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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

PURSUANT to an order of Hon. George A. Benton, Surrogate of the County of Monroe, notice is hereby given, according to law to all persons having claims or demands against Paul Haag late of the Town of Gates, County of Monroe, State of New York, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned at their place for the transaction of business as such at No 30 Walnut St., Rochester New York, on or before the 25th day of September, 1896.

Dated March 6th, 1896.

LOUIS N. HAAG
and MARGARET HOAG

MURPHY, KEENAN & KEENAN, attorneys for Executors, 225 and 226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y. Mch 11-6t

THE PEOPLE of the State of New York, by the grace of God, free and independent. To Caroline Rumph, John George Miller, Annie Decker, Ernest Ludwig Miller, Louise Miller, Jacob Brushardt, David Bruthardt, Christ Brushardt, Caroline Horn, Charles Rumph, Jacob Rumph, Evelina Arnold, Ernest Arnold and Martha E. Miller, heirs at law and next to kin of Wilhelmina Lucke, send greeting.

Whereas, Ernest Henry Lucke, the executor named in a certain instrument in writing bearing date December 10th, 1895, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Wilhelmina Lucke, late of the city of Rochester, in said County of Monroe and State of New York, deceased, and relating to both real and personal estate, has lately made applications to the Surrogate's Court of our County of Monroe, to have said instrument proved and recorded as a will of personal and real estate, you and each of you are cited and required to appear before the Surrogate of the County of Monroe, at his office in the city of Rochester, in said County of Monroe, New York, on the 21st day of April, 1896, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to attend the probate of said last Will and Testament. 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 have none, that they appear and apply for the appointment of a special guardian, or in the 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 the probate of said Will.

In testimony whereof, we have caused the seal of the Surrogate's court of the county of Monroe, to be hereto affixed. Witness, Hon. George A. Benton, surrogate of said county, at the city of Rochester, this 5th day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six. (L. S.)

K. K. CRENNELL,
Clerk of Surrogate's Court.

J. P. O'Connor, attorney for executor, 312 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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To say anything is created without a purpose would be to expose our ignorance and become the subject of ridicule, therefore accepting the belief that all things when judiciously used or applied tend to the betterment of our conditions. In some particular, it is a natural conclusion that pure WINES are one of nature's greatest Elixirs and intended as a medicine which taken as such is a rejuvenator which to the convalescent and those physically weak consequent from overtaxation of work etc., cannot be supplied in any other way.

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Ordinary, $1.00 per gallon. Golden Gate $1.25 per gallon. Harvest Queen Whiskey $2.00 per gallon.

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THE SUN SAPPHIRE.

Some years ago I had charge of a large hard wood lumber business on the west coast of Mexico. Toward the evening of a busy day, during which we had been loading one of our large lumber schooners with the aromatic Spanish cedar logs, two men rode up to my jacal, or temporary house of cane and palm leaves, on the beach where I held my office as superintendent. They had come down from the village of La Chola, where we kept our permanent office, upon my invitation to see us load the lumber vessel.

One was an Englishman, a mining engineer, by the name of Pickwick, who had charge of some gold mines not far from La Chola; the other, a Dr. Moses, who, as his name implies, was a Jew. He was a man of the world, accustomed to danger, lithe, quick eyed and quick witted, a fatalist, an expert in games of love and chance, generous and friendly, his morality not of the highest order. He was a good shot, a good liar, a good drinker and a good fellow.

I was glad enough to see them, for a white face is eagerly welcomed in that country of brown ones, and after I had shown them the manner of loading the logs on the schooner, and we had watched the big logs battle with the breakers as they were slowly but surely yanked out on the endless line, we repaired to the jacal for our supper.

During the meal the doctor entertained us by recounting his adventures and showed us this ring which I now wear.

"Look closely," said he, "and you will see gleaming far down in the liquid blue depths of this bisected ovoid stone a brilliant golden sun, with its sparkling corona darting out until its rays are quenched in a sea of sapphire blue."

We examined it and greatly admired its beauty. Its central sun shone clearly and steadily.

"The Peruvians," continued the doctor, "prized these stones very highly. They held them sacred and called them opu and have a very pretty tradition in regard to them: Whenever an inca ruler was born the sun, who, according to their belief, was his father and whom the Peruvians worshiped as the giver of all things, dissipated a world—a sort of pyrotechnic display in honor of the happy event. All that was pure and good in that world was concentrated into this one liquid lump and deposited somewhere to be discovered by some lucky person in the empire. When the inca ascended the throne, this lucky person came forward, presented the sapphire and received from him some high situation.

"The inca carefully guarded the stone and usually had it set in a resplendent sunburst of pure gold. This he wore on his breast as insignia of his office. Thenceforth it was his lucky stone, his guiding star, his life. As long as its central sun remained bright, so long did that ruler prosper, but when the central sun commenced to pale he knew some danger was coming, and when it went out entirely his death accompanied its extinguishment.

"With stately pomp they interred the inca and placed all his jewels with him in mute testimony of his earthly wealth. Of the 18 rulers of the Huacan dynasty there still remain 5 tombs undiscovered, and if either of you gentlemen feels desirous of possessing one of these stones you can take a pick and shovel and go to Peru and prospect. Another curious thing is that no one has ever found one of these stones in the rough, and no one in modern times has been able, as some folks have thought could be done, to cut a piece of corundum, the material composing sapphires, in such a manner as to concentrate the rays of light in one spot as this does, and thus produce a sun.

"Now," continued the doctor, "suppose we turn our attention from the dry subject of jewelry and indulge as the French say, 'in un American game of pokaire.' Are you all agreeable?"

Bidding Dona Maria, the cook, remove the remains of the supper, and calling for a fourth hand Theodoro, our Mexican foreman, a protege of mine, who, among other accomplishments, could have instructed Hoyle in card playing, we sat down to play.

Playing the game of poker to me is not very enjoyable, owing, no doubt, to the fact that I invariably lose. It has, however, always been my pleasure to hear and tell poker stories, all of course absolutely true, but never in the course of my observation or hearing, nor in the wildest flights of my imagination, have I known of such luck as that Jew possessed. The way he held cards that took in our shekels was awful, atrocious, blood curdling. If I had pairs, he had better ones; if I had threes, he had a full house; if I had a full house, he had fours or a straight flush. This continued until I was thoroughly disgusted. Even Theodoro lost.

Presently the doctor, who during the last few moments had grown quite pale, much to my surprise said: "Had we not better quit? It is not very valorous in me, who have been winning, to suggest it, but I feel sleepy and you have a hard day before you tomorrow, if you wish to finish loading the schooner. You may have your revenge on me at a later date." And, notwithstanding our losses, we were very glad to stop.

In the early mananita, long before the sun had risen and while the thin veil of mist hung low in the massive forest, making it cool and pleasant to travel, I bade the doctor and Pickwick adieu, but before they left I intrusted Pickwick with $2,000 in bills to take to La Chola and exchange for silver to send me by messenger. The raya, or pay roll, of the men fell due next day, and bills were entirely beyond the comprehension or use of a people to whom a dollar was a small sized fortune.

The doctor looked very glum and uneasy, and it seemed to me that he was watching something about his hand. Was it possible that he believed in that old Peruvian superstition and that the signs were inauspicious? As I bade them goodby his face brightened, and he said in as cheery a voice as he could command, "Well, old man, goodby, and I hope your revenge will not be put off too long." Then, waving a graceful adios, the two rode away.

That evening Pickwick's messenger arrived in camp, but instead of the money he was to bring, he brought only $1,000 and the following note:

DEAR HERBERT—I have been able to exchange no more than one-half the amount of your bills and now a messenger comes from the mines asking me to start for them immediately. The large Cornish pump is broken. The lower level is flooded, and I must go immediately to see if I cannot remedy matters. I send you what money I could get. I cleaned out the town of ready cash and have intrusted the balance of the bills to Moses, who will go over to Anaya's ranch this evening (Anaya was something of a banker), exchange the money and send it to you by noon tomorrow. In haste, PICKWICK.

The turn affairs had taken did not please me. I was not willing to trust the doctor, but there was no alternative.

The morning dawned and the sun reached the zenith, but the messenger with the money did not arrive. The day ran on; noon passed. The sun shone in the surfmen's eyes as they worked in the frothing breakers, but the froth of the breakers did not portend money, as does the froth on a cup of tea, for none came.

As I sat at the table we had used the night before, making up the log list from the measurers' tags, my hand happened to stray underneath, and I felt something smooth. Investigation proved it to be cards—three kings and an ace, held there by a little watch spring arrangement screwed to the soft redwood. They were underneath that part of the table occupied the night before by the doctor.

I was dazed. So this was the reason he won, and I had been fool enough to believe that he played a "straight" game. Calling Theodoro I showed him the "hold out." He was greatly surprised and very angry, and suggested that we pursue the doctor and recover our money. This I decided to do, and telling the men that pay day would be put off until Monday, Theodoro and I set off in a hurry for La Chola.

We arrived in that pretentious village about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately repaired to the Meson de Guadalupe, the only hostelry in the place, to leave our horses. Hardly had we passed through the grand portal of the meson when Dona Carolina Mendosa, the proprietress, came toward me with such a troubled look that I asked her in alarm what ailed her.

"Ah, valgame Dios! Why did I trust him, the sinverguenza," she wailed.

"What is the matter, Dona Carolina?" I again asked.

"Oh, senor, that picaro Jew has gone away with all his rent and board bill unpaid—more than $14—and that is not all—he took my mare, the best horse in the whole distrito." With this, the poor woman broke down completely.

This was interesting, but not surprising news to me, and I eagerly asked her when he had gone.

"I don't know the hour," she sobbed. "I learned that he had gone only a half hour ago, when I went to put some clean clothes in his room."

Thereupon I hastened to the office of the jefe politico, a police officer with combined state and municipal functions.

I found him idly swinging in a hammock. On my approach he got up and grasped me warmly by the hand and offered me a chair. Disregarding the custom of the country of going around Robin Hood's barn before telling a thing, I immediately proceeded to business, told him all that I have told you and asked him what course had better be pursued.

"It is as I expected," he replied. "Read this." He handed me an official looking document, which proved to be an official letter from the governor of Vera Cruz in regard to a certain Max Bergstein, who was wanted for two crimes—the abduction of a girl and embezzlement. The description fitted Moses exactly. It was he, without a doubt.

"Why did you not arrest him at once? This description is perfect," I asked.

With a shrug of his shoulders he said: "Well, I thought manana would do as well as today, and I still think so. He is gone now and off my hands. Que le vaya bien!"

"But are you not going to try and catch him?" I asked in astonishment.

"Senor Herbert," he answered, with a languid smile, "you are not acquainted with the customs of this country. We Mexicans never fly in the face of Providence as you Americans do. When fortune so favors us as to kill for us a great quantity of trouble, we never try to resuscitate that trouble. Besides in this case it would be foolish to exert ourselves. Moses has, as you say, Dona Carolina's mare, the fastest horse in the district. He probably started this morning, and if so, is already far down the Mamantlaco, perhaps at Panuco by this time. You know there are no telegraphs in this state, so, amigo, I am sorry, but you had better bid your thousand dollars adios, and be thankful they were not more. However, if you wish to cool your indignation by chasing Dr. Moses, take as many of my soldiers as you wish. Regard my feelings, though, and if you catch him, don't bring him back here. Put him to some good use, such as fertilizing the orchids, for instance. You know the orchids—they grow high up in the tree." And he smiled significantly.

Thanking him for the offer, I went off to talk the matter over with Theodoro, who had learned that Moses took a servant and a pack animal. He learned further that some washerwomen had seen Moses pass at 3 p. m. This news encouraged me, and I asked Theodoro if he thought we could overtake the doctor.

He studied awhile, "Yes," he replied, "but in only one way. If we can borrow Don Vicente's horse for you to ride and I get a little mule of mine from over the hill in the milpa, I think we can catch him by morning. He cannot travel very swiftly with his mare and pack animal. Besides he will go by the coast, which makes a long curve to the west. We will follow a wood trail that I know and save an hour's time between here and Panuco."

"Can we handle him, or shall I borrow some soldiers of the jefe, Theodoro?"

"Senor," he answered, "do you remember the night you saved my life from the woodchoppers? How we fought back to back and whipped those nine macheteros. And then you ask me if we can whip one man. I will go alone and bring him back."

"No, Theo," I replied, "we will go together. Let us eat. Then you can get your little mule and I will ask Don Vicente for his horse."

Supper over, we soon procured our horses, and with many blessings and good wishes from Dona Carolina, we started out.

Our way led along the main road, or camino real, until we reached Tzatlan, a small village, where we struck the wood trail. There we learned that about 4 p. m. Moses and his servant had passed. Theodoro had carefully studied the ground from La Chola to Tzatlan, and though the light was now failing rapidly we had no difficulty in recognizing the track of Dona Carolina's mare.

We rode hard. At times the way was bad, and we had to slacken our pace. Occasionally we were forced to duck our heads to preserve our eyes from some thorny bush, and once we rode for two miles through a swampy country where the gigantic trees, arching overhead, completely shut out all light. Once, when riding over a bushy mesa, my horse stopped and snorted, and there, ahead in the moonlight on the trail, stood a large jaguar, but only for an instant; then he turned and crashed through the bushes.

At midnight we stopped beside a small creek and watered the horses and stretched our legs. Oh, how sore I was! I had never ridden so hard before. How I wished for a telegraph line, and I wondered if Herodias suffered as much when she chased her wandering Jew.

About 5 o'clock in the morning Theodoro, who was ahead, stopped, and I rode up to him. "What is it?" I asked.

"We are now," answered Theo, "about half a mile from Panuco. I think we had better try and stop them here. We have traveled fast, and I don't believe they have passed this point."

I agreeing, we turned down an arroyo and reached the camino real. Here Theodoro made a close scrutiny of the ground by the aid of a couple of lighted matches and assured me that Moses had not yet passed.

We tied our horses a few yards back in the wood, and selecting a large clump of mesquite to hide behind waited with anxious hearts the coming of the Jew.

It seemed that we had waited an age, and I was beginning to despair. The day commenced to dawn and the moon to pale, when we heard a rattle of hoofs and stones, and Theodoro said to me, "Here he comes; he is about 300 yards away." I hastily looked at the cartridges and cocked the shotgun that I had brought along in preference to a revolver. It was loaded heavily in each barrel with buckshot.

Nearer and nearer came the sounds, and looking through the foliage I could see in the dim light Moses and his servant. They were asleep. The mare, tired from her all night trip, was walking slowly.

I stepped out from behind the bush. The mare gave a snort and stopped. The noise awoke him with a jerk, and seeing two men with guns leveled on his master valorously turned tail and went clattering down the road, leaving the pack mule and Moses to our tender mercies.

"Get off your horse, doctor," I cried.

He made an involuntary move toward his revolver, then looked down the barrels of our guns and concluded that it was best to do as I wished.

"That's right," I said. "Now throw up your hands. I don't wish to detain you unnecessarily, doctor, but I would like the money you so kindly changed for me."

Theodoro now stepped up, and while I covered Moses he disarmed him and went through his pockets, grip, blankets and saddlebags, but all he could find in money was $246.

"Where is the rest of my money, doctor?" I asked.

"I lost it cook fighting at Don Ignacio's," he replied.

"All right, then. Your jewelry will be good for $200, and when you get settled in some other country I shall draw on you at sight for the balance."

How his black eyes glittered with anger at me! Theodoro relieved him of his watch and attempted to take the ring from his hand, but as he did so Moses jerked his hand away and started to run.

"Stop," I cried, "or I'll shoot! Deliver that ring or I'll blow your head off."

He stopped, and with a voice full of sorrow said: "It's no use. I knew it would come to this. Would that I had believed that I could in some manner circumvent the predictions of this ring! There, take it." And with a gesture full of bitterness he hurled it at my feet. "May it trouble you as it has me. It has five times unerringly predicted disaster to me, and do my best I cannot escape. Yet I could not bear to part with this stone. It possessed a horrible hold on me. I could not live without knowing the future. Now I am glad it is gone."

"Never mind about me," I replied, "I'll take the chances of the bad luck to come. I ought now to take you back to the jefe, and let him ship you over to Vera Cruz to answer for your crime there"—he winced at this—"but I shall be more merciful. I know that a Mexican prison is as much to be dreaded as hades, so here is your empty revolver and $5 in silver. My revenge has come quickly, according to your wish, doctor. Now go and let your presence be scarce hereafter in La Chola. You may take the mule."

He climbed on the pack saddle, spurred up the mule and quickly vanished down the road.

Theodoro and I returned to La Chola at our leisure. I gave the watch to him, settled the doctor's board bill, returned the mare, and kept the balance of the money and the ring myself.

So far I have been fortunate. You see the central sun shines brilliantly.—Bruce Howard in San Francisco Argonaut.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Rodus Point.

The bridges between Newark and Fairville were washed away by the flood and no trains came here for three days. Some Sodus parties were obliged to return to Rochester and come home by way of the R. W. and O.

A number of sportsmen have been here for the past week, as duck hunting is very fine.

Owing to the late cold snap the ice is still solid in the bay.

Mrs. James Walsh and son have returned from a trip to Newark.

Macedon.

Miss Clarina Hebert, of Rochester, visited friends in town the first of the week.

Mrs. John Farrell, Sr., died Friday, March 27th, aged 68 years. She was buried from St. Patrick's church the following Monday.

Michael Honey, of Farmington, died Thursday, April 2nd, aged 63 years, and was buried from St. Patrick's church last Monday morning. Rev. Father Holmes officiating.

Miss Mabel Littel, of the Sacred Heart Convent, Rochester, visited her parents for a few days this week.

Miss Edna Brennan, of the Nazareth convent, Rochester spent a few days with her parents this week.

Dennis O'Neil's house in this village was burned to the ground on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Miss Fannie Wasick visited relatives in Rochester over Sunday.

Miss Grace Harp is very ill.

Charles Hurlburt is also seriously ill.

Williard.

Mrs. Peter McDermott had a very severe fall, on Friday last, cutting her face badly, and bruising one of the bones of her arm.

Miss May Carley spent Easter with friends at Geneva.

Mr. Bernard Champion has left for Minnesota, where he has accepted a position as attendant in the hospital for the criminal insane.

Mr. Owen McGrath had the misfortune to fall and break one of the bones of his left leg.

The district school has closed last week, and the teachers attended the teacher's institute at Ovid.

Misses Honora and Mary Ryan visited Albion on Wednesday last.

Miss Libbie Grosbeck, who has been visiting Mrs. Wands on Willard street, has returned to her home at Penn Yan.

Miss Kate McArdle spent last week at her home at Ovid.

Penn Yan.

Mrs. Miles, who has been seriously ill, is slowly recovering.

Miss Alice Dowling has returned from Dundee, and will again take up her residence in this village.

Miss Mary Meehan has returned from a visit with friends in Geneva.

The many friends of Mrs. Meade are rejoiced to learn that she is recovering from a serious illness.

The funeral of William Magee was held Friday from St. Michael's church to the village.

Mr. Jerry Creary, of Rochester, was in town Sunday.

Sister M. Maxentia, who spent the Convent of Mercy at Rochester, was visited of Andrew and Mary Geoghegan, of this place. May her staff not be grown.

Easter was appropriately observed at St. Michael's church, in this village, and the services were largely attended.

St. Michael's school reopened on Wednesday, April 8th.

William McEvoy has opened a meat market in the block owned by Hyland & Carleton.

Miss Theresa Scanlin is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Meldrum.

Mt. Read.

There was a large attendance at church Easter Sunday, and fifty persons received Holy Communion. The pastor in the course of his sermon felt happy and spoke [illegible] an attendance of the parishioners at Easter duties. "We [illegible] who have not yet complied with this duty, then he went [illegible] object so have [illegible] evening.

Mass will take place at nine o'clock morning.

A Solemn high mass will be held in church Wednesday morning [illegible] of the soul of Joseph [illegible] funeral was held in this place [illegible]

Junius Tarbox, who is [illegible] played by Hick. Thomas [illegible] with a pistol [illegible] ing, while staying at [illegible] He entered the [illegible] Michael district, and [illegible] For some time [illegible] until the following [illegible] discovered in a mangled [illegible] Mass and his [illegible]

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EDWARD HARRIS,
WILLIAM L. [illegible]

Health

Depends upon keeping all the [illegible] pure condition, however [illegible] and yet there are [illegible] have perfectly pure [illegible] Sarsaparilla [illegible] purifies the blood [illegible] impurities that [illegible] system and permits the [illegible] ons of disease. Read the [illegible]

"I cannot recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla too highly for it has done [illegible] for me. I [illegible]

Sick

and all run down and [illegible] that I could not get [illegible] not able to do anything [illegible] which actuated me [illegible] nervous and could not [illegible] had become completely [illegible] I decided to read an advertisement [illegible] Hood's Sarsaparilla and [illegible] a trial. After taking the first bottle I felt better and since taking five bottles am so much improved that I feel like a new man. I am able to do a day's work and sleep [illegible]

Well

at night. My hand does not [illegible] and I have remained great [illegible] Rochester [illegible] all cured at I hope from [illegible] will be [illegible] it as you [illegible] Sarsaparilla [illegible]

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Sawyer's Crystal Blue [illegible]

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