THE PEOPLE of the State of New York, by the grace of God, free and independent. To Hugh Hogan, Edward Hogan, James Hogan, Catherine Kellachy, Martin Hogan, Mary Pear, Sylvia Hogan, the legatees, next of kin, heirs at law, creditors and persons interested in the Estate of Mary Hogan, late of the Town of Greece, in the county of Monroe, deceased, greeting:

You are hereby cited and required to appear before the surrogate of our county of Monroe, in the surrogate's court, on the 6th day of March, 1894, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the surrogate's office, in the city of Rochester, then and there to attend a judicial settlement of the accounts of Mathew Hogan, as the executor of the will of said deceased.

And if any of the aforesaid persons are under the age of twenty one years, they will please take notice that they are required to appear by their general guardian, if they have one, and if they none, that they appear and apply for the appointment of a special guardian, or in event of their neglect or failure to do so a special guardian will be appointed by the surrogate to represent and act for them in the proceedings for settlement of said estate.

In testimony whereof, we have caused the seal of the surrogate's court of the county of Monroe, to be hereto (L.S.) affixed. Witness, Hon J A. Adlington, surrogate of said county, at the city of Rochester, this 7th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four.

WILLIAM L. KIEFER,
Clerk Surrogate Court.

O'Brien & Paine, attorney for executor,
203 204 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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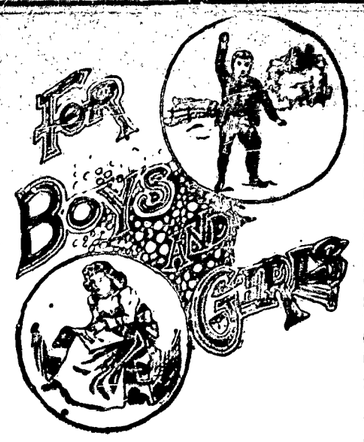

THE BOY LIVES ON OUR FARM.

The boy lives on our farm, he's not
Afeard o' horses none
An' he can make 'em lope, or trot,
Er rack, or pace, or run
Sometimes he drives two horses, when
He comes to town and brings
A wagon full o' taters men,
An' rostin-ears an things.

Two horses is "a team," he says,
En when you drive or hitch,
The right un's a "near horse." I guess,
Er "off"—I don't know which
The boy lives on our farm, he told
Me, too, 'at he can see
By lookin at their teeth how old
'A horse is, to a T.

I'd be the gladdest boy alive
Ef I knowd much as that,
An' could stand up an' drive,
An' let push back my hat,
Like he comes skallyhootin through
Our alley with one arm
A-wavin' Fare-ye-well' to you
The boy lives on our farm
James Whitcomb Riley

Sandy's Bears.

A hundred years ago Sandy was a boy, with all the glad self-conceit of 15. The world would have moved around faster, and everything gone smoothly, could he have had his turn to rule.

Sandy's advice was the last thing, however, that Sandy's father, a grave-faced Scotchman, thought of asking. Nobody, in fact, gave much attention to his opinions except Peter Small, their hired man, who always agreed with any one who talked with him.

Sandy's father had bought a large tract of land in New Hampshire, and had led a little band of settlers to locate upon it with himself. He was a rich man for his place, bringing with him a good supply of farm tools and household wares, horses, cattle, sheep and hogs.

The last were an insecure possession, for the woods were full of bears, none of them of Jewish belief, but all ready to eat fresh pork without scruple, and every little while a pig was missing.

The bear question was one on which Sandy had strong opinions. "I know," said he to Peter Small, "my father is called a wise-headed man, but it seems to me like monstrous foolishness the way things go on here. All father talks about is of getting a new road cut through to the main road and of having houses finished before winter. Now, first of all, we ought to get rid of the bears. We ought to have a bear hunt at least twice a week and have somebody keep watch every night."

"Yes," said Peter Small. "It's dreadful needful to kill off the bears. Some folks set traps."

"Let's we," said Sandy.

"No, Sandy, I hain't time," replied Peter, leaning on the spade with which he was digging.

"Well, tell me how," said Sandy; "I'll make one."

Peter, laying by his spade, sat down on a log, and told Sandy how to take some "springy" saplings and some rope, and a great stone, and arrange them, "Indian fashion," into a trap.

Sandy, after feeding time, set such a trap beside the pen, where the hogs, for safety's sake, were kept confined.

What delight it would be to find a caught bear in the morning.

But about midnight there was such a sound of terrific squealing that Sandy's father, the hired man, and Sandy himself all rushed out together. They found some fallen poles, a rock that had slipped and the little black pig that had rooted out beneath the pen tangled up in a network of hair bedcord.

"What's this? What's this?" asked Sandy's father.

"It's Sandy's bear trap," said Peter Small, with a grin, and poor Sandy for weeks after heard nothing but inquiries about bear skins and black pigs and "his trap."

"Peter's always agreeing and agreeing—he might say he helped to plan it," said Sandy to himself a little bitterly.

But the time for roasting ears had come, and the bears who never waited for roasting then began to make depredations on the corn.

"I've thought of a new plan," said Sandy, going to Peter Small from sheer force of habit. "You know the great scalding-tub Cooper Brown made that's out there by the barn? Well, I'm going to shock up a lot of corn, pile it all around it, lie down in the tub, and if a bear comes near up and shoot him before he can eat a kernel! That's what I'm going to do."

"Well, Sandy, you're a wise one," said Peter, shaking his head admiringly.

It was a lovely night, soft and clear. Sandy lay curled up in the immense tub, and heard the wind whispering in the corn leaves, and saw above him the great dipper, and now and then the startling brightness of a shooting-star.

The night air grew cooler—not too cool, for Sandy had taken with him a big woolen quilt, and lay with it wrapped about him. Slowly the hours moved, but never the slightest sound of bears broke the hush, only the crickets piping in the weeds. He began to feel sleepy, and woke himself by power of will, and then—and then—

It was full morning when he woke. The sun shone brightly into the scalding-tub and into his face. How foolish he had been to think the bears might come near!

Suddenly he heard some one calling "Sandy, Sandy!" It seemed like Peter's voice, but why were his tones so imploring? Sandy slowly raised his head and looked over the edge of the tub. What was it? What had happened? Acres of corn were torn down, the shocks scattered everywhere. Ears were half eaten all around.

Peter Small came across the flying and face white. "Sandy, you've scart me this time, so you have. When I saw how the bears had been round, and I didn't see you, I was afraid they'd dragged you off and eaten you up, like as not, but why didn't you shoot? Dursn't you fire?"

"Durst to," exclaimed Sandy. "Durst to! I didn't see 'em."

"Not see 'em!" cried Peter. "you don't mean to say you slept through it?"

Sandy silently bowed his head. "I guess you'd better not say anything about it," he remarked at last.

"No, sartain," said Peter. "Folks might laugh at you."

So Sandy gathered up the shocks of corn and the scattered ears, and the next night as Peter advised, went to his bed in the house.

Peter, after he was gone brought more shocks and put them round the tub, and wrapped in his blanket lay down in it.

When morning came he called out all the household and showed a dead bear, with a fat cub lying among the corn. Two others had managed to escape.

"I knew I could ketch some bears, I planned it up to watch in the scalding tub," he said triumphantly.

"I don't like folks that are always agreeing and agreeing, they're kind of traps themselves," said Sandy afterwards.—Marian Douglas in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Do You Whistle.

Arabia must be a heaven for those whose lives are made a burden to them by the whistler. The Arab maintains that a whistler's mouth cannot be purified for forty days and nights, and they assert of the whistler that satan has touched his body and caused him to produce the offensive sound. Then there are the natives of the Tonga islands, Polynesia, who hold that it is a sin to whistle, as it is an act disrespectful to God. Even in some districts in North Germany the villagers declare that if one whistles in the evening it makes the angels weep.

If you want to see a disgusted man just whistle on shipboard before a sailor. You never knew a sailor to whistle. He will tell you all about "whistling down the wind," but he could not get up a pucker to save his ship. You remember that old story about a sea captain, who refused to take aboard a woman who whistled, and, knowing the old superstition, feared that with her on board he would be sure of shipwreck. I do not know how it is with the captains of vessels now, for almost every woman seems to know how to whistle and keeps up the fashion.

What do you think of the physician who gave encouragement to the whistler in such words as the following:

"All the men whose business it is to test wind instruments made at the various factories before sending them off for sale are without exception free from pulmonary affections. I have known many who, before entering upon this calling, were very delicate, and who, nevertheless, though their duties obliged them to blow for hours together, enjoyed perfect health after a time."

He supplemented his remarks by saying that as the action or whistling is the same as that of blowing wind instruments the effect should be the same.

Old London Bridge.

New London bridge was opened in 1831. Old London bridge was a monstrosity. It dated back to the year 1176 A. D., and at least three wooden bridges are known to have occupied the same site prior to that date. The old bridge was slightly over 900 feet in length and had eighteen solid stone piers, varying in thickness from twenty-five to thirty-four feet, thus confining the flow of the river to less than half its channel. The entire surface of the bridge was occupied by blocks of brick and stone buildings (erected on arches, with the roadway running tunnel-like beneath,) some of them four stories high. All of these bridge buildings were densely packed with human beings (at one time estimated at 1,700), carrying on all the trades and other vocations of life. Spanning the two center piers was a huge church building dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, but usually styled "St. Peter's of the Bridge." In very early times the arch opening from the bridge toward the city was called "Traitor's gate," and it was no unusual thing to see the heads of a dozen executed criminals hanging over it.

Polite and Grateful.

That's what all boys should be, whether trained in the parlor or in the barn. When Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was six years old (in 1762) he exhibited his wonderful talent as a musician before the emperor and empress of Austria, at Vienna. On leaving the instrument he slipped upon the polished floor of the palace reception room, and fell. Marie Antoinette, afterward queen of France, lifted him up and kissed him. "You are very kind," said the little musician, "and when I grow up I will marry you."—Harper's Young People.

Robbie's Reason.

Papa, sternly—Why did you enter Mr. Brown's orchard and climb his trees when you knew it was wrong to do so? Answer me, young sir!

Robbie—To—to get the pears, pa.

THE ONE IS FORTY-FOUR.

Lofty, serene, star crowned she sits the one
That's forty four in all but throned as beautiful,
But with glad welcomes in her sight
For all the lowliest of God's poor, who toil
And come to make their homes with her and be
Her children.

Never more shall Tyranny
Command them to hard unpaid toil or scourge
The youth to battle in unrighteous and
Ambitious wars. Her banner she displays them with
Its forty four in one the flag beneath
Whose folds each citizen is honored prince
Or princess of the land and all in rule
Of their proud heritage.

Thus blossoms fair
The realm to fuller bloom and truer life
And closer fellowship swift marching toward
The sure fulfillment of the Master's word
And thought blest "Peace on earth good will
to men."—Albert Hopkins.

Proved His Courage.

War times and adventures were the burden of the conversation among a half dozen veterans of the civil war the other day. War stories are always entertaining, and each one of this party was ready with some recital of a deed of daring, a clever piece of strategy, tough luck experiences, or the grimly humorous side of some dangerous predicament.

"I have read many stories," said one of the old soldiers, "of individual exhibitions of bravery during the war, but I witnessed a duel between two officers of high rank that had I read it I would have believed it the product of imagination.

The veteran was a great story-teller, and the party into which the reporter had intruded settled down prepared for something interesting.

"During the early days of the war," said the old warrior, "the Federals, who had already driven the rebels from Southern Kentucky, were much troubled down in Christian county, by a Colonel Woodward, who I believe, lived near Lafayette, in that county. He was in the habit of visiting his home with a small party of skirmishers, and he always carried away with him a number of horses and supplies. The raids were uniformly successful because of their audacity, and Woodward was a thorn in the side of the Union forces in charge of that territory. A number of Northern officers, noted for their sagacity and courage, were intrusted with the task of capturing or killing Woodward, but he was too much for them. The Southern sympathizers, of whom there were many in the vicinity, greatly enjoyed these fruitless efforts to end the career of the audacious rebel, and the Union officers were exasperated by the ill-concealed amusement of the neighborhood at their expense.

"Finally a Major Brackett—I think he was from Northern Ohio—volunteered to put an end to the depredations of Woodward. By some means he learned that the Confederate, with a small force, would visit Lafayette one night, and an elaborate plan for his capture was arranged. Soon enough the raider put in an appearance, as had been expected, and Major Brackett thought his game was at last corraled. Woodward was at last surrounded, as Major Brackett thought, and the signal was given to the Union men to close in. They did so, but just as they thought the game was up for the rebel, they were suddenly attacked from several quarters simultaneously and demoralization ensued. Major Brackett swore and fumed, and the whole force fled pell-mell. They went at a wild pace through Lafayette, followed by the jeering taunts of the Southern sympathizers.

"Though no one had the temerity to say it to his face, Major Brackett felt that he was regarded as a coward, and he was naturally exasperated. It developed later that Woodward's force had been greatly inferior, numerically, to that of Brackett's. Consequently he had to submit to a deal of chaffing from his brother officers, and, being of a sensitive nature, it hurt him more than he would acknowledge. He seemed to think that his reputation for personal courage had suffered, and he was all but frantic for opportunity to prove that he was no coward. Brackett was soon after assigned for duty in the neighborhood of Memphis, where he did good work, but nothing, as he thought, to repair his shattered reputation.

"One day, however, the longed-for opportunity came. At the head of a skirmishing party he was quietly marching down the road when suddenly he came upon a similar party of Confederates. The unexpected meeting threw both parties into confusion, and before either had a chance to form for a fight, Brackett ordered his men to remain quiet and rode forward. It was a remarkable course, and, I believe, without a parallel in the history of the war, but he challenged the commanding officer of the rebels to a personal conflict.

"It happened that the rebel officer was Major Valentine, whose home was in Memphis. He was one of Forrest's men, and had a reputation as a man of aggressive personal daring. He was surprised at the unusual challenge, but he immediately accepted, and the two officers, in plain view of their companies, galloped toward each other with drawn sabers. They went at each other like knights of old, and a thrilling duel followed. The horses turned, charged and reared with wonderful rapidity. The sabers hissed viciously. Blood was drawn on both sides. The officers charged again. Brackett made a savage cut at Valentine who dodged. The officers charged again. The rebel officer made a backward cut as he passed, and the blade struck Brackett square across the back of the neck. His head dropped to one side, he reeled and fell from his horse. They picked him up, but he was dead. The blow had broken his neck. He had proved his courage but he died in the attempt. They buried him by the roadside, and the two forces withdrew without firing a shot. I was with Valentine's force, and I never witnessed a similar fight and never hope to do so."—Bowling Green Gazette.

Those Spoons.

"Almost ever body knows something of the famous war story of the late General Butler and the spoons," said Mr. J. W. Donovan of Detroit, in a recent conversation; "but I heard the story direct from the general himself, when he was on the stump in the campaign of 1872. It was at Indianapolis.

"A crowd of fully 10,000 persons were gathered under a canvas tent. Butler was in full dress, his usual habit when before the public, and was as smiling as a bride. He was at his best, a condition which meant a great deal in a man like Butler. As he stepped to the front of the platform and bowed, he was given an ovation.

"Holding a newspaper close to his eyes, he said:

"'The paper I hold is the Times. The item I am about to read is slightly personal. I'll read it.'

"Then he read as follows.

"'The citizens of Mount Vernon will be treated on Tuesday forenoon to the sight of the most hideous-looking man in America when Ben Butler will speak for the Republicans.'

"Here General Butler paused for a moment impressively, then finished the paragraph with ringing emphasis:

"'Citizens, take care of your spoons.'

"A wild burst of applause followed, which General Butler stilled with a wave of his right hand. Then he turned the profile of his face to his audience and said:

"'Now, I am on exhibition on that point.'

"A powerful speech of an hour and a half, urging the election of General Grant, followed, after which General Butler mopped his heated face and tackled the spoon question.

"'I have never before attempted to answer the slanders and calumnies that follow the career of men who become the marks of their enemies,' he said, 'but I will pay my respects to this little editor and his companion on a local paper.'

"General Butler then burst forth in a philippic—fun, severity, sarcasm, and eloquence alternating. He swayed that vast audience as few such audiences had ever been swayed before. Hundreds jumped upon their seats and yelled:

"'Give it to him! Give it to him! D——n him! Hit him again!'

"This excitement continued for half an hour, when the speaker suddenly wound up with the story of how he had been placed in command when New Orleans was in open rebellion; he had cleaned the streets, reclaimed a million dollars worth of waste lands, brought order out of chaos by proclaiming that if the women of the city did not cease from throwing slops down the necks of his soldiers while they were on guard duty, from their windows, they would be classed as women of the town, and treated accordingly—a threat which stopped the method of insult, and led to their saying, in their anger, that such a man would steal spoons.

"'With 500,000 men under my command,' the general thundered, 'with millions of money under my control, with all this vast responsibility, with life and death at my finger ends, how much time do you think—how much time do you really think—old Ben Butler had to crawl into back yards and steel spoons?'

"That," concluded Mr. Donovan, "was a speech and a climax that I have never been able to forget."—National Tribune.

The Camel Is a Soldier.

The camel is a soldier.

It may be stupidity and it may be bravery, but a camel is as steady under fire as a tower. The Persians mounted small cannons on the backs of their camels, and called them zambwahs, or "little wasps." This fashion was adopted in India, and after the battle of Sobraon 2,000 of these artillery camels were captured. In the Indian mutiny the British had a camel corps of 150 beasts, and on the back of each camel sat a Scotch Highlander in his kilt. In 1845 Sir Charles Napier had a camel corps in Sindh, and in one day he marched seventy-five miles, defeated a brigand chief, and marched home again. In 1878 the British used camels against the Afghans and the government paid for 50,000 camels that died in these campaigns. Many of these were driven to death by their owners, in order that they might claim the government bounty.

Amusing Blunder.

On the evening before a solar eclipse not long ago the colonel of a regiment of German infantry sent for all his sergeants and said to them: "There will be an eclipse of the sun to-morrow. The regiment will meet on the parade ground in undress. I will come and explain the eclipse before the drill. If the day is cloudy the men will meet in the drill shed as usual." The sergeants thereupon drew up the following order of the day: "To-morrow morning, by order of the colonel, there will be an eclipse of the sun. The regiment will assemble on the parade ground, where the colonel will come and superintend the eclipse in person. If the day is cloudy the eclipse will take place in the drill shed.—Youth's Companion.

ANTS BIGGER THAN FOXES.

Pliny Could Discount Anabias in the Art of Drawing the Long Bow.

Pliny, that rare old gossiper tells, among his other extraordinary stories, that of the Bactrian method of obtaining gold. The sandy deserts of Bactria in the days of that historian were, so the old man says, literally swarming with ants "slightly bigger than foxes." These gigantic representatives of the genus homenoptera burrowed deeply into the sandy wastes, their tunnels and galleries often being hundreds of feet in extent. The earth removed from these burrows was always carried to the outside and thrown up in hills (remember Pliny says this) "of a bigness exceeding that of a palace." This debris—sand, earth, etc.—was soon found to be wonderfully rich in small nuggets of gold. The danger from the ants was greater, however, than that from the Indians in the early days of gold digging in the Western United States, and many stories are told of men who were literally devoured in a few moments by the fierce owners of some disturbed burrow. Some observing old hunter at last discovered that the giant ants slept during the hottest hours of the day. After that the seekers after the yellow metal only made their incursions at the proper time, and even then they only stayed long enough in the deserts to fill their sacks with the golden sand, which they took home to sift at leisure. With all this precaution the ants often "swiftly pursued the fleetest horses, and it was only by using various stratagems that the invaders managed to escape alive."

A FUNNY COURTSHIP.

A Swain Visits His Friend's Sweetheart and Wins Her Himself.

A romantic wedding took place in the Lee Avenue civil court in Brooklyn the other day, when Joseph Frankel and Miss Lena Rubenstein were married by Civil Justice E Clarence Murphy. Frankel told his story to the judge.

"I have been in this city about eighteen months," he said. "I share a room with a young fellow of my own age, named Max Traum. Traum used to tell me about his sweetheart, Lena Rubenstein, who lived at 21 Ewen street, and, at his request, I called to see her. I loved her from the first. Traum never liked to meet his girl alone, so he used to take me with him time after time. He was a funny fellow, too, for when Lena would be playing the piano he would go to sleep on the sofa. Last night I went with Traum as usual to call upon Lena, and as usual he fell asleep. Then I told Lena that I loved her and she told me that the love was returned. I am not able to support a wife at present, but Lena and I thought it was best to get married without losing any time. That is why we came here to-day. When we leave here Lena will return to her home and I will go back to my boarding house and work until I have money enough to support my wife in proper style. When that time comes we will be married by a rabbi, but in the meantime Traum is out of it."

IT HAPPENS THAT WAY.

A Woman Talks About Her Neighbors and Then Wishes She Hadn't.

"I hear you have been moving?" she said as she found herself in the same seat with an acquaintance on a Detroit street car.

"Yes; we are down on Twelfth street now."

"And do you like the new place?"

"Quite well, but the family next door is just awful. There's about a million young 'uns, and the woman scolds and the man gets drunk and my husband declares he'll have the whole lot arrested."

"It's too bad you get alongside of such people. What did you say your number was?"

"No. —"

"Why, my sister lives at No. —, right below you! You must have reference to her!"

"Dear me, but—"

"I don't understand—"

"Excuse me, but I have to get off here. Do come down and see me. We never were so pleasantly situated. It is one of the nicest neighborhoods in all Detroit, and I'm almost lonesome to hear a child cry!"

She Knew a Real Villain.

Here is a story told by Hall Caine concerning Wilkie Collins: "The most successful character in 'The woman in White' was not a Woman, but a man—Fosco, the fat villain. When the book was produced everybody was talking about the fat villain. Whilst the author was staying with his mother a lady visitor came. This lady said to Collins: 'You seem to have made a great success with your villain in "The Lady in White." I have read the book. I have studied this villain, but he is not half a villain; you don't know a real villain; you have imagined this villain. I know a villain, and the next time you want to do a villain come to me. I am very close to one; I have one constantly in my eye—in fact, it is my own husband!" Wilkie Collins often told this story but withheld the name of the lady. It was the wife of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

Traveling Libraries.

A system of traveling libraries that has been arranged according to law in New York state allows farmers good reading for almost the asking. A farmer can borrow a collection of 100 standard books for a period of six months on satisfactory guaranty against loss and the payment of $5. These will be lent without other expense to any free library under the regents' supervision, or a petition of twenty-five taxpayers in any place which has not yet established such a library.