

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A Rev Bought at Least 12 Doz. 10

Plainville, Kan.

Since the last eight years I have bought at least twelve dozen of Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic. I kept it always on hand for people who need it in my mission. I know that it always has the desired effect.

Rev. Blar M. Vida, of Moberly, Mo., writes: "I was suffering from defective circulation, brought on by overwork in school. I consulted several physicians, but I became worse. I couldn't sleep and almost became desperate for want of sleep. I then took one dose of Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic, which made me sleep all night, and then took the Tonic for two more weeks. I could sleep again without it the next night."

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Peer patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. Father Koening, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the **KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill., 100 Lake Street.**

Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75; 6 Bottles for \$9.

In Rochester by **J. S. Flannery, 126 N. Clinton Street**

BASEBALL.

Rochester will play with Toronto on September 6, 7, 8, with Montreal on September 9, 11, 12.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday September 3—Gospel, St. Luke x, 23-27—St. Simeon, confessor.
Monday 4—St. Rosalie, virgin.
Tuesday 5—St. Lawrence Justinian, bishop and confessor.
Wednesday 6—St. Rega, virgin.
Thursday 7—St. Regina, virgin and martyr.
Friday 8—Nativity of the B. V. M.
Saturday 9—St. Peter Claver, confessor.

How This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm, Walding, Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

BUSY SHOPPING DAY

We met at a hotel, and I thought her one of the most charming women I had ever seen.

Refined and almost hypersensitive, she struck me at once as being a woman of breeding and distinction. Yet on the few occasions, when, as our acquaintance ripened, I visited her at her smart and elegantly appointed flat, I felt an instinctive aversion to the friends and acquaintances I met there.

Of her people she seldom spoke—her parents were dead, she told me, and her husband was abroad, but might be home again at any time.

She was always exquisitely dressed in the latest fashion, and money seemed abundant with her. She was an adept shopper, quick at knowing what she wanted and quicker still at seeing it, and I was very glad she offered to pilot me through the difficult mazes of the winter sales.

We sat one evening arranging what we were to buy.

"It is far better to go now when the first rush of the sales is over," said Mrs. Vereker. "I went the first three days myself, but the crowd was awful, and there are still plenty of things to be had."

"Did you pick up many things?" I asked.

She laid down the list she was making and stared at me in dumb amazement. Then her face cleared.

"Yes—no not so much. Let me see; I bought this tea-coat and some hats and my new gray coat—that is all, I believe."

She continued the list, and at last I rose with a sigh of deep relief.

"I'll call for you at nine tomorrow, and we'll get Norman to lend me his motor."

"Yes, do," she said. "I love a motor—we can go to double the number of shops and spend the whole morning looking around until we find exactly what we want."

The next morning I called for Mrs. Vereker and found her waiting.

"Won't you find that coat too hot?" I asked as we reached the first of our shops, and I slipped off my own heavy motor coat.

"No, I love it," she replied; "I am never too warm."

I bought my coat and selected some lace, and went on to—where I chose a few modest and one or two expensive blouses, then we went on to a third and last shop. While I was choosing some ribbon in the multi-colored ribbon department, Mrs. Vereker said to me:

"I am just going to the handkerchiefs; I will join you in the fur department—you are going there?"

"Yes, I shan't be long."

"Nor I," she answered. "I am very tired." I had finished by purchases when she came back.

"Are you ready? I am feeling so faint. Do you mind hurrying?"

"I'm just ready," I said, "this very moment," and I put my hand in my muff to get my purse. There was no purse there, and I gave a cry of dismay. "Mrs. Vereker, my purse!—It's gone—and I had \$25 in it! I had it a moment ago—I must have put it down in the ribbon department."

"Let me pay," she began—but I interrupted her.

"Nonsense. It can't be really gone—and I almost ran to the ribbon department."

I found the shopwalker and the assistant—but no one had seen it, and baskets of ribbon were hastily searched without result.

I went back disconsolate to the fur department.

"I am awfully sorry to have kept you," I began.

"Pardon me, madam."

A grave-looking man in a frock coat sidled past me and laid his hand firmly on Mrs. Vereker's arm at the moment she was stepping into my motor.

"What do you mean?" she stammered. "How dare you? Cannot you see I am ill and wish to go home at once?"

I sprang to her side. "Never mind about the wretched purse," I said to the man. "This lady is not well let her go home, and I will come back about the purse."

The man took no notice of me, but bending to Mrs. Vereker said something that made her step suddenly back and stand by his side. Then, to my utter amazement, shaking obviously from head to foot, and without even looking at me, she turned into the shop and I followed in bewildered dismay.

It was soon over. A few minutes in a private room and two female searchers had taken the heavy coat, far heavier now with the lace and fur and flowers and blouses that were marvelously fastened in its ample folds. Under her cloak and attached to her waist by firm hooks hung several furs and many pieces of costly lace.

Mrs. Vereker, white as death, showed no sign of what she must be feeling, but looked in front of her with a dazed, set face, while I slipped outside to the waiting man. He was talking to another shopwalker, who, luckily, knew me well.

"What is it?" I asked. "Is she a thief?"—a silly question he answered at once.

"One of the worst shoplifters in London," he said laconically, "and yet we've never been able to catch her. Her husband is doing six months now for the very same thing. She knew you were known here, madam, and brought you to shield her."

"But how did you find her out today?" I asked, aghast, "and what did you see her take?"

"Something that belongs to you," he said, as he gravely handed me my purse.—R. Neish, in London Daily News.

ST. PETERSBURG PRISONS

Solitary Confinement, Slow Hangings, Eye-Hole Torture.

CZAR SHOWS NO MERCY

Typical Horrors Perpetrated Within Fortresses of St. Peter and St. Paul and the Schlüsselburg—Books Nor Anything to Distract the Mind Allowed.

A special refinement of the Russian prison system in the case of political prisoners and suspects, who are not given a short shift on the galley or the galleys, is continued solitary confinement until, as in the case of that splendid intellectual reformer, Dmitri Pissareff, they can be reported as "harmless." Some prisoners here were relieved of their senses quite gently and almost politely. They were shut up in comfortable cells well lit with electric light, and for mental pabulum they were supplied with only religious and technical works. When insanity or suicide supervened, the appointed end had been secured.

But the doom of others presents even greater features of horror. Imagine a dark, damp cell, measuring about 10 by 6, beneath the level of the surrounding waters, in which the chained man or woman is condemned to lie in absolute idleness, studiously isolated from any intercourse with human beings. There is no bed, no sort of pillow, nothing whatever to cover the body but the prisoner's gray cloak. The amount allowed for food is five farthings a day, which provides bread and water, and three times a week a small bowl of warm soup. For ten minutes every second day the miserable wretch is allowed to see the light and breathe the air in the prison yard.

For the rest, intolerable loneliness, absolute silence, occupation of not the smallest kind, no books, no writing materials, no instruments of manual labor. Madness comes to such gradually with the passing years, not as it came to an unhappy young lady, a rising painter, who received such treatment at the hands of the brutal prison police that she lost her reason instantly. In the majority of cases the mind rots gradually in the enfolding body. Suicide and madness are the two great weapons in this Russian atrocity puts its trust.

Frequently, says one who has been a prisoner in one of these Russian hells, some poor wretches will make a feeble attempt upon a warden in the hope of at last being brought to trial. Shooting or hanging has been their lot. The scenes of suffering witnessed at least half an hour, have been terrible. Within the courtyard of the prison is a hand-holst for lowering ropes depending over a gallows. To these the victims are attached and then slowly elevated into midair to struggle and gasp till death relieves them from their agony. Should the governor or superior present be desirous of getting through the business speedily a warden is ordered to seize the suspended victim's feet and hang on, swinging backward and forward.

On previous occasions when there has been a large number of political offenders insubordination has been deliberately manufactured to afford a pretext for judicial murder. From a Polish nobleman, the husband of an English lady now in London, I learned details of his experiences in such a case. "We never knew," he said, "and those who had been taken at the same time, until after our morning parade in the prison yard who would remain in the cell or who would remain in the yard—upon his back on the stones. Every morning we were subjected to the grim sport of a lottery. After being brought from our cell to the yards we were placed in line, and a certain number being drawn—say five—that number of men told off from the right. The doomed fifth was then marched with his back to the farther wall and a file of soldiers did the rest. I saw my own brother shot before my eyes one morning. I was eventually exiled to Siberia, and from there I managed to escape."

Do you know what it is to have your sentence of death commuted by the czar? A little while ago Europe commented with satisfaction on the commutation by the czar of three death sentences out of five. These "fortunate ones" were imprisoned in cells in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Not only were these dens dark for twenty-four hours out of twenty-four, but the walls were running with damp and pools of water had gathered on the floor. Neither books nor anything that might distract the mind was allowed, and one prisoner having been found designing geometrical figures with his bread had it removed by the jailor, with the remark that hard labor convicts "were not permitted to amuse themselves."

Another calculated torture in these cells is the eye-hole, at which a warden or soldier is posed to watch the prisoner. By this means the quietest prisoner is soon moved to frenzy, and the slightest insubordination is at once punished by merciless flogging. If not worse. Thus it comes about that of the three men whose sentences had been commuted, one, after a year of these horrors, became a vigorous workingman, another, a robust and vigorous workingman, went mad; the third, also a man of powerful physique, was rotted with scurvy. Such is the "mercy of the czar."—New York Globe.

To give money for a charitable object in Burma is supposed to imply that the giver has been very wicked and wishes to show his penitence.

IMPURE FOOD IN NEW YORK.

Enough Destroyed Annually to Feed 5,000 Persons.

The food condemned by the board of health and destroyed in this city in a year, if accumulated in one spot, would make a pyramidal hill two hundred feet broad at the base and three hundred feet high. In quantity it would be sufficient to feed 5,000 persons throughout the year, supplying them with meat, fish, game and poultry, vegetables, groceries, all varieties of fruit and confectionery.

There is a ceaseless vigilance in New York to insure pure food for its inhabitants. This does not mean that thousands of tons of adulterated and harmful foods are not eaten yearly—for the channels by which they may reach the tables of rich and poor are many, and the carelessness of housekeepers and cooks are responsible for much. But at the gates of the city where food is admitted by rail and by water, at the wholesale markets, at stores and among the push-cart vendors of edibles the inspectors of the health department are always at work. During the ripe-fruit season they are most active, and their work is the heaviest. Their authority is almost supreme, and they can order the destruction of a train load or a ship load of fruit or vegetables, or a hundred head of cattle infected with disease, involving a loss to the owners of thousands of dollars.

In the last twelve months 7,172,347 pounds of food stuffs were condemned seized and destroyed. Some of this—especially fruit brought in by ships—went out to sea and was dumped in the briny deep. The entire shipload was a loss through a delayed voyage in hot weather, causing fermentation to set in among the perishable cargo. Many a shipload of bananas have gone that way.

Of the more than 7,000,000 pounds of food destroyed in the last year, 4,639,090 pounds were fruit. Meat came next—more than a million pounds having been deemed unfit to use. Vegetables were a close third, 771,000 pounds.

In addition to this, solid food, the amount of milk destroyed in the year has been 31,000 quarts. This, seen at once in all its bulk, is a lot of milk it is, however, but "a spoonful" out of the great river of the liquid food that pours into the metropolitan city in a year 550,000,000 quarts of milk are consumed in New York, 1,500,000 quarts a day.

The effort to protect the city from impure or unwholesome milk has resulted through years of legislation and careful inspection in making the dealers careful that the milk they bring to the city meets the legal requirements. These requirements in one way place a premium on poor milk while guarding the city from milk that is unhealthy or entirely worthless. The law calls for not less than 3 percent of butter fats in all milk sold in New York. This is not a high standard, and many dealers avail themselves of the small percentage required to reduce the nutritive quality of their milk to this low standard.

Many consumers of milk in New York pay dearly for milk that is above the legal standard of purity and nutritiveness. It will surprise some people to know that milk—not cream—is sold in this city as high as 90 cents a quart. A sworn statement accompanies this milk, as to its freedom from injurious qualities—bacteria, etc.—and as to its richness in butter fats. The cows from which this milk is taken are selected registered Durhams and Holsteins. The sanitary arrangements for the care of the cattle and the milk are as perfect as expenditure of money and scientific skill can make them. The milk is kept and delivered at a proper temperature.

Milk left uncovered in the living room of a tenement house for a few hours has been found to contain as many as 50,000,000 bacteria per cubic centimetre. The expensive milk served by the expert dairymen may contain less than 500 bacteria to the centimetre. This milk is bought chiefly for feeble and ailing children.

Of the food condemned in this city by the health department but a small proportion is of adulterated food. Less than a hundred tons of groceries and confectionery have been seized in the last year because of harmful adulteration.

In addition to this vast amount of food condemned and destroyed by order of the city's health department, the people of New York are notoriously wasteful in the food they throw away—the refuse from dining rooms and kitchens that goes to the garbage barrels. This adds some hundred thousand tons to the condemned foods that find their way, in the iron tanks of the garbage boats, to Barren Island. There this huge mass is "tried out," its oils extracted and its fertilizing elements reduced to powder and sold.

In the year 1904 half a million tons of food stuffs from the kitchens of the city and of the foods condemned by the health department were fed to the busy machinery at Barren Island.

HOW SHE BUTT IN

For years Mrs. Admington had wanted a telephone in the house, but her husband had not seen his way clear to having one. Recently it was a day of joy and triumph for the little lady when, finally, the instrument was fastened to the wall over the Admington's front stair landing. It was on a circuit with other phones and when the bell rang in one house it rang in ten others. The Admingtons, like every family on the line had a certain number of rings for their own particular call, but it took them some time to get over being startled when any other number was sounded.

The morning after the phone was installed Mrs. Admington started to put it to most practical use, that of ordering things for dinner from the market. She was thinking how pleasant it was just to ring a bell and tell the grocer what to send.

She took down the receiver and put it to her ear, but was somewhat vexed to hear a man's voice and discover that the line was busy.

"I'll have to wait, and I'm in such a hurry," she pouted, but, remembering an errand in another part of the house, she busied herself for a few minutes. Her next try at the phone found the line still busy. She fidgeted in a little chair for a minute that seemed ten and then went to the phone again, saying to herself:

"Those people must be through talking by this time."

But they were not, and as Mrs. Admington took down the receiver for the third time to call up central she heard the emphatic declaration of a very decided young woman:

"Well, I don't care I'm going to marry him anyway."

"But how long did you say you have known him?" he was asking the young woman.

"Why, I've known him only two weeks," was the reply, "but I've seen him an awful lot in that time."

"Well, don't you think two weeks a pretty short acquaintance to marry on?" urged the man.

"It would be in most cases," admitted the young woman, "but with us it's different. He's awfully nice, and he likes me, and I like him, and he doesn't want to wait. He doesn't believe in long engagements, and neither do I."

"Why, you're a simpleton," was Mrs. Admington's mental comment as she shifted from one foot to the other and moved a little nearer to the phone just as the man's voice was asking:

"Isn't he willing to give you time to get ready? A woman can't be married conveniently on a day's notice. Won't he give you a month of six weeks for that?"

"No," was the answer. "He's going away within a month, and he wants to be married so I can go with him."

"Well, I don't want you to think me too much of a meddler," came back the voice of the man. "I only want to suggest things that seem to be for your good. Now you say you've known this man two weeks. Are you sure you will care for him at the end of two months? Wouldn't it be well to wait that long and see?"

"Made for the madhouse," muttered Mrs. Admington to herself, losing all patience.

"And how old did you say he was?" resumed the man.

"Forty."

"And you are twenty?"

"Well, I'll be twenty-one in a couple of months."

"And how old are his children?"

The boy is fifteen and the girl only ten," spoke up the young lady.

"Well," he began, hopelessly, "all I can say to you is that if you marry that man after having known him only two weeks you will do a very foolish thing, and in looking after those children you will certainly have your work cut out for you."

"I don't care if I do," came the voice of the young woman snappishly. "I've thought it all over and I'm going to marry him anyway."

Mrs. Admington wasn't able to contain herself any longer. She had no sooner heard the young lady's ultimatum than she broke into the conversation with:

"Don't you do it. If you do you're a perfect goose and you ought to know it."

Mrs. Admington heard gasps of surprise from the other two, and then the voice of the man:

"Well, who in thunder are you?"

"I'm not in thunder anybody," snapped Mrs. Admington, "but I'm considerably older than the young lady at the other end of this wire and I've learned a few things she ought to know before she marries a man twice as old as herself and with two children as big as she is."

"Pity you didn't learn not to listen to private conversations," snapped the voice of the young woman.

"And another pity you don't know better than to discuss such matters over a telephone," retorted Mrs. Admington spitefully. "But I'm glad you did, for it gives me a chance to tell you you're a little simpleton if you marry that man and you'll regret it before the year is out. He's old enough to be your father and he wants you to marry him before you've prepared enough clothes to get you decently out of town. He ought to be ashamed of himself and you ought to be spanked. Good-by."

And then Mrs. Admington hung up the receiver with a rap that almost broke the hook.

"I've given that young woman a piece of my mind and I hope it will do her some good. But I don't suppose it will. Next time I catch her on my telephone she will probably be asking some lawyer to get her a divorce."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Our Agent

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

CANANDAIGUA.

Prayers were offered last Sunday for the dead of the past week: Mrs. Teresa Sweeney, Mrs. Mary Sheehan, Miss Ella Hennessy.

The month's mind of Thomas McCarty will be celebrated Thursday morning.

The school collection for August taken last Sunday amounts to \$66.10. The school opens for the fall term, Tuesday, September 5th.

Choir rehearsal Wednesday evening. Bossy society next Sunday.

The first Friday devotions and services this week.

Father Clark went to Auburn Sunday evening to officiate at the baptism of his little niece.

The last payment on the Medina stone for St. Mary's was made during the past week. Delivered upon the ground and ready to be set in the building, it has cost \$19,645.10; add to this the cost of drawing from the cars and we reach \$20,000. It would be interesting now to know what brick would have cost; but every body is pleased with the stone.

The new diagrams will be distributed next Sunday.

Father Clark is on retreat at St. Bernard's this week, and Father Dougherty next week.

The Rosary ladies cleared \$90.05 at the G. A. R. dinner and the six young ladies who waited on table at Mrs. Thompson's luncheon, received \$20 for their services, which was turned in towards the church fund.

The largest event of the season in the way of lawn festivals took place at Hop. J. L. Burnett's new barn, Friday evening. The fire companies and church societies led by the Manchester band Col. H. C. Beeman's field staff and artillery, marched from Bristol street at 7:30. The refreshments were in charge of the young ladies Sodality.

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.

50c to Sodus Point and Return

The New York Central's every Sunday morning excursion to Sodus Point has never been so well patronized as this year, owing no doubt to the excellent fishing at that resort. The train leaves at a convenient hour 8:45 a.m. from State St. station and two minutes later from Brinker Place. Sodus Point is an ideal spot for basket picnics, and every Sunday hundreds may be seen starting on these excursions with their lunch baskets filled with good things to give them enjoyment later in the day. Children over five and under twelve years of age pay half fare 25c, but those under five go free. Only two more excursions will be run, Sunday, Aug. 27th and Sept. 3d.

Fishing in the Manitow Ponds.

Finest fishing in the state.

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 \$500 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 CLEVELAND & BUFFALO TRANSIT COMPANY

CONNECTING CLEVELAND and BUFFALO "WHILE YOU SLEEP"

UNPARALLELED NIGHT SERVICE—NEW STEAMERS

"CITY OF BUFFALO"

"CITY OF ERIE"

Both together being, without doubt, in all respects the finest and fastest that are run in the interest of the traveling public in the United States.

TIME CARD—DAILY INCLUDING SUNDAY

Leave	Arrive
Cleveland 8 p.m.	Buffalo 6:30 a.m.
Buffalo 8 p.m.	Cleveland 6:30 a.m.

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME

ORCHESTRA ACCOMPANIES EACH STEAMER

Connections made at Buffalo with trains for all Eastern and Canadian points, at Cleveland for Toledo, Detroit and all points West and Southwest.

Tickets reading over L.S. & M.S. Ry. will be accepted on this Company's Steamers without extra charge.

Special Low Rates Cleveland to Buffalo and Niagara Falls every Saturday Night, also Buffalo to Cleveland.

Ask Ticket Agents for tickets via C. & B. Line. Send four cents for illustrated pamphlet.

W. F. BERNAN, G. P. A., Cleveland, Ohio

Bird Skins for Hats.

A London dealer last year received from India the skins of 6,000 birds of paradise to adorn the hats of the feather wearing British women and to meet the export need. At the same time he got about half a million humming bird skins, and an equal number of those of various other tropical birds. There is an auction room in London where such things are sold, and its recent record for a third of a year was close to 1,000,000 skins, all told, coming mainly from the East and West Indies and Brazil.

COOL OFF at Manitow!

The cool lake breezes at Manitow Beach will put new life into you. Round trip via N. Y. C. 40 cents, includes admission to Ontario Beach Park.

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"Well, I don't want you to think me too much of a meddler," came back the voice of the man. "I only want to suggest things that seem to be for your good. Now you say you've known this man two weeks. Are you sure you will care for him at the end of two months? Wouldn't it be well to wait that long and see?"

"Made for the madhouse," muttered Mrs. Admington to herself, losing all patience.

"And how old did you say he was?" resumed the man.

"Forty."

"And you are twenty?"

"Well, I'll be twenty-one in a couple of months."

"And how old are his children?"

The boy is fifteen and the girl only ten," spoke up the young lady.

"Well," he began, hopelessly, "all I can say to you is that if you marry that man after having known him only two weeks you will do a very foolish thing, and in looking after those children you will certainly have your work cut out for you."

"I don't care if I do," came the voice of the young woman snappishly. "I've thought it all over and I'm going to marry him anyway."

Mrs. Admington wasn't able to contain herself any longer. She had no sooner heard the young lady's ultimatum than she broke into the conversation with:

"Don't you do it. If you do you're a perfect goose and you ought to know it."

Mrs. Admington heard gasps of surprise from the other two, and then the voice of the man:

"Well, who in thunder are you?"

"I'm not in thunder anybody," snapped Mrs. Admington, "but I'm considerably older than the young lady at the other end of this wire and I've learned a few things she ought to know before she marries a man twice as old as herself and with two children as big as she is."

"Pity you didn't learn not to listen to private conversations," snapped the voice of the young woman.

"And another pity you don't know better than to discuss such matters over a telephone," retorted Mrs. Admington spitefully. "But I'm glad you did, for it gives me a chance to tell you you're a little simpleton if you marry that man and you'll regret it before the year is out. He's old enough to be your father and he wants you to marry him before you've prepared enough clothes to get you decently out of town. He ought to be ashamed of himself and you ought to be spanked. Good-by."

And then Mrs. Admington hung up the receiver with a rap that almost broke the hook.

"I've given that young woman a piece of my mind and I hope it will do her some good. But I don't suppose it will. Next time I catch her on my telephone she will probably be asking some lawyer to get her a divorce."—Chicago Record-Herald.

IMPURE FOOD IN NEW YORK.

Enough Destroyed Annually to Feed 5,000 Persons.

The food condemned by the board of health and destroyed in this city in a year, if accumulated in one spot, would make a pyramidal hill two hundred feet broad at the base and three hundred feet high. In quantity it would be sufficient to feed 5,000 persons throughout the year, supplying them with meat, fish, game and poultry, vegetables, groceries, all varieties of fruit and confectionery.

There is a ceaseless vigilance in New York to insure pure food for its inhabitants. This does not mean that thousands of tons of adulterated and harmful foods are not eaten yearly—for the channels by which they may reach the tables of rich and poor are many, and the carelessness of housekeepers and cooks are responsible for much. But at the gates of the city where food is admitted by rail and by water, at the wholesale markets, at stores and among the push-cart vendors of edibles the inspectors of the health department are always at work. During the ripe-fruit season they are most active, and their work is the heaviest. Their authority is almost supreme, and they can order the destruction of a train load or a ship load of fruit or vegetables, or a hundred head of cattle infected with disease, involving a loss to the owners of thousands of dollars.

In the last twelve months 7,172,347 pounds of food stuffs were condemned seized and destroyed. Some of this—especially fruit brought in by ships—went out to sea and was dumped in the briny deep. The entire shipload was a loss through a delayed voyage in hot weather, causing fermentation to set in among the perishable cargo. Many a shipload of bananas have gone that way.

Of the more than 7,000,000 pounds of food destroyed in the last year, 4,639,090 pounds were fruit. Meat came next—more than a million pounds having been deemed unfit to use. Vegetables were a close third, 771,000 pounds.

In addition to this, solid food, the amount of milk destroyed in the year has been 31,000 quarts. This, seen at once in all its bulk, is a lot of milk it is, however, but "a spoonful" out of the great river of the liquid food that pours into the metropolitan city in a year 550,000,000 quarts of milk are consumed in New York, 1,500,000 quarts a day.

The effort to protect the city from impure or unwholesome milk has resulted through years of legislation and careful inspection in making the dealers careful that the milk they bring to the city meets the legal requirements. These requirements in one way place a premium on poor milk while guarding the city from milk that is unhealthy or entirely worthless. The law calls for not less than 3 percent of butter fats in all milk sold in New York. This is not a high standard, and many dealers avail themselves of the small percentage required to reduce the nutritive quality of their milk to this low standard.

Many consumers of milk in New York pay dearly for milk that is above the legal standard of purity and nutritiveness. It will surprise some people to know that milk—not cream—is sold in this city as high as 90 cents a quart. A sworn statement accompanies this milk, as to its freedom from injurious qualities—bacteria, etc.—and as to its richness in butter fats. The cows from which this milk is taken are selected registered Durhams and Holsteins. The sanitary arrangements for the care of the cattle and the milk are as perfect as expenditure of money and scientific skill can make them. The milk is kept and delivered at a proper temperature.

Milk left uncovered in the living room of a tenement house for a few hours has been found to contain as many as 50,000,000 bacteria per cubic centimetre. The expensive milk served by the expert dairymen may contain less than 500 bacteria to the centimetre. This milk is bought chiefly for feeble and ailing children.

Of the food condemned in this city by the health department but a small proportion is of adulterated food. Less than a hundred tons of groceries and confectionery have been seized in the last year because of harmful adulteration.

In addition to this vast amount of food condemned and destroyed by order of the city's health department, the people of New York are notoriously wasteful in the food they throw away—the refuse from dining rooms and kitchens that goes to the garbage barrels. This adds some hundred thousand tons to the condemned foods that find their way, in the iron tanks of the garbage boats, to Barren Island. There this huge mass is "tried out," its oils extracted and its fertilizing elements reduced to powder and sold.

In the year 1904 half a million tons of food stuffs from the kitchens of the city and of the foods condemned by the health department were fed to the busy machinery at Barren Island.