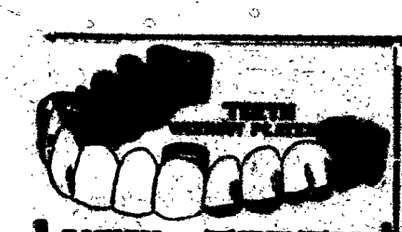

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Notice to Creditors.

PURSUANT to an order of Hon. Selden S. Rogers, Surrogate of the County of Monroe, notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Margaret M. O'Neill, late of the city of Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned as such administratrix at No. 225-226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of July, 1909.

MARY A. O'NEILL, Administratrix.

Murphy, Keenan & Keenan Attorneys for Administratrix, No. 225-226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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The Diary

By F. E. C. ROBBINS.

The look of satisfaction on Caleb Jenkins's face when he came home one afternoon attracted attention almost as soon as the bulky parcel that he carried in his hand.

"What on earth have you got now that you're so tickled over?" demanded his wife. She took the parcel from Caleb's unresisting hands.

He watched her with a kind of fascination while she impatiently tore off the brown wrapping-paper, and as she brought to view something that looked like an overgrown account book he found voice to say, "It's only a diary."

"A diary!" echoed Mrs. Jenkins. "Just as though you had patience enough to keep a diary! I should judge by the size of the book that you expected to write in it every day, and live to be a hundred, at that!" Then, as she opened the book, she exclaimed, "Why, it's been used! Somebody has palmed off a second-hand diary on to you, Caleb Jenkins!"

"Oh, that's why I bought it. I wanted to see if I couldn't floor Zenas Perkins with it once in a while. You see, Zenas has got to be considerable of a nuisance with that diary of his, that he's kept for a dozen years or more.

"He doesn't allow anybody else to know anything. If anybody remarks that this is the warmest October that he ever saw, why, Zenas is ready to prove that the mercury averaged to run higher in October only two years ago.

"Then he's always wanting to know if we remember that it is just so many years ago to-day that Joel Pike's barn burned, or that something or other else happened. Only the other day I was saying that Cap'n Baker's third wife hadn't been dead more'n six months when he married his fourth, and Zenas took me right up, and got his diary, and showed by it that the cap'n had remained a widower just eight months and eleven days.

"You can't bring up a remarkable thing but Zenas is waiting to pounce on you with his diary. And I don't believe he's right more'n half the time. I calc'late he doesn't keep the diary along regular, but writes it up at odd jobs rainy days."

"I s'posed Zenas spent his rainy days hanging about the store, like some other folks I know."

"Time and again," continued Caleb, disregarding his wife's thinly veiled allusion, "I've thought of keeping one myself; but a diary has to have some age before it's good for much, and Zenas had most too much of a start.

"One day, when I had an errand at old Uncle Artemas Baxter's, I found him writing in a big book, and he remarked that he had kept a diary for thirty odd years, and I thought then that I'd kinder like to get hold of it. Well, when the old gentleman passed away, and I heard that his son-in-law, Seth Strout, was a-disposing of the household goods, I recollected the diary, and thought I'd see if I couldn't dicker for it. I've just come from Seth's, and there's the book. I'm going to read it all through, and then I'm going to keep it along myself, and we'll see if Zenas Perkins will be the only authority on happenings in Pendtown!"

"How much did you pay for that book?" asked Mrs. Jenkins. "If you paid for it by weight it must have come to considerable."

"Well, I paid three and a half for it. I offered two, and Seth wanted five, and finally we split the difference."

"Three dollars and a half! Well, I never did!" and Mrs. Jenkins retired to the kitchen, leaving her husband to the undisturbed perusal of his dearly bought treasure.

When she looked in on him, an hour later, Caleb was still poring over the book, but the exultation had faded from his eyes.

"Alvira," he said, mournfully, "I've spent three dollars and a half dreadfully foolish."

"I guess that's no news, Caleb Jenkins," was the curt reply.

"Now just listen to this," said Caleb, too much absorbed in his trouble to notice his wife's displeasure. "This is one day's record: 'October the eighteenth. O, the corruption in high places! O, the wickedness that stalks abroad! We have indeed fallen upon evil times. I myself am as prone to evil as the sparks to fly upward. Rheumatism about as yesterday. Applied skunk's oil, but derived no benefit.'

"There, it's just like that, Alvira, all through the diary. There is plenty of the old gentleman's reflections and accounts of his ailments and what he took for 'em, but there's nothing about the weather, and I have not run across a single event yet.

"This book isn't worth a red cent to me, Alvira," he continued, bitterly. "Of course Seth wouldn't take it back. I believe I'll heave it into the stove."

"Oh, no, Caleb, don't do that!" said the good woman, her heart softened by her husband's dejection, "I need just such a book. I'm always wanting to press leaves and flowers, you know, and pretty much all of the books in the house are full. That diary will be just the thing. I'm proper glad you got it, Caleb."

A Proverb.

Much would have more and lost all.—From the Dutch.

Wife Nursing Worse.

Many Pendulum Followers on the Road of a Typical Quest.

In spite of the roughness of the country and the long days in the saddle stag hunting is a sport which seems to have always held an especial fascination for women.

In Miss Strickland's "Life of Queen Elizabeth" we read that the virgin Queen was so enthusiastic a stag hunter that when the French Ambassador came to discuss the question of her union with Monsieur le Duc D'Alencon, they were kept waiting three whole days, the Queen having started "a large swift stag on the morning previous to that appointed for their audience; she pursued it all the day and till the middle of the night, and was so greatly fatigued in consequence that she was compelled to keep to her chamber all the next day."

The number of ladies who hunt with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds during the three autumn months are on the road on the sea-shore, innumerable, and every season we see more and more feminine converts to the cross saddle. Whatever the difficulties may be for most women in obtaining a good grip when jumping astride, there is certainly much to be said in favor of it as an exercise, the majority of women seeming to find it less tiring than a side saddle when doing very long days, and those who let out hirelings welcoming the innovation as one likely to reduce the number of sore backs in their stables.—From the Gentlewoman.

Well Under.

Bad as it is to be in a rut, it is better than to wabble all over the road. There are times when it is possible to get too much of a good thing, even in the matter of denominational breadth. Such a case is mentioned by a writer in the Bellman. At the close of a revival service the minister went down the church aisle, according to his custom, to greet the strangers in his congregation.

"I don't think you are a member of our church," he said to one, as he warmly shook his hand.

"No, sir," replied the stranger.

"Well, you will not think me unduly curious if I ask you to what denomination you belong?" asked the minister.

"I supposed," responded the other with a twinkle in his eye, "that I am really what you might call a well-merged Presbyterian."

"A submerged Presbyterian!" exclaimed the minister, "I should be glad if you would explain."

"Well, I was brought up a Presbyterian, my wife is a Methodist, my eldest daughter is a Baptist, my son is the organist of a Unitarian church, my second daughter sings in an Episcopal choir, and my youngest goes to a Congregational Sunday school."

"But," said the minister, aghast, "you contribute, doubtless, to some church?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I contribute to all of them, and, that's what submerges me."

Thought He Was as Smart as the Boy.

When Sir William Gilbert was twenty-seven and was known to the world as a promising writer, his father, who was a retired naval surgeon, wrote a semi-metaphysical, semi-medical book, entitled "Bayley Hall Asylums," his first book. Not long ago Edith A. Brown, who was then preparing a biography of the younger man, having heard that the son was the inventive from without which spurred into action the latent but dormant literary talent of the father, asked if such was the fact.

"Yes," replied the author of the "Bab Ballads" and the wittiest libretto ever written, I think the little success which has attended my humble efforts certainly influenced my father.

"You see," he added, with a suspicion of a smile, "my father never had an exalted idea of my ability. He thought if I could write anybody could, and forthwith he began."

An Easy Job.

Indifference displayed in the face of the uncertainties and dangers of life is characteristic of the Wessex dwellers in the "Islands of the Vale," according to Eleanor G. Hayden, the author of the book of the title, who supports her statement with a story of humorous turn.

A certain cottage and its old mistress had improved so greatly in comfort and appearance that a visitor shrewdly surmised that the son of the house, a lazy ne'er-do-well, had turned over a new leaf. He inquired about it.

"Yes, sir, my son's in work now," said the smiling old mother. "Takes good money, he does, too. All he has to do is to go twice a day to the circus and put his head in the lion's mouth. The rest of his time, o' course, to himself."

Free Speech in England.

There is no such thing on earth as "full freedom of speech," but they come as near to it in England as they do anywhere. Yes, the press of England can (and does) criticise the Government as much as it pleases—but with the string always attached to the freedom of being liable to be tried for libel or treason.

Lies and the Telephone.

It is estimated that the telephone has added nine per cent to the daily lies told in New York City. The usual lie added to the list is "Hello."

Was It a Dream?

It was after 6 o'clock in the evening. The clerks and stenographers had gone home.

I sat in my large arm chair in my office and gazed comfortably out into the street. A cold sharp wind was blowing and driving sleet before it. My office was warm and pleasant and I was happy in the satisfaction that my business was prosperous.

It is pleasant, gratifying, to know that you are growing wealthy and to be looked upon as a business success.

With these pleasant thoughts in my mind I half closed my eyes. On opening them I was startled to see a pale, gaunt, ragged woman standing before me. I was more startled because I had not seen or heard the door open.

She looked at me blankly, showing neither anger, anxiety, boldness, fear; neither supplicating nor commanding.

I trembled, vainly tried to calm myself, and said in a shuddering whisper, "Do you need money?"

"What," she replied in a voice that froze my blood, "do the dead need money?"

"Dead," I repeated, "Dead! How did you come to die?"

"Yes," she replied, looking at me with her cold, awful eyes that she never took from my face, "I was murdered in your factory. I died of overwork and fear to make you rich; so that the world would smile on you."

"Why didn't your landlord protect you?" I asked, grasping at that straw to evade her cold-blooded accusation.

"Because he was killed too, she was caught in a belt and whirled around the wheel until he was mangled to death. It would have cost four dollars to have put guard rails around it. You called it an act of Providence. Do you think God kills people to save four dollars?"

"But," I interposed, endeavoring the while, "you were given five cents [illegible]."

"Will five hundred dollars make the place of a husband to my wife and five hundred dollars make [illegible] support a woman's children, fifty cents [illegible]?"

I wished that [illegible] terrible eyes "I am [illegible]."

"How many children [illegible] that year?"

"Forty thousand [illegible] killed, and the [illegible] of it.

"How many [illegible] were