

Correspondence

Our Agent

Herman will call on subscribers at... Kindly have amount ready when he calls.

ELMIRA

Sarah A. I. C. McCrone M. D. of Fair... people on Baldwin St.

BATH

Mass next Sunday will be at 9:15... sharp.

Miss Anna Wright is here from Elizabethtown, N. J., for a visit with friends...

On June 27th a class of thirty members received their first holy communion at the 9:15 o'clock mass...

An anniversary high mass was celebrated last Saturday morning for the repose of the soul of Edward Dougherty...

GENESECO

A class of fourteen will receive first communion tomorrow at nine a. m. at St. Raphael's church...

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carragher of Jackson, Michigan, were the guests of his brother and wife, the first of the week.

Edward J. Finigan was at his home in Gloversville this week on a visit.

Miss Louise Harrington spent the fourth with her sister, Mrs. J. Light in Avon.

Ferdinand Hayes, who has been here attending school and living with his uncle Joseph Dwyer, has returned to his home in New York city.

A large number from this village went to Avon and Rochester to spend the fourth.

The sports of the Genesee Valley Hunt Club, which were held at the Henshead on the fourth, were largely attended and much enjoyed by those present.

N. J. Hunter Black and family were guests of friends in Mt. Morris, the first of the week.

Daniel Kington who has been suffering with lung trouble, is dangerously ill.

Michael Donovan of New York city, was home on a visit this week.

Misses Mary Dwyer of Irondequoit and Elizabeth Dwyer and brother Joseph of New York city are home on a visit. Miss Mary Dwyer, who has been teaching school at Irondequoit has resigned her position at that place to accept a position as teacher in New York city.

The trustees of this village made no mistake when they appointed William Thompson night watchman in place of Eugene Weller, who resigned July 1st. Mr. Thompson has proven himself by long service to the village as one of the best officers that have served in the capacity and his many friends congratulate him on his appointment.

Died, at Toledo, Ohio, on the 20th ult., Mrs. Wm. Huntington, after an illness of several months. The body was brought to this village on 2nd inst., and the funeral services were held from St. Mary's church, Rev. A. A. Hughes officiating. The remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery here. Deceased leaves surviving a husband, three sisters, Miss Hannah Conway of Decatur, Mich., Mrs. Geo. W. Bocher of Piffard, and Miss Margaret Neville of this village, and one brother, Patrick Neville of Texas. Miss Neville has been with her sister some time and Mrs. Bocher and daughter, Marie, went to Toledo to accompany the remains to this village.

Railroad Notes

New York Central Bureau of Information, 20 State St., Rochester, N. Y. Your vacation trip planned. Booklets of hotels and boarding houses of principal summer resorts furnished free.

During the summer season the Nickel Plate Rd. will sell special excursion tickets to the famous tourist resorts in the west at very low rates including Denver, Salt Lake, El Paso, and other points in Colorado, Minnesota, Iowa, etc. Inquire of local agents or R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt. 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

You can now visit almost any of the beautiful western summer resorts at greatly reduced rates via Nickel Plate Rd. Do not miss this opportunity to visit the west. Inquire of local agents or R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Fine farm lands still obtainable in far west and on Pacific Coast. The Nickel Plate Rd. will sell daily until June 15th, special one way tickets Buffalo to Pacific coast points at rate \$42.50. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

A marvelous growth is taking place in the west; this is the time of the year to see it at its best. You can also take advantage of the many low rates now in effect via Nickel Plate Road to points all through the west. See local agent, or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt. 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Boston servant, like many of her class, does not know her age. She has lived with one family eleven years and has always been twenty-eight. But not long ago she read in a newspaper of an old woman who died at the age of 106. "Maybe I'm as old as that meself," said she. "Indeed I can't remember the time when I wasn't alive." - Boston.

PUZZLES

The two winners this week are: Jennie Reid, 114 Hawley St., and John G. Popp, 80 Champlain St., city. Key to last week's puzzles: No. 1.—Turn left side of picture down. Nose of horse is at shoulder of man pushing cart. Invert picture. Head of lady is formed by Miss Wee-little's hat. No. 2.—Turn left side of picture down. Dog's head is in Miss Wee-little's waist, his nose near her collar. Invert picture. Lamb is in foliage over Miss Wee-little's head. No. 3.—Invert picture. Cow is in foliage of tree directly over Miss Wee-little's head. No. 4.—Turn left side of picture down. Professor is in foliage of tree directly over heads of Wee-littles. Invert picture. Student is in foliage over Harvard gate.

Popular Excursion to Thousand Islands

The New York Central has arranged for a popular low rate excursion to the Thousand Islands for Sunday, July 12th. Train will leave Rochester from State St. and Bunker place stations at 8:30 a. m. arriving Clayton 1 p. m. returning will leave Clayton 5:45 p. m. arriving Rochester 10:30 p. m. The fare for round trip will be \$2.00 and will include a fifty mile trip among the Islands known as "The Ramble" and which will be made by special steamer connecting directly with train upon arrival at Clayton.

50 cents round Trip to Sodus Point

Beginning Sunday, July 12th, the New York Central will offer fifty cent rate for excursions every Sunday to Sodus Point. Train will leave from State St. and Bunker place stations at 9:15 a. m. arriving Sodus Point 10:35 a. m. leaving there returning at 8:05 p. m. arriving Rochester at 9:35 p. m. It will be noted that excursionists have about ten hours for recreation at this attractive place where the sailing, boating, bathing and fishing is all that could be desired.

To the mother and the father, the sisters and the brothers of our late dearly beloved Thomas J. Shell, of Brighton, N. Y.

Sad clouds hang heavy o'er our hearts. Most dismal, dark and drear. So soon can we now quite realize things as they should appear. Our thoughts are all so far away—Of Tommy, and that sad, sad day.

The day he left us for all time, In heaven's fields to roam. Where, joined by angels now he sings The songs that cheered our home, We fancy that we see him there And hear his songs come through the air.

We must not ask him back again To battle life's rough way. His work is done—and well done too. 'Tis o'er his working day His cheerful face and beaming smile Are lost to us but for a while.

The songs he sang we'll ne'er forget His memory hold we dear. His ever ready helping hand 'Er now we feel is near. His spirit anxiously will wait Our coming at the pearly gate.

Good Lord, help mother, father and Sisters and brothers too, To bear the loss we have sustained And teach us how to do, And how to live that we may meet Dear Tom at last at mercy's seat.

And there we'll join around the throne And to Thee sing our praise, For there no parting will we know, Nor sad heart rending days, Oh, happy then our hearts will be, So happy through eternity. Samuel J. Elliott.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contains Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Wellington and Combermere

When, in 1824, the British ministry found itself committed to war with the king of Burma and the Duke of Wellington was asked his advice he at once replied, "Send Lord Combermere." "But we have always understood that your grace thought Lord Combermere a fool," was the reply. "So he is a fool—an utter fool, but he can take Rangun," said the duke.

When Philadelphia Was First

New York was not always the first city of America. In 1790 Philadelphia had a population of 12,000, Boston 11,500 and New York 8,600. Twenty years later Philadelphia's population had risen to 18,000, Boston's to 14,000 and New York's to 10,000. In 1790 the Quaker City still led, with 44,000. New York had jumped into second place, with 33,000, while Boston stood at 18,000.

ADIRONDACK ADVENTURE.

A very fashionable place now is Keene Valley, up in the Adirondack region—not a bit like it was twenty years ago, when I first visited the spot. Then there were only a few log cabins scattered here and there; but to-day big hotels and fine cottages are numerous, filled in summer with rich folk from the cities, in search of health or pleasure.

I went there in quest of health, for I had weak lungs, was a growing lad of nineteen, and the family doctor said I must have a change; and so they packed me off to the mountains where I was to stay all the fall and winter, too, for the air, though cold, was pure, laden with balsam odor and very dry, and just what I needed.

I was lucky in finding comfortable quarters with an old farmer named Ritchie, who lived not far from where now the great lumbering stages leave the valley proper and turn up the steep, rocky hill. My fellow tented the thin soil in summer and the rest of the year he cut timber, or traversed the woods, in company with his two sons—Verd and Rupert—in search of game that was plentiful enough in those times.

He had an enviable fame as a hunter and trapper, and it was a common saying in the valley that the air about the Ritchie cabin was never free from the savory odor of broiling bear-stakes and venison from October till May.

Unquestionably, the grizzly old chap and his sons were veritable Nimrods, and the tales they told, sitting about the roaring fire in the open fireplace of a cool evening, were enough to make a young fellow wild with desire to join in some of their excursions.

But whenever I suggested the idea of going with them, old Ritchie would shake his head, and between the puffs of his pipe, would say:

"I don't know 'bout that, my lad. You see, you're not strong, an' 'avin' weak lungs, you're awfully short o' wind, an' though there's heaps o' fun in the huntin' business, there's a heap o' tough work, trampin' through the woods an' climbin' of the mountains, which ain't calculated to conduce to your health. Better hang round the cabin with the old woman, an' let them as has more wind an' better legs do the huntin' part of it."

This was discouraging enough, but, as I felt a gradual improvement in strength and spirits, I consoled myself with the hope that before the winter closed I should be able to have at least a moderate share in the sport.

The opportunity occurred sooner than I had expected, for one day a neighbor came hurriedly to the cabin to say that there were some bears in the valley near by, which he proposed to tackle, provided old Ritchie would go with him.

The hunter, with Rupert, had gone off that morning early to examine traps over in Mossy Brook ravine, but Verd was at home, doing some odd jobs, and in ten minutes he was ready to accompany the neighbor, whose name was Nick Dowlett, both bearing trusty rifles.

This seemed to be my chance, and I at once announced my intention of going with them.

Verd and his mother objected, but, on Dowlett assuring them that the bears could not be far away, they gave in, much to my satisfaction, and arming myself with a double-barreled fowling-piece, well charged with buck-shot, we started off in high spirits.

It was a glorious day, the air cool and crisp, and the walking good, and we pushed ahead briskly, turning into the narrow valley of the Ausable Fork, and just below Russell's Falls we discovered some bear tracks, which, starting from the water's edge, as if the animal had here crossed the stream, ran up along the right bank of the river.

"There's two of 'em," said Verd, as he carefully examined the tracks; "and 'pears as if they was in a big hurry, sort of runnin' a race, or one chasin' t'other."

We did not pause to speculate further but pushed on around the falls, following the trail, which now deflected from the stream and ran up the steep hillside, thickly covered with white and yellow birch, the smooth bark of which glistened in the mid-day sun like polished silver.

It did not take us long to reach the broad plateau above, across which the trail led, till it brought us into the big wood flanked on two sides by the Ausable and Gill Brook.

At this point we were arrested in our pursuit by a series of unusual noises, which aroused our curiosity not a little. We could distinctly hear the breaking of branches, accompanied by snarling, snapping sounds and vicious angry growls, all proceeding from beyond a dense clump of undergrowth directly ahead of us.

This heavy copse, with a cluster of low balsam trees, prevented us from getting a view of what was going on; but, by turning to the left, toward the brook, where it was more open, we immediately became spectators of a most novel and curious scene.

In a cleared space, under the outspreading branches of two large hemlocks, were two enormous brown bears, engaged in a furious conflict. They must have weighed nearly four hundred pounds apiece, and were pitching into each other in a most ferocious manner, scratching, biting and whacking away with their claws and keeping up a series of deep, savage growls, while flecks of foam flew from their gaping mouths.

Without advancing beyond the curtain of bushes, through which we cautiously peered, we crouched down to witness the progress of this remarkable combat, which we quickly perceived must soon end to our own advantage.

Over went the bears rolling on the ground; then they got up, and, rearing on their hind legs, grappled each other with a hug that would have crushed in a man's ribs in short order.

Presently, as they snarped at one another, their jaws seemed to lock, and then they danced round and round so swiftly that it made me giddy to watch them in their gyrations, until, the grip loosening, both tumbled over among the leaves, the blood streaming from their mouths.

It was now apparent that the smaller of the two had lost courage, for when the other one made at him to renew the fight, he turned tail, and, with a loud

escape his adversary.

By chance the fleeing bear rushed straight toward our place of concealment, and before we could quite realize the situation he was upon us, knocking down Nick Dowlett as if he had been an empty bottle, and giving me just time enough to get out of the way as he swept through the copse.

Verd, who didn't seem to lose his head for a second, called to Dowlett to follow the escaping bear, and then he rushed forward into the open, where the fight had been going on, and I heard a yell and the sharp report of his rifle.

The bushes in front of me were still trembling where Bruin had disappeared, and, supposing that Nick would pursue the retreating animal, I leaped forward to have the start of him, in hopes that by so doing I might get a shot at the bear before Dowlett could come up.

I tore along like a race-horse, and in a few minutes I heard the sound of rushing water, and, soon after, came to the edge of Gill Brook, which roared and splashed along between precipitous banks in an angry way, yet recent rains had swollen the stream beyond its usual height. An enormous hemlock trunk, mossy and green with age and decay, spanned the brook, making a rustic bridge that reached half-way up the opposite slope.

I paused astounded, and could not repress a cry of surprise and delight, as I beheld the bear making his way slowly and cautiously across this rude bridge, two-thirds of which he had already traversed.

Quick as thought, I leveled my double-barreled fowling-piece, well loaded with heavy buckshot, and let drive at the bear. I do not think it was a bad shot under the circumstances, for though I missed the animal's head, at which I had aimed, I filled his hind-quarters so completely with shot that he could scarcely retain his hold upon the log and nearly fell into the stream.

He managed, however, to turn part way round, clinging tenaciously with his fore claws and one hind leg to the bridge, and uttered a meaning growl.

It now occurred to me that, as I had become so much excited, I might as well take extra care in discharging that, otherwise I might lose my game, after all.

The bear remained stationary, and I started toward him along the tree-trunk, intending to put the muzzle of my gun almost into the creature's face before I should fire, for I saw that he was very helpless, so far as injuring me was concerned.

The log was slippery and the moss yielding, so that I nearly tumbled off before I had crossed a third of the way; but, by exercising great caution, I presently got within two yards of Bruin.

I now steadied myself, and, thrusting forward the gun till the muzzle was within six inches of the brute's nose, was just ready to pull trigger, when the bear, with a cunning and certainty that astounded me, suddenly raised his fore paw and struck aside the barrel of the fowling-piece with a blow that sent the weapon flying out of my hands and brought me down astride the old log with a thump that made my teeth fairly chatter.

The jar of my fall, combined with the weight and struggle of the bear, proved too much for the decayed log that spanned the stream. It gave way with a crash breaking in two near the middle, and precipitating both the bear and myself into the roaring waters of the brook below.

The sudden fall, the shock to my system as I plunged into the icy cold water, and the spray and foam of the leaping torrent filling my eyes, nose and mouth and half stragling me, quite unnerved me for the moment, so that I made no effort to do anything, but yielded helplessly to whatever might happen.

A great, black, hairy mass was just before me, and though I knew it was my enemy, the bear, yet, like a drowning man who will catch at a straw, I clutched wildly at the animal, and found that I had caught hold of the bear's stubby tail, to which I hung tenaciously as we were both carried down the stream, that here leaped and roared like a mill-race in its narrow channel. The water was not so deep but that now and then, my feet would strike the bottom, but the current was so violent that it was impossible to stand for an instant.

Bruin was a grand swimmer, despite the wounds he had received; and, paying not the slightest heed to me, he made a bold effort to reach the bank, where a little bend in the stream created an eddy.

In this he was successful, and, scrambling up the gravelly slope, the creature sprang upon his haunches, shook his shaggy coat and seemed to grin at me, as I lay badly exhausted on a smooth, flat boulder at the water's edge, where I had let go his tail and caught on a projecting ledge.

While we were thus situated, eyeing one another in a rebukeful way, as if each was chiding the other for getting him into such a scrape, I was fairly startled by the loud report of a rifle and glancing upward, discovered Nick Dowlett leaning over the rocky ledge forty yards away, his weapon still smoking in his hands while the bear was snorting with pain and making an effort to climb still further up the slope which, however, he was unable to do as the hunter's bullet had broken one of his fore legs. By this time I had recovered mind and strength enough to begin to clamber along the bank in the direction of Dowlett, who, I could see was hurriedly ramming a bullet into his rifle, preparatory to finishing the enemy.

But he got no chance to discharge his gun the second time, for there was a puff of smoke from a clump of balsam further down the stream, and Bruin with a tremendous spasm, keeled over upon his broad back with half an ounce of lead in his brain, while Verd Ritchie's sturdy voice was heard sounding a shout of triumph.

Verd had killed the other bear, so we divided honors and started for home with two valuable skins and a large lot of choice meat. The rifle, of course, was lost, but I soon had another sent to me from home and I need scarcely add that during the winter I made good use of it, soon becoming a fine shot and adding materially to my stock of health.

GERMAN SCHOOLBOYS

They Have Nearly Twice the Number of Hours That the American-Boy Has.

The average American boy little realizes in how much pleasanter places his lines are cast than are those of boys in most other nations. A distinguished university professor, who has just returned from prolonged studies abroad recently related his experience with the public schools in Germany. He remarked, by the way, that in certain parts of the country there seemed to be no children. There were plenty of small people, but no evidences of childhood, as we know it. Wishing to place his own son of eleven years of age in the public schools, and being always ardently interested in the cause of education, he made a point of visiting the schools extensively and leisurely, and the results to his mind were far from happy. The masters, for the most part he found to be domineering autocrats, abusing their power in a way to rouse the Fourth of July spirit of the meekest American lad. For the slightest failure of a quick response, a ready answer—there were no such things as misdeed-teachers, poor little souls—the boys were brutally held up by the chin, lifted by the ears, had books flung at their heads, or received a sharp blow over the knuckles.

Then they have nearly twice the number of hours a week that the American boy has going to school at seven o'clock in the morning except in mid-winter, when the season begins at eight, and spending a good part of the day there. In point of discipline the schools are all alike, and the American boy was sent to one of them. Though never molested himself, the acts of injustice and the cruel use of power that he daily witnessed worked upon his sympathies and liberty-loving spirit to such a degree that his parents thought best finally to take him out of school.

Even the holidays are spent in a way few American boys would be likely to choose. The pupils are marshaled in regiments through the cities, taught the topography of the country, the history and significance of all the monuments, are shown points of historic interest, the homes of distinguished men, etc. And while these are excellent and necessary things for boys to know, the American boy is expected to pick up such information in the course of his play. On other days they are taken to the woods to gather and analyze flowers, go out on a geological survey or for a lesson in natural history.

A Strategem.



The sparrows wanted some of the meal, and with the help of play-fido—



—they got it—



—all!

Taught by an Insect.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise," said the Psalmist, and the command might be extended to include many other insects from which we might all learn wisdom.

Mark Isambard Brunel, the famous engineer, has told the story how he was indebted to an insect for a great and useful invention.

Brunel one day was in a shipyard watching the movements of an insect known as the Teredo navalis—in English, the naval woodworm—when a brilliant thought suddenly occurred to him. He saw that this creature bored its way into a piece of wood upon which it was operating by means of a very extraordinary mechanical apparatus.

Looking at the animal attentively through a microscope, he found that it was covered in front with a pair of valvular shells; that, with its foot as a purchase, it communicated a rotary motion and a forward impulse to the valves, which, acting upon the wood like a gimlet, penetrated its substance, and that, as the particles of wood were loosened, they passed through a fissure in the foot, and thence through the body of the bore to its mouth, where they were expelled.

"Here," said Brunel, to himself, "is the sort of thing I want. Can I reproduce it in an artificial form?" He forthwith set to work, and the final result of his labors after many failures, was the famous boring shield, with which the Thames tunnel was excavated.

There is Nothing More Pitiful

There is little more pitiful than a boy who has lost his mother. The neighbors come in and are kind to his sisters in their efforts to comfort them; but the boy seems to be out of reach of their sympathy. They cannot understand his grief, or that he grieves at all. He does not sit around, or weep into a lace handkerchief; he goes out and cries on his sleeve behind the barn while his sisters in the parlor are having their tears wiped away by kind-hearted, motherly women, with candy in their pockets. A boy is so awkward and rough, and homely, and noisy; and when the only one in the world who believed in him or his possibilities lies dead in the house, his heart aches the same as a girl's.

Too Much Made.

"Well, Johnnie, you went to church this morning?" "Yes, papa." "How did you like the sermon?" "The beginning was good, and the end was good, but there was too much middle to it, papa."

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