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SHOOTING NIAGARA.

Abraham P. Stokes was the unhappiest policeman in the New York force. As he tramped up and down his solitary beat in the silence of the midnight, there was nothing to turn his mind from its mournful meditations. In the loneliness of his watch but one thought possessed him—one scene enacted itself over and over again in his weary and grief-stricken mind. He was once more standing with the doctor, as he had stood that morning at the door of his wife's sick chamber. From within came the sound of a painful cough which distressed one of the hearers as much as the patient. The doctor looked very grave. "Stokes," he said, "I can patch up that lung for two or three months, but as soon as the winter comes—" The doctor broke off. "You don't mean to say, sir," began the policeman in a frightened voice; "there is no hope?" "Only one." "What is it? What is it?" "To take her south. Get her to California, and she will be well as ever; but another New York winter she can never stand!" "Take her south! Get her to California!" The doctor's words rang in the policeman's ears—so easily said, so hard, so impossible to accomplish. California! The journey alone would mean hundreds of dollars; for an invalid must have some of the comforts of travel, and he must go with her, of course, which would involve the loss of his employment and leave him with nothing. True, he might find work in California, supposing he could ever get there; but even that seemed doubtful. "Take her south! Get her to California!" The words were always in his ears. They fell into kind of tune which sang itself continually to the rhythm of his footsteps on the flag. "Money!" he groaned; "why have some people more than they can spend, whilst others must die for the want of it? In dozens of houses along my beat the wine cellars alone would save my girl times over." Week after week this was the monotonous and melancholy trend of the policeman's thoughts. During the hours which he spent at his wife's bedside he bravely strove to hide his anxiety, made manifold efforts to be cheerful, at times would even be facetious, and rally her to the best of his poor homely wit. But beneath his forced gaiety the invalid detected the ring of a new anxiety, and though there was a smile on his lips there were lines on his brow and a care in his eyes that told her another tale.

"There's a pile of money in it if we could only get a big enough fool to try it." "Not likely. The chances are a million to one against any one coming through it." "Yes, I know; but it's wonderful what some poor beggars would do for the chance of \$10,000." Police Constable Stokes, tramping his midnight beat, was startled out of his dismal reflections by this snatch of conversation. He found himself passing by the entrance of the Elensia club, an institution of a sporting nature, not altogether without fear and without reproach. The two speakers had just descended the steps of the club and were standing on the pavement about to part for the night. The policeman, all ears for their conversation, sauntered by as slowly as possible, and paused at length to examine the house next door.

The dialogue continued—"It's almost certain death," said the second speaker. "Of course, it is, or there would be no need to offer \$10,000. Surely we can find some chap who doesn't care whether he lives or dies, so long as he gets the money." "Well, I only hope you'll find your idiot, Saunders." "So do I. It'll cost me \$50,000 if I don't, so you bet I'll have a good hunt for him." The two sportsmen parted, the one walking briskly up the road, the other, whose name was Saunders, strolling leisurely in the direction of the policeman. Stokes ceased examining the house in which he had to all appearance been much interested, and turned his attention to the stranger. Saunders became aware that a policeman was saluting him, and, turning in his direction, was surprised to find that the officer was watching him with a curiously anxious and intent expression. He returned the salutation, murmured "Good night," and was passing on, when the policeman began to address him. "Beg pardon, sir; hope you won't think me rude, sir—" The man paused awkwardly, and Saunders looked at him with amused curiosity. "Wants a drink, I suppose," he thought, "and feels delicate about asking for it. I haven't got a cent on me, my man," he said aloud, "but here's a cigar if you care for it." "It isn't that, sir," replied the policeman, declining the offer; "but—if you will excuse me, sir, I—I overheard what you were saying to the other gentleman." "The deuce you did! And may I ask what business that is of yours?" "No offense, sir! I only thought that perhaps I might be the man you were looking for."

A second time Saunders narrowly eyed the constable for a moment, and was evidently satisfied with his glance. "You've heard of Captain Webb, the great swimmer?" "What the man that swam the Channel and was drowned in Niagara?" "Yes; I've made a bet that I will find a man to try what Webb failed to do—go over Niagara in a barrel. If you agree to try, I'll give you \$10,000 down."

"Whether I succeed or fail?" "Whether you succeed or fail." "Done."

A small group of men stood on the deck of a little tug which lay anchored in midstream a safe distance above the fall. The preparations were complete; the big barrel in which the perilous voyage was to be made lay ready, and against it leaned a couple of carpenters who were to fix it up when its living freight was stowed inside. The "sportsmen" who had organized the "event," smoked in silence at the stern. Near the barrel stood Abraham P. Stokes; the policeman's uniform had been discarded a week ago, and he was dressed in a light suit of flannels; otherwise he seemed much the same man as when tramping his beat in New York, except that his face had lost some of its anxious expression, and there was a look of quiet satisfaction in his eyes that appeared strange in one about to face a fearful hazard.

The man Saunders left the group of his fellow sportsmen, and approached the ex-policeman. He was pale and nervous, and cast frightened, almost guilty, glances, at the swiftly rushing stream. "You are really going, Stokes?" "Of course."

Saunders hesitated. Though by no means a sentimental man, he did not like the situation. He was half inclined, even at this, the eleventh hour, to dissuade his man, but, on the other hand, the \$50,000 which it would cost him rose up and wrestled with his humanity. He looked at the stalwart figure before him with honest admiration.

"By jove, Stokes, you're a well-plucked 'un," he said. "Here are the notes. What shall I do with them?" "I'm afraid I must ask you to do me a favor, sir. Keep them for the present. If I come out alive at the other end you can give me them then. If I don't, I must trouble you further. Please take them to my wife—" "Good God! You are married?" "Yes," said Stokes, hurriedly. "She doesn't know about this. I told her I was ordered up here in charge of a case. If I don't get through, will you take her the money, and tell her what happened? And say, sir—she's ill, you know, dying of consumption—say that I want her to go south—to California."

"Is this why your doing it—to save your wife, Stokes? By jove, you're a hero!" Stokes frowned impatiently. "Will you do this?" "Thank you. Now I'm ready."

Without another word he clambered into the barrel, thrust his arms through the staples which had been inserted, so that he might save himself from some at least of the tossing, and signalled to the carpenters to do their work. A few strokes of the hammer fixed the lid in position. "Are you ready?" asked one of them. "All right," replied the prisoner. "Here goes, then!" They trundled the barrel to the side of the tug, and let it stand there upright for a moment. All eyes were fixed on it intently. Slowly it left the perpendicular, hunk poised for a moment in the air, and then fell with a splash into the hurrying water. The watchers, pale-faced, hurried to the side. Already the barrel was floating far astern. With every second it gained velocity. Swiftly and swiftly it glided down the stream. With tense, seared faces the men on the tug followed it till it became a speck, and there was a gasp as the speck vanished—over Niagara.

"You're back at last, Abe! What a long time you've been." "I've been in hospital, old girl." "Hospital! Why? Did you get knocked about?" "Yes; I got knocked about a bit." "Poor boy! Tell me all about it." "There's nothing much to tell. I want to hear about you." "Oh, I'm much better. The doctor says I can go out now, and I needn't fear anything till the winter." "And you needn't fear anything then, Katie."

"Why, what do you mean? Abe! What's the matter with the man?" No wonder Katie looked amazed. Abe's face was fixed in a broad but enigmatical grin. He said nothing, but fumbled with most aggravating awkwardness with his pocketbook. "What would you say if I had, become a gentleman of private means? What would you say if I had come in for \$10,000?" As he spoke he took the notes from his pocketbook, and handed them to Katie. She gazed at them, incredulously for a moment; then looked inquiringly at him. "It's all right," said he. "They are genuine notes, and they are ours, Katie."

"But how did you get them? I—I don't understand." "Why I've made a little trip over Niagara since I saw you last, old girl. Don't look as if you thought me demented. It's quite true."

As Katie listened to the tale he modestly unfolded, she trembled and grew pale. "But, Abe," she whispered when he had finished, "you did it all for me?" "For myself, too, old girl. I couldn't have lived without you."

"You might have been killed; indeed the wonder is you are living."

"In that case there would have been two graves instead of one—that's all; and now there won't be any—not, at least, until we are a white-haired Darby and Joan in California."

SERVANT QUESTION.

How Mrs. Schwab Deals With Those Who Serve Her—Gives Amusement and Theatre Tickets.

Mrs. Charles Schwab has her own way of settling the servant question. One of her hobbies in dealing with servants, is the anniversary gift. Each servant, on the first anniversary day of entering Mrs. Schwab's service, receives \$50 in gold, and the gift is repeated at each anniversary.

Mrs. Schwab has in her service two Scottish girls who have been with her eight years, and they visit their homes, at her expense, at certain intervals. Two Irish girls have been with her for six years.

Servants who have been particularly faithful in her employ are also remembered with occasional tickets for the best theatres.

Grow Old Gracefully.

You are always as young as you feel. People never grow old until they think themselves old. Never either admit your age or give landmarks which will enable others to guess it right. Take plenty of exercise, move briskly, speak firmly.

Take a half hour's rest in the middle of the day, nothing conduces more to a good appearance. It renews strength and freshens the complexion. The want of occupation does not conduce to youth or to rest. A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed. Energy keeps the muscles elastic, and romance is an amulet against wrinkles.

Duty time by keeping your heart young. It is envy, loss of heart, and impatience that brings lines to the face.

Clock Medicine Case.

A unique contrivance for the tourist appears at first glance to be a traveling clock, with leather casing. The dial, however, is inscribed with the words, "next dose," instead of the regulation numerals. The clock proves to be a box which, when opened, shows a medicine glass, with drachms and other druggist's measures, checked off on its surface. The hands of the clock can be moved around and the hour for the next dose thus accurately kept in mind.

The Japanese Wife.

In Japan a well bred woman does not go to the theatre until she is old and pauper. It has not been thought proper for her to understand music. She spends most of her time at home attending to her children. Several writers have said that in Japan a woman does not marry for a husband, but to be an unpaid servant in his family.

Little Girl's Lingerie Hat.

Much smarter and newer than straw are the lingerie hats for children, and they harmonize with innumerable frocks. Platted silk mull or liberty silk, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, are the most popular. Our illustration shows one made of the former material, with a chrysanthemum bow of black velvet ribbon on top and pink roses on either side under brim. Ends of the mull tie in a bow under chin.

In Praise of Knitting.

Knitting is declared by specialists in the treatment of rheumatism to be a most helpful exercise for hands liable to become stiff from the complaint, and it is being prescribed by physicians because of its efficacy. For persons liable to cramp, paralysis, or any other affection of the fingers of that character, knitting is regarded as a most beneficial exercise. Besides, the simple work is said to be an excellent diversion for the nerves, and is recommended to women suffering from insomnia and depression.—Exchange.

A Happy Young Woman.

Miss Helene Fleury is the first woman musician admitted for the Prix de Rome. It must be understood that the Prix de Rome is awarded after examination conducted on the plan in use at our own Institute of Technology in Boston. And Miss Fleury was locked up in the cloister of the Chateau de Compeigne with six other aspirants for this laureateship of music in Paris.

Effect of Thought on Character.

The happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts; therefore, watch well over them, and entertain none that are contrary to purity and truth, so that if your soul were laid open there would appear nothing but what would bear the light and call up no blush.

When you see a girl looking suspiciously at the tips of her fingers it is a sign she is wondering if there is any truth in the charge that some smoke cigarettes.

A CURE.

"She needs to be roused," the doctor said. "She has lost faith in her power to walk." He glanced back at the figure on the bed. Two heavy braids of red hair outlined a pale face. The closed eyes showed a languid distaste for worldly sights.

Miss Alice sighed. "It's easy to say we must rouse her, but how are we to do it? She absolutely refuses to see any visitors."

"Do you read to her?" "She won't let me—she says that there's no consolation in hearing what walking people are doing. She lies like that all day long."

"Well, she could walk again if we could make her believe that she could. But the longer she lies there the harder it's going to be."

"Oh, doctor, there's another trouble," Miss Alice said. "You know the house next door with just that narrow yard between it and the windows of this room?" The doctor nodded. "A great family has just moved in. There are six children—the maid counted them when they came. And I myself heard the mother say that the yard would be such a nice place for them to play. Fancy six children playing directly under sister's window! What shall I do?" "You can scarcely force them to move out because your sister was

PHOTOGRAPHS OF LIGHTNING.

Patience and a Camera Are All That Are Required to Get Them.

Any boy or girl who has a camera and a good stock of patience may secure a photograph of lightning, according to St. Nicholas. The patience is needed in waiting for the lightning. When the sharp "chain lightning" comes, select a window from which you can see well; or, if it is raining, go out of doors and set the camera on the tripod focused as for a distant view, and pointed toward that quarter of the heavens in which the lightning is most frequent. The diaphragm should be set to the largest opening that is ever used, the slide drawn, and the lens uncovered as for a time exposure. Then follows a wait of one, two, five or even twenty minutes, until a bright flash comes within the field of view of the camera, when the lightning takes its own picture. Then cover the lens, push in the slide, and you are ready to try again on a fresh plate.

The Sultan's Adviser.

His Majesty Abdul of Turkey must be credited with knowing a good thing when he sees it now and then. This his majesty evidently did recently when he tendered to Capt. P. D. Bucknam of Philadelphia the highly responsible position of naval adviser to the Turkish Imperial Ministry of Marine. And in Capt. Bucknam it will have expert authority.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Season of Lent.

Lent is an annual fast of 40 days, beginning with Ash Wednesday and continuing till Easter. Ash Wednesday is governed by Easter. Easter is the Sunday which follows that 14th day of the calendar moon which falls upon or next after March 21. This is true both of old style and new, and the rule has been used, though not universally, from a very early day.

New England's Yellow Day.

There was a dark day May 19, 1880, when New England was steeped in the blackness of midnight all the morning and afternoon. The most famous "yellow day," however, was that of September 6, 1881, when twilight prevailed almost all day. Many remember it, because on that day President Garfield, who was shot by Gaitheau, was moved from Washington to Elberon, N. J.

Dominica's Boiling Lake.

This curious lake was discovered through a man's losing his way in the surrounding forests and accidentally stumbling upon it. It is not a geyser, but it boils intermittently, sometimes for days at a time. It is very poisonous, and caused the death of a visitor and guide in 1901.

PENCILINGS.

It is up to the head of the household to foot the bills. Most of our earthly pleasures are due to our ignorance. A man isn't too old to learn if he isn't too old to get married. A man who can induce others to walk into his trap is a strategist. Religion makes a mighty poor shroud after it has been worn as a cloak. If a man's credit isn't good at the corner grocery he must trust to luck. When a woman can't think of anything more to say she begins to ask questions. It is wonderful how a ninety-eight pound woman can boss a two hundred pound husband around without half trying. When angry turn your back to the other fellow and walk straight ahead while you count half a million. After listening patiently to a lot of hashens telling what they used to be, David said in his haste: "All men are fishermen."—Chicago News.

Australian Labor Laws.

The Arbitration Law of New South Wales has shown that so long as its decisions are in accordance with the wishes of the employees there has been no resistance, but whenever a decision has been adverse to them they have shown a spirit of resistance.

Mont Blanc Subjugated.

An electric railroad is to be constructed to Mont Blanc on plans prepared by M. Baillet. The cog-wheel system as used on the Jungfrau road is to be adopted. The train journey will take two hours.—Scientific American.

Cinnabar Ore in Colorado.

What is considered the largest body of cinnabar ore in the world has just been uncovered near Apex, Gunnison County, Colorado. It is about 200 feet wide, carries gold and is about 30 per cent. quicksilver.

Paris Educates Pups.

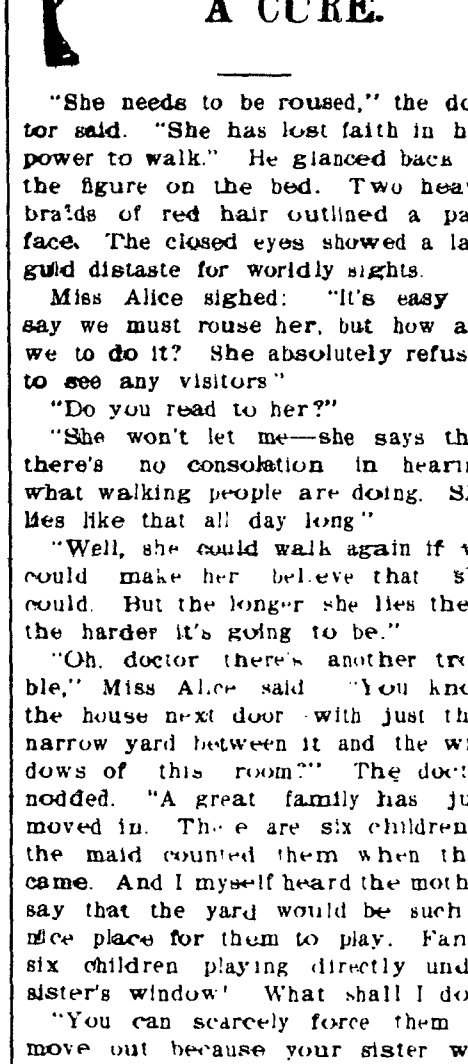
A school for dogs is the latest development of the educational movement. It has been established in Paris with the object of teaching, not letters, but politeness.

John Harvard's Bequest.

John Harvard was a graduate of Emmanuel college, Cambridge, England. He bequeathed his library and half his estate, which amounted to \$2,700, for a college, September 14, 1638.

Killed By Flea Bite.

A boy in Sydney, Australia, was bitten by a flea from the body of a rat which had died of the plague, and he himself died of the plague.



WERE GIVING A TEA PARTY.



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