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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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NOT IN THE CATALOGUE

The reading room was as quiet as a tomb. Now and then some student turned a page impatiently and the paper gave forth a sharp rustle as though aggrieved at such treatment [illegible] visitors and attendants moved about with silent tread [illegible] chair legs [illegible] catalogue drawers moved [illegible] ways.

[illegible] After the [illegible] busy office [illegible] treated to [illegible] was more than [illegible] was pretty [illegible] after a brief [illegible] were [illegible] of the way [illegible]

[illegible] was the little [illegible] customers who [illegible] in search [illegible] the dresses of [illegible] was the little old [illegible] everything [illegible] chemistry and [illegible] men who dis[illegible] of taste [illegible] books on astronomy [illegible] and again he [illegible] in geography or [illegible]

Of [illegible] this man Ballington was [illegible] in his attendance [illegible] the most like an old [illegible] was he who had quietly [illegible] with suggestions which [illegible] to the room. He had been a regular and had known more of the routine than she did. But it was often that Linda was able to help him with a suggestion as to few books for her heart was in her work and she was something more than an automaton dealing out the books called for with mechanical indifference.

Ballington, Richard Ballington, she knew the name from his slips, seemed almost a part of the reading room it[illegible] so regular was he in attendance and his good morning smile was a pleasant opening of the day's routine. Last Christmas he had brought a little gift the day before the holiday and sometimes when luck was particularly good a box of candy would come back with a book.

The summer before their vacations had overlapped and for an entire month she had not seen him. She was glad when the vacation was over and she could come back to her place at the desk with the loved books around her and with Ballington sitting in the chair in a corner where he was least likely to be disturbed.

For once Linda was glad as the hands of the clock crept around to closing time and she knew that in an hour more she would be free to hurry home and creep into bed. Just before the hands reached the closing hour Ballington rose from his place and brought a book to the desk. Then instead of leaving he went over to the catalogue and began to scan the cards in one of the drawers. For a few months Linda watched him, then she looked up with the familiar glance of appeal [illegible] came over to the catalogue drawer.

Struck for a title she asked in a voice so low that it seemed scarce[ly] to be a whisper. "What's the letter?"

"L," said Ballington. "Lo, to be exact."

"Logging?" she asked. "That's under lumber."

"Not logging," he denied. "It's a shorter word. Love."

"I don't think that's catalogued," she said in dismay. "It's a funny subject. Suppose we look for Romance?"

"Let's look for romance, but not in books," he pleaded. "I know that this is a silly sort of proposal, but I love you, little girl. I've been sure of it ever since last summer when I missed you for a whole month. Those two weeks when you were away I simply could not do any reading. I've been trying ever since to tell you, but I didn't see how. I don't want to hang around outside of the library until you come out and I do want you to help me look for romance, Linda, even though it is not in the titles?"

"I think it is in the catalogue," she said, softly, "but if you'd rather, I'll help you after hours."

"There may be a romance in the catalogue," said Ballington, "but not as good a romance as there is this moment just outside the drawers. You do care a little bit, Linda."

"Since last vacation," she admitted. "You may come this evening if you like to begin the study."

Ballington made a note of her address and left the place with elastic step and beating heart, while Linda went back to recive the books the readers were returning. As she gave a final look around as the last book was stacked and the day's work done, she patted the catalogue cabinet as she passed it.

"You're awfully wise," she whispered, "with your thousands of titles, but you haven't a 'Love,' and I'm sorry for you." Then Linda walked out to enter a new world.

INVENTORS POORLY PAID.

British Admiralty Niggardly in Its Rewards to Clever Workmen.

The Lords of the British Admiralty [issued] a circular to the officials of various naval dockyards some [years] ago in which a system of pay[ment] for suggestions made by the workmen employed in all departments [was] introduced. [illegible] was hoped [to] encourage the men but the [scheme] is now practically defunct [owing] to the extraordinary parsimony [of the] Admiralty [illegible] workmen [illegible] submitted [illegible] mechanical [illegible] for saving labor and cost [illegible] received [illegible] rewards [illegible] are valuable [illegible] large sums [illegible] have [illegible] grants [illegible] Admiralty [illegible]

What Happened to Amos

[illegible] He [illegible] day I went [illegible] Chappaqua [illegible] the [illegible] window and [illegible] going [illegible] just [illegible] when Mrs. Gree[ley] [illegible] honest [illegible] without a word [illegible] like a flash [illegible] and threw them out of the [window] [illegible] left the room with [illegible] as one who [illegible] somebody that the [illegible] places for hats and canes and [illegible]

[illegible] get a little warm [illegible]

Great Ingratitude

[illegible] among immigrants made her [illegible] had a tremendant wit and [illegible] says the Washington [illegible] woman suffrage [illegible] clergyman she said [illegible] You are [illegible] Mrs. Stanton [illegible] They sent [illegible] and made a min[ister] [illegible] the work of [illegible] his first sermon [illegible] was a proud Sun[day] [illegible] good ladies. They [illegible]

[illegible] keeps store in the [illegible]

Working Too Hard

[illegible] farm had been en[gaged] [illegible] county fair while [his] working wife stayed at home [illegible] the farm suffered no loss [during his] absence, says The New York [illegible]

[illegible] Sarah," said the owner upon [his return], "I'm about all tired out. [illegible] cows in the barn?"

[illegible]," replied his wife, looking up from the task then [in hand].

"[And] the hosses unharnessed an' [illegible]?"

"Yes."

"[Chi]ckens locked up?"

"Yes."

"[Wood] chopped for mornin'?"

"[Yes.]"

"Wagon been mended an' ready t' [go] [illegible] mornin'?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," concluded the exhausted owner with a sigh of relief, "let me [ha]ve my supper. I'm going t' turn in. [Th]is fair's beginnin' t' tell on me."

Why They Were Late at School.

Two little youngsters shambled [pen]itently into the class room long [after] the school had opened for the [mor]ning session.

"Boys, come to my desk immediately," said the teacher.

The meek little lads walked to the [teac]her's desk and stood looking helplessly at their feet.

"Tommy, why are you late this morning?" asked the teacher.

"I overslept myself, ma'am," began Tommy. "You see, teacher, I dreamed I was going to take a railroad trip. I just got to the station when I woke up an' found it was 'way past school time."

"Freddy, why are you late?" inquired the teacher, turning to the other boy.

"Please, ma'am," replied the trembling Freddy, "I went to the station to see Tommy off."

Miriam's Rival

Miriam watched the furniture vans backed up against the curb on the opposite side of the road and remem[bered] [illegible] Jim Ridgeley's promise.

[illegible] had purchased the land across [the] street [illegible] own home and [built] thereon a handsome res[idence], the planning of which had [occupi]ed many a pleasant evening as [Miriam's] fluffy golden head was bent close [bes]ide the sleek brown hair and Jim [illegible] over her own as she [illegible] out details in the blue print[s].

[It all] came back to Miriam as she [watched] the handsome furniture [being] carried into the house. It was [illegible] that some other girl would [live in] the home she had planned with [him], and she tried to tell herself that [she] did not care even while the tears [roll]ed down her cheeks.

In the interval that had elapsed [sin]ce she had given Jim back his ring [and] had refused to permit him an ex[plan]ation, wounded pride had prevent[ed] her from owning even to herself [illegible] the house seemed very dear [illegible] was a [illegible] woman [illegible] the operation of moving.

[It] was because of the same [illegible] they had parted. Miriam had [wanted] to be the first woman to [enter] the new house when it should be [finished], and she learned one morning [that] a businesslike young person [had been] in with a key. That even[ing when] Jim had asked Miriam [illegible] with the [illegible] that she had found that she [illegible] of him. He had begged [to know] what the matter [was, and] suggested that there might [be a mis]take but Miriam had [turned a] deaf ear to his pleadings [and had] half a dozen of his letters [illegible] returned Jim had written.

[In] the afternoon Ridgeley took [illegible] his desk to be told a [illegible] one. He sprang to his [feet] [illegible] his hands in greet[ing], but Miriam shrank back.

"[Do] you suppose that I would shake [hands] with you?" she asked scorn[fully]. "I am not come here to [illegible] but to tell you how [illegible] contempt for you."

"I think that you have gone pretty [far] [illegible] exposition in the past [illegible]," said Ridgeley. "May I [ask what] occasion has moved [you to] your silent contempt? Is it about the house?"

[illegible] proves your [illegible] Miriam. "You might [illegible] decency to sell the [house]."

"[illegible] that would have been [illegible]," agreed Ridgeley, "but [illegible] market is now [illegible] at advantage [illegible] and at sacri[fice] [illegible]."

[illegible] said Miriam scorn[fully] [illegible] another woman [illegible] house we had planned [illegible] our home! You have had [illegible] would weak[en] [illegible]

[illegible] enough to keep [illegible] property [illegible] through sentiment [illegible] Ridgeley gently. "I assure [you] [illegible] none too pleasant [illegible] had to put it on the [market]."

[illegible] sobbed Miriam [illegible] coming to live there [illegible] woman who made all the [illegible] it on the market? Do [illegible] that you are going to mar[ry] [illegible] woman?"

"[illegible] I've ever heard of a [illegible]," declared Ridgeley, "[illegible] very well marry her [illegible] that there was a woman [illegible]."

[illegible] this very minute su[illegible] things," explained Miri[am] [illegible] I stood it just as [illegible] then I came down [to tell] you what I thought of your [illegible]."

"There is no woman," insisted [Ridgeley].

"[But] there is," insisted Miriam, "[the] same one who came and spent [the morn]ing in the house before I saw [it] and you promised that I [should be] the first woman to cross [the thre]shold."

"So that's the trouble is it?" asked [Ridge]ley. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"What was the use when you [kne]w?" sobbed the girl.

"But I didn't know," declared Ridge[ley]. "It must have been someone [fr]om the decorator's. I'll call up and [fi]nd out."

There was a brief interval in the [tel]ephone booth, and Ridgley emerged [smi]ling.

"That is what it means," he con[tin]ued. "I didn't know it, but their [c]hief decorator is a woman. She was there the first time to measure for the curtains. I engaged the same firm to settle the house, so she is there."

"And you are not going to be married?" asked Miriam.

"Not unless I can induce you to reconsider your objection," said Ridgeley. "Will you, dear?"

"Perhaps," whispered Miriam, "if you promise never to do it again."

Ridgeley smiled at the feminine logic of the condition, but his face was very tender as he bent close to the golden curls to whisper his promise. Miriam's first rival had been disposed of and Cupid had come again into his own.—CELLA CRANE.

WILLING TO SERVE.

Judge's Suspicion Justified by Talesman's Confession.

Walter C Goodson, an attorney of Macon, Mo., attended Circuit Court at Oskaloosa, Ia., one day this week and noticed some interesting features which differed from the Missouri practice. On the day of opening of court the Judge lines up the petit jury and asks if there are any members who want to be excused, said Mr. Goodson. That day I was there every man with one accord began to excuse himself. One said he had just purchased a farm and that he had to start his hands farming. Another said he was a candidate and that his house would [burn] if he didn't keep on the road. [Another] big woodsman said he was [unable] to read and write well and that [he w]as [not] certain he knew enough to [serve].

[illegible] of the men summoned [illegible] or another for [illegible]. Later the Judge investigated [illegible] and found some of them [illegible] not so good. Where [illegible] was flimsy he made the [illegible].

One of the lawyers up there told [me] this story. A group of jurymen [illegible] Judge just [illegible] the day I was there [illegible] explained that it would [illegible] to serve at that [illegible] fellow [illegible] This man [illegible] had lived in a [illegible] life.

"You [illegible] to offer?" asked [the] surprised Judge.

"No, [sir]."

"Haven't got a sick mother-in-law [that n]eed[s] your attention?"

"No, [sir; ne]ver married."

"[What] [illegible] crop?"

"[illegible]"

"[illegible] to fix up?"

"[illegible] a fence on the place."

"You [illegible] can spare the time to serve on a jury two weeks?"

"Sure."

The Judge sat a while and meditated. Reaching over he whispered [to] the clerk, who shook his head [illegible] the Judge's curiosity [illegible] of him.

"You're the only man who's got the time to serve your country as a juryman," he said. "Would you mind telling me how it happens?"

"Sure not," said the little man promptly. "I heard you was going to [illegible] this term." He shot a [illegible].

No Hope for Him

[illegible] of a sudden discov[ery] [illegible] awoke one day to the fact that his hair was growing [thin] [on] the top of his head. He looked [in] a folding mirror and was horrified to find that there was a bald spot [illegible] as large as a silver dollar of which nobody had ever told him.

"This will never do," he said. "[I must] get that hair back."

He began at once. For several [illegible] a hair restorat[ive] [illegible] was highly recommended. It did [no] good.

He tried another, then another and [illegible] to no purpose. [illegible] preparations had cured many [illegible] of incipient baldness according to their testimonials, but none of them had any effect on him. As a last resort he consulted a special[ist] [illegible] treated him for six [illegible]. At the end of that time the top of his head was nearly as [illegible].

"[I h]ave to hunt up another one," he said.

One morning while going down town in a street car he observed a [illegible] prosperous looking gentleman who wore an unmistakable wig on his head.

"Who is that man?" he asked of the passenger sitting next to him.

"Don't you know?" said the other. "That's the rich Colonel Stubbs."

"I've often heard of him. They say he is immensely rich."

"Fifty million dollars."

"Fifty millions!" reflected Mr. Benson. "If there was any earthly cure for baldness he wouldn't be wearing a wig! I'll give it up."

Knew Their Author.

In the Beecher family the name of Mrs. Stowe was often quoted to the rising generation as one having authority. She was also quoted ad nauseam it would seem, from a story told by The Woman's Journal. On one occasion a grandniece of Mrs. Stowe became very angry at a playmate and stamping her foot said: "I hate you and I don't want anything more to do with you nor your man servant nor your maid servant, nor your ox nor your ass." Her mother sternly reproved her asking her if she knew what she was saying. Little Miss Beecher promptly replied. "Yes, the Ten Commandments." "Well, do you know Who wrote them?" The child looking disgusted, answered: "Goodness, yes! Aunt Harriet did, I s'pose."

Asking Too Much.

I believe there is a story told of Mark Twain that in youthful days, being sent out by his mother to weed a certain flower bed, and finding more weeds than flowers, he came back in and asked if he might not "flower the weed bed."

Our little Alfred probably has as great an aversion to work as had the youthful Clemens. Admonished to [pull] some rather large weeds in the back yard, after a faint-hearted lift on one of them, he shouted:

"Mamma, how do you think I'm going to pull these weeds [when the] whole world is hitched on [illegible]."

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