



**FATHER'S NERVE TONIC**

A Physician Prescribes It.

Deep River, Ia., January, 1903.  
A woman nearly fifty years of age had been suffering from the effect of change of life. She had at first strange spells of unconsciousness which then passed into epileptic spells coming on at night and recurring once a month, sometimes twice in succession. The spasms were very severe, producing much muscular strain afterwards, but as soon as she took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic she has not had any recurrence of the spells. I also prescribe the Tonic for general nervous disturbances with good effect, particularly in hypochondriacal and nervousness, caused by loss of vigor.

H. O. Conway, M. D.  
Even in Dunaway, County Cork, Ireland the Sisters of Charity are using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic since some years for the poor people to cure fits, with good results.

**FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases** and a Sample Bottle of Koenig's Nerve Tonic sent to you on request. This book also gives the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the **KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill., 100 Lake Street.**

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Our Agent

Mr. A. Herman will call on subscribers next week in Charlotte, Barnard's Crossing, Pittsford, Canandaigua, Spencerport and Brockport.

**AUBURN**

John Kiley, the faithful sexton of St. Mary's church, died last Friday and was buried Monday from that church. Mr. Kiley came to this country nearly 30 years ago and started immediately to work for Father Mulheron as sexton. He was one of the best known men of the city and was respected by all. Mr. Kiley married two years ago a girl his wife and one infant son, who survive, have the sympathy of the community in their affliction. At the funeral mass many former assistant pastors were present in the sanctuary. The services at the grave were one of the largest ever held at the cemetery. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful.

Rev. Father Mulheron is spending a few weeks in Binghamton visiting his relatives.

The lecture by Rev. Thomas Burke at St. Anthony's church, Groton, last Sunday, was one of the treats of the year for the parishioners. The discourse of the young Paulist was one of the finest ever heard at the church, which was crowded, many non-Catholics being present. The musical part of the program under the direction of Director Hennessy of the Holy Family church of this city, was a pleasing feature.

The Polish congregation is growing rapidly also the fund for their new church, the site for which the trustees will soon purchase.

**DANSVILLE.**

Next Sunday the 8 o'clock mass at St. Mary's church will be offered for Mrs. George Kornban at the request of the L. C. E. A. At this mass the society will receive holy communion in a body.

All the various bands in St. Patrick's church are in good working order.

Mrs. George Kornban died at her home last Wednesday after a long illness. She was formerly Miss Ida Shafer and was a graduate of our parochial school. She was 20 years of age and a member of Br. 78, L. C. E. A. and of the Rosary, Altar and Scapular Society. She leaves besides her husband, her mother Mrs. Wm. Shafer and one sister, Miss Emma Shafer.

Mrs. M. J. Maunier is at Consensus Lake. Mrs. D. Foley and Mrs. F. A. Burton have returned from Niagara Falls.

On Friday Rev. Father Dunn celebrated requiem high mass for Mrs. George Kornban.

**CANANDAIGUA.**

John Kelley, the faithful sexton for twenty years at St. Mary's at Auburn, who died last Friday, was prayed for Sunday.

The building committee had a meeting last Sunday and decided to adopt the more elaborate scheme for interior decoration of the new church.

The Rosary ladies distinguished themselves by the competent manner in which they served a bountiful and delicious dinner to the G. A. R. veterans on Tuesday.

The regular high masses are for John Kelly, Wednesday; Mrs. John Dower, Friday.

Next Sunday is the Sunday for the Sociality communion and for the taking up of the school collection.

Miss Anna McAnulle of Stanley, who underwent, on Friday, a serious operation for appendicitis at the Canandaigua Hospital is doing nicely, with good prospects of rapid recovery.

Miss Margaret Karnes, a former member of our choir and an estimable young lady, was married Monday at Holy Apostles, Rochester, to James P. Burke of Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, a former Lisk representative. It is said that the young people first met at our holiday fair, 1904—be patient we will have another fair soon. Best wishes to the young couple.

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.**

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is often fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists. Price 75c. per bottle. These Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**NATIONAL THEATRE.**

Haverly's Minstrels come to the National Theatre next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, with matinees Monday and Wednesday, opening the season at that house. Billy Van, the minstrel man who is credited with quaintly original comedy methods, is the bright light of the organization.

"Texas," a play of western life, will be the attraction at the National Theatre for three nights, commencing next Thursday and with matinees Thursday and Saturday.

Very low round trip rates to Pacific Coast via Nickel Plate Road. \$69.50 Buffalo to Portland, Seattle or Tacoma and return. Tickets on sale every day. At a small additional cost tickets may be routed through California. Good return limit and stopover privileges. For full particulars, sleeping car reservations, etc., write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Extremely low rates to Denver and return via the Nickel Plate Road. \$30.50 Buffalo to Denver, Colo. and return. Proportionate rates from points East. Tickets on sale daily August 29th, to September 3rd inclusive. Final return limit Oct. 7th. For full particulars write R. E. Payne, General agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

\$69.50 Buffalo to Portland, Ore. and return, via Nickel Plate Road. Proportionate rates from points east. Tickets on sale daily until Sept. 28th. Good return limit and stopover privileges. At slightly higher rate tickets may be routed through California in one direction. For further information write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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**ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK**

Resources July 1, 1905, \$21,602,259.55

Surplus July 1, 1905, - 1,880,264.99

Money loaned on bond and mortgage in sums of \$10,000 and under at 5 per cent. Over \$10,000 at 4 1/2 per cent.

Deposits made on or before the first three business days of any month will draw interest from the first day of that month, provided they remain to the end of a quarterly interest period.

**The Price.**

No man can do with ease the bidding of Christ. But the order is to do them. "Well done" spells sacrifice. It is a mark of excellence to get that commendation, but the price paid for it is understood to imply a cross, a tomb, a resurrection.

**A Scotch Collie Story.**

A story of a Scotch collie is current on the Derbyshire border, according to the Dundee Advertiser. A farmer in the Peak district, having purchased a small flock of sheep in the lowlands, drove the flock the whole way from Scotland to his farm in Derbyshire with the aid of a collie dog which was lent to him by the Scotch farmer from whom he purchased the sheep. "When you get to your home with the sheep," said the Scotchman, "let the dog fill his belly; then tell him to go home." The Derbyshire man duly arrived at his farm with the sheep and was so pleased with the collie dog and its performance that he decided to keep it a few days before sending it back. One day he was away from home during the whole of the day, and on returning in the evening he found that the Scotch collie was missing and also the flock of sheep. In a few days tidings came that the dog had arrived at his Scotch home and had brought the sheep back with him.

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Ask Ticket Agents for tickets via C.&B. Line. Send four cents for illustrated pamphlet.  
W. F. HERMAN, G. P. A., Cleveland, Ohio

**BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE**

(Since Rob and Elizabeth became engaged Rob feels privileged to call seven times a week if he chooses, explains the Chicago News. He stays two or three hours at a time, and the conversation never flags, to the amazement of Elizabeth's family, which meekly wonders what on earth the two find to talk about. This is a fair sample of the scintillating mental effort which holds the two enthralled evening after evening.)

Elizabeth—I don't know why on earth I'm telling you all this provost stuff about my shopping expedition. What do you care about bargains in ribbons?

Rob (reproachfully)—Don't you know that anything connected with the dearest girl in the world—what you do or where you go or what you are thinking is important to me? Why—why, I'd feel hurt if you didn't tell me!

She—Would you really, Rob? How sweet of you! Isn't it just wonderful how much difference it makes, having some one that cares about the most trivial thing that happens to you? For, of course, I feel that way about you, too!

He (ecstatically)—Ang! It makes this a total new world, of course. How much darker blue your eyes seem to-night right around the edge! You have beautiful eyes, Beth!

She—You think so? But to others I'm just an ordinary—very ordinary person.

He—I'd like to catch any one else saying so. I'd tell him a thing or two. Why, you are not only pretty, you have some brains. You don't suppose I'd be so head over heels in love if you didn't, do you? I never get tired of talking with you. I'd rather be here listening to you talk about your shopping expedition and telling you about that law case than than talking with Teddy Roosevelt. You believe me, don't you?

She—The idea! Do you suppose, Rob, other people care for each other the way you and I do and are so united in every thought as we are?

He—I should say not! Poor things, I pity them. They think they care, but they are scrapping or nagging or worse than all, totally indifferent! At least most married people seem that way. We're different altogether from them.

She—Tell me again how you made that horrid man who blustered at you in court back down and apologize. Oh, I'm so proud of you!

He—The same Rob and Elizabeth but three years of married life have drifted over their heads. No one questions that they still love each other, but this is a scene in their library after dinner one evening. Robert sits beside a stack of magazines and papers. Elizabeth is sewing.

She—I saw Millie to-day.

He—Um-hum.

Long pause.

He—Do you think this new cook roasts the meat long enough? It was raw to-night.

She—I'll tell her where's that skoin—I put it right on the table—oh, here—

He (vaguely peering over the newspaper)—What is it?

She—My yellow silk floss. I found it.

Long silence.

She—Rob!

He (after reading to the end of the column)—Yes.

She—You never noticed that I have on a brand new gown to-night. I don't believe you ever look at me long enough to know what I have on.

He—Why, yes I do! You always look nice. It appears to be a very pretty gown. Silk, isn't it?

She (a trifle shortly)—It's a hand-embroidered linen and I did it myself and it was lots of work!

He (vaguely, deep in his newspaper)—Very nice, I'm sure.

Long pause.

He—I believe I'll lie down on the couch and get a nap—I'm dead tired—can't tell what I'm reading. Had a tough day in court.

She—That's too bad. Have you many cases now?

He—Six, and all crackerjacks. Where is the slumber robe?

Short silence. Then indications of a snore. Elizabeth continues to embroider.

**A Wise Youngster.**

Thomas Edison, Jr., is very fond of children. While on a visit to New York recently he was endeavoring to amuse the 6 year old son of the host, when the youngster asked him to draw an engine for him. Mr. Edison promptly set to work, and, thinking it would please the child to have an elaborate design, he added a couple of extra smoke stacks and several imaginary parts. When the plan was completed the boy took it and eyed it critically; then he turned to the inventor with a disappointed expression. "You don't know much about engines, do you?" he said with infantile frankness. "Engines may have been that in your time, but they've changed a whole lot since then."

Our idea of a heroine is a married woman who doesn't say that she wishes she had remained single.

**REAR ADMIRAL EVANS' VIEWS.**

Discusses the Battleship as a Profitable Investment.  
"A battleship is never an ornament, as so many people suppose. It is always useful. But it is more useful out of than in a fight. Its dominant mission is to give peace a meaning and war a warning to the world. And because this is so we of the United States need more and bigger battleships."

"When I say that a battleship is more useful, is a more profitable investment even in peace than in war, I mean that it is the greatest and surest preventive of war that the centuries have as yet brought forth," pursued Admiral Evans slowly but vigorously. "No one who carefully studies and duly ponders the question will rashly gainsay this."

Admiral Evans made the startling declaration "Had the United States possessed, prior to the Spanish-American war, the navy that it possesses to-day we would never have had that war. Why? At that time, our navy was an unknown quantity at best, and a comparatively small quantity quantity and not quality remember at the worst. Spain no doubt joined with the rest of the world in underestimating us as a naval power. Hence she believed that she was easily our superior on the sea. Because she happened to be mistaken is hardly any reason for us to believe that some one else, should we permit our navy to remain stationary in size and strength, is going to make the same mistake in case of war."

"We are now in a most critical period of not only our own but the history of the world. Everything is changing for better rather than for worse, let us hope. War and its methods are changing just as is business and every branch of human activity. But one thing will never change and that is human nature in a national sense."

"We have within the past few years spread ourselves over a vast territory, engendering vast responsibilities that we have hitherto had in our national history. Our navy, therefore, has to play the dual role of protecting those possessions in time of need and in time of peace of silently signifying to the world that such and such is a part of the United States and must be considered and respected."

Now, nations are no respecters of nations unless the latter are prepared to enforce respect. Therefore the chief value of a comprehensive naval force. Give us fifty battleships, with an appropriate complement of cruisers, torpedo boats, and other auxiliaries, and the chances of our being provoked to break peace are one in a hundred."

"But," pursued the Admiral earnestly, "it takes time to build battleships, and when we need them for war we need them badly. This was shown in the case of Russia. What would Russia not have given for the battleships of this squadron?" sweeping one hand toward the monster steel fortresses aligned to the north and south. "It was worth it worth almost its weight in rubles to her."

"And yet," quickly added Admiral Evans, "there is no advantage in having all the battleships in the world if the men behind the guns are poor marksmen. Russia has been supremely unfortunate in not knowing how to shoot straight. Japan, conversely, has been fortunate, but she owes her good fortune not to chance nor to any superior intelligence, but to practice, unremitting, oftentimes monotonous, always careful and painstaking target practice in all sorts of seas and weather."

"As for torpedoes," he pursued, "it is impossible to inflict as much damage with a torpedo as with a ten or twelve-inch projectile launched from a battleship; and for two reasons, one being the greater difficulty of reaching the mark with a torpedo and the other being the greater sheer, actual destruction wrought by the projectile hurled from a ten or twelve-inch gun."

"While also a torpedo may blow a hole in the side of a battleship it has yet to prove its power to sink one whenever it strikes. In the much-exploited torpedo attack made by the Japanese at Port Arthur, an entire squadron of torpedo boats only damaged three out of seven vessels, and the latter were again in action within less than ten weeks."

Continuing, Admiral Evans believed that the United States owed it to itself as an international power to encourage the training of 20,000 young men annually in the naval service. He believed no school comparable with the American men-of-war in teaching discipline, courage, patriotism, and self-control.

Having himself seen the United States Navy progress from sails to steam and from oak to steel, having seen its guns evolve from crude muzzle loaders to the present mighty agents of destruction with which the Maine and her seven companion vessels are equipped, it was with knowledge bred of experience that the bronzed veteran, crippled by the bombardment of Fort Fisher, and with one shoulder crushed by a falling armored hatch, recommended the floating fortress as an ideal American college.

**Feminine Observation.**  
"Smart" men nowadays are disinclined to take their liquid refreshment at a counter; they prefer to sit down and chat.—The Queen.

**BETTY'S BET.**

"I suppose that's a fresh victim Miss Betty," drawled a stout man from the depths of a garden arm chair.

Miss Betty was a slender young person in green muslin who stood near the arm chair with a racket in her hand and turned as the speaker waved his cigar towards the tennis lawn below.

"I dare say," she answered composedly, stooping to tie her shoe.

"Bet you he isn't," returned the stout man quickly, and a couple of bystanders joined in his laugh.

A delicate blush rose in the girl's cheeks, but she answered coolly "Why do you suppose he is exceptional?"

"Oh, he's a man of the world, he is!" answered the stout man jovially. "And he's a swell—not like us poor city Johnnies, had lots of experience," he added, with a laugh. "Come, now, you look so jolly confident, what'll you bet on it? You must bet or I'll believe you're climbing down."

"I don't care if I do," she returned, with a look of scarcely veiled contempt at the laughing group of men. "What will you go?"

The fat man pulled himself up in his chair and his eyes twinkled. He knew Ralph Pyne pretty well, and he knew he would not easily be made a fool of. Also he did not at all wish Pyne to fall into the snares of Miss Betty Langley. There was a certain lovely Rebecca Cohen, his own niece, who would make a more satisfactory Mrs. Pyne to his thinking. But Betty was dangerous—decidedly dangerous, unless she could be induced to cut her own throat.

"Well, I'll go as far as a pin."

"Diamond?"

"Hum, yes, changed if I won't stand a diamond pin."

"Done, Mr. Juarez?" answered Betty as she moved away and Mr. Juarez chuckled as he sank back among his cushions. "If Miss Betty tries any of her games on with that Johnnie he'll bolt, and, possibly, I may have the catching of him."

Ralph Pyne had already spent two days in Betty's company and had enjoyed himself as most men did under the circumstances, and he was not at all loath to escort her home by the short cut through the covert after she had superintended the shooters' tea at the game-keeper's cottage. Betty was uncommon good company as good as a younger brother, and much better to look at. Probably it was because she was so brusque and boyish that most men found themselves proposing to her quite unexpectedly to themselves, for no one could think of sentiment and Betty Langley in the same hour. "No humber about her, regular good sort, the blinded victims used to say, and played on—lawn tennis, billiards, hide-and-seek—regardless of their doom, and their doom never varied."

"How hot it is," cried Betty, suddenly, "don't you think there is going to be an earthquake?"

"Is it hot before earthquakes?" returned Mr. Pyne. "That is an interesting bit of general information."

"Oh, people always say they feel queer before earthquakes—" but a sharp rustle among the leaves interrupted her lecture. "Good gracious, it's raining! And there is thunder! Now we are in a fix, and gathering up her skirts she started to run."

"All right, there's a pile of fagots just beyond," cried Payne, "no end of a fine shelter. See?" as they dashed on side by side, and he pulled back the dripping branches and showed the pile which the wood cutter had arranged as a sort of wigwam. Crouched down in shelter, Betty soon regained her breath and began to chatter again. "Now this is romantic, and it will end in my getting bronchitis and you'll get pneumonia, and we can't go to the Lorimer's dance."

"But alas! I shan't go to the Lorimer's dance, anyhow. I am off tomorrow."

"Oh, I say! What for? What a shame!"

"My sister has wired she's coming back from India and will be at Southampton, and an earthquake would be a trifle compared to the tempest if I didn't meet her tomorrow night."

Betty is silent. He is going tomorrow, and she has just remembered her bet. She feels rather sick of it—and yet, no, that odious Mr. Juarez would chuckle. He has always hated her, she knows, since she said no to him and his shakels, and he would hate to pay up his bet; and how she would like to own—just one—diamond! Betty's face is her fortune and has not brought her any diamonds as yet—only offers of them, for an equivalent. But she can't flirt with Ralph Pyne. She has, she knows, amused herself a little sometimes with some men, but they are such idiots. Mr. Pyne is different; she can't treat him so. And then she recklessly determines to make a clean breast of it.

"Mr. Pyne, I wish you'd do something for me."

"With pleasure."

"You can get me a diamond pin, if you like."

"Delighted, I am sure; but how?"

"I want you to propose to me. Don't be frightened; I'll say no, and I won't tell till you're gone."

"Oh! a bet, I presume?" he answered, a trifle grimly.

"Yes, that odious Mr. Juarez. They are all odious, but he is the worst. He bet you wouldn't propose, because, you see, they all do; and then,

of course, they sulk and uncle swears at me. But we've been kind of friends, and you're too good sort for that," she added, a little incoherently. "So I thought I might as well tell you about it."

"Yes, uncommonly good-natured of you. And he's bet a pin," and Mr. Pyne considers what a charming niece Miss Rebecca Cohen owns."

"Yes; I haven't any jewelry, and I do want to score off that beast," and Betty suddenly grew scarlet from anger. Her blushes were not in the habit of intruding themselves.

"Miss Elizabeth Langley, I lay my hand and heart at your feet."

"Declined, with thanks," cried Betty, with a peal of laughter. "Now shake hands," and they shook hands.

The shower had ceased, and Betty rose to her feet and shook the dead leaves from her skirts.

For a little while Ralph Pyne walked on in deep meditation. Suddenly he spoke. "Miss Betty, what assurance have you that Juarez will admit you have won your bet?"

"What assurance? Isn't my word enough?" she returned.

"It would make it a good deal surer if you told him you are engaged to me," he answered calmly.

Betty sprang back, her face pale and her eyes blazing.

"How dare you! How dare you! And I thought we were friends," she ended with a smothered sob and vanished among the trees, and Mr. Ralph Pyne mottled something between his teeth about a fool and went back to the house.

An hour later a very pale and subdued Betty came gliding through the shrubbery. It was already evening, and the house was brightly lit up and the sound of voices and click of balls sounded from the billiard room. As she put her foot on the veranda Mr. Juarez strolled out of the open billiard room window.

"Hello, Miss Bet," he shouted, hilariously. "I've got news for you."

"I am afraid I cannot stop to hear it, the dressing-room has sounded."

"Oh, but you've got to stop," he laughed, laying his fat hand on her shoulder. It was obvious that tea had not been the afternoon refreshment in the billiard room.

"You've got to stop and hear my news. Pyne is off. Says he's sent for by telegram and must be off by the 8.30. We know better, don't we? He's scared. But don't fret, my dear, he continued changing his tone to one of manly tenderness. "You shan't be a loser my girl. You shall have your pin all the same. Now doesn't that deserve a kiss for thanks?"

His odious arm was round her. Betty gave a cry of disgust and twisted herself away. At the same moment a gentle push sent Mr. Juarez staggering to the end of the veranda, and a cool voice said "I'll thank you to treat this lady with a little more respect."

"What the dickens have you got to say to it?" shouted Juarez, who was brought up short by the trills at the end of the veranda and stood leaning against its friendly support.

"Only that she has done me the honor to promise to be my wife," was the quiet reply in a different tone to the impassioned whisper that implored, "You won't go back on me now, Betty?"

Betty was sobbing too heartily on his shoulder to say no, and silence gave consent.—Dorothea Townsend.

**A Question of Honesty.**

Upon one of his tours Bishop Potter spent a few days at the home of a prominent churchman. The latter's wife took particular pains in making the bishop's room worthy of the guest, and among other things intended for his comfort put a fine silver toilet set on the bureau. The bishop, however, preferred his own, and transferred the set provided to a drawer. The consequence was that when the hostess went to the bishop's room after his departure the silver set was missing. She worried for several days, then finally summoned up courage to write a very apologetic letter to the bishop, asking if by any chance he had found any of the articles among his luggage. There was an immediate and characteristic reply. The telegram read as follows: "Poor but honest. Look in the wash-stand drawer."

**The Hobo's Friend.**

Peter M. Deysher of Barto, Pa., is known to tramps all over the United States. He never refuses them shelter, and in 1904 gave a night's lodging and a bit to eat to 1,831 of the peripatetic fraternity. Some of them have visited his dairy farm regularly for twenty-five years and Mr. Deysher has come to know several intimately. One of his constant callers is a highly educated man, formerly a priest; another is a wonderful mathematician, and a third is a splendid penman.

**Willing to Oblige.**

When the poet opened his door in answer to a knock a man was standing on the step, dripping wet.

"I accidentally fell into the river," he explained, "and, as you see, my clothes are soaked. Would you mind lending me your overcoat till I can get home?"

"Sorry," answered the verse carpenter, "but my overcoat is also 'soaked.' I'll lend you the ticket, if that will do you any good."

**The Cost of America.**

According to documents found in the archives of Genoa, the discovery of America by Columbus cost a little over \$7,000. The fleet of Columbus was worth about \$3,000. His salary was \$200 a year.