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## DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding  
Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.  
**Danville**  
Alonzo J. Haver spent New Year's in  
Rochester.

Miss Lizzie Maloney was home from Gene-  
seo for the holidays.

The social parties given at the homes of  
Mrs. Kenney on Monday night and Mrs.  
Edw. Bacon on Wednesday night for the  
benefit of St. Patrick's church were well  
attended and a neat sum realized.

Mrs. Frank Schuster, who has been the  
guest of her parents here, returned to Roch-  
ester last Saturday.

The young people of St. Mary's church  
held a dance in Columbus hall last Tuesday  
night and realized about a \$100.

Mr. and Mrs. Pendergast of Stam-  
ford, Conn., has been the guests of Mr.  
and Mrs. Michael Burke, for the past two  
weeks.

Miss Lillian Murphy entertained a party  
of her little friends on her birthday, Mon-  
day afternoon, Jan. 2nd.

John Sullivan, who is attending St. An-  
drew's seminary at Rochester, spent his  
vacation with Father Dougherty.

Misses Ida and Emma Schaefer attended the  
New Year's dance at Portage.

Roy Miller has so far recovered from a  
severe attack of pneumonia that he is able  
to sit up.

Mrs. Tho. Lyons of Corning, visited at  
the home of her uncle, Peter Yochum, last  
week.

**Savannah.**  
William and Bert Lawler of Boston, and  
sister Marie of East Syracuse, spent the hol-  
idays with their parents.

Miss Mame Fitzsimmons entertained a  
number of her friends at a high tea at her  
home on Church street, New Year's eve.

Miss Josie Ryan, daughter of Philip Ryan,  
who lives about three miles northwest of  
this place died at her home yesterday morn-  
ing of nervous prostration. The deceased  
was 17 years of age and a member of the  
Catholic church. Burial will be made in the  
Clyde cemetery.

Mr. Robert Meagher of Skaneateles Falls,  
is spending the week at M. McGinness'.

Mr. and Mrs. Willet Wiles entertained  
their relatives at a New Year's dinner.

Miss Rose Conroy of Lyons, spent the  
holidays with her parents.

The many friends of Dennis Carroll are  
glad to hear that he is convalescing.

Mrs. Edward O'Connor is at work with the  
mumps.

James O'Hearn of Clyde, spent Christ-  
mas with his grandmother, Mrs. O'Brien.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blaisdell and  
daughter, spent Christmas in town.

**Geneva.**  
Jacob Singline died — morning at his  
residence on Fremont street, aged 55  
years. The deceased had been in the em-  
ploy of Phillips & Clark Store Company.  
The funeral was held on Thursday at 9  
o'clock from St. Francis de Sales church.  
The Iron Moulder's Union, of which the  
deceased was a member, attended in a body.

**Wayland.**  
A large and appreciative audience as-  
sembled at the Weinart opera house to  
witness one of the best entertainments ever  
held in this section. It was given by the  
members of St. Joseph's choir on Wednes-  
day last week. The dramatic cantata,  
Joseph's Bonds formed the principal part  
of the program. Following are the names  
of the participants: Dr. Peabody, Messrs.  
Wm. G. Schaefer, Lester Rauber, F.  
Raupenbath, Philip Conrad, John Fox, F.  
Messmer and F. Rauber, Mrs. Young,  
Miss M. Klein, Ida Nold, Julia Sauer-  
bier, J. Newell, C. Klein, E. Schu, T.  
Hayes, Celesta Rauber, M. Gessner, L.  
Schumel and K. Tierney. The chorus  
which was a large one, showed great ability  
in the performance of their different parts.  
The many words of appreciation for their  
effort were well merited. The part of  
Joseph was taken by Wm. G. Schaefer in a  
most creditable manner. Expressions of  
praise have been won for him from all  
quarters. Dr. Peabody's rendition of Jacob  
was exceedingly good and pathetic. No less  
do the parts of Levi and Bilah reflect great  
credit upon Miss Philomena Klein, and Miss  
Nold did justice to Zilpah and the Princess,  
Rubin, by Mr. F. Messmer of Rochester,  
deserves mention. The side numbers con-  
sisted of a very pretty scarf drill by the  
girls and clown drill by the boys of the  
school. Last but not the least was the  
pantomime, "The Famine," by eleven  
young ladies followed by a series of tap-  
leaux. Miss Teresa Hayes a former pupil  
of Nazareth Academy, recited the poem in  
a most charming manner while the graceful  
movements of the others blended harmo-  
niously with the soft low music of the orches-  
tra. The United light effects thrown on by  
Prof. Vandrew rendered a thing beyond  
description. The last number the martyr-  
dom of St. Agnes followed by stereopticon  
views of the flight of the soul made a fitting  
close to an entertainment which was well  
worthy of those participating. We trust the  
reputation won by the young people will be  
an incentive to carry on the work which has  
done so much in elevating and instructing  
all.

**Penn Yan.**  
Thomas Canary, died at his home in  
Barrington, Wednesday, Dec. 21, aged 78  
years. His funeral was held from St.  
Michael's church, Friday at 9 o'clock. May  
his soul rest in peace.

Misses Kathryn and Margaret Guider  
spent the past week in Rochester, visiting  
their sister, Sister M. Loyola, of Nazareth  
Convent, and other relatives.

The Christmas services at St. Michael's  
church were as follows: First mass at 5 a.  
m.; second mass at 8 a. m.; last mass at  
10.30 a. m. At the 10.30 o'clock mass the  
regular choir of the church was assisted by  
Mr. John Durbin and Miss Bessie Kelly,  
violinists, Mr. John Lightfoot, flute and Miss  
Agnes Wallace, alto.

Misses Katie and Mary Grady spent Christ-  
mas with their parents in Branfordport.

Mrs. T. J. Sullivan and children, Marg-  
aret and John, of Corning, have been spend-  
ing the holidays in town at the home of her  
parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Whitbeck, on  
Jacob street.

Mr. P. J. Culhane spent Christmas with  
his parents in Benton.

Miss Blanche Kelly, a student at Vassar  
College, was home for the holidays.

Miss Mollie Wisner left town last Friday  
for a two week's visit with her sisters in  
Brooklyn.

[Continued on 8th page.]

## RICHEST WOMAN IN UTAH.

Poor Widow Six Years Ago, Her Income  
Now Nearly \$100,000 a Year.

Mrs. Susanna Bransford Emery is the  
richest woman in Utah and perhaps of  
the entire west.

About five years ago her husband,  
A. C. Emery, died, leaving his widow  
a lot of supposedly worthless mining  
property with which to make a living.  
Being in great financial difficulties she



MRS. SUSANNA BRANSFORD EMERY.

went to work, developed the property,  
and to-day Mrs. Emery receives over  
\$6,000 a month in dividends. Her mine  
is known as "Silver King." The prop-  
erty adjoins the Great Ontario, the  
richest silver proposition in the world.

An income of \$75,000 a year ought to  
satisfy any woman. But this does not  
represent the amount of Mrs. Emery's  
"spending money" by any means.

She became interested in the Grand  
Central, a gold prospect in the great  
Tintic or Eureka mining district. In  
one year this has paid the rich widow  
something like \$10,000, and she has  
recently refused to sell her interest in  
the mine for \$100,000.

**To Beautify Scrawny Necks.**

Now that it has been discovered that  
the linen collars worn by women for  
several years are ruining the beauty  
of their necks, remedies for scrawny  
and wrinkled necks are in demand.

If there be a general absence of flesh  
on the body, careful dieting will do all  
that is required. As many as five meals  
a day may be indulged in, but they  
must be taken at regular hours, allow-  
ing sufficient time for digestion in be-  
tween.

Plenty of milk, milk puddings, eggs,  
bread, cakes, sweet fruits and all kinds  
of vegetables, meat well cooked and  
fish should be partaken of till signs of  
improvement are visible. Then care  
must be observed that one does not  
overeat in the other direction and become  
stout. When trying to put on flesh,  
avoid everything acid, take plenty of  
warm baths, and sleep and rest as  
much as possible.

But if it be only the neck and shoul-  
ders which are scrawny, and more flesh  
is not required or desirable on the rest  
of the body, a different method must  
be pursued. Cod liver oil can be easily  
taken in a little cold water, with a  
pinch of salt afterward to remove the  
taste.

The neck and shoulders must be  
oiled in warm water before retiring  
for the night, and olive or sweet oil  
well rubbed in. In the morning, after  
bathing, rub gently and in a circular  
direction for about ten minutes, follow-  
ed by ten minutes' exercise with dumb-  
bells.

Singing lessons always greatly im-  
prove the shape of the throat, as this  
has a great deal to do with breathing  
properly. Take a deep breath and hold  
it as long as possible. Keep the neck  
always well and warmly covered.

**Danger of Children Sucking Thumbs.**

Although many babies thrive and  
grow up in spite of sucking their  
thumbs, perhaps many who died might  
have been saved if their mothers had  
prevented their doing so. At least that  
is the theory of Dr. Monae Lesser, who  
says that fever germs and all sorts  
of other germs may be carried to the  
system by putting the fingers in the  
mouth.

The careful mother of to-day, in her  
wholesome fear of deadly germs, must  
have no sympathy for her little one's  
determination to suck its thumb. She  
should exert all her self-control, when  
the temptation comes to her to yield  
to the little tyrant, to keep him quiet.  
Should the habit be a fixed one, she  
should treat the rebellious thumb to a  
coating of aloes, or its possessor to the  
more heroic remedy of a good  
spanking.

**Can Abuse Their Husbands.**

In the matter of woman's rights  
Abyssinia is far ahead of Europe. Ac-  
cording to an authority, the house and  
all its contents belong to her, and if the  
husband offends her she not only can  
but does turn him out of doors till he  
is duly repentant and makes amends  
by the gift of a cow or the half of a  
camel—that is to say, half the value  
of a camel. On the other hand, it is  
the privilege and duty of the wife to  
abuse her husband, and she can divorce  
herself from him at pleasure, whereas  
the husband must show reasons to jus-  
tify such an act on his part.

**Watch Children's Ears.**

Mothers should be careful in tying a  
cap or bonnet down over the little  
one's ears. The ears should be laid  
flat against the side of the head instead  
of carelessly folded forward. It is this  
carelessness on mothers' part that re-  
sults in the wide spread ears that de-  
form so many grown people's heads.

## WASHING THE HAIR.

A GREAT MISTAKE TO WASH IT TOO  
FREQUENTLY.

Never Wash the Hair When Suffering  
From a Cold in the Head—Finds Ad-  
vice That Should Be Strictly Followed  
in Order to Avoid Trouble.

It is as great a mistake to wash the  
hair too frequently as it is to wash it  
too seldom. In the former case the  
constant use of water is apt to wash  
away the natural oil of the skin, with-  
out which the hair not only loses its  
glossy look of health, but is apt to  
turn prematurely gray and grow thin  
and scanty. In the latter case the  
mouths of the oil vessels at the root of  
the hair become clogged, dandruff  
forms, and the growth of the hair is  
impeded, and the hairs themselves be-  
come matted and discolored, and ut-  
terly impossible to be endured.

To keep the hair in perfect health it  
should be washed at regular stated in-  
tervals. If you are strong and well  
and free from a cold of any kind, once  
in every three weeks or a month is the  
proper limit of time to allow between  
the washings. If you are in delicate  
health, it should be washed every six  
weeks.

On no account should the hair be  
washed if you are suffering from a cold  
in the head or from influenza, as seri-  
ous trouble may be the result. And in  
winter time it is best to have the hair  
shampooed at home instead of going to  
the hairdresser's, and it should always  
be done in a room with a fire. It is a  
bad plan to wash the hair just before  
going to bed, as the hair has no time to  
dry properly, and is apt to remain  
damp until morning, which is very in-  
jurious to its growth. The best time to  
wash the hair are the morning, the  
afternoon, or between 6 and 7 at night.

In the latter case the hair will have  
plenty of time to dry before you have  
to go to bed. In the former case, if you  
have it washed in the daytime, be care-  
ful not to go out of doors till it is quite  
dry, or you will run a very great risk  
of taking cold.

It is well to give the final drying  
with a palm leaf fan. Hold the long  
hair at arm's length and fan the air  
through it vigorously. This is the  
Norwegian method, and is a very suc-  
cessful one, and is not at all likely to  
give cold, as it would seem liable to do  
at first sight. If in winter time, you  
should sit near the fire with the hair  
down for half an hour or an hour be-  
fore putting it up again. If in summer  
time, sit by a sunny window, or in  
the open air for the same length of  
time, provided, of course, that your  
hair washing has taken place in the  
daytime and not after sunset.

You must be sure that you have an  
abundant supply of fresh, warm towels,  
and that your hair is quite dry before  
it is brushed and combed. Your brush-  
es must be perfectly clean as well. It  
is better to brush and comb a small  
portion at a time to avoid tangles.

Never have the hair put up till it is  
as dry as before you began to wash it.  
If you prefer to have your hair sham-  
pooed by a hairdresser, be sure to only  
go to a first-class man who is very  
particular in his methods. I have too  
often known terrible skin troubles, ec-  
zema, parasites and other horrors  
caught by people who were not particu-  
lar over these points, going to any  
and every hairdresser that they hap-  
pened to be near. I much prefer to  
have the hair properly done at home  
by a skilled maid to running any of  
these risks. In one instance that came  
under my notice, a terrible skin eru-  
ption of this kind was caught at a hair-  
dresser's abroad, and though that is  
over seven years ago, medical skill has  
not yet been able to effect a cure,  
though the disease is beginning slowly  
to yield to treatment.

It must also be borne in mind that  
the shampoo wash, which may be ex-  
cellent for greasy hair, is not as effec-  
tive when the hair is dry.

**Latest Style in Toupes.**

The accompanying illustration is  
that of a stylish toupe. It is com-  
posed of tulle with spangled gold and



STYLISH TOUPE.

silver lace application, and is trimmed  
with a large pink coral colored velvet  
bow, surrounded by a white tulle.

**Divorce in China.**

In Cochinchina, the parties desiring  
divorce break a pair of chopsticks in  
the presence of witnesses and the thing  
is done.



PLAINT OF A BOY.

I don't see why it's spoken of here.  
To be just as quiet as mice.  
When everything's dark & stormy,  
Don't sit still and be so purled  
The corn is always a wavin'  
As the oats across the way;  
And I know when I'm in a schin'  
That the streamer sing all the day  
Fact everything keeps a movin'  
An' a makin' lots of noise.  
An' the birds sing just as plain like  
"Come, have lots of fun, little boys!"  
An' even the little boy sunbeams  
That come from away up in the sky.  
Always dance! An' they never get  
soaked.  
Or put in the corner to cry.  
An' I don't see why it's spoken of  
To be just as quiet as mice.  
When everything's dark & stormy,  
Don't sit still and be so purled  
—Annella Gilmore.

## BOB'S FRIEND JIM.

To many people the jiglety-joglety,  
jiglety-jog night is an agonizing in-  
effect as counting imaginary sheep  
jumping over imaginary fences, or say-  
ing one's prayers backward. The  
through-express from Florida to New  
York had kept up this music steadily  
and rhythmically for some hours. The  
occupants of the sleeper Olesmargard's  
were presumably soaked to slumber,  
when a sharp, childish rattle broke in  
upon the cadenced jiglety-joglety.  
Jiglety-jog. It was a little boy's voice.  
"Mamma," it cried; "mamma, Jim has  
escaped."

"Silence," "Mamma, do you hear? Jim  
has got away." The big man in upper  
No. 6 stopped snoring and blinked his  
fat eyes. "Jim got away—?" What's  
that? A vision of a thief dashed before  
his waking consciousness. He put his  
hand hastily under his pillow and  
clutched his watch. Ah, Jim had left  
that at all events.

"Mamma," the voice began again,  
"why don't you wake up? Jim has  
escaped!" "Shh, Bob," came a gentle remon-  
strance, "if we talk, your mamma will  
wake every one in the car and we shall  
lose sleep when that's not what we  
want."

"Let 'em sleep, then," whispered  
Hebrew from lower No. 5. "You don't  
understand, mamma," Jim's voice  
cried; "he's escaped!" "Hush, Bob, go to  
sleep," the mother said, "you're  
dreaming. There isn't any Jim."

"Why, Jim's my great friend," whis-  
pered the boy who had been in the  
to-day. He's got out of the car and  
gone to take a walk in the woods. He  
should be with me now."

There was a wild chorus of  
"Alligator escaped," and a chorus of  
screams. Presto! the scene changed.  
The quiet car aisle, dimly lighted, ring-  
ing with the somber, flowing drapery of  
American travelers knew so well, was  
suddenly alive with people. Upper No. 6  
tumbled on to the very nose of the  
Hebrew—lower No. 5—and all were  
striding in his wake.

A mother and child, the mother in  
shade and clinging apron, the child  
and her youngest posed up and down  
the aisle. Further on a young man  
of a youth, in pink bathing trunks,  
his berth. A fat, bald-headed man  
was calling in a peevish undertone  
for some one to wake him. "Wake  
me, in her berth," pleaded the man  
in No. 4.

"Oh, Bob, how can you be so  
in Jim. He's so dear to me. He  
it have been one of those things."  
"One of the other?" chorused the  
chorus again, changing position.  
"They're in the box, the other," said  
Bob's mother, addressing the man  
in No. 6. "Don't be frightened and don't  
pray don't; and I really think Jim  
have gotten away by this time, and  
crawl so fast."

"Crawls so fast that he'll be here  
woman."  
"Oh, porter, and him and  
screamed two girls together, "Alli-  
gator!" and the last passenger  
by the more intense means of  
berths, opens traveling bags, and  
ladies' rockets and adds to the general  
pandemonium.

"Hush, there he is," said the  
man and forty, pointing upward.  
"Nonsense," mamma said, "he  
was 'They don't go up the stairs."  
Look in your shoes. They're  
for shoes, spiders and lizards, and  
snakes and crawly critters generally."  
The fat man was getting back into  
upper No. 6. "Jim can't get up there,"  
he said, "can he?"

"Oh, yes, they climb," cried the  
boy cheerfully.  
"No, no, Bob," pleaded his mother.  
"Oh, yes, climb," cried the boy.  
"Crawl and climb," mamma said.  
"Far and forty," he cried.  
"I have him," said the mother  
cheerfully. "Here he is," and he  
at arm's length the wee, squawking  
straggling creature.

"Throw him out, throw him out,"  
called the woman. "Throw him  
out, throw him out," cried the man.  
"This is funny," cried the boy.  
The fat man of the sleeper, who  
had found the alligator, was  
he's nothing but a little boy.  
"A little boy, nothing but a little  
boy," cried the man. "That's it, that's  
it." "Oh, Bob," said the mother.