

THE PEOPLE of the State of New York, by the grace of God free and independent. To Hugh Hogan, Edward Hogan, James Hogan, Catherine Kallachy, Martin Hogan, Mary Pezz, Sylvia Hogan, the legatees, next of kin, heirs, assigns, 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 said county of Monroe, in the surrogate's court, on the 27th day of March, 1924, 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 estate of Mary 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 seek of a special guardian, or in event of their neglect or failure to do so, a special guardian will be appointed by the surrogate, 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 affixed. Witness, Hon. J. A. Adlington, surrogate of said county, at the city of Rochester, on the 27th day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four.

WILLIAM P. O'BRIEN, Clerk Surrogate Court.
O'Brien & Paine, attorneys for executor,
205-207 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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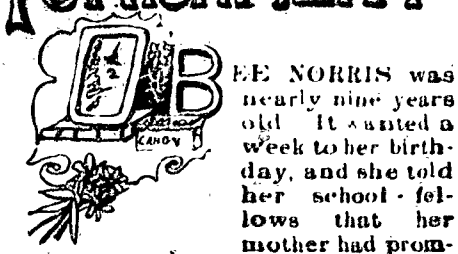
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NETTIE'S PUNISHMENT



BEE NORRIS was nearly nine years old. It wanted a week to her birthday, and she told her school fellows that her mother had promised to let her have a party.

"Won't it be nice?" she asked. "Mother says we may have dancing after tea, and my sister Dora has been teaching me to waltz. It isn't so very hard to do. Father is going to show his magic lantern."

A chorus of approval greeted this statement. "And we shall have games, besides," and Dora knew so many Musical Chairs, and Hunt the Slipper, and Dumb Charades."

She was a merry, good-tempered little girl, and very popular with her companions; but during the next few days she found herself the object of more attention than she had ever before received. Ada Martin made a ring of many-colored beads for her. Grace Turner lent her a story book, and Maud Ellis lent her her skipping-rope during recreation hour.

Two days before the birthday Bee brought half a dozen little notes, folded in the shape of cooked hats, to school and distributed them with an important air. Ada, Maud and Grace were three of the fortunate ones, and the others were Flo and Katie Eaton, a pair of twin sisters, and a young girl named Nettie Coulter.

"I wrote the invitations myself last night," said Bee proudly. "Dora told me how to spell the hard words, and Bob did the folding."

Perhaps Nettie Coulter was the one to whom the invitation gave most pleasure, for she had not expected it. She was a shy child of seven, and had not long attended the school. Her eyes sparkled as she thanked Bee, and when lessons were over her eager little feet carried her home in a very short time.

"Mother, may I go to Bee's party?" she cried, holding the note aloft in triumph. "I wrote the invitations myself last night," said Bee proudly. "Dora told me how to spell the hard words, and Bob did the folding." "Perhaps Nettie Coulter was the one to whom the invitation gave most pleasure, for she had not expected it. She was a shy child of seven, and had not long attended the school. Her eyes sparkled as she thanked Bee, and when lessons were over her eager little feet carried her home in a very short time."

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IN MEMORIAM.
The rhythmic beat of a thousand feet
Come thumping up from the crowded street
Where flags are gaily arched
And proud as the day they went away
But stepped and trod of their brave array,
The boys grow gray are marching.

The Kids From Winchester.
A few days after the great Chicago fire I visited that city from St. Louis, in company with Orville Grant, the president's only brother. Sheridan's headquarters were located there at the time, and through his active instrumentality thousands of famished citizens received food and shelter.

The evening before I started back for St. Louis he suggested that we call upon General Sheridan, who was privately located on Michigan avenue, about five blocks away from the house of Orville.

Orville Grant and myself were ushered into the parlor, and soon after General Sheridan appeared, greeting us with that off-hand, ready sincerity that characterized all his movements. We talked for some time about the awful catastrophe that had visited the garden city, and the general talked and acted as if he had suffered a personal loss in the destruction that had occurred.

I remarked, "General, won't you be kind enough to tell us some of the details of that famous ride of yours that Buchanan Read has immortalized in poetry?"

"The general smiled and said, 'Joyce, I'm afraid the post did more for Sheridan than he ever did for himself. Read was here some time ago, and took dinner with me. That marble bas-relief on the mantelpiece of Riensl and myself dashing down the Winchester Pike was presented by some of his friends. If it had not been for the strength and spirit of that black horse out in the stable,' pointing to the rear, 'I doubt very much whether I'd have got on the field in time to turn the boys back, recover our camps, and thrash Early before dark.'

"You know I had been up to Washington for a day or so to consult with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton on the situation in the valley, and left Crook, Wright, Merritt and Custer to take care of things until I returned, not thinking that Early would take the offensive, remembering the lesson I taught him the month before at Fisher's Hill."

"But very early, in fact before day-light on the 10th of October, an officer came to my temporary headquarters near Winchester and reported anxiously bringing to the front. I was just getting back from Washington. I told the officer to find out what he could and report again. To my feelings I could not think but my officers at the front could hold their own with Early in any event."

"But after a hasty breakfast I became somewhat alarmed at the reports that came in, and prepared at once to rush to the front. With Major Ewers and Captain O'Keefe, of my staff, and about twenty men as an escort, I dashed away from my headquarters through the town of Winchester about nine o'clock in the morning, leaving Colonel Edwards in command to stop stragglers. I could see from the faces of citizens, and particularly from the action of the women that something unusual of good news had reached them by grapevine telegraph."

"After I crossed over the hill, beyond Mill creek I beheld the first view of my panic-stricken army. Hundreds of slightly-wounded men, dumps of frightened stragglers, mules, horses, cattle, ambulances and baggage-wagons by the score, blocked up the road or dashed about through the fields to find a way to the rear."

midst of my command and I communicated with Crook, Wright, Custer and Emory, the latter holding the enemy at bay and repulsing many of his frantic dashes. I felt very much humiliated to think that our morning camps on Cedar creek and my headquarters at Belle Grove house, munitions of war, and many of my men lay unburied in front, and prisoners were in the hands of the enemy. Custer and Merritt were forming their cavalry for immediate fight. Wright, Crook, McMillen and Mackenzie, although wounded, were rallying their men."

"By 1 o'clock in the afternoon I was at the front, and casting my eyes to the right and left I could see that various regiments and brigades were getting into place and bracing up for defense."

"But I intended before night closed in to retake our camps on Cedar creek and occupy my headquarters at Belle Grove house, or sacrifice the balance of my army. The Nineteenth, Sixth, and Crook's corps were in pretty good shape at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and about that time I ordered Custer to charge to the front and wake up the Johnnies, who were hesitating as to what they should do with their impulsive victory."

"My advance was a surprise to Early, and when the infantry got in their murderous work with the crackling roar of musketry, I could see that we regained our lost ground rapidly. To make a long story short, by sunset we had the enemy on the dead run across Cedar creek and beyond, with thousands of prisoners in our hands, captured flags, stacks of small arms, transportation material, and more than forty pieces of artillery."—National Tribune

Fit Lee is an Indian Fighter.
The favorite of middle-aged and young Virginia is General "Fit" Lee. If he has an enemy in the state no man knows who it is. General Lee was one of the most promising young officers of the famous Second cavalry in the old army before he became an officer of the Confederacy. He had been in half a dozen ugly Indian fights even then. At the famous action at Wichita village, October 1, 1854, where Major Van Dora with four troops of the regiment fought 1,600 Comanche, Lipan and Arapahoe warriors, and but for his sagacity would have met with the fate of General Custer in his last fight, Fitzhugh Lee distinguished himself."

Toward the close of the action he was struck in the side by an Indian arrow. After walking about for half an hour after the fight was over he got tired of the thing sticking out and it began to hurt too. So he waited until the wounded were pretty well picked up and attended to. Then he said:

"Pull this devilish thing out, some of you fellows, can't you?"
A man gave it a strong tug, but it would not come. He lay down upon his left side and calling a trooper—his bugler it was—said to him:

"Now, put your foot against my side and pull."
The man did as he was told. Lee's face became very white, and great drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead. The man was terrible. Directly the head came off in his body and that was the shaft.

Just then Zymanski, an officer in the Second cavalry, had not known that Lieutenant Lee was so badly wounded, and as he approached the general that was very successful, for it was hardly possible the surgeon could get to the five Zymanski said, taking off his soft slouch hat. "That was a pretty close call, wasn't it?" pointing to where a big round bullet and two buckshot had gone through within two inches of each other, cutting off some locks of his abundant hair at the same time.

"Ah, Zymanski," said Lee, laughing, "you can't fool us that way. You set your hat up on a stump and shot those holes through yourself, you know you did."
"Everybody laughed."
"Oh, you're all right, Fitz," said Major Van Dora, who had just come up. "No man's going to die who can think of a joke, even though he is as badly hurt as you are."
The major was a true prophet, though it cost Lieutenant Lee many a weary night of pain before he finally did get able to ride again. The arrowhead could never be found. It troubled Lee for several years at times, but the physicians say it has been absorbed years ago.

JESTERS AT WORK.
Beadle—A dollar doesn't go nearly so far as it used to. Noodd—No, but then it goes much faster.

She—Charley Touchall never seems to work. WI—Does he do for a living? He with a sigh—His friends.

"It's funny about bridal pairs. They're not like other pairs at all." "Why not?" "They're softest when they're green."

Johnnie—I guess mermaids must be the happiest people in the world. Mamma—Why, dear? Johnnie—Well, they don't have to wash their faces or black any shoes.

Had Roy gleefully—I had the earache this morning. Good boy—What good is that? Had Roy—Me mother put cotton in me ears and now I don't hear 'er when she calls.

"I've noticed," says Uncle Moss, "dat de man wot won't do nuffin' less'n he's paid fer it, will do anything, no matter how mean it am, pervidin' he do get paid for it."

"Begorrah," said Mr. Dolan, "O've thought up a way to find a postcard carred so that no wan kin tell phwats in it." "How do you do it?" "I put it inside an invillup and send that!" Judge—What is the charge against these young men? Detective Sleuth-pup—Malicious cruelty, yer honor.

"How so?" "I caught them walking up night watchmen and policemen and then running away."
Husband—Let us go to the concert, my dear. I understand that there are some beautiful love songs on the program. Wife—All right. If you wish to refresh your memory by listening to love songs I certainly have no objection.

Young Minister—What can we do to make our services sufficiently interesting to draw in the non-church-going? Deacon, thoughtfully—I dunno of anything except to do away with the sermons and substitute a service of song.

"Rose," said the adorer, taking his hat and came for the seventh time, and making the third bluff at leaving since 11 o'clock. "Rose, bid me but hope. I could wait for you forever." "That's all very well, Mr. Staylate," said the beautiful girl, coldly, "but you needn't begin to-night."

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