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Notice to Creditors.

PURSUANT to an order of Hon. Selden S. 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'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 19th 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 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 furs, 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. If it were 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. "I 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 glibly.

"You are flippant," 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 comrade, and that these weeks 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 sunshine 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, saucily.

"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 drearily.

"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."

The girl's face flushed then paled. She looked into his eyes earnestly for a moment then dropped her own. "Gladly," she replied, looking up with a bright smile. "Do not trouble to explain, I know. You no longer care for me, and you think it would be best."

"You are a mind reader," he said with relief. "How did you know?"

"It is easy to guess what one would like to guess."

"You are glad; you wanted this to happen?" he said in amazement.

"I think as you do, that it is better it should end."

"And you are not angry with me?" he asked doubtingly.

"Certainly not," she answered promptly. "Why should I be angry? I release you gladly. We all make mistakes, and it is better to rectify them when we can before it is too late. I am pleased to be freed from the engagement."

"May I ask if you made a mistake when you said you loved me a few months ago?" he said curiously.

"Did you make a mistake when you told me how much you cared, and how much you needed me? May not 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 trifle 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 agreeable 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 take 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; 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 the time?"

She drew herself up proudly, but did not reply.

"I knew you were not."

"Mistaken again. I was flirting with you all the time," she said deliberately. "My heart was shedding dead leaves."

"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."

"Very well. Good-by, dear little girl. That is what I have always called you in my heart—dear little girl—in spite of everything I love you. Good-by."

"And," she whispered brokenly to herself, "I am not in the habit of lying."—Boston Post.

Funerals in Peru.

According to social usage women in Peru 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 dress material which his wife had bidden him to match. "I am very sorry, sir," said the salesman, "but I have nothing exactly like this. The very last remnant was 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 invite a friend home to dinner with you."

Boys Grades 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 Bishups rectors and curats. the bishups tells the recters to work and the curats have to do it. A curat is a thin married man but when he is a recter he gets fuller and can preach longer sermons and becums a good man."

Loss of London Theatres.

It is estimated that London theatre managers have lost during one 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.

Blue Mountain Resorts.

In the Blue Mountains, three hours from Sydney, are many beautiful country houses, mostly bungalows with wide verandas all round, where Sydney people fly in February and March to get away from the heat of the city by the harbor.

WHICH IS THE HEAVIER?

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

The favorite question with the school committee men of olden time was, we are told: Which is the heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead? The first pupil was ever ready almost always to say, "A pound of lead." Then, of course, from the older pupils would come the reply, "Both alike."

If this question were asked today the ordinary quizzer might receive a decided surprise; for the pound of feathers could easily be proved to be the heavier. A simple experiment is all the evidence needed.

With any accurate scales weigh out a pound of lead, using ordinary shot for convenience. Pour the shot into one of the pans of a balance. For the feathers a light muslin bag will be needed, and care must be taken that feathers and bag together do not weigh 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 verdict "Both alike" seems to be proved. But place the balance on the receiver of an air pump, with lead and feathers undisturbed. Cover the whole with the glass bell jar, and exhaust the air. Slowly the feathers sink, and the lead kicks the beam. 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 buoys up everything within it in 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 considerably greater extent than the lead. Removed from the supporting medium, their true weight is made evident.

Charles Reade propounded a similar question in one of his novels. A Jewish trader is made to ask, "Which is the heavier, a pound of feathers or a pound of gold?" After awhile he explains to the satisfaction of his audience of miners that the feathers are the heavier.

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

Nicaraguan Customs.

Among the many old customs of Nicaragua, those relating to the dead are the weirdest to the stranger. Some of these have been handed down by tradition from the Indians, others were brought over by the Conquerors—and the two are so blended that it is difficult to tell which predominates. As soon as the medico pronounces one's illness fatal word is sent to the village padre, who prepares to administer the last sacraments of the church to the dying person. Placing the consecrated wafer in the custodia—a vessel of solid gold or silver, often resplendent with rare jewels—a procession is formed and marches through the street. A small boy ringing a bell rushes ahead to announce the approach of the sacred presence, and after him follows a band of music, often a single violin, playing a dirge. If it be possible to secure 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 silent streets, every one bares his head and kneels, making the sign of the cross until the last soldier has passed. Woe to the sacrilegious stranger who fails to show this mark of respect, and many have been the instances where foreigners were pelted from their horses and even stoned for neglecting to follow this time-honored custom.

Degraded Indians.

The last man [illegible] the Santa Barbara island was deported in 183[illegible]. Our knowledge of these extinct Indians of the California coast is derived from the accounts of the early voyagers, from the missionaries who subsequently settled on the islands, and from the remains [illegible] their refuse heaps and the skulls and skeletons which have from time to time been collected. Some of the islands probably at one time had population approaching one thousand each, but in 1836 only about nine hundred were left on Santa Barbara and the neighboring islets; and by 1878 all had disappeared. Although they manufactured a certain number of domestic utensils these Santa Barbara Indians are described by the missionaries as the most degraded of all human beings, with a morality lower than that of animals. Insects, especially grasshoppers, formed 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 just been published at Padua, Italy, by Salmin Brothers. It is ten by six millimetres in size, and consists of eighty pages, each page containing nine lines of ninety-five to one hundred that despite their diminutive size are perfectly visible. The book reproduces a hitherto unpublished letter, Galileo's, to Christina of Lorena (1615).

Stair Climbing Strength.

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

CLUBS [illegible] WEAPONS

Designed to Brain Victim and Cut Him Into Mince Meat.

Clubs were the weapons of primitive and savage man. Ancient specimens from Mexico are heavy clubs, studded along the side for the insertion of blades of obsidian—that is, volcanic glass. The Sioux City [illegible] flat piece of wood curving and widening away from the grip and terminating in a spherical head, which in modern times carries a long spike, while the blades of several butcher knives are commonly inserted along the margin. The national museum of the United States possesses a great variety of these shocking weapons, designed, as the frontiersmen say, to "knock down the white man and then to brain him and cut him into mince meat." The Kingsmill islanders and other Polynesians make dreadful slashing weapons by securing rows of sharks' teeth along a haft of wood.

Indian weapons vary from a few inches to sixteen feet in length; and it has been said that in all the range of weapons devised by mankind there is nothing more blood-curdling to behold. They show how the sword may have been evolved from the club, even by tribes unacquainted with the use of metals. African weapons, again, are exceedingly complicated, owing to the acquaintance of the natives with iron. The standard club is converted into a sort of tomahawk by the addition of blades, or into a primitive spear by the addition of a sharp [illegible]. The plain clubs in the Africa[illegible] area are used chiefly for throwing.

The small knobbed stick, or "kerrie," such as are found among the Kaffirs and other African tribes, [illegible] generally used as missiles. [illegible] as the club proper was [illegible] to perfection among savage [illegible] and was long ago abandoned as a weapon of civilized warfare, the [illegible] —typified by the thrown stick [illegible] "kerrie"—is still being [illegible] in boomerangs, bows and [illegible] crossbows and firearms.—Chicago [illegible] News.

Squirrel Beat the Lightning.

The chipmunk does not climb [illegible] and they eat [illegible] may be represented [illegible] his cheek pouches are very [illegible] ble. I have often removed [illegible] or ten or fifteen beechnuts from [illegible]. Just how large a single thing [illegible] be able to tuck into them I [illegible] say.

The red squirrel is a [illegible] and [illegible]. There is no other animal of his [illegible] as full of the devil.

Old Tom Weaver [illegible] [illegible]

A thunderstorm [illegible] and soon out of a dark cloud [illegible] [illegible]

The Poker Only.

[illegible]

"You said [illegible]

Strategy.

"I thought [illegible] to give [illegible]

"It didn't [illegible]

"So they could [illegible] counts?"

"Sure. And they [illegible] struck for a raise [illegible] it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Carrier Pigeon Service.

Several of the smaller [illegible] New Zealand are without [illegible] communication with the [illegible] substitute has been found in [illegible] pigeons. To send a message [illegible] pigeon costs twenty-five [illegible]

More Than Microscopic.

The human heart contains [illegible] than poring into [illegible] larger than can be [illegible] pompous [illegible]