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**Notice to Creditors.**  
 Pursuant to an order of Hon. Selden R. 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'NIEILL  
 Administratrix.

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

Established 1873  
**L. W. Maier's Sons**  
**UNDERTAKERS**  
 150 Clinton Ave. N.  
 Phones 699

**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 Clifton. She kept a cow and a few chickens and a comfortable and steady income. She was Aunt Hester to the young people of her acquaintance, which was considerable. She was popular with the young women. 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. It might as well finish getting the dinner now I've started it," ran on her monotone. She talked to her cat, who sat on the table, and her dog, who barked at the door. "Hurry in and I'll get you some hot coffee. I'll heat you up." Elvira what was your father's name? "I don't know anything about it," she said. "I don't know anything about it," she said. "I don't know anything about it," she said.

"Don't mind her, Aunt Hester," burst out Charlie. "It wasn't her fault, I asked her to go." Well, what a crying about! questioned Mrs. Blake severely, didn't she consent or did you carry her away by force, Charlie? "Of course he didn't," protested Elvira. "I said I'd go, but I wish I hadn't. I was sorry right after we started, and I made Charlie stop instead of going to the minister's, I ought to go back home. I know he'll be worried, and her lip began to quiver again.

"Well, he won't be worried long," said Charlie turning down the window. "He's coming down the road." Elvira sprang to her feet. "Don't let him come in, Aunt Hester," she cried excitedly. "He'll be at Charlie's." "Let him," fiercely from Charlie. "I don't know as I care." "Don't say anything hateful to him," pleaded the girl piteously. "Will you, Charlie?" "Don't worry, Elvira," replied the boy soothingly. "I won't hurt him." "I didn't mean that," cried Elvira, trembling and clinging to him. "I don't want him to hurt you."

"Would you care Elvira?" Elvira sobbed hysterically, her face against his coat. "Of course I care," in muffled tones you know I do care." Meanwhile Mrs. Blake watched the bounding horse far down the road. "He'll be here directly," she warned, "you'd better get ahead of him." But Elvira shrank back. "I don't want to run away," she whined, still clinging to her lover. "Over her head Charlie looked with despairing eyes at the older woman. With swift determination to help him, she took the girl's trembling hands in hers. "Elvira," she demanded, "do you love Charlie Brock?" "Of course I do," answered Elvira, looking at her in surprise.

Well, then, I don't know's I ought to advise it, but your mother's dead, and your father never let you marry Charlie, because he's too poor, but that's no reason for separating young hearts. You've both got love and strength, and Elvira, you're 24 and ought to know your own mind. And if you love Charlie and ain't got the courage to stand up in front of the minister, why just stay here and let your father take you back home. But if you want to marry him, you'll go now and have the words said before your father can pull his horse out of a drift, and I'll get my wraps and go with you."

As she disappeared into the adjoining room, Elvira looked up into her mother's face. "I'll do it, Charlie," she whispered. "Aunt Hester's right, she always is. I'll go wherever you go."

"On second thoughts I've determined to stay and have it out with the quire," said Mrs. Blake, as she hurried the young people out to the house and wrapped a warm rug around the trembling girl. "Don't worry, Elvira, I'll make it all right with your father. Mind you come straight back here for your dinner," she urged, smilingly, as they drove rapidly away.

But when Elvira's father faced her at her own fireside a few minutes later there was no smile on her tired face.

"Yes, I helped them," she said dejectedly, breaking the silence of 30 years.

"It wasn't your business," Squaw

**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, alas! lay near, its golden nectar wasted on insensate grass. Bland 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! "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.

**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 tussle. 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 found a pound of dead flies cost in London five pence, 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. 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. In 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.

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