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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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LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

"Hem!" began the Boss. "I hardly expected a $10 raise would affect matters so soon. I knew you must have begun saving money when I saw you at the park the other night and noticed you had developed a passion for music instead of shooting the chutes and flopping the flaps. But awhile back I thought you must have lost out, you smoked so many cigarettes and looked so sorry for yourself."

The Young Man smiled.

"That was part of the game," he explained.

"What game? Tell me all about it, my boy, and don't omit a thing. And here, take a cigar to keep your hands occupied. You've bitten off 14 finger-nails already. Now let it come. No, never mind my time. Proceed."

The Young Man accepted the cigar and proceeded.

"Well, sir—my mind has been made up all along—it was her or nobody for me. I'm no art commission, but she suits me for beauty. And as for disposition—why, honestly, it's worth while getting tired and blue and grumpy just to have her make you forget it.

"But I had strong competition. He was an out-of-town chap, but that only lent him glamour. When a fellow makes a tiresome journey just to spend a few hours with a girl she appreciates it—and she doesn't get familiar enough with him to see his weak points. And when that fellow makes the trip often the town fellow would better think. I began thinking and concluding that the fellow I had been using as a trailer at first was now kicking dust back at me, and that such a cloud of romance hung around him that she couldn't see what a duffer he was. Then I kept on thinking until I hit a scheme.

"I knew her father was mighty strongly on my side. I had an idea we rivals were frequently brought into family discussions. So I called on the old gentleman at his office.

"'Father,' I said, 'something must be done.'

"'Right, my boy,' he replied, 'but what?'

"Then I told him my game. He got interested pretty soon and promised to help me.

"Next evening I called. Father received me coldly and addressed me as Mr.—he usually calls me Tom. Mother, too, was distant and looked worried. But the girl was defiantly friendly, and we had a bully time until ten o'clock, when on the floor above us we heard a boot bump, bump, bump.

"'Can that mean for me to go?' I asked incredulously.

"'O, surely not,' she replied. But two minutes later there was a heavy tread upstairs and father called over the banisters:

"'My dear, it is very late.'

"'Why, father, it's only ten,' she answered.

"'It is very late, I say,' replied father, emphatically.

"My offending dignity as I left was worth seeing.

"Two evenings later I inveigled the 'other fellow' into attending a 'missionary tea.' There he met the wildest bunch of Comanches I could collect. They not only shocked him, but won $20 from him.

"Well, to shorten this, father and the other knocked me, and my rival was fool enough to join in. She was a loyal, spirited girl who did her own thinking and believed in me, so she stuck to me.

"At the proper time father forbade me the house. Then we got to meeting each other downtown and soon started figuring how two could live cheaper than one. Yesterday, to put an end to opposition, we calmly got married. And now everybody's happy—and I've reformed."

The Boss chewed his cigar.

"Sixty a month isn't much to marry on," he said at last, "but there may be a better opening soon. Go home now and don't show up here for a week. Don't thank me—you've wasted too much of my time already."

The Young Man left, but the Boss did not immediately get busy. He opened his watch and forgot to close it for some time.

"I wish I'd had his nerve at his age," he muttered. "I'm doucedly tired of hotel life."

It was the back lid of his watch into which he was looking.—Kansas City Times.

Nuts Used as Candles.

The candle nut is a native of the Pacific islands, and the name is derived from the fact that the kernels are so full of oil that, when dried, they can be stuck on reeds and used as candles. The people of Hawaii, after having roasted these nuts and removed the shells, reduce the kernels to a paste, which, when flavored with pepper and salt, is said to be a most appetizing dish. The husk of the nut and the gum which exudes from the tree have medicinal values, while the burned shell is used to make an indelible ink, with which tattooing is done.

Old Flag Preserved.

The Baltimore Sun states that the flag that floated over Fort McHenry and inspired Francis Scott Key to his immortal national hymn was made by Mrs. John Pickersgill in the old house at the northwest corner of Pratt and Albemarle streets, Baltimore. Three fragments of the flag which were torn from the old banner by the shells that whistled by it in the memorable engagement are still preserved, and are in possession of the Maryland Historical Society.

GIVES UP WORK FOR GOLF

Rich Merchant, Who Rose from Clerkship, Praises Golf and Talks of Success.

St. Louis, Mo.—Just to play golf and have the good time he was too busy for in his younger years, George R. Wright, who rose from a minor office clerkship to be president of a big dry goods company, has resigned. He is sixty-five years of age, but looks younger and says he feels younger than many a man of fifty.

When asked how he could quit business, drop the habits of a lifetime and let affairs alone, he replied:

"Oh, that's easy. Golf makes it possible. No man who plays golf need dread having time on his hands, and no man ought to take up golf who is not master of his time. Its the greatest game in the world. I've played it for years, and don't know much more about it than when I started." Asked what a young man ought to do to get together a fortune and be able to retire and play golf in his later years, Mr. Wright said:

"Stick to his job and do the work assigned to him and watch for his opportunities. That is all there is to it. Opportunity comes but once in a lifetime. That is, there are many little opportunities, but the big one comes once to each man. If he sees it and grasps it then he succeeds."

Here are a few of Mr. Wright's success maxims:

Stick to your job. Do the work assigned and watch for opportunity.

Go with some big concern; don't try to do business on your own hook with small capital.

The young man who saves $1,000 has won the key to wealth.

Be polite and win all the friends you can.

Dress well.

Don't watch the clock.

There are plenty of opportunities for the right men to-day.

FROM BULLFROG TO FIND BEAR.

Husband and Wife Hide in a Well for Safety as Home Burns.

Hardy, Ark.—Mrs. Maud Pepoon, wife of Henry Pepoon, a farmer on Blue Clay Creek, got up "before breakfast" and proceeded to search her husband's trousers, as was her usual custom, but, instead of finding the customary collection of small change, she grasped a giant bullfrog.

Her wild shriek woke her husband, who leaped from his bed, intending to tell her it was all a joke, but she already had rushed out of the door and into the adjoining woods, still screaming. Pepoon pursued her, and both might have been running yet had not their flight been suddenly halted by a big black bear rushing at them from the opposite direction.

The Pepoons wheeled instantly and ran to their home, the bear after them and gaining. Just as they neared the clearing they noticed their house was on fire, probably due to the overturning of a kerosene lamp in their hasty exit.

To escape the bear, both jumped into a well, from which, almost dead, they were rescued after neighbors shot the bear. The house was burned to ashes. The frog escaped.

RINGS TRAVEL IN SEWER.

$5,000 Gems, Lost in Bathtub, Found Miles Away.

Boston, Mass.—When Mrs. S. L. Gottlieb, a society matron of Dorchester, was bathing Sunday, two diamond rings valued at $5,000 slipped off her finger and down the water pipe. Mrs. Gottlieb informed the Department of Sewers and a squad of inspectors was sent to the house. They went from one catch basin to another and finally found the rings in the last catch basin of the system, just off the ocean pumping station, and seven miles from the Gottlieb home.

The inspector can not explain how the gems got that far. Mrs. Gottlieb gave them $25 when they returned her jewels and assured them, so they say, that she wouldn't wear her jewels in the bathtub again.

Missourian's Persimmon Farm.

Harlem, Mo.—The chance discovery of a wild persimmon tree in an abandoned field is bringing to J. C. Evans of Harlem a good annual income. Fourteen years ago Mr. Evans was walking through an abandoned field in eastern Jackson county when he noticed the persimmon tree, and being a horticulturist he saw that it differed somewhat from the ordinary wild persimmon. He took some scions or sprouts from it and planted them on his farm in Clay county, just across the river. From these shoots he took others until he now has 200 fine bearing trees, the fruit of which is said to be the largest and finest flavored of native American persimmons. The fruit is about as large as a California plum and finds a ready sale in Kansas City at 30 cents a basket. The 200 trees yield an income of $1 or more a tree each year.

Knew Him By His Walk.

Atlantic City, N. J.—After an absence of twenty-four years, during which he was supposed to have died in the Far West, Charles F. King, now a prosperous merchant of Denver, was recognized by his sister, Mrs. C. H. Evans, of Chelsea, while he was looking up old friends to learn the fate of his relatives. A joyful reunion followed at the sister's home.

Hen's Egg 10 Inches Around.

Marysville, Ohio.—William McCalmont has a hen which laid an egg that is nearly ten inches in its longer circumference.

THE DEATH PENALTY IN EUROPE.

"Barbaric" Russia was the First to Abolish Capital Punishment.

The revival of the guillotine in France, the most enlightened of all European countries, recalls the fact that "barbaric" Russia, of all governments in the world, was the first to abolish the death penalty.

The great Catharine was moved to this step by reading Beccaria's celebrated work, "Criminals and Punishments." Ever since the appearance of that book Russia punishes even the worst of crimes with imprisonment and banishment only. Her bullets and ropes are exclusively for political offenders or suspects.

Catharine's example was followed, in 1786, by a petty Italian prince. A year later Emperor Joseph II. abolished the death penalty in Austria. It was, however, reestablished in 1795 by Francis II., in consequence of the French Revolution.

In 1848 the German Revolutionary Government did away with the death penalty, and France followed suit. The German rulers, when they got the upper hand again, promptly re-established capital punishment, and so did France, ten years later, after Orsini's attempt upon Napoleon III.

Russia, then, remains the only great Power of Europe whose criminal code does not recognize the death penalty. The others are: The Republic of San Marino since 1848; Roumania, since 1864, and Switzerland, since 1874. However, the central government of Switzerland, in 1879, empowered the different cantons to reestablish the death penalty if public opinion demands it. Since then eight cantons have done so.

Not a single execution has taken place in Belgium since 1863, though the law permits executions. The new criminal code of Norway makes no mention of the death penalty, and it is therefore considered abolished. Neither does the Prince of Monaco permit executions in his tiny territory, for which reason the Goulds, man and wife, escaped the death penalty in the sensational Monte Carlo murder and robbery case.

Grotesque African Customs.

Tattooing is almost universally practiced by both sexes of the natives of Africa. It is, however, very roughly done and is altogether inferior to the tattooing of the Maoris of New Zealand and other Pacific races. The method of operation is simply to make a slit in the skin and then rub in charcoal. Among the less pleasing feminine ornaments must be reckoned the nose buttons of the Wa Yao and the frightful pelele, or lip ring, of the Anyanja. The nose button is a circular disk of ivory or burnished lead let into one side of the nostril. Ugly as is the effect produced by this, it is yet a thousand times less hideous than the pelele, which consists of a round, flat piece of ivory or wood fixed in a slit in the upper lip. The slit is gradually increased by the insertion of successive plugs, each a little larger than the preceding one, until it can accommodate a full sized pelele, which sticks out an inch or more in front of the face, rendering the appearance of the wearer scarcely human.

Inoculated Their Dolls.

Health Commissioner Patton visited a diphtheria patient the other day and encountered two bright little girls of four and five years respectively. He made friends with the tots, and before leaving as a precaution he gave each an injection of antitoxin. They were very inquisitive as to the meaning of all this, and finally Dr. Patton explained to them that without the antitoxin they would catch the disease. The next day when the doctor visited his patient the first thing he perceived upon entering the house was the two little girls sitting in the middle of the room taking turns in injecting antitoxin into their dolls' legs.

"What are you doing that for?" asked the doctor, somewhat astonished.

"Why, we is afraid dolly will hatch diphtheria," replied one of the tots, and she straightway injected another dose of the precious fluid into the stuffed baby.

The Rod that Saves.

There is a custom which embodies the wisdom of Solomon observed by the Pueblo Indians. Once a year an Indian garbed in the skin of a mountain lion, which represents his god, whips such of the children of the community as are between the ages of four and ten, both for the wrong they have done and the wrong they are going to do.

The happiness of these children who have paid the penalty of their misdoings for a year in advance is difficult to estimate. The respect of the Indian boy for his elders and his obedience to his parents testify to the efficacy of this treatment and suggest the wisdom of its introduction to the gilded youth of the metropolis.

Fat Singers. Why?

A medical gentleman, writing in Comoedia, explains that the physical massiveness of the majority of famous singers comes mainly from abnormal development of the lungs. We must confess that we had been under the impression that it was due to a laudable effort to make grand opera amusing.

Rich Land Unused.

In the mountain regions of Cuba there are many ridges and valleys of extremely fertile land, nearly all untouched, and existing practically as they did before the time of the Spaniards.

IRRESPONSIBLE WOMAN

"It's a perfect shame!" said the girl with the big eyes and the fluffy pompadour.

"I thought you'd feel that way," agreed the young man with the brilliant necktie and glittering patent leathers. "You have some sympathy and—common sense. Lots of persons have not."

"Dear me," said the girl with big eyes, indignantly. "I should think any one would sympathize with you when you were working so hard and doing so much for the firm, and then after all you were let out like that."

"Yes," said the young man, bitterly, "it just shows that true worth isn't appreciated. Why, lots of times when I had a customer and it was my lunch hour I never said a word, but finished waiting on him. Sometimes I've had at least ten minutes cut off my lunch hour, but I didn't care. I had the good of the firm in mind. And then Gibbons, the manager, without even apologizing, hands me my walking papers. He said they couldn't stand my getting down late and—and——"

"The idea!" said the girl with the big eyes. "They needn't have been so particular over such a little thing when you worked so hard after you got there."

"That's what I thought," said the young man. "Actually, some nights I've gone home with a headache just because I had been so devoted to them.

"Yet Gibbons actually had kept a list of the times I'd been [illegible] had taken a day off and he said it was preposterous. There was the time I went to the party out at [illegible] I should think any one with sense would see that a man couldn't [illegible] town much before noon the next day. I couldn't be rude to the [illegible] who had asked me to stay all night. How would it have looked if I had bolted my breakfast and run? It's so vulgar to act as if money was the only thing on earth."

"I should say so," said the pretty girl, fluffing her pompadour. "[illegible] they never would have forgiven you."

"I pointed that out to Gibbons," said the young man, "but he just [illegible] Gibbons has [illegible] I don't see how he ever got to be manager. I should think it would be better for the firm if they had a [illegible] there who was younger and had more social polish."

"He probably was just jealous of you and wanted to get you out of the way," sympathized the girl with the big eyes.

The young man [illegible] "Well, I'm not saying anything," he commented darkly. "All that [illegible] had to take that New York [illegible] around while she waited for her [illegible] West—why, Gibbons [illegible] social [illegible] in hardware. I believe in a [illegible] being broad minded and not [illegible] a stickler for unessential things. [illegible] half an hour or so [illegible] mattered."

"I should say so!" exclaimed the pretty girl. "I think that Mr. Gibbons was perfectly horrid."

"It's too bad there aren't more like you," said the young man gravely. "It is perfectly [illegible] how little things give you an insight on a person's character. [illegible] always liked Alice White [illegible] much, though she is one of [illegible] satisfied, haughty creatures [illegible] noticed that because it is a [illegible] may outgrow. I have always [illegible] nice to her, though I must [illegible] never seems very grateful. [illegible] think that in a situation like [illegible] she had any feeling at all it [illegible] roused, wouldn't you? When [illegible] told her just what I've told you [illegible] acted in the most [illegible] She smiled a funny [illegible] said I'd only got what [illegible] she hoped I'd profit by the [illegible] that Mr. Gibbons was [illegible] very fine business man.

"Not one word of sympathy [illegible] the most cold-blooded [illegible] couldn't believe my ears. [illegible] have my confidence in my [illegible] shattered. It made me feel [illegible] ly, too, of course, and [illegible] possible. A man expects [illegible] a woman above all else."

"I should say so," said the [illegible] with the big eyes. "How perfectly horrid of Alice! It's just like her. She may boast of her common sense, but as for me, I think it is unwomanly. The idea of talking to you that way. Why, I could cry, I'm so sorry for you! It was the most unjust thing!"

"I knew you'd feel that way," said the young man with the brilliant necktie. "You have a different nature and appreciate a fellow's worth. A girl like Alice makes one well tired."

"I certainly hope that I'm different," purred the girl with big eyes. "And it's a perfect shame!"—Chicago Daily News.

Odd Uses for Mail Boxes.

"Did you ever stop to think of all the odd uses the mail box is put to?" said the old carrier. "I've been taking mail out of 'em for thirty odd years and you wouldn't begin to believe how many queer things. There's no place pickpockets and burglars like so well as a receptacle for their undesirable loot. I've found more empty pocketbooks in them than I could ever count. I've found complete carving sets, ring [illegible] with the owner's monogram too deeply set in to make them easily salable by the burglar. Superficially, the most valuable thing I ever found was a check, properly made out, for $[illegible]."—New York Sun.