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## HOW MONTENEGRO ESCAPED

In Disguise He Entered the Employ of an American Surveyor.

"It was my pleasure at one time to form the acquaintance of Montenegro, the famous Mexican revolutionist, although I did not find it out at the time we first met," said Benjamin Morris, of Laredo, Tex. Mr. Morris is a good-natured man, but he is loath to talk of his personal affairs. When pressed to explain his association with Montenegro, he said:

"It was about fifteen years ago. I was much stronger then and weighed nearly 100 pounds less than I do now, but I wasn't nearly so good-natured, nor could I laugh so long and heartily as I do now. I was employed as a chainman by a surveying party, and we were surveying the route of the new Mexican Central railroad. We were near the town of Queretaro one afternoon, and a few of us were working. With a number of others I was near the big canvas-covered wagons which carried our baggage, instruments and camp equipment. We noticed a man approaching us dressed in the white suit of the peons. When he came up we saw that his countenance was most woe-begone. He appeared to be a fellow of rare breeding and refinement. He explained in a hysterical manner that he was one of a party of three who were travelling to Queretaro in a covered wagon, but that they had been set upon by bandits. He said his two companions had been killed by the bandits. He had escaped injury, but after taking all his money, a goodly sum, they made him disrobe, and one of them donned his clothing after presenting him with the peon's suit he wore. The man told his tale with seeming sincerity, and begged the major, who was in charge of our party, to employ him as a wagon man. After some deliberation he was engaged. The man was faithful in his work, and very polite, almost servile, in his deportment toward us.

"As we worked north we reached the hacienda of General Bustamante and remained in the vicinity for several days. I noticed that our new helper always kept out of the way of the General and the members of his household. He must have spent hours in the covered wagons, or his tent, to avoid them, but he succeeded. His actions seemed the more strange when it was considered that the General had eighteen daughters, and the rest of us found much pleasure in association with the family. As we worked further north it became certain that our new employee was trying to conceal his identity, as he repeatedly dodged the people who visited the camp. At Laredo, Mex., he admitted that he was Montenegro and was fleeing from the wrath of Diaz. The people of Laredo were so alarmed at his presence among them that they gladly gave him a horse, new suit of clothes and a small purse upon his agreeing to push toward the north."

Merritt Outwitted.  
Major-General Merritt, grim old warrior of a score of fields, head of the Manila army, military governor of the Philippines, has met his first defeat. He got it from a yellow, lantern-jawed, slant-eyed Chinese, armed with a washrag and a bucket of suds. When the general entered the suite which had been provided at the hotel he found that important business awaited attention. He desired to discuss affairs of state. A Chinese servant was in the room washing windows. They did not particularly need washing, but the yellow fellow was there under orders, and he proposed to finish the job. The general asked him to take his suds and go.

"Me no sabee," replied the saffron son of toll, splashing more water on. The general argued, but it was useless. He scolded and harangued, but to no effect. Affairs of state must wait, but the Chinese was bent on cleaning the windows. He looked midway at the general and dipped anew into the suds. "Me no sabee," was all he said. The general, being a student of human nature as well as the art of war, suspected that the intruder was lying.

"John," said he with great solemnity, "don't you know I could have you shot?"  
"You no shootee me," replied John. "Go shootee Spaniard. Me Melican man's friend. Me alle same stars and stripes," and a fresh dash of suds struck the pane.  
The general was getting impatient. There was no use in diplomacy. "Gitt!" he yelled. "Vamoose! Clear out! You sabee, 'clear out,' you heathen."  
"Me no sabee 'clear out,'" answered John. "Me sabee Melican flag. Me sabee washee window."

The military governor of the Philippines was in despair. Just then a chambermaid passed the open door. "Say," said the general, "come in and induce this heathen to go out." The chambermaid came in, broom in hand. "See here," she remarked to John, "skip, or I'll break this broom over your coccanut." John picked up the bucket of suds and started for the hallway. As he reached the door he winked at the general. "Me no sabee much; me sabee war," he said, and went his way.



## A NEW VERSION.

The boy stood on the back-yard fence, Whence all but him had fled; The flames that lit his father's barn Shone just above the shed. One bunch of crackers in his hand, Two others in his hat. With piteous accents loud he cried, "I never thought of that!" (A bunch of crackers to the tail Of one small dog he'd tied; The dog had sought the well-filled barn And 'mid its ruins died!)

The sparks flew wide and red and hot; They lit upon that brat; They fired the crackers in his hand, And eke those in his hat. Then came a burst of rattling sound— The boy! Where had he gone? Ask of the winds that far around Strewed bits of meat and bone And scraps of clothes, and knives and tops. And nails, and hooks, and yarn— The relics of that dreadful boy That burned his father's barn!

## FRIGATE BIRD'S QUEER WAYS.

It Lives in the Upper Air and Sleeps Upon the Wing.

The frigate bird is endowed with magnificent powers of flight. His wings stretch to an expanse of about ten or twelve feet, his body is about three feet in length, his bill is very powerful and his feet are webbed, but very small; but for these he has but little use, as his home is in the air, hundreds of leagues away from the land. He is seen soaring high above the ocean, but on its bosom he never rests. When he seeks repose he finds it aloft. His foot rarely touches land except at a time for pairing, making nests and rearing young.

The expanse of his wing is so great and his body is so light that he can soar with little or no exertion. Still, it is difficult to see how this would enable him actually to sleep on the wing, as it is believed he does. A closer examination shows, however, that his bones are hollow, and that there is a large pouch he can inflate with air, and thus render himself buoyant, the sustaining power thus acquired, added to that of the wings is sufficient to keep him up.

If his home be in the air, if he neither dives into the sea for fish, nor searches on the land for other food, whence does he derive his sustenance? Impelled by hunger, he descends from the lofty regions where it is his delight to dwell. Whether the sea be rough or calm, he glides along over the water and any unwary fish approaching the surface is pounced upon instantly and swallowed.

But the bird has other resources; though he cannot dive into the sea to catch fish, he avails himself of the labors of birds that can. He watches one of them, sees it come out of the water and fly off with its prey. At once the frigate-bird is down upon him with a swoop of terrific velocity. The frightened diver drops his fish in midair; the frigate-bird poises himself again, darts down with another swoop and seizes the fish ere it reaches the water.

Song of the Stokers.  
We are the slaves of the furnace mouth; Deep in an iron hole, Blistered and black, in pain and rack, We feed its maw with coal. And ever and ever it cries for more, This thing without a soul.

Whether she rolls in a midsea gale Or sails a blessed stream, Little we know that toll below To keep her quick with steam, Where day and night are all alike As in a flaming dream.

We are the slaves of the iron ship! For so it is decreed, And they seal us in that they may win Another knot of speed When the warships meet on the open sea And the battle flags are freed.

They seal us in when they force the draught Till we fall in the curling heat. Prisoned below we may not know The death that we must meet; And if she sink we drown like rats For the glory of the fleet.

—J. W. Muller.

The Greatest Banquet.  
The greatest banquet in history took place on August 18, 1889, when the 40,000 mayors of France sat at table in the Palais de l'Industrie in Paris. There were three relays of about 12,000 guests each. To prepare the feast required seventy-five chief cooks, 1,300 waiters, scullions, cellar-men and helpers, 80,000 plates, 52,000 glasses, knives, forks and spoons in proportion, 40,000 rolls and fish, meat and fowl by the ton. The banquet was part of the centenary celebration of the events of 1789.

## THE MOSQUITO SONG.

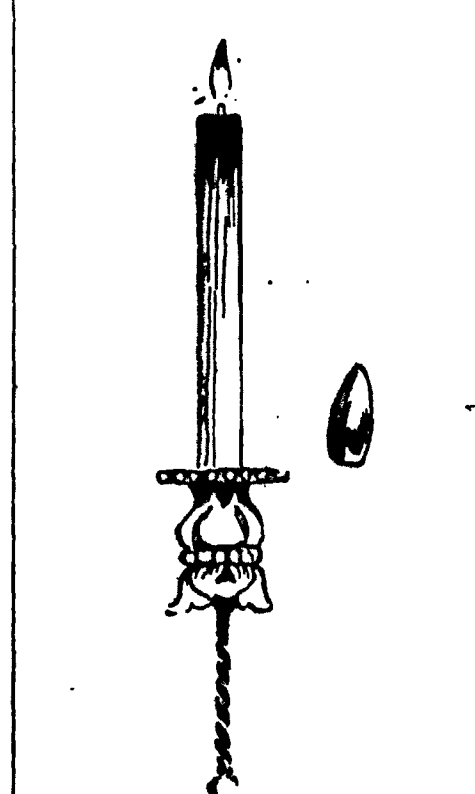
Drearing Sound is Caused by the Rapid Vibration of Its Wings.

You can best observe the mosquito in action by letting one settle undisturbed on the back of your hand, and waiting while she fills herself with your blood; you can easily watch her doing so, with a pocket lens. Like the old lady in "Pickwick," she is soon "awelling visibly." She gorges herself with blood, indeed, which she straightway digests, assimilates and converts into 300 eggs. But if, while she is sucking, you gently and unobtrusively tighten the skin of your hand by clenching your fist hard you will find that she cannot any longer withdraw her mandibles; they are caught fast in your flesh by their own harpoon-like teeth, and there she must stop accordingly till you choose to release her. If you then kill her in the usual manner by a smart slap of the hand, you will see that she is literally full of blood, having sucked a good drop of it.

The humming sound itself by which the mosquito announces her approaching visit is produced by two distinct manners. The deeper notes which go to make up her droning song are due to the rapid vibration of the female insect's wings as she flies; and these vibrations are found by means of a siren (an instrument which measures the frequency of the waves in notes) to amount to about 3,000 in a minute. The mosquito's wings must, therefore, move with this extraordinary rapidity, which sufficiently accounts for the difficulty we have in catching one.

But the higher and shriller notes of the complex melody are due to special stridulating organ, situated like little drums on the openings of the air tubes.

Eating Candle Ends.  
Take a large apple, and cut out a few pieces in the shape of candle-ends, round at the bottom and flat at the top, in fact, as much like a piece of candle as possible. Now cut some slips from a sweet almond, as near as you can to resemble a wick, and stick them into the imitation candles. Light them for an instant, to make the tops black, blow them out, and they are ready for the trick. One or two should be artfully



## THE LIGHTED CANDLE.

ly placed in a snuffer-tray, or candlestick; you then inform your friends that during your "travels in the Russian Empire," you learned, like the Russians, to be fond of candles; at the same time lighting your artificial candles (the almonds will readily take fire, and flame for a few seconds) pop them into your mouth, and swallow them, one after the other.

Facts Worth Remembering.  
The finest gardens in the world are the Royal gardens at Kew, England. They cover an area of about 270 acres, and are visited by about 1,500,000 persons a year. The gardens contain the finest collection of exotic plants in the world, a palm house, a winter garden, a museum, an observatory and a school for gardeners.

The largest geyser in the world is the Excelsior geyser in Yellowstone park. Its basin is 200 feet across and 330 feet deep. This basin is full of boiling water, from which clouds of steam are constantly ascending. At long intervals water is spouted into the air to a height of from 50 to 800 feet.

The deepest hole in the earth is at Schladach, near Ketschau, Germany. It is 5,735 feet in depth and is for geologic research only. The drilling was begun in 1880 and stopped six years later because the engineers were unable with their instruments to go deeper. This hole was expensive, as its cost was \$53,000.

The greatest suspension bridge in the world is the Brooklyn bridge, which also leads the world in the number of its daily passengers. Its length, including approaches, is 5,989 feet, the distance between the towers 820 feet; the weight of the structure is 6,470 tons; its cost was over \$15,000,000. The bridge cars carry about 45,000,000 people every year.

The largest stock yards in the world are in Chicago. The combined plants represent an investment of over \$10,000,000. The yards contain twenty miles of streets, twenty miles of water troughs, fifty miles of feeding troughs and seventy-five miles of water and drainage troughs. The yards are capable of receiving and accommodating daily 30,000 cattle, 20,000 sheep and 120,000 hogs.

Hanleigh—Do you enjoy bicycling? Foote—Can't say that I do; but then the only experience I have had is in being run into. Perhaps if I should learn to ride I might enjoy it better.

## DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondent.  
Corning.

The brother of Rev. Father Lee of this city who is a member of the Sixty-fifth Regiment, New York Volunteers is seriously ill of typhoid fever at Camp Alger, Va. Whither Father Lee went to see him this week.

The Misses Nellie Gill and Frances Farrell spent Sunday in Binghamton, as guests of Miss M. Hickey.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Rodgen and daughter Dorothy, of State street, are spending a few days in Rochester.

The trouble between the fire companies and Mayor McGee and the common council is more amusing than alarming or dreadful. The action of the council in buying some new hose which was needed strikes no one as discourteous or insulting except some few fire ladders who think they should have been consulted and their consent gained before the common council dared to act. They now threaten that because they have been "insulted" they will gather up their playthings and refuse to go to any more nasty fires. This is distressing but not quite overwhelming. A paid department would be infinitely more satisfactory than these touchy volunteers. Some people even say that a half dozen trained firemen would do more to save burning buildings than do all the present companies combined.

On Friday morning occurred the funeral of the late Miss Nellie Lyons. A regular high mass was celebrated by Rev. J. M. Rustin and large number of sorrowing friends were present. The burial was in St. Mary's cemetery. The pall-bearers were: James O'Hara, John Landrus, Wm. Reilly, Martin Reilly, John Lynch and John Fay.

Dennis Rustin of Towanda, Pa., visited his brother, Rev. J. M. Rustin, during the past week.

Martin O'Connor, formerly a Corning glass cutter, is now a full-fledged private in the Ohio Artillery and is home for thirty days, greeting his many friends in this city.

A spot that has lately been growing in popularity among our young people is Beck's grove on the banks of the Monkey Run. The walk out to the grove which is situated only a short distance from the town is delightful and numerous picnic parties have been lately enjoying themselves at "Beck's." There are tables and benches, a dance pavilion and shady trees so large and grand that the light there is almost twilight even at noon-time. An artificial lake in the vicinity would make the place an ideal one; but this is at present lacking.

The Spaulding base ball team, of which I have had occasion to speak highly in this column—it was here indeed that the team saw itself in print and received its first introduction to the public by virtue of which fact I may justly claim to have discovered it—I regret to say, lost the last game played at Hammondsport on Friday of last week. The team hopes to play here again before the season closes, however, and will no doubt have a finish as glorious and remarkable as was its beginning.

Harry Pratt, of the daily Journal, shows himself a clever and delightfully humorous writer in his article about the Democratic battle waged last week. It is delicious to compare the Journal's account with that of the Telegram. One writer gets there after the manner of a hatchet, the other perceives his effects with the keenness, the spry and the grace of a rapier.

Lady Hill.  
The third annual lawn festival for the benefit of Mother of Sorrows church, Mt. Read, took place on the lawn of the parochial residence Wednesday and Thursday evenings and was a complete success. Many attended from Rochester and vicinity. There were between five and six hundred that partook of the bountiful supper each evening.

The following ladies served at the supper table: Mrs. Pickens, Mrs. Anna E. Burns, Mrs. William Wheelan, Miss Lucy E. Burns, Mrs. James Fleming, Mrs. Mary Connor and Miss Viola Connolly. Its cream table—Misses Katherine McShee, Misses McCaffery, Kittie Hogan and Mrs. Wm. Pickens. Fancy table—Misses Nellie Quinn, Margaret Hagerly, Minnie Rigley, Mary Wheelan and Jennie Dobson, Agnes Tierman. Lemonade table—Mrs. John McShee, Mrs. John Slater, Misses Mary Burns and Nora Maroney.

Music was furnished by Mr. John Goodwin, J. Sheshan and J. Wheelan. Mr. James Newman was appointed special police to preserve order.

The young ladies and gentlemen are entitled to great praise for the energetic manner in which the affair was conducted.

This is our third annual festival since our pastor has taken charge of one of the oldest parishes in the diocese, and it is the good wishes and prayers of his faithful parishioners that he be spared health and strength to minister to them for many years to come.

Misses Hattie Donohue, S. Hagerly and Connolly of Rochester, were the guests of Margaret Hagerly last Sunday.

Penn Yan.  
Miss Beale Corcoran of New York is the guest of Miss Beale Kelly.

Mrs. Nellie Galleck of Geneva is the guest of relatives in Penn Yan.

Miss Maie Culhane of Rochester and Mortimer Culhane of New York have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Culhane of Benton during the past week.

Mrs. J. J. O'Brien of Rochester is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Dolan.

Miss Eva Rilling of Geneva spent Sunday with her parents in this village.

Miss Mary Farrell, who has been living in Dundee, has returned to her home in this place.

Mrs. Kate W. Nobles and Miss Leona Marston of Chicago were recent guests of Miss Mary E. Meade.

Miss Sarah Carr of Rochester was in town during the past week.

Miss Mollie Morrissey of Syracuse is the guest of Penn Yan friends.

Mrs. Agnes B. McAdams of Syracuse is spending several weeks with friends and relatives in this place.

Miss Anna Weitzel, who has been studying for the past year at Geneva Normal school, was in town Sunday.

Division No. 1, A. O. H., gave a banquet and trolley ride on Thursday, Sept. 1st. An invitation was extended to the Ladies Auxiliary, A. O. H., the L. C. H. and C. M. S. A. Thomas Carmody, Esq., was the orator of the day.

(Continued on 5th page)

Strong, steady, healthy  
Are needed for  
Everywhere, however  
Depend simply  
Upon the blood.  
Pure, rich, nourishing  
Blood feeds the nerves  
And makes them strong  
The great nerve tonic is  
Hood's Sarsaparilla  
Because it makes  
The blood rich and  
Pure, giving it power  
To feed the nerves.  
Hood's Sarsaparilla  
Cures nervousness,  
Dyspepsia, rheumatism,  
Catarrh, scrofula,  
And all forms of  
Impure blood.



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COMPANY'S  
Extract of  
Beef  
and season to  
taste. You will  
find it very re-  
freshing—and it  
contains considerable  
amount of  
scientifically prepared  
nutrients.

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The Most Complete Line of  
Steel Hoods,  
Steel Barrows,  
Mechanics' Tools,  
Builders' Hardware,  
Contractors' Supplies,  
and all the things that  
are needed for the  
construction of  
buildings.



ONLY  
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