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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 therefor, to the undersigned as such administrator, at No. 225 226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of July, 1909.

MARY A. O'NRIEL
 Administratrix.

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

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A Double Elopement

Hester Blake finished sweeping the snow from her front porch and then looked dubiously at the huge drifts lying across the road and slaty sky above.

"They won't come," she assured herself. "Cousin Emma'll never venture out such a day as this. It'll be the first Christmas I've ever spent alone." She sighed unconsciously as she re-entered the silent house.

Mrs. Blake lived in the outskirts of the village of Clinton. She kept a cow and a few chickens and a comfortable and ready income. She was Aunt Hester to the young people of her neighborhood, which was considerable. She was popular this worn woman.

Her hair had a compelling charm, and under the rusty black hat which she wore in winter and summer alike, and when she smiled your heart went out to her. You could have told her your most intimate troubles, sure of a tender understanding and sympathy and that the confidence would go further.

The bright shiny little kitchen had a pleasant smell of good things for breakfast and Mrs. Blake set to work yet another savory odor.

"I didn't have enough money for you, and you shilly-shallyed between me and Lida, and finally married her without sayin' a word to anyone, and so at last I married Isaac. He was a good husband. A sudden impulse of loyalty toward the dead urged me to do this."

"I didn't mean her to be miserable," the squire stammered slowly. A great wonder held him fast. Was this the quiet, self-repressed woman who all these years had sat across the side of him every Sunday morning in church, this slender, vibrant creature trembling in the midst of her demand for happiness for this motherless girl? Was this the woman whom he had loved and married?

"Hetty," he cried, and held out his hand.

She took it and stood looking sadly up at him.

"Hetty, I didn't think you cared—"

"That way I thought you hated me for the way I'd treated you after you left with you for two years. I never thought you missed me as I've missed you all these years. I'd give them all only to live over the two happy years when we kept company. How different."

"You've remembered," the widow cried, and her cheeks flushed. "I'm very lonesome here, Samuel, but I won't be any more when I know you've remembered now go out and put up your horse. Tommy's away for the holidays, and I'm all alone. The young folks're coming back here for dinner and you must join 'em so as to be like an' forgive them for running away."

"Hetty," pleaded the "Squire," the light of determination in his eyes. "Let's run away, too. My horse is better than Charlie's, we'll get to the parsonage most as quick as they do. Here, put on your wraps!" he commanded.

"No, no, Samuel," her face flaming. "Not after the way I talked it looks as though I was hintin'."

"We've wasted altogether too much time already. Hetty. Put this scarf over your ears. It's too cold for a bunnet!"

"Oh, Samuel, we're too old to be so foolish," she faltered.

"We're not too old to love," he assured her as he tied on the scarf. Philadelphia Bulletin

Acquitted of Murder.
 In 1817 one Richard Thornton called to the bar of the King's Bench charged with the murder of Mary Askford in open court threw down his glove and defied his accuser. Whereupon there was a pretty to-do. Water of battle, it was supposed, had died a natural death in the dark ages but Lord Ellenborough, after much consultation of precedent, held that it was still the law of England, and ordered a field to be prepared. Thornton's accuser thereupon declining combat, the prisoner was discharged. Next year Parliament passed an act abolishing this privilege of appeal to the strong right arm.

Dead Flies Valuable.
 Few people probably know that dead flies have a commercial value. As reported from London, they come annually in barrels to the English capital where they are sold at auction and finally serve as food for birds and goldfish. They come from Brazil where they hover close above the surface of the Amazon River, and are caught in nets by the fishermen. I recently a pound of dead flies cost in London fivepence, but the growing demand for which there is no corresponding supply, has increased the price to a shilling and a half a pound.

Markings of Birds to Conceal Them from Their Enemies.
 Many curious facts about the effects of particular colors and markings of birds, insects and other animals in concealing them from their enemies have been collected by naturalists and the theory of "protective mimicry" has been pushed far in some cases. An interesting observation bearing on this subject is recorded by Charles B. Davenport of the Carnegie Institution. About 300 chicks of various colors and patterns, were allowed to run at large in a pasture less than two hours crows had killed 24. Mr. Davenport inspected the slaughtered chicks, and found that they included 17 whites, 13 blacks, 1 coarsely mottled gray-and-buff, but not a single chick with "pencilled" markings more or less like those of ordinary jungle-fowl or game. This, he thinks, was due to the relative inconspicuousness of the pencilled birds, and indicated that the colors arising under domestication increased the danger to the others.

An Ill Wind

The big yellow car had just escaped taking off the wheel of a very smartly rigged Stanhope, and the pretty women in it had sent a look of resentment and disgust deep into poor Billy's susceptible eyes; he spoke irritably as they sped past.

"I wish to heaven, Julia, you would be more careful. That's the seventh time this afternoon we've escaped a mix-up. Let me run here now that's a good girl."

His cousin snubbed her lips firmly. "If you are going to develop nerves, Billy, you can get out, you know. I may be a greenhorn, but I'm game for any amount of this business. Do we turn just ahead? I don't seem to remember this road."

"Yes, we turn on one wheel, probably," retorted the perturbed Billy, savagely. "No stunts now. Shut her down, I say! There's the deuce of a hill, Julia."

Soon afterward he sat up in the dusty grass of the roadside and gazed vaguely about him. Presently he became conscious of a peculiar object on which his hand rested. He looked down. A roasted chicken, plump, browned to a turn, met his astonished gaze. A bottle of champagne broken, also lay near, its golden nectar wasted on insensate grass. Bazed and aggrieved he got to his feet and then he sat down again suddenly. A big red car stood in the otherwise deserted road. Red! Poor Hill; pressed his hands over his traitor eyes. Red! The Meteor was yellow he could swear to it. Yellow was Julia's color, Julia? When—where—

He got up quickly, anxiously. That reckless girl! Ah, there she was!

A young woman in a torn coat of purple sat calmly on the wall behind him, arranging her sunny hair in the indescribable fashion peculiar to all pretty women. She met his scared eyes affably.

"Come around, haven't you?" she said with a nod of her charming head. "I thought you would. You began to groan when I poured the champagne over you, but really there wasn't anything else I could do for you. On the whole I think we've come off rather luckily, don't you?"

Billy's head whirled. Who was this no-nonsense young person who said "we" so calmly to an utter stranger, and who seemed oblivious to the existence of Julia?

"Would you mind telling me what has become of Julia?" he faltered, hold his aching head. "Something has happened I think. Is she—badly hurt?"

It was the young woman's turn to start, and she did so thoroughly.

"Julia? What do you mean? I don't remember a thing after I screamed when I saw that big yellow streak bearing down upon us, until I found myself in these bushes and you unconscious on the grass. Who is Julia?"

Mr. Billy Brooks staggered to a seat on the wall. The girl was frowning at the rents in her long coat.

"Look at 'em," she mourned.

"Even if our car isn't past patching up, I'm a wreck. I can't possibly face Mrs. Elliott and the rest in this state. You see, I lit right in those blackberry bushes. It was awfully good of you to offer to get me there quickly, but, really, the train would have been less hard on my gown."

Mr. Brooks murmured an apology absently, starting straight before him. Mrs. Elliott! An addition to his circle of acquaintances. Perhaps Julia—our car! Our car!

"Your eyes aren't gray, and your hair isn't curly—why I don't know you, I don't," she said pitifully. "I never saw you in my life before. What—what has happened to us? You talk of Julia and—"

"Why, cousin Julia and I were driving half an hour ago in a yellow car—the Meteor. Julia and the car seem to have been translated and you're Mr. Stewart. I am here, and you are here, and a red car is here, and—er—the remains of a good lunch—not mine. My name is William Brooks. Can you throw any light on this Chinese puzzle?"

"I don't quite understand. I thought you were Mr. Stewart or I—Why, this is Mr. Stewart's car! He was taking me over to Mrs. Elliott's garden party. And that big yellow car came roaring at us!"

"When—when I crawled out of the bushes and tried to pour the champagne down your throat, I thought what pigs these people were to keep right on and never stop to see if we were killed! And you are not—Mr. Stewart—at all! If your name is Brooks, where is Mr. Stewart?"

"Where is Julia?" replied Mr. Brooks unhappily, still anchored to the wall.

"I really do not know," retorted the lady in the car, with some asperity. "It might appear to a sensible person that she is with Godfrey Stewart in a yellow car. Anything is possible after this."

Mr. Brooks slid from the wall with a headlike speed.

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