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**THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK**, by the Grace of God, Free and Independent,  
 To Frank Joseph McComiskey and Marie A. McComiskey, Send Greeting:  
 You are hereby cited and required personally to be and appear before our Surrogate of the County of New York at the Surrogate's Court of said County, held at County Court House, in the City and County of New York, on the 15th day of December, 1908, at 12 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why Mabel A. Bovey should be appointed administrator of the goods, chattels and credits of Francis B. McComiskey, deceased, as prayed for in her petition filed with the clerk of this court.  
 IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have caused the Seal of the Surrogate Court to be hereunto affixed.  
 WITNESSES: Abner C. Thomas, Esq., Surrogate of said County, at the County of New York, the 14th day of October, 1908.  
 DANIEL J. DOWDLEY,  
 Clerk of the Surrogate Court.

**Send Us Your Printing**

**THE EMANCIPATION OF MISS SERENA.**  
 By A. M. Davies, Captain.

Miss Serena Bradford, sitting in thoughtful perplexity before the pretty rosewood desk in her sunny den, and accustomed from pricking the forehead still smooth and white as a girl's, despite the coronet of silver hair which added a touch of distinction to the erect little figure, looked tentatively up at the portrait which hung just above. Should she? The portrait stared back in dignified disapproval and Miss Serena hesitated. Invisibly an artist, a mere painting man to her house? It was against all the traditions of Victorian days with which her youth had been imbued. Hitherto, during Miss Serena's narrow, well-ordered life, never had she dreamed of questioning the propriety of those ideas. Yet—Eleanor! Eleanor, wayward, teasing, heritable Eleanor, whose arrival, scattering the innocent household had brought to it a new element of once disturbing and inspiring, a sense of wider possibilities, of more vivid perceptions, Eleanor cared for this man. Indeed, it was because of her caring that the girl had been sent to Miss Serena now, her people hoping that perhaps a change of scene might effect a cure. But what complicated matters was that Lyttleton himself was also here. Only yesterday Eleanor had come to her aunt and told her that he had taken a studio up town. "I did not know that Bert was intending to live in New York," the girl had said, loyal gray eyes gleaming straight into Miss Serena's blue ones. "It was last summer at the Page's that I met him. His home is in the West. Of course, I shall not try to see him. But if I should drop, then she lifted them again. "I certainly cannot promise that I will not speak," she ended, hesitatingly. Her aunt gave a throb of sympathy.

She could be surprised that Eleanor people are not pleased. Well, I must try and answer when I see her. Eleanor, however, why where is Eleanor? Noting the girl's disappearance. But Eleanor, her eyes brilliant, her lips parted, had already slipped back into the room, and the next moment the butter had banged back the portieres. The laws of curiosity demanded it, and for some time Miss Serena hunted restlessly to the great—dull—admirer seated at her right hand. It was for him that the thoughts were all with the man whom she had contrived to place on her left. He sat there, quietly smoking, making no attempt to converse with the woman whom he had taken out. Miss Serena felt rather discouraged. He might be a rising artist, but he was to her an abstractly new type. How could she effect a sympathetic relation with him, find the real man; on what common ground could they meet? Yet for Eleanor's sake she must try. She turned to him with her kindest smile. "I see that you are watching Miss Hull," she began. "But I want to take you to myself this evening." The man smiled back. "I am mighty glad to get the chance to talk to you," he answered sincerely, and his voice had a pleasant ring that suited Miss Serena's ear. "You see," indicating the glittering, pink table, the multiplicity of forks, "this kind of thing is kind of new to me. But I think it's great," he added, with a whimsical appreciation of his own frankness. Miss Serena looked at him with more approval. She liked honesty and candor. But what was she to talk about? "How do you find the United Workers?" she said at a venture, mentioning the one, newly completed building, where Lyttleton had taken his studio. "I understand that you have just come there."

Never had Miss Serena so enjoyed herself. For years her principal interest had been the United Workers. Time passed and thought had been lavishly poured upon it, and the success wrested from adversity was to her as a personal dear triumph. And here at last was someone to whom the subject was equally familiar; who knew its branches and ramifications in other cities; here was sympathy, co-operation. Miss Serena's eyes shone, her pretty color grew pinker with excitement. And there had been people like this in the world all the time and she had never known it! Then, as her glance met Eleanor's, she smiled. Who would have given the credit for such an intelligent child? The girl, yet with rather a worried

expression, exhibited even beyond Miss Serena and all the world. Eleanor, however, why where is Eleanor? Noting the girl's disappearance. But Eleanor, her eyes brilliant, her lips parted, had already slipped back into the room, and the next moment the butter had banged back the portieres. The laws of curiosity demanded it, and for some time Miss Serena hunted restlessly to the great—dull—admirer seated at her right hand. It was for him that the thoughts were all with the man whom she had contrived to place on her left. He sat there, quietly smoking, making no attempt to converse with the woman whom he had taken out. Miss Serena felt rather discouraged. He might be a rising artist, but he was to her an abstractly new type. How could she effect a sympathetic relation with him, find the real man; on what common ground could they meet? Yet for Eleanor's sake she must try. She turned to him with her kindest smile. "I see that you are watching Miss Hull," she began. "But I want to take you to myself this evening." The man smiled back. "I am mighty glad to get the chance to talk to you," he answered sincerely, and his voice had a pleasant ring that suited Miss Serena's ear. "You see," indicating the glittering, pink table, the multiplicity of forks, "this kind of thing is kind of new to me. But I think it's great," he added, with a whimsical appreciation of his own frankness. Miss Serena looked at him with more approval. She liked honesty and candor. But what was she to talk about? "How do you find the United Workers?" she said at a venture, mentioning the one, newly completed building, where Lyttleton had taken his studio. "I understand that you have just come there."

"Why, Mr. Lyttleton," answered the man. "You here? Why? A sense of something wrong made him glance hastily from one perturbed countenance to the other. Then at his eyes fell upon the open letter, the figure of a man which all the evening had been mostly hovering on the brink of his consciousness. He snatched it up, certainly. "You here?" he repeated. "Then you're that Lyttleton for me after all? I sort of misjudged from the first it couldn't be. But Jim McHale told me that New York folks were so respectable," a sudden whispering exclamation breaking beneath the spoken word. Had it all been a mistake then? Was this wonderful glimpse into another world only a sheet—a bit of paper upon which he personally, had no right? The tall young man, whose head had been gradually clearing, interposed.



"I LIKE YOUR MR. LYTTLETON" expression, returned the smile, and Miss Serena laughed to herself. "She does not know how well we are getting on," reflected the aunt, fondly. "Poor child, I can see what a hard time she has had. But, after all, the only objections to him are his not belonging to their special set, and his lack of wealth. At first, perhaps, is not important, after all, and as for the second—might not I—"

"Dear, I like your Mr. Lyttleton so much," she whispered. "He was asked as a surprise for you; but we have not time to discuss it now." As the girl endeavored to speak, "But later we will, and possibly I can find some way to help you both," tenderly. The girl, deeply moved, caught the little hand. "Auntie—dearest," she said, "how good you are! But listen," hurriedly—"you see—"

There was a slight stir without the door. The butler appeared again, then stood aside to admit a tall, impatient young man. Eleanor sprang forward. "Bert!" she cried, softly. "Oh, Bert!" responded the young man, rapturously, eager gladness apparent in every line of the dark, handsome face. "Eleanor!" And for a moment they stood

side by side, looking at each other with a mixture of surprise and delight. The man's eyes were fixed upon her face, across the inherent womanhood of her nature swept a revelation of feeling that shook the inmost centre of her soul. Here was a man, simple, sincere, shrewd, even if not cultured in the worldly sense and—her guest. Eleanor's eyes shone, her pretty color grew pinker with excitement. And there had been people like this in the world all the time and she had never known it! Then, as her glance met Eleanor's, she smiled. Who would have given the credit for such an intelligent child? The girl, yet with rather a worried expression, exhibited even beyond Miss Serena and all the world. Eleanor, however, why where is Eleanor? Noting the girl's disappearance. But Eleanor, her eyes brilliant, her lips parted, had already slipped back into the room, and the next moment the butter had banged back the portieres. The laws of curiosity demanded it, and for some time Miss Serena hunted restlessly to the great—dull—admirer seated at her right hand. It was for him that the thoughts were all with the man whom she had contrived to place on her left. He sat there, quietly smoking, making no attempt to converse with the woman whom he had taken out. Miss Serena felt rather discouraged. He might be a rising artist, but he was to her an abstractly new type. How could she effect a sympathetic relation with him, find the real man; on what common ground could they meet? Yet for Eleanor's sake she must try. She turned to him with her kindest smile. "I see that you are watching Miss Hull," she began. "But I want to take you to myself this evening." The man smiled back. "I am mighty glad to get the chance to talk to you," he answered sincerely, and his voice had a pleasant ring that suited Miss Serena's ear. "You see," indicating the glittering, pink table, the multiplicity of forks, "this kind of thing is kind of new to me. But I think it's great," he added, with a whimsical appreciation of his own frankness. Miss Serena looked at him with more approval. She liked honesty and candor. But what was she to talk about? "How do you find the United Workers?" she said at a venture, mentioning the one, newly completed building, where Lyttleton had taken his studio. "I understand that you have just come there."