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Notice to Creditors.

PURSUANT to an order of the Hon. Judge S. G. Brown, Surrogate of the County of Monroe, notice is hereby given according to law to all persons having claims or demands against Margaret M. O'Hara, late of the City of Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereon to the undersigned as such administrators at No. 22 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y., on or before the 10th day of July, 1939.

Geo. Engert & Co. COAL.
Principal Office and Yard, Telephone 2357,
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You can have the full benefit of the great strength and complete equipment of the Rochester Trust & Safe Deposit Company in Rochester, N. Y. without the necessity of frequent personal visits to the city.

Banking by mail is simple, and is perfectly safe. It is of special advantage to persons living in the country or smaller towns who want the satisfaction of dealing with an absolutely safe bank.

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We also handle an up-to-date line of Post Cards and Stationery.

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A perfect fitting corset is a continual delight. You don't have to fit the corset in a ready-made. We fit you.
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The End of the Summer

By ELIZABETH ROSE

"Who could want heaven to be more perfect than a day in June?" exclaimed the man, stretched lazily upon the grass, and he looked up with a sigh of content at the girl in the hammock.

"Who, indeed?" she responded sympathetically. "If it could but always be summer, and June!"

"Always this June, with the flowers and the grass and the green things, and you and I here together," he suggested.

"We should stagnate, and we should grow very tired of each other."

"Not I. I should be perfectly happy if I remained here forever, provided you remained with me."

"I do not agree with you. Happiness itself would become monotonous, and we should long for a discord, just for the sake of a change. We should pine away longing for a good old-fashioned November drizzle."

"I should wear my heart out waiting for an opportunity to wear my sable fur, and your limbs would become stiff for want of a good ball game or a snowball fight, and all the other good things that do not belong to June."

"How very practical you are, and at such a time, too!"

"Not at all. On the contrary, I am very romantic; but one cannot live on a continuous diet of sentiment and romance. It is very appropriate and delightful in the summer time, when everybody and everything is glad and happy; but in the winter one needs more substantial things. It is very raining heavily at this moment, and you were cold and wet and tired, would you still be content because I shared your plight?"

"Please don't; I detest the subjunctive. I only know that I want you very badly," he said tenderly. "Need you?"

"And yet, a month ago you had never seen me. Singular that your need developed in so short a time."

"Necessity knows no law," he retorted slyly.

"You are sly," she answered. "I have heard men talk like this before. You are a selfish lot—unfortunately, I am not a summer girl; I hate flirting and I hate flattery."

She rose, with a laugh. "However," she added, sweeping him a courtesy, with a tinge of sarcasm, "I thank you for a very entertaining afternoon."

"Ah, don't go!" he pleaded, springing to his feet. "You will not deny me the privilege of defending myself against such an accusation. Little girl," he said, taking the brown hands in his, "you may believe me when I tell you that I am not flirting with you, nor am I flattering you when I say that you are the dearest, sweetest little creature, and that these words have been the happiest I have ever known, because they were spent with you. With all my heart, I mean it when I say, I love you, and I want you, not for a summer girl, but for an all-year-round girl, a girl who can winter it with me in the absence of the sun-shine and the flowers and the birds, and who can love and cheer me just the same in the November drizzle, when the skies are gray and heavy, as she can in June, when it is so easy to love and be happy. I really want you, will you come?"

"Am I the first to whom you have extended the invitation?" she asked, sweetly.

"The very first, little girl. I have been waiting for you for years."

"Indeed; and during all those years you have never cared for anybody?"

"I never cared for anybody as I care for you. I never loved anybody so much as I love you, and I never thought of marrying until I met you. As the poet says, my heart has shed its outer leaves to give you all the rest. And you?" he asked anxiously.

"I have believed myself to be in love dozens of times, and it has been very pleasant for the time being; but I have always outgrown it."

"And you are quite sure there is nobody else now except me?"

"There has never been anyone quite like you."

"You are silent this evening. Is there anything troubling you? Can I help you?"

"You are the only one who can," he answered eagerly.

"Tell me. You know there is nothing I would not do for you."

He looked at her, half eagerly, half tenderly. "You will think me a cad and a brute," he said.

"You may be assured I shall not. Please tell me."

"You will hate me, but I am going to ask you to release me from our engagement."

"I think it was so, that it is better if should end."

"And you are so angry with me?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Certainly not," she answered promptly. "Why should I be angry with you? I release you gladly. After all, we were engaged, and it is better to release you than to let you go on and on and on, and to let you see when we can be together. It is your own engagement that you must release you from."

"But you will not make a mistake when you told me how much you cared for me, and how much you needed me? I do not want a woman also make a mistake? I release you most willingly. What more would you have?"

"But you will not make a mistake when you told me how much you cared for me, and how much you needed me? I do not want a woman also make a mistake? I release you most willingly. What more would you have?"

"But I thought you loved me. I remember your very words you said you never knew anybody quite like me," and he laughed a little bitterly.

"It is true. I never have known anybody quite like you. But things look different to one in the city, without the flowers and the birds and the green things. However, since we have come to an agreement, understanding let us part friends. Good-by!" and she held out her hand.

"You mean it!" he said, taking it in his own.

"Certainly. I am not in the habit of lying."

A week later he returned. "I have come to say I am sorry for what I said last time I was with you. I made a great mistake. I love you just the same, dear; I have always loved you, and I want you to love me back. You said you did not care. Don't you think you could learn to care all over again? I love you and I should be miserable without you."

"It is useless," said the girl. "I do not care to enter into the engagement again."

"Won't you come, even if you do not care? You will learn to care; you are not like other girls."

"You are wrong," she answered sharply. "I am no different from other girls. We are all alike."

He was silent a moment, then he said slowly, "Tell me one thing; I cannot believe it until I hear you say it. Is it possible that you were flirting with me all this time?"

She drew herself up proudly, but did not reply.

"I know you were not." "Mistaken again. I was flirting with you all the time," she said deliberately. "My heart was suddenly dead before."

"I should not have believed it had anybody else sworn it, but as you say you are not in the habit of lying, then this is the end?"

"Yes."

Piercing is Here.
According to social usage—women in Egypt cannot attend funerals, and they do not appear at weddings unless they are very intimate friends. When a funeral procession passes through the streets the coffin is carried upon the shoulders of the pallbearers, who are followed by an empty hearse drawn by two, four or six horses, according to the means of the mourners and their desire for display. All the male members of the family and friends of the deceased follow on foot, with a line of empty carriages behind them. As long as they are in the presence of the dead it is considered a proper and necessary evidence of respect to walk. After the body has been committed to the grave those who attend the funeral are brought home in carriages.

Willing to Help Him.
He had gone to the dry goods store with a bit of green material which his wife had hidden in the trunk. "I am very sorry," said the salesman, "but I have nothing exactly like this. The very best I have is sold this morning."

"But I must have it!" exclaimed the husband. "Otherwise, how can I face my wife?"

"If you will permit me, sir," said the salesman, "I would venture to suggest that you leave a bright home to dinner with you."

Boys Grade the Clergy.
The late Bishop Potter, at an ecclesiastical dinner in New York read a Cooperstown schoolboy's essay on "Clergymen." The essay, which created much amusement, was as follows:

"There are 2 kinds of clergymen. Bishops, rectors and priests, and the bishops tells the rectors to work and the curate have to do it. A curate is a thin married man but when he is a rector he gets fatter and can preach longer sermons and become a good man."

Los of London Theatres.
It is estimated that London theatre managers have lost during the season no less than \$400,000 in the production of plays that have been unsuccessful, and much of this amount on dramatic enterprises imported from the United States.

The Blue Mountains Resorts.
In the Blue Mountains, three hours from Sydney, are many beautiful country houses, mostly built in the wide verandah style, where Sydney people fly in February and March to get away from the heat of the city by the harbor.

WHY 5-7E BEAVER?

Does a Pound of Lead or a Pound of Feathers Weigh More?

The favorite question with the school children is "Which is heavier, a pound of lead or a pound of feathers?" The latter is the correct answer. This fact is not generally known.

If a question were asked today, the correct answer might receive a different response. For the pound of feathers could easily be put out to the beach. A single feather from all the birds would weigh one pound.

When any accurate scale weighs one pound of lead, it weighs exactly one pound of feathers. For the lead is one of the pans of a balance. For the feathers a light muslin bag will be required, and care must be taken that the bag is flat together so that it weighs more than a pound. When the bag of feathers is put into the other pan of the balance, the beam will, after a few oscillations, come to rest exactly level.

So far the scales "both alike" seems to be proved. But place the balance on the receiver of an air pump, with lead and feathers inside. Cover the whole with one glass bell jar, and exhaust the air. Heavily the feathers sink, and the lead floats. The pound of feathers is heavier than the pound of lead.

The truth is that what we called a pound was not such in fact, for the atmosphere buoy up everything with its proportion to the bulk of the object, and the feathers being of a greater bulk than the lead are supported by the air to a considerable greater extent than the lead. Hence the weight is made evident.

Charles Beards proposed a solution to the question in one of his books. A Jewish trader is made to ask, "Which is the heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound of gold?" After a while he explains to the satisfaction of the audience of listeners that the feathers are the heavier.

Gold, he explains, is weighed by Troy weight, while feathers are weighed by avoirdupois; and so the twelve ounces in a pound Troy contain only five avoirdupois avoirdupois and six grains, while the avoirdupois pound contains nearly seven thousand grains, the pound of feathers, of course, weighs hundred and forty grains heavier than the pound of gold.

Nicaragua Customs.
Among the many odd customs of Nicaragua, those relating to the dead are the weirdest. Some of these have been learned from traditions from the Indians, others were brought over by the Europeans.

And the two are so blended that it is difficult to tell which precedes the other. As soon as the nation proclaims one's illness fatal, word is sent to the village padre, who proceeds to administer the last sacrament of the church to the dying person.

Placing the concentrated water in the casket—a vessel of solid gold or silver, often replaced with tin—followed by a procession in formal and subdued through the street. A small group playing a bell rattle ahead to announce the approach of the sacred presence, and after him follows a band of music, often a single violin, playing a dirge. It is possible to spare any soldiers, they surround the padre, who, dressed in brilliant vestments, is generally carried in a chair, over which four men hold a purple canopy. As the little cortege moves down the great street, every one carries his head and knees, making the sign of the cross until the last soldier has passed. We to the magnificent stranger who fails to show this mark of respect and unduly have been the tradition where he signs are pulled from their faces and even stone is heaped on to the new like the removed custom.

Depressed Indians.
The last man of the Santa Barbara Island was reported in 1922. Our knowledge of these extinct Indians of the California coast is derived from the accounts of the early voyagers from the missionaries who came to the islands and settled on the island, not from the remains. Their race began and the skulls and skeletons which have from time to time been collected. Some of the islands probably of only one thousand each, but in 1823 only about 100 natives were left on Santa Barbara and the surrounding islands; and by 1871 all had disappeared. Although they numbered a certain number of thousands, through the Santa Barbara Indians are described by the missionaries at the most degraded of all human beings, with a morality lower than that of the animal kingdom, especially fresh-water fish, and a portion of their food, also probably the larger varieties of earth worms.

The Smallest Book.
What is said to be the smallest book ever printed has been published at Padua, Italy, by the Brothers. It is ten by six millimeters in size, and consists of eighty pages, each page containing five lines of ninety-five to one hundred that despite their diminutive size are perfectly visible. The book was prepared by the Brothers of the Order of Saint Christina of Lorenz (1813).

Stair Climbing Strength.
It takes eight times the strength to go upstairs that is required for the same distance on the level.

GIUS MORGAN DENIED

Designed to Spin Victim and Kill Him into Mine Boat.

Club were the weapons of crime. The club were the weapons of crime. The club were the weapons of crime.

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