

A SPECTRAL SKIFF.

By Maurus Jokal.

One afternoon I took the steamer across the Plattensee from Slofok to the watering place of Fured. It was on Friday and a tremendous thunderstorm was raging. I was the only traveler on deck for a strong wind was blowing from the north, stirring the lake to its depths. Our old steamer danced on the waves, rolling first into one side wheel and then the other into the air. Unusually high surges sometimes dashed over the skies, and white water flew screaming around us. In such tempests I like to stand by the bow and watch the waves toss up against the ship and be flung back again as she works her way through them. When we reached the centre of the lake it seemed as if we were in the open sea. No shore was visible and the whole surface of the water was white with the foam of the rolling surges. On the deck with me were only the helmsman and the cabin boy, of cabin old man would have been a better name, for his hair was gray and his eyes were dimmed by years. Yet he performed his duties on the Kizaludy very well. "Look over there," I said to the old sailor. "Don't you see something black in the midst of the waves? Over yonder toward Ti-bany?" He said he discovered something "It looks almost like a boat." I said "Upon my soul, it really is a boat." "Who can think of going out in a boat in such a storm? It is tempting Providence." "It must be the fisherman ghost." I picked up my ears. I was surely finding some popular legend "Who is the fisherman ghost?" "Oh, he is known only in the neighborhood of the Plattensee. It is a ghost who was condemned in the other world to go out fishing in such storms." "I'll tell you the story. The greatest blessing of the Plattensee is the garda catch. This fish, like the herring, comes in large schools. "Up yonder, from the mountain of Thiany, it can be seen in the distance approaching; for the water shines with the rushing fish like a broad silver ribbon and every fisherman hastily pulls out in his boat while the watcher on the mountain top waves his cloak to signal whether the men must row to the left or to the right. "When they have surrounded the fish on all sides every boat is filled by scooping them up with shovels and pails. "Yes, I know that. "Once, on an Easter Sunday, when the people had gathered in church for the services of God, the man on watch saw from his lofty station the coming of the fish. "Just at the most solemn moment, when the priest was raising the Host, the bells were ringing and the congregation were on their knees, the watchman rushed into the house of God, shouting: "The garda is coming. "At these words all the worshippers started up, rushed pell-mell out of the church to the boats and left the priest alone at the altar. But God punished them for this irreverence to His sanctuary and a terrible storm burst over the Plattensee; all had reason to congratulate themselves that they could reach the shore safely from Thiany with empty boats. "The decorator of the temple, however, was never seen again. His greed led him to destruction. He was seen from the top of the mountain shovelling fish after fish into his boat, until at last he disappeared with the garda from the eyes of men. "Since that time he often goes, in weather like this, upon the lake. He has neither helm nor oars, only his scoop shovel, with which he tries to throw the fish out of his boat. He is most frequently near Thiany, for that is his home. May all good spirits praise the Lord. "This was nothing more than a commonplace, foolish tale, but it began to be interesting as the black object which we had seen in the neighborhood of Thiany approached our steamer. "Strange! The gale was blowing from the north, but the boat came from the south; that is, directly against the wind, dancing from the crest of one wave to another. I turned my glasses on it. "The skiff contained a single human figure, which was continually stooping. The man was using neither rudder nor oars, only working with a scoop shovel, yet he was approaching us with tremendous speed, and it seemed as if he was rushing directly at our steamer. "The latter had all she could do to force her way through the tossing waves, and this tiny skiff seemed only toying with them. Now it was so near that the face of the man in it could be distinguished. "Never shall I forget that moment. His head was uncovered and his hair fluttered in the wind. One-half of it, as well as of his beard, was gray, the other dark. The death white face was rigid and motionless, the mouth open, the eyes bloodshot. "He was barely two ships lengths from us, yet he came straight toward the steamer. The man at the helm shouted, the cabin boy rang the bell, the captain, attracted by the scene, had the danger signal

sounded, but the ghost saw and heard nothing, and still rushed toward the Kizaludy. Suddenly the skiff made a turn and ran for a while beside us, but this nutshell without oars outstripped our steam vessel, made a curve around the ship with the speed of an arrow and swept away from it. The ghostly figure seated in it and not even glanced up at us. I had beheld this uncanny apparition, scarcely fifty paces from me, with my own eyes. I was wide awake and not dreaming, was entirely master of my five senses, and yet saw the spectre before me; saw that it did not touch the rudder even when the bold circuit was made, but merely used the scoop shovel with feverish speed, bailing, something out of the boat. Perhaps the garda? I stood a long time gazing after the phantom as it sailed toward Slofok with unnatural speed, till the rain and mist veiled the boat and the ghostly fisherman and concealed them from my eyes. What sort of apparition was this? Could this tale be true? Were there really supernatural things beneath the sun? The captain scratched his head. "My dear friend! Let us say nothing about this to any one in Fured, for if this story gets noised abroad no one will dare to come on my steamer." I promised not to mention our adventure, but I felt vexed at having seen something that I could not understand. The next day the most magnificent weather followed the storm. The promenade of Fured was filled with guests for when the afternoon steamer is expected, the whole population usually flocks to the shore, as it generally brings more guests, who are received by acquaintances, porters, officials, etc. Among the arrivals special attention was attracted by four men, who came down the gangplank bearing a monster tied by the head and tail to two poles. This monster proved to be an enormous fish. But what was my astonishment when I recognized one of the two men in front as the ghostly fisherman. The same half black, half white hair, the same pale face, the bloodshot eyes. "Tell me, my friend," I said, "wasn't it you who ran a race yesterday in a little boat with our steamer?" "To be sure it was. Didn't I have a good propeller? No steamer has its equal. Here, it's hanging on this pole." On the way he told me that he was a fisherman from Roglar, and yesterday afternoon discovered a gigantic fish at the bottom of the Plattensee, and instantly threw his harpoon at it. But the huge creature dragged the boat and fisherman by the rope fastened to the harpoon out into the lake, and darted off against the terrible storm, the gale and the waves the man had all he could do to bail out the water that dashed into the boat. It was a race with death. Frightened by the steamer, the wounded creature made a side spring and went toward Slofok, where it was finally killed with clubs by other fishermen who hastened to his rescue. The fisherman's boat had gone the six miles from Boglar to Slofok in two hours. The fish weighed two hundred weight, and the fisherman received 150 florins for his prize. So the ghostly apparition was explained in the most satisfactory manner. Maori Legends. Many of the old Maori tales have to do with a mythical monster, called "Taniwha," usually described as a great lizard or crocodile, although it has been many centuries since any of the Polynesian race can have had direct knowledge of the existence of such an animal. This is the legend of the two Taniwhas, the guardian monsters of the two Maori tribes; one on the east coast, and one on the west coast of the North Island of New Zealand in very ancient times. The Taniwha living in the Bay of Islands once went a-roving to see a bit of the world, and swam around the North Cape to the west, where he was hospitably entertained. The wandering Taniwha professed to be very grateful for the hospitality and kind attention shown him, and when his visit was ended he pressed the other to accompany him home. The gulleless and amiable west coast Taniwha accepted the invitation, and away the two friends swam around the North Cape and down the east coast to the Bay of Islands. The roaming Taniwha was a perilous villain. He lured his confiding guest to a place where the Maoris had spread a great net, and the visitor was caught, dragged ashore and killed by the people, who made a great feast of the carcass. Defining Primary Colors. Primary colors are the colors into which white light is separated by the dispersion of a prism. Those named by Newton, are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. Artists reduce these in three—red, yellow and blue. Scientists generally consider red, green and blue to represent the primary color sensations, and in one theory there are supposed to be three sets of nerves in the retina which can respond to these colors. The idea of three primary colors is that from the combination of these three colors all hues may be produced which are to be found in white light.

A YOUNG LION SLAYER. Boer Farmer Boys Make Good Shots On the African Veldt. Three lions were killed near Pletersburg, Transvaal by the nineteen-year-old son of Jozef Erasmus, a Boer farmer. It appears that young Erasmus was on his way to the Messina mine and had outspanned his donkey team, when his kamr boy came running to tell him that three lions were tackling the donkeys. Erasmus seized his gun and ran hard in the direction indicated. On his arrival at the spot he found the lions lying around one of the donkeys. He fired and killed a big lioness. The other two jumped up but he was ready and shot another (younger) lioness. The young lion which was left ran behind some brushwood. Erasmus first collected his donkeys and brought them into safety and then once more carefully approached the scene of the fight, in order to find out if the two lionesses were dead he fired another shot at one of them. This disturbed the surviving lion who thereupon came forth roaring. Erasmus was again ready and shot him dead on the spot. Asked by the Volksstem correspondent whether he was alone at the time Erasmus replied, "Oh, no, I had my little Kamr boy, with me." The skins were sold in Pietersburg. Pieteria Volksstem. Poisonous Brazilian Vipers. Much is made of the lance-headed viper, the most deadly of all known reptiles, brought from Brazil to New York for the purpose of an operation which will give a serum that is practically extinct. There are several singularly interesting snakes in Brazil. The surucucu is supposed to cause death in six hours. It is sometimes found nine feet long. Its skin is a dirty tawny yellow, with dark brown blotches on the back. It is said to be attracted by fire but seldom to injure travellers. The fiercest of the lance-headed vipers is the Jararaca, and it, also, it is dirty yellow, but it is brown-black about the tail. Boston Herald. Birds, Fruit, Dead Leaves. The Moki Indian women of Arizona have an ingenious and romantic form of culture. When young these women coil their tresses at the sides of their heads, so as to represent the buds of a native plant. This signifies that they themselves are in the flush of youth and of marriageable age. When they are married their hair is arranged to represent the fruit of the plant, while in old age their locks hang straggling down their backs, typical of the withered stalk of the dead or dying plant. Answers. Brides Older Than Bridegrooms. The vital statistics prepared by City Clerk Entwisle of Salem shows that during 1907 there were 479 marriage licenses issued and 206 solemnized in the city, which is 18 fewer than the previous year. The oldest bridegroom was 68 and the oldest bride 60, while the youngest bridegroom was 16 and the youngest bride 15. Seventy-one brides were older than the bridegrooms. Boston Transcript. Vegetable Milk. "Vegetable milk" is used in Japan. It is made from the soja bean. The liquid is exactly like cow's milk in appearance, and in taste can hardly be distinguished from it. To make it the beans are first soaked and then boiled in water. Some sugar and phosphate potassium are added, and it is boiled down till it has the consistency of condensed milk. Valuable Relics. At an auction sale at Christie's in London of the late Marchioness of Conyngham's art collection a silver ewer and dish, weighing together 90 ounces, a gift of George IV to an ancestor of the Marchioness, sold for \$21,000. A Venerable Turtle. A Massachusetts boy, Nathan Sampson, has found a venerable turtle which bears markings made by his grandfather, now 81 years old, which were put on in 1840, and by his great-grandfather, who marked the same turtle in 1816. Slightly Mixed. The story is now going the rounds of the country papers about a man who visited the paying-teller's window in a bank and asked for one of the new coins with "God Bless Our Home" left off. A Healthful Occupation. Bull fighters receive \$417 per hour, and the occupation is so healthful that unless killed by accident its followers invariably reach a green old age. Newspapers in Persia. Persian newspapers are reproduced from handwriting by lithography, no types being used. Viennas Beggars. Vienna has 32,000 street beggars, and many of them make a better living than workmen. It has been estimated that a London fog weighs 3,000,000,000 tons. The Mexican porter handles loads of 400 pounds with ease. Figures show that school teachers as a class are long-lived.

CANADA'S MOVING GARDEN SPOT. It Has Followed the March Westward and Is Now in British Columbia. Canada is all the time discovering fertile districts of limited extent which it calls garden spots. The Canadian school geographies of twenty years ago gave that name to the Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia, where the apples grow. Then western Ontario got into the fruit raising game and earned the unofficial title. It didn't keep it very long, for today it is the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia that moves the patriotic Canadian into hyperbole speech. The Okanagan is a depression in the mountains, running north and south for more than 150 miles. It holds a lake of the same name which is eighty miles long and of an average width of three miles. The area from this lake to the foothills is fast filling up with orchards. The climate there is something to wonder at. Fruit trees blossom in March. The mildness and dryness of the air make it possible to raise fruits which could not be raised elsewhere in the same latitude. Of course there are apples, as there are almost everywhere else in Canada, but peaches, apricots, nectarines, grapes and even figs flourish in the southern part of the valley. One enthusiastic writer has spoken of this region as the Italy of Canada. The rainfall is less than ten inches a year, so irrigation has to be resorted to. The soil is amazingly fertile, an orchard earning its keep in a few seasons. It is a prosperous community. The names of the towns have a prosperous sound. There is a Summerland and a Peachland. Presumably it is all happyland. The valley is filling up rapidly with a high class of settlers. S. T. Thomas Shaugnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which skirts the upper end of the Okanagan, has a place at Summerland. The Earl of Aberdeen has a ranch at Vernon. Some figures will show how well this district deserves the title of garden spot. A resident of Peachland sold the crop of peaches on his five-year-old trees for \$355 an acre, the purchaser picking and packing the fruit. A Summerland man got \$800 for the fruit of 110 peach trees, at the rate of \$1,200 an acre. Still another Summerland man got \$1,935 an acre for his strawberry output. Land in the Okanagan costs now up to \$1,000 an acre. Imagine that price for a worked out farm in the East! It costs from \$100 to \$200 an acre for irrigation. A man can make a profitable living out of five acres of virgin ground and he doesn't have to wait long for returns. A Missouri Fish Story. "It is a well known fact that when alarmed fish scuttle into dark places beneath the water. A friend of mine told me of an ingenious plan adopted by an old fisherman on the Blue River to take advantage of this fish custom," said A. S. Van Valkenburgh, United States District Attorney. "The old fisherman procured a barrel, bored a number of holes in it and weighted the bottom with lead and iron. To the top were fastened two ropes attached to a windlass on a boat. Rowing out to the middle of the Blue the barrel was sunk, resting on the bottom of the bottom of the river. Then the old fisherman sent his four sons, two in each direction, to points fifty yards away, where they entered canoes and commenced to beat the water with flat paddles, raising a great hubbub. Gradually they worked down to the boat where the old fisherman was ready to haul out the barrel. As they came close to him he quickly lanned the windlass and the barrel came to the surface. By actual count there were twenty-eight shad, forty carp, seventy catfish and nine Jack salmon in the barrel. The catch weighed 160 pounds."—Kansas City Star. New Advertising Stunt. The sandwich man who parades eternally up and down, his front and rear encasing proclaiming in glaring poster type the virtues of this and the goodness of that, has been witnessed. Perhaps it was time. Nobody stopped to read. Everybody stumbled over him. His successor was observed walking down Nassau street the other evening. He was more than well dressed. On his hands were white gloves. He stood on the curb, waved those white gloved hands as if appealing to an audience and raised them aloft as if calling upon heaven to witness that he was speaking the truth. He gestured frantically as if laying down the law in an emphatic manner. But no word came from his lips. Of course the crowd stopped and looked and would have listened. When he had attracted sufficient attention he disclosed a huge placard which had been lying at his feet and pointed at the words printed thereon in foot high type. The crowd was caught. It moved on disgustedly, but it could not help but read. The message had been delivered.—New York Jun. Some of the Ear Marks. About as near as some men ever get to being aristocrats is to part their hair in the middle and neglect to pay their bills.—Howard (M.G.) Courant. Only 3 per cent of the world's population gains a living directly from the sea.

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