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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. 223 226 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 223-226 Powers Block, Rochester, N Y

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BY WIRELESS TELEPHONE

The old apple tree was one soft cloud of pink, but the tramp who rushed across the orchard and clutched and clawed his way so frantically up among its beautiful blossoms got of the way of the teeth of the wiry little fox terrier who raced so madly after him never stopped to comment on its loveliness.

As he climbed, something glittering fell from his rags to the short young grass, but the tramp didn't see it, and when Bobs, tired of barking, ran off to the other side of the orchard to dig for woodchucks, the tramp dropped down on the other side of the tree and silently stole away. When he was safe out of sight and hearing of Bobs, he searched anxiously among his rags, and when he found that the glittering thing was gone he swore

Mysie Woodford sat on the wide piazza, crying as if her heart would break. When she went to make the biscuits for dinner she had laid her diamond ring that her old Aunt Jane had left to her on the pantry window sill, and when she went to look for it it was not there. As she raised her head to wipe the tears away she saw a nice young man standing at the gate looking at her. He raised his hat and asked leave to rest for a while on the piazza. She brought out a chair for him, stopping on the way to bathe her tear-stained face with icy well water, and seating herself gazed at him with frank amazement as he put the small instrument he carried in his hand up to his ear and began to talk, as if he were answering someone who was at the other end of a telephone wire

"Yes!" he said briskly "It's a good bit over a mile. They said it was a mile at the last farmhouse." He turned to Mysie. "How far is it from here to the postoffice?" he asked.

"A mile and a quarter," said Mysie. The nice young man resumed his conversation with the little instrument.

"She says it's a mile and a quarter," he said. "Yes! She! Yes! I'm resting on her piazza." Then his face flushed. "Aw quit your kidding" he said angrily and put down the receiver. Then in answer to Mysie's frank look of wonder, "It's a wireless telephone" he explained. "My chum's the inventor. We're trying experiments to see how far it will carry. He is in the postoffice." Mysie looked her utter amazement and disbelief so frankly that he added "Wouldn't you like to try it yourself?"

"Yes!" said Mysie promptly "If it really is a telephone. I'd like to tell Kelly, the constable, to be on the look out for a tramp who went by here toward the village just before dinner. He must have stolen my ring. I left it on the pantry window while I mixed the biscuits for dinner, and when I looked for it it was gone"

"Have you looked everywhere for it?" asked the nice young man, sympathetically, adding hesitatingly "Was it—had it—any particular—value?"

Mysie blushed—she was only 17

"My Aunt Jane left it to me when she died two years ago," she said, with dignity. The nice young man looked abashed but relieved.

"Oh!" he said Then he added quickly "I—I—thought it might be—"

In spite of herself Mysie giggled. "No! It isn't an engagement ring," she said

The nice young man looked his delight. To tell the truth the first sight of that tear-stained face and those yellow curls had wiled his young heart quite away from him. Now he decided that he had a fighting chance, anyway

"Are you sure you've looked everywhere?" he asked again.

Mysie nodded.

"Everywhere I can think of," she said. "Can't you think of some place to look?" she added abstractedly. Then she dropped the little instrument as if it had bitten her and looked up at him queerly.

"What is it? What's the matter?" he asked anxiously.

"Why—why—that—that thing said when I asked if you couldn't think of some place to look—that thing said, just as plain: 'In the shade of the old apple tree.'"

"Oh, that nothing," he said. "That's only some of Jim's funny business. That's the name of an old song, you know."

But Mysie didn't hear him. She had jumped up and was just in the act of running down the steps.

"Where are you going?" he cried.

"Down to the old apple tree," she said. "I heard Bobs barking like mad down there this afternoon. Perhaps that tramp was there. Anyway, I'm going to look," she added decisively, as the nice young man tried to say something to prevent her. So he followed her meekly.

It was quite a while before the nice young man caught sight of the ring glittering and gleaming among the short grass. He hesitated about picking it up just then—they were having such a delightful time. But at last he did. Mysie put out her hand for it with a cry of delight.

"Let me put it on for you," said the nice young man. And when, blushing and dimpling, Mysie put out her hand he said very softly, but very decidedly:

"I'm going to put the mate to that on your finger just as soon as we've put our wireless 'phone on the market."

And Maysie didnt say "No." She just blushed pink—a pink as beautiful as the blossoms on the old apple tree.
—JOSEPHINE BRUORTON.

MONEY IN MULES.

Average 2-Year-Olds Bring $200 Each—Larger Animals Twice as Much.

Raising mules for the market is an industry which for some reason is almost entirely neglected in the Eastern and middle States, yet there is no safer, surer method of making money, especially for the small farmer.

The notion that one needs boundless acres or a ranch covering half a county to raise mules successfully has been threshed out and exploded long ago. There are no extensive mule breeding plants in Missouri, yet this State raises the largest and finest mules in the whole world.

A farmer with a hundred acres could raise a couple of mules every year. When three years old, if a fair size, they will bring him $200 each, if extra large and well shaped they will bring almost as much more. There is always a demand and a ready market for any mule, and the bigger the mule the bigger the price.

One man with a farm of 200 acres keeps one driving horse and ten mares. Each one of these mares raises a mule colt every year besides doing all the farm work, and on this particular farm there is plenty for them to do.

The colts are allowed to run with the mares until four months old. They are then placed in a pasture by themselves and are never allowed to stop growing until they have attained their full growth. From the time they leave the mare until they are shipped to market they are never fed hay or oats. Sowed corn, bean fodder, cornstalks and straw in winter and grass in summer is their diet.

"My experience," writes this farmer in Country Life in America, "has taught me that mules thrive best on coarse food—not fence rails and the windy end of a barn, but any other food than hay or oats. My rations for sixty mules engaged in heavy railroad construction work are six quarts of corn a day for each, and one bundle of rye straw for two mules at night.

"It would be hard to find a smoother, slicker bunch anywhere, and they have not lost a week's work in five years. They are groomed and curried every night, the same as any valuable working horse, and the drivers are never allowed to whip; any abuse or overloading results in the quick discharge of the driver, for a mule is of all working animals the most timid and shy. They will go any place and do anything if they know it is all right, and if they do not know it will not do it."

Health of the Farmer.

It is perfectly apparent to any one who is at all familiar with country life that many of the women who are called upon to preside over the farm house are properly equipped for the work that is set before them, says the Baltimore Sun. The outdoor life of the farmer should be the most healthful of lives, and yet it is, we believe, a fact that they are not longer lived nor more healthy than those engaged in sedentary occupations.

There are various reasons for this. One is the farmer's own lack of care in looking after the sanitary condition of the surroundings. The air he breathes may be polluted by a pigpen near his back door, the water he drinks may be polluted by drainage from his backyard or by things which fall into his well. This is not the fault of the woman.

The average farmer is also notoriously careless about keeping dry. He is in and out in all weathers and is prone to sit with wet clothes or wet feet. The woman's contribution to ill health, when there is any, comes in the form of ill cooked and unwholesome food.

Illustration Incomplete.

Apropos of examination time, Professor Carl C. Peterson of Dubuque, related at a recent dinner some examination stories.

"Once, in a Bible lesson," he said, "I repeated the text:

"'Arise and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt.'

"And then I showed the children a large picture that illustrated the text in bright colors.

"The children studied this picture eagerly. Then they all frowned; all looked rather disappointed. Finally a little girl said:

"'Teacher, where is the flea?'"

Discretion.

Valor is often taken for discretion. During a certain battle the colonel of an Irish regiment noticed that one of the men was extremely devoted to him. Everywhere the colonel went, the soldier followed faithfully. A writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer tells the story. At last the officer remarked:

"Well, my man, you have stuck by me well to-day."

"Yes, sorr," replied Pat. "Shure, it was my mother said to me, says she, 'Just you stick to the colonel, Patrick me bhoy, and you'll be all roight. Them colonels never get hurtid.'"

A Bid for Fame.

For a long time there had been no sound in Nevada save the thuds of bottoms falling out of mining booms.

"Nobody takes us seriously any more," grumbled the people. "Let's try to be taken as a joke."

Then the legislators proceeded to read a lesson to the Mikado, proceeding in such haste that they neglected to study the grammar first.

Ambition and Love.

Life holds two things worth while—ambition and love. For where the desire for eminence is intermingled with the heavenest blessing of a good woman's love there is small chance for greed to gain the mastery.

THE MILLS OF THE GODS

By Raymond Hudson.

On May 25, 1888, an American tourist entered the little inn near the Italian frontier, close to one of the most famous peaks of the Alps.

He was dressed as the conventional mountain climber, seemed rather excited and was reckless with his money, which he counted in the sight of everybody before he drained a glass of beer and sat down at a corner table.

Here he once more counted his pile of gold pieces, emptied his stein and in a loud voice asked if he could have a guide.

At first no one answered, but after a while the old cross-eyed Beppo stood up and went over to the stranger.

"To the 'Icicle,'" the American said, curtly.

"To the 'Icicle,'" Beppo repeated thoughtfully exchanging furtive glances with the others in the room.

The "Icicle" had a very bad reputation. Often courageous tourists had tried to climb the ice-covered steep cone, but they had always given it up and had returned frozen and trembling.

"When do you want to start?" Beppo asked slowly and hesitatingly

"Tonight."

"Tonight? The night is dark and the road dangerous."

"Tonight!" shouted the American impatiently. "If you do not want to earn the money, and I shall pay you well, I shall go alone."

Beppo hesitated a moment, while everyone looked at him then he emptied his glass and said:

"I will go."

The American buttoned his short coat and tied a heavy woolen muffler around his neck.

"Come along," he said, and pointed to the door with his cane, the handle of which was carved in shining ivory to represent a grinning human skull.

The next morning Beppo returned alone. The American had fallen into a chasm.

Soon people from all over the neighborhood began to talk and avoid the company of Beppo, who, after a while, stayed in his shanty. The American had carried what appeared a fortune to these people, and Beppo's reputation had never been of the best. But Beppo lived as he had always done, without any show of money, and brought up his brother's little daughter, who had come to him when still a baby. The ugly rumors died away, and after awhile tongues ceased wagging.

Years passed and the little girl grew up to be a handsome maid, who was loved and wooed by many.

But still the ghost of the American walked. There he was at the bottom of the precipice, dead and cold, with bleached bones, picked clean by bird and worm, and alongside of him among the head bones was the gold, the shining, everlasting gold which to the poor seemed a fortune.

Time and again some young fellow tried to climb down into the abyss to get the treasure. He was never seen again and more and more horrors gathered around the "Icicle's" white cone and bottomless precipice.

Then a young man came to the neighborhood and began to woo Beppo's niece. He was a stalwart, handsome fellow with muscles like iron and bright blue eyes. His name was Giovanni, and from his first childhood he had been familiar with the mountains. Bianca soon lost her heart to him, but Beppo would have nothing of him. He himself had known poverty and hunger, and his niece was not to marry a man without money.

Giovanni stood, downcast and crushed; but suddenly his eyes brightened.

"Gold! Gold is what you ask for, Beppo, to make me your son-in-law. Good. I shall find gold. Dead men need no money; let them pay for the living."

And he left.

Beppo looked after him thoughtfully, but did not call him back, though he well understood it was the American, who was to pay the dowry.

Giovanni came into the inn. His blood was boiling, his cheeks were burning with fever and no one had ever seen him drink so much. When he left his eyes were cold, his walk stiff, like that of a sleep-walker, who never stumbles, but miraculously escapes every danger.

As he went out he turned around in the door and said in a strange tone: "Tomorrow we will celebrate my wedding with the gold of the American. If not, drink a glass in memory of me."

He threw a handful of change on the floor. The coins rolled all over, and nobody picked them up, while an uncanny feeling came upon the guests, who sat silent for some time. Then the door opened, and Beppo entered, pale as death.

"Where is Giovanni?"

"On the Icicle," came the answer, and Beppo disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

* * * * * *

A man came slowly crawling up from the bottom of the precipice. [illegible] At last he reached the edge [illegible] for he looked back into the depths, without [illegible] goal. It was Giovanni.

Suddenly he fell backward, [illegible] an expression of horror, as if he had seen a ghost.

Beppo stood before him.

"Did you find anything?" he asked in a mocking tone.

"Nothing," Giovanni replied [illegible] lently; "nothing but white bones. The gold was gone."

"The gold is here," Beppo [illegible] lifting a bag.

Giovanni gasped.

"Did you murder him?" he asked, with chattering teeth.

"Who speaks of murder? He fell down the precipice. I had warned him. He gave me the money before that."

"You are lying!" Giovanni shouted. "I can see it in your face."

"Maybe I am," Beppo said, in a voice unnaturally calm. "Now my time has come. For years I have been starving, sitting on a heap of gold. Thousands of suspecting eyes have been watching me. I dared not spend one penny more than I earned, or I should have been hanged. Now I will enjoy the fruits of my deed."

"I will have nothing to do with you. Tomorrow I shall turn you over to the authorities."

"To the authorities! You! Bah! I know that you dare not do. You will not make Bianca's adopted father a murderer in the eyes of the world. Let us talk matters over quietly. You are a good, clean young fellow, and I would not let you have Bianca because I must have a son-in-law whom means would let me use my gold without awakening suspicion. Everybody in the village knows you have been in the chasm and brought back the money. Had I sent in the gold it would have been yours, now, anyway. To you the gold belongs; take it and be happy with Bianca."

Giovanni stared at him in horror, but he felt less determined. He stood on the edge of the precipice in the cold, clear light of the moon. Beppo watched every movement with the flame in his face. But the struggle lasted only a moment.

"Leave me, you devil!" he shouted, "do not tempt me."

He lifted his arms as if to drive Beppo away. In his one hand he held a cane with a handle of ivory formed like a human skull.

Beppo's eyes roamed [illegible] drop from their sockets. [illegible] he stared at the cane.

"Are you there again?" he [illegible] "Go away or I will throw you into the precipice once more."

Beppo made a sudden jump [illegible] Giovanni grabbed him and he fell over the edge down to the bottom of the abyss.

Giovanni stood mute with [illegible] then he looked at the money in the bag Beppo had dropped.

"There is blood on that money," he cried, and threw the bag down to where the body of the murderer lay across the bleached bones of his victim.

Assuming the Husband's Name.

The custom which makes it proper for the wife to assume the name of her husband at marriage is followed in much obscurity. A recent authority advances the opinion that it originated from a Roman custom [illegible] became common after the Roman occupation of England. Tacia, [illegible] and Octavia, married to Pompey [illegible] Cicero, were called by the [illegible] Julia of Pompey and Octavia [illegible] ero, and in later times the [illegible] women of most European countries signed their names in the [illegible] but omitted that of [illegible] theory it is a fact that [illegible] sixteenth and the beginning [illegible] seventeenth century a Catherine signed her name Wilmer [illegible] though she had been twice married. We also hear of Lady Jane Dudley, and Arabella Stuart Seymour, etc. Some think [illegible] custom originated with the [illegible] ral idea that the husband and [illegible] are one. This was the [illegible] as far back as 1181 and [illegible] cided in the case of Bonta [illegible] In the reign of Elizabeth that [illegible] man by marriage loses her [illegible] name and legally receives the [illegible] of her husband.

Vegetables As Medicine.

Watercress is an excellent blood purifier.

Tomatoes are good for a torpid liver but should be avoided by gouty people.

Lettuce has a soothing effect on the nerves and is excellent for sufferers from insomnia. It [illegible] as a sedative upon the human system, owing to the opium it contains.

Celery is a nerve tonic, [illegible] tons.

Spinach has great aperient qualities, and is far better than medicine for sufferers from constipation.

Beets are fattening, and good for people who want to put on flesh, as are potatoes.

Asparagus stimulates the kidneys.

Bananas are beneficial to sufferers from chest complaints.

Cranberries are astringent, and correct the liver when it is sluggish from inactive causes by stimulating.

Cabbage is good for [illegible] complaints.

Dates are [illegible] and often [illegible]