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### REMNANTS OF KICKAPOOS

Pacification Accomplished With Many Thrilling Incidents. KNOWN AS MEXICANS  
 Old Tribe Thrashed, Later Generation Turns Toward New Mexico.—The Land in Which They Once Lived.—Formerly Subsisted by Pillage and Plunder.

The Kickapoo Indians are leaving their reservation near Shawnee, and large parties of them are going every week to New Mexico. These particular Indians are known in the government records as Mexican Kickapoos, because of the land in which they once lived, says the Kansas City Journal.

The Kickapoos and the Apaches seemed to have been natural enemies and they fought whenever an opportunity presented itself. These tribes also were among the most vicious enemies of the whites. The Kickapoo chief, Che-quah-meko-hi-ko, often displays a pair of buckskin leggings having sixteen scalps down either side. When he becomes especially well acquainted and confidential, he shows a white's scalp—that of a woman, having a few gray hairs in it.

The Kickapoo warfare against the whites was one of pillage and plunder against their heads—by it they lived—and when pursued too vigorously they retreated across the Rio Grande and took refuge with the Indians of that region.

But no sooner did the beef supply run low than incursions against the cattle of the Mexicans were organized, which resulted in their being driven again into Texas. The Indians were not long in learning that the Rio Grande was a line the two armies could not pass and so immunity resulted.

Under these circumstances a border warfare was maintained which lasted till well into the '70s. Finally Gen. Crook smashed precedents and pursued the Kickapoos across the river, captured their women and children, and brought them back. The incident caused an international hubbub and led to the forming of an agreement that the troops of either country might cross the line when in pursuit of the Indians.

But the capture of the "woman folks" marked the end of the regime of the Kickapoos as followers of the warpath. Still their pacification was not accomplished without many thrilling incidents.

Commissioner Atkinson was sent down to make some kind of an arrangement with them to get them to go to Mexico and become subjects of that country or to come in from the frontier and remain. He was taken in custody by them, and for three days the only deliberation was as to whether the Kickapoos should kill him or turn him over to their Indian allies of Mexico to do so. Finally the magic influence of money and power worked its effect and Che-quah-meko-hi-ko, the war chief, saved the commissioner and turned the scale in favor of coming back.

It may not be amiss to say that when the inspiring motives became known it served to degrade the leader in the eyes of his people, and five years later the Indian with a record of thirty-six Indian scalps was ignored by the most insignificant member of the tribe, and his only friends were with the whites who knew him.

**A Novel Competition.**  
 "In Michigan wood-chopping competitions are becoming quite popular," said Col. E. Boyd, a well known Michigan lumberman, who is at the Manhattan. "One of these competitions was held a week or two ago in a lumber camp in northern Michigan, and the first prize, consisting of \$500, was given. The competitors use the best axes, sharpened to a razor edge, and the skill displayed would be a revelation to the average man who splits the kindling wood for his better half in the evening in his backyard. Tough logs about a foot or twenty inches in diameter, are chosen, and they are firmly fixed in an upright position. At the firing of a pistol the half dozen husky backwoodsmen get to work, and for about two minutes the air is thick with huge chips. The precision and strength of the cuts is a marvel, and the best men do really wonderful work. Each man has an assistant, who squats beside the log, directs the cuts, and one of the marvels of the business is how that man isn't killed by the flying chips. Most of the champion axmen are timbercutters, sleeper hewers, sawmill hands and the like, who use the axe daily.

**Beside the axe competitions there are also competitions in log-sawing with both single-handed and double handed crosscut saws. No one knows what lightning like work can be done with a crosscut saw until he has seen two expert lumbermen using one."**  
 New York Globe.  
 Joan of Arc, Italian.  
 Documents have been found in Rome tending to prove that Joan of Arc was the daughter of an Italian, who was descended from the Ghislieri family. This family came from Constantinople to Bologna in 1413.  
 After the estates of Ferrante Ghislieri had been usurped he emigrated to France, where he had three children, one of whom was Joan.  
 The documents say it is difficult to ascertain the truth, because Ferrante Ghislieri, after his arrival in France, changed his name to D'Arc.

### LIFE IN PERU.

Experiences of American in the Mining Regions.  
 A letter to a friend in this city from R. E. Bottenus, a Cincinnati boy, who is engaged in mining in Peru, tells of his recent explorations of an unknown part of that country's interior. Leaving the Santa Domingo mine, in the heart of the eastern slope of the Andes range, the party started under Mr. Bottenus's command, to find a forest of rubber trees for the company's exploitation. Mr. Bottenus writes:

"Our party consisted of myself, five other white men, three Peruvians and ten Indian quiperos. Nine of us were armed with carbines and sixshooters. As we expected, in view of my experience in the last expedition, to encounter hostile savages, it was necessary to keep our party intact and also carry our supplies with us. Since we had some 3,000 pounds of provisions, you can imagine to transport these on our backs over a rough country was not easy. Our first task was to ford a river. This same day we killed a couple of monkeys—big fellows, which would stand three foot high—and some pheasants, and also dynamited some fish in the river. The monkeys we gave to the Indians, who, after once tasting them, ate them with great gusto. It is rather hard for a white man to enjoy a repast of monkey stew, unless he becomes very hungry, when, without a doubt, it is most palatable. The taste of the meat is not at all bad, but after skinning them the monkeys look so much like human babies that one scruples as to whether or not he is practising cannibalism.

"After getting down seven miles we ran across another big river, which I afterward named the 'Surprise River.' We were surprised a day after our arrival on the river by a visit from the Chunchos, or native savages. We expected to find them hostile, but found they to be friendly in the extreme. They are armed with bows and arrows, these being from four to seven feet long, varying in size for boys and men. The workmanship on the arrows is very neat, especially when one considers that the only tools which they have are such as they can fashion from rocks. They are very skilful with the bow and arrow at a distance of twenty-five or forty yards. They shoot their game their fish even tigers, with these weapons. The arrows do not weigh four ounces and are constructed of nothing but wood, the shaft being a light bamboo and the head being a species of palm-leaf called 'chunta.' Their clothes are very pronouncedly decreed, all that the men wear is a sleeveless shirt coming below the hips, the same being made from the bark of a tree. The women are not nearly so well provided for, wearing generally but a small loin cloth. We had taken the precaution to bring some zesty articles as presents with us in the shape of gewgaws of many descriptions, which we distributed, but they gave us to understand by means of signs that what they would particularly like was an ax, a machete or knives, or articles of any kind that would cut.

**Smart Sayings to Order.**  
 "There are lots of people who are naturally quiet and witty in ordinary conversation, but the man who can be both at a gathering is not as numerous as you may think," said a man at a dinner uptown a few nights ago.  
 "I was asked a few days ago to come here and say something. I am not a speaker, either before, at, or after the feast. I said so to the man who urged me to come. Then he told me that if I wanted to say anything, and didn't feel quite up to the job, as he put it, he could put me on to a man who made such things a business. I was curious to know more, and asked the committee man or the manufacturer of and dealer in wit was. He said to me, 'I'll call him right here,' and he did. Then I realized that what the man had said to me was dead earnest. After he had got the 'dealer' on the 'phone, and told him what he wanted, he turned to me and said, 'He wants to know if you want to talk in prose or doggerel, or if you want some jokes, and whether you want the jokes on the law, or something that would do for a lady's party?'

"Then I quit. I would not have believed that if it had been told as a story. And I am sorry enough about it, for every time anybody has said anything smart or funny here to-night I have wondered whether it was manufactured or genuine. Some of it was genuine, of course, for it was apropos, but some of the sayings, I am satisfied had been hammered out by the joke-smith."

**"Kill More Pigs."**  
 A characteristic incident in which George Francis Train figured occurred in Omaha once when he was lecturing in the Farnam Street Theatre, showing the alertness of his mind and his power to condense a great problem in a phrase of three words. The occasion referred to was at a time when the South Omaha packing houses had been operating for a period of several years. Omaha had high ambitions, and hoped to succeed Kansas City as the second pork packing centre in the United States and the world, but didn't know just how to go at it. While Mr. Train was speaking some one in the audience interrupted him with the question, "What shall we do to make Omaha the second pork packing point?" or words of similar effect. Quick as a flash, and without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Train replied: "Kill more pigs." Here was a great truth in a nutshell.—Omaha World-Herald.

### CATTLEOS A SUCCESS.

They Inherit a Great Many of the Traits of the Buffalo.  
 Mr. C. J. ("Buffalo") Jones, of Topeka, Kan., game warden of the Yellowstone National Park, was in Washington lately to file his report with the Interior Department.  
 Mr. Jones is interested in the breeding of "cattleos," or the cross between buffalo and domestic cattle. Domestic cattle have to be fed and housed during the long, cold winters of the northwest, but the "cattleos" inherit the traits of the buffalo in the respect that they require no feeding or shelter in the Dakota winters, pawing under the snow and eating the dry grass underneath. In the spring they fatten rapidly on the young grass, and can be thus prepared for market at one-half the cost of cattle.

Mr. Jones called on the President and showed him a robe taken from a "cattleo." The color is black, with a beautiful reddish gray, in places nearly white, shading on the back, and a black dorsal stripe. The under parts were pure white, so that the robe looked very much as if it were trimmed with ermine.  
 President Roosevelt greatly admired the robe, and expressed the opinion that the Government should by all means establish an experimental ranch for the breeding of "cattleos."

In 1902 Congress appropriated \$14,000 with which to establish a herd of domesticated buffalo at the Yellowstone. At the same time, Mr. Jones was placed in charge of the work, and as warden of the park he purchased twenty-one animals and placed them in the reservation, under fence. Already the herd has been increased to twenty-eight.  
 "In addition to this herd," Mr. Jones said, "There are thirty three wild buffalo in the park. I at first had an idea of getting these animals in with the tame buffalo, but they are the wildest things I ever saw. The moment they see or smell a man they are off like a shot, and if captured would surely kill themselves in half an hour's time by their efforts to escape. Therefore, to protect these animals I am simply picking up their calves as fast as they are born and turning them in with the tame herd. I have thus far secured four wild calves in this way."

Mr. Jones has been quite busy the past winter and fall months killing mountain lions or pumas of the Yellowstone, which have become altogether too numerous. He had his pockets full of laws of these animals, which he kept he said as trophies of his puma hunts. Baltimore Sun.

### Mountain Goats.

From a point nearly 7,000 feet below an observer with a good glass occasionally may make out against the rock shelf a something which looks not unlike a white rabbit sitting upon its haunches. In reality it is an elegant Billy, roughly speaking, as big as two fine rams and bearded like a prophet. His shaggy white coat knows neither spot nor curl, his dagger-like horns are ebony black and his topaz eyes have in them that cold, inscrutable expression, something of which we see in the eyes of an eagle and a snake.

They are marvels, these thought-concealing yellow eyes. Perchance they kindle a more baleful light when love's lamp flares and a snowy rival is stamping and snorting only ten yards away. It may be they soften when a limber legged kid caroms against the paternal ribs or rams his over-strewn head through the paternal whisker. But these things I doubt, for the topaz itself is not colder or more unchanging than the windows of the souls of a husky mountain Billy.

Because he knows, or thinks he knows, that no enemy will come down upon him, all his precautions are directed against possibilities from below. I fancy, too, that he trusts almost to his eyes, that his nose lacks that wonderful keenness characteristic of the deer tribe and that his ears play little part in the protective game. This latter is mainly surmise, based upon the fact that the worst noise a still hunter would be apt to make would be the rattle of a displaced stone, which is a thing the goats often hear and doubtless thoroughly understand.  
 When one's object of pursuit is an animal which dwells far up the mountains, which keeps a pretty close watch upon all visible lower territory, but seldom bothers its head about what may be going on above and behind, one's wisest plan of campaign, naturally, is a flanking movement, followed by an attack from above.—Illustrated Sporting News.

### Mr. Vanderbilt's Game.

Much has been heard of Mr. George Vanderbilt's game preserve at Biltmore, N. C., and of the means taken to increase the original stock of game and fish in the territory. During the eight years the preserve has been established trout and deer have been liberated, the quail and the wild turkeys have been fed, salt licks have been maintained to attract the deer, hundreds of traps have been kept at work in the woods for the destruction of wildcats, mink, coons and other vermin; forest rangers have patrolled the tract; and in all these ways the covers and waters have been well stocked. All this has naturally given the public the impression that the owner of Biltmore is a sportsman; but the curious feature of the Vanderbilt game preserve is that its owner never touches rod or gun, and personally cares not in the slightest degree for fish and game.—Forest and Stream.

### MAGIC POWER OF RADIUM

**Diamonds Made to Gleam Like Stars in the Darkness**  
**FILLED WITH NEW JOY**  
 Technology Club Toasts Alma Mater in Radium Cocktails at the University Club.—Liquid Sunshine Was the Label for Wineglasses.—No Headache Next Day.

Strange as it may appear, not a man who attended the Technology Club dinner at the University Club last evening reported either indigestion or "kätzjenjammer" this morning. The occasion, though disguised, was a merry one. It was a feast of "radioactivity," as well as wit and substantial viands, and a new quality of radium was demonstrated. This was a "liquid sunshine" cocktail, prepared by Lester D. Gardner, and drunk as a toast to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"Liquid sunshine" was the label that adorned a wineglass of strange liquid at every cover, and every one of the 125 scientists and their guests was eager to quaff its contents, but this was part of the "radium show" scheduled for late in the evening.

At last Mr. Gardner was given the floor amid total darkness. Before exhibiting the strange qualities of radium, he told of a strange mistake made by a doctor who administered interior sunshine to a patient. A few days later the doctor found that the patient had a tanned liver. He communicated with Dr. Morton, and was scored for not providing a parasol with the radium sunshine.

The liquid sunshine, according to Mr. Gardner, was prepared from water and Esculin, or an abstract from horse chestnut juice. In each glass containing the solution he had every guest stir for a few minutes a tube filled with radium. The rays of the radium, it was said, would excite the Esculin into luminescence. This done, the merry diners lifted their glasses high in the darkness, and as little flashes of sunshines gleamed therefrom, they longed to quaff the sparkling nectar, but the entertainer had another aim in view.

"Say, say," he said, "leave this for the last," and producing some more radium, he brought its rays near a diamond, a kunzite, and willamite until they gleamed like stars in the darkness.  
 At this point the radium pains was exhibited. To the awe of the guests the skeletons of the founder of Technology and of old John Harvard appeared in the darkness above the head of Dr. Pritchett in close conference. But they were quickly disturbed by two roosters which, covered with radium paint, burst into effulgent view and by their crowing warned the ancient scholars of the approach of dawn.

Again the diners wished to quaff their liquid sunshine, but were deterred by the appeal of Mr. Gardner who went on to explain that he was going to furnish Commissioner McAdoo with radium paint for the policemen's shields. Golf balls, too, were to be painted with it for night play.  
 After the speaker had explained the workings of the perpetual motion machine he lifted his glass of "liquid sunshine" and said:

"Now let us drink a toast to our alma mater. I have kept this glass till the last, because the rays of radium entering the system will excite into fluorescence every part of the body. Thus, after your dinner to-night, you will awake in the morning glowing with sunshine, you will feel no fatigue from the loss of sleep, but bright and cherry you will go to work for your body will be bathed in liquid sunshine."

In hearty accord the glittering liquid was drunk. Through the magic power of radium water was again made wine as in the days of old, and the guests who drank thereof were not drunk, but filled with a new joy.  
**Too Busy to Make a Noise.**  
 A Kansas City teacher of a kindergarten was incapacitated from work one day last week by the following incident. The subject of the lecture and object lesson was animals, birds and then more animals.

"Now, children," said the teacher, "I want each of you to think of some animal or bird and try for a moment to be like the particular one you are thinking about, and make the same kind of noises they are in the habit of making."

Here was the command. Here the finale:  
 Instantly the schoolroom became a menagerie. Lions roaring, dogs barking, birds singing and twittering, cows lowing, calves beating, cats meowing, etc., all in an uproar and excitement—all, with one single exception.  
 Off in a remote corner a little fellow was sitting perfectly still, apparently indifferent and unmindful of all the rest. The teacher, observing him, approached and said:  
 "Waldo, why are you not taking part with the other children?"  
 Waving her off with a deprecating hand and wide, rebuking eyes, he fervently whispered:  
 "Sh—sh—sh, teacher—sh! I'm a 'cooter, and I'm a-layin' a aig!'"—Kansas City Star.

### INDIAN TERRITORY SKUNKS.

Wealthy New Yorker Backs an Industry for Their Fur.  
 Among the new industries established in the Indian Territory there are none more novel than the "skunk farm" just two miles southwest of Herbert. The industry is backed by a wealthy New Yorker who has made a fortune in the fur trade, says the Kansas City Journal.

This "farm," as it is called, consists of about twenty acres inclosed with a stone wall five feet high, located along a rough mountain side with natural overhanging rocks being an ideal place for rattlesnakes and polecat dens. The neighborhood is said to be infested with all kinds of reptiles, and by the establishment of this skunk farm the promoters claim they will make money.

"Tip" Lewis, who will have charge of the farm, is a noted hunter and trapper, and those who know him say he really enjoys the work of skinning polecats. He has made a livelihood of the work for twenty-two years, and now that a real breeding farm has been established, he is assured of plenty of work in his line.

In conversation recently "Tip" had the following to say of the novel industry: "We propose to cross the breeds of polecats until we get them all of one color, either white or black, and by proper care we hope to entirely get rid of the offensive odor. Every polecat carries a muck bag for protection and when tamed and crossed with the civet cat they lose this weapon. Their fur can be improved by cultivation and interbreeding with other animals."

When asked about the much advertised "skunk oil," Mr. Lewis said: "I believe skunk oil will cure many ills, such as rheumatism and other ailments, but the musk, which is so odorous and offensive is a cure for almost any flesh ills is held to. It will keep away disease, and I believe it will cure consumption in the earlier stages."

Mr. Lewis says that each polecat will raise from five to eight kittens every year, and he proposes to catch about 300 cats and kittens and place them on the farm. Skunk skins are now worth from 90 cents to \$1.25, and by improving the breed they hope to get double this price for the skins.

**Honey Drips Out of Wall.**  
 The honey in the wall of the home of Dr. C. H. Brooke, of Brooklyn, Anne Arundel County, is still dripping. So far about three or four gallons have been caught in the pans and buckets placed under the drip.  
 About twelve years ago Dr. Brooke erected an addition to his house and a swarm of bees built a nest between the walls, having found an opening. No attention was paid to them at first, but they finally became a nuisance. They have stored away great quantities of honey in combs and in some manner one of the combs must have been punctured and the honey allowed to drip out. The honey is not being used in the family of Dr. Brooke, as it has gathered dust and dirt in its way out of the wall.

The bees have been a great source of trouble to the family of Dr. Brooke. At meal times they would swarm out on the table and compel the diners to drive them away and kill numbers of them.  
 The nuisance became so unbearable after a while that Dr. Brooke decided to exterminate them. He has removed part of the wall and in so doing it is thought that the honeycombs were punctured.—Baltimore Sun.

**Wake Me Up When Kirby Dies.**  
 Your "Old Bowery Frequenter" in today's Press is quite right about the origin of the saying "Wake me up when Kirby dies." It is over fifty years ago since "Tom" Hamblin was the proprietor and likewise one of the principal actors in the old Bowery Theatre, New York. He was noted for the spectacular and intensely patriotic plays which he produced for the benefit of the Bowery boys especially; "plays abounding in patriotic speeches and 'blood and thunder.'" Among his actors was one named Kirby, who was usually given a conspicuous part in said play. Kirby was great in the speeches I have mentioned, but his great forte was in the last act, when after performing prodigies of valor, he would wrap the American flag around him, fire off two pistols and die all over the stage. These finales were great things for the boys, and if they felt drowsy during the earlier part of the performance, as some of them were apt to "be, they would carefully charge their companions to "Wake me up when Kirby dies."

This was the true origin of the well known saying.—Letter in Philadelphia Press.

**Where They Differed.**  
 Barbour Lathrop, the champion talker of Bohemia, has left for the East Indies. His departure leaves an aching silence in the Bohemian Club. At the last low links Abe Hur said to one of the minor characters: "Stop talking for a minute, can't you? Do you think you're Barbour Lathrop?" This was not the first reference that had been made in the club to Lathrop's chatterbox proclivities. At one of the club Christmas trees he was presented with the jawbone of an ass, to which Lathrop instantly replied that the difference between himself and Samson was that while Samson slew his thousands with the jawbone of an ass, he (Lathrop) had slain thousands of asses with the jawbone of a man. And it was decided that Lathrop had scored one.—San Francisco Towa Talk.