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Notice to Creditors.

In order of Hon. Selden B. Surrogate of the County of Monroe, N.Y. hereby gives, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against the estate of MARY A. O'NEILL, late of the city of Rochester, State of New York, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereon to the undersigned as such administrator, at the Second Powers Block, Rochester, N.Y., on or before the 9th day of July, 1939.

MARY A. O'NEILL  
Administrator.

Attorneys: William B. Keenan, Attorney at Law, 225 Powers Block, Rochester, N.Y.

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## What Moppet Did

Moppet and Mary had been playing hide and seek all the morning. They had hid in the house in the barn, in the shed, and in the play-house, and had had a beautiful time.

It was Mary's time to seek, and Moppet meant to find a new, new place to hide, as she went scampering around the house past the juniper-tree.

It was just at that minute that her eyes were dazzled by a sudden glitter down the lane. It was the gleam of the bright new pails on the tinman's cart. The tired old horse stood at the gate with drooping head. The cart was heaped high with bundles of rags that the tinman had got from the farmers' wives in exchange for his shining pans and kettles.

The door at the back of the cart stood invitingly open, and there was not a soul watching for the tinman was at the back door haggling with Aunt Lou over the exchange of a suit of Ben's for a stew-pan with a long handle. Moppet saw all with her round bright eyes. Mary would never think of looking for her in the tinman's cart never in the wide world!

Mark of the star bushes through the fence she studied to the lane. The old horse stood as if asleep. Moppet rose on tiptoe and peeped through the open doors of the cart. It was lined with shining things, but there was plenty of room inside for little Moppet.

She wiggled and jiggled, she peeped at the pails lying flat on her little stomach, until there she was, breathless but happy, safe in the tinman's cart.

Once inside she cuddled down on a blanket she found there and peeped.

There was Aunt Lou and the tinman at the back door. There was Ben at the barn and grandpa sitting on the veranda reading his paper, and O'Connell's men there came Mary Smith peeped round the corner of the house past the juniper-tree. Suppose she saw the glittering pails and the open cart? Quick as a flash Moppet reached out and pulled to the swinging doors. They came together with a muffled bang, and a sudden snap.

Moppet lay just as still as a little mouse, giggling to herself. Moppet, Moppet," she could hear Mary faintly calling. Too far away, is no fair—no fair!"

Nearer, nearer came Mary's voice. Moppet held her breath.

"Moppet Moppet!" nearer still, then just outside the cart then farther, farther, and fainter, fainter. Moppet Moppet!"

And still Moppet giggled away to the darkness.

Then something fell with a soft thud on the top of the cart.

"Get up!" cried the tinman, cracking his whip, got up, old lazy bones!" And away swung the sleepy old horse and the tinman's cart, and there in its dusky depths crouched Moppet, with the giggle frozen in her throat.

"Mr Tinman, Mr Tinman!" she wailed, when she could catch her breath.

But over the clatter of the jolting unware rang the jolly tinman's voice.

"I was walkin' by the river in the flowery month of May," for the tinman had made an excellent bargain, in spite of Aunt Lou's haggling, and he was in a singing mood.

"Mr Tinman, Mr Tinman!" sobbed Moppet, banging on a tin pan with dimpled fists.

"Twas there I met sweet Ellen, A-singin' by the way," roared on the jolly tinman.

Clitter-clatter, clitter-clatter, rang the jingling tinware; and all poor little Moppet could do was to bang and call, and bang and call—but nobody heard.

"Whoa!" called the tinman, after it had seemed hours and hours to Moppet, "whoa!" And the tinman slowed up and stopped.

"Mr Tinman, Mr Tinman!" wailed Moppet, shaking the locked doors, "Mr Tinman, Mr Tinman!"

There was no answer.

One minute, two minutes, three minutes, and still the minutes dragged.

Then suddenly there was the sound of some one approaching. The doors of the cart flew open—into its dusky darkness flashed the dazling sunshine, in rushed the sweet fresh air, and a familiar voice said,—

"I want a quart cup and a stew!"

"Granny Murry, Granny Murry!" shrieked Moppet. A rush, a scurry, and, if it hadn't been for the tinman, somebody would have had a bad fall; for there was sobbing Moppet clinging to startled Granny's neck.

"My child you scared me half out of my wits!" gasped Granny when the tinman had helped her to sit down on the grassy bank with Moppet still in her arms. "I won't get over that in a year."

"I'll never, never, never get over that in all my born days!" sobbed Moppet.

But when she had had a bowl of bread and milk and three seed cookies and a pink peppermint candy out of Granny's little silver box, she hid get over it.—Agnes McCalland Dutton, in Little Folks.

## VALUE OF FRUIT EATING.

Serves as Natural Stimulus to the Digestive Organs.

A writer in the Family Doctor says in regard to fruit eating. "We are all quite ready to agree that fruit forms a food of great value, but we display great lack of judgment in the manner in which we take advantage of its valuable qualities. Most people instead of taking fruit on an empty stomach, or in combination with simple grain preparations, such as bread, eat it with oily foods generally cream. Then, perhaps, the whole mass is washed down with tea, coffee or other liquid. To do its best work fruit should be eaten either on an empty stomach or else with bread, or with vegetables. Eaten in the morning, fruit is very refreshing and serves as a natural stimulus to the digestive organs, but even when eaten at the proper time its good effects are generally counterbalanced by its being saturated with sugar. Very few kinds of fruit if thoroughly ripened, require any sugar particularly if eaten raw."

**Fulfilling His Agreement.**

Having become tired of living in rented houses, Mr. Umpole had bought a home of his own. Not having enough money to pay for it outright he had made a cash payment of a thousand dollars and given a trust deed on the property for the remainder. One night not long after he had taken possession of his new home Mrs. Umpole roused him from a deep sleep.

"Herald," she said, "somebody is trying to get into the house."

Mr. Umpole crawled out of bed and started downstairs.

"What are you going to do?" she asked him.

"I'm going to let him in," he answered half-awake.

"To let him in? Who?"

"The man that holds the trust deed on this property," he mumbled. "The document I signed binds me to admit him to the premises at any hour of the day."

**The History of Niagara.**

Dr. J. W. Spencer, who has made a specialty of the study of the geological history of the Niagara gorges and falls, returned to this subject at the July meeting of the American Association. He believes that about 1,500 years ago the drainage of Lake Huron was turned into Lake Erie, thus vastly increasing the eroding power of Niagara. It had taken 35,000 years for the gorge to eat back from Lake Ontario to the point where the falls were situated when the Huron discharge was added. Five hundred years after that the falls reached the whirlpool. Between 2,000 and 3,500 years ago they were passing the site of the Whirlpool Rapids. The rapids themselves were completed less than 30 years ago.

**Bravery and Cowardice.**

"Cowardice is often ignorance. Are any men brave, more ready to risk their lives in their bands, to reckon death as one of the daily encounters, than the deep-sea fishermen? Yet a group of these men, brought to London by one of their missionaries, have been seen too terrified to cross the street. The police had to stop the traffic to allow them to cross. The quick quarrelsome, fearless Cockneys who laughed at them, how would they feel in a freezing storm in the North Sea? A spider may terrify the most courageous woman and a V.C. shrink from a rat. Every hero has his weakness, and we may believe every coward has a point where he comes to bay and will fight the world.

**A Steady Worker.**

A gentleman seeing a colored man of his acquaintance starting out on a fishing excursion, says a writer in Judge, thought it an excellent time to reprove him for his laziness.

"Rufus, you old loafer," said he, "do you think it's right to leave your wife at the wash-tub while you pass your time fishing?"

"Yassah, Jedge, it's all right. Man wife don't need any watching. She'll sholy wuz jes' as hard as I was dah."

**Smokers Restricted.**

There was a time not so long ago when even men only smoked on sufferance and in banishment. In country houses the smoking-room was too often a small dark hole on the sunless side of the house, to which the votary of the weed betook himself as to some dreary retreat, divided between his cravings for a pipe and his desire to get into more cheerful surroundings. To-day indiscriminate smoking prevails.

**The Park.**

Two small girls from the slums, each with a tiny baby brother in her arms, stood peering through the iron railings of a city park. Said one: "Could we go in the park, tink?" "Tain't no park," replied the other, contemptuously, "dat's grass."

**Heavy Funeral Bill.**

New York City pays a large funeral bill. It costs the city \$32.50 to bury each of the unclaimed bodies that pass through the morgue, and there are about 9,400 of them in the course of a year.

**Hard-Working Person.**

As a matter of fact, a member of a club works harder than a member of a notification committee and does not get nearly so much credit.

**Good Advice.**

Keep one lock on your pocketbook and two on your tongue.

## THE NAME OF DAVE POWELL

"Uncle Dave" had reached the age of 70 years, and his chief concern, after the religious ardor which is characteristic of his race was that he had never learned to read and write.

He was full of song and story with which he held the eager attention of the children of the neighborhood, the most fascinating and popular being of De time de levee becoming Mississippi, but he longed for the accomplishments of the "three R's."

If I could only write my name and read my Scriptures, I could die happy, he would say every day to Miss Mamie, the little daughter of the "big house" in the back yard of which he lived.

Miss Mamie was a blue-eyed, rosy faced child whose tender heart yearned over all that was weak or helpless or old.

She was so touched by his longed for to read and write and so haunted by the fear that he could not die happy that she undertook to teach him, beginning the task by writing his name (Dave Powell, on a slate and having him copy it over a dozen times. He kept the copy on the wall and at every spare moment he would write his name.

At last after many days he was able to write it from memory. Dave Powell, without the copy, and after repeating it a few times at Miss Mamie's command, he made sure he wrote with pride and gratitude the words which his heart's desire was fulfilled.

With confidence and courage he began the task of learning to read. Miss Mamie patiently and tenderly pointed out the letters and words. Dave as patiently and anxiously learned them over. It was a long and the old man began to feel that there were many difficulties to be surmounted before he could read the Scriptures. It was not so easy a writing "Dave Powell."

Miss Mamie's tender heart and in gentility at last devised the plan of teaching him some favorite passages by memory and marking the place for him in the Bible so that he could read these while he was completing the arduous task of learning his letters.

He learned these texts readily and then the book changed hands. Miss Mamie sat on the steps to listen while Uncle Dave read to her the book more often than not upside down. The Lord is my shepherd, shall not want. Suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, and others which the little girl had selected as particularly comforting to the old man.

When he had read over the whole lot he would close the book and say: "There's many a true word in that little book, Miss Mamie."

Meanwhile the work of learning to spell was slow and the summer waned, and before the primer was half-learned the little teacher was stricken unto death with a fever.

Through all the anxious days and nights Uncle Dave hung about the windows of her room, praying and reciting his texts with an aching heart and when at last all was over and the funeral cortege left the house, bearing the little form away from him forever, Uncle Dave fell upon the ground and wept aloud.

Loving hands had covered the little mound with flowers and it was bathed in the tender light of the setting sun, when late that evening the old man made a pilgrimage out there alone. He stood for a moment lifting his hands and eyes to the sky and then sat down beside the little grave, took out his Bible and read aloud all the old familiar verses. Then his memory turning to chapter he had read to him in the past, he cried, "It is well with the child!"

Over and over again he repeated his little store of verses, but even this could not satisfy his longing to pour out his love and sorrow, and a last tribute he smoothed a place in the earth at the foot of the little mound, and with a trembling finger traced there on the ground his name "Dave Powell."—Youth's Companion

**Ethergram.**

Language grows apace with the victories of applied science. Consider for a moment how many words in the ordinary work-a-day vocabulary were unknown a quarter of a century ago and are the natural product of discovery and invention. With the perfection of wireless transmission of intelligence there obviously came need of a word designating a message conveyed by the new method. "Ethergram" has been suggested and, in fact, is being used in Great Britain. If not, why not?

**The American Girl Abroad.**

At the luncheon hour in the Strand recently the traffic was held up, pedestrians puzzled after the nearest fire alarm, constables spread their arms and the crowd increased. From the edge of the crowd the struggling wayfarer peered and heard the snap of the camera through the official silence. It was an American girl snapping her companions.

**Passes Unnoticed.**

A New Jersey man claims to have been bitten by dogs 3,000 times after a life-time spent with New Jersey mosquitoes a little thing like a dog bite passes unnoticed.

**THE NAME**

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