

98th Semi-Annual Statement OF THE Mechanics Savings' Bank of Rochester 18 Exchange Street

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Mortgages	\$3,274,525 00	Deposits	\$4,753,832 45
Bonds, Market Value	1,460,807 63	Dividends Accrued and other	
Banking House	50,000 00	Liabilities	20,299 95
Interest Accrued on investments and other Assets	60,408 65	Surplus, Market Value	307,233 83
Cash on hand and in Banks	235,624 95		
Total	\$5,081,366 23	Total	\$5,081,366 23

For several years this Bank has paid four per cent. dividends, compounded semi-annually June first and December first on all accounts of one dollar to three thousand.

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JOHN J. BAUSCH, President
WILLIAM R. SEWARD, Vice-President
WILLIAM B. HALE, Vice-President
WILMOT CASTLE, Secretary and Treasurer
FEDOR WILLIMEK, Assistant Secretary
JOHN S. BRONK, Attorney

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James H. Boucher of Mathews & Boucher, Hardware.	C. C. Beahan Crouch & Beahan Co. Director Genesee Valley Trust Co.	George W. Robeson President Rochester Stamping Co. Treasurer Robeson Cutlery Co. Director Alliance Bank.

SACRED TREE OF SPAIN.

And its Connection With the Ancient Euskarian Language.

You all know about the Charter oak, that tree that figured in the fight for independence of the American colonies, and perhaps you have heard of other trees with national significance.

Did you ever hear of the sacred tree of Spain and the means by which it is perpetuated? It stands close to the town of Guernica, in Biscay, and under its spreading foliage the general juntas are inaugurated. Several centuries ago, when Spain was a loosely tied bundle of more or less independent states, the lords of Biscay took their oath under one of the parents of this same tree, where a stone bench was provided for their use, as a symbol of the enduring solidity of their reign. In some respects the tree shows a deeper symbolism than is to be found in the bench of hewn stone, for both the family dignity and the Euskarian language are handed down father to son.

In that isolated region a form of speech that is utterly different from both French and Spanish has been maintained since the beginnings of European civilization because each father made it his business to instill into his eldest son the idea that it was his duty to perpetuate his language and the peculiar institutions of his race.

The tree of the Basques is one of the hardest of all the hardy things to be found around the bay of Biscay and the Pyrenean mountains. The one that is now standing was taken from the parent tree in 1780 and had been growing for thirty years when its 300-year-old progenitor succumbed to age and a hard windstorm. Another shoot was started from this one forty years ago.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CHINESE LETTER CARRIERS.

Feats They Must Perform Would Tire a Hercules.

How many of our own postmen would care to transfer their services to the Chinese postoffice?

To get into the post-service in China is not an easy matter.

In the first place an applicant must have strength and courage, and in order to gain these he must be prepared to undergo a very queer method of training. He must wander through mountains and valleys, forests and caverns. The exact time to be occupied in a trip of this sort is fixed by the law, and a very heavy fine is imposed for any unnecessary delay.

The would-be postman must repeat these trips at night, and if he listens to the bad spirit, thereby falling to appear at the required time at a specified place he is sure to lose his chance of being a postman.

But that is not all, for he is obliged to carry enormous weights for many miles and must return with his burden within a given time, though his road usually takes him through districts thick with bandits.

In training, the postman eats very little—though he is used to this—and tries every training exercise. Then comes his real examination, under the direction of the government officials. He is taken into a large room, where, suspended from a high beam, are very heavy sacks filled with rocks. He must give a swinging motion to all these sacks, run to and fro between them, carefully guarding himself against a blow from the heavy weights.—London Globe.

Ancient Football.
 Philip Stubbes wrote in 1583 in his book on "The Anatomie of Abuses":
 "For as concerning football I protest unto you it may rather be called a frendly kinde of fight than a play of recreation, a bloody and murdering practice than a felowly sports of pastime. For looth not every one lye in weight for his Adverserie, seeking to overthrow him and to picke him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, so that by this meanes sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their arms, sometimes one part thrust out of joint, sometimes another; sometimes the noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out—fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel picking, murder, homicide and great effusion of blood, as experience daily teacheth."

Beethoven's Fits of Rage.
 Beethoven's behavior was often atrocious. In giving lessons to young ladies he would sometimes tear the music to pieces and scatter it about the floor or even smash the furniture. Once when playing in company there was some interruption. "I play no longer for such hogs!" he cried, and left the piano. He once called Prince Lobkowitz an ass because a bassoon player happened to be absent.—Dole's "Famous Composers."

Horns of a Dilemma.
 We apply the term "horns of a dilemma" to a situation in which a person is confronted by two opposite and conflicting lines of conduct, the advantages or disadvantages of which appear to balance; hence the analogy to the "horns" of an animal.

Humility Not All.
 Humility is the part of wisdom and is most becoming in men. But let no one discourage self reliance. It is of all the greatest quality of true manliness.—Louis Kossuth.

Evidently She Did.
 "Does you wife like pets?"
 "She must I rarely go home without finding her in one."—Boston Transcript.

As small letters hurt the sight, so do small matters hurt that is too much intent upon them.—Plutarch.

WAS THE WOMAN NEARER RIGHT?

Two Persons Made a Similar Mistake.

My chum, Charlie Fisher, soon after taking his degree in medicine was appointed house physician at the Merton Asylum For the Insane. One day he wrote me that there was to be a dance at the asylum for the milder patients and asked me to come up. Curious to witness such a gathering, I accepted the invitation. I arrived just in time. Charlie took me into the dancing hall and said to me:

"These patients are only insane on some one subject, and we don't consider them dangerous. You can speak to any of them without an introduction."

I chatted with several patients, but could not detect anything wrong with any of them. At last I noticed a very attractive looking woman apparently about twenty-eight, who excited my interest. Her face wore a "high cast of thought" expression, and it seemed to me as I gazed upon it that sympathetically she was capable of taking in the whole world. I joined her and invited her to dance. She accepted, and I fancied she did so fearing she would hurt my feelings if she declined. After the dance we took seats together.

"You have a nice place here," I remarked.

"Yes. When did you come? I have not seen you here before."

"I came up this afternoon."

"Yes," she went on; "we think it a very nice place. I'm much pleased with it." Then she added, negro to herself than to me, "In spite of the cost above the contract."

"You seem to know all about it."

"So I should. I built it."

"Indeed!" I said aloud. Then to myself, "At last I have found one whose weakness is apparent."

"How much are you worth?"

"About a million."

I was surprised at the moderate estimate she put on her possessions.

"What is your occupation in life?" she asked me presently.

I informed her that I was a scientist, and when she asked me what investigations I was then engaged in I confessed that I was struggling with the problem of producing conditions similar to or the same as life.

"What success have you had?" she asked.

"I think I have produced the life principle of the lowest order of plants."

She drew a sigh and, rising, said with great kindness: "I must leave you now. I have a great deal to do. The responsibility of this affair rests wholly on me."

I took her into supper and, having provided for her refreshment, concluded I would go on to the piazza and smoke. While looking for a match I heard voices in the next room.

"I tell you he's as sane as you or I."

"How can a man be sane who is trying to reproduce life?"

The voices were those of Dr. Fisher and the lady who had told me she had built the asylum. At her reply Fisher chuckled. "That's good—mighty good—insane because he's trying to reproduce life. You women will be the death of me. Why, don't you know there are scientists trying to do that very thing?"

"I don't care if they are. They are as crazy as this one."

While I listened a sudden succession of thoughts struck my brain as shots from rapid fire guns. The patient had thought me insane. I had thought her insane.

"Very well," continued the lady. "If he is sane he is certainly not a gentleman. He asked me how much this place cost me and how wealthy I am."

"This was too much. I could endure it no longer. I rushed into the room where they were and stood facing them, my cheeks burning."

"Billy," said the doctor, "you've been making a guy of yourself. Let me introduce you to Miss Merton, to whose munificence we are indebted for this institution. You have taken her for a mild case, and she considers you an incurable. I confess that of the two she is the nearer right. A man with as wild scientific notions as you should be caged."

"I humbly crave Miss Merton's pardon," I said abjectly. "I should never have presumed to ask her the questions I did had I not—"

"Considered her as crazy as yourself. You do her injustice. She is remarkably sane. The only evidence of insanity she has ever displayed was when she said yours was such an interesting case. No case is interesting that is incurable."

Miss Merton blushed slightly and apologized for her estimate of me. I gave up my smoke, and she and I went back among the patients, and I found that she knew every one of them and the special failings of each. "There are all harmless delusions," she said. "Whereas I, a searcher for the cause of insanity, consider incurable."

"At any rate you are not dangerous," she replied, "and my curiosity has been excited by the bare mention of your attempt. You must come and see me and tell me about it."

And I did. Miss Merton has now the same mania as myself.

TAUGHT THEM A LESSON.

The Czar's Rebuke to the Officers of One of His Regiments.

The czar is greatly loved by his own soldiers, and no wonder, for the following story is typical of him:

A certain Russian lieutenant who was none too well off was one day seen riding in a tram. The other officers of his regiment were furious at what they called an insult to the uniform, and they told the lieutenant that he must send in his papers. The unfortunate young officer had no alternative, but before he could do so the czar heard of the affair. Immediately putting on his colonel's uniform of the regiment in question, he majestically left the palace, hailed a passing tram and, entering it, sat calmly down. As such it stopped in front of the barracks.

There he got out and, assembling all the officers, said to them:

"Gentlemen, I have just ridden from the palace in a tram, and I desire to know if you wish me to send in my papers. I presume I have disgraced my uniform."

Naturally the officers were dumfounded.

"Sire," stammered the major nervously, "you could never do that."

"Then," answered the czar, smiling, "as I have not degraded the uniform, Lieutenant—cannot have done so and will thus retain his commission in this regiment even if he, like me, dares to ride in a tram."

After that snubbery died a speedy death in that particular regiment.—Pearson's.

TRY IT ON THE DISK.

A Test That Proves the Human Skull a Good Sounding Box.

An interesting experiment that proves what a good sounding box the human skull is can be performed by any one who has a disk phonograph, says Electrical Engineering.

Stop up both of your ears with cotton as tightly as possible, so that no sound will be heard from the outside. Now place an ordinary darning needle between your teeth by biting on it, and taking care that the tongue or lips do not touch the needle. The latter is important, because if either lip or tongue touches the needle the sound will be decreased considerably.

For the best results the needle should project not more than one or two inches from the mouth. For that reason the darning needle should be broken off about one and one-half inches from its sharp point. It goes without saying that the sharp point should project out of the mouth, while the broken off end should be inside the mouth.

Now start an ordinary disk phonograph and carefully place your head against the record with the needle's point held at the same angle as the record's needle is held ordinarily. As soon as the needle touches the record with sufficient pressure the inside of the head will be filled immediately with music exceedingly loud and clear.

Brigade in a Temper.
 On one occasion Bianchi, the noted teacher, went on the stage to see Brigault, the famous singer, whom he found pacing up and down like a madman, humming over his part.

"Why, Brig, what is the matter with you? Are you nervous?" he asked.

"Yes, I am nervous," was the reply as he walked harder and faster than ever.

"But, Brig, you ought not to be nervous. I've heard you sing the part 200 times. I heard you sing it thirty years ago."

"Thirty years ago! Who are you that should know so much?"

"Who am I? You know who I am, and I know who you are."

"Very well, you know what I am, but I am sure you do not know what you are, and if you wish I will tell you. You are a fool!"

Alexander in Mesopotamia.
 The marshes of Mesopotamia were famous in the time of Alexander the Great. One of the last acts of his life, within a few weeks of his death, was a voyage down the Euphrates to the great dike of Pallakapas, about ninety miles below Babylon. This sluice had been constructed by the ancient Assyrian kings to let off the water of the river when it became excessive into the marshes. It was reported not to be working well, and Alexander proposed to construct another sluice lower down.

He sailed on into the marshes, steering his vessel himself, with his diadem on his head, to explore them and the habits of the kings, and so extensive were the lakes and swamps that Alexander's fleet lost its way among them.

Weather Variety.
 Some grow perpetually at the weather; it is too hot or too cold; too wet or too dry. And yet a kind Providence arranges it infinitely better than we could. What a beautiful promise this was in the early history of the race: "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."—Christian Herald.

Looking Ahead.
 "I think I had better get a job before we marry."

"Don't be so unromantic, Freddy. I won't need any clothes for a long, long time."

"But you may want to eat almost any time, my dear."—Pittsburgh Post.

Knocking on Wood.
 The "knock wood" superstition is said to date back to the days of sylvan gods, when oak, ash and rowan were sacred trees, whose deities would come to the assistance of the knocker.

Any Month is the Best Month

You Must Decide Soon

And the mountains, rivers, lakes and rushing brooks will know it as quick as you make up your mind. They are there—expecting you. You have a summer appointment for rest and play. There are golf galore, tennis, dancing, bathing and canoeing—take rod and reel along, too.

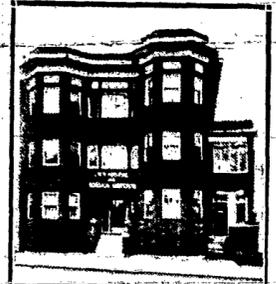
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