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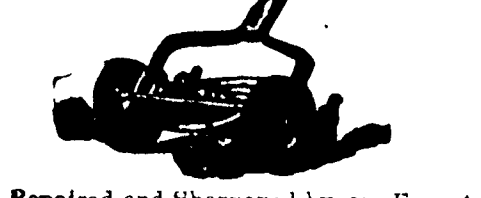
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**MONA'S REWARD.**

Cousin Tom's wife was sick. If any of her other relatives had been sick Mona would not have worried. Indeed, Cousin Tom's ill health—for he was a tease and never was sick in his life—gave her a heathenish satisfaction. She had been on quarrelsome terms with him ever since their baby days, when he beheaded her dolls. His wife, however, was lovely. Mona at once resolved to send her some dainty that Cousin Tom's wife



would not be likely to get when boarding.

There were several obstacles to be overcome. It was Mona's work to cook for the girls in the flat and the hours from 9 to 5 o'clock every week day were spent in rattling a typewriter in a downtown office. The lemon jelly, which she intended to make, would take but a few minutes to mix and it would be jelled by morning.

"If I whip the cream while I am getting dinner," she argued to herself, "I could take it to the north side right after dinner. But then I should not be able to get home before at least 11 o'clock. I can't go alone. The girls won't go with me. Mr. Lawrence has offered me escort at any time I need him, but he is too nice to risk losing his friendship by such a trip. 'The only thing to do,' she decided at last, 'is to get up early, whip the cream and take it to the north side before going to the office. If Louise had only put off her visit until next week—well, I'll urge her to sleep late that morning and then she can get her own breakfast when she gets up after I am gone.'"

Mona sighed wearily as she set the alarm clock. She sighed even more wearily when it went off at 5 o'clock the next morning.

Just as Mona attired in her hastily donned skirt and dressing sack was sitting down to coffee and doughnuts,



Louise appeared, looking irritatingly neat in her fresh shirt waist.

"Oh, Mona, I couldn't bear to have you eat breakfast all alone," she said. "You look positively blue. I am glad I got up to cheer you. Sit still now. I'll get my own breakfast. I know you are in a hurry. Just tell me where is the bread for toast and I'll do everything. How do you light this oven?"

It was then that Mona decided that the cream would have to go to the north side unwhipped and in its natural state, for it was easier to get breakfast than to tell Louise where to find things in that kitchen.

After she got breakfast for Louise, Mona swallowed her cup of lukewarm coffee and pushed away to dress while Louise did up the jelly and cream for her. The package had none of the white tissue paper blue-ribbon daintiness which Mona had planned. In fact, it was wrapped in a newspaper and tied with something that might have passed for either a cord or a rope.

At 7 o'clock Mona was downtown. At 8 o'clock she was away up on the north side. So she arrived at the office late, but happy in the thought of the pleasure her dainty gift had afforded the invalid.

It was about 11 o'clock and the stern manager was dictating as fast as possible, when the office boy interrupted with a nod to Mona. "Some one at the 'phone for you," he said.

The manager scowled. The telephone had not been put in for the social enjoyment of the employes and Mona had prohibited her friends from calling her up in office hours. She went to the 'phone and this is what she heard:

"Hello. This is Tom, T-o-m. I want to thank you for the lemon jelly. I suppose it's a token of your desire to bury the tomhawk. Say, Mona, you couldn't have pleased me better. Lemon jelly is my favorite dish. Every one has been so good to me lately—sending all sorts of nice things. My wife is still on a broth diet, but—"

Mona hung up the receiver without waiting to hear any more. And every one in the office wondered why she was so cross all the rest of the day.

**ONLY A CHESTNUT.**

Its Cultivation Could, However, be Indulged In Advantageously.

There are few trees more beautiful than the chestnut, and if our friends of the farm make a study of the subject they might find that few offered more opportunities for large and continuous profits. The American chestnut does not compare with that grown in Europe as an article of diet, but our consul at Turin, Italy, himself an Americanized Italian, Pietro Cuneo, in speaking of the possibilities of the chestnut in this country, says that in Italy "chestnuts form an important article of food. They are larger, and four or five times the size of chestnuts grown in the United States. This, I think, is mostly the result of cultivation. They are numerous in variety and flavor, and I have often wondered why they have not been introduced and grown in some sections of the United States. As the chestnut tree is not native to Italy, or to any other country in Europe, being an importation, there is no reason why the tree cannot be imported into the United States and thrive equally well."

Throughout our temperate zone the chestnut would do well, it is believed. To plant a high grade of stock and cultivate the trees with care doubtless would result in creating a new and important industry, and one in whose returns every farmer might share. The importations of chestnuts from Turin to the United States during the last fiscal year were valued at \$12,762.

Some enterprising nurseryman might take up the importation of desirable varieties with large advantage to himself and the general public.

**Live Stock Notes.**

Curry-comb and brush well applied are the best medicines to aid horses and cattle while they are shedding their coats. These, if accompanied by a plenty of sound, wholesome food, will keep the animal in good condition. See to the harness, and have it so well fitted that bruises and galls will not occur; look especially to the collars and have them fit the shoulders well, and keep clean. Look to the feet of horses, those at work on soft ground are better off if barefoot. Cows about to come in should be watched, and, as their time approaches, reduce their food, to prevent garget and other troubles, giving a plenty of good, sound hay. Save only the best calves with which to keep up the herd. Teach calves to feed from the pail, from the first. Give ewes with lambs an abundance of food for the good of both lamb and dam. If ticks are troublesome, dip in tobacco water. Give swine a run in the orchard and attend to the comfort of the poultry, providing dust baths, and a variety of food.

**Time For Curing Cheese.**

There is little difference in the practice of factories as to the length of time allowed for curing cheese. It ranges from eighteen to twenty-five days, according to the season of the year. In the spring, when makers are anxious to get rid of their cheese and to take advantage of the market before prices decline it is shipped at eighteen to twenty days from the hoop and we have known it to reach Denver within a fortnight. Later in the year it is held longer, in order to cure it better and give it safer keeping qualities. It used to be the custom with some factory men to hold their cheese in the fall and again take advantage of the higher prices prevailing later in the season. This is still done to some extent, but so many factory men have lost money on their cheese in the last two or three years by trying this experiment that it is not now practiced to the same extent as formerly.

**When to Plant Dahlias.**

The best time to plant dahlias is after danger from late spring frosts is over, unless large whole roots are planted, which may be done a week or two earlier. They bloom from July until frost comes and the roots should be taken up in the fall as soon as the plants are killed and put in a cellar or other dry, cool place. The best method of propagation is by division of the roots. The eyes are on the crown to which the tubers are attached, and each division must have at least one good eye, otherwise the roots will not grow. One of the most beautiful varieties is the cactus dahlia. The flowers are rather loosely built but perfectly double, somewhat like a Japanese chrysanthemum, having a very artistic appearance. The petals are mostly twisted, tightly reflexed at the ends and pointed.—Denver Field and Farm.

**Interesting Paragraphs.**

Feed your chickens freely on wheat and cracked corn.

If the wings of the chickens droop, look for lice.

Poultry men believe that farmers keep too few hens.

Turkeys are profitable to raise when surrounded by proper conditions.

A large frier sells much more readily than a small one. Let them also be fat.

White clover makes a good green food for fowls which cannot be let out.

Easier to Raise Than Ploek Greens.

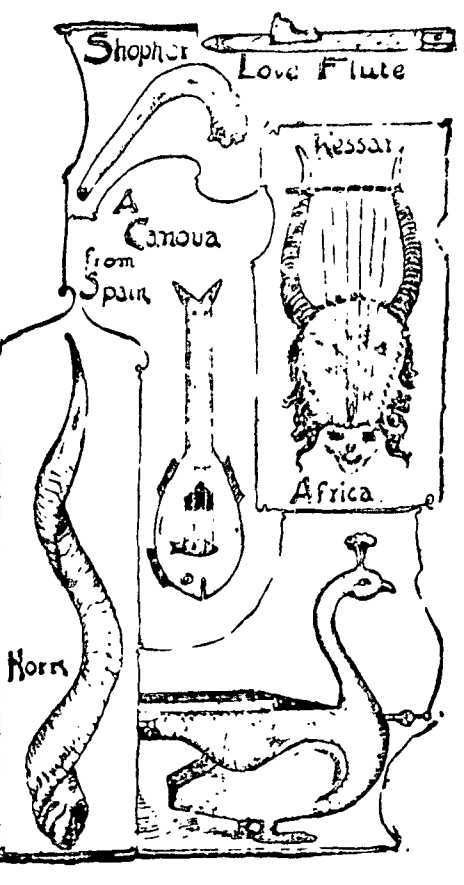
Spinach seeds can be sown at most any time and will thrive if given a reasonable amount of water. For making summer greens sow early in spring and for early spring sow in September and cover with a mulch of straw to help the young plants winter over. It is useless to go to so much trouble hunting the country over for wild weeds like the dandelion as greens when a number of good domestic plants can be grown with so little work.

**ODD MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**

Strange Contrivances From Countries Far and Near.

Several rooms in the Metropolitan Museum of Art are filled with the Crosby-Brown collection of strange old musical instruments. Made of gourds and shells and other primitive materials, they present a fantastic sight that always attracts a large share of the attention of visitors to the museum.

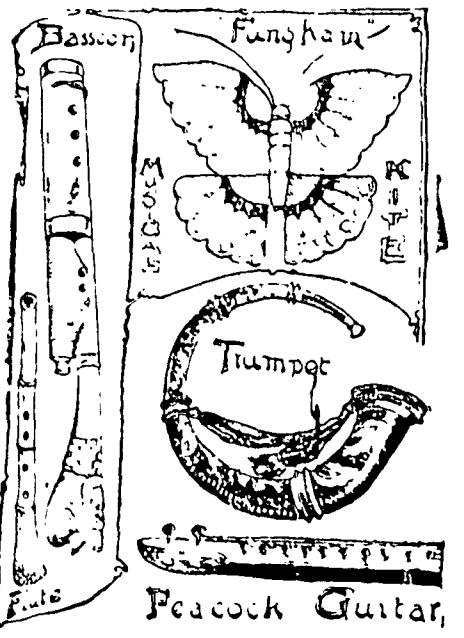
The instruments from Africa are the most picturesque. In a lyre-shaped instrument a skull forms the body, and two carved horns, with cross-pieces, make up the top. The idea that a man should make music from the skull of his enemy is an odd



concept, even for a savage, but they saw what was about them, and used what they thought would do best, whether it was the turtle's back or the skin of a toad.

From the African room one may go to North America—the next room. There are things in pottery, a tee whistle, and copies of prehistoric whistles from other places. In another place are the sopher, or ram's horn, used in Jewish synagogues, and the circular horn of the Romans.

On the other side of the room are Panaman pipes from Norfolk and Bermuda Islands, suggesting purr-eared gentlemen with hoofs. How far it was from these islands to the rural region near the river where Pan first made his pipes from the reeds it is hard to tell, and how his patent mouth organ came to the islands no one knows. Next is a kettle drum from Egypt, and tall snare drums from



**Peacock Guitar,**

the South Sea Islands. A musical kite from China would interest any boy this time of the year. It is called a "Fung Kam."

Among the lutes are several handsome ones, some inlaid with mother-of-pearl, some with ivory, with light and dark frames, and a very beautiful one with a carved head. Some Spanish guitars are there, too, and a minstrel harp from France is full of suggestion of the time when the minstrel sang his Norman-French ballads in castle or court.

**A Curious Custom.**

In Friesland, it seems there is a custom that news of a birth or death is announced verbally: by a man who calls at every house in the village for that purpose. If he brings the news of a birth he wears white gloves, if of a death they are black. Some days back a child was born dead in a Frisian village. It was necessary that the usual announcement should be made, but in what colored gloves? The harbinger was a man of resource. He went his rounds wearing one white glove and one black one.—Exchange.

**Musical Ring.**

A Wesleyan minister in the north of England possesses the most wonderful ring in the world. In appearance it is an ordinary gold signet ring, but it is, in addition, a perfect little musical box. By touching a tiny spring, and holding the ring close to the ear, one can hear a sweet hymn tune. By placing the ring on a box the charming tones of this unique ring can be heard all over a large room.—London Tit-Bits.

**He Fooled Them.**

It was the morning of the first of April, and Harold, the minister's son a little lad of 5 years, had been told that he might ask the blessing at the table. The family bowed their heads and waited for the expected blessing. The boy bowed his head reverently, clasped his hands, was solemnly silent for a moment, and then called out jubilantly:

"April fool!"—Lippincott's.

**SOME BEE BITS.**

It is important to have the supers placed on the hives early so that there will be no crowding in the hive. Giving plenty of room for storing honey will sometimes prevent excess of swarming and will insure the storing of the maximum amount of honey in the sections.

It is a good plan to place hives facing the east, so that the sun may shine on the entrance when it comes up in the morning and further that it may shine on the rear late in the evening in order to facilitate evaporation as long as possible. A temporary shade may be made with a few old staves tacked onto a two by two, two feet long and which protects the top and sides of the hive, allowing free circulation of air and permitting the sun to shine on either end as it is reached.

When hives full of empty combs are left from the last season's extracting, some of the strongest colonies may be given an extra brood chamber from now until honey begins to come in. Set the hive of empty combs below and interchange with two or three frames of brood. A good, strong laying queen may fill both brood chambers before the main honey flow begins, and then the bees can be shaken from the frames of the upper brood chamber and a super of prepared sections put on in its place into which they will begin work at once.

**To Produce Fine Canded Honey.**

To produce perfect canded honey, smooth and fine, in the grain, and that will not drain:

Let the bees ripen and cap before extracting.

Extract on a drying day.

Keep the honey well protected from the air.

Stir and mix well before putting it into small containers.

To candy it, jar, agitate, or rock the honey while in the small vessels. This can be done by machinery. But I prefer to let the changes in temperature caused by day and night do it. Place the honey in a thin-walled building—in one whose inside temperature changes rapidly with outside changes. The expansion and contraction furnish the necessary movements in the honey.

Note 1—Thin unripe honey candelizes coarse and rough, and it is ill flavored and will drain; and, more, the selling and keeping qualities are of a low grade.

2 With plenty of combs you'll get as much capped honey as of the thin stuff, and the wax will pay for uncapping. The young bees that do not go to the fields anyway are just anxiously waiting for the job—S. T. Pettit, in *Gleanings of Bee Culture*.

**Sure to Make Hens Lay.**

John Kernell, the Irish comedian, who died recently, used to like to tell of a brief experience at amateur farming that he had in his youth.

"One summer," he would say, "I lived in the country, and as there was a garden to my cottage, I decided that I would keep chickens. I bought a cock and half a dozen hens, but I got no eggs. The chickens were vigorous and healthy, but my omelets each morning came from the village store.

"To remedy this state of affairs, I answered an advertisement in an agricultural magazine. This advertisement said that for \$2 an infallible way to make hens lay would be communicated. I forwarded the \$2, and in due course I received the advertiser's reply. It was a printed slip that read:

"To make a hen lay—Tie a stout string around the hen's body, lay the bird on her side on a board, and fasten the string underneath. If it is thought desirable, a pillow may be placed under the hen's head."—New York Tribune.

**Use a Good Driving Horse.**

A good driving horse is as valuable on the farm as in town, and it pays in many ways to keep such a horse. Referring to the subject in general the *Livestock Indicator*, we think wisely says:

"I have known men who kept nothing but draft horses, using them not only for doing the work on the farm, but also for driving to the carriage. They were afraid to purchase a driver for fear the boys would cut too wide a swath. This is a mistake. A good driving horse will add much to the comfort of living in a country where distances are great. If a young man is inclined to sow his wild oats and you wish to give him as much assistance as possible, just distrust him at every turn. If you wish to win him back to the ways of rectitude show him that you have confidence in his ability to do what is right, trust him with a good horse, and if he will take care of it he is not yet past redemption."—Indiana Farmer.

**Tree, Bush, Vine and Root.**

The big red American apple has long been a favorite in Germany—even to the remote corners, while the fine California dried fruit, now for sale in every grocery, is indispensable to the average household.

Fruit that is not picked until over-ripe is already near the end of its life history and will deteriorate rapidly unless stored soon after picking in a low temperature.

The generally short fruit crop in Europe last year will make an opportunity for American dried fruit exporters. Spain was the only European country having a large crop.

Keep an eye on the young orchard—and the rabbit.

**SEEING BOTH SIDES.**

Wilkins has paid rent for years. He has fought each spring and at intervals all through each year for repairs and improvements—has had to fight for them as vigorously as if they were kingdoms. Therefore he has gone on record, time and again as saying that if ever he became a landlord himself of however poor a shack he would know the tenant's side of the matter and would proceed to prove to the world that a man may be merciful and still reap a decent profit on land and house investment.

Yet Wilkins was not overjoyed to find himself a month ago in almost involuntary possession of a small market garden far out in a northwest suburb, with a house—two roomed—and a small stable on the premises. Altogether, listening to Jimmie Brown, it seemed a snug bit of property. Jimmie insisted on making it over to Wilkins in payment of a long-standing debt of several hundred dollars. It was only because the debt was already outlawed and Jimmie was booked to leave town the next day for an indefinite residence in a far country that Wilkins consented to give up hope of hard cash and take the property.

Recently Wilkins had a row with his landlord. There were certain repairs that had to be made before Wilkins would sign a lease for the next three years. The landlord stood firm on the negative side. Wilkins had forgotten his two-room cottage until then, but the row reminded him. He saw his chance to make at least one family happy. Also he recalled the rent three months overdue. Therefore he boarded a car and started out to find the market garden and its tenant.

When Wilkins reached the end of the cable line he transferred to an electric car. When the electric car tracks stopped on the edge of a marsh he got out and began to walk. He kept thinking of the rent overdue and that nerved his flagging footsteps. At last a patch of ground came into view which he recognized, though hardly from Jimmie Brown's enthusiastic description. The house was evidently a two-roomed affair. The stable—was it that or a chicken coop? The market garden—where was it?

Then the tenant appeared in the doorway and Wilkins explained the situation and that he had come to look over the premises.

"It's glad I am to hear that," said the grim figure, "and for the first look will you step here and stick your head through the hole in the wall—on the north side—with the wife and children sleepin' in the cold draft and under a leaking roof—"

"We'll settle the rent question first," said Wilkins, firmly. "All rent in advance."

"The paper's hangin' in strips all over," said the tenant, stolidly, "owin' to the leak. The wind's need new glass to every pane. They ain't any lock to a door in the house—"

"The rent already due—" began Wilkins again, firmly.

"Did ye tell 'im 'bout th' white washin', Tim?" a woman cried from a crack in the door. "An' th' chimney—th' smoke's that turrible. Th' well, too, 's gotta be cleaned—all of us'll be sick and a doctor's bill to pay if the well ain't cleaned. An' the roof leaked last week right over the eatin' table and into the cabbage dish—"

But Wilkins was already going down the road. When he reached his office he wrote two letters, one to a real estate firm, putting his recently acquired property on the market, the other to his landlord. In the letter to his landlord he stated brazenly that unless a new back-yard fence was put up, a new cement walk laid along the side of the house, the window sashes and all the outside wood work, including the porches and steps, repainted, the entire house repapered, the bathroom supplied with a new porcelain tub, new screens at all windows and a dollhouse built for his daughter in the back yard he would move. Then he went home to break the news to his wife that she would have to begin looking up a house for immediate removal. But he felt like a man again.

**Archduke Held by Police.**

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand had a somewhat amusing adventure recently. The archduke, who was traveling incognito to England, was stopped by a police officer just as he was about to embark, being mistaken for a man wanted by the German police.

In reply to his declaration, "I am the crown prince of Austria," the official answered, "Anybody can say that," and in spite of all protestations the archduke was conducted to the police commissariat.

The intervention of the captain of the German steamer upon which the prince was about to embark was needed to establish to the satisfaction of the authorities that an error had been committed.

When the identity of the archduke was at last established, the official made most humble excuses, but his imperial highness took the incident on its comic side and shook hands with him before going on to the steamer.—New York Herald.

**"Old Putts" Horse Is Dead.**

A horse 41 years old died recently on the farm of Philip Putnam, Franklin, O., where since a foal, it had been used continually as a driver up to four years ago. He was sound in mind and limb and died from old age.