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MEANDERING JAKE

You don't happen to have no little job of work to do that would pay for a cup of coffee, have you, ma'am?" asked the dusty, drooping wayfarer who knocked at Mrs. Arden's kitchen door.

Mrs. Arden looked him over critically. What she saw did not frighten her in the least, for although she was alone and out of earshot of her nearest neighbor, there was nothing intimidating about the tired, dejected-looking tramp. She was a warm-hearted little woman, whose impulses favored unquestioning charity, but she had theories on the tramp question which she did not permit her sympathies to override.

"Yes," she replied. "I have. I was just about to go into the garden to pick berries for a pie. You can do that, if you like, for your coffee. Please wash your hands at the pump, yonder, before beginning."

He obeyed submissively, after which he took the tin pail and trudged away. It was a hot, breathless morning full of smoldering heat waves that scorching and oppressed the panting earth. Mrs. Arden was rather glad to be relieved of the warm task, so she made cheerful haste to prepare an appetizing bite to go with the coffee, glancing out of the window now and then at the bowed, grimy figure plodding among the berry rows.

He was a long while at his task. Presently Mrs. Arden went out to call him, for the coffee was cooling. He was nowhere in sight.

"I suppose he thought the berries worth more than a cup of coffee," she mused, smiling grimly. He'll probably spend the money for whisky. I hate to be fooled," she added gloomily.

She glanced at the clock, which pointed close upon eleven, then put on her bonnet and went out into the garden to pick her berries. Prone in the dust between the berry rows lay a huddled inert figure with an over-turned tin pail beside him.

"My heavens!" she cried in a frightened voice. "What can have happened to the poor fellow?"

She lifted his shoulders and looked anxiously at the colorless, haggard face, then put her fingers on his wrist, which was hot and dry. "Heat prostration," she murmured. "I've got to get him out of the sun somehow."

When she tried to move him she was surprised at his lightness, so she thrust her strong arms under him and carried him bodily to the deep shade of the grape arbor, after which she set to work at resuscitating. Baring his face with cold water and forcing a few spoonfuls of wine between his blue lips, within fifteen minutes he revived and struggled up. "I don't just recollect how I came here," he said wonderingly.

"Never mind about that. You just take a big swallow of this," holding the wine glass to his lips, "and take it easy. You are in a good place."

He obeyed. As he lay back on the arbor seat with a sigh of comfort, he said: "I remember how it happened. I was pickin' berries when I got dizzy. It must a been the sun. I've been walkin' a good deal lately."

"Yes, it was the sun," Mrs. Arden agreed. "I am sorry I sent you out if you had told me how you felt I would have found something else for you to do. Have you had your breakfast this morning?"

"No, ma'am," he answered meekly. "When did you have your last square meal?"

"Well, you know I don't git many square meals, as you might say. Bein' on the road so much I eat most any time, accordin' to when meals come along."

"On the road?" Mrs. Arden repeated interrogatively.

"Yes, m'm. I lead a sort of rovin' life. I'm kinder restless by nature," he added wistfully.

"Oh! And you don't have regular meals, you say? Did you have any supper last night?"

"Just about sundown I struck a fine berry patch at the edge of an old field an' made a good meal."

Mrs. Arden poured a little wine into the glass and handed it to him. "When you've taken that maybe you'll be strong enough to walk to the house," she remarked. "I'm going to cook you a good square meal."

"I'm terrible sorry I didn't git them berries plucked," he said humbly as he reached her the empty glass.

"Never mind about the berries. Now do you think you can walk? Here, take my arm."

His grimy fingers rested on her spotless sleeve as one would touch the gauzy wings of a butterfly, but he managed to walk very steadily until he reached the cool, neat dining-room, with its comfortable rattan couch, where Mrs. Arden escorted him while she bustled herself with the preparation of his "square" meal.

When the little clock struck twelve he sat down to a dinner such as had not fallen to his humble lot for years. He was very, very hungry, for the prosperous country through which he had lately passed was peculiarly hostile to tramps, and he had subsisted almost wholly on berries for a week.

"It would be easier to talk to you if I knew your name," Mrs. Arden remarked, as she replenished his plate for the second time.

"Folks call me Meanderin' Jake 'cause I trevel so much," he replied soberly. "I wish you had some work I could do for you," he added. "I dunno when I've had such a good dinner. Not since I took to rovin'."

"Have you no trade?"

"Yes'm. I am a lastmaker by trade. Twenty years ago, afore so much fur'n labor got over, I made a good livin' at lastmakin'. Now that there's machines for everything, there's no

money in it. You wouldn't hardly believe I ever had a good home an' went clean an' respectable, would you? But I did. I worked steady week in an' week out. We lived in Cincinnati. I don't hardly seem real to me when I think about them days."

"Have you no relatives?"

"Yes'm. I got one sister an' some nephews in New York City. She married well an' has prospered fine. I ain't see her since her boys was little chaps. She's a good woman, but she's got strict notions about men that's down in their luck. I don't know as you could blame her for not wantin' the boys to know they've got an old tramp of an uncle," he said apologetically. "My wife an' little boy died fourteen years ago within a week of each other. I was glad they went that way, seem' they had to 'cause my wife woudn't acrieved herself to death without the boy. She was terrible fond of him. After that, I lost heart. Seemed like everything reminded me of things that hurt. That's how I fell into the habit of rovin'."

The postman tapped at the window. He left a special delivery letter which Mrs. Arden opened and read aloud.

"Jake," said she, looking over at him when she had finished her note. "I had intended to keep you here this afternoon and give you a good supper, but this letter calls me to the city quite unexpectedly. I shall be back by the 6 o'clock express. Would you like to make yourself comfortable in the grape arbor until I return?"

"Yes'm. I would, if you aint got no objection."

"Very well. Take some cushions out with you and sleep. No one will disturb you."

Half an hour later Meanderin' Jake fell asleep in the grape arbor, to be awakened at supper time by Mrs. Arden, who had returned and prepared an appetizing meal before disturbing him.

Jake noticed that his hostess looked worried. "I hope you aint sick, ma'am," he ventured timidly.

"No, but I feel anxious," she replied seriously. "Something happened in the city which gave me a queer presentiment of danger. I think I'll tell you something about it. She went out in a worried voice. "My husband is away a good deal, but I have all ways felt perfectly safe with my dog. Two days ago he disappeared, stolen, as I thought, although that must have been a pretty hard undertakin' for him as he was very valuable as well as handsome. It seems likely that a dog stalker would go to a good deal of trouble to capture him. I decided not to let any one know about his disappearance until I had seen my husband, who will be home the day after tomorrow. The letter I received today calling me to the city to sign papers related to a sale, I carried the money obtained through that transaction home with me, and I have a fancy, foolish, it may be, that someone followed me home on the train. Would you be willing to stay here to-night and let me look you in my guest chamber? Not that I really distrust you, Jake, but it seems the only sensible thing to do because the money might prove a temptation to you. I should feel safer knowing that some one was with him."

Jake promised good naturedly in no wise affronted by her wish to look him in the guest chamber. "Don't you fall to call me the minute you git so'art," he said earnestly. "I'll sleep in my clothes so's to be ready for anything that comes."

"Very well. I don't really suppose I shall have to call you. I have a loaded six shooter in my room but I don't like to think of using that."

Jake retired early, equipped with soap, towel and an old linen suit of Mrs. Arden's. And presently the hostess locked doors and windows and retired to her room in a very restless frame of mind. In spite of the fact that she had securely fastened Jake's door, she began to feel afraid of her foolish confidence in the harmless-looking stranger. Why had she been so unwisely impulsive as to let him know about the money? To be sure he could not, without breaking the lock, make his way into the house from the inside, but he could very easily get out through the window and perhaps find some means of entrance. Well, she would not sleep, but keep a sharp watch for intruders. She was glad she had told him of the pistol at least.

The night was still and clear. A light, fragrant breeze had cooled the air deliciously and there was a dim little moon to light straggling wayfarers on their way. In spite of Mrs. Arden's fears, she fell asleep after an hour or so, only to be awakened at midnight by a sound that ceased before her dazed senses grasped its significance. She sat up and listened breathlessly, and after a few seconds a board creaked faintly and almost palpable footsteps mounted the stairs leading from the door of Jake's room to the upper hall. Mrs. Arden got out of bed and took possession of the revolver, trembling so violently that she knew it would be useless to try to employ it, for she had never been able to overcome her inborn horror of firearms.

It occurred to her in a flash that she could escape by letting herself down from the little portico to the veranda facing Jake's room. When the thin, soft click of metal told her that the thief was tampering with the lock of her door she rose very softly and took the money—nine hundred dollars—from its hiding place between the mattress and the bed springs, and thrusting it in the shoe bag which hung on the bedpost, fastened it securely about her neck. Then she stepped cautiously out of the window, over the low balustrade of the balcony, and

LONDON'S MEDICAL MYSTERY.

Case of a Girl Whose Body Was Full of Strange Animals.
 The extraordinary case of a Buckingham girl in whose body scores of strange animals were found aroused considerable interest yesterday in medical and lay circles.

A London Express representative paid a visit to the nursing home in Buckingham where the girl was first taken after she had vomited many of the strange creatures, and he learned some interesting additional particulars concerning this remarkable case.

The girl's name was Ellen Bates, aged twenty-two, and she was the daughter of William Bates, of Lamport, near Stowe, Buckinghamshire, who formerly lived at Akeley. The girl was very strong and healthy until last October, when she was seized with the mysterious illness. She continued to fail, and during February she vomited a number of small animals, the estimate being three or four each day.

She got worse, and was sent to the Buckingham Nursing Home, where she remained under the care of Dr. Vincent Howard and Miss Potter, the head nurse, for about six weeks.

Then she was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and afterwards to another hospital, where an operation was performed, and hundreds of animals—large and small—were found near her left shoulder blade.

She died under the operation, and the doctors declared that she could not possibly have lived, because one of the animals had traveled from the region of her shoulder to her heart.

A medical man writes: The case of the girl who had during life vomited a number of small animals, and in whose body was found "a strange animal," was probably one of hydatids.

The history of these parasites is peculiar. In the mature state they are known as Taenia echinococcus, and infest the intestines of dogs, wolves and jackals, into which they are introduced by feeding on the flesh of pigs tainted by the parasite in another stage of development.

The eggs of the echino-coccus are introduced into the human body in drinking water infected by pigs or dogs.

Thus the story that eating water-cress was the cause of the girl's complaint is probable enough.

In the human body the eggs form hydatid cysts most frequently in the liver. Around the cyst the tissue hardens and the parasite may remain long without interfering with the health. Within the cyst numerous small cysts, called daughter cysts, may form. In some cases there are thousands of these, varying in size.

The parent cyst occasionally bursts into the stomach or lungs, or even into the membrane surrounding the heart.

Supposing the girl to have hydatids, the vomiting of small animals is explained. The animal that was found in her body was the parent cyst, which had burst into the stomach, the daughter cysts being vomited up.

Launching a Ship.
 The launch of a vessel is primarily a matter of mathematics. In a ship of immense size it calls for a vast amount of calculation before the first step is taken in the actual work. In the first place, the specific gravity of the vessel must be figured out so as to allow for the various strains to which the hull is subjected on its slanting journey into the water with its sudden plunge, as bow drops from the ways. An enormous amount of data must be collected to fix the center of gravity. The weight of all the material that has gone into the vessel up to the time of the launching, the distribution of this weight, the weight of chains and anchors, and other material placed on board, preparatory to the launch, must all be considered. When the center of gravity is fixed the successful shipbuilder knows just how to build his launching ways, and just where to strengthen them. He knows then, by a little calculation, how long each part of the vessel will be subjected to certain strains and how to best prepare for them. He can figure almost to the second how long the ship will be in sliding into the water.—Outing.

Virtues of Swimming.
 The swimming races at Highgate for the King's Cup are an instance of an exercise and a sport which has many and special virtues. Obviously, of course, it often saves lives, which puts it into a category by itself, but apart from this and from its fitness for such weather as the present, swimming has particular claims on the advocates of physical training. It cultivates and exercises equally every muscle in the body worth mentioning. Even cricket almost neglects the left arm, while cycling neglects both, but swimming alone pays attention to all the limbs and also notably to the muscles of the back and of the neck, constantly engaged in keeping the mouth and nose above water. Swimming has many other obvious advantages for the skin, and it is the natural birthright of the scions of the race that boasts it rules the waves and that has produced in Capt. Webb, in Byron—who emulated Leander in swimming the Hellespont—and in the present champion, the finest swimmers on record.—London Chronicle.

A Modern Samson.
 From Tlira Szs Miklos, Hungary, comes the story of a modern Samson, although the Dallah is missing. Rudolf Tyritz, the strongest man in his part of the country, was building a stable for a farmer. When it was all but completed a dispute arose about pay. Rudolf so lost his temper that he grabbed one of the pillars which supported the roof and shook it so hard that the whole structure came down on him. He was killed.

Queen Alexandra on Salisbury.
 The Queen's wreath with its inscription "To the memory of Lord Salisbury, universally loved and mourned as one of England's best and greatest statesmen," bore in perfect epitome the expression of all English feeling in respect of party, and of European opinion irrespective of nationality, which Lord Salisbury's death has evoked.—London Paper.

SAGACITY OF MR. SAGE.

His Reason for Refusing to Advance Another Loan.
 One day a young man of Russell Sage's acquaintance—in fact, the grandson of an old friend of other days—approached him on the subject of a loan of ten dollars for two weeks and—got it. He promised faithfully to return the money at a stated hour, and the promise was as faithfully kept. Mr. Sage had very little to say when he gave up the ten, and quite as little when he got it back.

A week or ten days later the young man came to see him again, and this time asked him for a hundred dollars, making all sorts of representations of what he would do with it. Mr. Sage refused to ante. The young man was surprised, not to say pained.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you know I'll pay it all right. Didn't I say I'd have that ten for you on Monday, and wasn't I there to the minute with it?"

Mr. Sage beamed softly on the grandson of his old friend.

"My boy," he said, with no trace of unkindness in his tone, "you disappointed me once and I don't want you to do it again."

"I beg your pardon, I did not," argued the youth. "I said I would pay you again."

"Yes, yes, my boy," purred Mr. Sage. "You paid back the ten, and I never expected you would. Now if I let you have a hundred I should expect you to pay it back, and you wouldn't. One disappointment at any time of life is enough, my boy. Good morning."—Collier's Weekly.

HIS START IN LIFE.
 Chicago Boy Was Getting Rich When His Mother Interfered.

"I guess it can do no harm now," remarked the well fed clubman, who was known to have a large rent roll, "to tell how I started in business."

"It's a true story, mind you," he went on to say, "flicking the ashes from his cigar. "I was about twelve years old at the time of the big fire of 1871. We managed to escape it by living in a part of the city the fire didn't touch, but I used to go and look at the ruins every day, and one morning it occurred to me that there might be some money made by selling them. There was such a tremendous stock on hand that it looked like a pity to let it all go to waste."

"So I hired a smaller boy to go around and collect pieces of melted iron, glass and the like, and I set up a little store on an eligible corner, with a sign in front of it. 'Rubbish for Sale.'"

"The town was full of visitors and I drove a brisk business till my mother found out what I was doing and put a stop to it, much to my grief, for I was beginning to get rich. The business was all profit and—"

"But you had to pay the other boy something didn't you?" interrupted a listener.

"Certainly. I paid him in rubs"—Chicago Tribune.

Germany's Public Debt.
 When the German empire had been in existence six years its debt amounted to the insignificant sum of 16,300,000 marks. In 1888, when the old emperor died, it was only 721,000,000— not very large for a nation of importance. The debt to-day amounts in round numbers to 2,928,000,000 marks, or, roughly speaking, \$585,000,000. Two-thirds of this sum has been used for naval and military purposes. In 1886 the naval and military estimates amounted to 497,000,000 marks. In the following year they rose to 632,000,000 marks. In 1903 the estimates rose to 972,000,000. From 1897 to 1903 the yearly interests to be paid for loans invested in the army and navy rose from 61,000,000 to 83,000,000. The peace effective of the army rose from 350,000 men in 1872 to 695,978 in 1903. The last loan of \$75,000,000, although over-subscribed forty-seven times, went at 92, and German Three Per Cents are now quoted at 89. The chief cause of the decline of German stocks is the fact that the government overrated the financial strength of the empire. The German market is not yet ripe for 3 per cent. standard paper. The chances are favorable that the next loan will bear 3-1/2 per cent. interest.

What the Kaiser Can Do.
 The Kaiser is fond of recounting the number of things that he can do. He is as proud of being able to cook his own dinner as he is of having composed considerable music. He can also play chess, it seems, give a lecture, preach a sermon, sing a song, manage a yacht, a regiment or a battleship. He has also studied electricity and engineering, has written a play and conducted its rehearsals, drawn illustrations and caricatures and conducts a choir.—Washington Times.

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