

The Genoa Tribune.

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DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE OF GENOA AND VICINITY.

VOL. VIII. No. 44.

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1899.

BY AMES BROS.

THE GENOA TRIBUNE,

Issued every Friday at

GENOA, CAYUGA COUNTY, N. Y.,

— BY —

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Clarence A. Ames. Frank W. Ames.

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NEWS ABOUT THE STATE

Paragraphs of the Week's Happenings Clipped from the Tribune's Exchanges.

Mrs. Hedden of Lake Ridge is critically ill, suffering from paralysis.

Last month the Waterloo distillery paid \$73,519.49 for revenue stamps.

A large number of cows in this vicinity died of appoplexy this spring.—Moravia Republican.

Helen Edith, the infant daughter of Llewellyn and Sadie Davis, died last Monday at Lake Ridge.

The engagement of Henry Morgan, assistant postmaster at Aurora, and Miss Clara Agnes Blinn of Schenectady is announced.

The cases of scarlet fever in the Crandall family at Lake Ridge are doing well, and it is thought there is no danger of the disease spreading.

Tuesday the town board contracted with the Groton Bridge Co. for a new iron bridge in district No. 45, known as the Eli Sears bridge.—Farmer Review.

James Albro of Cuyler was arrested one day last week, charged with being the accomplice of George and Henry Corwin of Cortland, who are accused of stealing horses last November.

Rev. W. J. Pasko, for seven years pastor of the Baptist church in Union Springs, offered his resignation Sunday evening to take effect not later than May 1. His many friends here regret to learn of his determination to leave us.—Advertiser.

It is stated that farmers in Orleans county have succeeded in raising yields of from 300 to 450 bushels of potatoes to the acre on small patches. Fertilizers were not extensively used but the main reliance was on continued cultivation and hilling.

John E. Myers, Seymour M. Parks and Frances E. Myers, of Venice, have been adjudged bankrupts by Judge Cox of the United States District court for the northern district of New York. Collier & Laird are the bankrupts' attorney.

Stove manufacturers from all parts of the United States, representing seventy-five of the largest concerns in the country, decided in Chicago last week to advance immediately the price of stoves ten per cent. Very considerate of them to have waited till the cold weather was over.

It is reported on good authority that a controlling interest in the stock of the Lehigh Valley railroad company has been purchased by the Pierpont Morgan syndicate. This it is expected will bring the management of the road into better harmony with the Central than has heretofore existed.

Two transcripts of judgments from justice's court were filed in the county clerk's office Friday morning. Justice Hudson, of Ledyard, granted to E. C. Hillman against Abraham L. Fritts, for \$74.44 and Squire Howe against Joseph E. Potter by Justice Mead, of Genoa.

One evening last week a man apparently about thirty years of age registered at the American hotel in Oneida, and after getting on a large sized jag, gave an exhibition of glass eating by biting a chunk out of a whisky glass and chewing it down, and also several small nails and a piece of a knife blade. In a few hours he was suffering excruciating pain, and a doctor was called, who found him in a precarious condition. At last accounts he had gotten rid of the nails and knife blade, but the glass is still with him and is likely to cause his death.

Shot by His Brother.

Yesterday afternoon the residents of the little hamlet of Searsburg were startled by the report that Ned Tailby had shot his younger brother. Upon investigation it was learned that Ned, who is 20 years old and a son of Mrs. Helen Tailby, was playing the smart young man flourishing a 32-calibre revolver, when it was discharged, the ball striking his ten year old brother, Delos, who was sitting across the room from him. Medical aid was at once summoned and it was found that the ball had entered the right side, striking a rib, following it to the back where it came out. The wound is a serious one and the life of the wounded boy is despaired of. Ned claims that he did not know the revolver was loaded.—Ithaca News (Monday.) 20 years old and still a blasted fool.

The Little Girl That Smiled at Me.

The little girl that smiled at me
This side of heaven I may not see.
A face seen in a passing throng,
A glance but half a moment long,
And then the broad street stretched away,
And friendless faces, grave and gay,
Went past me like a surging sea,
And with it she who smiled at me.

The smile of her who passed that day,
A gleam of light across my way,
Was like a ray from heaven thrown
To one who walks the dark alone;
Just a chance smile—yet how the skies
And earth grew brighter for the eyes
Of her who smiled so timidly
Out of the hurrying throng at me.

The little girl that smiled at me—
If such a miracle may be,
And wings of prayer have flight as far,
To her who passed me like a star.
Come gentle Providence and praise,
Sweetness of love and length of days,
And heart so pure and soul as free
As looked from out her eyes at me.

The Mareorama.

One of the attractions of the Paris Exposition of 1900 will be M. Hugo d'Alesi's "Mareorama," the principal feature of which will consist of a large ocean steamer, the passengers upon which will have an opportunity of making a voyage from Marseilles to Constantinople; that is to say, an imaginary voyage, since the vessel will not move forward at all, the illusion of sailing being produced by an arrangement that has already been employed upon the spectacular stage. The vessel will be mounted upon a spherical pivot, and the only motions that it will have will be those of pitching and rolling, which will be given it through the maneuvering of four pistons. It will be surrounded with genuine boiling and foaming water; and in the ventilators will be placed seawrack and algae, traversed by a current of air that will become impregnated with marine odors.

The spectators, or the passengers rather will walk about at their pleasure or sit at ease in rocking chairs upon the deck, which will reproduce that of a genuine steamer with the minutest accuracy, with all the details of masts, rigging, smoking and vibrating funnel, and a crew executing various maneuvers at the command of an experienced captain. At the same time, to the starboard and port of the vessel will unroll canvas fifty feet in height, painted with all the perfection that might be expected from the brush of M. d'Alesi, and representing the port of Marseilles flying to the rear, Frioul, Chateau d'If and the fisherman's boats, and then the high seas and the Algerian and Tunisian coasts toward which the vessel will be apparently steering. Over half a mile of canvas will unfold all the sights and episodes of this picturesque voyage. Everyone is acquainted with the phenomenon; the displacement of an object which occupies the entire field of vision gives the stationery spectator the impression that he is moving. Thus, when we sit in a motionless train and another train rushes past us, it seems to us that it is our train that is beginning to move.

"My Mareorama," says M. d'Alesi, "is based upon an analogous illusion. I shall keep up this simulation of a voyage by sea by every means possible. It is my intention to change my canvases after the Exposition is over, and we shall then, perhaps, make a trip to the North Pole."

For the above particulars we are indebted to the Revue Internationale des Expositions de 1900.—Scientific American.

Free to Boys and Girls.

We are giving away Watches, Cameras, Air Guns, Typewriters, and other valuable presents to wide-awake boys and girls for selling two dozen of our Automatic Broom Holders, one of which can be sold in every family. Send us your name and address and we will send the Holders by mail. You sell them for 10 cents each and return the money to us. Select your premium from the list that will be sent you. There is no risk, we trust you. Don't wait until some one gets the start of you. Write today. Address E. E. Brownell & Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

NEIGHBORHOOD VILLAGES

The Happenings of the Week in Our Sister Villages.—Neway Correspondence.

King Ferry.

MARCH 22—A daughter has been born to Mr. and Mrs. D. Ellis.

Wm. Haylett will move into Miss Covert's tenant house.

Ovr village school will close on Friday for a few weeks' vacation.

Alfred Lanterman has sold his farm to George Rowland.

Fred Jacobs has rented rooms in part of E. Brennan's house.

Mrs. Jane Powers was home from Sherwood over Sunday.

The Misses Drake of Lansing were the guests of Miss Katie Wood over Sunday.

Miss Lena Garey is visiting in Auburn.

Miss Hattie Dangerfield of Auburn was a guest of the Misses Bradley last week.

Miss Stella King entertained her young friends on Friday last, it being her eleventh birthday.

John Montague attended the Halsey-Hand wedding at Genoa on Wednesday last.

Five Corners.

MARCH 21.—Andrew Algard is able to walk out.

H. E. Ferris spent Saturday and Sunday in Moravia.

Master Clarence Snover of Locke is assisting Miss Maria DeReamer.

Mrs. Huson of Ithaca, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. Stephenson, returned home Saturday noon.

Mrs. Terwilliger of Ithaca is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Conger.

Mr. Crim is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gillow.

Chas. Chadwick was in town the first of the week.

North Lansing.

MARCH 20.—Quite respectable winter weather.

With potatoes at 50c more wish they had raised potatoes last year.

Spangler has got his ice house ready for next winter.

Considerable moving in the next two weeks, but with new deals made every day it will be safer to tell of them after they have moved than to try to tell now how they are going to move.

Considerable demand for light pork—just what the farmers have not got now.

R. Beardsley is still confined to the house but his many friends hope soon to see him in his old place in the post office.

Wm. Singer has been confined to the house the past week.

Poplar Ridge.

MARCH 21—One week more school in district No. 4, then two weeks vacation and Miss Landon will teach the spring term.

Henry Wheeler is in Auburn with his brother who is very sick.

W. J. Haines and sister entertained a few young friends at Carroms on Wednesday evening of last week.

A few have begun making maple sugar in this locality, but from the looks of the weather now we may have some more winter yet.

Mrs. E. P. King is visiting relatives in Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Ed. Brewer has been visiting her uncle, Chas. Longstreet, this past week.

Miss Jennie Wheeler spent a few days last week with her sister at King Ferry.

Mr. and Mrs. George Husted and Mr. and Mrs. Byron Culver attended the reception for Mr. and Mrs. Dayton Atwater at Clear View last Friday evening.

The surprise at Chas. Cook's on Tuesday evening for Miss Faucet was a very pleasant social gathering.

The W. C. T. U. of Poplar Ridge and Ledyard held a union temperance memorial meeting at the M. E. church at Ledyard Sunday evening; consequently there was no service at Poplar Ridge.

Sagar's Quinine Hair Tonic makes the hair grow, cures dandruff and keeps the hair from coming out. 50c. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Sheep for sale—14 choice breeding ewes. G. W. Whitney, Genoa.

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THE FLOWER OF GALA WATER.

A LOVE STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

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CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUED.

"Then why are you whimpering here, instead of being at Levens? And if the ladies tell you I gave them the scolding they deserved this morning, I give you leave to talk as they talk. You may say I am a perfect Bluebeard, if it will help you to win Katherine Janfarie. And mind, you are to fight for the wedding in September. Promise all things impossible, the moon and the stars if she wants them. I did that way with her mother. I had to. And sometimes I wonder at the courage I showed in those days. But I feel it now. I lost my sleep last night, and nothing touched my palate this morning, and my heart beats too fast, I am very sure, and all this trouble for that conceited, meddlesome Englishman! If it was not sinful to swear, I have a mouthful of bad words waiting for him."

As the morning went on they visited the stock and walked into the fields, and looked at the grass now ready for the mowing, and at the growing wheat and barley. Then they had a good lunch, and the laird supplemented it by a long comfortable sleep. He was in hopes that his absence would cause some uneasiness to his wife—that she might perhaps fear "something had happened," and send to Wintoun House to inquire after him. He awoke about three o'clock, and asked if she had done so, and Jamie answered, "No," with the utmost indifference. This want of interest rather troubled him, but there was no comfortable course open but that of returning home in the most ordinary manner.

He asked Jamie to go with him, and Jamie said he had been waiting to do so. This ride was a rather silent one. When all was said and done, Wintoun felt very like a puppet in his uncle's hands; and he resented the position. There had been moments that day when he had longed to tell the laird that he "did not wonder Katherine had resolved to choose a lover whom he could not order or interfere with."

They found Mrs. Brathous and Jessy Telfair on a little lawn near the rose garden. It was furnished with sheltered seats and a table, and on afternoons Mrs. Brathous frequently had tea served there. She smiled at her husband, and made room for him on the rustic couch by removing her work-basket. He was not able to resist this charming advance, and seeing that Wintoun was talking to Jessy, he kissed the white hand that had prepared his place, and said:

"Oh, Helen! How could you be so cross this morning? I have had a most wretched day. And you never cared to find out whether I was dead or alive."

"I knew pretty well what you were doing, Alexander. How are Wintoun fields looking? And what kind of a lunch did you have?"

"I had no appetite. When you are cross I never can eat a morsel. Where is Katherine?"

"Somewhere in the garden. I dare say Jessy and Jamie have gone to look for her."

He let his eyes follow the couple a moment and saw that Jessy was talking very earnestly to her companion. She was, in fact, telling him that Mowbray was with Katherine in the Hazel Walk, and that they all looked to him to prevent any disagreeable scene between Mowbray and the laird.

"You do ask such hard things of me, Jessy," he said, plaintively. "Do you think I like to be civil to this man?"

"I am sure you do not, Jamie; but then we ask hard things of you, because we know you have a heart capable of them."

"He is handsome and captivating; what chance have I against him? I have nothing to put beside his personal advantages."

"Oh, Jamie Wintoun! You have a heart of gold! You are the most unselfish soul that ever lived, and at the last Katherine must find out how captivating this noble nature makes you."

Before he could answer they saw the lovers standing under the green roof of the meeting hazel boughs. A blackbird was flitting above them, recapturing again and again his few deliciously imploring notes. Mowbray, with uplifted face, was trying to imitate them, his arm was around Katherine, her head was against his shoulder, and the bright sunshine sifting through the green trees fell all over her fair, brown hair and snow-white dress.

"Ter-a-tene! Ter-a-tene! Ter-a-tene!" he whistled soft and clear; but Katherine said:

"You have not quite understood. I know what he says."

"Then tell me, dearest!"

"I learnt the secret from the shepherds, and the angels have told them. For shepherds out on the hills all night do hear and see wonderful things. And they have known for hundreds of years what is the sweet entreaty the blackbird makes every night and morning."

"And now, will you tell me?"

"Listen, then!" and in low, mellow thirds she chanted the blackbird's mass.

"Magdalen at Michael's gate
Tired at the pin,
The blackbird sank on Joseph's thorn,
Let her in! Let her in!"

The tender little prayer with its mournful cadence blended with the pensive notes of the bird, and when it was finished Mowbray kissed the lovely mouth that had made it.

"I will go back, Jessy," said Wintoun. "I will wait by the raspberry bushes for you."

She understood and made no objections, and so lifting herself the old world rhyme, she went singing it toward Katherine.

"The laird is home," she said, "and he is asking for you. And Jamie is by the raspberry bushes, and you two must come out of Paradise and be just common mortals again."

They came out with a sigh, though her kindly imperativeness took away some of the sentimental regret. And then she managed the situation as to place Katherine and Wintoun together, while she rather ostentatiously walked at Mowbray's side. The laird saw them approaching, and his loose mouth puckered and his eyes sought some explanation from his wife. She was arranging the tea cups, and as her hands moved to and fro she said sweetly:

"Now, Alexander, you must not be less than a gentleman. Mr. Mowbray has come to bid you 'good-by.' You gave him welcome for his father's sake; do not spoil your kindness at the last hour."

He had no time to rebel against the charge. Mr. Mowbray's perfect manner and courteous words asked for the return, and with his wife's eyes upon him the laird did not feel equal to a dispute.

Wintoun also treated his rival with a courtesy which, however cold, was at least irreproachable. Evidently he was determined to give the laird no opportunity of uttering his quarrel, and Brathous could hardly quarrel on his own account without making Katherine the cause; and there were many considerations against such a step. So the laird said "Good afternoon, sir," and determined to speak no more. But no one was long proof against Mowbray's charming geniality, and he had almost lifted both his host and his rival to his own pleasant temper, when a servant brought into the cheerful group a telegram. It was for Mowbray, and had been sent to Galashiels, and from there to the minister's, and so on to Levens-hope.

He read it with a polite impassiveness, handed it to Mrs. Brathous, and said:

"The message hurries my departure—for the Mr. Abraham Hewett, who is dying, is my father's oldest friend. I cannot neglect his request, and must say 'farewell' at once."

He bowed to Wintoun, thanked the laird for his hospitality, and then turning to Mrs. Brathous gave one hand to her and one to Katherine. There was not a word uttered by Katherine. Mrs. Brathous spoke some hurried sentences that meant nothing at all, and at the same time answered his entreating eyes with a look that meant all he asked. His last glance was for Katherine, and he was turning rapidly away, when Jessy said:

"Will you not shake hands with me, also, Mr. Mowbray? I thought I was one of your favorites. Good-by! Be sure and write to us. Father will want to know if you forget Gala Water."

She gave a meaning to this injunction which he understood and answered; and then he was gone, and the tea had lost all flavor, and the laird was gruff and injured and had nothing to say; and the girls stole off to Katherine's room to talk about the lover and the telegram.

"He did not look much troubled," said Jessy. "People do not, as a rule, worry about their fathers' friends. You will get a letter to-morrow. A love-letter! Oh, Katherine, a love-letter!"

The girls looked at each other with shining eyes, and then sighed for the very joy of anticipation. They took a map and a railway guide and followed the line Mowbray would be likely to take; and Katherine said over the names of the stations softly and musically. They were little stations on

a crowded map, but they were clear and vivid to her eyes. She speculated as to the moment at which her lover would pass each of them.

"And he will reach Mowbray about sunrise, I should think, Jessy," she said.

He reached it in that still chill hour before sunrise. The village was asleep; the sheep on the mountain slopes were asleep; the silence and mystery of sleep brooded over everything, animate and inanimate. Mr. Hewett's house was on the outskirts of the place, a pretty stone dwelling in the midst of a flower-garden. Mowbray opened the gate and, with swift steps, passed the flagged walk to the door. It stood wide open. Mowbray knew Mr. Hewett's room, and he went there. He found his friend sitting by the open window, and evidently suffering.

"I saw thee coming, Richard," he said.

"I am sorry, Mr. Hewett; I am very sorry, indeed."

"Nay, nay, Richard! I have had my hour, and done my work. I am ready to go as soon as I have a bit of a talk with thee. Take thy pencil and write down what I say. Why, man! Never look so scared. There is nothing to hurt thee. I haven't murdered or theft or anything wicked to tell thee."

"I am not fearing for myself."

"I know. I have heard tell. I can fancy a bit more. A bonny lass—a Janfarie beauty. There have been many of them. The Janfaries are a handsome lot of men and women. Well, it is because of her I speak. There must be no mistakes made—all must be open and honest—eh, Richard?"

"To be sure, Mr. Hewett. That is what I wish."

"Then put down first that Squire Reginald Mowbray, deceased, was married at Edinburgh, at St. Giles Church, January 4, 1821. He was then just of age. He married Annot Fae, a beautiful gypsy girl, who bore him one son and then died. The boy lived, and was called Thomas."

"Is he still alive?"

"I think it is very likely."

"Then he is my half-brother, and my father's heir?"

"Not exactly. He proved to be a very handsome and lovable lad; but unsayable and unbiddable beyond everything. He ran away from all schools. He was sent to sea and deserted his ship. Customs and fashions he despised and disobeyed. In fact, he was a gypsy, and not an English gentleman. When he was eighteen he was allowed to travel wherever his fancy led him. Your father hoped to weary out his roving temper; on the contrary, it confirmed it. He came back with the wild life of California and Colorado and Texas in the middle of his heart. There was no life worth living but that of an Indian or a cowboy. He talked to the squire until even he sometimes felt as if he must sell Mowbray and go with his boy to the prairies. But the wish was only in the squire's imagination; and it was his son's blood. I'll say this—the laird could not help it. It was his nature. And at last his father understood that he could no more make an English squire out of Thomas Mowbray than he could make a plow horse out of a red deer. They did not quarrel or angrily about it. They talked the case sensibly over in my presence, and the young man was glad to take five thousand pounds as his portion and go off with it to the West to make his own life and be his own master."

A painful silence followed this story. The lawyer breathed with difficulty, and had been obliged to rest frequently during his recital. Richard sat with a troubled face. He needed no one to point out to him the unfortunate influence this position would have on his relations with Katherine. The laird would very justly refuse to sanction an alliance while his social standing was so undetermined. He looked anxiously into the lawyer's face, and asked:

"Was not this agreement formally authenticated?"

"Certainly. I put it down myself in black and white, and your brother signed it."

"That is, he relinquished all claims on Mowbray for five thousand pounds?"

"Yes."

"Then my title to Mowbray is clear enough."

"Your father thought so until just before his death, when I was going through his papers with him. Then the real condition of the agreement struck him: Thomas Mowbray was not of age when he signed it. A minor could not alienate his rights: The transaction had been concluded three days too soon."

"And you did not know this?"

"Certainly I did not. Whether your father had mistaken the date of his son's birth or whether he overlooked the condition altogether I do not know. I confess that it never occurred to me to question the majority of Thomas Mowbray, for travel had given him a very mature appearance."

"Had you not known him all his life?"

"By no means. Until your birth Squire Mowbray scarcely ever lived in Mowbray. His son Thomas was never here, to my knowledge, but on the occasion when he freely resigned his right in the property for five thousand pounds if the villagers knew of it. The action was in

accord with his own urgent desire, and there was nothing but affection in your father's willingness to accede to it. He went with his son to Liverpool and watched him sail away forever from his sight. And he took on a deal about his going—he did that! Then he met your mother, and was comforted by her love and by your birth."

"Did not Thomas Mowbray write to father from America?"

"At first he did. Letters came at intervals from California, Arkansas, Mexico and Texas, and soon after your mother's death—when you were ten years old—he sent an announcement of his marriage. This letter was dated La Guadalupe, and was mailed from San Antonio. The squire wrote him a long reply and sent him a picture of your mother and yourself. Since that time there has never been another word from him."

"And Thomas Mowbray might come back and lawfully claim an elder brother's right?"

"That is the case in its absolute possibility. But I do not believe Thomas Mowbray would do such a thing. Your father had the greatest confidence in his honor. He was opposed to my making any formal memorandum of the agreement; he said it looked like a doubt of his son's word. When Thomas signed the paper he got up and went to the window and looked at nothing rather than see him do it. He always thought for other people's feelings that way, did your father."

"And, after all, the agreement is valueless?"

"Quite so."

"What would you advise me to do?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FIRECRACKERS.

Are Manufactured to Frighten Pagan Devils, Instead of American Horses.

So much has been said about the Chinaman and the tenacity with which he sticks to his cue that it seems strange so few understand why the average rice eater will part with life itself before he will give up that one long braid of hair. Like most of the time-honored, deep-seated customs of any people it grows out of the peculiarity of their religious belief, and according to Chinese theology, with its myriads of gods and devils, the way to the celestial paradise is reached only after a tedious pilgrimage, compared to which the terrors of the Chil-koot Pass or the jungles of Africa are pitifully insignificant. At one point in this journey the Chinaman believes that he will have to cross a chasm over which, for a bridge, there is nothing but a blade of the finest steel, edged sharper than Saladin's scimitar. The chasm is too wide to be jumped over, the sword is too sharp to walk on even with the thick-soled Chinese sandals, and the only hope is the ability of the pilgrim to interpose his cue between his feet and the cruel edge. No cue; no paradise! No wonder the poor Mongolian sticks to his cue. Another bit of Chinese lore is now almost forgotten. Before the Americans began the manufacture of firecrackers they were imported from China. The packages bore strange inscriptions, which told that they were not intended to celebrate the anniversary of the declaration of independence, but that the crackers were fired to scare away some of the many devils that are as thick in China as bubonic bacilli in the plague stricken regions of India. The inscriptions of the packages tell the kind of devils the crackers are warranted to frighten out of existence.

TEXAS' NEW SENATOR.

Ex-Gov. Culbertson of Texas, who was recently elected without opposition to succeed Hon. Roger Q. Mills in the senate of the United States, deservedly wears the high honor which his fellow citizens have conferred upon him. In the gubernatorial chair of his native state he distinguished himself by reason of his marked abilities, despite the fact that he was one of the youngest men who had ever occupied that exalted position. In the democratic ranks of Texas he has figured with prominence for years. On account of the fine intellectual equipment which he possesses, Senator-elect Culbertson will feel perfectly at home in that body whose counsels he will en-



GOV. CULBERTSON.

ter on the 4th of next March. He is a free silverite, whereas Mills was a free trader and a gold man.

FIGHTING IN HAVANA.

A Mob Attacks the Police and Many Are Killed and Wounded.

CUBAN OFFICERS MIX IN THE FRAY

Trouble Started at a Ball in an Unsanitary Quarter of the City—The Police Fired on From the Roofs—A Police Captain Severely Injured—Troops Make Many Arrests.

HAVANA, Cuba (By Cable).—The excitement which grew out of the conflict between the police and the populace has subsided, and it is not likely that there will be further trouble. The mob has been taught a lesson which will probably prove sufficient. Lawbreakers now fear the police and realize that the latter will not tolerate resistance to their authority.

During the affrays of Saturday and Sunday three policemen were killed and about fifteen wounded, while of the populace five were killed and between sixty and seventy others wounded, some so seriously that they will probably die. The condition of Police Captain Jose Estrampes was serious, but he is recovering.

Sixty arrests were made and orders have been issued to the police not to hesitate to shoot hereafter should occasion require it.

There seems to be concerted action among the Naniros, the secret society of the low class of colored men here, to attack the police upon every possible occasion. All the trouble of the two nights occurred in the outlying wards, which are inhabited by the worst classes.

Saturday night's trouble occurred at a public ball in San Jose street, an unsavory quarter of Havana. Many Cuban officers, colonels and captains among them, attended. A policeman, following orders to prevent a crowd collecting in front of the building where the ball was in progress, asked a group of men to go in or to disperse. His request was unheeded, and, after repeating it, he was attacked by the group, whereupon many issued from the building, set upon him, took away his club and revolver, and handled him roughly.

The policeman immediately notified headquarters, who ordered twenty reserves to the scene of the trouble. The crowd had prepared for their arrival. It is said they opened with a revolver fire upon the police, which the latter returned, the shooting being kept up until the ammunition was exhausted. The opponents of the police acted with determination in the affray.

Many who were in the building mounted the roof, which is comparatively low, and fired upon the police from that point. They were apparently well armed, and this fact, together with the resolution with which they fought, seems to confirm the belief that the attacking party was mostly made up of Cuban officers, as ordinary civilians would have fled from the revolvers of the police. Many women were wounded. American troops were called to the scene when the trouble was over, and numerous arrests followed.

DEATH OF PRINCESS KAULANI.

Claimant to the Throne of Hawaii Passed Away at Honolulu.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. (Special).—The steamer China, from the Orient via Honolulu, brings news of the death of Princess Kaulani on the morning of the 6th inst. The cause of death was inflammatory rheumatism.



PRINCESS KAULANI, OF HAWAII.

Princess Victoria Kaulani was the daughter of A. S. Cloughorn, a gentleman of British ancestry, but long a resident of the Hawaiian Islands, and the Princess Meriam Likelike, a sister of Kalakaua, who reigned as King for seventeen years, and also of Liliuokalani, whose reign of two years was brought to a close by the action of the United States authorities on January 17, 1893. Descent by Hawaiian law is through the female line, and the Princess was declared heiress to the throne in 1891. She was educated in England, and was an attractive and accomplished girl, she was in her twenty-fourth year.

AN INSANE MAN HANGED.

Examination After Death Shows Murderer Was Irresponsible.

ATLANTA, Ga. (Special).—A new and startling feature has been added to the case of Robert Lewis, who was hanged a few days ago for murdering Charlet Haynes. A post-mortem examination of the man's brain by Dr. William P. Nicolson disclosed the fact that it was diseased. Meningitis had been of long standing and a film grew tightly over that portion of the brain which controls the emotions. A disease of the blood had crept into the cells and nearly destroyed the man's reasoning faculties.

The outcome of the autopsy is a vindication of the position taken by the attorney for the condemned man. Lewis was hanged as the result of an examination by an expert, Dr. J. B. Baird, who pronounced the murderer sane. The Georgia law does not permit the hearing of an insane man

PEACE TREATY SIGNED.

Queen Regent of Spain Affixes Her Signature to the Document.

WAR IS NOW OFFICIALLY ENDED.

The Queen Dissolves the Cortes—The Decree Will Not Be Published in the Official Gazette—An Exchange of the Signed Documents the Only Formality Remaining—Government is Relieved.

MADRID, Spain (By Cable).—Queen Regent Christina, on the advice of Premier Silvela, signed the United States Peace Treaty Friday evening. The Government approved this step on account of the manifest peril of again submitting the document to the Cortes, where its rejection was possible.

The Queen Regent has also dissolved the Cortes and convoked a new Parliament.

The signing of the treaty ends the nominal state of war which has existed between Spain and the United States ever since diplomatic relations were broken off almost one year ago.

The only steps now needed to establish the two countries on the old footing of friendliness are the formal exchange of ratifications, the return of a Spanish Minister to Washington and the American Minister to Madrid.

THE MONEY FOR SPAIN.

The \$20,000,000 Indemnity to Be Paid Within Three Months.

WASHINGTON, D. C. (Special).—Secretary of State Hay says that the signing of the Peace Treaty by the Queen Regent of Spain will be followed by the exchange of ratifications, although there will be no great haste on the part of the United States. Within three months after the exchange of ratifications the \$20,000,000 indemnity will be paid.

The Effect of the Treaty.

Spain, by the provisions of this treaty, abandons all claim to the island of Cuba and cedes to the United States Porto Rico, the island of Guam in the Ladrones, and the Philippines. For the last named group the United States is to pay \$20,000,000.

VON DIEDRICHS IN DISGRACE.

As is to Be Relieved of His Command For Annoying Admiral Dewey.

BERLIN, Germany (By Cable).—Prince Henry of Prussia has started for Kiao-Chow Bay, China, where all the war vessels composing the two German squadrons in Far



ADMIRAL VON DIEDRICHS.

Eastern waters will assemble for the formal transfer of the commandship from Admiral von Diederichs to Prince Henry. The former has been ordered relieved of his command on account of the manner in which he had been annoying Admiral Dewey of the American fleet. The removal amounts practically to disgrace.

FOUND DEAD IN ALASKA:

A Prospecting Party of Six Frozen on Valdez Glacier.

SEATTLE, Wash. (Special).—The steamer Ezeelstor, which arrived a few nights ago from the mouth of the Copper River, Alaska, brings news of the freezing to death of six men on Valdez Glacier. They were: Alfred Aleeman, New York; Adolph Ehrhard, New York; Rudolph Ellorkamp, Louisville, Ky.; Dr. Edward Logan, Denver; Maximilian Miller, New York, and August Schultz, New York.

All the bodies except that of Dr. Logan were recovered and buried at Valdez. Ehrhard, Miller and Aleeman were members of the Scientific Prospecting Company of New York.

FALMAGE'S RESIGNATION ACCEPTED.

No Regret Expressed at His Withdrawal From the Washington Pastorate.

WASHINGTON, D. C. (Special).—The resignation of the Rev. Dr. De Witt Talmage as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church was accepted a few nights ago at a church meeting. The resolution accepting the resignation contained no expression whatever of regret at his withdrawal, and no provision was made to send him a letter of regret. The resignation takes effect immediately, but no successor was provided for. Dr. Talmage is now traveling in the South. He was connected with the church about four years.

FLOATING ISLAND IN ILLINOIS.

It Sailed Down a River and Destroyed a Wagon Bridge.

HAVANA, Ill. (Special).—A floating island, between one and two acres in extent, and from four to five feet thick, has come down the Illinois River. It hit a cabinboat, smashed the keel and landed it ashore. The island also struck a pier of the wagon bridge, throwing crossing horses from their feet. It is stranded between the pier and shore, and the city authorities will blow it up with dynamite.

NEW YORK STATE NEWS.

State Forest Preserves.

Superintendent Verplanck Colvin, of the State Adirondack Survey, has issued a statement showing the number of acres of land, by counties, purchased by the State for forest-preserve purposes during the last year. It shows that the total acreage of land included within the forest preserve, to which the State has title, is 1,058,444.53, and that 20,169.75 acres have been contracted for and will be added to the preserve as soon as the owners can give the State clear title to the same. This subject comes within the jurisdiction of the State Adirondack Survey, because it devolves on that Department to survey all purchases made by the State for the purpose of determining exact areas and definitely locating their boundary lines. The purchases, according to Superintendent Colvin's statement, of land purchased for the Adirondack Park during the year were: Essex County, 24,513 acres; Franklin, 24,900; Hamilton, 152,433; Herkimer, 40,305; Warren, 16,467. With these purchases the total number of acres in the several counties which form a part of the Adirondack and Catskill preserves are as follows:

County	Acres.
Clinton	14,106.32
Delaware	6,455.50
Essex	203,729.47
Franklin	88,863.64
Fulton	17,061.87
Greene	507.50
Hamilton	437,892.65
Herkimer	123,629.71
Lewis	3,008.00
Oneida	3,013.70
Saratoga	8,221.90
St. Lawrence	27,451.66
Sullivan	293.90
Ulster	33,088.90
Warren	84,314.81
Total	1,058,444.53

State Military Changes.

Adjutant-General Andrew has issued an order disbanding the regiment organized April 23, 1898, designated as the First Regiment, N. G. N. Y., and also disbanding the Eleventh, Twelfth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Battalions of the Third Brigade. The order then authorizes Major-General Roeto to organize in the Third Brigade, from its separate companies, a regiment of twelve companies, to be known as the First Regiment, N. G. N. Y.

In connection therewith the following appointments are announced: Robert Temple Emmet, Colonel, First Regiment; Charles A. Denike, supernumerary Major, First Regiment; John K. Sague, Captain, Fifteenth Separate Company, Major, First Regiment; Charles H. Hitchcock, Captain, Fifteenth Separate Company, Major, First Regiment. The following supernumerary officers are assigned to temporary duty: First-Lieutenant Michael E. Carmody, as Battalion-Adjutant, First Regiment; First-Lieutenant E. A. M. Deeley to command of Twenty-third Separate Company; First-Lieutenant Charles M. Thompson to command of Fourth Separate Company. First-Lieutenant Dennis B. Lucey, supernumerary, is temporarily assigned to the command of the Fortieth Separate Company. Second-Lieutenant Grenville T. Emmet, Sixty-ninth Regiment, is detached from his regiment and assigned to duty with the First Regiment as Acting-Regimental-Adjutant.

A Big Maple Sugar Crop.

The maple sugar season is at its height. For several weeks the smoke from many sugar camps has ascended from many points on the mountain slope. The weather recently has been the best to make the sap flow. Sugar-making is one of the principal industries of Delaware County. The tappers' fires are burning brightly and the promise of a good yield of richly flavored sugar and syrup was never better. Those who buy the "mass," as it is called when it is boiled to the consistency of common brown sugar, are pretty sure of getting an unadulterated article. Sugar-boiling generally begins when the late February thaws become common enough to promise that there will be no more serious "freeze-ups." It lasts until the trees begin to bud, generally until the latter part of March. Trees where sugar is made systematically are never tapped consecutively, but only every second year, so as not to exhaust their vitality. Roxbury is the centre of the Delaware County sugar trade. From there many tons of maple sugar find their way to market. Several invoices, aggregating several hundred pounds, have been shipped by Delaware County men, and a steady stream of the boxed sugar is being forwarded to New York.

To Stop the Sale of Bob Veal.

The State Agricultural Department is making preparations to enforce rigidly the provisions of the law enacted by the Legislature to prevent the sale of bob veal in this State. That law was signed so late last spring that it did not exercise much influence at that time, the period for attempts to place that species of meat on the market having about expired. That law provides that veal which is not four weeks old at the time the calf is killed shall not be sold, authorizes the department to confiscate all veal found in violation of its provisions, and provides for the collection of a fine of penalties for violators. The violations are conducted in a systematic manner, which makes it most difficult for the department to detect them with the small force of inspectors which can be employed. Bob veals are being taken over the line from Quarryville and Van Sickles into New Jersey, and from there shipped to New York City. It is said that several tons of the meat are being shipped each week.

A Woman Physician's Suicide.

Dr. Amelia Christie Perry, one of the best-known women physicians around Hornellsville, committed suicide a few days ago by shooting herself near the heart. The act was premeditated, as a letter left by her shows. She was a graduate of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Albany Normal School and the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, and was sixty years of age. Before she died she told the physicians who were called in that she wanted to get rid of herself.

The Annual Supply Bill.

An interesting feature of the Annual Supply bill, which has been reported to the Assembly from the Ways and Means Committee, is that it represents a saving to the State, compared with the appropriations in the bill of last year of over \$500,000. The total amount as finally agreed upon by the committee is \$1,251,146, and this amount includes \$79,000 in refunds from the Banking Department, Superintendent of Insurance and Railroad Commission, so that of the total amount only \$1,172,146 will go into the tax levy. Last year the total amount of the Supply bill was \$1,738,580, or \$567,434 more than this year's bill.

Young Woman Shoots Herself.

Dora, the daughter of Charles Hecker, proprietor of the Perkins House at Fultonville, committed suicide a few nights ago in her room by shooting. She was about nineteen years of age, and no reason can be assigned for the act. She had purchased a revolver at a hardware store, telling the proprietor that she was going to give it to her brother as a present.



DO YOU KNOW

THAT D. M. OSBORNE & CO. are now Employing 2,587 Men in their Factories at Auburn?

THAT of these 2,587 Employees over 800 are Sons of Farmers of this Vicinity?

THAT these 2,587 Employees and their Families consume yearly the following amount of Farm Products?

- 8,828 BARRELS OF FLOUR,
- 1,375,950 QUARTS OF MILK,
- 62,534 BUSHELS OF POTATOES,
- 375,324 POUNDS OF BUTTER,
- 5,126 BUSHELS OF ONIONS,
- 1,311,234 POUNDS OF MEAT,
- 30,820 BUSHELS OF APPLES,
- 5,124 TONS GARDEN PRODUCE,
- 201,894 DOZEN OF EGGS,

THAT this firm turn out a complete Implement every 40 seconds?

THAT they Manufacture nearly every kind of Implement you need?

THAT THERE ARE NO BETTER GOODS MADE?

THAT YOU CAN GET REPAIRS QUICKER FROM THEM THAN FROM ANY OTHER CONCERN?

In view of the above facts is it not for your interest to use OSBORNE IMPLEMENTS?

VICK'S SEEDS

Julbs and Plants have gone to thousands of satisfied customers for half a century, and to celebrate the 50th year in business we have issued a Golden Wedding edition of

Vick's Garden Guide

which is a work of art. 24 pages lithographed in colors, pages souvenir, nearly 100 pages filled with handsome half-tone illustrations of Flowers, Vegetables, Plants, Fruits, etc., elegantly bound in white and gold. A marvel in catalogue making; an authority on all subjects pertaining to the garden, with care for the same, and a descriptive catalogue of all that is desirable. It is too expensive to give away indiscriminately, but we want everyone interested in a good garden to have a copy, therefore we will send the Guide and a 1 for JUNE BILLS for 25c. worth of seed 15 cts. It tells how credit is given for Full Amount of purchase to buy other goods.

Vick's Little Gem Catalogue

A perfect little gem of a price list. It is simply the Guide condensed, finely illustrated, and in handy shape, making it convenient for reference. FREE

Vicks Illustrated Monthly Magazine

Enlarged, improved and up to date on all subjects relating to Gardening, Horticulture, etc. 50 cents a year. Special 1899 offer—the Magazine one year, and the Guide for 25 cents.

Our new plan of selling Vegetable Seeds gives you more for your money than any seed house in America.

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PERMANENT CUSTOMER.

Nearly Fifty-eight Years Old!!!



It's a long life, but devotion to the true interests and prosperity of the American People has won for it new friends as the years rolled by and the original members of its family passed to their reward, and these admirers are loyal and steadfast to-day, with faith in its teachings, and confidence in the information which it brings to their homes and firesides.

As a natural consequence it enjoys in its old age all the vitality and vigor of its youth, strengthened and ripened by the experiences of over half a century.

It has lived on its merits, and on the cordial support of progressive Americans.

It is The New York Weekly Tribune, acknowledged the country over as the leading National-Family Newspaper.

Recognizing its value to those who desire all the news of the State and Nation, the publisher of THE GENOA TRIBUNE (your own favorite home paper) has entered into an alliance with The New York Weekly Tribune which enables him to furnish both papers at the trifling cost of \$1.25 per year.

Every farmer and every villager owes to himself, to his family, and to the community in which he lives a cordial support of his local newspaper, as it works constantly and untiringly for his interests in every way, brings to his home all the news and happenings of his neighborhood, the doings of his friends, the condition and prospects for different crops, the prices in home markets, and, in fact, is a weekly visitor which should be found in every wide-awake, progressive family.

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IN FOREIGN AND AMERICAN GRANITE AND MARBLE.

In buying direct from the manufacturers you save the middleman's profit. By giving our work personal attention we guarantee the best of work and material. We are practical workmen and designers, and furnish original and special designs with estimates on application.

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DYSPEPSIA CURE.

Digests What You Eat.

It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Ch. caps. J. S. BAKER, Genoa.

GENERAL EAGAN is going to Honolulu to while his disgrace away on \$5,000 a year. It is hoped his spare time will not hang heavily on his hands.

SENATOR WILCOX has introduced a bill in the Senate to prevent the sale of cigarettes. It makes it unlawful for any person or persons, corporation or copartnership, firm or otherwise, to sell or offer for sale, or cause to be sold, made or manufactured in this state, cigarettes made of tobacco, either in whole or part. The violation of the provisions of the act will be deemed a misdemeanor, and upon conviction the offender shall be fined not more than \$1,000 or less than \$50 and imprisonment for not more than six months, or either or both, within the discretion of the court. The bill is a sweeping affair, so much so, indeed, that the chances are against its enactment. The habit of cigarette smoking prevails to an alarming extent among the young, and it is deemed exceedingly injurious. The teachers in our public schools are frequently made aware of the fact. The cigarette-smoking boys are unfitted for study or mental effort and lag behind in their classes. It is a habit quite as deleterious as strong drink, and, being chiefly prevalent among the young, is far more pernicious. It would be to the interest and well-being of every community, if the manufacture and sale of cigarettes were inhibited by law.

Detection of the Rogues.

The executors of the law in Europe have been swift to seize upon discoveries in science to help them to run down criminals. A curious use was recently made of the microscope in Prussia. A barrel of specie sent from the frontier to Berlin was robbed and filled with sand. This was supposed to have been done on the way to Berlin. The eminent chemist, Prof. Ehrenburgh, obtained samples of all the sand near the stations through which the barrel passed, and, by means of the blowpipe and microscope, found sand of the station at which it had been emptied and filled. The thief was afterward discovered and arrested.

In France noted rogues are not only photographed but weighed and measured carefully, and forced to speak and sing into a phonographic instrument before their discharge from prison, that they may be identified afterward in attempted crime.

It has also been noted for the identification of criminals that one part of the human body which is never duplicated in man or woman is the markings on the skin of the thumb. The face and figure may be altered at will, but the lines on the thumb—never! For the detection of criminals an impression of the thumb is stamped upon paper.

Electricity in Hives.

What has been called the "pleasant occupation of hiving bees" has been made even more pleasant by an electric invention which obviates the necessity of keeping a watch on the hives at swarming time.

The basis of the apparatus is the conversion of the wing motion of the swarm into power. As the bees swarm out they cause two small, easy swinging doors to open outward. A little hammer, which rests upon these doors when closed and is connected with a battery, drops, as the doors swing open, upon a small metal leaf, and the electrical connection thus effected rings a bell in the bee grower's house.

Auction Sales.

Thursday, March 30, Alfred Lanterman will sell at his farm 1-4 mile south Week's Corners, an amount of property including 2 horses, 1 cow, wagons, plow, mower, 40 bu. seed oats, stoves, etc. J. A. Greenfield, auctioneer.

Chattel mortgage sale—Monday, March 27, Byron Hunt will sell the entire blacksmith outfit in the Ben Avery shop, at 10 o'clock a. m.

If you have a cough, throat irritation, weak lungs, pain in the chest, difficult breathing, croup or hoarseness, let us suggest One Minute Cough Cure. Always reliable. J. S. Banker.

White Oak Foot Powder cures tired and tender feet. Relieves cold sweaty feet. 25c. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

For a quick remedy and one that is perfectly safe for children let us recommend One Minute Cough Cure. It is excellent for croup, hoarseness, tickling throat and coughs. J. S. Banker.

To the Public.

We guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using it. It is the most successful medicine in the world for bowel complaints, both for children and adults. J. S. Banker.

Happy is the man or woman who can eat a good hearty meal without suffering afterward. If you cannot do it use Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat and cures all forms of indigestion and dyspepsia. J. S. Banker.

Society Notes.

The L. A. S. of East Genoa will meet with Mrs. Eliza Beardsley on Wednesday, March 29. All are cordially invited. Dinner at 1 o'clock.

Rev. Geo. Laughton will give his popular lecture on Abraham Lincoln the Man of Principle in the Five Corners church next Sunday evening.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold a curiosity social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Hagin on Friday evening, March 31. A pleasing program will be rendered during the evening and a large attendance is anticipated. Everybody cordially welcomed.

On Saturday evening L. B. Norman took a merry load of young people to the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. George Eason at East Venice where a most enjoyable evening was passed. It was a complete surprise, the family being away at the time of the arrival of the company, but all made the best of the occasion and no time was lost in entertaining the visitors most agreeably. The time was passed in games and social amusements, after which refreshments were served. The company was in honor of Miss Alice Gibbs of Denver, Colo., and comprised the following: C. W. Fox of Ithaca, A. L. Loomis, Lee W. Atwater, E. C. Smith, L. B. Norman, F. W. Ames, James McDerment, Miss Ida Hewitt, Miss Gibbs, Miss Rena Case of Syracuse, Miss Belle Hunt, Miss Genevieve Giblin, Miss Maude Bower, Mrs. L. B. Norman, Mrs. F. W. Ames.

About twenty-four young people participated in a sleigh ride to the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Norman Monday evening, which will probably be the last sleighing of the season. The drivers, Lee Hewitt and Fred Palmer, started shortly after 7 o'clock to "pick up" the loads and with streamers flying and horns blowing the drive to "Dick's" was quickly made. The whole company had a good time, especially Miss Gibbs of Ouleout and Mr. Fox of Ithaca in whose honor the party was given. Euchre was the prevailing game. The oysters arrived about 10 o'clock and cut short Miss Gibbs' proposition to "bake pancakes." After the tables were cleared the gentlemen stole away for a quiet smoke

while Dick entertained the ladies in the parlor. All voted Miss Gibbs a most charming entertainer, and at a late hour the guests very reluctantly took their departure.

The Governor has appointed Prof. Walter F. Wilcox of Ithaca, a member of the state board of health.

The Lehigh announces a low rate excursion to Washington March 30th to April 9th, inclusive.

East Genoa.

MARCH 21—The L. A. S. has concluded to suspend their meetings until wind and weather are more favorable.

The cushions for the church will soon be ready.

There is occasionally a person who is afflicted with a disease worse than grip, known as "scandall mouth."

Wearing sulphur in your shoes is said to keep away the grip and get one ready for that other place.

Last week Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. E. Lester entertained a social gathering consisting of Mr. and Mrs. F. Bothwell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. F. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Tift, Mr. R. Strong and Mrs. A. Strong.

Dwight Karn is visiting friends in Pennsylvania.

Belltown.

MARCH 22—Another blizzard.

C. E. Palmer is in Auburn today. The maple sugar social at E. D. Wagers was well attended.

J. W. Wager and sister, Ella, and Mr. and Mrs. Jos. R. Grant attended the Hand-Halsey wedding last Wednesday.

Mrs. F. Carpenter left Tuesday to visit her daughter in Boston.

Fred Tuttle of Genoa was calling on friends here recently.

The monthly meeting of the E. L. will be held at S. S. Goodyear's Friday of this week.

The Rev. Henry Booth, president of Auburn Theological Seminary, was found dead in the bathroom, by his family Sunday morning. The cause of his death is said to be heart failure.

J. Sheer, Sedalia, Mo., conductor on electric street car line, writes that his little daughter was very low with croup, and her life saved after all physicians had failed, only by using One Minute Cough Cure. J. S. Banker.

David Kinney has Buff Leghorn eggs for sale at reasonable rates per sitting. These fowls are the best for laying known.

A Watch Ticks 141,912,000 Times Every Year.

The various wheels revolve from 8,767 to 4,730,450 times annually. And yet we commonly find watches that have been allowed to run five years without cleaning or fresh oil. If your watch is a good one treat it as you would any other piece of machinery, and when out of order take it to

JOE McBRIDE, WATCHMAKER and JEWELER GENOA, N. Y.

Lowest Prices Consistent With Good Work. Work Guaranteed.

ROTHSCHILD BROS., ITHACA.

Carpet and Drapery Department:

Our new Spring stock of Carpets, Velvets, Axminster, Body Brussels, Velvets, Tapestry Brussels and Ingrains is now complete and out of town purchasers should take advantage of our offerings by an examination in the near future. You will find the advantages offered you are by far better than you can obtain anywhere in the city.

Rugs:

Over 500 rugs in room sizes in real Turkish, Saxony, Velvet, Smyrna, Japans and art squares, also small sizes in all grades of rugs. New importation of matting over 300 pieces in stock and in transit. Linoleums, oil cloths and new selections in draperies and lace curtains, you will find a very fine selection. We not only carry a large stock, but sell them right.

DEPARTMENT STORES.

ROTHSCHILD BROS., ITHACA.

Howe's Mills

Genoa

Are all in running order. Our mill dam did not go out. We are ready to grind grist of every kind of grain every day and any time of day. Full satisfaction given. Give us a call.

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SALMON TROUT

EVAPORATED PEACHES

EVAPORATED APRICOTS

CANNED SOUCED MACKEREL

GARDEN SEEDS TOO.

at **SMITH'S.**

Still in the Market.

We want your trade. We need it. You want good Groceries and that's why we need your trade. We sell good Groceries. We always take your butter and eggs, and other products of the farm, and appreciate your patronage.

Boots & Shoes, Ready-made Pants, Overalls, Gents' Furnishing.

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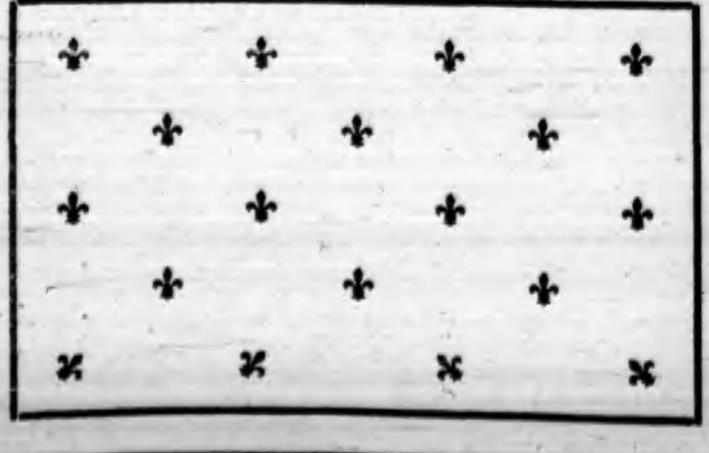
Whips, Robes, Blankets, Paints and Oils,

Stoves, Lamps, Cutlery, Tinware

All Kinds of Farm Tools

Grass-Seed-Clover

MASTIN & HAGIN, GENOA.



THE MAN AND THE WIND.

THE MAN.
Wind on the hilltop
Wind in the trees!
Is there aught in earth or heaven
That bindeth thee and me?

I through the long hours
Fesbly creep and crawl
O'er the green, smooth shoulders
Of the huge mountain wall.

Whilst thou in a moment
With roaring skirts cutspread
Leapst from the valley
To the black mountain head.

THE WIND.
Little puny brother,
Why question thus of me?
There is need of me; I doubt not
There is need of thee.

I would smite thee were I bidden
Without pity, without wrath,
As I smite the gauzy May fly
On the rain-swept path!

I envy not, nor question,
As I play my eager part,
But I think that thou art nearer
To the Father's heart!

MISS CRAWLEY'S HOME-COMING.

A Frontier Stage-Ride and How It Ended.



HE wind shrieked and whistled through the empty cattle pens and rocked the palace stook cars and fro upon the siding. The air reverberated with artillery-like reports as the dense ice snapped and cracked with its own weight and the intense cold, while the rickety old hack that conveyed passengers in winter from the eastern bank of the "Big Muddy" to the sleepy little town of Riverside in the county seat of Gumbo County and emporium of the vast stock range that stretched away to the westward rattled noisily along with its scanty burden.

In the principal store Mr. Meggs, merchant and postmaster, was busily engaged in sorting out and tying up packages of mail for the lonely ranches that did duty as postoffices along the star route that extended some two hundred miles farther into the interior.

Across the street Maverick Bill, stage-driver, was fortifying his stomach preparatory to a sixty-mile ride over the aforesaid star route. At one of the green-baize tables at the farther end of the room a little coterie of ranchmen, cowboys and gamblers had gathered. Bill eyed the group longingly as he remarked to the host who was also the Sheriff of Gumbo County and Deputy United States Marshal: "Twenty-two below, an' the north wind a howlin' like a pack coyotes. I tell yer, it's a picnic, packin' mail on a day like this. Mix me up a bottle of your best ol' rye an' Jamaica ginger."

"Yes," replied the Sheriff consolingly, "it's sure pretty rocky weather; nobody but fools and mail-carriers will be outside to-day."

The stage-driver growled something incoherently a little later the host observed, from his post at the window, "You'd better get a wiggle on yourself, Bill, Old Meggs has just hove the mail-sack out on the sidewalk and Mike is waiting for the team."

Bill thrust the bottle into his overcoat pocket, and hurried with somewhat unsteady steps across the street. He had just finished tying the mail-pouch to the buckboard when the hack driver from the depot halted his panting team beside the vehicle.

"Train just got in, Bill," said he. "Cuts are full—Rotary busted—got a passenger and some express for you. Will you wait for this mail?"

"Not as anybody knows on," returned Bill, "three or four days won't out no figger with them fellers up the creek."

The hack driver opened the door of the carriage, and a tall, stylishly dressed young lady emerged from its dingy interior.

"Good morning, Mr. Harris," said she in a low, musical voice; "I was so afraid that we would not get here on time! I want to go out to the ranch with you to-day."

Bill stared at the new arrival for a moment in open-mouthed astonishment and then exclaimed: "Why, Minnie Crawley! is that you? You sure don't think of trying to ride sixty miles on a day like this! You'd be plumb froze to death."

"Oh! I must go, Mr. Harris; I haven't been home for nearly two years, and Mamma will be so disappointed."

"She'll be a whole lot more disappointed if I bring you in froze stiffer 'an a dogie. But if you must go, come inside and get some more duds. That rig may do in Boston, but it ain't no account out here on the prairies."

When they emerged from the store a little later, Miss Crawley was clad in a huge coonskin coat that reached nearly to the ground. A fur cap was upon her head and a pair of thick German socks over her dainty little boots. Maverick Bill helped her into the buggy, tucked the robes carefully about her, then presenting her with a thick, dark-blue, woolen blanket, plainly inscribed with the well-known character U. S. I. D., he politely remarked:

"Pull that wakapomany blanket over your head an' keep your mouth shut until we get to the road-ranch. I hope the ol' lady'll have a good hot dinner ready when we get there, fer we'll sure need it."

Then taking the lines from Mike's willing hands, he sprang into the seat beside his fair companion, and with a

sharp out of the whip sent the horses galloping down the street. The town, with its huddle of squat, unpainted houses and its single deserted street, was quickly lost to view. Instead appeared a long, winding valley, bounded on either hand by bleak, desolate gumbo hills and snow-covered ridges and ravines. The snow creaked and crackled under the wheels of the buckboard. Long icicles attached themselves to the horses' nostrils and their sides became covered with frost as they sped along.

Minnie obeyed instructions to the letter by keeping her face covered and her mouth firmly closed, although at times when the vehicle swayed and jolted about, crossing deep, narrow creeks with the horses at their topmost speed, she felt an almost irresistible desire to scream. Fifteen miles out they stopped at an Indian's cabin to change horses, and two hours later Maverick Bill pulled up his tired team before the door of a long, low, dirty-roofed, log tavern where their midday meal was awaiting them.

Their hostess, Mrs. March, a short, stout, elderly lady, whose reckless disregard for h's betrayed her British birth, met them at the door with a cordial greeting and urged them to sit up by the huge, red-hot heater and thaw themselves, while she poured out the fragrant coffee and added a few more dishes to the already ample spread.

They resumed their journey none too soon, for the days are but scanty length at that season of the year, and the sun was already sinking towards the western horizon. Off to the right a lean, hungry-looking coyote eyed them curiously for a moment from the top of a small, conical-shaped butte, then dropping upon his haunches he elevated his nose and gave vent to a weird, blood-curdling howl, like the wail of a banshee foretelling death. This prelude was immediately answered from a neighboring draw, and then half-a-dozen of them joined at once in a hideous symphony that swelled still louder by the hoarse, deep bass of a gray wolf concealed among the sombrous shadows of the cottonwoods. Minnie shivered as she listened to this grawsome orchestra, and Maverick Bill drew the flask from his pocket, saying as he did so: "Take a drop of this, Minnie. A sip of something hot is just what you need now."

Minnie dropped the blanket from her face, and her eyes flashed fire as she replied: "I don't drink whiskey, Mr. Harris, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for making such a suggestion."

Bill gave vent to a long, low whistle. "I plumb forgot that you'd been back East for the last two year. I don't s'pect you'll mix with common cow-punchers any more."

"Certainly not unless they behave themselves like gentlemen," retorted Minnie.

"Well, that depends; if you figger that we're goin' to get like them Eastern duds, you're away off; but I tell you what, Minnie, we're just as good as they are, only they're sly an' deceitful about their oneriness, an' we've got the rough all on the outside. When I was a little kid, way back in Tennessee, my ol' mammy used to take me on her knee an' read to me out of the Good Book, an' I remember one verse 'specially that said: 'God loves sinners, but hates hypocrites,' or words to that effect. Well, He sure ain't got no call to put us fellers in the fire fer bein' hypocrites."

"Perhaps not; but, Mr. Harris, don't you do a great many things that your poor old mother would't approve of if she were alive—and it is possible that she knows about them just the same? When I first knew you, years ago, you never drank, or smoked, or gambled, and papa said that you were the best cow-hand that he ever had about the ranch. What has made such a change in you since then?"

"Well, Minnie, it's hard to tell. You know I've been in the cow country a long time. I commenced wrangling horses for the Cross Anchor outfit when I was only twelve years old—a poor little Maverick kid without kith or kin in all this wide world as he knewed on. But the ol' lady's teachin' had taken a mighty strong hold on me, an' I allus aimed to act right an' save my money—ad' I did fer quite a spell. In '86 I had a nice little bunch of cattle of my own; then the hard winter come and wiped 'em all out. Arter that I put my money in the bank, but the bank went broke,

an' put me s'foot again. Next thing, my horse fall on me an' drug me all over the flat with one foot in the stirrup, an' it took a heap of money fer doctor's bills. Seemed like the Lord dun give me up an' turned me to the wild bunch. But what worried me the worst of anything was this: There was a little gal on one of the ranches that was just as sweet an' pretty 'as an angel. I used to hold her on my knee an' tell her stories by the hour; an' I used to braid horsehair quirts an' bridles for her ponies. She was the only critter on earth that I ever loved since my poor ol' mother died, an' when she was a little thing I think she used to kinder like me, too. But when she got older her dad sent her away to school, an' I knowed that settled it. She wouldn't have no more use fer an' old broken-down cow-puncher when she came back, an' when I thought about it, 'it made my heart bad,' as the Injins say. I didn't never go to be tough, but just nonchally drifted that way, like a steerin a blizzard. If I once thought she really cared fer me I'd sure brace up an' be a man again."

He tried to catch a glance from Minnie's eyes as he concluded, but she was gazing far away over the moon-lit hills.

"How thick the coyotes are to-night," said she, presently. "Wasn't that the howling of a gray wolf, Mr. Harris?"

"Yes," replied Bill, gloomily. "Have the wolves killed many cattle this winter?"

"Yes, a whole lot; they pulled down a three-year-old Flying V steer, up at the forks, day-a-fore yesterday."

"Is it possible? They must go in large packs to do so much mischief."

"That's what they do, from fifteen to twenty in a bunch—" "Whoa!"

One of the horses had stepped into a prairie-dog hole, and was sprawling upon the ground with his mate standing over him.

Bill sprang from the vehicle, dexterously disentangled the team, and soon had them in proper position again.

"That nigh hoss has got a bad out on his right shoulder," said he, as he resumed his seat. "But I got 'em sharp shod a few days ago, and I reckon they'll make the ranch all right."

For some time they dashed along in silence, then Bill glanced retrospectively over his shoulder and gave a sharp exclamation: "I'll be blessed if there ain't a bunch of wolves a-follerin' us. They've got a taste of fresh blood from the hoss's shoulder, an' now the onery brutes are after the hoss and us, too, I reckon. Here, Minnie, take the lines, an' throw the whip into the hosses, while I pump lead into them wolves."

A moment later the sharp crack, crack, crack of a pistol rang out on the frosty air, as Bill emptied his six-shooter into the hungry pack. Three of the wolves went rolling over in the snow, but the others, after a moment's hesitation, dashed forward, howling ferociously as they came. Bill fumbled in his belt for more cartridges and then turned pale in spite of his bronze.

"I've only got three cartridges left," said he; "I must have been plumb loosed to have left town without filling my belt."

He glanced furtively at the young girl at his side as he spoke. With pallid cheeks and set teeth she was skillfully guiding the team over the rough and dangerous trail, plying the whip with a dexterity that betrayed long practice as well as great mental excitement. But the horses were fast becoming exhausted, especially the one whose wounded shoulder had first attracted the attention of their blood-thirsty pursuers, and the wolves were rapidly shortening the distance that intervened between them and their intended victims. There were still sixteen of the big, gaunt brutes, their eyes glowing like coals of fire, and their teeth gleaming ominously in the moonlight. Bill glared at them for a space in impotent rage, then laying his revolver on the seat began to pull off his overcoat.

"I've got to do it," said he; "if them wolves ever get near enough to hamstring the hosses, we're done fer, but if I make a rush and give 'em three shots right quick, they may break an' run . . . if they don't . . . you can get to the ranch all right alone; it ain't far from here."

"Stop, listen."

Bill paused and turned his head. As he did so a loud "Hallo!" and the sound of horses' hoofs crunching on the snow came to his ear.

"Thank God, we're saved! that's your dad an' the boys a-comin'," cried Bill.

Almost as he spoke four horsemen swept past, and a volley from Winchester and six-shooters sent the wolves scurrying away in all directions. The horsemen turned their animals' heads, and with the stoical taciturnity of frontiersmen rode silently along behind the stage.

"Have you got my kid aboard to-night, Bill?" finally inquired Jack Crawley.

"That's what I have," responded the driver.

Not another word was spoken until the buckboard paused before the Crawley residence, when a soft, white hand pressed Bill's big brown paw, and Minnie's voice came in his ear: "Try and be a man, please."

Will." Then she sprang to the ground, caught the pale, tired-looking woman that had just appeared at the door in her arms and covered her face with kisses.

Bill sat like one dazed, staring at the open floor, until the ranchman remarked: "Well, it looks like you'd fall out of that vagin and come inside."

Some twelve months later a small party of Riverside "flaneurs" were gathered at their usual rendezvous, when the Sheriff entered with a prisoner, a short, heavy set French-Canadian, who had been accused of selling intoxicating beverages to the noble Sioux. The Sheriff seated himself in one of the well-worn chairs, crossed his feet comfortably on the billiard table, and began: "Well, I've seen pretty near all the old-timers on Alkali Creek this trip, and they all seemed to be doing well; but I must say that Maverick Bill surprised me."

You all know what a lusher he used to be when he was whacking broncs on the stage line—we all thought he was dead hard. But he's done quit drinking and gambling and put him up a dandy little ranch in the next bend above Jack Crawley's—where the big beaver-dam 'used to be, you know—and he's got as nice a bunch of cattle as you ever set eyes on. Of course the bank's got a plaster on 'em yet, but if he has luck for two or three years more he'll be out of debt and flying high.

"By the way, were any of you fellers up at the wedding? Bill's and little Minnie Crawley's, I mean. Well, I've been to a hoe-down or two myself before now, but I must say, that one took the cake. The whole of Alkali Creek and a big gang of us Riverside gobblers were there. Old Jack Crawley alus was stuck on Bill, and he just kept moseying around, a-stirring up the drags, and we kept the girls a-milling till plum sun-up the next morning."—Field and Stream.

HORSE MEAT CANNING FACTORY.

One at Linton, Oregon, That Makes No Secret of Its Business.

A factory for canning horse meat is located at Linton, Oregon, and it is the only one in the United States that does not hesitate publicly to announce its business, relates the New York Sun. The factory was started four years ago, first as a fertilizing plant. This business was not a success. The attention of one of the company was attracted by the excellent appearance of the flesh of a horse that had just been killed, and the idea occurred to him to turn their fertilizer plant into a factory for canning horse meat for the markets of Europe. The building is a large wooden structure built and appointed like any other slaughter house. The horses are knocked in the head, skinned and all the available flesh dressed, cooked and pressed the same as beef. It is then put into cans, barrelled up and labelled "horse meat." Among the European cities where canned horse meat is sold are Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Vienna, Amsterdam and Copenhagen. A good deal of horse meat is consumed in London, it is said, but it is not sold as such.

The factory at Linton gets many of the horses needed for nothing. Thousands can be had in eastern Oregon for taking them away. The ranchmen are glad to get rid of their surplus supply of horses, as they consumed the hay that would be more profitably fed to cattle and sheep. The statement is made that 200,000 horses will perish of starvation in eastern Oregon this season. Last year the canning factory at Linton slaughtered 5000 horses; the year before 10,000. At present they are not slaughtering any on account of the poor condition of the animals.

The business has not been a financial success, according to the statement of a member of the firm, but it is expected to outlive the prejudice against horse meat in this country. A member of the firm quotes Professor Wheeler, of Philadelphia, to this effect that there is no objection to horse meat as a food except that which is founded on prejudice, and that it is as good, healthy and nutritious as beef or mutton.

"Many of the people at Linton," said he, "have learned to like horse meat and eat it with as great a relish as they do beef or mutton or pork."

The hides of the slaughtered horses are tanned and used for shoe leather. The bones are used for fertilizing purposes.

Agnaldo's Whistles Galore.

Private Andrew Spencer, of the Twentieth Kansas, says in a letter from Manila that every other native he meets wants to sell him a brass whistle purporting to be the celebrated gold whistle with which Agnaldo provided himself when he assumed the dictatorship. "I have had opportunities to buy at least three hundred of these whistles," writes Spencer, "and the natives appear to be greatly offended when I question the genuineness of the souvenirs. Each one tells a different story about how he came into possession of this trophy, and the prices asked range all the way from ten cents to \$30."—New York Tribune.

A mammoth phonograph, which can be heard by 10,000 persons, is being constructed for the Paris Exposition.

MEAT PRESERVATIVES.

PROCESSES TRIED BY THE UNITED STATES AND OTHER COUNTRIES.

A Subject That Has Been of Interest to Foreign Chemists For Many Years—"Jerking" Is the Best Preservative—The Problem Not Yet Solved.

The preservation of beef and other meat in a fresh state for Government use and for commercial purposes has been a subject of interest to foreign chemists for many years. The colonies of Great Britain, for instance, require garrisons to be stationed at all points on the globe from the far north to places under the equator. To furnish preserved food, such as beef and mutton, in quantities to these garrisons, has induced the English Government to expend large sums of money in determining the best processes.

Specimens of flesh treated by various chemicals have been sent to the West Indies frequently within the last quarter of a century, but the conclusions of the scientists under whom the tests were made have been that nothing of its character can be preserved even a few days in the climate of Jamaica, for instance, without a continual surrounding of atmosphere close to the freezing point or below it. In short, only one process except that of refrigeration has been successful in preserving meat of any kind. This is where the substance has been thoroughly dried, or, as it is termed in South America, converted into "jerked" beef.

In spite of the large sums of money which have been spent in perfecting processes in the United States for the preservation of beef in its natural form, nothing has yet been found which will keep it more than a few hours after being exposed in the ordinary temperature of the tropics. Meats which have been placed in cans have naturally been kept a longer period, but the difference of temperature between the Western States and Cuba during the war affected all of the packages to a greater or less degree.

To keep meat which is to be sent to points where it must be exposed to a normal temperature, and where it may be hung in the market for a few hours until sold, a painting process is employed at times. This consists in covering all cuts and other wounds on the surface of the meat with a preparation which, as it hardens, literally forms a thin glass over them, rendering the cuts airtight. The composition is pronounced by chemists to be harmless, and dissolves in the process of cooking. When the beef is to be exposed a long period, several processes have been used. One is to expose the various pieces to the action of fumes of sulphurous acid gas, and to a certain extent cooking it in this manner. As the painting process excludes the oxygen from the interior of the meat, and thus prevents putrefaction temporarily, gas is supposed to kill all parasitic germs and to neutralize the effect of the oxygen in decomposition. The latter operation is performed on the halves, quarters and other large portions of the animal. Still another and much more common method is to utilize chemicals, both by injecting and by applying to the surface.

The chances of preserving beef chemically or otherwise treated in the tropics is a problem which has never been solved. It was calculated, however, that meat sent to Cuba and Porto Rico would be well preserved on shipboard, through cold storage, and that it would be eaten almost within a few hours after taken out of the cargo. This, however, was an error. As is well known, many of the transports were delayed off Santiago, for example, in a temperature which was very high, converting the vessel holds into hot rooms, except in a few instances where refrigeration had been provided. After being kept in such a temperature and the close confinement of the hold, it was no small wonder that the meat, in spite of all its treatment, had become literally putrid, and that the canned beef was in as bad condition, if not worse. Even the trip from the Atlantic seaports to the Cuban ports in some cases required three or four days, during which the thermometer on the vessels registered far above the summer heat of the United States. Consequently, the process of putrefaction was very rapid, and bacteria were no doubt present in large quantities in what was offered as food for not only the men, but also the officers. The experience of the English Government should have taught our own a lesson in the futility of sending beef to such a climate as the West Indies, except thoroughly dried. But it is evident that we relied too much upon the supposed safe processes of preservation.—D. Allyn Willey, in the Independent.

A Hoodoo For Chicken Thieves.

The timber of the scaffold on which four murderers were hanged at Chestertown, Md., was afterward used in building a hen-house on ex-Sheriff Plummer's farm. It is a significant fact that while other farmers in the neighborhood have suffered from the depredations of chicken thieves, Plummer's henhouse has never been robbed.—Philadelphia Record.

TEN SHIPS LOST AT SEA.

Owners Have Given Up All Hopes For Their Safe Arrival in Port.

OVER THREE HUNDRED ABOARD.

The Value of the Steamers and Their Cargoes Placed at \$2,500,000.—All of Them Freight Boats—They Carried No Passengers—Supposed to Have Perished in the Recent Storms.

New York City (Special).—Of the many steamers reported overdue after the severe storms of early February, ten have not since been reported, and are now given up as lost. They add ten to the record of vessels "never heard from." They are in addition to those wrecked on lee shores or abandoned at sea, the crews of which have been taken off and brought to port. In the case of these ten there is little hope that any of their men will ever again be seen, though there is of course always a chance of a missing seaman turning up after many weeks aboard some long-going ship arriving at a port on the other side of the globe. None of these vessels carried passengers. The list follows:

Arona, British, 3400 tons, Captain J. P. Barter, Thompson Line; timber laden, from Portland, Me., January 27, for London.

Croft, British, 2700 tons, Captain Land, Arrow Line; laden with grain and general merchandise, from New York, January 28, for Leth.

Port Melbourne, British, 3000 tons, Captain Smith, under charter to the Atlantic Transport Line; laden with grain and general cargo, from New York, January 27, for London.

Laughton, British, 2500 tons, Captain Hodgson; laden with grain and cotton, from Norfolk January 23, for Copenhagen.

Pleton, British, 2400 tons, Captain C. J. Payne; laden with grain and cotton, from Norfolk January 20, for Silgo.

Minister Maybach, German, 2500 tons, Captain Priele; laden with oil in bulk, from New York January 25, for Hamburg.

Albion, American, 3000 tons, Captain McGilivray, owned by L. Luckenbach; laden with oil in bulk, from New York, January 15, via Halifax January 26, for Dover.

City of Wakefield, British, 3000 tons, Captain Townsend; laden with grain and general merchandise, from Norway, January 24, for Rotterdam.

Dora Forster, British, 2400 tons, Captain J. B. Wooley; laden with cotton, from Savannah, January 23, for Liverpool.

Oberon, British, 2500 tons, Captain Leahy; laden with grain, from Baltimore, January 26, for Antwerp.

The value placed by shipping men on these vessels and their cargoes is \$2,500,000, of which three-fifths represents that of the vessels and two-fifths that of the cargoes. The crews aggregate between 300 and 400 men.

ITALY'S ACTION IN CHINA.

Minister Canevaro States That Violence Might Injure Great Britain.

ROME, Italy (By Cable).—In the Chamber of Deputies on Tuesday Admiral Canevaro, Minister of Foreign Affairs, made a comprehensive statement regarding Italy's action in China. He confirmed the reported recall of Signor Martini, Italian Minister at Peking, and announced that Italy had obtained the approval of Great Britain and Japan before demanding the concession at San-Mun.

Great Britain, however, had requested, he said, that force should not be employed and had promised in return to give her diplomatic support to Italy at the Court of Peking.

Other friendly powers, the Minister continued, were then notified and indicated their acquiescence.

He expressed confidence in the ultimate success of Italy's policy, and reminded the Chamber that Italy's duty was to refrain from force as far as possible, since she had gone to China without any previous provocative incident, or violated rights to justify a resort to violence, which might, if adopted, disturb the international equilibrium in the Far East and exercise a fatal reflex action in Europe, besides injuring Great Britain, who had proved herself Italy's cordial friend, and exposing to conflict other powers that had shown themselves the well-wishers of Italy.

CUBAN ASSEMBLY MUST GO.

War Department Announces That it Will Be Dispersed.

WASHINGTON, D. C. (Special).—The announcement was made on Tuesday by the War Department that the Cuban Assembly was to be dispersed by General Brooke, and that the military authority of the United States would be asserted until otherwise ordered. This move, made upon the heels of a popular demonstration in Havana against the Assembly, and in favor of General Gomez, indicates the opinion of the Administration that the Cuban Assembly is a body calculated to provoke and increase disorder.

The opinion of the War Department seems to be that the Cuban Assembly is a body of adventurers, usurping authority with the hope of being able to extort from the Treasury of the United States large sums of money than General Gomez has intimated would be acceptable as compensation for the Cuban army that he is about to disband. The Assembly is not regarded as at all representative, and its authority is practically nothing.

General Brooke has not been definitely instructed as to how he shall get rid of the Cuban Assembly. The manner of the dispersal is left to his discretion.

HE THREATENED THE PRESIDENT.

Henry Muller Arrested in Montreal on Deputy Consul Gorman's Complaint.

MONTREAL, Quebec (Special).—Henry Muller, a German, who has served in the United States army, was arrested here a few days ago on a charge made against him by United States Deputy Consul Gorman that he threatened to kill President McKinley.

Muller addressed a letter to President Angell of Ann Arbor University, stating that he intended to go to Washington and kill President McKinley because he was hostile to the Germans in the States. Muller is held for extradition.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

General Castellanos, last Spanish Governor-General of Cuba, has been appointed Captain-General of Madrid.

Slatin Pasha is about to leave the Egyptian army in order that he may spend the remainder of his days among his friends in Austria.

Major O. L. Pruden, the assistant secretary to the President, bears a striking resemblance to Mr. McKinley, a likeness heightened by the high hat and frockcoat he always wears.

Edward Gray, the principal of the Davenport school, of Fall River, Mass., who has just died, was one of the oldest and best known educators in Massachusetts, having taught continuously for fifty-seven years.

Sir Douglas Galton, K. C. B., the celebrated engineer and authority on hospital construction, sanitation, ventilation and hygienic arrangements of public buildings, is dead. He was in his seventy-seventh year.

Henry Helfield, Senator from Idaho, is one of the finest specimens of manhood in the Senate. He is tall, stockily-built, fleshy of form and face and looks the rough and ready westerner more than any other man in Congress.

President Louvet, of France, is described by a man who lived in the same house with him twenty years ago as a man of singular unpretentiousness. He was an industrious worker, went to bed early and was up at daybreak.

It is reported from Vienna that Dr. Schenck, who recently promulgated a theory about the prenatal determination of sex in human beings, is to be disinclined by the Senate of the Vienna University for securing so much newspaper notoriety as he did in connection with his theory.

During the three years and a half of his present ministry Lord Salisbury has been on Conservative members of the House of Commons six peerages, nineteen privy councillorships, thirteen baronetcies, and twelve knightships, thereby providing a handle to the name of one in eight of his supporters.

King Oscar of Sweden and Norway has just conferred on Austria's greatest polar explorer, the discoverer of Franz Josef Land, Julius von Payer, the commander cross of the St. Olaf Order, in recognition of his services to science—services which proved of inestimable value to Nansen on his famous expedition.

THE LABOR WORLD.

More than 90,000 employes in New England are receiving increased wages over those of 1894.

Louisville, Ky., has a new city central labor union, called the United Wage-Workers' Union of Louisville.

Nearly all the labor unions of Georgia have elected delegates to form a State federation of labor in that State in April.

Eureka Lodge 434 of the International Association of Machinists has donated \$50 to the idle boot and shoe workers of Mari-boro.

The cigarmakers of Springfield, Ill., are taking quite an interest in the bootblacks of that city, and have assisted in organizing a union.

It is reported that the tobacco workers at Bedford, Va., have not received a cent of wages for five years on account of the truck store system in vogue.

The Syracuse Tube Company, at Syracuse, N. Y., which employs 300 operatives, has advanced wages of all employes ten per cent., beginning immediately.

The Swedish compositors of Worcester, Mass., have formed a typographical union. At the meeting for organization members stated that they made but from \$8 to \$12 a week.

Most trains are still coupled by hand in Great Britain, largely swelling the list of casualties among employes, which reach an average of about 500 killed and over 2000 injured every year.

Factory Inspector Elkboff, of Michigan, reports the enforcement of the factory laws of that State has reduced the number of children employed in factories from 4000 in 1891 to 1900 in 1898.

Under the new constitution of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, financial secretaries of local unions no longer have to notify members of their unions that they are in arrears.

The Massachusetts Labor Bureau figures the average cost of living of mechanics in that State at \$754 per annum. This is based on a family of five persons. The average cost in Great Britain is said to be \$508.

Fourteen pattern makers employed in the Brooklyn Navy Yard who lost their tools through fire there recently have been reimbursed for the loss by the Pattern Makers' Union. The value of the tools was placed at \$1500.

CYCLING NOTES.

The Detroit Wheelmen have dropped about \$10,000 in promoting cycle race meets, and will quit the field.

Notwithstanding the report that Harvard would have no bicycle team this year that college has accepted one of the offices in the newly formed Intercollegiate Bicycle Association.

American wheelmen who tour in France this year will be obliged to obtain permits from the Custom House officials at their French port of entry, in order to avoid a tax and the necessity of carrying a badge on their wheels.

Belgium occupies a prominent position as a bicycle country. According to the police reports for 1898, about ninety thousand bicyclists paid a tax of \$2 each for their wheels, a pretty good record for such a small country.

An Australian rider is suing the judges of a recent race meeting for first prize. He says that it was won by him, while the judges decided otherwise. A photograph of the finish was offered in evidence and accepted by the barristers.

The durability of bicycle tires varies according to the use to which they are put. Riders discover through the wear and tear that the rear or driving tire succumbs first. This circumstance has led to the suggestion that manufacturers and makers of bicycles should fit them out with special tires for the rear wheels.

One of the most recent inventions in saddles is one composed of wire bent to present two ovate wings and a double-pointed pommel. The inventor claims that the weight of the rider is equally distributed on the wings, they being free to yield somewhat to any increased weight put upon them by the motion of the body of the rider, this yielding of the wings obviating shock.

In England "free wheels" have become much more popular than they are here, and the experts amuse themselves by figuring out how much exertion they have saved in the course of a trip. To do this they use two cyclometers, one fastened to the front wheel in the ordinary way, which shows the distance traveled by the cycle, and a second one fastened to the crank, so as to register the pedal revolutions.

NEGROES TIED AND SHOT.

Georgia Mob Kills Four Men and Wounds Five in Jail.

ALL WERE ACCUSED OF ARSON.

The Negroes Had Been Arrested at Palmetto, and a Masked Mob Entered the Jail and Shot Them Like Dogs—Their Pleas For Mercy Laughed At—Governor Candler Offers a Reward.

PALMETTO, Ga. (Special).—Several hundred masked men invaded this town at 1 o'clock Thursday morning, and, seizing nine colored prisoners confined in the town jail, shot four to death, mortally wounded another and left four others so wounded and maimed that their condition is serious. Armed militiamen, at 9 o'clock at night, paraded the streets, to guard the white citizens from an expected assault at the hands of infuriated negroes, who, it was feared, would come in from the country to avenge the death of the members of their race.

The victims of the lynching were arrested Wednesday night, charged with the arson of two buildings a week ago. They were guarded by six white men, who were seized Thursday morning by the masked mob.

The mob fired two volleys into the line of trembling, wretched and pleading prisoners, and, to make sure of their work, placed pistols in the dying men's faces and emptied the chambers.

Citizens who were aroused by the shooting, and who ran out to investigate the cause, were driven to their homes at the points of guns and pistols, and then the mob mounted their horses and dashed out of town, back into the woods and home again. None of the mob was recognized, as their faces were completely concealed by masks. The men did their work coolly. The nine negroes were tied with ropes and were helpless. The guard was threatened with death if a man moved. Then the firing was done deliberately. The negroes now dead are: Tip Hudson, Bud Cotton, Ed Wynn, Henry Bingham, mortally shot; John Bigby, shot, but may recover; John Jameson, George Tatum, Judson Brown, Clem Watts.

The men who were guarding the negroes are well-known citizens of Palmetto, and were sworn in only the day before as a special guard for the night. Bud Cotton, who was killed, had confessed to the burning of the stores in Palmetto, and had implicated all the others who had been arrested.

After the guard was seized, and before the shots were fired, the assassins seemed to be in doubt as to what to do. They hesitated only because they wanted deliberate action and a clear range for their bullets. The negroes, tied together, begged for mercy.

"Oh, God, have mercy!" cried one of the men. "Oh, give me a minute to live!" The cry for mercy and the prayer for life brought an oath from the leader and laughter from the mob.

"Stand up in a line," said the man in command. "Stand up, and we will see if we can't kill you out or if we can't burn you out."

The negroes faltered. "Burn the devils!" came a suggestion from the crowd.

"No, we'll shoot 'em like dogs!" said the mob's leader. "Stand up, every one of you, and get up quick and march to the end of the row."

The negroes stood up slowly. The mob came closer and pressed about the stacks of furniture that had been stored in the room. The leader asked if everybody's gun was loaded and the men answered in the affirmative. The negroes wailed and pleaded and prayed for mercy. They pulled at the ropes that held them by the waist and about the wrists.

"Oh give me a minute longer," implored Bud Cotton.

"Men, are you ready?" asked the Captain.

"Ready," came the response. "One, two, three—fire!" came the command. Fully seventy-five men fired point blank at the line of negroes. The volley awakened the town.

"Load and fire again!" shouted the Captain of the mob. The men rapidly loaded their guns and then fired at command.

"Now, before you leave, load and get ready for trouble!" came the Captain's order, and the men loaded their guns and left the place.

Governor Candler has offered a reward of \$500 for the apprehension and delivery of the first member of the unknown mob, and a further reward of \$100 for each additional person so implicated, with evidence sufficient to convict, to the Sheriff of said county and State.

CITY ROW ENDS IN DEATH.

The Dead Include the Chief of Police and Subordinates of Hot Springs.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark. (Special).—A political row occurred here at 5:30 o'clock Thursday evening, which resulted in the death by shooting of five men and the serious wounding of one man.

The killed are: Thomas F. Goslee, Police Sergeant; J. E. Hart, City Detective; Louis Hinkley, brewery employe; Thomas Toler, Chief of Police; John Williams, son of the Sheriff. E. Spears was shot in the neck.

The disturbances grew out of the Mayor's campaign under way here. The Sheriff was a warm supporter of the regular Democratic nominee, while Toler, Hart and Goslee were supporting an opposition candidate. Early in the afternoon shots were exchanged between Sheriff Williams and his son John on the one side and Sergeant Goslee on the other, but no one was injured.

After this both parties determined to have it out. Toler, Hart, and Goslee were walking south in Central avenue at about 5:30 o'clock, when they were met by Sheriff Williams and his two sons, John and Coffey, and E. Spears. No one can tell who fired the first shot, but in a moment forty or fifty shots were exchanged. When it was over Toler, Hart, Goslee and Hinkley, a non-combatant, were dead, and John Williams was mortally wounded. Williams died an hour later.

Louis Hinkley attempted to separate the combatants when the fight opened. He was shot in the head and died instantly.

The Mayor immediately after the shooting appointed Judge L. D. Belding Chief of Police. Deputies were sworn in at once and all saloons were ordered closed. There is little factional feeling outside those engaged in the shooting. Order was easily restored. The Sheriff and his son, Coffey, are under arrest, and no further trouble is expected.

All of the men who were shot have large families.

THE MARKETS.

Late Wholesale Prices of Country Produce Quoted in New York.

Table with columns for Butter, Creamery-West. extras, Firsts, Thirds to seconds, State Dairy tubs, extras, Imitation Creamery, Factory, fresh firsts, Low grades.

Table with columns for Eggs, State-Full cream, fancy, Small, Part skims, good to prime, Full skims.

Table with columns for Beans-Marrow, choice, 1898, Medium, 1898, Pea, choice, 1898, Red kidney, choice, 1898, White kidney, choice, 1898, Yellow eye, Lima, Cal., 60 lbs., Green peas, bags.

Table with columns for Apples, Greenings, Baldwin, Spv., Cranberries, Cape Cod, Jersey.

Table with columns for Poultry, Fowls, Chickens, Roosters, Turkeys, Ducks, Geese, Pigeons.

Table with columns for Dressed Poultry, Turkeys, Chickens, Fowls, Ducks, Geese, Squabs.

Table with columns for Hay-Prime, Clover mixed, Clover, Straw-Long rye.

Table with columns for Potatoes, Sweet, Cabbages, Onions, Egg plant, Tomatoes, Squash, Turnips, Green peas, Cauliflower, String beans, Lettuce, Celery, Spinach, Beets, Kale, Carrots, Parsnips.

Table with columns for Flour-Winter Patents, Spring Patents, Wheat, No. 2 Red, Oats, No. 2 White, Trunk mixed, Rye-Western, State, Lard-City steam.

Table with columns for Live Stock, Beeves, city dressed, Calves, city dressed, Country dressed, Sheep, 100 lb., Lambs, 100 lb., Hogs-Live, 100 lb., Country dressed.

SOUTHERN COTTON MILLS.

Continued Growth in North Carolina—Finding a Foreign Market.

RALPH, N. C. (Special).—The Revolution Cotton Mills Company, of Greensboro, has been incorporated with a capital of \$300,000. This mill will be equipped to manufacture cotton flannel, a new line of cotton goods in the South. A site has been purchased for a new cotton-spinning mill at Lincolnton. Julian S. Carr, of Durham, who recently sold his interest in tobacco in order to invest in cotton manufacturing, is negotiating for the establishment of a \$600,000 mill at Durham. The cotton manufacturing business in North Carolina continues to grow. There are 225 mills in this State, numerically as many as in all the other Southern States. The mills, as a rule, however, are smaller than those of South Carolina, which State has nearly as many looms and spindles as North Carolina. Many mills in North Carolina and South Carolina are shipping portions of their output to China and Japan, and heavy shipments are being shipped to Egypt by the Henrietta Mills.

CROPS IN FARMERS' HANDS.

Agricultural Department Estimates of Reserves Still Held by Producers.

WASHINGTON, D. C. (Special).—Consolidated returns of the various crop-reporting agencies of the Department of Agriculture show the amount of wheat remaining in farmers' hands on March 1 to have been the equivalent of 23.3 per cent. of last year's crop, or about 198,000,000 bushels.

The corn in farmers' hands as estimated aggregates 800,000,000 bushels, or 41.6 per cent. of last year's crop, against 782,500,000 bushels, 41.1 per cent. on hand on March 1, 1898. The proportion of the total crop shipped out of the country where grown is estimated at 30.6 per cent. or about 396,000,000 bushels. The proportion of the total crop merchantable is estimated at 83.3 per cent.

Of oats there are reported to be about 238,000,000 bushels, or 38.7 per cent. still in farmers' hands, as compared with 272,000,000 bushels, or 38.9 per cent. on March 1, 1897.

Grinding Cane in Cuba.

Several sugar estates in the Province of Havana, Cuba, have already commenced grinding, and, although the output for the 1898-99 crop will be one of the smallest known, two hundred thousand tons of sugar at least will be manufactured, and this in the face of burned estates in some instances, lack of means to carry on in others and want of cattle and working stock in all. Grinding is now in full swing all over the country.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Dream—An Important Condition—A Cause and Its Results—A Limited Privilege—A Protracted Gift—A Ready Explanation—Untimely Nap, Etc.

I had a dream which was not all a dream; I saw the moon slip down the western sky, And then the full-orbed sun came peeping up, And splashed the east with red and mounted high; I dreamed that I'd overslept—that it was 9 o'clock, While I, who should have been downtown at 5, Still kept my bed and, torture-racked, I tossed, For I'd a mortal dread of being late— Then I awoke, and lo! The whole sad thing was so!

A Cause and Its Results.

Jack—"Why, she's so homely her face would stop a clock." Charles—"That's odd; seems to me an ugly face should make one run!"—Jewelers' Weekly.

An Important Condition.

The Grand Vizier—"The powers intimate that they won't do a thing to us." The Sultan—"Do they intimate in French or English?"—Detroit Journal.

A Protracted Gift.

A child who was delighted with the gift of a candy cat' saved it to her mother at the end of the holidays: "I saved it and saved it and saved it, till it got so dirty I had to eat it."—Life.

A Limited Privilege.

"Do you allow your errand boy to sleep in your office?" was asked of a broker in the Chamber of Commerce building. "Only during the day time."—Detroit Free Press.

A Ready Explanation.

Customer—"My dear sir, your marbles, bisques and bronzes are not well selected. You have only standing postures." Jeweler—"Certainly, sir; my figures never lie."—Jewelers' Weekly.

A Pleasant Day.

"When I get a good breakfast I feel well started for the day." "Yes?" "Then if I have a nice luncheon down town and a good dinner at night I go to bed cheerfully."—Chicago Record.

The Letter of the Law.



The Parson—"Don't you know, little boy, that you should love your enemies?" The Scrapper—"Dat's all right. Dis is a friend of mine."—New York Journal.

The Woman of it.

Postal Clerk—"This letter is overweight, ma'am. You'll have to put another stamp on it." Woman—"I think the government is to mean for anything. I know I've mailed hundreds of letters that weren't anywhere near full-weight, so I think the least you can do is to let this one go through."—Judge.

His Convincing Weight.

McLubberty—"Wall, wall! Oi thought Oi was a truf'ful mon, but Shannihan convinced me thot Oi am not!" O'Hogerty—"How did he do it?" McLubberty—"He called me a loiar, an' as he weighs fifty pounds more than Oi do, begorra, Oi was forced to belave him!"—Puck.

Cold Sympathy.

Friend—"Hullo, old man! what's the matter?" Gilded Youth—"Just proposed to a girl—been refused. Think I shall blow my brains out." Friend—"Congratulate you, old chap." Gilded Youth—"What do you mean?" Friend—"Didn't know you had any."—Punch.

When He Was Too Sudden.

Mr. Peck—"The only time I ever acted hastily in my life I made a mistake." Mrs. Peck—"Ha, ha! I repeat it with emphasis—ha, ha! I don't believe you ever made a hasty move since the day you were born." Mr. Peck—"Well, you and I were engaged less than three months, you know."

He Reached the Ground by Way of the Fire-escape.

He reached the ground by way of the fire-escape. —Chicago News.

"Spring Unlocks The Flowers"

To Paint the Laughing Soil. And not even Nature would allow the flowers to grow and blossom to perfection without good soil. Now Nature and people are much alike; the former must have sunshine, latter must have pure blood in order to have perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood troubles of all sorts. It is to the human system what sunshine is to Nature—the destroyer of disease germs. It never disappoints.

Poor Blood—"The doctor said there were not seven drops of good blood in my body. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and made me strong and well." SUSIE E. BROWN, 16 Astor Hill, Lynn, Mass.

Dyspepsia, etc.—"A complication of troubles, dyspepsia, chronic catarrh and inflammation of the stomach, rheumatism, etc., made me miserable. Had no appetite until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acted like magic. I am thoroughly cured." N. B. SEELY, 1874 W. 14th Av., Denver, Col.

Rheumatism—"My husband was obliged to give up work on account of rheumatism. No remedy helped until he used Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cured him. It cured my daughter of catarrh. I give it to the children with good results." Mrs. J. S. McMath, Stamford, Ct.



Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Spalding's Trade-Mark Means "Standard of Quality" on Athletic Goods. Insist upon Spalding's. Includes Spalding logo and address: A. G. SPALDING & BROS., New York, Chicago, Denver.

A Human Nature Pastel. The newsboy had stood on the corner holding an undiminished bundle of papers for half an hour.

An unvarying and meaningless sound issued from his lips, but neither he nor anyone else thought he was saying anything.

Suddenly the clang, bang and rattle of a fire engine divided the traffic. "All about the fire! All about the fire!" he shrieked.

And every fifth person bought a paper.—Puck.

Frog's skin, though one of the thinnest, is also one of the toughest leathers tanned.

He Attends to Business. He attends to business who goes straight to work to cure Neuralgia by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and saves time and money and gets out of misery quickly. He's all right.

The invention of the typewriter has given employment to 500,000 women.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Eighty-five per cent. of the people who are lame are affected on the left side.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Before 1840 men almost universally had their faces clean shaven.

Without Knowing It. While sitting in a draft without knowing it we may become sore and stiff from cold. We feel soreness and stiffness all gone after using St. Jacobs Oil, hardly knowing when.

Russia has about 25,000 miles of railway besides 7000 now in course of construction.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cured, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggists.

In Prussia only 6497 of 100,000 attempts at suicide were successful.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The highest price ever paid for a race horse was \$100,000 for the famous Ormond.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The population of the world increases ten per cent. every ten years.

Dr. Beth Arnold's Cough Killer the best ever used in my family.—THOMAS M. RUTLER, Cor. 10th and Locust Sts., Phila., Pa., Nov. 26, 1897.

Boston banks and trust companies have gained \$105,000,000 in resources in four years.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. HARDY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1894.

China exports to Europe and America \$1,000,000,000 annually.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

FATAL HOTEL FIRE.

Flames Eat Up the Famous Windsor Hostelry in New York City Like So Much Straw.

SCORES OF LIVES LOST.

Men and Women, Frantic With Fear, Hurl Themselves From Roof and Windows.

The Fire Started From a Smoker's Match Tossed Into a Lace Window Curtain—Many Killed and Injured—Over a Score of Bodies in the Ruins—The Wife and Daughter of Proprietor Leland Among the Killed—President McKinley's Kin Escape—The Loss is About \$1,000,000—Hotel a Fire Trap.

New York City (Special).—The Windsor Hotel, one of the best-known and most popular of New York's older hotels, was destroyed Friday afternoon by a fire in which many persons lost their lives.

About fifty persons were injured, either by being burned or by jumping from the windows of the hotel, many of them seriously and some of them fatally, while nearly forty persons, including guests and

in case of fire, and started down them, often relaxing their holds as the agonizing friction of their hands against the rope proved too much to endure. Others lost their heads completely and finding themselves unable to escape by halls and stairways, sprang from the windowills to probable and often certain death below.

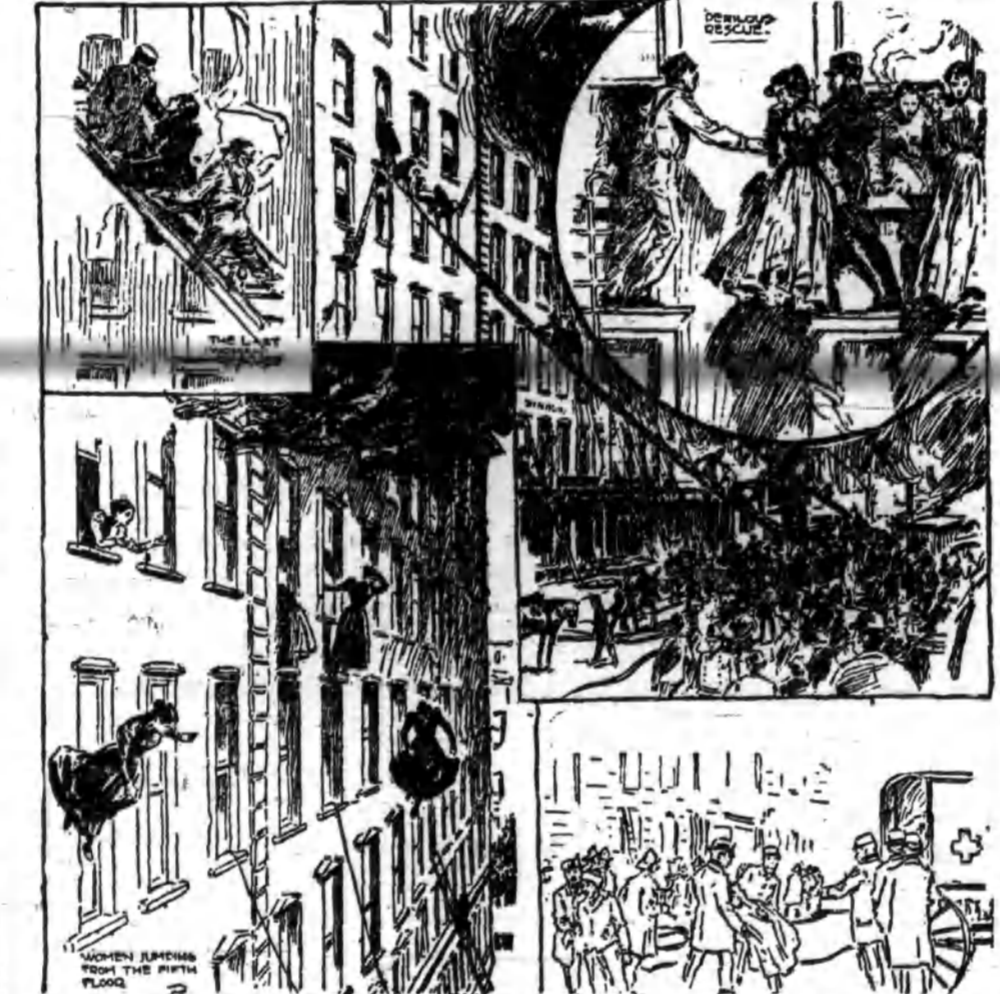
It was only a brief time before the hotel was in flames from basement to roof. An hour after the flames were first discovered the building was completely gutted, with a few fragments of the walls standing in places. The whole center of the building had melted with succeeding crashes into a vast heap of ash-despined bricks. The two big lamps on handsome pillars still stood unharmed before the ruined entrance. But the Windsor had gone. The smoke rose in dense, blinding volumes from the heaps of what it once had been and spread for blocks about, carrying a weight of ashes.

The terrible scenes enacted during the early part of the fire will never leave the memories of those who witnessed them. Men, women, and even children slid or dropped from ropes suspended from the windows or leaped out in delirium to death or terrible injury. One man on the Forty-seventh street side fell upon another man on the street, somehow within the fire lines, and both were instantly killed. At some windows men and women stood and wrung their hands in despair. At others they screamed wildly for aid. Many of these were guests who had gone to their rooms for an afternoon nap and were cut off by the flames before warning reached them.

One handsomely dressed woman, later identified as Mrs. Amelia Paddock, of Irvington, N. Y., appeared at a window of a room on the fourth floor and held out her arms to the crowd, then raised her hands as if calling for mercy on her soul. She clambered to the window sill, poised for an instant, and leaped, while a smothered groan went up from the crowd. She turned like a top and struck the iron railing in front of the hotel, her lifeless body bounding off into the airway.

Shortly afterward an unknown man jumped from the roof on the Forty-sixth street side of the hotel. Another one was seen to jump from the Fifth avenue side, and two more from the rear. Then two women lumped from the roof into the court yard below.

A mother and her babe were seen at an



SCENES OF THE WINDSOR HOTEL FIRE IN NEW YORK CITY.

employees of the hotel and policemen, were unaccounted for. It is thought that some of them were burned in the ruins and that their bodies will be found when a thorough search is possible. This cannot be for two or three days.

The fire was the most calamitous hotel blaze New York has ever known. It was started from a window curtain taking fire from a lighted match that was thrown from a second story window.

Several of the dead were killed by jumping from the windows. Panic seemed to reign inside the hotel from the first. The firemen saved many lives by their heroic deeds, but they were powerless to control the flames. Within an hour and a half the hotel was almost destroyed.

The fire that made an uncouth and terrible mass of rubbish of one of the city's finest hotels was kindled by the tiny blaze that flickered on the head of a discarded match. An unknown man, a guest of the hotel, was standing about 3 o'clock in a front parlor on the second floor, close to a bay window which was hung with lace curtains. The guest lighted a cigar or cigarette, and tossed the match, still blazing, to the street. Just then the curtains blew back. They were all ablaze in an instant. The man who had thrown the match turned and ran.

The flames soon filled the parlor, where they originated, and then went roaring upward in that end of the building, eating their way with a growing appetite and spreading panic. They soon burst from the windows on every floor to the top one—the sixth. Then they reached the roof. The horrified thousands in the street below were pushed back by the policemen, who had been stationed there to preserve order amid the festivities of a gala day. Women turned pale and screamed, little ones shrieked and sobbed, and men felt the sweat break upon their brows, as the heads of panic-stricken people protruded from the hotel windows, turning now toward the flames and now toward the sidewalk, and calling for help in tones that made the hearers sick.

The fire spread to the centre and to the rear. On the sixth floor it swept northward with an irresistible rush, carrying woodwork and walls before it till it reached the wall on the Forty-seventh street side. It also traveled northward in the lower floors, but not so rapidly as on the top one, which it crossed in about five minutes. The hotel was one of wide halls and vestibules, a delight to guests, but a terrible aid to the fire. It was a building of drafts, where the flames made easy progress, and as they spread northward on the lower floors, wherever they met an elevator shaft, of which there were several, they leaped up through. They broke into the rooms of maddened men and women, and in all parts of the building drove them through the windows in an effort to seize the one remaining chance of safety.

upper window of the hotel. The mother threw the child to the street, dashing it to pieces, and then jumped to death herself. Many persons were saved by jumping from the roof of the section of the hotel on Forty-seventh street to the roof of the building below.

Meanwhile the firemen had run up ladders at many of the windows and had begun to take down people as fast as possible. There were some tents of heroism which brought cheers from the watching throngs. Undoubtedly some who did not escape might have done so if they had waited a little longer for the fire-fighters to rescue them. The firemen were aided by various policemen and others, who made their way into the building when the flames first started. One patrolman guided three women down to safety. Two unknown members of the Forty-seventh Regiment went up the fire escape on the Forty-seventh street side and rescued two women who were entreating aid from the windows.

Miss Helen Gould threw open the doors of her home, which is opposite the hotel—the old Jay Gould house—as soon as it was found that the house could be utilized, and several of the wounded were carried into the house. They were laid out on the floor, cushions or pillows being used to make them comfortable, and ministered to as far as was possible until they were carried to ambulances, to be distributed in various hospitals.

Among the dead are: John Connolly, of New York City, hotel carpenter, compound fracture of the skull, died in Flower Hospital; Mrs. John McCormick Gibson, guest at the hotel, died at the Murray Hill Hotel; Miss Eleanor Louise Goodman, daughter of Samuel Goodman, a guest in the hotel, jumped from a window, died of fracture of the skull in Bellevue Hospital; Lucile Grande, of North Carolina; Mrs. Nancy Kirk, seventy-five years old, mother of J. S. Kirk, wealthy soap manufacturer, of Chicago, died in Bellevue Hospital; Mrs. Isabella O. Leland, fifty-two years old, wife of the proprietor, taken to Flower Hospital, died without regaining consciousness; Miss Helen Leland, twenty-one years old, daughter of the proprietor of the hotel, burned about body and inhaled smoke; Miss Amelia Paddock, of Irvington-on-Hudson, jumped from sixth story, died in Miss Gould's house. She was a sister-in-law of Samuel Goodwin, assistant traffic manager of the New York Central Railroad.

Abner McKinley, brother of the President, with his wife and daughter Mabel, lived in the Windsor. Mr. McKinley was not in the hotel when the fire broke out. As soon as he heard of it, he hastened to the hotel, only to find the walls falling in. The family had succeeded in escaping however. The McKinleys occupied a suite of rooms on the second floor.

Good Rubber in Mexico. Experiments made with the native rubber tree in Mexico have demonstrated conclusively that the cultivation of the castilloa elastica is feasible and that, after the seventh or eighth year, a quantity of rubber sufficient to make the investment profitable may be extracted annually. Each acre of the ground available in Mexico for the purpose can accommodate about 200 trees. Each tree should yield from one to two pounds of rubber annually, with a value of sixty to seventy cents a pound, United States currency.

The cost of gathering and preparing the rubber is small, and, with freight charges, amounts to so slight a proportion that an average profit of fifty cents a pound may be relied upon. Therefore, the net annual returns to the planter should be between \$100 and \$200 an acre each year. The trees continue to grow larger, increasing the amount of their product each year. It is estimated that on a plantation in Mexico fifteen years old each tree should yield an average of five pounds of rubber.

The only objection planters can find

against entering the rubber-growing industry is the long time they must wait after planting before they can realize any returns. While it is true that it involves much patient waiting, it is considered the safest of crops, with practically no risk of loss. The prices quoted are top figures in the markets of the world.

With such opportunities as Mexico offers there is little danger of the rubber supply falling behind the demand in the near future, as has been suggested by some of the larger dealers.—New York Press.

A Billposting Machine. Successful experiments have been made in Paris with a new billposting machine, which does away with the use of either a ladder or paste. It can be used to post bills at a height of fifty feet from the ground, and is being put into practical operation.

Wire nails are so cheap, it is said, that if a carpenter drops one it is cheaper for him to let it lie than to waste his time in picking it up. One keg out of every five sold is never used, but simply goes to waste.

MANY a dutiful daughter pays in pain for her mother's ignorance or perhaps neglect. The mother suffered and she thinks her daughter must suffer also. This is true only to a limited extent. No excessive pain is healthy. Every mother should inform herself for her own sake and especially for the sake of her daughter. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice about all matters concerning the ills of the feminine organs.

INDULGENT MOTHERS

Many a young girl's beauty is wasted by unnecessary pain at time of menstruation, and many indulgent mothers with mistaken kindness permit their daughters to grow careless about physical health.

MISS CARRIE M. LAMB, Big Beaver, Mich., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—A year ago I suffered from profuse and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. My appetite was variable, stomach sour and bowels were not regular, and was subject to pains like colic during menstruation. I wrote you and began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used two packages of Sanative Wash. You can't imagine my relief. My courses are natural and general health improved."

MRS. NANNIE ADKINS, La Due, Mo., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to tell you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done my daughter. She suffered untold agony at time of menstruation before taking your medicine; but the Compound has relieved the pain, given her a better color, and she feels stronger, and has improved every way. I am very grateful to you for the benefit she has received. It is a great medicine for young girls."



PILES

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