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D. C. McGREGOR.

A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

Through Densest South American Forest on a Monkey and Snake Diet.

Over twenty-four thousand miles of the western coast of South America is the journey that Mrs. Otto Sperber and her husband have achieved. Starvation faced her. Fifth and contagious fevers and diseases surrounded her constantly.

Yet she says: "I would like to go through Africa, among the tribes there, from the northernmost point to the Cape, after I have rested a year."

For after all it is not the physical hardships and perils that Mrs. Sperber considers the worst to be faced in such a journey. It is the hideous immorality that prevails



among the savage and half civilized inhabitants.

"I thought I would lose my mind from some of the sights I saw. It is moral strength that is most needed to carry one over such a stretch of unexplored country."

It is a woman of forty-three years who speaks thus of this pioneer journey through Argentina, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, San Salvador, Colombia, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Guatemala and Mexico.

She speaks fluently, beside her native tongue, German, English, Spanish and three Indian languages.

Beautiful Japanese Coral.

One of the results of the present Eastern war is likely to be a revival of the vogue of coral jewelry. It is said no coral is superior to the Japanese coral, and the Japanese make most artistic uses of it. Japanese coral runs from pure white and white mottled with red to an exquisite flesh tint, resembling pink pearls, and a delightful rose color. The last two are very beautiful and very expensive. A string of perfectly matched beads of rose coral is almost as valuable as a string of good pearls of the same size would be, and quite as beautiful. It is years since women of fashion have chosen to accord their favor to coral, but this may be because the commoner red shades, often carved like cameos, are all they see. With the present craving for new and strange stones and combinations, these superb Japanese corals might worthily be added to the American woman's collection of jewels.

Wonderful Florence Nightingale.

That wonderful woman, Miss Florence Nightingale, recently celebrated her eighty-fourth birthday, and her world-wide admirers will be glad to hear that the veteran philanthropist is still able to take the most active interest in the works of charity, which especially appeal to her. Miss Nightingale belongs to the generation of women who shunned publicity, however notable their work made them, and it is because she has lived so retired a life that few people realize that she is still alive. As a matter of fact, Miss Nightingale bears the weight of years very lightly, and works every morning with her private secretary far more energetically than many women half her age.—The Ladies' Pictorial.

The Queen of Siam Awakes.

The Queen of Siam is an ardent cyclist and is attended by Siamese ladies when taking a ride, thus naturally setting a new fashion to her subjects. The cycling infection has now spread to the adjoining territory of Burma; for in Akyah a bevy of young Burmese ladies may be seen taking the air wheel. The Burmese women are the most intelligent and progressive in the East, in some respects even enjoying more liberty than their European sisters; so that it is only natural that they should take the lead in cycling. Mohammedan women in the East wear trousers, so that the "divided skirt" has in this instance preceded the bicycle.—St. James's Gazette.

FORMS OF SALUTATION.

How Some of the Earth's Population Greet Each Other.

A young man was drinking soda water in a pharmacy when a sailor entered.

"Hello, Bill," said the young man. "Why, hello, 'ad," exclaimed the sailor, and, approaching his friend, he patted him on the stomach.

"That's a funny thing to do, Bill," said the young man, and he regarded the strokes of the other's hand, puzzled.

"That is the handshake of the Mariana Islanders," said the sailor. "Where we shake hands they stroke the stomach."

He ordered a strawberry sundae and resumed:

"Old man I've seen the handshake of every nation on the globe. The Zambesi people pat the back of your thumb. The Gonds pull your ears. In certain very hot countries, like New Guinea, they sprinkle you with a little water. On the Sandwich Island they rub noses with you inflating the chest, compressing the lips and distending the nostrils, they brush noses against yours for a minute or more.

"We, of course, shake hands. What is the origin of the handshake? Some say it arose in a struggle—the struggle that, when two persons met in the past, each made to kiss the other's hand. You and me, for instance, take hold of hands and I try to bring yours up to my lips to kiss it, while you try to do the same with mine. We resist one another and our hands rise up and down. They shake. And that, according to some is the handshake's origin."

Pilgrimage of Russian Peasants.

From all parts of north Russia peasants are traveling on a pilgrimage to an extraordinary hermit, Prokhp Selvitch, who is known as "the hairy man of Archangel." Five years ago in an access of religious mania, he cut off all his fingers on his left hand. When he heard that the Russians had suffered misfortune in the Far East he declared that it was the result of their sins, which could be atoned only by a sacrifice offered to Mother Earth. At first he said he did not know the significance of this declaration. But on John the Baptist's day he represented that he had been commanded to "plant himself in the earth and there remain until the unbelievers (meaning the Japanese) were beaten, or until birch leaves sprouted from his fingerless hand." He has accordingly planted himself up to the knees in earth in his hut.

The Wonderful Roentgen Rays.

The real nature of the X-Rays is not yet known, the best authorities wavering between a radiation on theory and a material one. They are transmitted through various media with varying degrees of facility, and affect silver salts, are applicable to medical diagnosis, and silver negatives of bones, bullets, etc., which do not transmit the rays readily, in the soft tissues of the bodies, may be produced. This is called skotograph or skiagraph. By interposing the substance to be examined between the crooke's tube and a tube with a diaphragm covered with calcium tungstate, called a fluoroscope, the effect is heightened, and the bullets, etc., may be readily observed.

A Very Wise Judge.

A Montgomery County, Penn., judge has rendered an important decision—of especial interest to girls. He has declared that it was not an offense for a girl to sit on her lover's lap, and in charging the jury said: "If every girl in Montgomery County who sits upon her lover's lap were to be judged of ill repute, we should have to blush for our county." That judge is all right.

Victims of Alcohol.

During the last thirty years there died in Europe alone of alcoholism a total of 7,500,000 people. That is more people than were killed in all the wars of the nineteenth century. The authority for these statements is a professor in the University of Denmark, who goes on to show that in Denmark one out of every seven men die between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-two is a victim of alcoholism.—Exchange.

A Reunion of Survivors.

A unique reunion was held in Cohasset, Mass., recently, when Luther Lincoln, aged 81, Joseph B. Bowler, 80, Isiah Lincoln, 78, Francis M. Lincoln, 77, and Alfred Wood, 73, clasped hands for the first time for 58 years. In 1846, the above named were rescued from the wreck of the fishing schooner Maine, which was run down and sunk in the bay by a steamer bound for Liverpool.

GENEVA.

P. H. Sheehan has accepted a position with the American Chemical Company, Rochester for the summer season. When the fall season opens he will resume his duties as teacher.

James McCarthy has left the city to accept a position in Auburn.

Miss Kathryn Murray of West avenue has returned from Middletown to spend her vacation at her home. She has been employed in teaching in that city for the past year, and expects to return in September.

Miss Kathryn Buckley of Grove St. is entertaining her friend, Miss Florence Dunn of Syracuse.

Mr. Martin Duffy has returned after a month's absence visiting relatives and friends in New York, Boston, New Haven and Providence.

A solemn High Mass was said for the repose of Father Greene of Pennsylvania. Father Greene was a resident of Geneva in his early youth.

A lawn festival was held on Friday evening on the property purchased by the St. Stephen's parish. It was under the auspices of the members of the Rosary Society and its purpose was to raise funds for the furnishing of the rectory and convent. Admission tickets were sold for fifteen cents.

AUBURN.

Mrs. Frank Hannon of Walnut street, organist of the Holy Family church is the recipient of a handsome silver vessel, the gift of the members of the choir of that church. Musical director James A. Hommes made the presentation.

During August and the remainder of the present month Mrs. Hannon will take a vacation during which she will be accompanied by her husband and daughter, Miss Mary Hannon.

The high mass will be sung by the children's choir during the remainder of the warm season.

The young ladies of St. Mary's church gave a supper for the benefit of the St. Edwards mission last Saturday night which netted a goodly sum to the already large fund that is being donated for the success of the mission. It is planned to hold these suppers on each Saturday night until the close of the big fair which is going to be held in the fall for the benefit of the mission.

Mrs. Margaret Nolan of No. 14 Wadsworth street, widow of the late John Nolan died last Tuesday. Thursday the funeral was held from St. Mary's church.

Felix, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Waiskewski died last Monday. On Wednesday the funeral was held from the St. Alphonsus church.

Budget. Arnold of 191 Seymour street, aged 72 years, died last Tuesday evening. The funeral was held Thursday afternoon at the Holy Family church.

Marguerite Donovan the 11 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Donovan died yesterday forenoon of diphtheria. A private funeral was held yesterday afternoon from the house at Walnut street.

The St. Alphonsus parish is contemplating building a new church, school house, parish house and sisters home during the coming year. It is the intention of the parish to sell the present church property in Water street and build the new buildings on the site of the school house property now situated on Franklin street.

ELMIRA.

Jeramie Keele ex city treasurer, his dangerous illness at his home in South avenue. Also Mrs. Margaret Sullivan of Broadway and James Costello of Henry street.

Monday morning at 8 o'clock at St. Mary's church mass was offered for Mrs. James Cane, Mother of Alderman M. T. Cane, by Rev. M. O. Dwyer.

Francis Wickham died at his home on Broadway after one week's illness with typhoid fever. Deceased was a bright and promising seventh grade pupil at St. Mary's school. The funeral was largely attended at St. Mary's church, Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. Father O'Dwyer officiating. This is the second pupil who has died with the fever since school closed.

The remains of William Clark who died in Chicago Sunday, arrived in the city Tuesday morning and was taken to his home on Magee street. The funeral was held Thursday morning at 9 o'clock at the house and at 10 o'clock at St. Patrick's church.

Hon. Daniel Sheehan, Attorney John J. Crowley, ex City Judge, Michael O'Connor and D. Dempsey attended the Democratic convention last week at St. Louis.

Our Agent.

Mr. A. Herman will call on subscribers in GENEVA next week. Kindly have amount ready when he calls as we cannot afford to carry subscribers longer than a year.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, ss. Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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Father Notebaer's Anniversary

Continued from the first page.

stood by all. While I am an American citizen—and I became an American citizen as soon as I could after coming to this country—and I have been and shall be truly loyal to the country of my adoption—I have still a little soft spot in my heart for the mother country; so, if you will for give me, I shall reply to the address first in my own tongue.

After speaking feelingly in Flemish and French, Father Notebaer said in English:

"I want all to understand me tonight, so I shall speak also in English. This morning and tonight I have received such tokens of love and esteem from you that I must express my gratitude to you in words you all will understand.

"I have labored for you with love and pleasure in this work to which I have been ordained by Christ. But we have human hearts and when sincerely and unmistakably the affection of a people is expressed for their pastor, he cannot help expressing his appreciation and something of the depth of his feeling. I do not deserve all these praises and kindnesses, but I accept them because you give them as you do, I have worked hard for you, it is true, but this is the work I desired; I desired to go where others did not care to go. The church was not a desirable one when I came to it; but I came to the right parish. Never have I known a people to respond more heartily and liberally than you have done.

"I have been with you in your sorrows, and sometimes in your joys. It is when you are in trouble that I feel most called upon to be with you; that is the time when the priest should be with his people. You can bear joy alone, but you want consolation and counsel in trouble."

Bishop (Gabriels, Vicar General Hickey, Baron Moncheur, Consul Mall, Delegate Spruyt and the visiting priests were the guests of Father Notebaer at dinner after the ceremonies in the church. The health of Father Notebaer was proposed by Vicar General Hickey and Bishop (Gabriels). Father Notebaer proposed the health of Bishops McQuaid and (Gabriels) and Baron Moncheur. The Belgian minister proposed the health of the King of Belgium.

Among the visiting priests were Rev. Joseph Pontor of Brownsville, N. Y., Rt. Rev. Canon Puissant and his brother, Rev. Father Puissant both of Ghent, Belgium and Rev. F. J. Trompeter of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Territory, Father Trompeter is assistant pastor of St. Joseph's church, Oklahoma City. He is here visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. August Trompeter, of 47 Galusha street.

3 Years Old and a Great Favorite

Three years ago the Four Track News was born. Two years and a half ago it was evolved from a pocket folder into a magazine of regulation dimensions. Two years ago it was an acknowledged success in the periodical field and during the past two years it has gradually, emphatically and permanently improved until it now ranks, white yet in its infancy, with the best of current magazine literature. The table contents with each number is like a well planned bill of fare. It contains a substantial, appetizing and refreshing mental menu which entertains while it instructs. Its policy is now well understood and has been generously approved and applauded.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Pursuant to an order of Hon. Geo. A. Benton Surrogate of the County of Monroe, notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Mary Murphy, late of the City of Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York, deceased, to present the same, with vouchers therefor, to the undersigned John M. Murphy, at his place of business as executor, at 228 Powers Block, Rochester, on or before the 20th day of June 1904. Dated Dec. 12, 1903.

John M. Murphy, Executor.

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THE OLD LOVES.

"Now you know," said pretty young Mrs. Simpson—Arabella was her baptismal name—to Felix Foster, "you really ought not to do this. I told you never to come here." and her large and limpid orbs swept round the drawing-room—14 feet by 12 feet—of her flat, "because dear Adolphus is so jealous. And, of course, he knows that I was engaged to you before I married him, and after Jack Belsize and I broke off our engagement."

"Oh, bother Jack Belsize and Adolphus, too. I'm the man you really loved the best of all of 'em, just the same as you're the only woman I ever loved."

"Nothing of the sort, Felix," Mrs. Simpson said, shaking her fringe reproachfully at one of her ex-admirers till that gentleman thought "that it would fall on the floor in a moment."

"Nothing of the kind, Adolphus," she added with grave dignity, "is the man I have always really loved and the only one. So you mustn't say such things," she went on severely, the severity being increased in fascination, if not in fact, by her sweet little lip. "And you mustn't call here now." And, as though to accentuate and emphasize these words, the pretty little clock that was a present when she was married, struck the half after four, at which she gave a little shriek. While, to show her intelligence, she exclaimed, "There! Just think of that, it's half-past four."

"I don't care," Felix replied. "I've come to have afternoon tea with you and tea I'm going to have. Ring the bell for the 'slavesy'."

"If you mean Petrinella, my house-parlormaid," Mrs. Simpson said, with the air of an outraged Semiramis, "perhaps you'll kindly say so. Mr. Foster. We don't have any slaves here, and if we did you'd not have afternoon tea here." You had better go up to the Churchill Rooms or the Far Far West if you want—"

"Where you used to go with me, eh? Between the interval of Jack Belsize and old Simpson—"

"Old Simpson! How dare you? He's only forty-one and you're not far behind him!"

"And this is the woman who loved me and told me I was the dream of her life!" Felix said, as he threw himself with a groan on the sofa.

"The dream of her life! Will you get up off of that sofa and go? You—you—oh you are!"

"Yes, I know I am. But I don't mean to go. I say, Bella, what's that thing 'eh? Simpson hasn't got us as a mate at a funeral has he?" pointing to a mass of dark cloth hanging over a chair back.

"That is Adolphus's yeomanry cavalry cloak," Mrs. Simpson said, with glacial dignity. "He looks very well in it."

"Does he! More than he does in most things he wears. And that other thing, that hat which looks like a cross between a Guy Fawkes's and the things the chaps on the stage wear in the 'romantic drama'?"

"Mr. Foster," with still more Arctic severity, "will you please go if you are a gentleman, and not insult my husband's uniform?"

"All right, I'll go. Don't get on your dig. And I won't come back either. 'The dream of her life!' Good lord! Good-bye, Bella."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Foster, while, as Arabella put a cold hand into that of her ex-fiance, she dragged it suddenly away with a sotto voice shriek. For the electric bell had rung in the passage, and a moment later Petrinella had gone to the door, while the couple in the drawing-room heard a manly voice asking if Mrs. Simpson was at home.

"It's that fool Belsize," whispered Felix, and "There isn't," replied Arabella, and added, "Oh! lord, whatever shall I do with the pair of you? Just fancy if Adolphus comes home now!"

"There's safety in numbers," said Felix, and "There's isn't," replied Arabella. "Adolphus is mad with jealousy already over Cyril Hobbs, who comes here sometimes. You, Petrinella, yes! Show him into the morning-room. Tell him I am changing my—washing my hands. I'll see him in a moment."

"Can't I skip out?" asked Felix. "Not without his seeing you. There, Felix, do as I tell you. Lie down on the sofa, and, as he obeyed her, she flung Mr. Simpson's yeomanry cavalry cloak over him so that it covered him from the ankles to the tip of his Grecian nose. Then she put the plumed hat of the warrior Simpson over the top of his head, and pulled the Japanese screen, with the gold birds upside down on it, in front of him, and told him to lie perfectly quiet if he had ever had any regard for her in his life.

After which she went demurely into the passage and called Mr. Belsize.

"How are you, Bella?" said Jack Belsize, coming in at once and nearly filling the drawing-room with his large form. "Pretty fit, eh? You do look well! I say, Simpson's a lucky chap—I should not have let you go, but all the same I'm awfully glad that ass Foster didn't get you. I knew you'd never stand him. No woman could, you know. Have you got any tea going? That morning-room will be all right when it's finished—eh—what? What on earth's the matter with you? You don't feel as if you've got a paralytic stroke coming on, do you? What!"

construing at last the various twists and turns of Arabella's lips into the meaning they intended to convey. "Your husband!"—this in a whisper—"There!" glancing at the soles of a

pair of boots that protruded beyond the screen. "Oh! I say!" Then he added, "What's the matter with him? Is—is he—you know?"

"Certainly not," she replied, also whispering. "Very fatigued from a field-day on Wimbledon Common. He is fast asleep. You mustn't stop, Mr. Belsize. Adolphus is so jealous. If he wakes up—"

"Mr. Belsize! Hum! Rather different from 'darling Jack' of the old sweet days, isn't it? And 'the dream of your life,' eh? I say, Simpson does know how to snore, doesn't he? However, let him sleep, poor chap. So it's always to be 'Mr. Belsize.' Well, I suppose it's all right. You're married now, and so shall I be some day. Then you'll think of me as your poor, lost, dear old Jack again. You know, he'll have a fit if he goes on snoring like that. Stick the ottoman under his head and prop it up, unless you want to become a widow and marry me, after all. Oh! I say it's awful!" Jack added, as now the snores from behind the screen became more and more vigorous.

"If you will please go now, Mr. Belsize, and don't insult me," Arabella said, with the dignity of a Puritan maiden at whom some rollicking Cavalier might have cast glances. "I should be so much obliged to you, poor Adolphus can't help being tired after his arduous labors in the field, I am sorry," she went on, assuming a severity she did not feel, but doing so only in the hopes that she would induce one of her late betroths to quit the flat, after which she trusted she would at once be able to bundle the other one off. "If my husband's testimony of fatigue is disagreeable to you but—"

"Don't be puerile, Bella. But, of course I'm annoyed at his being at home. You told me at Lady Lowater's the other night that it was always soothing to recall the past and the dreams you once formed of a happy life. Oh, I say, I can't stand that awful row. I'd better go, after all. Good-bye, Bella. I may have been the dream of a life to you yet— Confound him, he's at it again! Good-bye!"

But at that moment there came a sound at the door, the well-known sound of a latch key and then, to Arabella's and Jack's horror, the equally well-known sound of a voice—the voice of the arduous warrior of Wimbledon Common.

"As you can see, Mr. Hobbs," the three guilty ones in the drawing-room heard Mr. Simpson say "you had better come in. Bella will have forgotten what you are like as she hasn't seen you since yesterday. Come on."

"You beautiful little wretch!" cried Jack Belsize to Bella, while striding behind the screen and tearing off the cloak and hat from the face of Felix, and then exclaiming "Oh, it's this idiot, is it?" while Felix, always smart at repartee, exclaimed, "You're another!"

"How are you, Simpson?" exclaimed Jack Belsize and How do, dear old chap?" said Foster, as they each sprang at the newcomer's hand and seized it. "This is indeed a pleasure."

"We couldn't have waited a moment longer for you," exclaimed Belsize.

"Couldn't you? I should have been sorry," said Mr. Simpson darkly. "Oh, by the by, here's Mr. Cyril Hobbs. He's something in the line of both of you, as you used to be. Come on, Bella, order in the tea." ("I wish it was arsenic," to himself.) "Lor' bless me, what a thing it is to have such a lot of old and new admirers! Those before and those after the event."

After which he hummed, "Oh, ours is a happy home!" in a loud tone, and made Arabella so nervous that she split the tea all over everyone's trousers as she handed it about. For she knew Adolphus could sometimes be disagreeable when they were alone.

The Oldest Books.

The oldest books in existence are, doubtless, those of the Babylonians, but the great permanency of these is explained by the material of which they are composed, and it does not necessarily follow that they were the first books to be made. We know that the Egyptians employed a papyrus roll from the earliest historical periods, and that the Hindoos made their palm leaf books at a very early day. In short, every civilized nation is discovered, at the very dawn of its history, in full possession of a system of bookmaking.—Scribner's Magazine.

As it is in Japan.

In Japan when a man wants a wife he does not woo her. He does not even choose her for himself, but asks a friend on whose taste he can rely to find him a charming and beautiful girl. The friend does his best, and asks the approval of the young lady's parents. Then a party is given by a mutual friend of the persons most concerned, and they are invited to it, that they may see what they think of each other. The girl is not expected to have an opinion of her own, but if she has any marked distaste for the man she is not generally obliged to marry him.

So Like.

"You don't mean to tell me Hiram, that you have made arrangements with the truckmen to move us tomorrow?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Why, to-morrow will be Sunday!"

"I know it. To-morrow will be the first of May, too, and the first of May is moving day. Haven't you ever heard of an earthquake happening on Sunday?"

"I suppose I have."

"Well, you never heard of one being postponed because earthquakes day fell on Sunday, did you?"—Chicago Tribune.