urged, unsteadily, "drink me success to something I've set my mind on."

There was silence a moment.

"Ba it zummat pertikler speeshil?" Dave asked, at length.

"I told 'ee I'd set my mind on it."

"Drink ba kindling temptosome," Dave muttered, half to himself, as he watched Rod fill two glasses with spirits.

"Wull," he added, gulping down the spirits with feverish impatience, "may 'ee git what 'ee want and more."

Rod looked at him a moment, his lips twitching. "To the damnation of Dave Vint, body and soul!" he exclaimed, and draining the glass, flung it across the bar at the wall opposite.

For a moment the two men regarded each other in silence, then Dave turned on his heel, halted a moment at the door, and glanced back. "Did 'ee mean they wuda?" he said.

"Two not but a bit of fun," Rod answered, forcing a laugh.

"Ther ain't nort speeshil vantysheeny (showy) in sich jokes," replied Dave, and going out he left Rod alone.

He made his way through the street and up the hill behind the village, where the pine trees stood massing the blue sky like heavy blue-green clouds.

Leaving the road, he entered the wood by a footpath. It was autumn; the ground was strewn with cones; overhead the wind sighed with the sound of the sea. Standing beside a broken stile was a girl; her chestnut hair, escaping from the kerchief that bound it, rippled and curled about her neck and forehead. Dave started when he saw her, and advanced more slowly. She came toward him, and they stood together; she was not tall, about as high as his heart.

"What's come to 'ee, Dave?" she exclaimed, in a soft guttural voice; "it's three weeks since you've bin a-nigh on Well."

He was silent, averting his eyes as if he were afraid to look into hers.

"You made me love 'ee, you made me love 'ee," she burst out, her voice trembling, "and now—"

"Phoebe, lass, 'tis better that I bide away."

"You 'shud 'ave thort o' that afore," she said, bitterly.

"Aye, sartin' I shud."

She caught hold of the two lapels of his coat. "Dave, Dave," she cried, "you don't love me arter all; and you swore me true down by the Wishing Well."

"I didn't love 'ee then the same as I do now by a deal," he answered, taking her hands in his.

"Oh, lad, I can't fathom 'ee," she said, with a sob.

"Sweetheart, 'tis the drink I'm afraid of; 'twill have me wan day like did my vather and brothers afore me."

"But I bain't afraid."

"I might be cruel hard on 'ee, lass," he said, pressing her hands tight against his broad chest. "A man can't answer for himself when the drink's upon him."

Her dark-gray eyes filled with tears. "But I bain't afraid, Dave," she reiterated. "I bain't afraid."

He looked at her with great tenderness. "I dursn't, dear heart; I dursn't," he said, and his voice shook.

"Ther wud be the times between whiles," she urged.

Turning from her, he caught hold of a treebough and steadied himself. "Lass, lass, don't put me in mind o' em."

"You ain't loving me the same as you did, or 'ee wudn't need no minding," she exclaimed brokenly. "And I ain't fallen off in looks." She came around the tree, stood in front of him, and, unbending her handkerchief, shook her thick chestnut hair about her shoulders.

"See, Dave," she continued, "it's vine and long for all it losses in the curl, and my voot, too, Dave,"—she kicked off her shoe—"tis wonderful arched, and a deal smaller than the young ladies' up to the great house. My arms, Dave,"—she slipped back her sleeve—"they might be a chille, they're that bedimpled."

Stopping abruptly, she burst into tears. "Oh, lad, lad," she sobbed, "you bain't looking, you bain't looking."

He let go the branch of the tree, took her in his arms and drew her close up against his breast. He put back her head with gentle force and kissed her mouth and eyes, her throat and bosom. As they stood, molten in one mould, there came down the wind the sound of children's laughter; hearing it, the man and woman fell trembling, then apart.

They stood staring at each other like two people guilty of a crime.

"There ba them that might ba born arter us," he said, hoarsely.

She watched the sudden hardening of his mouth. "Must us mind on 'em?" she pleaded; "must us mind on 'em?"

"I cud niver force no chille o' ours to bear w'at I've been forced to bear," he answered; "twad ba devil's work—I cudn't do it."

Her face grew white and hopeless. "I can't feel for the childer; I ain't no mother yet," she said, brokenly.

Desire shook him; he looked at her slight form that seemed to tremble into womanhood before his eyes, then, with an abrupt cry, he turned and left her.

She flung herself down and wept—through the trees her wailing followed him, yet his heart cried out so loudly that he knew not if the wailing came from her lips or his own. Long he wandered in the wood, but when night fell, returned again to his cottage. Pushing open the door, the moonlight streaming in after him, he entered the small kitchen. On the table, the cork withdrawn, was a bottle of spirits—the air reeled with the smell of it. He did not know whose hand had placed the bottle there, but his harsh thirst demanded slaking, and forced him forward. Clutching at his throat, striving to tear the thirst from it, he advanced, the bottle glistening in the moonlight, looking as if it were alive. He cast an agonized glance around the walls, seeking help from familiar things, and his eyes fell on his gun. A sob of relief broke from him; he took down the gun, loaded it hurriedly, the smell of the spirits dripping on to his lips, he licking it down. He snatched the bottle from the table, shouldered his gun, and went out—up through the woods, past the broken stile, where the coarse grass lay pressed close to the earth, and Phoebe had flung herself down and wept. With averted face he passed the spot, and entered deep into the heart of the wood. At last he stopped; about him the trees grew close and thick; no eye but God's could see his shame. He leaned his gun up against a branch; the moonlight edged itself between the trees, and he held the bottle up.

"So yer have got the best o' me at last," he said; "yer have got the best o' me at last."

The bottle glistened; he brought it nearer his lips, his thirst pressed for quenching, the thirst that he would slake before he shot himself.

"Yer smiling devil," he burst out, with sudden fierceness, "yer reckon to catch me, do 'ee. No, by hell, yer lobate; I'll die w'out tasting 'ee," and he dashed the bottle into fragments at his feet. A moment later he had flung himself upon the ground, striving to lick up the spirits with his tongue.

"Dog that I ba, dog that I ba," he sobbed. "No better than a dog—no better than a dog."

Sick with shame and horror, he regained his feet; he took a piece of cord from his pocket, made a loop in it, attaching one end to the trigger of the gun. He pressed the cold steel barrel up against his hot beating heart, and placed his foot in the loop. "A dog's leath for a dog," he muttered.

The moonlight shone on him, on the gun, and on the broken bottle at his feet; the glistening glass attracted him and he stared at it, fresh thoughts crowding his brain. A tremor ran through him; raising his eyes, he fixed them on the moonlit heavens and gray windspun clouds. "Ther ba zommat in me a'zide the dog," he said, slowly. "Ay, begore, I'll live game, I'll see it droe," and drawing himself together, he turned his face once more on life.—(Zack, in Blackwood's Magazine.)

Preferable.

Cholly—I really don't know what Miss Caustic meant, doncherknow.

Aly—What was it, dear boy?

Cholly—I awaked her if she didn't think I made good company, and she said I left nothing to be desired.

BILL NYE'S HIT.

The Appearance He Presented After Using a Cosmetic.

James Whitcomb Riley tells a quaint story of his former lecturing partner, Bill Nye:

It was the opening of their joint season; they had been rusticated during the vacation and were both brown as berries. Nye looked much like an Othello in his sunburned make-up, and Riley suggested to him the application of some "liquid white," a cosmetic much affected by the gentler sex of the profession.

Nye sent for the preparation, and never having used anything of the kind before, he filled the palm of his hand with it and carelessly smeared it over his countenance. There was no mirror in his very primitive dressing-room, and Riley was beautifying himself on the other side of the stage.

The "liquid white" dried out somewhat like white-wash, and when Nye appeared before the audience he was a sight to behold. His head looked like a frosted top-piece on a wedding cake; his face, white as the driven snow, was expressionless and blank. The audience shrieked, and when he came off from his first selection they demanded his reappearance. He obliged them to howls of laughter; again he made his exit, and again was redemanded by the uproarious audience.

Believing he had made a hit, he was about returning to the stage, when he was caught by the arm by Mrs. Nye, who cried: "William Edgar Nye, what have you got on your face?"

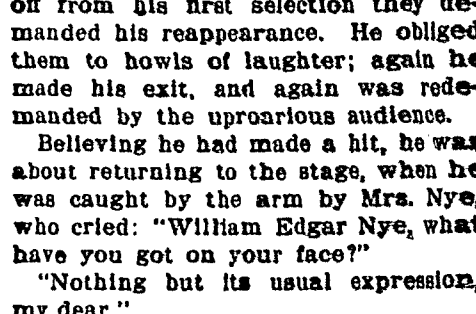
"Nothing but its usual expression, my dear."

"Expression—fiddlesticks! You're a fright," cried his wife, and leading him to where there was a piece of broken looking-glass, showed him how he looked.

Nye was mortified, and, catching sight of Riley just about going on the stage, he would have undoubtedly followed him on and been revenged but for the intervention of Mrs. Nye.

His head was scraped, combed, and washed, and his next selection was read without "a hand" from the audience. Moreover, the story is a fact, and not a press agent's concoction.

Easily Explained.



"Watchman, how did it happen that you were drunk last night?"

"And really, I don't know Mr. Burgo-master, unless I caught it from the three drunken students I saw to their homes."

Nailed His Whiskers to Fences.

The patriarchal beard of one of the "oldest inhabitants" of Conshohocken is still in its accustomed place upon his chin, but it looks very moth eaten and ragged. This is due to the fact that the old man is extremely nearsighted. To see an object plainly he is compelled to get his optics within a few inches of it. The other day, while pottering around his house, the old man undertook to repair the picket fence around the yard. Many of the pickets had been knocked off, and those it was his purpose to replace. He armed himself with hammer and nails and started in. He got his first nail in place, and with much labor succeeded in fastening it there. But this was not all. When he started to move on to the next break he was brought up standing with a yell of pain. He had nailed his whiskers between the picket and the crossbar. His yells attracted the attention of his good wife, who, when she realized the situation, brought her scissors into play and released the old man, minus a considerable portion of his beard.

Why He Erred.

"Me an' the old woman," said the Kentucky mountaineer, "had a little rebate 't'other day 'bout how long we was married. I says hit wuz 12 year, an' she stuck out 'o' eleb'm."

"An' which one was right?" asked the grocer.

"She wuz. I'd forgot 'bout Buck as Bill bein' twins."

Hadn't for a Long Time.

Chief Justice Doherty of the Irish court of common pleas, who held office from 1830 to 1846, was on one occasion talking to a friend, when a lady passed them wearing a very low-cut dress.

"Did you ever see the like of that before?" remarked the friend. "Never since I was weaned," responded the chief justice.

All Happy Now.

Mr. Chick—Your father is such a passionate man, Mabel! Do you think he will be violent if I approach him with regard to my intentions to your self?

Mabel (wearily)—No, but he will be if you don't soon!

A Common Complaint.

"What are you treating me for, doctor?"

"Loss of memory. You have owed me a bill of \$10 for two years."

His Star About to Set.

"You are the star of my life," said the rooster fervently.

"Well," replied the hen, as she moved in the direction of the barn, "your star is now about to set."

HOCKESSAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Continued.

An unusually large party of picnic people went to Beck's Grove on Saturday last to spend the day. It will be remembered that it rained quite heavily during the afternoon but in spite of this those who were at the grove report that they had a good time. A fiddler accompanied the crowd and furnished music for dancing and other purposes.

There was a pleasant gathering of friends on Wednesday evening of last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Comosh. Mr. Comosh as an entertainer, is hard to beat, and on the night in question he was, if we may be permitted the expression, in fine form. The songs of Albert Campbell were much enjoyed and the party continued until a late hour.

The ice-cream social held on Thursday night under the auspices of St. Mary's Aid Society was very well attended and receipts were very gratifying.

The Young Ladies Social Club gave a delightful dance on Tuesday evening at Williams hall. A large crowd was present and the affair was quite successful.

A Stag Party was given by Albert Campbell of New York, to his many friends in this city, on Friday evening, at the home of Mrs. Flanagan. A large crowd of the gentlemen friends of Mr. Campbell were present and a pleasant time enjoyed by all.

On Wednesday morning of last week occurred the wedding of Miss Mary Murphy and Martin Curtis, both well known young people of this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Walter Lee. Miss Lyons acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Ben. Young was best man. The happy young couple have many friends who extend heartfelt congratulations.

James T. Sullivan has been spending a short vacation at Platon, Ont.

A melancholy story reaches us concerning the Spauldings, alias Sullivan's peas, alias the "kings of the roadshow." It appears that a lot of fresh young "colts" invaded the meadow last Sunday and made things very lively around there and drove the frightened little "kings" into ignominious retirement. In other words Tom Rogers and some other bull players defeated the Spaulding team on its own grounds and by a score of six to two. Generally speaking, base ball is not interesting in these days, but it is always entertaining to observe the Spauldings when things don't come their way. It is curious to see the pained smile that crosses their youthful features, and the far-away look that creeps into their eyes, as one by one their heavy hitters strike madly at the innocent air. They are a game little crowd. They even laugh in the face of defeat, but the laughter sounds hard and metallic like the laughter of the steel-horses when the villain loses "you must be mine." The playing of the "colts" was excellent and it is to be hoped that this team will "hang together" and give us some more exhibitions. "Curly" says they will if he can make them.

Miss Mamie Dowd and Miss Margaret Legashan spent Friday of last week visiting friends in Homerville.

Miss Anna Doyle delightfully entertained a number of her friends on Tuesday evening at her home on West Third street. The party was in honor of the Misses Kinella of New York.

Lima.

Miss Phoebe of Rochester, was in Lima last Saturday visiting with the students. She is a very fine dancer, and acquitted herself admirably at early balls and at banquets in the afternoon.

The young ladies sodality of the Children of Mary, propose to buy and pay for a brand new Brussels carpet for the altar and sanctuary.

Mrs. Daniel Collins of Brooklyn is visiting relatives in Lima.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John O'Day a boy, and to Mr. and Mrs. John O'Connell a girl. Congratulations.

Thomas McDonald of New York, was in town visiting relatives and friends last Sunday.

Manthaw Hayes of New York City is spending his vacation in Lima.

William Nighams of Rochester was in town over Sunday.

Miss Margaret Kelly, who has been spending three weeks in Rochester visiting relatives and friends, has returned home.

Honolulu, Falls.

George Johnson of this place met with a runaway accident a few days ago resulting in injuries from which he died.

Dr. Francis A. Foy, M. D. whose home is in this village, is spending a few days with friends in New York.

A. J. Gilbert and T. N. Deyo are home for a few days.

There is to be a game of ball in this place next Saturday between the Holcomb team and a pick-up nine from Canadice and Honoyoc.

Miss Day of Lima is visiting friends in town.

Penn Yan.

Frank Brown of Clinton, Ia., is visiting friends in town.

Miss Katharine Sullivan of Detroit, Mich., has been visiting relatives in Penn Yan during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Taylor of Rochester formerly of this place, have been visiting relatives here for the last few days.

Mrs. Mary Durkin of Geneva, is visiting friends in town.

Miss Lillian Agers spent Sunday with relatives in Geneva.

Miss Kate and Anna Burns, Linda Craigh, Nora Ryan, Agnes Mahar and Nellie Mahar spent Sunday on Lake Kenos.

Miss Mary Halloran will spend a portion of her vacation in New York.

Fairport.

Charles O'Ray, son of Mrs. Ellen O'Ray, who for the past year has been working in Chicago, has enlisted and is at present with the 1st regiment volunteers, company C, Jackson, Mass.

Mrs. George Meahan, who has been visiting her parents for several weeks, has returned to her home in Cleveland, accompanied by her sister, Miss Julia Kennedy, who will remain here for a couple of weeks.

Miss Anna Welch and Florence Conroy spent Sunday with friends in Rochester.

Mrs. John Burns of Farmington, visited friends in town last week.

The Catholic societies in our village are planning for a picnic in the near future.

(Continued on this page.)

Weak and Sick

Did Not Sleep Well

Head's Management

All This is Changed Since

Head's Management

"I was completely run down and sick. I did not sleep well and my head ached. I was completely run down and sick. I did not sleep well and my head ached. I was completely run down and sick. I did not sleep well and my head ached."

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