

THE TRIBUNE
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The Genoa Tribune.

JOB PRINTING.
The Tribune office is well equipped to take out all kinds of printing. Don't hesitate to give us your order; we guarantee the work to be up-to-date and the prices reasonable. Legal advertising at lowest rates.

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VOL. XIV. No. 10.

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 29, 1904.

C. A. AMES.

FROM NEARBY TOWNS

Interesting Items That Our Correspondents Have Gathered for Tribune Readers.

East Venice.

JULY 25—Mrs. C. A. Ames of Genoa has been spending a few days with Mrs. Frank Whitten.

Mrs. Ray Smith of Moravia visited her daughter, Mrs. Fay Teeter, a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Dean were guests at J. A. Mack's Sunday.

Rufus Strong of East Genoa is spending some time with his daughter, Mrs. Frank Young.

Frank Whitten made a business trip to Auburn Saturday.

Clarence Sill and Mrs. Helen Osman of North Lansing were the guests of the latter's grandson, John Sill, on Sunday.

Miss Rachel Sill has returned to her home.

Edgar Tift of Ithaca recently spent a few days at Frank Young's.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Young and daughters of Cortland are guests of Mr. Young's sister, Mrs. Austin Taber.

Chas. Horton made a business trip to Moravia Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Young were called to Cascade Saturday evening by the sudden illness of his mother who suffered a slight shock.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

This remedy is certain to be needed in almost every home before the summer is over. It can always be depended upon even in the most severe and dangerous cases. It is especially valuable for summer disorders in children. It is pleasant to take and never fails to give prompt relief. Why not buy it now? It may save life. For sale by J. S. Banker, druggist, Genoa.

Wanted—Young or middle aged men to act as agents for Grand Union Tea Co., largest retailers of Teas, Coffees, Spices and Baking Powder in U. S. Steady employment with good pay for reliable men. No security required. For further information call or address A. P. Hemans, Mgr. 95 Genesee Street, Auburn. Only steady and industrious men need apply.

Douglas

\$3.50 and \$4.00

Oxfords

\$2.00

a pair.
Why are we doing it?
Because the weather has been against oxford selling—cool and rainy, until now, and we have more oxfords than we want. Hence this sacrifice of \$1.50 to 2.00 a pair. They are in kid, calf and patent colt, sizes 6 to 11. Widths A to E.

THE SPECIALTY
SHOE COMPANY,
111 Genesee St.,
AUBURN.

King Ferry.

JULY 27—A severe rainstorm swept over this place last Saturday afternoon, causing two landslides on the railroad, one north and one south of the station.

The reunion of the Todd family is to be held Aug. 10 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Atwater.

Brainard Lyon has a fine horse which he recently purchased in Auburn.

Howard Pidcock made a business trip to Buffalo last week.

Mrs. George Ford and children spent last week with relatives south of Genoa.

Mrs. Ada Wheeler was in town last Saturday.

After an absence of more than a year in the West, Mrs. C. W. Dennis has returned to her home in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Bockwell of New York City called on their aunt, Miss Mary Lewis, on Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. Geo. Slocum of Genoa was the guest of friends in this vicinity last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Atwater of Auburn visited relatives here during the past week.

Willie Seybolt of Syracuse and George Beebe of Venice were calling on friends here last Sunday.

Mrs. Edna Hart and daughter of Freeville visited her aunt, Mrs. Twining, last week.

Miss Taylor of Auburn was the guest of Miss Celia Grennell Sunday.

Fine hay weather for the past few days.

Mrs. E. M. Toole and Mrs. James McDormert of Geneva were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Owen MacDonald part of last week.

Miss Katie Detrich is spending a few days in Auburn.

Mrs. Joseph H. Seville of New York City and mother, Mrs. John Day of Aurora, were recent guests of Philip Mulligan and wife.

Dr. Dommett, dentist, will be at King Ferry on Friday, Aug. 5.

Locke.

JULY 27—Mrs. Sophronia Parks, who had been ill for some time, died Sunday morning at the age of 89 years. Mrs. Parks had been a member of the Baptist church for 68 years. Funeral services were held at her late home on Tuesday at 2 p. m. Burial at Indian Mound at Moravia.

Mrs. Lucia Weeks, who had been ill for a number of months with heart trouble, died Sunday afternoon aged 79 years. Funeral services were held at the Baptist church on Tuesday at 10 a. m. Rev. C. W. Booth spoke words of comfort from Hebrews xi:14—"Being dead yet speaketh." Mrs. Weeks had been an earnest Christian and member of the Baptist church for 57 years. Burial was made at Bird cemetery.

North Lansing.

JULY 25—The entertainment at Grange Hall was a decided success, over \$80 being realized. Miss Leonard and her orchestra of eight pieces gave general satisfaction; indeed, it was very fine. Miss Leonard led with dignity, showing that she was master of the situation. Miss Guest has a reputation as a pianist. The recitations were all very fine. Clarence Leonard captured the audience with his comic recitations. Mr. Austin gave them a night ride, as most of them returned to Moravia after the entertainment. The Misses Van Duyn and Kennedy spent a few days with Mrs. Ketchum.

Mrs. Cooper and daughter of Groton City are visiting at Jacob DeCamp's.

Miss Eva Miller has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Kate DeCamp.

Mrs. Sarah Pierce is improving slowly.

Mrs. Emily Obert of Ithaca and Mrs. Desmond of Locke have been visiting Mrs. Mary Small.

Best Golden Rio and Java Coffees 22 cents per pound at H. P. Martin's.

Sherwood.

JULY 25—Mrs. Sarah Jones of New Preston, Conn., her daughter, Mrs. Helen Crowe and Eleanor Crowe of Philadelphia spent a week at the Sherwood House. Eleanor Crowe will spend the summer with M. A. Ward.

Misses Post and Smith of Rochester were the guests of Ada Jones recently.

Mrs. Will Manchester and little daughter of Ceballos, Cuba, who are spending the summer in New York state, called on friends in town last week.

Abby Ward was home from Auburn over last Sunday.

Mrs. W. Kibler of Seneca Falls visited relatives here last week.

The Greene homestead is undergoing quite extensive repairs and the Select schoolhouse is receiving a coat of paint.

Agnes and Grace Tierney of Germantown are visiting friends in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Craven and daughter of Auburn were guests at Mrs. Carolyn Owen's yesterday.

Miss Anne Flynn of Elizabeth St., Auburn, has been visiting at Dr. Hoxsie's.

Dr. Letchworth Smith and wife of New York City were guests at Wm. Howland's a few days last week.

Miss Abby Fordyce of Union Springs is visiting her uncle, Giles Slocum.

Miss Anna Greene is home from East Granby where she has been teaching.

Lansingville.

JULY 25—Wm. Morehouse is on the sick list.

Mrs. Chas. Reynolds is seriously ill. Miss Mary Van Marter is visiting friends in East Lansing.

Louie Brown and wife of Buffalo are spending their vacation among Lansing relatives and friends.

Charles Bower and wife spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. D. C. Mosher, in Genoa.

Luther Hedden sold a fine 3-year-old colt to George Howland of Sherwood on Monday last.

Farmers who finished haying during the pleasant weather of last week count themselves among the lucky ones.

R. N. Mount and wife of Peruville spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Luther Hedden.

Minor Emmons and wife of Port Huron, Mich., are visiting friends in town.

Mrs. F. D. Knapp of Auburn is visiting friends and renewing old acquaintances while Mr. Knapp is assisting his son Bert with his haying.

Died in California.

The following is from the Ithaca News of Monday, July 25:

"The remains of the late John J. Halsey, Jr., who died in Los Angeles, Cal., July 17, were buried in the cemetery at Trumansburg, Saturday afternoon, July 23. Mr. Halsey was formerly of Trumansburg and lived in this vicinity for a number of years before going West. He had been ill for a long time, but was prostrated only two days before his death. He was 58 years old.

The deceased is survived by two sisters, Mrs. John Mitchell and Miss Ada Halsey of Detroit, who accompanied the remains to Trumansburg. He is also survived by his widow, formerly Miss Martha J. Nye, and three children, Attorney George N. Halsey, who reside at No. 503 University ave., this city."

Mr. Halsey and family were residents of Genoa for about fifteen years.

Sealed Bids.

The Genoa Agricultural Society will receive sealed bids for the following exclusive privileges for their second annual fair to be held Sept. 20, 21, 22, 1904, at any time on or before Thursday, Sept. 1, 1904. The committee reserving the right to reject any or all bids:

1. Summer drinks, cigars and tobacco. No cider or any intoxicating drinks.
2. Hot candy.
3. Popcorn.
4. Nuts and cold candy.
5. Fruits of all kinds.
6. Ice cream.

All contracts will be made payable one-half Sept. 1, 1904, with balance Sept. 21, 1904. Address HERBERT GAY, Sec., Genoa, N. Y.

Five Corners.

JULY 26—The farmers were happy last week, having one week of good weather for their hay.

Clinton Smith is among relatives at Breeseport this week.

Mrs. John Hoffman and little granddaughter of Elmira are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Palmer.

Ben Buck and wife visited relatives at North Lansing last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Hunt returned to their home at Groton last Sunday, after visiting relatives here for a week.

George Curtice and wife visited friends at Groton last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Barger and son Lewis were at Henry Barger's, North Lansing, during all last week. The men were assisting with the hay crop.

Walter Hunt and wife spent Tuesday of this week in Ithaca.

Alice and Mabel Barber are at East Genoa visiting their grandparents, Wm. Barber and wife, and other relatives.

Mrs. Harris W. Roe of Montour Falls is a guest of her friend, Mrs. J. H. Smith, for a few days.

Mrs. E. B. Stewart and Mrs. Dr. Rosecrans have returned from their visit at Port Byron.

Nelson Parr, who was kicked by a horse a few weeks ago, has nearly recovered.

Mrs. Jennie Morse returned last week from visiting relatives in Pennsylvania.

JULY 27—Mr. Samuel Close, while removing a step ladder from his shop this afternoon, accidentally knocked down a scythe which fell upon his head, cutting through his hat and making a deep gash in the back of his head. In the absence of Dr. Rosecrans, Dr. Hatch of King Ferry was called and sewed up the wound. The patient is doing as well as could be expected.

D. G. Ellison, Francis and Clarence Hollister, and Maria Algard have had their residences newly painted.

O. J. Snyder is repairing his residence, making a great improvement.

G. C. Hunt is doing quite an extensive business buying eggs. It is reported that he has a route in Seneca county.

Bert Garey of Auburn spent a few days last week at H. E. Hunt's.

Wm. Gard and wife of Auburn spent last Saturday and Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gard.

Erwin Davis and wife spent a day last week at G. L. Ferris's.

Forks Creek.

Born, July 16, 1904, to Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Baker, a son.

Lucy Strong visited at her uncle's, Jay Boyer, last week.

Mrs. Blakely's daughter and son from Buffalo are visiting here.

Mr. and Mrs. Laverne King of Ludlowville visited her mother last week.

Mrs. Hollenbeck and Mrs. Wood of Ithaca, who have been visiting their parents, J. Flinn and wife, returned to their home last week.

Whitcomb's drug store, Locke, has just received a fresh stock of Liquor in large bottles and is now able to supply all calls.

New York Daily Press, \$3.50.

Ayer's

Falling hair means weak hair. Then strengthen your hair; feed it with the only hair food, Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, makes the hair

Hair Vigor

grow, completely cures dandruff. And it always restores color to gray hair, all the rich, dark color of early life.

"My hair was falling out badly and I was afraid I would lose it all. Then I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. It quickly stopped the falling and made my hair all I could wish it to be."
REBECCA E. ALLEN, Elizabeth, N. J.

Get a bottle. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Falling Hair

Society Notes.

The W. C. T. U. will hold a parlor meeting at the home of Miss Luella Smith at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, July 30. A cordial invitation is given to all.

The sixth annual reunion of the Todd family will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Atwater, Wednesday, Aug. 10, 1904. All relatives of the family are invited.

A concert and elocutionary entertainment will be given in the M. E. church at Ledyard, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 3, at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the Epworth League. Admission 20 cents; children under 12 years 10c.

Mrs. Gertrude Van Camp, an elocutionist of Auburn, will give a recital in the Presbyterian church, Sunday evening, July 31. No one should miss this opportunity of hearing Mrs. Van Camp as she is a very interesting speaker and comes highly recommended.

The annual excursion of the King Ferry and Belltown Sunday schools will take place on Friday, Aug. 5. The steamer Frontenac will leave Atwater for Ithaca and Benwick Park at 9 o'clock a. m. Returning leave Ithaca at 4:30. Fare round trip 50c; children 12 to 15, 25c; children under 12, free. All are invited.

By ORDER COMMITTEE.

An entertainment including the comedy, "A Rice Pudding," music and readings will be presented by the young people of East Genoa for the benefit of the M. E. church at the following places: East Venice, Monday evening, Aug. 1; East Genoa, Wednesday evening, Aug. 3; West Groton, Thursday evening, Aug. 4; Genoa, Friday evening, Aug. 5. Admission 15 cents.

Services at the Presbyterian church next Sunday as follows: Morning service at 11 o'clock; subject of sermon, "The Furniture of the Soul." Sunday school at 12. The evening service will be in charge of Mrs. Gertrude Van Camp who will give a recital. The new singing books have arrived and will be in use Sunday night. Topic of the Bible reading next Thursday evening, "The Gospel Railroad." All are invited to these services.

Veterans at Fair Haven.

The Ninth New York Heavy Artillery held its sixteenth annual reunion at Fair Haven on Wednesday, July 20. The day was a perfect one, and the old veterans seemed more like the boys of '61 than like old boys, which was indicated by their feeble steps as they marched to the music of the Drum Corps. At 9:30 a special train awaited them at the depot in Auburn, and as the cheers and welcome rang out when we arrived at Weedsport, where the Weedsport band and many more of the Boys in Blue joined us, we felt that not even forty years had passed. All joined in march to the bugle call to the grounds where over one thousand were served to a bountiful dinner. Music, singing and fine speaking were the order of the day. The speakers were Gen. W. H. Seward, Col. A. S. Roe, Chap. A. L. Shurger. A very affecting tribute was paid to the late secretary, Frank Tallman, and a funeral dirge was rendered by the band. We wish many more reunions for the boys who fought so nobly to save our land.

Insurance.

This item may be of interest to the farming community of Venice and Genoa. The Venice Insurance Co. in the last ten years have had ten fires, the assessments, aggregating \$9.80 per thousand, or an annual per thousand average of ninety-eight cents. We challenge any insurance company in the state to show a better record. The president of a large company explains it by saying we have a better class of citizens than the average through this section.

J. M. CORWIN, President.

No Pity Shown.

"For years fate was after me continuously" writes F. A. Gullidge, Verbena, Ala. "I had a terrible case of Piles causing 24 tumors. When all failed Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me. Equally good for burns and all aches and pains. Only 25c, at A. E. Clark's drug store, King Ferry.

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH



SPECIAL NOTICES.

Pigs for sale, 8 weeks old. B. F. COFFIN, Genoa.

Lost—Between the Forks of the Creek and Genoa village, going east, an old-fashioned brooch set with quartz. A suitable reward will be paid upon the return of the same, to HENRY G. HAMP.

Good pasture and water on the Tillott farm, on the Indian Field road. Farm for sale. Inquire of Elijah Eaton, Venice Center, or Genoa, R. F. D. 24.

Bicycles at one-third cost at Sill's market, by H. A. Brown, Motor Cycle Agent.

350 single comb brown leghorns for sale cheap. E. H. SHARP, Genoa.

Bring your old hens, chickens, ducks and turkeys to Hotel DeWitt, Genoa, on Monday night, Aug. 8, or Tuesday morning, Aug. 9, and get the highest market price for them. S. C. HOUGHTALING, Throopsville.

The celebrated trotting stallion, Dixoneer, will be at the Carson House barns in Genoa every Thursday afternoon until Friday morning, and at the Goodrich House barns at Moravia from Friday noon until Saturday morning. Terms of service \$15 to insure with foal. For further particulars inquire of Dana Rhodes, Groton.

The Popular Route to World's Fair.

Now that the World's Fair is in complete running order, the Grand Trunk Railway System have inaugurated a double daily through car service, Montreal to St. Louis, which gives the public an exceptional route to the Ivory City. In addition, patrons are offered stop-over at any point in Canada, Detroit, and Port Huron, or Chicago, Ill., without extra charge. Do not make a mistake, but see that your tickets read via the Grand Trunk—the great double track route to St. Louis.

20 YEARS

in the same place. It shows that W. C. Crosman, Optician and Jeweler, can be relied upon. Come to him for new glasses or with old ones to be repaired.

92 Genesee St., Auburn.

Genoa Fair, Sept. 20-21-22

Tea Sets Must Go.

Can you use a pretty Tea Set? We must sell the few remaining ones to make room. Dainty, handsome creations with a lifetime of wear to them. You become owner at a nice saving, if you buy this month.

Tice & Benson,

Jewelers, Auburn, N.Y.

African Cotton.

When cotton was being marked up by the market rather than by the price it was conjectured that the bull operators were overdoing it. It was thought in the first place that they were marking the price so high that they would not be able to unload their holdings, and so it proved. It was thought in the second place that giving to cotton such a high fictitious price would stimulate the production out of due proportion to the demand and bring loss to planters. It was also believed that the ease with which a few market operators manipulated the American crop and threatened foreign spinners with extortion would strongly encourage the opening up of cotton areas in other parts of the world in competition with the American grower, says the Washington Star. New cotton lands are being made available and more will be. For a long time it was a southern superstition that only in the south United States could first-class cotton be grown. No one thinks this now. Then there was another belief that cotton required a proportion of heat and cold not found in many parts of the world—that cotton would not thrive in summer where there was not frost in winter. The cotton grower would be more affected by competition of cheaper field labor than the wheat, corn or potato grower, because cotton is not harvested by machinery. It can be planted, cultivated, thinned and pressed by machinery, but it must be picked by hand. A recent report from the United States consul general at Berlin gives impressive figures of increased cotton acreage and cotton production in Togo, Kamerun, German East Africa, Songea, Lagos, New Guinea, northern and southern Nigeria and the Nyassa highland in Africa. In Nyassa alone the increase in cotton area is from 4,942 acres last year to 98,840 acres this year. Mr. Mason in his report tells of the distribution of American and Egyptian cotton seed in Asia Minor, Morocco, Borneo and Brazil. There is no doubt that the cotton area in Egypt has been largely increased by the construction of the Aboukir dam for the storage of the flood waters of the Nile for irrigation. The increase above last year in the acreage in the southern United States was over ten per cent, bringing the total cotton acres to about 32,000,000. This increase was partly made by planting many old fields in cotton and by the conversion of sugar land in Louisiana and tobacco land in southern Virginia and North Carolina. The world's consumption of cotton is increasing. It may be that in the next decade Africa and South America will compete with the United States in growing the white fiber.

Learn to Swim.

Lots of things are taught in school which are of far less value in a seagirt community like New York, where so much water travel for business and pleasure is necessary, than swimming, complains the New York Press. For while music and drawing and "fads," other than "readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetick" add largely to the enjoyment of life, the simple art of knowing how to avoid drowning has to do with the preservation of that life. Why shouldn't the public school pupil learn, before the gentle accomplishments, the elementary and essential one of how to protect his life from an ever-present menace to it? A mother or a father is panic-stricken at the thought of exposing a child to an attack of measles or some other infection, but will thoughtlessly permit it to ride every day on a ferryboat or some other craft where the danger of drowning is a real peril without arming the offspring with the means of self-preservation which nature has provided. Children have to be taught to walk. Why not teach them to swim?

The Amenities of War.

The Japanese accusation of inhumanity against the Russians is now countered by a Russian accusation of barbarity against themselves. The Russians allege that at the battle of Valangan the Japanese horribly and wantonly tortured and mutilated the Russian wounded. Unfortunately, this statement is not incredible to one who remembers the Japanese massacre of the Chinese at Port Arthur, and it is alleged to be substantiated by the testimony of the English, French and Spanish attaches serving with the Russian army. The moral seems to be that war is a very grim business, and that any attempts to make it ornamental or to smooth its grim visage with high-flying compliments and politeness savor of affectation, and are not at all to be trusted or commended.

If he is really desirous of controlling the mines of the world, John D. Rockefeller might communicate with Russia, which has a large number in the vicinity of Port Arthur it might be willing to dispose of at mark-down prices.

A New York lady affirms that mice and mosquitoes are fond of music, and may be lured to death by a concord of sweet sounds—but who'll do the playing?

A girl hasn't much use for a man who is too cowardly to propose.

Consumption and Tuberculosis Milk.

It was certainly a great surprise to the scientific world that Koch, the discoverer of the tubercle bacillus and the one above all others who proved the importance of this micro-organism in producing pulmonary consumption, should apparently go back on his record by maintaining that the basis of his original theory was entirely wrong and that human and bovine tuberculosis were not only different diseases, but were not convertible, says the New York Herald. Unless the significance of his numerous experiments can be definitely disproved, which hardly seems probable, it is well to temporarily suspend judgment on the new doctrine. So far, in spite of the fact that there is no argument against absolutely pure milk, it is certainly comforting to believe that an accidentally diseased cow does not control the destinies of our race. It must be admitted also that the laws of probability are entirely on the conservative side of the situation. Were it otherwise what a countless number of children fed on raw milk would be the victims of consumption! As it is, however, intestinal tuberculosis, which is a disease that should be especially produced by infected milk, is of exceedingly rare occurrence. Koch has also maintained that it is impossible to induce pure tuberculosis in the cow by inoculating the human virus. The only result has been to create a distinctly inflammatory process which in no scientific sense can be likened to general tuberculosis infection in man. Further, he believes that the bacilli in the cow are of an entirely different species from those in the human body, and that it is impossible to propagate them save in their respective soils. We repeat that this is, of course, no plea for tuberculosis milk as a safe and cleanly article of diet, but merely a probable means of explaining why thousands of those who may accidentally drink it do not eventually succumb to the dread infection. But in any event we need not be too badly scared until we hear more explicitly from the other side.

Watching Milk Supply.

As eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, so vigilance in Chicago is the price of good health. Dairymen whose fetich is the almighty dollar seem willing to take great risks in an endeavor to increase their revenues. Laws have been passed forbidding the sale of impure milk, and the most rigid inspection has to be followed to keep some of the dealers straight and many fines have to be imposed every week. Inspectors have just completed a visit to dairy farms within 50 miles of Chicago. On 83 of these farms the cow barns are properly whitewashed, in 67 the milking was done under cleanly conditions, in 21 the milkers were dirty, in 32 wet malt was being fed, in 71 the milk was properly cooled, in 11 it was aerated and in 66 it was properly strained. The water supply was good on all farms—82 got water from wells and six from springs. Of the 88 herds, comprising 1,438 cows, 71 were in good, healthy condition, 14 were in fair condition and four were in bad condition.

Anemone Facts.

Naturalists have duly recorded that if a sea-anemone be divided in halves longitudinally, a new animal will in time be reproduced by each half, assuming the anemone is kept in pure sea water. An old zoologist relates how he watched an anemone which somehow or other had contrived to half swallow one of the valves of an oyster shell. Practically, the shell stuck in his gizzard, and gradually cut its way down through the soft tissues of the anemone until it halved the animal as by a partition. Perfect reproduction of two anemones through the division was noted to be the result of this accident. Even a fragment or two of an anemone body left attached to its rock may in due season reproduce a new body.

Many city people who long for a rural home and who have entertained the idea that to farm means the simple process of planting stuff and quietly waiting for the harvest have had some of their delightful dreams shattered in recent experiences in Michigan, says the Chicago Sun. On the eastern shore of Lake Michigan several city-bred people, tired of the strife and struggles of a dull urban existence, have made efforts to get rich quick on a small fruit farm. Some have made a fair success, but many have found that lack of experience is a great handicap, and that working about 16 hours a day when the busy season is on is more than they bargained for. Such a place as a plaything when one has a steady income from another source is delightful, not to say ideal, but to put all into such an enterprise, with no experience, it is a risky experiment.

Perdicaris, who was recently released by Col. Raisuli on consideration of the payment of \$55,000 by Abdul Aziz, is a magazine writer of some note and will now have an opportunity to write a book. No doubt he will have it bound in Morocco.

Harmony is all right if it is harmony of your brand.

Girls who say the least are soonest married.



DOWN THE RED LANE.

What the American Drinker Puts Down His Capacious Throat.

The American throat is a capacious one. Statistics furnished by the United States treasury department show that the total amount spent for something to drink during the year ending June 30, 1903, was \$1,451,633,379. The wise man of old speaks of certain insatiable things that continually cry give, give, and that never say: It is enough. The American throat is a good candidate for a place on the list of insatiables. But we must hasten to say that by something to drink we do not intend in this instance to imply intoxicating liquors only. Of the large amount mentioned, \$208,690,261 was expended on drinks that do not intoxicate, at least in the ordinary acceptance of the word. Tea and coffee and other liquids that are not supposed to stir men to deeds of wickedness or to take them to the poor house or the jail, are categorized under the list that makes up this minority total. But, sad to say, \$727,042,245 is set down to beer, while \$417,915,513 more went for spirituous liquors, and wines reached a total of \$97,985,360. Alcohol used in the arts is not included in these figures. So that the very considerable sum of \$1,242,943,118 is the drink bill of the United States for a year. And now we mean the bill for intoxicating drinks.

This is a startling sum, look at it which way we may. It might be interesting to show how many pairs of shoes, how many suits of clothes, how many meals it would have provided, how many homes it would have built, how many churches, colleges, schools and various other institutions for the elevation of the people it would have established, but time and space fall us just now. One does not need the details of such comparisons, nor does one need to be an ardent prohibitionist to suggest that a large portion of the money might have been better expended. The figures to a certain extent indicate the tremendous prosperity of the country. A country must indeed be wealthy that can long stand such a strain. But such figures are certainly not necessary to prosperity. We might as a nation drink less and be just as prosperous. Indeed, we might drink a good deal less, and as a common sense line of logic conclusively shows, our permanent wealth would be largely increased if our drink bill were largely reduced.

It is true that the drink business gives employment to a host of persons, but these could as a rule be better employed and receive no less wages for their support, says the New York Observer. No real necessity demands such a tremendous total. The government of the country needs no keeping up of the figures for its maintenance. As Gladstone, of Great Britain, once said, Great Britain sober would yield as large a revenue as Great Britain intemperate. The nation could keep the wolf from its door even if its revenues were not aided by the tax on rum, beer and wine. We could do with all the rum, beer and wine what the Boston people once did with their tea and not seriously suffer. Allowing that we have a population of 80,000,000, who will say that we need to spend \$1,242 a year for every 80 persons, old and young, within our borders? This is \$15 a throat for man, woman and child. As a very large proportion of our population consumes no alcoholic drinks of any kind, the average quantity consumed by those who do use them is very much larger than \$15 per year. Surely the great god Bacchus cannot complain of his annual tribute. It is large enough.

The sums expended in a year for purposes unqualifiedly wise and good shrink into insignificance when compared with the alcoholic total. And this total threatens to increase, and it is what it is in spite of all the efforts of the prohibitionists and other temperance workers. What it might be had there been no effort at restraint we hardly dare to think. It is claimed in some quarters that in spite of the great aggregate, there is not so much drunkenness as formerly, but there is not reason to fear that many human constitutions are being undermined, and many minds are being befuddled by the constant use of stimulants even where their use does not cause ordinary drunkenness? It is not so very long since that we quoted medical testimony to show that the use of stimulants often does more harm where it does not cause drunkenness than in numerous cases in which it does. The periodical drunkard, who only occasionally drinks and is sure to quit his cups for awhile after his drunken fit is over, often inflicts less harm upon himself than does the continuous moderate drinker upon himself. Moderate drinking is upon the increase. The ranks of the moderate drinkers are not reinforced by the reformation of the drunkards as by the addition from the ranks of those who were previously abstainers. As a people we are learning to imbibe without making beasts of ourselves. May the brute creation kindly pardon the use of the word beasts in this connection! The fact that we can drink and not show it by open inebriety is not to our advantage. The hustle and bustle of business and social life is responsible for the consumption of a large amount of stimulants, and the result cannot be anything but disastrous. A halt should be called. The bill is too big. Uncle Sam should control his throat. He is pouring too much money down the red lane. He is extravagant and wasteful. Fire statistics are startling; but the drink statistics outvie all

our unfortunate waste bills. We can reduce them all if we will.

The fact that we can drink so much and still be prosperous is no argument in favor of the alcoholic waste. The outlay should be diminished. The money can be put to better use. The Lord God of nations will not hold us irresponsible if we allow such a state of affairs to continue. He is a God whose hand supplies all good things with kindly liberality, but His word is not without injunction against waste. The nation is after all only a steward of the wealth which it boasts, and sooner or later the people who expend their wealth in wanton waste must come to grief. Luxury and wicked extravagance degenerate nations and bring them to decay and dissolution. The drink bill of the United States is discreditable and a disgrace. Is it to continue?

THAT SOBBERED HIM.

How a Native Was Instrumental in Saving an American from Drink.

A gentleman high in commercial circles in a western city was relating some of his experiences to a group of friends, says Youth's Companion.

"I think," said he, "the most singular thing that ever happened to me was in Hawaii.

"My father was a missionary in those islands, and I was born there. I came away at an early age, however, and most of my life has been spent in this country; but when I was a young man—and a rather tough young man, too, I may say—I went back there once on a visit.

"The first thing I did was to drink more than I should have done. While I was in this condition an old man, a native, persuaded me to go home with him. He took me into his house, bathed



A NATIVE PERSUADED ME TO GO HOME WITH HIM.

my head, gave me some strong coffee, and talked soothingly and kindly to me.

"Old man," I said, "what are you doing all this to me for?"

"Well," he answered me, "I'll tell you. The best friend I ever had was a white man and an American. I was a poor drunkard. He made a man of me, and, I hope, a Christian. All I am or ever hope to be I owe to him. Whenever I see an American in your condition I feel like doing all I can for him, on account of what that man did for me."

"This is a little better English than he used, but it is the substance of it."

"What was the name of the man?" I asked him.

"Mr. Blank, a missionary."

"God of mercy!" I said. "He was my father!"

"Gentlemen, that sobered me—and, I hope, made a man of me. It is certain that whatever I am to-day I owe to that poor old Sandwich Islander."

NEWS AND COMMENT.

He who says "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," is the devil's prey.—Strand Advocate.

According to an exchange, 250 bottles of whisky and 1,000 bottles of beer were destroyed recently by the police of Memphis, Tenn.

The city marshal of Dallas, Texas, has appealed to the city council to make some provision for his salary, because his fees for arrests do not amount to enough to feed his family since prohibition went into effect.

The Nebraska supreme court has decided that breweries cannot take out saloon licenses except in their own name. Heretofore saloonkeepers have been furnished money by the breweries with which to secure licenses.

The National (British) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children estimates that of the 140,000 to 160,000 cases that come under their notice yearly, one-half are caused directly by drunkenness and of consequent neglect by parents.

Capt. Scantz, of the Fourteenth Bavarian Infantry, at Nuremberg, has been combating alcohol with soda water and lemonade. The consumption of beer, during the first year, fell off 1,000 gallons, and his regiment was noticeably fresher and brighter in the instruction classes. The experiment was so brilliantly successful that arrangements have been made for its extension to other regiments.

Arsenic in Beer.

A Blue Book has recently been published, containing the report of an English commission on impure beer and food, of which Lord Kelvin was the head. The report shows that a recent epidemic of arsenical poisoning in Yorkshire and Lancashire was due to impure sulphuric acid used in making brewing sugar, and that there was enough arsenic in the acid furnished one brewing firm to kill 1,000,000 persons a week.

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Are clothing men from the ground up and are in position to clothe you better and for less money than any house in Tompkins County.

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Our guarantee goes with each suit, and we stake our reputation on the fact of its being the best suit for the price in the whole state of New York. All kinds of fancy suits from \$6.00 to \$20.00.

118 East State-st., - Ithaca.
If Not We Make It Right.

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We are offering remarkable buying opportunities in every section of our four floors.

Wall Paper at manufacturers prices. Window Shades never cheaper than at the present time. Picture Frames, 3 frame makers to keep busy. They will have enough to do if low prices are considered. Baby Buggies, only 8 of them left on our floor. Ridiculous prices quoted on them, for the permission to bid them good by. Porch Furniture, only a few pieces left. The prices quoted on them ought to move them quick.

H. J. BOOL CO.,
Opp. Tompkins Co. Bank, - Ithaca.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

Is it true you want to look old? Then keep your gray hair. If not, then use Hall's Hair Renewer, and have all the dark, rich color of early life restored to your hair.

J. G. Atwater & Son,

If you want to make the dollars in an easy sort of way, And see the profits rolling up each day, See that "LISTER'S" name is on the fertilizers you buy, And the results, will make you wonder why

You have not become acquainted with these fertilizers long ago, For it'll drive away your troubles and increase your pile of "dough."

We handle nothing but "LISTER'S."

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GENOA FAIR,

September, 20, 21, 22, 1904.

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The Overland Limited runs via this route, and makes the trip, Chicago to San Francisco, in less than three days.

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 Is now open to the public as a first class hotel. Summer boarders will find this hotel right up to date. Table service first class.

Ideal Liver and Blood Tablets.
 For Sick Headache, Dizziness, Habitual Constipation, Malaria, take the IDEAL LIVER AND BLOOD TABLETS. One bottle \$25; five bottles \$100. By mail or at dealers. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents wanted.

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Stamps in books at the Genoa post office; handy and easy to carry in the west pocket or purse; 25 and 49 cents.

A CASE OF OBEDIENCE.
 BY ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS.

IT was half-past nine and Maria Ellen had just come in from the Wednesday evening prayer meeting. She stood by the door, pulling off her red knit mittens, then used one of them to brush a few flakes of snow from her shoulders.

"It's snowing some," she said. Mrs. Turner looked up from her sewing and gave her daughter a keen glance. There was something in the tone of Maria Ellen's voice that spoke plainer than words to the woman in the rocking chair.

"Henry says it hasn't snowed so early as this for some years—" The girl stopped suddenly. She had not meant to speak that name, but it was too late now.

"Did Henry Watson come home with you?" asked Mrs. Turner, sharply. "Yes, mother."

"That's what I thought. What have I told you about him?" There was no reply from Maria Ellen, who was hanging her hat and coat on one of the hooks behind the door that opened into the adjoining bedroom.

"Do you hear? Ain't I told you enough times that I don't want you to let Henry Watson pay you any attention?" "Yes, mother, but—"

"There ain't no 'buts' about it. You've got to do as I say. Where was Elder Burrows? You might have rode home in his buggy, just as like as not."

"I didn't want to ride in Elder Burrows' buggy, nor have anything to do with him. He didn't ask me, anyway."

"You didn't give him a chance, most likely. I ain't goin' t' have you throw away such a chance as that. You won't get a man like Sam Burrows every day. He owns the finest farm in this county, 'n' money in the bank. You could get him just as well as not, if you wa'n't so contrary. I'd like t' know what you're thinkin' of. Poor's we are! It makes me want t' shake you, sometimes."

Maria Ellen knew that it never did any good to argue with her mother, but she could not refrain from making at least a feeble defense.

"I don't care how much he's worth, mother, I don't think you ought to expect me to sell myself. I couldn't do it."

"Sell yourself! I guess you'd be gettin' the best of the bargain."

"Mother! how can you say that? Mr. Burrows is over 50 years old and a widower with two children, while I'm only 19. I don't see how you can want me to sacrifice myself by marrying him."

out into the open farming country where her home was situated she felt a strong wind in her face and found that the roads were drifting badly. But she trudged bravely along, for she was strong and healthy, and she liked the touch of the soft snow flakes on her cheeks. Walking soon began to be laborious, however, and she was not a third of the way home when she paused, panting, and leaned for several moments against the crooked old rail fence that ran alongside the road.

The ground had been in that hard, frozen condition that permits the fresh snow to pack down and make good sleighing at once, and Maria Ellen had just started on again when she heard the jingle of sleighbells behind her. She stepped to one side of the road to let the vehicle pass, when she heard a sudden "Whoa!" and a horse almost rubbed against her as it stopped close at her side. She looked around and saw Elder Burrows sitting in his fine new cutter. His face was ruddy from the snow and wind and beaming with satisfaction and good nature. He smiled genially down upon the girl standing in the white drift and moved to one side of the seat, holding up the buffalo robe with an air of invitation.

"Well, well," he said, "how lucky I happened to come along! Get right in, Maria Ellen, and I'll give you a lift toward home. I was going right your way."

Maria Ellen had a suspicion that he hadn't "happened along" at all, and she resented his familiarity in calling her "Maria Ellen," as if he had a perfect right to do so.

"Thank you," she replied, "but I'd just as soon walk."

"Walk? The idea! I guess not, in all this snow," cried the elder, "when you can just as well ride, all snug and warm. Come, come, hop in!"

And Maria Ellen stepped in. She felt that she could not refuse without open rudeness, and, besides, she was really glad of the chance to ride. But as she sat down on the warmly cushioned seat and the elder tucked the robe about her she made a firm resolve that she would not give him an opportunity to say the words which she felt sure he was intending to speak.

The horse sped along, the cutter slid smoothly over the white surface of the road and the snow flew into the faces of the two behind the big fur robe. Maria Ellen held up her old-fashioned muff, a relic of her mother's girlhood, to shield her face and eyes. The elder put his arm around her to draw the robe closer about her form. She drew away from him, almost with a gesture of resentment.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Do you want to freeze to death? I can't allow that, you know. You're too precious."

He looked around, smiling down into her face.

"How do you like my new rig?" he asked.

"It's very nice, Mr. Burrows," replied Maria Ellen.

"Fine horse, that. How'd you like to have such a rig to ride in whenever you wanted to?"

"I—I don't know."

"Don't know? Pshaw, I'll bet you'd like it. And—er—say, how do you think you'd like to live at my house?"

He certainly was abrupt enough, and his words fairly took Maria Ellen's breath. She was for an instant too frightened to reply.

"Well, how would you, little girl?" Then she found words.

"It is very kind of you to think of such a thing, Mr. Burrows," she began, "and I know you have a lovely home, and I think the children are very nice, and—I appreciate it, but—Oh, I've dropped my muff!"

Either in her excitement, or as a ruse to gain time and perhaps cause the elder to change the subject, she had let her muff fall from her hands into the road, where it was left some distance behind. He stopped the horse, jumped out and restored the lost article to her.

"I'm sorry to have made you so much trouble. Thank you."

"It wasn't a bit of trouble."

Then, before he could say anything further, she began to rattle on about one thing and another, and kept it up until they were in sight of her home. As the horse stopped by their gate, Maria Ellen saw her mother looking out of the window at them, and she knew that there was joy and satisfaction in the proud woman's heart.

Mrs. Turner could not hide her happy smile, as she took her daughter's coat and hung it over a chair by the stove to dry.

"Well, I must say you rode home in style that time," she said. "How did it happen?"

"He overtook me on the road."

"Wasn't that lucky? Well—did he say—a—anything?"

"Of course, several things. We talked a good deal."

"Now, Maria Ellen, you know what I mean. Did he come to the point?"

"Mother, I wish you wouldn't. No, he did not, and I would have refused him if he had."

"Maria Ellen Turner, if you had you'd 'a' broke my heart! You know how I feel about this. Now I've got through coaxin', and I command, if Elder Burrows proposes t' you, don't you dare t' refuse him."

AMBITIOUS JAP BOY'S ESSAY.
 Description of a Whale, Handed to Teacher in English, Is Not a Masterpiece.

An ambitious little Japanese boy wrote the following composition and handed it to his teacher in English: The whale live in the sea and ocean of all the country. He is a large and strong in among of kinds of all fish, and its length reach to 90 foot from 70 foot, and its color almost is a dark, and he has a large head. When swim in the up water he is so large as island. When struck the water on anger he is so voice as ring great deal thunder. If he danced make the storm without winds, and also blow the water, almost lay down the fog on the weather. His the form is proper to live for his front legs make hire and afterlegs is no, and the tails is a hirer that open on the up waters, and the mouth have no leaves that is a hard narrow beard as with horns. His body though is a fish, but he is not a fish, but is a creature. His leaves is named whales-leaves. The men make the everything with it. Every years to seven or eight month from four to five month the whalermen catch on the sea or ocean. He may live on the sea of North-sea-way or five island, of Hirado on Higen Country in Japan.

The tell of the whale is more—but I do not know fully to tell. Written by H. Tirawaka.

CONSUL'S REPORT SPICY.
 It Deals in Many Fascinating Subjects, Aloys and Incense Being Among Them.

"Aloys, civet, myrrh and incense" are the fascinating subjects discussed in a report from Consul Masterson at Aden, according to the Portland Oregonian. It seems strange that such things should be regarded as mere articles of commerce, but so it is. Mr. Masterson says that Aden is the export market of these four substances and that no other port can ever oust it. Of aloes Aden last year exported 31,696 pounds, nearly all of it going to London. Civet, which is one of the essential ingredients of nearly every high-grade perfume made, is taken from the pouch of the civet cat, an animal found in Abyssinia. The annual production of civet ranges from 250 to 300 pounds, and about half of this amount is shipped to New York. The price at Aden is from \$1.60 to \$3.24 an ounce, according to purity. Myrrh is principally used as an ingredient in incense, and the amount annually exported from Aden is about 1,344,000 pounds. A strange use of myrrh is made by the Abyssinian hunters, who smear their bodies with it before hunting elephants, in the belief that their quarry will not attack them on account of the smell.

After long experiments by bacteriologists in their employ an incorporated firm of wholesale chemists of Philadelphia has sent agents to Texas with instructions to obtain all the bee stingers they can for medicinal purposes. An order for 50,000 stingers was placed with one bee farmer in that state.

A serum for injection through the skin will be made from the potent fluid with which the tiny weapons are charged. Of stingers efficacy for the cure of rheumatism the chemists say their experiments have left no doubt.

The tale of how scientists hit upon the idea of experimenting with the stingers is told thus: A farmer afflicted with rheumatism was set upon by a swarm of bees and frightfully stung. His face, neck and limbs were covered with red spots and swollen for days. When the swelling subsided, to the farmer's delight, the rheumatism was cured.

A special laboratory is being constructed near Philadelphia for the transformation of the bee stingers into a serum.

BIT OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.
 An Economical Bachelor Teils a Married Friend How He Reduces His Darning Bill.

"There's a mint of money waiting for the man—or the woman—who will invent a sock that won't wear out," said the man with an economical turn of mind, to a N. Y. Herald man. "I can't afford to buy a new pair of socks every time my toes poke a hole through a sock, and I hate to have my wife spend most of her time darning for me."

"I'm worse off than you," declared the economical man's unmarried friend, "for I've got no wife to darn for me. But," he went on, "I've found a way to make socks last more than what you might call their normal life. It's simple enough. Don't wear the same sock on the same foot more than one day at a time. Put to-day's left sock on the right foot to-morrow, and so on."

"I've been astonished at the amount of extra wear I've got out of my socks by this easy method. It has saved me many a darning bill at the laundry, and if you will try it, your wife will have less darning to do."

Fly's Bite Decides.
 Law suits are settled in a novel way in India. When a dispute arises over the ownership of land two holes are dug near together, and the two opposing lawyers nicely planted up to their waists. The first one to be bitten by a fly or who becomes so exhausted that he has to be exhausted loses the case for his client.

Brutally Tortured.
 A case came to light that for persistent and unmerciful torture has perhaps never been equaled. Joe Golobiek of Colusa, Cal., writes: "For 15 years I endured insufferable pain from Rheumatism and nothing relieved me though I tried everything known. I came across Electric Bitters and it's the greatest medicine on earth for that trouble. A few bottles of it completely relieved and cured me." Just as good for Liver and Kidney troubles and general debility. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by A. E. Clark, druggist, King Ferry.

The Presidential Campaign.
 You need a New York daily paper from now until after the fall election next year. THE TRIBUNE is in a position to offer you the best of all New York papers, The Press, and the GENOA TRIBUNE one year for only \$4.00. The Daily and Sunday Press and TRIBUNE one year for \$6.50.

Mico Spar Chicken Grit—best thing for poultry. GENOA MILLING CO.

Are You Threatened with Baldness?

The path of prevention is clear. Dry brush your hair daily with a soft bristle brush—we sell them.

Keep it free from dandruff by occasional shampoos. A high grade tar soap is good. Apply Walley's Perfection Hair Tonic two or three times a week. There is nothing better. Don't delay until you have no hair.

WALLEY'S,
 AUBURN, N. Y.

Over a half-century in business.

E. C. HILLMAN,
 Lovanna, N. Y.
 GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE.

I place your risks in none but sound companies, at reasonable rates. Regular trip every thirty days. The Glens Falls Co. carries the majority of risks in this section; I also have other good companies.

A FITTING TRIBUTE.

A Citizen of Harford, Cortland Co., Pays a Well-Earned Tribute.

The following public statement of Mrs. Diantha Allen, wife of Lieutenant Allen, 18th Pennsylvania, Co. D, adds one more emphatic endorsement of merit to the scores that have appeared before:

MR. H. W. BARBER, AUBURN, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I first felt the need to let you see what your cure for Rheumatism has done for me. I have been troubled for over two years with a very severe Rheumatism and a very severe heart trouble. I tried all the medicine I could get, but it did me no good. I was so helpless as a child. I saw your advertisement in the paper, and although my age is against me, as I am 54 years old, I determined to give it a trial. While I was using your medicine I could see my Rheumatism was disappearing and my heart trouble was gradually getting better. I could walk now and do my own work, while before I had to be lifted from my chair and seated if I moved at all. Your medicine has certainly worked wonders with me. You may use this letter in any way you see fit, for I feel it my duty to God and to let my fellow sufferers know what this medicine has done for me. WRS. DIANTHA ALLEN, Harford, Cortland County, N. Y.

For sale by all druggists. It never fails and costs but 50 cents.

Saving Money is Making Money. This You can do if you buy Binding Twine and Hay Rope of Fay Teeter, East Venke, N. Y.

County Politics.

The campaign for sheriff goes merrily on. Notwithstanding the persistent efforts of the "machine" newspaper to suppress the fact, nearly all the voters in the county are aware that there is a lively fight going on between the "machine" and the "anti-machine" forces, and that the "machine" was never more stirred up over the prospect of losing the fight than at this time. It appears that E. H. Herrling, the Payne or "anti-machine" candidate for the nomination as sheriff, is a most persistent worker, and having a clean record and the best of reasons for asking for the nomination, voters throughout the county, in every town and ward, are expressing their intention of voting for him in caucus and supporting the ticket at election. And this isn't strange. There appear to be very few reasons why the voters, particularly the farmers, should continue to support the "machine," with its corrupting political methods and its expensive business policies. Haven't we been nosed around about long enough?

The one solitary, lonesome argument, so far as we have heard, advanced for the nomination of the "machine" candidate for sheriff is that the office belongs in the county. They fail to state, however, that of the twenty-three county officers elected or appointed, thirteen of them come from the country. That's a rather slim argument with which to appeal to the voters of the county, but they haven't any other. The political record of the "machine" isn't a thing to be very proud of, and the fish net business, although it was a howling success while it lasted, comes back like a sort of boomerang. But there wasn't a Payne man in that fish net deal! Not one. According to the Port Byron Chronicle, the county treasurer paid out more than thirty thousand dollars during the first four months of the year 1899. That means the destruction of about 60 nets a day at \$5 each, and no Payne men shared in the booty. Strange, isn't it?

The only way to remove the barnacles of political corruption is to break into the ring. Many voters throughout the county are so disgusted with the methods of the "machine" that they have either given up politics altogether or else they are supporting the Democratic ticket. This has become true to an alarming extent and is on the increase. It explains why in several strong Republican towns Democratic officers have been elected. In a town under "machine" control what chance is there for a young man? If he takes any notice of politics he can see that a few of the "leading politicians," dyed-in-the-wool "machine" men, go to Auburn and get their orders, make up the slate and go home with a string on their nose and the caucus all cut out and pasted together in their pocket. If we are to preserve the honor and integrity of the grand old Republican party we must show a clean, wholesome record to the observant young men who are beginning to cast their first ballots, and we can't point with pardonable pride to the doings of the county "machine" for the past few years, can we? The proper thing for the voters of Genoa, Venice, Ledyard and Scipio, and every town and ward in the county, is to elect at the caucuses to be held next month delegations of honest, independent men who will look after the best interests of the taxpayers they represent, regardless of the personal interests of a few politicians who are in politics for something more than the honors of it.

It is quite plain that the organization leaders are alarmed at the evidences of a general loss of support which they see throughout the county. The Auburn correspondent of the Syracuse Herald says:

A number of Federal office holders in different parts of Cayuga county are actively and openly antagonizing the Republican organization leaders. The latest office holder to start on the warpath for the scalps of the machine leaders is Postmaster Ames of Genoa. In an editorial statement in the Genoa Tribune this week Postmaster Ames charges the machine with all kinds of corruption and abuse of power. Like Editor King, the Republican leader of Port Byron, Mr. Ames declares that the time has come when there should be a Republican house-cleaning in Cayuga county. The members of the Republican organization have complained to both President Roosevelt and Governor Odell

of the "pernicious activity" of these Federal office holders. It has been pointed out to the President that such a course, if permitted to continue, will materially injure his chances of carrying New York State. Concerning the matter one of the leaders of the Republican organization said: "This is no time for venting personal spite. If we are going to re-elect President Roosevelt we must have a united party. The excellent record of Senator Wilcox in the Legislature last winter makes the wild-eyed statements of Postmaster Ames and other Federal officers who are abusing 'the machine,' appear ridiculous."

They must be in rather close quarters when they squeal like that, don't you think? If the "wild-eyed" statements referred to are so very ridiculous, why take notice of them?

Isn't it ridiculous for an organization that is perhaps responsible for the decreasing Republican vote in Cayuga county to complain of our small efforts for cleaner politics to the Governor and the President, who are both clean politicians and gentlemen who have no sympathy for graft or pull or abuse of power in any form?

THE TRIBUNE has held no individual up to censure or ridicule, or blamed any man or men for the present state of affairs in the county politics. We simply deplore the condition that exists and attempt to point out a remedy. We have no "personal spite" to vent, and propose to support the candidates nominated by the conventions, whoever they are.

Train hold-ups are still entirely too frequent and in spite of modern improvements in railroading. The popular way now is to climb onto the tender at a water tank and hold up the engineer at the point of a gun. Dynamite is employed to blow open the safes and the thing is done. It only shows what a few determined men can do, and in the case of a hold-up in Montana a few days ago only two robbers were noticed. Knowing that there is comparatively little risk to run, this means of securing money is easy. The railroads could easily devise a scheme to prevent highwaymen from crawling over the tender, but this would not necessarily prevent hold-ups.

What the Germans know as Studienreise, or study journeys, occupy a high place in Emperor William's mind. He has always encouraged his subjects, especially men of affairs, to take such journeys, with a view to learning whatever other countries have to teach. In keeping with this idea, he has determined to send Herr Theodor Meoller, the German minister of commerce, to St. Louis for an extended stay, during which he will study American machinery and inquire into American methods, with a view to introducing in Germany whatever may seem desirable.

The Igorrotes may be happy in being unaffected by the present high price of beef, but they must have a standing feud with the dog catcher.

Possibly if Russell Sage had ever tried taking vacations he might have learned to like them.

The August McClure's.

McClure's midsummer fiction number for August is simply a marvel of modern magazine making. In past years McClure's has made a great record with its fiction numbers, but the issue of this year surpasses all others. In both text and illustration it fixes the standard of excellence. The stories, without exception, are gems of their kind and serve admirably to illustrate how far the American short story has been perfected. The number opens with a novelette of child life by Frances Hodgson Burnett, whose "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been generally voted the most wonderful child story ever written. "In the Closed Room" is the story of a little girl, and to it Mrs. Burnett has brought all the charming fancy of her earlier efforts. In the short stories of this number the McClure fiction writers appear to the best advantage with a collection of rattling stories, rattlingly told. Alice Brown writes a New England love story in her best vein. It tells of "A Winter's Courtship," and strikes a responsive chord in every heart which "loves a lover." Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews shows her great story-telling faculty at its best in "A West Point Regulation," an exceedingly clever little love comedy. Samuel Hopkins Adams tells the life tragedy of a crow, "King Coal," which rose to true heroism in giving its own life for another's. No mention of this number would be complete without comment on the beautiful work of its illustrators, completing a most harmonious and charming magazine.

Great Engineering Projects.

And now comes the proposition to rush to completion the long projected tunnel under the English Channel, to lay rails and to run cars between France and England. All these great engineering feats are preceded by years of talk, and finally when the drill, pick and shovel are applied they are found easy of achievement. The barriers which nature interposed between man and man are being overcome. Cutting through mountain ranges, digging under broad rivers and setting bridges across wide chasms are nothing, says the Washington Star. Talk of the channel tunnel is a century old, and negotiations between France and England were entered into in 1869. There is the old Liverpool-Birkenhead tunnel under the Mersey, and the bores under the Hudson and East rivers. There are the long subways in Paris, London, New York and Boston. There are the tunnels through the Alps. In this country we have the Harriman project to tunnel the Sierra Nevada mountains and cut out most of the climbing on the old Central Pacific line. It is thought that this great scheme will be undertaken when the Harriman interests catch their breath after the vast outlay on the Lucin "cut-off"—that long fill and trestle over Salt Lake from Promontory to Lucin. Among the canals that after a long period of talk have been found merely a matter of muscle and money are the Suez, the Kiel and the Manchester. The Erie canal is to be enlarged and the Mighty Panama canal will be dug. Another of the big engineering feats in prospect is the draining of the Everglades, that vast swamp of saw grass and whip grass extending from central Florida to Cape Sable. It is computed that the "Glades" are above sea level, and that the cutting of canals will furnish vents to drain the land. The surveys have been made. It has long been a railroad scheme to build a line from the east coast of Florida to Key West, by leaving the main land somewhere about Biscayne bay and trestling from key to key.

Time Limit for Laws.

It is of course true that the laws on our statute books which are dead or no longer efficient are the ones which were enacted for a special condition, or which have out-lived the general conditions which they sought to control, says a writer in the New Haven Register. The machinery which made them works tirelessly, but there is no machinery to automatically destroy those which are no longer of value. In the meantime, the special legislative habit has fixed itself so contentedly upon most of the legislatures of the country that we are continually making a bad condition worse. We do not know that it would be practicable, but it has sometimes seemed as if legislation could be given a time limit. Then the state would be always in a position to judge to the legislative assets. In that way a certain number of laws would turn up every two years for reconsideration, which would permit those to be dropped that had gone stale, or died for want of nourishment.

The San Antonio city council has finally taken cognizance of the end seat hog, and has decreed that he shall no more be tolerated, says the Express, of that city. It has been declared by ordinance that it is unlawful for any person to monopolize the end of the street car seat, when by doing so other patrons may be discriminated. Under the ordinance which has been adopted, the passenger cannot retain the end seat when another passenger is about to enter, but must move up to make room for him. And he must keep moving as other passengers enter, until the particular bench which he occupies in part is completely filled, and until the first passenger in that row has reached the further end. If he fails to do so he becomes subject to arrest and to a fine of not less than five dollars nor more than \$25 for each offense.

The Japs have attracted the attention of the world by their deeds of valor on the field of battle and have shown themselves capable of heroic endurance. This is all the more surprising when one considers how simple is their daily diet. Rice and a little dried fish is about all there is of it, but as the great majority of Japanese are accustomed to this bill of fare in time of peace, it is no great hardship for them to get along on it in time of war. There is no other class of soldiers in the world so capable of doing hard fighting on such limited rations.

The suggestion advanced by baseball magnates that they haven't the heart to ask good men to play on a losing team shows a wealth of sympathy that was hitherto unsuspected. Spectators who have overheard some of the wrangles with the umpire would hardly suspect that the great game could foster such delicacy of sentiment.

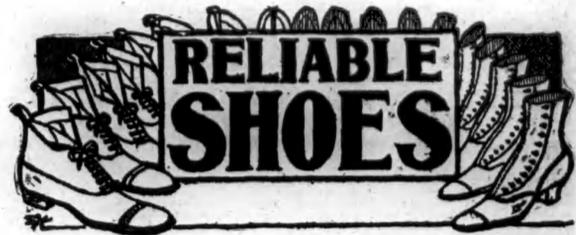
If this summer produces a remedy for the mosquito pest, the scientist will be forgiven for being a little slow about the flying machine.

Reports from the bacteriological department have it that the bacillus of lockjaw has begun to sit up and notice things.

Respect for authority from the best people, commands respect from those who are less strict.

SMITH'S GENOA STORE

Shoes misses mustn't miss



We don't depend on big words and alluring promises to sell our shoes—we let them stand on their own merits.

Ladies' Fine Patent Colt Shoes

Ladies' Fine Dress Shoes

Ladies' Box Calf Shoes

Misses' Shoes in all leathers

Boys' and Children's Shoes

Men' Patent Colt Shoes

Men's Box Calf Shoes

Men's Work Shoes

Old Ladies' Comfort Shoes, Etc

You can find just what you want here, from a good heavy box calf to a fine dress shoe.

Smith's Store, Genoa

When You Build

or repair your buildings come to us for sash, doors and blinds. Regular sizes at lowest prices and some odd sash and doors now on hand at

Still Lower Prices

Everything in Hardware in plain and ornamental designs.

Pomeroy & Coe, 137 Genesee-st., Auburn.

Successors to Everts Bros. & Pomeroy.

Dr. Wade, M. R. C. V. S.

Veterinary Surgeon, Genoa, N. Y.

Office at residence (Cadmus house.)

YOUNG TENDER JUICY

These are the points of merit in our beef. You never run the risk of getting old and tough steaks or roasts here. We assure you when you come to us for meat the quality will be right.

Our experience teaches us how to best select meat and how to best serve it for you. Juicy, tender steaks are our pride—they give you an appetite every time. Porter House—the nicest you ever bought.

Oliver's Market, Genoa, N. Y.

New Supply

of Lisk's Famous 4-Coated Agate Ware at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Plymouth Binding Twine.

HAGIN'S HARDWARE GENOA, N. Y.



The BEST EVER Our Second Annual Fair GENOA, N. Y.

SEPTEMBER Tuesday 20th Wednesday 21st Thursday 22d.

Larger Premiums Larger Purses Faster Racing More Entries

Send for Premium List

H. Gay, Secretary, Genoa, N. Y.

Village and Vicinity

Items of Interest Picked Up by the Tribune Reporters—Neighborhood News.

—This evening occurs the dance at the rink.

—O. W. Andrews is recovering from a week's illness.

—C. P. Hunter was confined to the house a part of last week.

—C. T. Lisk of Ledyard was in town on business Saturday.

—George T. Sill returned Friday from a visit at Cortland.

—Charles K. Gibson was at Ithaca a day or two this week.

—Miss Amie Doran of Cortland is the guest of Mrs. C. A. Ames.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Northway of Venice were in town yesterday.

—J. H. Smith of Freeville visited his parents at Belltown over Sunday.

—Miss Belle Johnson of Batavia is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. H. Reas.

—A hydrangea in Mrs. Raymond's yard contains 21 beautiful blossoms.

—E. C. Starner of Weedsport was the guest of relatives in town over Sunday.

—Mrs. Wm. Searles has gone to Chautauqua for a three weeks' visit at her father's.

—"Jake" Teeter of Lansing has been in town several days, looking after his trotter, Sonol Girl.

—The State Rural Mail Carriers' convention will meet in Ithaca on Saturday, July 30th.

Fresh bread EVERY DAY at Smith's.

—The annual school meeting will be held in all districts next Tuesday evening. Every voter should be present.

—Mrs. B. A. Arnold is gradually failing. Her vitality is so low that she suffers no longer, and her strength is nearly gone.

—Wm. Westfall and wife of Moravia were guests at D. L. Mead's on Sunday, and Mrs. Westfall remained for a few days' visit.

—George Sill entertained his young friends Tuesday evening, in honor of his birthday anniversary, which occurred next day.

—Charles Wood and wife of Venice Center and Mrs. E. Y. Robinson of Union Springs were guests of Theo. A. Miller one day this week.

50c shirtwaists 39c at Smith's.

—Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neil have returned from Cortland and will soon prepare to move down on Long Island, where Mr. O'Neil has a good position as teacher.

—Wednesday evening about 40 young people gathered at the home of Miss Susie Holden, to join in the celebration of her birthday anniversary. The young folks thoroughly enjoyed the occasion.

—J. S. McCarger of Bellepont, Pa., visited his mother and sister, Mrs. D. C. Mosher, over Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Corning of Groton and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Bower of Lansingville were also present, so that they had a family reunion which, while not complete, was very much enjoyed by those present.

A fine lot of Shirt Waist Suits just received at Miss Lanterman's, King Ferry.

—Assemblyman Hewitt of Locke was in town Wednesday.

—Mrs. James Turney and daughter Florence were at Auburn Tuesday.

—Ray McCormick has recently been visiting friends at Seneca Falls.

—Miss Luella Smith visited relatives at Ludlowville a day or two this week.

—Miss Edna Shaffer has been the guest of Miss Millicent Sellen this week.

—Miss Esther Hawes of Ruthertford, N. J., has been visiting at H. G. Hand's.

—Miss Jennie Welch of Scipio visited her friend, Miss Ida Connell, last Sunday.

—Robert Mastin and family and Miss Ida Mastin are at their cottage at Farleys for a few weeks.

—The Groton Band has been engaged to furnish music for the Cayuga County Fair at Moravia.

—Misses June and Celia Buchanan of Moravia and Ida Connell of King Ferry have been guests of Miss Susie Holden a few days.

98c Bugs at Smith's.

—John Sullivan is making extensive repairs to the buildings on the Sarah Bourne place, which he recently purchased.

—Mrs. H. E. Neidick and daughter of Ithaca are guests of her sister, Mrs. L. B. Norman, and other friends in town.

Attend the Shoe Sale at H. P. Mastin's. Lower prices for best goods.

—The rural mail carriers throughout the country have received their increase of pay, the schedule taking effect July 1. Not all of them receive \$720.

—Henry Mead of Greeley, Colo., is spending a few days with his brother, A. S. Mead, and other relatives and old acquaintances in town. This is his first visit East in several years.

Best Jap Tea 45 cents per pound at H. P. Mastin's.

—Mrs. E. Alling and daughter Flora are spending several weeks in Auburn. Miss Alling will also spend a few days with friends at Farley's on Cayuga.

—We understand that Miss Guest's class in music will assist in an entertainment to be given next month. The event will be looked forward to with much pleasure.

New lot lace collars, etc., at Smith's.

—Samuel Hopkins Adams of New York is now at his summer home at Ensenore. Mr. Adams has a charming little story of a crow in McClure's for August, which Reginald Birch attractively illustrates.

—Mrs. Matilda Smith has returned home from Homer, where she cared for her uncle, Honteter Bower, until his death which occurred last Thursday. Mr. Bower was a native of Lansing, and is survived by the widow and one sister, Mrs. J. H. Holden of this village.

Buy your Rugs, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloths, Linoleums and Lace Curtains at lower prices than ever at H. P. Mastin's.

JULY CLEARANCE SALE!

FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS

We will endeavor to reduce our stock of Muslin and Knit Underwear. Cut prices will be found in every department. We shall continue our Shoe Sale giving one and all an opportunity to buy the best Shoes for the least money.

FRESH STOCK OF GROCERIES,
Canned Goods and Baked Stuff, Lemons, Oranges and Bananas. Call in and look for yourself and get prices. New stock of Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Silver Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c. Watch and Clock Repairing.

H. P. Mastin, : Genoa, N. Y.

—Miss Mabel Ward of Geneva is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Herman Thome.

—Mrs. Montgomery and daughters, Misses Louise and Alice, of Auburn are guests of their daughter and sister, Mrs. Morell Wilson, in Venice.

—Mrs. J. S. Banker was called to Auburn last Thursday by the death of an uncle, Mr. Edson Gere. She also spent a few days with relatives in Syracuse.

—Mrs. Betsey Crandall, Miss Myrtle Crandall and Mr. Jefferson Tinker of Sempronius, and Mr. Fred Aikin, wife and son of Ellsworth were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Eaton. Mrs. Crandall remained during the week and with her daughter, Mrs. Eaton, visited friends at Ledyard a few days.

Sweet pickles at Smith's.

A new and large stock of the celebrated Sherwin-Williams Company Paints just in at Whitcomb's drug store, Locke.

—J. P. Nye of Auburn was in town on business Tuesday. He is an independent candidate for the nomination of sheriff, and there are said to be two others, Charles Springer of Moravia and J. L. White of Locke. With five candidates in the field there ought to be something doing most of the time.

—Mrs. Sarah Howell died at Corning last Saturday, aged 71 years. The burial was made at Union, Broome county, on Tuesday. She was a sister of Cyrus Pratt of this village, and is survived also by three sons, Joseph Pierson of Genoa, Frank Pierson of Ravenwood, Ill., and C. B. Howell of Corning.

Kalsomine, white wash and paint brushes in great variety at Whitcomb's, Locke.

Best fine Tea 20 cents per pound at H. P. Mastin's.

Working Night and Day.

The best and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by A. E. Clark, druggist, King Ferry.

The Opportunity of a Lifetime.

No one should miss visiting the greatest World's Fair ever held, now open at St. Louis, Mo., and for solid comfort in travel the Grand Trunk route should be taken. Through sleeping cars and coaches direct to the World's Fair City via the Grand Trunk double-track route. Stop-over allowed at any point in Canada, Detroit, Port Huron and Chicago. All Grand Trunk agents will give full information.

Making Friends Every Day.

This can truthfully be said of JELL-O ICE CREAM POWDER, the new product for making the most delicious ice cream you ever ate; everything in the package. Nothing tastes so good in hot weather. All grocers are placing it in stock. If your grocer can't supply you send 25c for two packages by mail. Four kinds: Vanilla, Chocolate, Strawberry and Unflavored. Address, The Genesee Pure Food Co., Box 295, LeRoy, N. Y.

Read the Tarzans and keep posted!

Mother's Ear
A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR: WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME,
SCOTT'S EMULSION
SUPPLIES THE EXTRA STRENGTH AND NOURISHMENT SO NECESSARY FOR THE HEALTH OF BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
499-515 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

A Free Scholarship.
Any young man or woman who is a bona fide patron of this paper may secure free instruction in Music or Elocution.

The Ithaca Conservatory of Music, with the desire to stimulate the study of these arts, offers one free and one partial scholarship in each congressional district in New York State. Each scholarship is valued at \$100 and is good for a term of twenty weeks beginning with the opening of the school year, Sept. 8, 1904, in any of the following departments: Voice, Violin, Piano, Organ and Elocution. These scholarships are awarded upon competition which is open to any one desiring a musical or literary education. Any one wishing to enter the competition or desiring information should write to Mr. George C. Williams, the general manager of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music, Ithaca, N. Y., before Sept. 1, 1904.

Painless DENTISTRY.

Teeth without plates a specialty. Old roots and discolored teeth restored to beauty and usefulness, by my new system of Crown and Bridge Work. Teeth extracted without pain. Also the making of artificial teeth Specialties.

At Aurora every Monday afternoon.
King Ferry, Friday, Aug. 5.

H. M. Dommett, Dentist,
Union Springs, N. Y.

Repetitive 11558.

The bay stallion sired by Repetition, 2:14, will be found for the season of 1904 at the stable of J. W. Myer at Genoa village. Terms \$10 to insure; mare and colt holden for service fee.

We Will Pay You

three per cent. interest on your surplus funds or we will loan you money on first class bond and mortgage security.

May we handle your banking business for you?

CITIZENS BANK, LOCKE.

Now is the Time
to buy your binding twine. Large stock just received. Full line of paints and oils always on hand.

Lawn Mowers
in great variety. All prices from \$2.50 up to the best ball bearing machine.

F. W. MILLER, - GENOA.
EVERY'S OLD STAND.

Foot Comfort
is simply a question of shoes that fit. You can't ill-use your feet unless you ill-fit them. They'll keep healthy a life time if they're always well shod.

The Shoes That We Sell You Fit.
They are made the shape of the foot. Our experience has taught us which manufacturers make shoes that need the least "breaking in." We sell comfort, durability and style in shoes.

G. S. Aikin, - King Ferry.

Great Reduction Sale
At the Genoa Clothing Store!

Now is the time for you to buy Clothing, as for the next 15 days all of the Summer Suits of Men's, Boys' and Children's will be sold at great reduction to clean up Summer stock.

Bargains in Gents' Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Straw Hats, Trunks, Suit Cases, Telescopes, etc. Do not wait but come and get Reliable Goods at Way-Down Prices.

M. KALVRISKY,
GENOA, N. Y.

CLOCKS

We sell clocks that will keep time—accurate time. Our clocks are also superior in appearance, therefore ornamental. Every clock is thoroughly tested before leaving our shop. Hall and Mantel Clocks of every description.

A. T. Hoyt, leading jeweler, Moravia.



Hay Tedders,

Deering and Wood Binders, mowers, reapers and

Champion

horse rakes, Planet jr. cultivators.

Double and Single Harness, Canvas Collars, etc.

Top Buggies, Farm Wagons.

All kinds of sections put on your bars while you wait.

S. S. Goodyear,
Goodyears, N. Y.

Cured of Chronic Diarrhoea after Ten Years of Suffering.

"I wish to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Mrs. Mattie Burge, of Martinsville, Va. "I suffered from chronic diarrhoea for ten years and during that time tried various medicines without obtaining any permanent relief. Last summer one of my children was taken with cholera morbus, and I procured a bottle of this remedy. Only two doses were required to give her entire relief. I then decided to try the medicine myself, and did not use all of one bottle before I was well and I have never since been troubled with that complaint. One cannot say too much in favor of that wonderful medicine." This remedy is for sale by J. S. Banker, druggist, Genoa.

Notice.

I wish to announce that from this date J. F. Demmon & Son of Locke will assist me in my undertaking business which will assure prompt and satisfactory service to all patrons. MRS. MARY THAYER. Genoa, July 8, 1904.

Dr. Chiles, the well-known osteopath of Auburn, announces that he now has with him, Dr. Kathryn Severson, one of the first women graduates of the original school of osteopathy at Kirksville, Mo. Both of these doctors enjoyed exceptional advantages, being educated directly under the founder of the system. Osteopathy has within the past few years made wonderful strides in public favor. This progress is based solely on the remarkable results skilled osteopaths have been able to get in cases that have not yielded to other methods of treatment. Write Dr. Chiles, Metcalf Bldg, Auburn, about your case, or better call on him when in Auburn. Literature sent on application.

To the Public.

Notice is hereby given that my office will be closed each Saturday until September 1.

DR. WM. FROST, Moravia.

HOW THEY TURNED OUT.

Ellah Brown, the cobbler, was enamored of the muse. And all his time was given up to stanzas and to shoes. He scorned to live a tuncless life, in gloriously mute, And nightly laid his last aside to labor at his lute; For he had registered an oath that should trumpet to the universe the worthy name of Brown.

And, though his own weak pinions failed to reach the heights of song, His genius hatched a brilliant scheme to help his vow along; And all his little youngsters as they numerously came He christened after poets in the Pantheon of fame. That their poetic prestige might impress them and inspire, A noble emulation to adopt the warbling lyre.

And Virgil Brown and Dante Brown and Tasso Brown appeared, And Milton Brown and Byron Brown and Shakespeare Brown were reared, Longfellow Brown and Schiller Brown arrived at man's estate, And Wordsworth Brown and Goldsmith Brown filled up the family stable, And he believed his gifted boys, predestined to renown, In time would roll the bowlder from the buried name of Brown.

But still the epic is unused, and still that worthy name is missing from the pedestals upon the hills of fame; For Dante Brown's a peddler in the vegetable line, And Byron Brown is delving at the bottom of a mine; Longfellow Brown, the lightweight, is a selling cheese;

In Wordsworth Brown Newcastle has an estimable cop, And Schiller Brown an artist in a London barber's shop; A roving tar is Virgil Brown upon the bounding seas, And Tasso Brown is usually engaged in selling shoes; The cobbler's bench is Milton Brown's, and there he pegs away, And Shakespeare Brown cleans boots and shoes for eighteenpence a day.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's out-Ease, a powder. It cures painful smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discoverer of the age. Allen's Foot-Powder makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe stores. Do not accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Top and Open BUGGYS

With Steel and Rubber Tire, Solid and Stick Seats, Canopy and Extension Top Surreys, 2 Seat Democrat Wagons, Business Wagons of all kinds, first quality and at moderate prices. Single and Double Harness, best Leather and Mountings. Will be glad to have the readers of this ad call and look our stock over whether you wish to buy or not.

Geo. F. Wills,
81 Clark-st., Auburn, N. Y.



MR. PHINEAS HARLOWE folded his blanket-wrap about his long, lank legs, and went sedately upstairs to bed. His way was lighted by two candles, set in old-fashioned candlesticks. He took two, so that one might always be at hand to show whether the other were still giving light or not.

Five minutes later, Phineas was in bed and sound asleep, the sole occupant of the big house in Rosewater street. He was not the sort to lie awake listening for footsteps creeping softly upstairs, for the soft creaking of doors, burglariously turned, or for the squeak of a window sash being gently raised. He was a matter-of-fact person, who took things as they came. So when at one o'clock on this night he suddenly awoke with a consciousness that there was a burglar in his room, he took him as he came, though for the life of him he couldn't tell how he came, every window and door having been carefully locked before he went to bed.

The burglar's back was toward the bed as Phineas opened his eyes, and the latter saw that the unwelcome visitor was bending over the bureau, examining the watch and some other valuable articles Phineas had left there.

As the burglar had evidently taken some pains not to waken him, Phineas readily saw that he was in no personal danger, so long as he feigned sleep, and being entirely unarmed he concluded to accept the teachings of his old copy-book in regard to "discretion" and "valor." He lay very still, and watched the burglar through the merest cracks in his eyelids. Having satisfied his curiosity regarding the articles on top of the bureau, the latter softly pulled out several bureau drawers, and fell to ransacking them. How long he had been thus engaged I cannot say, but certain it is that he was investigating the lowest drawer of all when there came a gruff voice outside the hall door—the door by which he had entered the room.

"Arrah, now! ye spalpeen, I have ye penned up like a rat in a trap. Come



right out av there, or be Bivins, it'll be the worse for ye." It seemed to Phineas that the burglar jumped pretty near to the ceiling; but when he reached the floor again he had his revolver out, and a never-say-die expression on his countenance.

"Of m Barney O'Brien, the cop on this bste," went on the voice in the hall, "an' O'folled ye in here, ye thafe. We've got ye penned, so ye'd better put up yer gun an' come out, quiet-loike."

"Yes, indeed," said a cheerful voice outside the door, on the opposite side of the room, "we've got you as snug as a bug in a rug. We saw you breaking into the house and we followed you in. I think we've got you pretty nicely corraled."

At the sound of the second voice guarding the door on the other side of the room, the burglar lost his nerve for a moment. An all-is-lost expression chased the never-say-die look completely off his face. But only for a moment.

With a quick, noiseless step he reached the window and softly threw up the sash. Alas for hopes in that direction! A voice came up from the darkness and the shrubbery below—a voice with an unmistakable Yankee accent, that gave warning of "no thoroughfare" in that direction.

"Naow don't think o' jumping down here," expostulated the voice. "Don't dew it; I big o' ye, don't. I'm here with three-tined pitchfork, an' Silas is along, ew. You're here, ain't you, Silas?"

"Yep, I'm here, sure," drawled another voice from out the darkness.

"Ye see ye're poety well surrounded," went on the first voice. "Better lay down yer shootin' iron and go erlong with the peaceableman peaceable."

The burglar drew quickly away from the window, and with a hunted look now upon his face glanced hurriedly about the room.

There was but one window in the room. Behind two doors lurked enemies. There was but one other door, and this, investigation showed, opened into a clothespress.

Meanwhile Phineas was apparently sleeping the sleep of the just. However greatly surprised he may have been at the sound of saving voices outside his doors and window, he gave no sign. Any movement on his part would precipitate matters, and while the burglar would naturally be overpowered in the end, anyone can see that it was wise for Phineas to take no chances involving his own skin.

As the burglar's eyes fell upon Phineas an idea seemed to occur to him; it was

his only chance—it was worth trying. He tiptoed softly to the bed and gently shook the sleeping owner of the premises. It required repeated shakings to arouse the sleeping man, who finally rubbed his eyes and stared vacantly about him, as one who finds it difficult to break away from dreamland.

"S-s! sh!" whispered the burglar, warningly. "Don't make a sound!" He turned his head to listen, and Mr. Barney O'Brien's impatient growl broke in upon the stillness.

"Hurry up now, an' be afther decidin' phwat ye're goin' to do. O'll not be waitin' much longer fer ye, at all, at all."

"I'm a burglar," whispered that individual to Phineas, "and I came after your valuables. I'll have to admit it. But the jig is up. There's a policeman at each door, and a regiment of farmers out under the window. Now don't say a word, but listen o me. I haven't touched a thing of yours. It won't do you any good to have me 'pinched.' It'll do me a lot of harm. I've got a gold watch of my own here, and four hundred and odd dollars—for I always carry a wad of the stuff around with me. It's often handy. Help me out of this room, without falling into these fellows' hands, and the watch and money are yours."

Phineas rubbed his chin thoughtfully. The burglar's face wore a distinctly anxious look. His fate was in the balance.

"Put your watch and money on the bureau beside my watch," said Phineas, in a whisper, at length. He watched the burglar put down the gold timepiece, and then lay bill after bill beside it. By a rapid mental calculation, Phineas saw that the sum was \$423.

"There's a door in the back of the clothespress, behind the clothing," he whispered. "Pick up your dark lantern and pass through. I'll follow and show you a way down the back stairway to the side door."

The burglar joyfully picked up the lantern, and together the two passed softly through the clothespress into an unfinished chamber. Phineas steered his unwelcome visitor through several blind hallways and down a narrow stairway. There was an outside doorway at the bottom of this, and the key was in the lock.

Motioning the burglar to turn this, Phineas whispered: "Open it a crack and see if the coast is clear." His companion needed no instruction on this point. He opened the door softly and listened. All was quiet outside. He opened the door a little wider and again listened. No sound broke the stillness. The burglar slipped quickly out and started on a run down the silent street. Then as Phineas lingered in the doorway there broke forth a perfect chorus of shouts, apparently of Celtic, Yankee and other origin.

"Head off th' spalpeen;" "Shoot him! Shoot him!" "Knock 'im down, somebody!" "Burglars!" "Police, police!" Down the street, sprinting for his life, went the burglar, seemingly pursued by half the population of the place, while Phineas, chuckling softly to himself, turned and went back up the stairway. At the bureau in his room he stopped to examine a hunting-cased, solid gold watch which lay there beside his own, and again he counted the roll of money.

"Not a bad night's work, by any means," he said. Then folding his blanket wrap about his long, lank legs again, the ventriloquist got back into bed and went peacefully to sleep.—Country Gentleman.

BEARSKIN HATS NOT HEAVY

Headgear Belonging to Member of Old Guard Found to Be Surprisingly Light.

"Would you consider it an intrusion if I were to ask you to let me heft that hat?" Thus said a polite stranger to one of the Old Guard, who stood with his big bearskin hat hanging by its chin-strap on his arm, while the battalion was waiting, at rest, for the parade to form last Decoration day, says the New York Sun.

"Not at all," said the equally polite guardsman, and he slipped the strap of it off his arm and put it across the fingers of the stranger, who proceeded deliberately to heft the big top piece. And he found it, instead of being heavy, as it is popularly supposed to be, very light—surprisingly light. It seemed, indeed, to be no heavier than an ordinary hat.

And though it still seemed a wonder as to how bearskin hats could be made so light, this curious stranger no longer wondered at the ease with which their gallant wearers carried them, when, a little later, he saw the Old Guard, in full glory, marching by.

Experimenters in the agricultural school at Copenhagen have been studying the effects of anesthetics upon plants, and have discovered that ether and chloroform, properly administered, will hasten the development of buds and blossoms on flowering shrubs. Now if they could only discover an opiate that would put the weeds to sleep and make them forget to grow how happy the farmers would be!

It would be something of a calamity if one of those floating mines should strike the sea serpent.

Night Was Her Terror.

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but, when all other medicines failed, three \$1.00 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at A. E. Clark's drug store, King Ferry.

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INVESTIGATE DR. TREA'S DISSOLVENT SYSTEM.

Cataracts, Pterygium removed without Cutting or Drugging. Cures Granulated Lids, diseases of the Optic Nerve, Retinitis, Amaurosis, and all affections of the eye. Glasses Furnished.

Consultation free.

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Screen Doors	75c up
All sizes in Screen Wire Cloth	
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Big Master Soap and Ivory	4c
Agate Coffee Pots	25c
Arm & Hammer Soda lb.	5c
All kinds Soap Powders	4c
Kap Top Brooms	30c
Best Table Oilcloth yd	20c
Coffees	12 to 35c
Teas	10, 15, 25, 33, 42 and 50c
Decorated Dinner Sets	\$2.63
5c Mouse Traps	2c
2 1/2 lbs. Rice	10c at

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139 W. Genesee Street, Auburn.

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Glosses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases. Price 25c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

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Notice to Creditors. By virtue of an order granted by the surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Edwin S. Weeks, late of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the executor of the said deceased, at his place of residence in the Town of Venice, County of Cayuga, on or before the 31st day of December, 1904. Dated June 23, 1904. LOUIS A. LESTER, Executor. S. Edwin Day, attorney for executor, Moravia, N. Y.

Notice to Creditors. By virtue of an order granted by the surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Orrin Lester, late of Venice, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the executor of the said deceased, at his place of residence in the Town of Venice, County of Cayuga, on or before the 31st day of December, 1904. Dated June 23, 1904. LOUIS A. LESTER, Executor. S. Edwin Day, attorney for executor, Moravia, N. Y.

Notice to Creditors. By virtue of an order granted by the surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Daniel Stewart, late of Ledyard, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of the said deceased, at his place of residence in the Town of Ledyard (King Ferry) County of Cayuga, on or before the 30th day of November, 1904. Dated May 18, 1904. S. C. BRADLEY, administrator.

Painless DENTISTRY.

Teeth without plates a specialty. Old roots and discolored teeth restored to beauty and usefulness, by my new system of Crown and Bridge work. Teeth extracted without pain. Also the making of artificial teeth Specialties.

H. M. Dommert, Dentist, Union Springs, N. Y.

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New and second hand. Big money saved in buying

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Special value in large ink and pencil tablets.

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Specialties: Catarrh and Diseases of the Lungs & Throat, Liver and Sexual Organs. Also Positive Cure of the Liquor, Morphine or Opium Habit. Cured at Your Own Homes. EXAMINATIONS FREE AT THE Auburn, N. Y.

MONDAY, Aug. 15, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Farmer, Goodman House, Ithaca, N. Y.

THURSDAY, Aug. 18, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, August 17.

And every four weeks thereafter. At his home office, 211 Powers block, Rochester, every Saturday & Sunday. Treatment if desired, not to exceed \$3 per week. Special instruments for examining the lungs, heart, liver and kidneys.

CURED HIMSELF. Pronounced by his medical brethren an incurable consumptive, he was led to experiment with certain drugs and chemicals to save his own life. That he succeeded in doing and since then has cured hundreds of cases that were pronounced incurable.

WEAKNESS OF MEN AND WOMEN treated with a prescription procured while in Paris from one of the ablest French specialists, that has proven a sure cure for all weaknesses from whatever cause, of the sexual organs of male or female patients. A sure remedy at an expense not to exceed \$3 per week.

TESTIMONIALS. While we have hundreds of them of the highest character, we seldom publish one. But few responsible parties desire them published. We invite all call and read references and testimonials (if the best you can get) to be made known to you in your town. Consultation free and private.

J. W. DAY, M. D., L. L. D.

R. R. TIME TABLES.

THE LEHIGH VALLEY.

Train 22 leaves Lock at 8:45 a. m. for Freeville, Cortland (9:45), Ithaca (9:41) (except Sayre, Philadelphia, Washington, New York (8:40 p. m.)).

Train 224 leaves Lock at 8:25 p. m. for Freeville, Cortland (9:25), Ithaca (9:21) (except Sayre, Philadelphia, Washington, New York (8:40 a. m.)).

Train 221 leaves Lock at 9:57 a. m. for Moravia at 9:45, Arrive at Auburn at 10:25.

Train 22 leaves Lock at 6:22 p. m. Moravia at 6:20, Arrive at Auburn at 7:00.

Train 224 leaves Auburn going South at 1:55 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.

Train 221 leaves Lock station going north at 5:41 a. m. and 2:22 p. m. South. 10:29 a. m. 7:08 p. m.

Trains for Auburn leave Ithaca at 7:40 a. m., 6:27 p. m. Arrivers at 5:19 a. m., 1:21 p. m. King Ferry station at 8:24 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Auburn at 8:59 a. m., 1:36 p. m.

Trains for Ithaca (Cayuga Lake Road) leave Auburn at 11:40 a. m.; King Ferry Station at 10:30 and 1:30 p. m.; Arrivers at 12:25 and 7:25. These trains land passengers in New York at 7:45 a. m. and 10:15 p. m.

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Train 1 at Auburn for Syracuse and intermediate points as follows: 10:20 a. m., 12:04 p. m., 1:58 p. m., 6:02 and 9:45 p. m. The 1:58 train is a passenger train. New York at 7:00 p. m. and the 7:00 train at 7 a. m. are the only trains to leave Auburn at 7 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Trains leave Auburn for New York at 11:40 a. m. and 11:55 p. m., 9:55 and 8:45 a. m. The 8:45 train lands passengers in Buffalo at 6:00 a. m. The 8:55 train arrives at Rochester at 6:00, Buffalo at 11:00.

Genoa Fair, Sept. 20-21-22

Your Eyes

should have the best of care and for that reason you should have your glasses fitted by a person of experience. I have been engaged in fitting glasses for seventeen years and with the aid of the latest improved instruments can give you satisfaction.

Fred Leland Swart,
formerly of Crozman & Swart, now located under the City clock, corner Genesee and South Sts. Take elevator on South St.

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Bicycles,
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ITHACA.
Orders taken at THE GENOA TRI BUNK office.

DR. MILLER,
Eye Specialist & Optician,
Graduate of two colleges of ophthalmology, three years' experience in New York eye clinics and 11 years' practice, will be on his regular visit at Hotel DeWitt,

Genoa, Tuesday, Aug. 9
11 a. m. to 8 p. m.
at the Kendall House,

King Ferry, Wednesday,
||Aug. 10th.
12 m. to 3 p. m.

Eyes scientifically examined; glasses accurately fitted. We have succeeded in difficult cases where others have failed. Chronic headache is very often a reflex action of eyes strain.
Call at the hotel parlor; call made at residences by request.

LETTER "S" FULL OF MAGIC.
Is a Serpent in Disguise and Is Often Called the Wizard of the Alphabet.

Did you ever think what a strange letter S is? The National Educator says of it: It is a serpent in disguise. Listen! you can hear it hiss. It is the wizard of the alphabet. It gives possession and multiplies indefinitely by its touch. It changes a tree into trees and a house into houses. Sometimes it is very spiteful and will change a pet name into pest, a pear into spear, a word into sword, a laughter into slaughter, and it will make hot shot any time.

The farmer has to watch it closely. It will make scorn of his corn, and reduce every peck into a speck. Sometimes he finds it useful. If he leads more room for his stock it will change a table into a stable for him, and if he is short of hay he can set out a row of tacks. It will turn them into stacks. He must be careful, however, not to let his nails lie around loose. The serpent's breath will turn them into snails. If he wishes to use an engine about his farm work this farmer need not buy any coal of have water with which to run it. Let the serpent glide before the horses. The team will turn to steam.

If you get hurt call the serpent to your aid. Instantly your pain will be in Spain. Be sure to take it with you the next time you climb a mountain if you desire to witness a marvel. It will make the peak speak. But don't let it come round while you are reading now. It will make the tale stale.

Aroused Her Suspicion.
Mabel—Why in tears? Doesn't the ring please you?
Helen—Oh, it is beautiful; but I fear that the stone is imitation.
"Why?"
"Arthur didn't say anything about returning it in case I don't marry him."
—Town Topics.

—Subscribe now for THE TRIBUNE; your postmaster will take your order or you can send direct.

ROOM FOR THE OLD HORSE YET.

Though the trolley goes bustling along the highway
And under the blossoming trees,
And past the broad fields where the scent of the hay
Floats lazily out on the breeze;
Though it fills the red steed with suspicion and fear,
And causes the goslings to fret,
And zips up and down through the once quiet town,
There is room for the old horse yet.

Though the automobile whizzes over the scene
That once was so peaceful and still
Leaving dust in its wake and the scent of benzine,
As it disappears over the hill;
Though its zips and its jolts give alarm to the coils
Let us not for a moment forget
That, in spite of man's need of excitement and speed,
There is room for the old horse yet.

A thousand inventors are busy to-day
Building ships to be sailed in the air;
By to-morrow the eagle may flatter away
From the gay people soaring up there;
The chicken may squawk, seeing men as they flock,
As high as the birds ever get,
But in spite of the things we may do with our wings,
There is room for the old horse yet.

Though the lightning express, with its rush and its roar,
Remains but a moment in sight;
Though the trip that book months in the wagons of yore
Is easily made in a night;
Though the engine's wild toot causes helmers to scoot,
And the country lies under a net
Made by long rows of steel for the steam-driven wheel,
There is room for the old horse yet.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A SELF QUARANTINE
By GERTRUDE M. JONES

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THE inhabitants of the little mountain town of D— were thrown into a mild excitement one day over the mysterious doings of a stranger who had suddenly made his appearance in their midst.

He had paid one month's rent in advance for a tiny vacant cottage in the center of the town and had moved into it, ordering from the one big store below a cot, an easy chair, a table, a few rugs and a small invoice of paper, pens and ink.

An order was left at the little depot restaurant for three meals a day for a fortnight, to be delivered on the porch of his cottage, and this bill also was paid in advance.

The man was said to have been by those who saw him young and extremely good looking and accompanied by a bulldog, old and extremely ugly. Within 12 hours after taking possession an enormous scarlet card swung from the stranger's cottage door.

**SMALLPOX
KEEP OUT.**

Terrified people crossed the street to avoid passing the house, and the nearest neighbors barred up the windows that overlooked the pest ridden place.
Thrice daily a negro boy left a basket of eatables on the deserted veranda and fled as if the goblins were after him. Thrice daily the bulldog was seen to carry the basket within doors and



"I AM A TRAINED NURSE FROM ATLANTA," SHE SAID, QUIETLY.

gravely return it to the steps when emptied. The old doctor of the town, standing upon the ethics of his profession, declined to go to the assistance of a well-to-do sick man unsummoned, so the mysterious stranger—self quarantined—was left to his fate.

Several days passed. Within the house, Harry Owsley, stretched his legs lazily before a crackling fire and laughed aloud. A box of fine cigars stood at his elbow and under his busy fingers a pile of manuscripts—his first novel—grew rapidly.

"Say, Jack, old fellow, this is great, isn't it?" he said, chuckling as he stroked the dog's head laid upon his knee. "No soot, electric cars or telephone bells, no clamoring people, no getting up at six in the morning, only the twitter of spring birds and the solitude, and rest—blessed rest for mind and body."

The bulldog was not so enthusiastic, and wagged only a feeble response. A mangy cat in the back yard had been, so far, his only diversion, a poor exchange for his cushion of down in a steam-heated flat.

As evening approached a sudden change came over the young man's mood. Rigors began to creep down his spine, a splitting headache racked him with its torture, and as night came on fever leaped in his veins.
All night he tossed, thirsty, sleepless

and half delirious, while grinning demons chased up and down the bare walls of his room.

When morning came a blast in the house opposite was turned, and a woman's pretty face looked anxiously out at the bobbing scarlet sign.

"Aunt Amanda, it's a crying shame to let a poor man die, perhaps, in a Christian community, and not a soul go near him. My mind is made up. I am going over there immediately," said the owner of the face.

"But, Blanche, dear, you came here to rest—and then the risk you know, my child—"

"I have rested, auntie, and am well protected by vaccination. The love of my profession as well as duty calls me."

A few minutes later, Blanche Gordon, having made friends with the bulldog, stood at the sick man's side, regarding him with cool, critical eyes. A long white apron, which had gone through a bi-chloride of mercury bath, enveloped her trim figure, and a cap, treated in like manner, protected her blonde hair from infection.

"I am a trained nurse from Atlanta," she said quietly, "would you like to have me do something for you?"

"Yes," was the grateful reply.

"Let me see your tongue, please." Her skillful fingers ran along his wrist as she asked a few questions.

"You have grippe, with pneumonic symptoms. That placard at the door is a sham."
"Yes."
"What was your object?"

"I have a position in Atlanta of heavy responsibility. The tension grew so great I could bear it no longer. I wanted to rest, to write, to get away from people, from everybody—everybody."

The nurse turned to the chair where she had thrown her cloak.
"What are you going to do?" he asked fretfully.

"I belong to the class you mention. People—everybody."
"Don't go. I am thirsty and sick," he moaned.

The girl threw down her cloak and brought him a glass of water. For three days and nights the cool-headed nurse fought—sleepless and single handed—with the pleuro-grippe demon until he loosened his hold, then she disappeared, and Aunt Amanda, who had been hovering in the background, came to the front with broth and stimulants. During the hours of his delirium, it seemed to Owsley that the chasing imps on the wall had changed to floating cherubs, with dove grey eyes. In a few days the convalescent was able to take a Pullman car back to the city. Pleading weariness, Miss Gordon declined to make him the visit he craved, a visit that was not professional, and the young fellow was forced to write his farewell and thanks.

"How good you have been to me, my dear Miss Gordon," he scribbled, feebly. "I am sorry to have been such a beastly nuisance, and wish that I might think clearly enough to tell you something of my gratitude. I shall try to do so later. For the present believe me to be your devoted
HARRY OWSELEY."

A month slipped away and the rose vines about Aunt Amanda's veranda were sending out their long green shoots. Blanche Gordon in the morning sunshine was trying to fasten a refractory climber to the pillar above her. This was her last day of vacation. To-morrow she must go back to duty and work in the city hospital.

"Let me do that for you," said a voice at her side, with a suddenness that nearly made her fall from the rickety ladder.

"Mr. Owsley," she exclaimed, descending and giving him her hand in cordial welcome. "I am glad to see that smallpox has not left you marked in any way." She smiled sarcastically.

"The scars are there, though you do not see them," he answered gravely.

"But there is no constitutional weakness, I trust, as a result of that dread disease," she continued in mocking tones.

"Yes, I find my heart's action seriously impaired. Miss Gordon, at the age of 21 I had my first love affair. The girl turned out to be a shallow, soulless little flirt, and, disillusioned, I thought that I had done with women forever. But let me remind you, since you are bent on teasing, that vaccination does not always render one immune. At the expiration of seven years—a period in which, they tell us, the entire system is changed—I have become innoculated with a pair of dove grey eyes, and have, at last, a genuine case of love, from which I shall never recover. Miss Gordon, I love you. I want you for my wife. Will you marry me?"

The girl looked at him for a moment, then hesitatingly gave him her hands. "If you are sure this is not a varietal, she began blushing, but the young man drew her to him and stopped the words with a kiss.

LEMONADE AT CHURCH.

Jersey City, N. J., Y. M. C. A. Starts an Innovation at Religious Services.

Free lemonade was provided for the worshippers who attended the prayer meeting in the Hudson City Y. M. C. A. room at Jersey City, N. J.

There was a big pitcher full of it standing on a table near the front door, but nobody got thirsty until the last hymn had been sung. On their way out a score of young men sampled the drink and pronounced it to be delicious.

Secretary Loepfel said that on warm Sundays in the future he proposed to have boys pass through the congregation with trays during service and serve cool lemonade to all who want it. He has also purchased a lot of palm leaf fans which will be distributed at meetings when the weather is sultry.

Although the Brazilian state of Bahia is almost entirely an agricultural region, plows, harrows and cultivators are practically unknown there.

\$50,000.00
CASH GIVEN AWAY to Users of
LION COFFEE
In Addition to the Regular Free Premiums

How Would You Like a Check Like This?

We Have Awarded \$20,000.00 Cash to Lion Coffee users in our Great World's Fair Contest—2139 people get checks, 2139 more will get them in the
Presidential Vote Contest

Five Lion-Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2-cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote. The 2-cent stamp covers our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded. You can send as many estimates as desired.

Grand First Prize of \$5,000.00
will be awarded to the one who is nearest correct on both our World's Fair and Presidential Vote Contests.

We also offer \$5,000.00 Special Cash Prizes to Grocers' Clerks. (Particulars in each case of Lion Coffee.)

1 First Prize	\$2,500.00
1 Second Prize	1,000.00
2 Prizes—\$500.00 each	1,000.00
5 Prizes—200.00	1,000.00
10 Prizes—100.00	1,000.00
20 Prizes—50.00	1,000.00
50 Prizes—20.00	1,000.00
250 Prizes—10.00	2,500.00
1800 Prizes—5.00	9,000.00
2139 PRIZES.	TOTAL, \$20,000.00

What will be the total popular vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904?
In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimate received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., as follows:

How Would Your Name Look on One of These Checks?
Everybody uses coffee. If you will use LION COFFEE long enough to get acquainted with it, you will be suited and convinced there is no other such value for the money. Then you will take no other—and that's why we advertise. And we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your Lion Heads
WE GIVE BOTH FREE PREMIUMS AND CASH PRIZES
Complete Detailed Particulars in Every Package of
LION COFFEE
WOOLSON SPICE CO., (CONTEST DEPT.) TOLEDO, OHIO.

Barker, Griswold & Co
All kinds of Mill Work furnished.
Doors, Windows, Frames, Blinds, Mouldings, Cisterns, Tanks, etc.
The celebrated Lucas Paints, Oils, Dryer, Turpentine, Varnish.
The best Asphalt Roofing on the market; investigate it.
(The Red Shop.) Both Phones.
R. L. TEETER. MORAVIA.

Summer Clothing is now in demand, and as fast as the lines are broken, we are making low prices on the balance. All sizes among these
Cut Price Suits.
Come and buy an extra good Summer Suit of us for a little money.

Barker Griswold & Co
Clothing and Furnishers,
87 & 89 Genesee-st., Auburn.

LOOK FOR THE SIGN OF THE OK LINE

AGENCY MCCORMICK MACHINES AND TWINE

When ready to buy look for the sign of the McCormick Line—THE OK LINE
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Twice a Day to St. Louis.
The Grand Trunk offer a double daily through car service direct to the World's Fair City—St. Louis, Mo. Trains leave Montreal morning and evening. Send four cents in stamps to Robert Bushby, Traveling Passenger Agent, Grand Trunk Ry. System, Cortland, N. Y., for the handsomest publication yet issued on the World's Fair, and consult Grand Trunk Agents for further particulars.

Prince Edward.

The French coach horse Prince Edward will stand for the season at the barn of Wm. Harris, east of Genoa, Wednesdays; at the Goodrich House, Moravia, Saturdays; balance of time at stables of the undersigned, 2 miles northeast of Locke. O. D. WHITE.

Double Track Route to World's Fair.

The Grand Trunk have inaugurated a double daily through car service, including sleeping cars and coaches, direct to the World's Fair City. Fast trains, most interesting route, stop-over allowed at Chicago, unexcelled road-bed—are assured patrons of this line. Ask Grand Trunk Agents for full information.

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Mico Spar Chicken Grit—best thing for poultry. GENOA MILLING CO.

TELEGRAPH SPREADS SLANG.

Choice Colloquialisms Attain Instantaneous Circulation Throughout Country by Aid of Operators.

"People who travel a good bit are surprised, if they're observant, at the rapidity with which a new slang phrase will tour the country," said a salesman whose district is from the Atlantic to the Pacific, according to the Philadelphia Press.

"I've often left town here with a choice selection of brand new colloquialisms stored up for use on my western friends, only to have them hurled at me on the other side of the Rockies when I stepped off the train.

"The telegraph is what does the trick. Telegraph operators are the great promulgators of slang. An operator in New York hears something new and catchy in the line of slang, and he springs it on an operator in San Francisco. If a colloquialism is coined in Philadelphia in the afternoon, San Francisco gets it three hours earlier the same day.

"Operators are all the time 'joshing' each other over the wire and slang is 'just meat' for them. That's how it attains instantaneous circulation. And that's how the 'wise guy' of the metropolis gets fooled when he strikes Oshkosh or Oklahoma expecting to dazzle the natives with something shrewd."

MONEY MAKING MADE EASY.

Incident in Wall Street Shows That Banking Institutions Pay Too Much.

An incident that shows, it is thought in some quarters, that certain banking institutions are paying too much for money, and also that some trust companies are paying too high a rate of interest on deposits, happened in Manhattan lately, says the Brooklyn Eagle. A man had \$100,000, and he did not think he was getting enough income out of it. He took it to a well-known trust company and deposited it there. For his deposit he received a certificate showing that he was getting 3 1/2 per cent. for his money. He took this certificate to his bank and borrowed the full amount, \$100,000, on that. For this he paid 1 1/2 per cent., so that he had the use of his money and at the same time he was getting a profit of 2 per cent. on it. It was remarked in the street when the transaction became known that it was difficult to see where the trust company would make any profit on the \$100,000 deposit with the money market in its present condition.

BULLETS WHISTLE CHARMS.

Breath of the Deadly Mauter Is Said to Possess a Strange Fascination.

The old fable of the siren has its duplicate in one of the most deadly of modern weapons. The whistle of a bullet ought to be a deadly sound; it is surprising to be told that it is a beautiful one. Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby says, in his South African notes called "In the Web of a War."

The mauter's most melodious period is from 800 to 1,200 yards. Over that distance its note is the most exquisitely lovely of sounds. "The silky breath of the mauter" is a phrase that adequately describes it.

But there is something more about it than its beauty, something strange and baleful. It goes by like the singing of a wandering soul that can find rest only by bringing death to another. It is a sighing so indescribably tender and sad and sweet that every sound of human lips seems without charm to be it.

After being for a time under that silky breath, one has eyes to resist a desire to lift his head and take the next part of it to his face.



WAITING.

"They also serve who only stand and wait." Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be,
Who, unawares, in patience serving stand,
Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.
Beyond, there lie sweet dreams yet unfulfilled,
Or hope deferred that sickens the stout heart,
And makes it far from gladness dwell apart.
While faith yet keeps its clamorous outcry stilled.

Some wait with wistful faces ever set
With eager longing toward the distant prize;
And some, whose hope is dead, yet lift their eyes,
Waiting and praying still with lashes wet.
So few that wait with smiling, hopeful cheer!
Yet those serve best, for that they seem to say—
"Waiting is blessing; those who wait must pray,
And praying brings the Kingdom even here."
—J. E. H., in S. S. Times.

COLORING FACTS.

Obligation of Telling the Exact Truth—A Sin Easy to Fall Into.

When an eminent clergyman says: "I know what internal and infernal lies I sometimes tell myself, . . . and I would stake all I am worth on the assertion that, in this particular, you are just like me," we are inclined to think that this is a degenerate age, that we are worse than our ancestors. Then we remember that the Palmist said: "All men are liars." To be sure, it was said in haste; but, presumably, this is also true of the statement of our modern divine, though there have not been wanting, through the ages, many who have expressed similar sentiments at their leisure.

George Elliot said, in "Adam Bede": "Falsehood is so easy, truth so difficult; . . . it is a very hard thing to say the exact truth, even about your own immediate feelings—much harder than to say something fine about them which is not the exact truth."

All this is very depressing to those of us who are ambitious to be absolutely truthful, and it can do us no good, says Mrs. M. C. Rankin, in Christian Work, unless we see in it an incentive to greater watchfulness and care over our words. It is only fair to remember that most of the untruthfulness of which these writers are talking is not deliberate, carefully planned falsehood, but, on the contrary, unintentional and often unconscious deviation from the straight path of truth. As Dr. Samuel Johnson said: "It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world." But he continued, with the directness for which he was famous: "Madam, you ought to be perpetually watching; . . . accustom your children to give strict attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars. If a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them; you do not know where deviation from truth will end."

CHOICE GEMS.

The human race is not quite the same as the heavenly race.—Ran's Horn.

That which saps mental vigor blights personal power.—United Presbyterian.

If you will train your sermon on some target God will take care of the powder and shot.—Ran's Horn.

The calendar of a prominent house of business bears this significant motto: "We try to avoid mistakes but never to avoid righting them." The last half of the sentence is even more suggestive than the first half. "To err is human; to right errors divine."

No matter how large a check is, if it is signed by a man able to pay it we are safe in accepting it at its face value. The promises of God may look so large as to be impossible; but with him all things are possible, and faith is wise and practical in accepting every promise in His Word.—Young People.

He who is always finding fault in the church and is ever out of sorts with the plans and methods of doing church work should make himself the subject of careful study. He should spend at least one good solid week on himself and perhaps the next Sabbath day would find him with a deeper love and a broader charity.—United Presbyterian.

Transformation.

In Africa there was once a large tract of sterile land, yielding nothing but the stunted karoo. A child in search of something to play with once wandered into this dreary waste, filled his chubby hands with pebbles, returned to his home and played with them upon the hard earthen floor. A few weeks later a passing stranger, as he watched the child at play with his "marbles," caught the gleam of the sun in one of them and knew it was a diamond. Prospectors came with pick and shovel and soon brought about a great change in this barren, useless waste of land, for within its bosom were priceless gems. More marvelous than this is the transformation of the human heart when the Great Prospector, Jesus Christ, takes possession of it. "Then shall the righteous blaze forth as the sun."

Circle G. and Circle J.
By J. C. PLUMMER.

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BETH HOPKINS, master of the bay schooner Alert, stooped, meditatively, over two boxes on either side of him.

"The one on the left to Parson George and the one on the right to Deacon Jobe," said he.

He dipped the brush into the pot and was about to make some calligraphic figures on the box lid when a rasping shout came down the companionway.

"Dar's a big 'ree master comin' up de dock, captin, an' she'll scrouge us foh sho."

Capt. Hopkins placed the pot on the floor, and, leaping on deck, by the prompt use of fenders and profanities managed to keep the sides of the Alert free from injury; then he returned to his task and carefully marked circle G on the box to the left and circle J on the one to the right, entirely oblivious of the fact that when he arranged the boxes he faced aft and that now he was facing forward.

"I ought to have been a sign painter," exclaimed the skipper, gazing admiringly at his handiwork.

When the Alert reached the landing on the Manunkny river, the skipper called Pete, the deck hand, aft.

"How are these two boxes marked, Pete?" he asked.

"Carle G an' carle J," replied Pete, who could read.

"Good; now borrow a wheelbarrow from the store and take the box marked circle J to Deacon Jobe's. Tell him I



"I OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN A SIGN PAINTER," EXCLAIMED THE SKIPPER.

sent it. Then go on up the road and take the other box to Parson George's, and tell him I sent it. See you don't get 'em mixed."

"Yessah."

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the skipper was looking for Pete's return, when Deacon Jobe drove up to the landing in his gig, and that lean and mortified looking gentleman climbed over the rail of the Alert. Disappointment was proclaimed in every wrinkle in his face, and there were many of them.

"Wh," said he, sourly, "I guess you've made a mistake in my box."

"I hope not," said the skipper, anxiously.

"Thar warn't no bottle of hoss medicine I told you to get," snarled the deacon, "but this hyar thing was thar," and he held up to view a somewhat warmly-tinted pair of pajamas.

If the deacon had not been so sorely put out over his hoss medicine he would have probably rebuked the captain for his remarks when he beheld the sleeping garment waving before his eyes.

"It's that blasted nigger," roared the skipper. "By Gum, deacon, the parson has got your box."

The wrinkles in the deacon's face now expressed alarm.

"I wouldn't have 'im smell that thar bottle for all the county," he groaned. "It'll ruin me."

"And I wouldn't have him know I was smuggling whisky to his deacon for the Alert and her cargo," snapped the skipper. "It's an awful mess."

The county was local option, and no liquors were allowed brought into it. The chief advocate of this temperance measure was Rev. Mr. George, ably seconded by Deacon Jobe, and as Capt. Hopkins had hopes of the parson consenting to his union with his daughter Annie, he felt that the discovery of his treachery in smuggling whisky to his trusted road-jutur must inevitably blast his hopes for ever and aye.

"What's to be done?" asked the deacon, swallowing with difficulty.

"Why," said the skipper, "there's only one chance, and that's a tight one. You've got the box with you; put in the pajama and nail 'er up. Then we'll drive as fast as we can to the parson's and try exchange boxes before he's opened his. The nigger is just about there now."

"To the skipper's consternation the box was rightly marked.

"It's my mistake," said he, with forcible adjectives. "I marked 'em wrong."

The skipper, however, the two occupants too absorbed to talk, and when the parson's house was reached, finding the porch deserted, Capt. Hopkins hid the box under a chair, preparatory to slipping it into the house and making a quick exchange if the parson had not inspected his package.

Miss Annie opened the door and informed them that her father had been absent all day visiting his sheepfold and had not returned.

"A box just came for him from you, captain, she said. "You are very kind."

"I suppose you haven't opened it yet?" remarked the skipper, with labored carelessness.

"No; it's in the dining-room," replied the young lady.

"You attract her attention," said the skipper, in a fierce whisper to the deacon, "and I'll try to slip in with the box and get the other one."

This was self-sacrifice on the captain's part, for he was gritting his teeth at the wasted chance of a half hour alone with his sweetheart, but the emergency was great.

The deacon, racking his mind for a subject, gazed stonily at Miss George while the skipper glowered at him.

Spurred by these baleful glances the deacon began a rambling discourse about church matters, crops, cattle and oysters, in a melange, while Miss Annie looked in evident wonder at her sweetheart, standing silent and perturbed.

Finally Miss Annie suggested the deacon's examination of a favorite rose, and they walked down the porch. Instantly the skipper snatched up the fateful box and rushed into the dining-room. The room was dark, but he could discern the other box on the floor, and was just about to seize it when he heard the two returning to the front door.

He rushed out on the porch, appearing not unlike a burglar interrupted at his calling, and scowled horribly at the miserable deacon.

Miss Annie, turning her back on her recalcitrant lover, invited the deacon to have a glassful of milk.

At that moment the deacon's palate did not crave milk, but the fiery shaft from the skipper's eye made him assent at once.

Miss Annie walked through the dining-room to the pantry, followed by the deacon, and he, stealthily, by the skipper. No sooner had the young lady disappeared in the pantry than the skipper snatched up the box and flew through the hall to the gig, barely escaping Miss Annie, who was returning with the milk. The deacon swallowed a pint of milk, hastened after him, and with a hurried farewell the two conspirators drove away, leaving a very indignant lady behind.

"Now," said the deacon, when they had reached his house, "I'll give my hoss a dose of med'cine."

"You old hypocrite," snarled the skipper, "I really believe you try to bamboozle yourself."

"Seth," wailed the deacon, "you've brought back the same box. Hyar's that thar pesky garment."

"By Gum," groaned the skipper, "it was so dark and I was in such a hurry I picked up the same box I brought."

"Ef he smells it I'm ruined," moaned the deacon.

"Oh, he'll smell it and he'll smell a hypocrite, too," assented the skipper; "but it kills my chances."

"Best Maryland rye," lamented the deacon, "emptied on the cold, unfeeling clay."

"Best girl on the eastern shore lost by your blessed love o' whisky," growled the skipper.

Morosely the deacon drove the captain back to his schooner, and sleepless was the mariner's night. Unwillingly he threshed over every chance for explanation, with only chaff as a result, and went on deck in the morning sulky as a hungry bear. At noon a letter was brought him.

"Capt. Hopkins: Rev. George asks me to thank you for your present of a pair of pajamas, and will much appreciate them this winter. It seems odd that the giver of a present should find it necessary to act like a wild animal.

"ANNIE GEORGE."

"Did any one ever see such a knot?" gasped the mystified skipper.

"Lettah, sah," said Pete, bringing another epistle to the cabin.

The captain read: "Dear Captain: By an oversight the bottle of 'medicine' was left out of Deacon Jobe's package and a pair of pajamas packed instead. We have forwarded the bottle securely packed by express, and apologize for our mistake. 'Bundle & Bales.'"

"Pete," vociferated the skipper, "borrow Mr. Gile's gig. I'm going to drive over to Parson George's this afternoon."

TO MAKE ALL MEN WED.

Unique Proposition Submitted to Republican Convention by World's Congress of Old Maids.

Before the republican convention at Chicago concluded its work it was called upon to consider the plan that had been made by half a hundred old maids recently assembled in convention in the Salem (Wis.) opera house. Here is their sad and eloquent plaint epitomized:

"There are, by many thousands, too many unmarried men in the United States; therefore, we, old maids assembled in world's congress here, deem it only right and just to demand that the state legislature disfranchise all men who have reached the age of 25 years and are still unmarried."

This is the burden of one of a number of resolutions drawn up for presentation to the republican convention.

As a result of a call sent out several weeks ago for a convention of the old maids of the world, 50 single ladies, ranging in ages from 25 to 65, assembled on the platform at the opera house.

About 200 letters of regrets were read to the convention. A letter was read from a matrimonial bureau which is sending women to the Klondike.

Several delegates addressed the meeting on the subject of equal rights for men and women, and paid glowing tributes to Susan B. Anthony and other women who had devoted their lives to the advancement of woman's rights.

Child Born in Eiffel Tower.

Mme. Emilienne Capronnier gave birth to a daughter while upon the first platform of the Eiffel Tower in Paris recently, and the child is to be named Eiffelina.

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