

## FROM NEARBY TOWNS

Interesting Items That Our Correspondents Have Gathered for Tribune Readers.

### Ellsworth.

JUNE 20—Mr. Franklin and two sons of the Franklin Automobile Co. of Syracuse made a tour through this section Sunday last and called on relatives here.

Mrs. Burns and little daughter of Rochester are spending a few weeks at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ryan.

Mrs. Gibbs of Asbury is a guest of relatives here for a few weeks.

Carter Husted made a trip to Moravia recently.

Edward Milburn has been under the doctor's care the past few days.

Arthur Borapugh and George Fordyce of Union Springs were making business calls in town the past week.

The school picnic was held in the orchard of Mr. Ryan near the school-house last Saturday afternoon, the Franklin district school uniting with the Ellsworth school. The principal feature of the afternoon was the ball game by the young men. Mr. Dillon entertained with his phonograph. Supervisor Streeter as usual was instrumental in preparing tables and making lemonade, etc. All appreciate the effort Mr. Streeter makes every year to insure success to our school picnic.

### Belltown.

JUNE 21—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Palmer were in Auburn one day last week. Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Cheesman entertained friends from Etna over Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Jos. R. Grant who have been visiting friends in Groton and Cincinnatus have returned.

Miss Mildred Smith attended Regents' examinations at Ludlowville.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mann were Sunday guests at Eugene Mann's.

How's this? N. Y. Daily Press and GENOA TRIBUNE, both one year for \$4.50.

### Ledyard.

JUNE 20—Several from here attended the Children's Day exercises at King Ferry Sunday evening. The exercises were much enjoyed by all.

Among those who attended the Sunday school convention at Auburn last week were Lowell Mason and wife, Miss Sarah Cobb, Fred Avery and Rev. Mr. Jacques.

Friends of Delos Aikins will be pleased to learn that he is much improved in health.

Miss Louie Cobb is among the graduates from the Union Springs High school this week.

Miss Marietta Thorpe closed a very successful year of school here on Friday. A school reception was held in the afternoon from 3 to 5.

An interesting program was well given by the pupils, including the flag drill, showing the careful training by the teacher. After the exercises ice cream and cake were served. Miss Thorpe returned to her home in Fleming on Sunday and all hope that she may return for another year.

Mrs. G. N. Coon and son were in Auburn a part of last week.

Miss Genevieve Buckland and Richard Thorpe of Fleming were recent guests of friends here.

Mr. Hewitt of Locke spent Sunday in town.

Jay Hodge of Syracuse visited at F. Starkweather's last week. Trilby Starkweather returned with him for a short visit.

Morgan Wilbur of Ithaca recently visited his parents.

Miss Bertha Sellen of Genoa visited her cousin here the first of the week.

Mrs. Streeter of Venice is a guest of her son, J. C. Streeter and family.

### West Venice.

JUNE 20—This is fine growing weather. No rain since the 15th, when there was a heavy storm of rain and hail, accompanied with very sharp lightning and thunder.

Daniel L. Heaton and niece, Miss Jennie Foley, of Topeka, Kan., are visiting Mr. Heaton's sister, Mrs. J. W. Cook and family. Mrs. Cook had not seen her brother in more than 25 years.

Miss Nellie Haines closed the most successful year of school work that we have had for several years in Dist. No. 1, with a literary program and picnic which was attended by 85 pupils and their friends. All had a good time.

All the women near Tait's Corners are feeling fine over the prospect of getting the butter-making off their hands, as the skimming station is showing signs of being in operation in the near future.

### Venice.

JUNE 20—Children's Day was observed in the Baptist church Sunday morning.

Robt. Armstrong and wife were camping with friends at Cayuga lake a part of last week.

Miss Jennie Halsey of Ithaca is visiting Mrs. C. D. Divine.

John Myers of Genoa spent Monday with his son at this place.

George Spore and family were in Auburn recently.

Frank Hoagland of Auburn visited his parents last Sunday.

Mrs. W. Boothe who has been spending some time at East Venice has returned home.

Excursions to Buffalo and Niagara Falls July 4th.

Low rate excursion tickets will be sold via New York Central July 4th to Buffalo and Niagara Falls; return limit two days. Buffalo will have a monster celebration; two Eastern League ball games between Buffalo and Toronto; special theater attractions, etc. Niagara Falls, the great cataract, is a delightful spot to spend the day. Last train leaves Niagara Falls at 7:30 p. m.; Buffalo at 8:30 p. m. Call on New York Central ticket agents for tickets and all particulars.

### Poplar Ridge.

JUNE 20—The past few days of pleasant weather have been much appreciated by all. The most severe hailstorm of many years visited this section on Wednesday last.

Dayton Atwater and Arthur Landon were in Ithaca Thursday.

Miss Edith Smith of King Ferry has been spending a few weeks with Mrs. George Husted.

The carpenters' assisted by the neighbors raised the framework for Byron Culver's new carriage house on Friday.

Miss Myra Wade who has been spending a few days with her friend and schoolmate, Mary Landon, returned to her home in Geneva last Thursday.

Rev. Oyle of Ohio is visiting the Friends' society of this place. He will assist the pastor the coming week in holding a series of meetings and also stay over quarterly meeting which will be held here on Saturday and Sunday, June 25 and 26.

A number from this vicinity expect to attend commencement at Union Springs Tuesday evening.

### East Genoa.

JUNE 21—Mrs. Eugene Younglove spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents, John Sharpsteen and wife.

Warren Tupper and wife of Auburn have been spending a short time with Chas. Tupper and wife.

L. J. Younglove and E. Lyon were in Locke Saturday.

Miss Helen Sill and sister Rachel were guests of Lillian Armstrong Sunday.

The Children's Day exercises were largely attended and a fine program was carried out.

Spencer Addy and Jay Sharpsteen are the owners of new carriages.

Mrs. Oscar Tift of Moravia has been spending a few days with friends in this place.

Alexander Bothwell is very low.

Mrs. Mary Miner spent Saturday and Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Matthew Armstrong.

LaVerne Runsey has returned home from Moravia High school. Miss Lulu Hare has also returned home from school.

### Ludlowville.

JUNE 18—Mrs. C. H. Cutter of Cleveland, O., is visiting friends in this place.

Mrs. F. H. Barr and son, W. S. Barr, have arrived at the Barr cottage where they expect to spend the summer.

Mr. Hazeltine of Ithaca called on Dr. Fish Monday. Misses Eloisia Fish and Ina Campbell enjoyed a ride to Genoa in his automobile.

The young ladies of Mrs. Flora Sperry's Sunday school class held an ice cream festival with Mrs. C. Campbell Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Olin Seeley of Ithaca spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Webb Craft.

Dr. Fish favored the Literary club and their friends with a number of fine stereopticon views recently. The views were from the Regents of the University of New York and were illustrative of England; the subject of the past year's study. They were greatly enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. W. H. Landon and Mrs. E. H. Landon visited their cousin, Mrs. W. G. Fish, recently.

The Union school has an excursion on the lake today.

### Locke.

JUNE 21—Mrs. Ada Pennoyer of Groton visited Mrs. George Culver last week.

J. N. Streeter and Chas. Hall of Cortland were calling on friends in town Sunday.

L. Hewitt of Cortland was a guest of his mother over Sunday.

Miss Mae Taylor of Spencer who has been spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Geo. Booth, returned to her home Saturday.

Mrs. Sattie Ewell of Venice was in town Saturday.

Mrs. Lavern White is very ill, also Mrs. Sophronia Parks.

Mrs. Anna Shaw is visiting her sister at Wellsboro, Pa.

Mrs. Carrie Demmon, formerly of this place, spent a portion of last week with Mrs. May Harris.

Mrs. H. Johnson is very ill.

### King Ferry.

JUNE 22—The funeral of Mr. C. Mulligan, who died Thursday, June 16, was largely attended at St. Mary's church on Monday. His age was 74 years.

A number from this place attended commencement exercises at Union Springs on Tuesday evening. Misses Emily and Louise Atwater were two of the graduates.

Miss Lucinda Kenyon of Venice is visiting friends in this place.

Chas. Franklin and two sons of the Franklin Automobile Co., passed through this place Sunday.

Morgan Wilbur was home from Ithaca last week.

Mrs. Sarah Ryder is spending the week at her brother's, J. Davis, of Lake Ridge.

Miss Mazie Cummings was home from Auburn last week.

Otis Smith and wife of Ithaca and Franklin Smith and family of Slater-ville spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Smith.

Dr. Dommett, dentist, will be at King Ferry on Friday, July 1st.

### Lansingville.

JUNE 20—Mrs. Jay Bunnell is slowly improving.

Miss Tammie Bower is convalescing.

George Maloney of Wisconsin is visiting his sister, Mrs. Chloe Lowe.

Herbert Alexander and daughter Maude are spending some time with relatives at Texas Valley.

Charles Bower and wife spent Saturday in Groton.

Clifford Townsend, wife and son Leslie were Sunday guests of Charles Conklin and wife of Locke.

Mrs. Charles Smith of Ithaca was a recent guest of A. B. Smith and family.

G. M. D. King, wife and daughter Mary and Charles Bower and wife were in attendance at the Knapp-Young wedding at 31 Mary St., Auburn, on Wednesday afternoon, June 15. They report it to be an exceptionally enjoyable occasion.

Help is so scarce and wages so high that the farmers gaze upon their barren cornfields, which the crows and insects have been gracious enough to leave for them to experiment with another season, and wonder when the "independent farmer's life" began and where it will end.

### Scipio.

JUNE 21—Miss Florence Anthony is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. John B. Fordyce.

Dr. and Mrs. Kenyon have returned from a visit with friends in Atlantic City.

Coral C. Culver is quite sick with throat trouble.

Miss Elizabeth Bruton and her pupils gave a school entertainment at Scipioville on Saturday evening. It proved a success and was largely attended.

Miss Bernice White of Auburn visited her aunt, Mrs. Chas. Hoskins, over Sunday.

Miss Margaret Walsh has returned to Mrs. John Farley's, her mother being much improved in health.

Mrs. Harriet Waring visited Auburn friends recently.

Misses Katharyn Hartnett and Elizabeth Bruton visited friends in Aurora Sunday. Miss Louise Hartnett returned home with them to spend a week with her parents.

The village school closed Monday. It is rumored that we are going to have a railroad. We hope the report is true this time.

### Forka Creek.

JUNE 20—Prof. Snyder of Ithaca visited at C. Boyer's on Saturday.

Burdette Parsons visited his cousin, A. T. Parsons, the first of the week.

Calvin Kratzer and family visited in Groton a few days the past week.

Walter Bartlett of Aurora visited his cousin, Mrs. W. Boyer, on Sunday.

Frank Mastin and family visited George Ellison and wife on Sunday.

S. Austin visited his daughter, Mrs. W. Boyer, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Swartwood visited a sick friend in Schuyler county last week.

Aurora Reeves has the foundation of his new house nearly done. School closed last Friday.

A paint with a reputation—that's LAWRENCE. Smith, North Lansing, sells it.

### The Chicago Convention.

The Republican National Convention began business at Chicago on Tuesday, with Elihu Root, former Secretary of War, as the temporary chairman. Mr. Root's address was a brilliant and masterly effort. He reviewed the great accomplishments of the present administration and defended the policy and efforts of the Republican party. Speaker Cannon's speech of Wednesday was a masterly address and was received with great satisfaction. The fact that among all these delegates of a great political party, representing such varied interests in all parts of the greatest country on earth, and Porto Rico and the Philippines as well, there is no one to criticize the administration of President Roosevelt, must be a source of great satisfaction to the Republican leaders and men high up in the nation's affairs. The New York delegation occupied seats of honor directly in front of the platform. Among them are Governor Odell, Senators Platt and Depew, Representative Payne and others. How close, in a way, is Cayuga county to the President. As chairman of the most important committee in Congress and leader of the Republican party in the House, Mr. Payne stands in a position to which but few statesmen can aspire and fewer still attain. It is an honor and a credit to Cayuga county, and we trust is duly appreciated by all. The political success of Representative Payne is a source of pride to his constituents. His long record as a member of Congress stands without a mark against it; his rise from the ranks to become a leader in the greatest party that nation ever had and his knowledge of the intricate workings of the government demand that he be sustained and well sustained. How different and how much more satisfactory is the feeling in supporting such a man rather than one whose only aim is the spoils of political office.

The Chicago correspondent of the Syracuse Post Standard, in a dispatch sent Tuesday, stated as follows: "Speaker Cannon's refusal of the vice-presidential nomination may have cost New York the high honor of the speakership. Republicans of prominence and from various States believe that Seneca E. Payne of the Auburn district would have been certain to succeed to the speaker's chair save for Mr. Cannon's withdrawal. Representative Payne himself, however, does not so view it. Gratiified, as he has good cause to be, at all the complimentary things that have been said of him on this behalf, he yet affirms, and with a seeming good warrant, that New York at this time could not thus be honored even were the speakership of the House to be filled. 'The office,' said Mr. Payne, 'is the second highest under the government, and with a New York man in the presidency, the speakership merely as a matter of sound politics must needs go elsewhere, to Pennsylvania, possibly, or more probably to the great West.'"

Don't forget to buy the good wife a Perfection Oil Stove at Hagin's.

### Society Notes.

The West Genoa W. O. T. U. will hold a business meeting and white ribbon tea at the home of Mrs. Minnie Cowin on Thursday, June 30. Visitors from abroad are expected to be present to address the meeting.

### To the Public.

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

DR. WM. FROST, Moravia.

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

281 cubic inches in every gallon of LAWRENCE—see Smith, North Lansing.

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

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

Paints and Oils—the best kind—at Hagin's.

LAWRENCE Paint for home painters—see Smith, North Lansing.

### IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH



That Throbbing Headache Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. Only 25 cents, money back if not cured. Sold by A. E. Clark, druggist, King Ferry.

### Excursion to New York.

On Thursday, July 14th, the New York Central will sell excursion tickets to New York at rate of \$7.80 from Auburn for the round trip, tickets good going on date of sale, good returning within fifteen days. Tickets are good via Hudson River steamers between Albany and New York or all rail. All who contemplate taking a summer vacation trip will do well to remember this excursion. Consult New York Central ticket agents for information. 3c

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

Seed buckwheat for sale. L. B. NORMAN, Genoa.

FOR SALE—Seed buckwheat. O. W. ANDREWS, Genoa.

FOR SALE—Burdett cabinet organ, 5-octave, in good condition. Inquire of J. S. BANKER.

FOR SALE—1 new Krous pivot axle 2-horse cultivator at cost; also potatoes. GEO. L. FERRIS, Atwater.

For sale, one triangle show case; 4 cows fresh this spring. JOHN KERRYON, Indian Field.

Sow Early Minnesota corn for fodder; it pays. Special price \$2.75 a bushel. Perry's Hybrid \$3 bushel. THE FLORENCE STORE, 34 Genesee street, Auburn.

Seed buckwheat for sale. C. ARWOOD, East Genoa.

Cabbage, celery and tomato plants, wholesale and retail. Mail orders solicited. F. M. PATTERSON, Scipioville.

PASTURE—On the farm of Mrs. H. J. Hand; living water. Inquire of HERBERT S. HARRIS.

A high grade bicycle, 88 gear, for sale cheap for cash at the TRUBBINS office.

Miss Mary Landon of Poplar Ridge wishes to announce that she will accept a limited number of piano pupils in grades 1, 2 and 3.

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

### Fashionable Wedding Jewelry.

We sell Wedding Gifts of finest quality. Modest Prices Grand Display. Everything that's pretty for the bride.

Tice & Benson, Jewelers, Auburn, N.Y.



KEEP COOL WEAR LOW SHOES.

We have them for men, women and children. Styles a plenty to suit any taste.

Oxfords for Men \$3.00 to \$4.00

Oxfords for Women \$1.50 to 3.00

Oxfords for Children 90c to 1.50

Douglas Shoes for Men.

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

## Summer Wear.

It is a test that tells the story, merchandise that will stand the wear and tear of the average wearer and keep its shape and color must be reckoned among the best. Light weight clothing that will come up to our requirements, is hard to find elsewhere.

Shrewd consumers of men's and boys' clothing have tested the clothing found at

L. MARSHALL'S, Auburn, N. Y.,

and found it fully up to the requirements

L. MARSHALL,

22 and 24 State Street -- Auburn, N. Y.  
One price Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher.

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.



Will Sell Without Reserve

Two hundred Ladies' and Misses' cloth Suits.

All the latest and newest style of materials and fashionable makes, strictly tailor made.

1-2 Price Suit Sale.

Monday, June 20, Tuesday, June 21, Wednesday, June 22.  
Strictly cash. Extra charges for alterations. Not more than one Suit will be sold to a person. No approvals. Not exchangeable.

ROTHSCHILD BROS.  
Ithaca - - - N. Y.

Our job printing is all right.

Send along your order.

**Ayer's Pills** Keep them in the house. Take one when you feel bilious or dizzy. They act directly on the liver. Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**

Opening of the Rosebud

Indian Reservation,

SOUTH DAKOTA

Early in July, the Rosebud Indian Reservation in South Dakota, comprising about 400,000 acres of excellent farming lands, will be open for Homestead settlement. A pamphlet with full information sent free on application to

W. S. HOWELL, G. E. A., C. M. & St. P. Ry.

381 Broad Way, New York City

## COLONEL MONROE

Postmaster Jenkins Deplores the Failure of the Lincolnville Independent Meat Market

By FREDERICK UPHAM & AINS

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This is a bad thing for Lincolnville. George Rawson's a good fellow and made a great fight, but the meat trust was too strong for him. I gave him all my trade. Flannagan says he heard Rawson's liabilities were \$10,000."

Mr. Jenkins cautiously glanced at Lincolnville's banker.

"Mr. Rawson's liabilities are nearly \$20,000," Judge Sawyer said after a pause. "The matter was adjusted this afternoon. The meat trust, as you term the rival company, purchases the Independent Market. Rawson has pledged all of his property and hopes to meet the claims of his creditors. The new owners will open the market under another name and have decided to retain Mr. Rawson as manager."

"Thus endeth the last chapter in the history of competitive markets in Lincolnville," observed Colonel Monroe. "It is less than a month ago, Jenkins, since you reminded me that competition is the life of trade. You had just purchased from Rawson a choice cut of sirloin at 10 cents a pound, much less than the actual cost of the beef. It was fun for you, but financial death to poor Rawson. Neighboring towns have long been in the clutch of the enemy, but Lincolnville has had in Rawson a David who dared wage battle with the meat Goliath. He had thousands; it had millions. The contest was magnificent while it lasted, but it was not war. Rawson had no chance from the start. For three months we have reveled in cheap chops, steaks and roasts. Now we shall pay a war indemnity to the victor."

"I shall be surprised if the meat trust exacts exorbitant prices," said Judge Sawyer, whose face bore a troubled look. "While they are victors and have the trade at their mercy, prudence and business policy should dictate moderation. There is a point beyond which no successful syndicate dare go."

"I'm sure I don't know where that point is," retorted the colonel with some warmth. "The patience of the American people is as a fathomless well. The coal trust and the oil trust can find no bottom. We are whipped and know not what way to turn. You practically say as much when you admit that your only hope is that the victorious meat trust will loot us with moderation. If the history of this trust be any guide you are leaning on a reed. It has taken them two years to suppress competition in Lincolnville and has cost them thousands of dollars. Does a dog chase a rabbit for exercise? By the way, Jenkins, you said the other day that the men who owned the railroad had a right to charge any rate they pleased. I suppose you have no objection to the men who own the meat selling it at any price they can get."

"There are good trusts and bad trusts," said Postmaster Jenkins, who could offer nothing else.

"Yes, and there are fools and— and other kinds of fools," added Colonel Monroe with unusual bitterness. "I suppose a good trust is one which, having reduced the people to abject submission, treats them with lenity, and a bad trust is one which indulges in the natural proclivities of all tyrants."

"You are singularly ferocious to-night, colonel," said Judge Sawyer with a calm smile.

"I feel sorry for Rawson," the colonel said. "I have known him for twenty years—ever since he was a boy. As you know, I helped him start in business and would save him to-day were it in my power. When I heard of Rawson's failure I thought of the talk, Judge, that you and I had years ago, when we were more hot-headed than we are now. Does this remind you of a subject we used to discuss back in the eighties?"

"I recall our debates on competition," replied Judge Sawyer. "I still hold my ground."

"It has been swept from beneath your feet," replied Colonel Monroe. "In those years—and it seems only yesterday—the word trust had not yet been applied to corporations or monopolies. Competition was king. No statesman, editor or author of repute would be dethroned. There were innumerable factories in every industry, each contending for its share of business. There were hundreds of railroad lines competing for patronage. And then was witnessed the birth of the first American monopoly. Every public man in the land predicted its inevitable failure. You spoke the general sentiment when you declared that in this country a monopoly would fall of its own weight. I was so bold as to take the opposite view. As a true Jeffersonian Democrat competition was your political religion. And as year succeeded year trust succeeded trust, while you and millions

of others patiently awaited the day when attempted monopoly should be crushed by competition. Panics came, but the trusts emerged triumphant. They sprang up in free trade England, in despotic Russia and in republican France. They defied change in parties or policies and thrived alike in years of prosperity, war or crop disaster. It is laughable now to turn back to the files of Republican and Democratic papers and read the confident and oracular predictions of the speedy collapse of trusts and syndicates. Henry George added the weight of his opinion to the same effect. None but the despised Socialists and a few unclassified cranks like myself, who happened to guess the truth, believed that monopoly would strangle competition. Today the man who seriously advocates competition is looked upon with suspicion. The new generation can no more realize what competition was than we can imagine the social status of Mars. Competition is dead beyond resurrection, and the economic dogmas of your early manhood are in the grave with it. I ask you, Judge, in all candor, can you suggest any possible competition with the meat trust?"

"I can," answered Judge Sawyer promptly. "Remove every cent of tariff duty and let in Canadian meats. Then pass a law which will compel the railroads to cease discriminating in favor of the meat combine."

"Do you seriously believe these measures would destroy the monopoly in beef and pork?"

"I do," was the positive reply.

"You believe in miracles more wonderful than those performed by the genii at the command of Aladdin," declared Colonel Monroe good naturedly. "Meat from Canada? You might as well employ a chipmunk to forage for a lion. When 5,000,000 Canadians supply 80,000,000 Americans from their scant surplus of meat the Mississippi river will cause the Atlantic ocean to overflow. The meat trust has attained supremacy by mastering the supply of the greatest beef and pork raising country the world has ever known. It holds in one hand the exhaustless resources of the plains from Texas to Montana and in the other the innumerable herds of the central and eastern states. From its manufacturing strongholds in Chicago, Cincinnati, Kansas City and Omaha radiate a thousand branches. One member of the so called 'Big Six' could absorb the entire meat industry of Canada without crippling its bank reserve. The only effect of attempting to let in Canadian meat will be to force the trust conquest of that country and raise its prices to our high level."

"I dislike to admit it, but I fear you speak the truth," said Judge Sawyer. "But a law to check railroad discrimination in favor of the meat combine through the payment of rebates in freight would prove effective."

"We have such a law now and have had for years," returned Colonel Monroe. "What does it amount to? It is almost an impossibility to detect or punish these practices. But it would make little difference if a rigid law to this effect were honestly enforced. These rebates are only a small item in the total increment of trust management. Their legitimate advantage over small competitors is sufficient to crush them to powder. Take our friend Rawson, who has just failed, for example. He was a first class practical butcher of the old school. He bought cattle, hogs and sheep from the surrounding farms, killed them and offered the products for sale. His revenue was derived solely from meats and hides. It was impossible for him to extract profit from what are known as the byproducts. Not so with the \$10,000,000 establishment in Chicago. In the trust packing house nothing is lost but the porker's dying squeal. Hair, hoof, snout, bristles, entrails, bones and a hundred chemical products are ground into money. Vast refrigerators hold his corpse in storage until the market demands him; miles of privately owned refrigerator cars carry him by fast freight to his destination; an army of skilled buyers scour the country for his fellows and pay cash for discounted prices. From one end of the continent to another this marvelous machine is in perfect motion. It is the personification of business art, the perfection of mechanical and executive science. It can religiously obey every enacted law and defy any possible competition; it can laugh at lowered tariff gates. The civilized world is already within its grasp."

"You are eloquent in demolishing my remedies," said Judge Sawyer. "I should like to hear what you have to advance in their place."

"Not tonight," responded Colonel Monroe, looking at his watch. "I promised Mrs. Monroe to come home early. I'll give you a chance to have fun with my plan of campaign against the meat trust at our next session."

"I'd smash the meat trust if I was president," declared Postmaster Jenkins. "I'd smash it so hard it would never know what hit it."

"You defended trusts recently," observed Colonel Monroe as he opened the door.

"Yes, I know, but not this one," said Mr. Jenkins. "Besides, George Rawson is my friend, and a member of our lodge, and a mighty good fellow. Good night, Judge. Good night, colonel."

## BOOL'S

June Clearing Sale

is breaking all past records both for its magnitude and genuine bargains.

Ample Reason:

It's the time when we reduce the stock by making manufacturers' prices (not one price has escaped reduction) to make room for the advent of our fall merchandise.

Everything in Furniture at Manufacturers' Prices. Window Shades, Wall Paper, Pictures and Frames, etc., at

H. J. BOOL CO.

Opposite Tompkins Co. Bank, - Ithaca, N. Y.

## 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 "LISTERS'" 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 "LISTERS."

## King Ferry Station.

BELL'S BEE HIVE STORE

This is the store where you always get good values in the latest novelties. Always a pleasure to show goods and give prices.

### Ladies' Belts

White linen belts in straight and crush at 10c, 12 1-2c and 25c

Black and white silk belts, neat buckles at 25c

Crush leather belts in all colors at 48c

Other grades of silk belts at 39c, 48c and 98c

### Ladies' Silk Gloves

Ladies' silk gloves is all the newest colors at 25c, 48c, 75c and 98c

A large line of made veils and veiling by the yard

### Fancy Collars

Colored wash stocks at 25c, 39c and 48c

Silk stock collars from 25c, to \$1.48

Turnover collars at 10c, 12 1-2c and 25c

Collar foundations at 10c

### Fancy Ribbons

All the newest Roman stripes and plaid ribbon for ties and belts

Commencing July 8th, this store will close at noon, Friday, half holiday, and will continue including August 26th.

S. E. BELL, Auburn.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1904.

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING.  
 THE TRIBUNE has facilities for doing job work which are excelled by few. Fine presses, the latest faces of type, experienced workmen and promptness of execution are our inducements for a share of your patronage.

Advertising rates furnished upon application. Local business notices, Etc. 5c. per line. Cards of thanks 25 cents. Obituaries 50 cents. Cash must accompany the copy.

SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS.  
 Any newspaper or periodical published secured at publisher's price or less. Orders taken for book binding of all kinds. Good work.

DR. J. W. SKINNER,  
 Homeopathist and Surgeon, Genoa, N. Y.  
 Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Cancer removed without pain by escharotic. Office at residence.

DR. WILLIAM FROST,  
 Surgeon Dentist. Preserving the natural teeth a specialty. Teeth extracted without pain, using liquid gas. Perfectly harmless. Office over postoffice, Moravia, N. Y.

C. A. Ames, Notary Public,  
 Genoa, N. Y.  
 Legal Papers Drawn: Blanks Furnished.  
 Office in Tribune Building.  
 Registered also in Tompkins County.

HOTEL DEWITT,  
 Genoa, N. Y. Charles Carson, Proprietor.  
 First class accommodations, Rate \$1.50.

THE SELLEN HOUSE,  
 Genoa, N. Y. F. Sellen, Proprietor.  
 New hotel—everything first class—Rates reasonable. Choice wines and liquors.

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## How Jack Simpson Found Promotion.

"DON'T you like meat now, daddy?" Jack Simpson smiled wearily at the question of his little daughter, Beatrice, and she prattled on without waiting for an answer. "Cause you never have any, you know; and there's hardly ever anything in the cupboard now. I want some milk for supper; please, mamma, let me have some milk."

"No, no, dearie," said Mrs. Simpson, a very young and handsome-looking mother; "here, have this piece of bread and a drink of water. Come, there's a good girl; I must take you off to bed now."

Dearie was put to bed, and when they were left alone in the kitchen together dearie's father and mother looked earnestly into each other's eyes. Then dearie's father pushed a large knife across the table and held out both his hands.

"Cut 'em off!" he said, hoarsely; "no-body wants 'em. There's nothing for 'em to do. Cut 'em off!"

"Don't, Jack, don't," she pleaded; "work will come and we shall pull round all right. For my sake, do nothing desperate, Jack. Don't give up hope; you will get work."

"And where shall I get work?" he retorted, bitterly. "They have done with me at Fairlow's and I've tried and tried—Heaven knows how I've tried! And I'm getting tired of being told there's nothing for me; I'm tired of seeing you getting paler and thinner"—she moved closer to him and ran her fingers through his thick brown hair—"and I'm tired of hearing our little girl ask for things, little bits of things, we can't give to her. Something will have to be done quickly. I can't understand Hodder; he plays me on and off, half promises, and then says he can't start anyone for weeks. And he smiles when he says it. Smiles just like he did when he gave me a week's notice with profound regrets, as he put it, at Fairlow's having no further use for my services. I hate him when I think of it. Only yesterday I begged of him to find me something to do, if only for the sake of you and the little 'un. He shook his head and said he was sorry, and smiled! Sometimes I think—why, what's the matter, Jess?"

"Nothing, dear; why do you ask?" "Your cheeks—they are red as popples. They remind me of the old days. Ah, Jess, dear, what a sad mistake you made to marry a mere workman."

"A very sad mistake indeed," she said, as she contradicted the words with a kiss.

"You might have been Mrs. Who-knows-who," he went on, half serious, half chaffing.

"I'd rather be Mrs. I-know-who," she answered, returning his fond look with interest; and then, timidly, "Jack, dear, I can't bear to see you looking so wild and reckless as you did a short time ago. A little patience will surely bring us into the sunshine again. Think how you have striven, with my poor influence, to lift yourself out of the rut. Why, here's Mr. Bernaby to see you. I wonder if he brings good news."

But Mr. Bernaby was in no hurry to disclose news of any kind whilst she was present, so she left them to themselves. Her departure was evidently a relief to the visitor. He nervously placed four shillings on the corner of the table and said that he was sorry he would not be bringing any more relief from the club. It had been stopped at the last meeting. Couldn't say as to how his mates had voted against the small weekly subscription they had been giving; Couldn't say that he liked the job of carrying such disagreeable news. Could say as how they were all sorry, and that they hoped he would soon get another place. Could say as how it was no use trying Hodder. Could also say as how Hodder was slow, but he was sure and he was cunning, and surely Jack Simpson had not forgotten that he, a mere sub-foreman, had carried off the lovely Jessie Reville from under his very manager's nose. Could say as how it was a very nasty, raw evening for anyone to be out, and that he wished him a very good-night.

And so, when she came in, she found Jack still brooding over his wrongs, with a new light illuminating their cause, and wandering nearer and nearer towards the abyss of despair.

"Jess," he said, eagerly, "I remember you telling me that Hodder paid you some attentions before we were married. Did he ever ask—"

Her cheeks turned into popples again. "Yes," she said, "he asked me to marry him. I told you all about it, but you made light of it then."

"Of course," he said, "and it never occurred to me that it might have touched him seriously. Besides, it is over five years ago and yet his lonely, morose nature would perhaps never forget. Jess"—he waved his arm vaguely round the almost empty room—"Jess, can this be a deliberate scheme of revenge?"

She nodded her head, whispering, "I'm sure of it. I felt sure of it from the first," and his eyes blazed up with the desire to strike back.

"Revenge," he said, slowly, "is a game for two. How blind I have been! I might have known. You knew, Jess. You knew, and yet you let me go to him and plead for your sake and the little 'un. Knowing this, you let me go."

"Our need was so great," she answered.

"And I," he went on, "have entrusted him with my one great hope—a secret even from you, Jess. I had an idea for

a patent process that might be worth thousands to Fairlow's. In our extremity I confided it yesterday to Sefton Hodder, and sought his advice as to it being practicable. He thought it would be no use; said I might leave the drawings for consideration, but felt sure they would be a failure. Of course, he thought they would be no use. O, fool, fool, that I was!"

She covered her face with her hands, and he sprang up with a cry of astonishment. "Your ring, your wedding ring," he exclaimed; "where is it?"

"I pawned it," she replied; "we must not starve. We must make a fight of it. Don't think it did not hurt me to part with it, but it can really make no difference. I pawned it two days ago and you have only just noticed. Don't be angry with me, Jack. Leave go my wrists; you hurt me."

"What a success for him," he said, gravely, "to have already removed the ring. You are right; we must make a fight of it."

"Nothing wrong, and nothing desperate, Jack," she pleaded.

"Nothing wrong or desperate," he promised. But there was an expression in his eyes she had never seen before. Later she said to him:

"Revenge is not a game for two, dear. If it was it would go on and on without stopping. It is not even sweet as they say it is. Promise me you will attempt no harm to Sefton Hodder. You look so queer, Jack. I am afraid—for you!"

"I promise," he said. But in his heart he knew he lied.

On the following night he went out about eight o'clock. She kissed him in the doorway and whispered again: "Nothing wrong, and nothing desperate, Jack," and he solemnly answered: "Nothing to be ashamed of, Jess." Yet a tempest of violence raged within him as he swung down the dark, lonely road.

One thing was uppermost in his mind—he must see Hodder at once. And with the four shillings that Bernaby had left he had picked up an ugly-looking, second-hand revolver. He fingered this in his pocket as he went along. If it were not for the sake of Jess and the little 'un—No, no, he must not think of that. But he must have his drawings back at any cost. He almost felt elated at the task before him. It would be an easier fight, surely, than the fight of the past few weeks, the fight with those gaunt leaders to extremes—hunger and cold and despair.

Fairlow's huge foundry, standing in the valley before him, shines out in a glow of its own making—smoke and flame and roaring furnaces and towering chimneys. He had heard they are to cast the stern frame of a great ship between half-past nine and ten. That will mean Hodder superintending, so that he must be on the works until a late hour. "Nothing to be ashamed of, Jess," he had said. But deep in his heart he knew that he had lied.

Knowing the place intimately, it was an easy matter for Jack Simpson to slip past the time-house and into the great works of Fairlow's. The night was almost pitch dark, but he knew his way and never faltered. On, past the dark, closed warehouses and pattern-shops, over the bridge and down the railway, past huge stacks of coal and iron; now over a waste piece of ground scattered with giant cog-wheels, ship's anchors, old boilers, cylinders and the like.

Hist—someone is coming this way. He dives under a wagon, jumps a low wall, and finds himself beside the casting-shop, which seems to revel in the hum and throb and glow of the night's work. About 12 feet from the ground there are large gaps with iron bars across to take the place of windows. He climbs upon a heap of scrap-metal and peers through one of these. It is a familiar scene to him—the long shop with its earthen floor littered with moulding boxes and tools and strange machines.

Here men are busy shaping the pliable clay into many fantastic shapes; there, fierce, rough-built fires are baking them dry in readiness to receive the molten metal. There is the dull thud of hammers falling on sand and dirt, and the shriller rattle of metals in conflict where the castings are being cleaned. In the center of the shop a vast pit shows the upper moulded portions of the stern for a mighty ship. At the far end the furnaces roar like ravenous beasts as they are fed by ton after ton of raw ores and metals by men stripped to the waist.

Farther on, across a platform, above and past the furnaces, is the office of the manager, Sefton Hodder. He has just come out, across the platform and down the gangway. He puts on a pair of blue glasses and looks into those roaring furnaces; then blows a whistle. A monstrous overhead crane rattles along just under the roof and lowers an enormous bucket-shaped cauldron beneath the level of the furnace tap. Another whistle, scarcely heard above the thud of hammers, and a stream of molten steel is rushing into that gigantic bucket. A dozen workmen prepare with long iron bars to steady it. None of that white-hot liquid stream must escape and strike anything damp or else—

Sefton Hodder, sharply outlined against the blinding glare of the molten steel, smiles grimly as the sparks fall in brilliant showers round him, and little thinks that at the moment he forms a vivid human target. For Jack Simpson, black hatred in his heart, is glancing along the barrel of his revolver, with his finger trembling on the trigger and his soul trembling on the verge of that awful precipice, murder! An almost uncontrollable passion to end things then and there takes possession of him. Still, better to wait a little while and then—the top entrance, and face to face in his office. The draw-

ings are there. Who can guess what card Hodder will play when faced with a climax? Best to come armed, anyway. And if the pistol has to be used, why, what a feeble spark it will be amidst all this roar and flame and clanging stir. How terrified Jess would be if—Ah, he will soon be away now.

The furnaces are empty and the bucket, containing many tons of molten steel, is being carried over to the mold. Sefton Hodder stands upon an iron box about three feet from the ground level, and is ready to give the final order to remove the bucket-plug. Then suddenly he looks up at the chains above and shouts with horror. One of the side pivots is bending, breaking. There is a wild shout from the men as they rush for the door, and that mighty cauldron of hissing, seething steel turns over and runs like a fiery lake on the floor. Swift as some bursting dam it darts its fiery way, fed deeper by the swinging bucket. Sefton Hodder, looking which way to escape, pauses a moment too long. Like a flash the metal surrounds the mold he is on and he stands, as it were, on an iron island amid a lake of white-hot running steel. Above the noise and confusion he hears some one screaming: "Run for your lives."

Run? Yes, but how can he cross this burning moat? The heat is terrific. He sees the steel forcing a channel down to number five pit, which contains water. If it reaches there—the thought sets him shuddering. Have they all escaped but him? The heat is scorching, suffocating, and it will take hours for this mass of steel to cool and set—hours; why, long before that he will be literally baked alive. Will none of them come to save him? No, no; they will not risk the explosion until it is too late. The growing fear of a horrible death overwhelms him, and he screams with terror. Then some one dashes through the door, beats his way through the hands that try to stop him, runs nimbly up the foot-ladder and along the wide balks that hold the rails for the crane.

Look, he is clinging now to the chain. "Lower," he shouts, and lower he comes; down, down, until he swings as close to that terrible liquid bed as the men he is trying to save. "Forward!" he roars, and there is the click of levers, the hiss of steam, and the rattle of the ponderous crane. "Hold," he screams, as he lurches forward, seizes Hodder, and clings to him with wonderful strength. For a moment it seems as though both must slip and crash to their doom, and then, tightly clasped together, rescuer and rescued are swung clear of the burning lake, and on into safety. And the last thing Sefton Hodder notes ere he sinks into unconsciousness is a confused babel of voices, and above them all some one loudly clamoring for cheers for brave Jack Simpson.

For a week Jack Simpson lay delirious—a week of great anxiety and terrible tension to his wife. Over and over again had he gone through the incidents of that memorable night. In his wanderings she learnt of the dark purpose he had brooded upon; how he had seen the awful position Sefton Hodder had been placed in; how, at sight of a fellow-creature in such horrible danger, he had come to his normal senses, flung the pistol from him and resolved to save the man who had schemed to wreck his happiness.

"Jess," he said, almost the first intelligent words he spoke as he clung to her in recognition; "I didn't do it; thank Heaven, I didn't do it."

"Hush, dear," she said, "you never could have done it; your nature would not let you. No one knows but us and the doctor that you were so cruelly tempted. And we are all to forget that. Let us start now and never refer to it again."

"Daddy," cried Miss Beatrice Simpson, running to his bedside, "why don't you get better? There's such a lot of nice folks waiting for you."

"Yes," said her mother, "and I have a letter to read when you are strong enough."

"If it is good news," he said, with a feeble smile, "I've the strength of a giant now."

"It is a long letter," she said, "and the doctor's orders are strict. But its chief contents are that Fairlow's wish to buy your new process and the price they offer is £1,500. They also wish to know if you will undertake to put it into operation and run it at their American works at a salary of—"

"Don't kill me with kindness," he said.

"Big boats go to 'Merica," interrupted Miss Beatrice, with the usual alertness of young eyes and young ears.

"The letter," went on Mrs. Simpson, "is signed by Sefton Hodder. He deeply regrets, and is full of gratitude to you for so nobly saving his life. He says you would have been justified in leaving him to his fate, and he can never sufficiently reward you."

"Poor Hodder. For a moment, Jess, for just the flash of a moment, I leapt with exultation when I saw him doomed; my mind swung like a pendulum between evil and good; then—but there, we all have a glorious impulse sometimes! And to think, Jess, that this means a new start for us—a fresh start 'niva new country."

They were silent for a moment, and then they laughed quietly together. Miss Beatrice was holding the kitten up by its paws in the corner, and saying: "Tend to me, puss, 'cause you are going to 'Merica, you know. You will have to cross the sea in a big, big boat. Now, how long, fink you, will it take to pack our fings?"—London Titi-Bits.

Used by His Doctor.  
 "A doctor here has used me for \$12.50, which I claimed was excessive for a case of cholera morbus," says R. White of Coacabella, Cal. "At the trial he praised his medical skill and medicine. I asked him if it was not Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy he used, as I had good reason to believe it was, and he would not say under oath that it was not." No doctor could use a better remedy than this in a case of cholera morbus, it never fails. Sold by J. S. Banker, druggist.

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## A Common Mistake.

"Sht!" exclaimed the injured party, "you stuck your umbrella into my eye."

"Oh, no," replied the cheerful offender, "you are mistaken."

"Mistaken?" demanded the irate man. "You idiot, I know when my eye is hurt. I guess."

"Doubtless," replied the cheerful fellow, "but you don't know my umbrella. I borrowed this one from a friend to-day."—Tit-Bits.

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We are going to be more liberal than ever in 1904 to users of *Lion Coffee*. Not only will the Lion-Heads, cut from the packages, be good, as heretofore, for the valuable premiums we have always given our customers, but

### In Addition to the Regular Free Premiums

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## TWO GREAT CONTESTS

The first contest will be on the July 4th attendance at the *St. Louis World's Fair*; the second relates to *Total Vote For President* to be cast Nov. 8, 1904. \$20,000.00 will be distributed in each of these contests, making \$40,000.00 on the two, and, to make it still more interesting, in addition to this amount, we will give a **Grand First Prize of \$5,000.00** to the one who is nearest correct on both contests, and thus your estimates have two opportunities of winning a big cash prize.

#### WORLD'S FAIR CONTEST

What will be the total July 4th attendance at the St. Louis World's Fair? At Chicago, July 4, 1893, the attendance was 283,273. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, Ohio, on or before June 30th, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

1 First Prize	\$2,500.00
2 Second Prizes	1,000.00
3 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
200 Prizes—10.00 "	2,000.00
1800 Prizes—5.00 "	9,000.00
<b>2139 PRIZES,</b>	<b>TOTAL, \$20,000.00</b>

#### PRESIDENTIAL VOTE CONTEST

What will be the total Popular Vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904? For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Co.'s office, Toledo, Ohio, on or before Nov. 1, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

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2 Second Prizes	1,000.00
3 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
200 Prizes—10.00 "	2,000.00
1800 Prizes—5.00 "	9,000.00
<b>2139 PRIZES,</b>	<b>TOTAL, \$20,000.00</b>



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GENOA POST OFFICE—Mails close at 6:50 a. m. and 3:35 p. m.; Mails arrive at 11:45 a. m. and 8:10 p. m.; Office open Sundays only upon request. C. A. AMES, P. M.

**How the Brown Man is Doing.**  
[FROM THE SYRACUSE POST-STANDARD]

The continued circulation of the petition for Philippine independence and the grave discussion of its merits by earnest-minded patriots, suggests the inquiry: "Who is it that Charles Francis Adams, Dr. Parkhurst, President Eliot and the other signers want to transform into an independent nation?" It is easy to talk about the people of the Philippines as we talk about the people of Onondaga county, but what do we mean when we use the phrase?

The Bureau of the Census has just distributed its bulletin of the population of the Philippines. There are 7,635,426 of these brethren, 647,740 of them being wild. They live on 3,141 separate islands, comprising an area of 73,616,640 acres, slightly larger than that of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey put together. Two-thirds of this area is in forest land. Although the brown brothers are nearly all of Malay origin, our census authorities divide the Philippine people into eight tribes, and brief descriptions of the characteristics of these different kinds of Filipinos are found in the Census Bulletin just issued. The governor of one province, referring to the people under him, says that "the masses of the people have in former times had no educational opportunities and are extremely ignorant and superstitious. They are easily led and controlled by strong leaders, as credulous as children when dealing with persons in whom they have confidence, but shy and suspicious as to strangers. Their besetting vice is gambling."

The island of Jolo has attracted some attention among newspaper readers already. Those who are concerned in the petition for Philippine independence will be interested to hear that Jolo contains precisely 1,270 civilized persons, the remaining 43,448 being savage. In Mindanao also the savages, if there were universal suffrage, would outnumber the civilized people by a vote of 252,940 to 246,694. There is an island called Basilan, of which but little has been heard. It contains 1,206 civilized and 25,811 savage people. Cabilangan has 2,100 people, all wild as henhawks.

Now when we talk about independence for the Tagalog race in Luzon, we are talking about independence for a Christian people very considerably advanced in the arts of civilization, but when we say "independence" to the savages of these other islands we have mentioned, there is no language on earth that can convey to them the meaning of the word and there is no earthly means of securing the benefits of independence to them, even if they could understand what it means. Their more intelligent neighbors would make short work of "independence" for these people.

They can, however, be taught discontent and chronic dissatisfaction. They can be encouraged to make demands for "recognition." They can be encouraged in the disposition many of them have to make as much trouble as possible, and that is what this petition is likely to achieve.

On the whole, at present, the little brothers of the Philippines may be said to be doing fairly well. Under the law for taking the census, a legislative assembly is to be established two years after the publication of the census report, providing the islands are at that time in a state of tranquillity. When that first legislative assembly meets and its debates are reported in the American newspapers, we shall have an opportunity to form some judgment as to the progress the people of these islands have been making toward fitness for self-government. If their debates resemble those in the legislative halls of Columbia, S. C., in the year 1873, it will be quite evident that the process of forcing the growth of republican government in the Philippines has resulted in failure.

Meanwhile it ought to be possible for the major part of us to hold our peace and wait for some of these problems to work themselves out. The only ones who can find such a program intolerable are those who believe that the Philippines are too expensive and that we ought to get rid of them at any cost, by any method which presents itself, without regard to the welfare of the people of the islands. Those who hold this opinion are in so hopeless a minority that they may be disregarded.

**John W. Rice Company,**  
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At this time of the year we want to close out what is left in ladies' jackets and suits and to do so will offer them at low prices.

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Great variety in shirt waists from 50c up. Shirt waist suit in muslin and silk.

Black Cat hosiery, gloves, corsets and fancy goods in latest styles.

**How are Steamboats Inspected?**

Evidence accumulates that most of the General Slocum's equipment for fighting fire and for saving passengers from drowning were mere pretenses, good enough to stand a superficial inspection, but good for nothing else.

The life preservers were so old that dragging them from the racks tore them to pieces. They were filled with cork sawdust instead of with cork. They probably couldn't have kept themselves afloat, to say nothing of supporting a human being in the water, for five minutes. In short, they weren't life preservers at all. They were merely "properties"—things that looked like life preservers. The lifeboats may or may not have been serviceable. It makes but little difference whether they were or not, for it would have taken half an hour's work to get any one of them in the water. They were so tightly wired in place that they were permanent fixtures of the boat. The fire hose was merely a leaky canvas tube; the fire pumps were unworkable. So it goes through all the life-saving and fire-fighting equipment of the vessel. It was all "fake."

There can be little doubt as to the sort of official inspection that did not notice these shortcomings. The government inspectors may have counted the things that looked like life preservers, the things that looked like coils of fire hose, the things that looked like pumps, etc., to see if they numerically complied with the requirements of the law. They certainly did no more than that, and it is doubtful even if they did that much. An official inspection, at regular intervals, of anything, is apt soon to degenerate into a purely perfunctory matter.

It might be well to inquire how many other steamboats now plying in American waters were as perfunctorily inspected as evidently was the General Slocum. Does anybody really know anything about the true inwardness of the things that look like life preservers in their racks, or of the seaworthiness of their small boats, or whether or not they are so carried that they really could be used in an emergency? The certificate of the government inspector that every steamboat displays seems not to mean much.

**Driving Out Needed Labor.**

Speaking on the cotton situation, Booker T. Washington recently showed that the Southern lynching vice has an industrial and commercial significance which those who indulge in it evidently do not know enough to perceive.

Everybody, he said, is wondering why the negroes are flocking to the cities, and also why the South, which might raise 75,000,000 bales of cotton if it could get the labor, has hard work to harvest a crop of ten or eleven million bales. Mr. Washington, in view of these conditions, pertinently reminds the people in the country districts of the South that they cannot lynch the negro in the winter and expect him to pick cotton in the summer.

There is a lot of practical economic philosophy in that declaration. In the days of slavery, as the New York Post shows, the whites in that section were too wise to use the negro for a bonfire. They had other uses for him then, and they have now, though many of them are so blinded by bigoted prejudice and jealousy that they are unable to see it.

The whole country, not only outside of the South, but among the enlightened classes of that section also, knows that the plea that lynchings are for the protection of the womanhood of the South has been completely exploded. Investigations and figures show that only a small percentage of the lynchings have been for the crime against woman, and in some of those cases the accused, tortured and executed victims, it is now known, were innocent. And yet, to gratify an insane enmity against a race, a considerable body of the people there have pursued a course which is driving the only efficient cotton-field labor away from the rural districts and into the towns, where they fall into vicious habits and become a burden upon society.

How long will the intelligent and educated business interests of the South tolerate such a suicidal policy?

**The Rarest Plant in the World.**

In speaking of remarkable shrubs we must not forget gordonia, which at one time was probably the rarest wild plant in the world, there being but one specimen in existence. Last autumn, while visiting the Bartram Gardens near Philadelphia, I inquired about this shrub, which had been planted there after its discovery in Georgia in 1790. I learned that this original gordonia had died not long ago, but it is pleasing to know that it now has hundreds of descendants scattered over the country. Unless this specimen was a hybrid it must have been the last of its race, and in either case it was discovered only just in time to prevent its total extinction. The foliage of the plant is bright shining green, turning crimson in the fall, and the large blossoms are pure white and very fragrant. The fact that it blooms during September and October, after most of the other shrubs have flowered, gives it a special value.—July Woman's Home Companion.

Subscribe now for the TRIBUNE.

**We want to show you**

some of the pretty things that we have in

**White Goods, Shirt Waist Goods, Gingham, Lawns, Chambrays, Underwear, Belts, Fancy Collars, Stocks, Hammocks, Rugs; Lace, Veiling, Allovers, Etc.**

**Agents' samples  
Box Paper  
at one-half price**

**Heinz  
Sweet Pickles  
large, 10c doz**

**Watch for our  
special sale on  
Pineapples**

We are never undersold, remember that.

**SMITH'S STORE, GENOA**

**Driven to Desperation.**  
Living at an out of the way place, remote from civilization, a family is often driven to desperation in case of accident, resulting in Burns, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, etc. Lay in a supply of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the best on earth. 25c, at A. E. Clark's drug store, King Ferry.

**Excursion to Rochester, Ontario Beach and Manitou.**  
Fourth of July excursions via New York Central to Rochester, Ontario Beach and beautiful Manitou Beach. Low round trip rates. Excellent train service. Returning last train leaves Rochester at 10:35 p. m. Two ball games at Rochester between Eastern League teams of Rochester and Montreal. Fine concert by 65th Regiment Band of Buffalo at Ontario Beach. Fine fishing at Manitou. See ticket agents New York Central for tickets and information.

**Notice.**  
Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the Genoa Milling Company will be held at the office of the company in the village of Genoa, N. Y., on the second day of July, 1904, at 7 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of electing three directors for the ensuing year and two inspectors of election to serve at the next annual meeting, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said meeting. Polls will remain open one hour; transfer books will be closed from June 17th, 1904, to July 2, 1904.  
Dated at the village of Genoa, N. Y., June 18th, 1904.  
HOBACE L. BRONSON,  
FLORENCE SULLIVAN,  
MYRTLE R. BRONSON,  
J. H. REASE,  
MARY E. SULLIVAN.

**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.

**HAGIN'S HARDWARE**

- Lap Dusters
- Fly Nets
- Halters
- Whips

**HAGIN'S HARDWARE  
GENOA, N. Y.**

**Special Showing**

—OF—

**White Waists.**

One hundred dozen waists purchased under price, on sale for this week at fully 25 percent less than their real value. Prices as follows: 50c, 69c, 88c, 98c, 1.25, 1.49, 1.69 and 1.98

**Shirt Waist Suits.**

Silk shirt waist suits from \$9.98 to \$35.00  
Cotton shirt waist suits in dimity, lawn and percale from 98c to \$9.98  
Special table of Dress and Walking Skirts at \$2.98, 3.98, 4.98, 5.98 and 6.50

**H. L. & A. M. Stevens,**  
135 Genesee street,  
AUBURN, NEW YORK.

## Village and Vicinity

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

—Note the new ad of the Citizens Bank of Locke.

—Louis Knight and Thomas McMann of Interlaken were in town Sunday.

—Mrs. S. A. Mack is supplying some of the villagers with excellent strawberries from her garden.

—Mr. Halstead of Syracuse has been in town this week placing the new grinding machine in the mill.

—There will be a hop at the rink tomorrow evening from 8 to 11:30 o'clock. Ice cream will be served.

—Clayton W. Greene of Buffalo visited F. Purinton the last of the week while enroute from Princeton University.

—We hope none of our readers will take it too seriously because a man up north near the old railroad bed has a few Italians weeding his patch of sugar beets.

—A. D. Mead and W. H. Sharpsteen are repainting the buildings of L. B. Mead, Esq. S. Weaver and Thos. Brogan are doing likewise at A. V. Sisson's.

—The Fair managers are still considering the question of a new site, says the Weekly Ithacan. Better come up to Genoa and join in. It's only twenty miles.

—The idea of celebrating the Fourth here has been practically abandoned. All our surplus energy will go toward the best fair Genoa ever had, September 20, 21 and 22.

—The election of officers for Genoa Star Lodge, I. O. O. F., will be held next Wednesday evening. Every member should be present, as there may be quite a strife between the two nominees for secretary.

—We hope every reader of THE TRIBUNE who votes in Cayuga county took time to read the leading article on page 4 of THE TRIBUNE of last week. That article is a sort of introduction to others which will follow.

—The commencement exercises of the Moravia high school will be held this evening. Miss C. Millicent Sellen of this village is one of the graduating class, which numbers seven young men and five young ladies. Her essay is on "The Present, Past and Future."

—Farmers around Middleton, N. Y., declare that good roads can be built for one-twentieth the cost under the present plan of state supervision, and they propose to demonstrate the fact. It is hoped they will succeed. The less the cost the more good roads we shall get and we shall never get too many. If the farmers everywhere would organize in the interest of good roads, no doubt much would be accomplished in the direction of efficient and economical construction.—Auburn Journal. The farmers in Cayuga county are going to organize in their own interests, politically, and after the "machine" is taken care of the good roads will come all right.

Paint should last more than one year; LAWRENCE does—sold by Smith, North Lansing.

—John Riley has returned home from Cortland.

—Dana Rhodes of Groton was in town yesterday.

—Miss Leona Warren has been visiting at Lake Ridge for a week.

—Mrs. Tobias and daughter, Miss Martha, returned yesterday to their home at Fayette.

—Rev. E. L. Dresser left Monday for his home at Oberlin, Ohio, to spend two weeks with his family.

—The fish hook swallowed last week by Gordon Smith was duly recovered, and he suffered no inconvenience from his experience. That's the boy of it, we suppose.

—The marriage of Ira A. Stuart to Miss Mary Pettis Baker took place at Lockport on Wednesday, June 22. Mr. Stuart was formerly a resident of this vicinity and his friends here will be pleased to learn of this happy occasion.

—It is stated that the authorities who have thoroughly investigated the Whitney case have already arrived at the conclusion that the death of Delmer B. Whitney was due to accident and not to foul play as was believed by many.

—Trotting horses continue to arrive in town to make use during the summer of our excellent half-mile track. "Jake" Teeter has one here, J. C. Keefe four, Dr. M. J. Foran one, and there are others to come. Some of the local stppers are showing up nicely and will doubtless be heard from at the coming fall races.

—Samuel Abbey, residing on the Harry King farm at Atwater, lost a horse valued at \$150 a few days ago. The horse dropped dead instantly while grazing, the cause being pronounced paralysis of the spine—which is quite rare. Mr. Abbey formerly lived near Enfield Falls.

—Have your name and address printed on one corner of the envelopes you use. This may save you embarrassment. It is now proposed to authorize postmasters and their deputies to open letters on which no postage stamps have been placed, to learn the name of the writers and thus avoid sending them to the dead-letter office.

—Says an exchange: Mrs. Ida K. Cheesman of Groton has been awarded a judgment of \$3,824.98 against her mother, Mrs. Sarah Kniffin Tinker of Groton. The plaintiff is a daughter of the defendant and the judgment is for services rendered by the former for her parents while they were conducting the Groton House in Groton.

—The following are the names of the pupils in the primary department of the village school who passed the grade examinations and are entitled to certificates: FOURTH GRADE—Clyde Mastin, Corena Clark, Mary Oliver, Russell Norman, Leland Singer, Harry Eaton, Norris Chaffee, Thomas Tyrrell FIFTH GRADE—Irene Holden, Edna Dean, Daniel Sullivan, Clifford Hand, John Tyrrell.

# H. P. MASTIN H. P. MASTIN SPECIAL SHOE SALE FOR TEN DAYS ONLY!

We wish to announce to the public that we have in stock the largest line of Shoes, Oxfords and Rubber Goods in southern Cayuga, and are prepared to give you better values at lower prices than ever before; we show our goods with pleasure and will quote astonishingly low prices. Our loss is your gain.

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

—Mrs. G. W. Miller is a guest at the home of her brother, O. M. Avery, at Earlville.

—Evans Norman celebrated his sixth birthday yesterday by entertaining six boy friends.

—W. C. Rogers of Rochester spent Saturday and Sunday with his family at F. C. Hagin's.

—D. I. Rose and J. W. Atchison of New Castle, Pa., are spending a week or two in this vicinity.

—S. E. Smith continues to improve nicely. Miss Gribbin of Ithaca is caring for him at present.

—D. F. Smith started last evening for Washington, D. C., where he has business at the patent office.

—Mrs. Hattie Wallace returned to her home near Cayuga Wednesday, after spending some time at the home of her cousin, Mrs. J. S. Banker. Miss Jennie Banker accompanied her for a short visit.

—Miss Florence Wilcox recently dressed a wound from vaccination and in some manner unfortunately inoculated her face with the poison. The troublesome sores are slowly healing. Miss Georgia Lester has been suffering from a similar accident.

—Last Friday being the last day of school, the pupils of Miss Alling's room had a little picnic in their room which was participated in by some of the older ones as well. In the midst of the merry-making, Miss Alling was presented with a very pretty lamp, as a slight expression of regard for her as their teacher. Miss Alling was much surprised, and none the less pleased. Refreshments were enjoyed and all had a good time.

### Christopher Mulligan Dead.

Christopher Mulligan, an esteemed resident of the town of Genoa, died on June 16 at his home near King Ferry. He was born in September, 1880, at County Meath, near Dublin, Ireland, and came to this country when about 20 years of age.

He was a man who will be greatly missed and his death regretted by the people of the town. His sterling integrity and honesty, with his faithfulness to his home, his church, his family, his friends and his town won the respect of all who knew him and placed him among the first and the best of its citizens.

He is survived by his wife, two sons, Christopher and Phillip, who live upon his farms in Genoa, and four daughters, Mrs. John Braton and Miss Elizabeth A. Mulligan of Auburn, Mrs. John Payne of Scipio and Sister Eusebius of the Deaf Mute Institute, Buffalo.

The funeral was held on Monday, June 20, at 9 o'clock from his late residence, and at 10 o'clock from the Catholic church at King Ferry.

To the very many friends and neighbors who so freely showed their sympathy and desire to comfort and help, as well as to all who sent flowers, or in any manner assisted them in the time of their great trouble, the family wish to express their heartfelt thanks.

Second-hand Wind sulky plow in good condition at Hagin's.

### 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, July 12

11 a. m. to 8 p. m.  
at the Kendall House,

King Ferry, Tuesday,

July 13th.

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 eyestrain.

Call at the hotel parlor; call made at residences by request.

## We are Showing The Best Value in

Black taffeta silk of any Dry Goods House in Central New York, one yard wide at \$1.00 per yard, has the finish and excellence of the \$1.50 value. Our 20 and 22 inch at 75c, 1.00, 1.25, and the celebrated Windam makes. They have the strongest guaranty of any silk on the market—we have sold them for the past 7 years without one single complaint. That speaks volumes for them; hundreds of our customers will vouch for them, they positively will not crack or break. We have also from the same manufacturers all other makes with the same strong guaranty, Peau De Cyne, Peau De Soie, Louisine, Duchesse, Armures, Grosgrains, etc., all commendable for a nice black silk gown. In Foulard silk we are showing excellent values at 50c, 59c and 1.00; in dress goods we are showing the strongest lines in the city. All the latest weaves and colorings.

HOLMES & DUNNIGAN,  
29 Genesee st., Auburn, N. Y.

MY SPRING STOCK

—OF—

## WALL PAPER

Has now arrived. A full and complete line of the finest wall paper shown anywhere between Auburn and Ithaca. Also a complete line of Hardware, Paints, Oils, Brushes, etc.

## F. W. MILLER, - GENOA. AVERY'S OLD STAND.



All de mamas as buys  
MINNEAPLIS WAISTS  
fur de childrun is wise mamas.  
Ask fur Minneaplis "M"

We keep them in all sizes. Also a full line of Gauze Underwear for ladies, gents and children. Call and look us over; we can do you some good.

G. S. Aikin's, - King Ferry.

## Special Sale

—OF—

## Summer Suits

at the Genoa Clothing Store.

You will want a new Suit for the 4th, if so come and see the fine Suits at \$7.00. Elegant Suits in worsteds in different shades. Black clays and unfinished worsteds at \$10 and \$12.

Bargains in Boys' and Children's

Suits, Pants, Children's Knee Pants,

Latest style of Hats and Caps,

Straw Hats, Trunks, Suit Cases,

Telescopes and all the latest in Gents' Furnishings.

M. KALVRISKY,  
GENOA, N. Y.

**CUT GLASS**  
For Wedding Presents.

We exercise the greatest care in selecting our Cut Glass, consequently our display is highest standard. We aim to combine perfection in color; brilliant finish; artistic and exclusive designs. Our present stock cannot be excelled.

A. T. HOYT, Leading Jeweler,  
Moravia, N. Y.

**FREAK OF RUNAWAY MAID.**

**Virginia Girl Who Wanted to Be a Circus Rider Escapes from Home in Boy's Garb.**

Elizabeth Calvert Austin, of the famous old family whose fortunes were closely connected with those of Lord Baltimore in the early days of the Maryland colony, and whose ancestors fought under Washington in the revolutionary war, dressed herself in her brother's clothes the other day, cut off her hair and ran away from her home at Proffit's Station, Va., to become a circus rider.

Miss Austin is 17 years old, tall, slender and pretty. The fact that she did not succeed in getting away and was taken back to her home, tearful and repentant, was due to the good sense of a brakeman on the Virginia fast freight, who notified the Washington



IN HER BROTHER'S CLOTHES.

police that "a mighty pretty girl, dressed in a gray sack suit, several sizes too large," had stolen a ride on his train from Proffit's Station to Alexandria.

According to this same brakeman, Miss Austin has nerve enough to be a circus rider, or almost anything else. When he was on his run to Alexandria she was sitting on the edge of a fat car, swinging her feet over the side, and engaged in the apparently congenial task of cutting her hair off close to her head with a dull penknife.

"Won't you please help me?" she said to the brakeman, and the brakeman helped. Afterwards he explained to the police that Elizabeth was half through the operation when he arrived on the scene and that she had made such a ragged job of it he thought he might as well help. So he got a pair of scissors from the caboose and trimmed her hair almost as well as a professional barber could have done.

When the freight train reached Alexandria the brakeman gave the girl some good advice and took her to the home of a woman friend, who supplied her with a complete outfit of woman's clothes, bought her a railroad ticket and started her for home.

But Miss Austin did not go in that direction, for two hours later she appeared at the Florence Crittenton mission in Washington and asked if she might stay there for awhile. She explained, with apparent sincerity, that she was a professional circus rider, but had been ill and consequently was out of a position. Her uncle, William P. Early, came after her and took her home. She said she had run away because "things were so awfully slow" in Proffit Station, and because "circus riders have such an exciting time."

**WHY HE RESCUED THE BOY.**

**Imperiled Lad Was the Repository of the Old Colored Fisherman's Supply of Bait.**

"That was a brave act!" ejaculated a Boston man, as he stood on the wharf in a little southern town and saw an old negro plunge unhesitatingly into the deepest water to save a very small boy who had stumbled and fallen from some piling. "A brave act and he is a hero, no matter how black the skin he wears!" The Bostonian was foremost in the group that gathered about Uncle Ned



"HE'S GOT ALL MY BAIT."

when he climbed back on the dock with the rescued lad.

"Your son is it, old man?" he queried. "Or perhaps only your grandson?"

There was very fervent admiration in the town master's tones.

"No, aah; no, aah," gurgled Uncle Ned. "Dad! I' rascal ain't no kinner er mine."

"Then it was all the braver," exclaimed the interrogator, positively banging his head out of respect for the old

**Circumstantial Evidence.**

"See here!" cried the merchant, "someone is giving away our secrets." "I'll bet it's that young Blugore you took in as a clerk," said the junior partner.

"Impossible; he comes of one of our best families. He has in his veins the blood of great—"

"That's just it. 'Blood will tell,' you know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**A Heavy Cake.**

"So mamma made the cake for your birthday with her own hands, did she, Willie?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why did she put all the candles in it?"

"Oh, I guess she wanted it to appear light."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Carried Upward.**

Her grandfather carried a hod And her father carried a wad.

The result of his wit and brawn; She's in society now

And it's perfectly scandalous how She is said to be carrying on.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

**LEFT QUITE SUDDENLY.**



LEFT QUITE SUDDENLY.

"Did you fire the cook?"

"No; she fired herself."

"Ah, I see. French leave, eh?"

"No; gasoline."—Chicago Journal.

**Quick Maturity.**

She climbed the hill with me, Did Rose. A "bud" was she, And sweeter one no man has ever known!

She got there out of breath, And nearly tired to death;

In fact, instead of bud, the Rose was blown!

—N. O. Times-Democrat.

**Consistent.**

"See here!" cried the dyspeptic patron, "this coffee is cold."

"Sure!" replied the waiter. "Dis is a quick lunch joint. If de coffee wuz hot you wouldn't have time to drink it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**At It Again.**

Sentimental Sue—Did you notice that fine-looking gentleman turn and look back after he passed me?

Tantalizing Tess—Yes. Isn't it funny how little it takes to turn a man's head?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**His Impression.**

"Of course, you believe that polygamy is wrong," said the man who was discussing the Mormon question.

"My dear sir," answered Mr. Meekton, "it is not only wrong. It's foolhardy."—Washington Star.

**The Average Diet.**

Jaggles—I see you have been reading the report of the government food experts.

Waggles—Yes; and as near as I can figure I've been living on germs all my life.—Tit-Bits.

**Healthy But in the Rear.**

"You don't have the latest diseases in your town."

"No; our folks are so slow, you see, that we can't catch up with all the new germs."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**Point of View.**

Edyth—Your friend Slowboy is quite a talker, isn't he?

Mayme—On the contrary, I have been trying for six months to make him speak.—Chicago Daily News.

**Words Her Long Suit.**

Yeast—Does your wife like songs without words?

Crimsonbeak—Indeed, she doesn't. She doesn't like anything without words.—Yonkers Statesman.

**They Don't Speak Now.**

"Of, course, I will be uglier some day," she whispered.

"Impossible," he replied, gallantly. And he wonders that she sent his presents back.—Boston Traveler.

**Stopped Short.**

Mrs. Newwed—Mrs. Dixon broke her husband of walking in his sleep.

Mr. Newwed—How did she do it?

Mrs. Newwed—Made him carry the baby.—Worcester Spy.

**Tell the Truth.**

"There are women in this world," cogitated the man, "who seem willing to trust everybody but their husbands—and I guess they're right at that."—Yonkers Statesman.

**Anxious to Show It.**

"Hasn't young Binks become suddenly religious? I see him at church every Sunday now?"

"Yes; he's wearing his first silk hat."—Chicago Post.

**The Fatal Symptom.**

"Worst of All Experiences.

Can anything be worse than to feel that every minute will be your last? Such was the experience of Mrs. S. J. H. Newson, Decatur, Ala. "For three years" she writes, "I endured insufferable pain from indigestion, stomach and bowel trouble. Death seemed inevitable when doctors and all remedies failed. At length I was induced to try Electric Bitters and the result was miraculous. I improved at once and now I'm completely recovered."

For Liver, Kidney, Stomach and Bowel troubles, Electric Bitters is the only medicine. Only 50c. It's guaranteed by A. E. Clark, druggist, King Ferry.

**The Solution.**

How old is Cupid? Hard to tell, So youthful still he sings; Perhaps you judge him like a tree And count him by his rings.

—Puck.

**He Knew It.**

Teacher—Do you remember that expression, Tommie, about fools and angels?

Tommie—Yes, ma'am; fools butt in where angels fear to tread.—Yonkers Statesman.

**The Age of Fads.**

Mrs. Cobwigger—Is your little boy learning much at school?

Mrs. Dorus—Yes, indeed! He can sew better than his sister.—Puck.

**The Important One.**

"Did you consult the groom in fixing the date for the wedding?"

"Oh, no; only the dressmaker."—Chicago Post.

**"The Mineral Bath City."**

Twenty-one miles north of Detroit is situated Mount Clemens, a City known as "The Carlsbad of America," at which place thousands of people visit every year for treatment of different ailments; and the wonderful cures that are made with rheumatic sufferers are almost miraculous. Principal among the diseases cured are those that accrue from traces of uric acid in the blood. But the waters of the Springs are a panacea and cure for bilious and liver troubles, digestive troubles, nervous disorders, general debility, etc.

A handsome booklet giving all particulars with regard to Mount Clemens can be had by applying to Robert Bushby, Traveling Passenger Agent, Grand Trunk Ry. System, Cortland, N. Y.

**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. Babcock, Auburn, N. Y.

Dear Sir—I think you require me to let you see what Babcock's Rheumatism Cure has done for me. I have been troubled for over two years with muscular rheumatism and a very severe heart trouble. During that time I was as helpless as a child. I saw your advertisement in the paper, and although my age is against me, as I am 44 years old, I determined to give it a trial. While I was using my second bottle I could see my rheumatism was disappearing and my heart trouble was greatly improved. I can walk now and do my own work, while before I had to be lifted from my chair and steadied if 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.

Yours truly,  
MRS. DIANTHA ALLEN,  
Harford, Cortland County, N. Y.

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

**HERE'S AN ODD CASE.**

**COURT ORDERS WOMAN TO STOP "MAKING LOVE."**

**Plea of Husband That His Wife, from Whom He Has Separated, Is Too Ardent Appeals to Wise Ohio Judge.**

Can any woman be properly accused of "assiduously making love" to her own husband? Most assuredly so.

That is, if the court of common pleas of Lucas county, Ohio, has any right to say just how far Dan Cupid may go with his gentle arts. In cold, precise and formal verbiage Judge Tyler has enjoined Mrs. Daisy W. Gerhold, the extremely pretty wife of young Jacob G. Gerhold, from using any of the love god's devices to win back her husband's regard.

Mrs. Gerhold is one of the most beautiful young women in Toledo. She has perfectly regular features, framed in a glory of golden hair and molded in roses and white. Young Gerhold is well known about town. His father, Jacob Gerhold, is the well-to-do proprietor of one of the best and biggest restaurants in town and the son is his manager.

They met in April, 1902. Young Gerhold saw the bride-to-be in another restaurant and fell in love at first sight. He sought an introduction through a mutual friend, improved the acquaintance and finally begged the hand of the young woman in marriage. Then she told him her story. As Daisy Riley she had married William Couter, a Toledo man, and they had two little girls, Helen and Fern. Five years before, when Helen and Fern were but tiny tots, they were divorced.

Mrs. Couter became Mrs. Gerhold on November 10, 1902, at the home of young Mr. Gerhold's aunt in St. Louis. There was a brief honeymoon at the Southern hotel there, and then the proud bridegroom brought back his bride to Toledo. Gerhold spent \$1,500 fitting up a cosy apartment. He showered his wife with presents, among them several superb diamonds, which legal papers now aver he took back again when love's ardor cooled.

Everything went along swimmingly. Their friends commented often on the

devotion of the husband and his wife for each other. The bridegroom's heart warmed, too, to the little girls, Helen and Fern, and his love for them seemed as sincere as if they had been his own. It was an ideal marriage, so everybody said who knew them.

Last summer Mrs. Gerhold went to Put-in-Bay for the heated term. Her husband stayed behind. Then suddenly something happened to dull his affections, for as soon as Mrs. Gerhold came back her troubles began. Gerholds, Sr., took the son's side, and Mrs. Gerhold's lot was anything but a happy one, all in the twinkling of an eye.

"He was fooled into this marriage," was the claim of the lawyers whom the husband retained.

"We did not know of the two children," added the father and mother, and as a final blow, "she was older than he."

They separated and divorce proceedings were begun. Mrs. Gerhold sued and obtained alimony. The husband made answer in no uncertain terms. He declared that she was daff on the question of her own beauty. In his answer he asserted that she used to stand before the pier glass for hours admiring the beauty of her own face and figure. She called upon him to admire her, he swore; insisted upon knowing what compliments his acquaintances paid her in his presence, and bade him to find out for her what was said when she went out in the street.

Then came the now famous injunction forbidding the wife to make love to her husband.

To get this injunction the husband had to make affidavit. In it he says he had been tricked and deluded, that his wife even while there was a suit for alimony pending insisted upon meeting him and following him to his own great distress. He insists that her open expressions of ardor for him in public places are most unpleasant.

He says that when she meets him on the street she catches hold of his clothing, begs him to listen to her and attracts great attention; that she follows him into business places, and on one occasion threw herself down and insisted that he had struck and knocked her down. He alleges that she found him at the railway station and insisted on hugging and kissing him, becoming

admired her own face.

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He says that when she meets him on the street she catches hold of his clothing, begs him to listen to her and attracts great attention; that she follows him into business places, and on one occasion threw herself down and insisted that he had struck and knocked her down. He alleges that she found him at the railway station and insisted on hugging and kissing him, becoming

admired her own face.

devotion of the husband and his wife for each other. The bridegroom's heart warmed, too, to the little girls, Helen and Fern, and his love for them seemed as sincere as if they had been his own. It was an ideal marriage, so everybody said who knew them.

Last summer Mrs. Gerhold went to Put-in-Bay for the heated term. Her husband stayed behind. Then suddenly something happened to dull his affections, for as soon as Mrs. Gerhold came back her troubles began. Gerholds, Sr., took the son's side, and Mrs. Gerhold's lot was anything but a happy one, all in the twinkling of an eye.

"He was fooled into this marriage," was the claim of the lawyers whom the husband retained.

"We did not know of the two children," added the father and mother, and as a final blow, "she was older than he."

**HERE'S AN ODD CASE.**

**COURT ORDERS WOMAN TO STOP "MAKING LOVE."**

**Plea of Husband That His Wife, from Whom He Has Separated, Is Too Ardent Appeals to Wise Ohio Judge.**

Can any woman be properly accused of "assiduously making love" to her own husband? Most assuredly so.

That is, if the court of common pleas of Lucas county, Ohio, has any right to say just how far Dan Cupid may go with his gentle arts. In cold, precise and formal verbiage Judge Tyler has enjoined Mrs. Daisy W. Gerhold, the extremely pretty wife of young Jacob G. Gerhold, from using any of the love god's devices to win back her husband's regard.

Mrs. Gerhold is one of the most beautiful young women in Toledo. She has perfectly regular features, framed in a glory of golden hair and molded in roses and white. Young Gerhold is well known about town. His father, Jacob Gerhold, is the well-to-do proprietor of one of the best and biggest restaurants in town and the son is his manager.

They met in April, 1902. Young Gerhold saw the bride-to-be in another restaurant and fell in love at first sight. He sought an introduction through a mutual friend, improved the acquaintance and finally begged the hand of the young woman in marriage. Then she told him her story. As Daisy Riley she had married William Couter, a Toledo man, and they had two little girls, Helen and Fern. Five years before, when Helen and Fern were but tiny tots, they were divorced.

Mrs. Couter became Mrs. Gerhold on November 10, 1902, at the home of young Mr. Gerhold's aunt in St. Louis. There was a brief honeymoon at the Southern hotel there, and then the proud bridegroom brought back his bride to Toledo. Gerhold spent \$1,500 fitting up a cosy apartment. He showered his wife with presents, among them several superb diamonds, which legal papers now aver he took back again when love's ardor cooled.

Everything went along swimmingly. Their friends commented often on the

devotion of the husband and his wife for each other. The bridegroom's heart warmed, too, to the little girls, Helen and Fern, and his love for them seemed as sincere as if they had been his own. It was an ideal marriage, so everybody said who knew them.

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"He was fooled into this marriage," was the claim of the lawyers whom the husband retained.

"We did not know of the two children," added the father and mother, and as a final blow, "she was older than he."

They separated and divorce proceedings were begun. Mrs. Gerhold sued and obtained alimony. The husband made answer in no uncertain terms. He declared that she was daff on the question of her own beauty. In his answer he asserted that she used to stand before the pier glass for hours admiring the beauty of her own face and figure. She called upon him to admire her, he swore; insisted upon knowing what compliments his acquaintances paid her in his presence, and bade him to find out for her what was said when she went out in the street.

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**Startling Evidence.**

Fresh testimony in great quantity is constantly coming in, declaring Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds to be unequalled. A recent expression from T. J. McFarland, Bentonsville, Va., serves as example. He writes: "I had Bronchitis for three years and doctored all the time without being benefited. Then I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery, and a few bottles wholly cured me." Equally effective in curing all Lung and Throat troubles, Consumption, Pneumonia and Grip. Guaranteed by A. E. Clark, druggist, King Ferry. Trial bottles free. Regular sizes 50c and \$1.00.

**Model Railway.**

A recent trip of one of our representatives brought "Truth" in contact, among other things, with the Grand Trunk Railway and its incomparable dining service. A brighter, cleaner, more efficient plan of eating while journeying, does not exist on any railway anywhere, and "Truth" has travelled on most of the leading lines of the world, and is therefore in a position to know. The "Club" Breakfasts are an excellent feature, which appeals to many travellers. The attendants are courteous and obliging, and don't appear to be always looking for a "tip."

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"Truth" seldom travels on railway passes; the above statements can therefore be considered perfectly unbiased, and are made purely because of the excellent facilities afforded the general public, and because of the pride "Truth" feels in one of our great national highways.

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**OUT OF THE WIND**  
By ISABEL BOWMAN TUILLEY

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PETER'S brows were drawn in a heavy frown and even through his tan the red of anger showed. "There is not one of you," he was saying, with suppressed vehemence, "who really appreciates a deep, honest, enduring love if it isn't always frothing over with compliments. Words have more weight with a woman than reticent faithfulness. A fellow who flatters her, will be able to win with her, when a poor dog of a fellow who only knows how to love her will be turned down with the cold comfort of tolerant friendship."

He was glowering across the ice cold spring, bubbling up from the mossy footrest of the mountain, at a girl who was idly swinging a tin cup by its handle encircling her forefinger. She was dressed all in white and her blond hair curled out from under her white hat in provocative little rings, whilst her soft, appealing blue eyes were gazing at Peter with exasperating innocence and mock admiration.

"How wise you are, Peter!" she said in her fresh, sweet voice. "You really have brought the study of woman to a fine point! Your knowledge of us is profound."

The red deepened on Peter's face. "It should be profound," he growled, "from the amount of time I have wasted in studying you."

"No time—don't the copybooks tell us?—is wasted that is well employed, and I am all 'sweetness and light.'"

"That's the trouble—you are sweet, diabolically, irresistibly sweet"—Kitty's lashes drooped to hide the smile in her eyes—"but you haven't an atom of heart."

"But"—gullelessly—"if I had been endowed with a heart, would it have been preordained to beat for you, Peter?"

Peter muttered something between his teeth. "Of course, I make no such absurd claim! But if you had a shred of feeling you would not play with a man's heart as though it was a rubber ball, for the sake of seeing how high you can knock it and how often it will rebound."

A shade of guilty expression swept over Kitty's face, but she hastened to protest. But Peter raised a silencing hand.

"I know my own experience. I have proposed to you four times"—"three" was the humble correction across the spring—"But this has been final; I shall accept Dr. Brown's offer to go abroad with him next week to study tuberculosis, and if I am not man enough to cast you out of my heart I ought to be shot as a weakling!" and he strode down to the lake where a yawl was drawn half up on the shore.

They had rowed across the lake from the opposite shore, where the cottage was her parents had rented for the summer, and had landed to refresh themselves at the spring. And here Peter had again laid his heart and promising future as a physician at her disposal. Heretofore he had accepted refusal with a manly dignity that had kept his pain well hidden and only left visible his dogged determination to succeed. So quiet had he been that Kitty had no realization of his wound and had half doubted its existence, and so to-day, instead of her usual gentle and half alluring refusal, she had pricked him on to his entire loss of self-command and an unwanted declaration of finality. Like most persons who play with fire as an amusement she had let it get beyond her control. As she gazed after him as he went to the boat she saw by the set of his shoulders that his words had not been filled with air. And then, to her amused dismay, she also saw that he was so absorbed in his own thoughts that he had pushed the yawl into the lake and was getting in himself without realizing that he was leaving her behind.

She went halfway down the path and called to him. "Peter!" she said, plaintively, "remember it is five miles walk around the lake and I don't think I am quite equal to it to-day."

Peter awoke with mortified consternation at his unintentional rudeness. "I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I—I wasn't thinking what I was doing."

He held the bow while she stepped in but he did not raise his hand to help her, but when she was safely settled among the cushions in the stern he got in and took up the oars without any further words. He pulled out into the lake, his white duck hat pushed down over his brows, his lips set in a straight line that betokened unalterable resolution, his eyes gazing over her head at the shore they were leaving behind; neither was there any further loitering or dallying with the oars, they were plied with a steady monotony that meant a straight and swift home getting.

Kitty, too, was silent, but her brain was not idle; she was revolving some means by which he would be compelled to be the first to break the silence. Once broken; Kitty hoped that her power might be regained. Yet she knew Peter's resolutions were concrete—lasting—and she wondered what life would be like without Peter.

She was roused from her meditative contemplation of the water by a quickened jerk forward of the boat and

plish gray edge of hail, was looming above the mountain. It had been noted by the other pleasure-seekers on the lake and boats were scurrying to shore as fast as oar or sail could take them. Half of the lake and the farther shore lay brilliant with sunshine, while the nearer shore was black with shadow. Peter gave full play to his muscle.

As they touched the edge of the sunshine it was blotted out and the wind swept down upon them with a roar of triumph. Hissing, the water rose into a white-capped sea. Up went the stern and then down into a sickening hollow, to be tossed up again in a swirl of foam.

"Get down on the floor!" Peter shouted to make himself heard.

Kitty obeyed, her face white, but her eyes unflinching. The spray cut into their faces, and with every wave swamping seemed inevitable. The cushions were caught and hurled upon the wind like brilliant flowers sporting with the gale. The muscles on Peter's temples and arms stood out like steel lines, his teeth were clenched. He had the girl to save. The thought added suppleness to his wrist, alertness to his eye. He was fighting a duel with an adversary so powerful that wariness and skill could only prevail.

Suddenly, for scarce a second, the waves dropped "to heel" and the wind lulled. The next instant both had increased with greater volume and a great billow writhed up and hung cresting, like a huge destroying hand, over the yawl's stern. The girl caught her breath and, turning, hid her face against Peter's knees. Peter knew the final test had come. They were nearing the home shore and he saw that if they could escape destruction the same force might hurl them out of danger. To choose the right moment steeled his nerves, his oarsman's skill ready to avert catastrophe. The wave crashed down, but at the crucial moment the yawl leaped forward, only the froth and swirl boiling over the stern, crushing the seat and half filling the boat, but the tremendous rush hurled them forward onto the shore. In a flash Peter was holding out the anchor rope and bracing himself against the receding rush of water.

"Jump!" he shouted to Kitty.

She sprang out, the water up to her knees. Peter dropped the anchor behind a rock and caught her hand. "We must run for it," he said, "here comes the hail!"

They rushed breathlessly up the steep incline to the cottage, but the hail caught and beat mercilessly down upon them. Panting, they dashed open the front door and with difficulty slammed it to behind them.

"Thank God!" gasped Peter, still holding her hand, "you are safe."

"Yes, thank God," she panted, "and you, Peter!"

As they stood catching their breath they dripped small lakes of water on the polished floor of the square hall.

"Get off your wet things, right away," Peter commanded, the physician asserting himself.

"All right," she answered, still speaking with difficulty, "and you go to Dan's room and get a change—he is over at the Rogers', so you will have to help yourself."

Half an hour later, Peter, dry and well groomed, in Dan's clothes, which fitted him well, stood in the hall, gazing at the cheerful fire blazing on the hearth. The tonic effect of the storm on his spirits was fast evaporating and the depression of vanished hope taking firm grip. Anger no longer strengthened his pride, although his resolution was unwavering. Ambition would take the place of love in his life, there would be no more division. He had played the foolish role of unwavering constancy, he would now be altogether a man done with play time; there was no such invigorating tonic for sentiment as hard, live work.

With a suppressed sigh he roused himself as he heard a step on the stair. The wind and hail had not yet exhausted themselves, and beat against the front door. He must perforce face Kitty as the elements cut off all escape.

And he did face Kitty. She was coming down the stairs in another white dress, soft, with lace about the neck and falling in long ruffles from the elbow sleeves. Her hair shone in fresh crinkles from its wetting, a brilliant color stained her cheeks, and her eyes—what had happened to her eyes? Peter caught his breath, puzzled, thrilled. She was not coming with her usual alertness, but slowly, pausing at each step, looking down at him half eagerly, half shyly. And when had he ever seen Kitty shy before?

He turned his gaze back to the fire, his mouth set in pain, overwhelmed with depression.

The steps stopped. "Peter," she said softly.

Peter turned. She was resting against the railing, a little smile touching the corners of her mouth, yet something that was not a smile in her eyes.

"Peter," she repeated even more softly, leaning forward and looking directly down into his eyes, "Peter, won't you ask me again?"

And Peter asked her.

**He Got Square.**

A farmer once came into a Connecticut tavern with eggs to sell. The transaction took place in the barroom of the establishment. The proprietor agreed to take two dozen, and when the farmer came to count over the contents of his basket, he found that he had 25 eggs. The proprietor wanted the extra egg thrown in for good measure. The farmer didn't see it that way and

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This year we have the Presidential campaign, in which all Americans are deeply interested. Already the issues are being discussed and the two great parties are preparing for the first moves. You will not want to miss any details, and if you subscribe now your year's subscription will cover the campaign from beginning to end.

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"Oh, George!" exclaimed the fair young girl, as their carriage flew along, "there's a church in ahead of us."  
"But we can't be married there," replied the eloping lover.  
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Mayme—No; but he will probably be tempted to after you are married.—Chicago Daily News.

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**The Bright Side.**

There is some consolation in turning from the horrifying details of the General Slocum disaster, which the newspapers of the country have given so much of their space since Wednesday last, to contemplate the acts of heroism, self-sacrifice and generosity that have in a measure relieved the darkness of this awful tragedy. Our confidence in human nature is shaken by the evidences of official and corporate neglect which contributed to the appalling loss of life; but it is steadied again, and even increased and fortified, when the bright side of the picture is studied. It must stand as a lasting credit to our common humanity.

We need not dwell upon the innumerable instances of mothers casting away their lives in the vain hope of saving their doomed children. That was the maternal instinct, so beautiful and unselfish. It was a thing we always look for in such dire extremities—an impulse of nature that works unerringly not alone among human beings of every race, but among the meanest and most timid of brute creatures.

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"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time. It is, indeed, a wonderful hair tonic, restoring health to the hair and scalp, and, at the same time, proving a splendid dressing."  
—DR. J. W. TAYLOR, Madill, Ind. T.

50c a bottle. All druggists.  
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

### Weak Hair

## We Do Not

Invest our money or yours in stock of any kind. While some stocks are good all of the time and others part of the time, we prefer to be safe and take no chances.

Gilt edge real estate security is good enough for us.

We can pay you three per cent. interest.

### The Citizens Bank,

LOCKE, — N. Y.

## Truss Wearers.

If you wear a truss or expect to wear one you should know that we offer absolute satisfaction in fit, in comfort, in relief and in wearing quality.

A variety of makes of trusses always on hand enables us to select the right kind for every case. Our experience with many cases has made us expert. Private room for truss fitting. Our only charge is a moderate one for the truss.

No charge for services.

Sagar Drug Store,  
109 Genesee St., Auburn.

But the story of the catastrophe revealed many cases where rescues were effected or attempted by members of the ill-starred excursion party who were not related by ties of kindred to the objects of their noble solicitude. Stories are told of mere children disregarding their own peril to save their younger playmates. A youthful nurse clung to the infant instructed to her even after both had fallen into the water, and she and her charge were rescued. The heroism of the crews of tugs and other craft that came to the rescue of the General Slocum's passengers was, in almost every instance, superb. One uncouth fellow on a tug after saving several lives by swimming dropped senseless in his boat from exhaustion. At North Brother Island, where the burning vessel was run aground, the nurses of the sanitarium there rushed into the water, to their necks, to the assistance of the drowning ones. An Irish immigrant girl, aged sixteen, swam out four times to the vicinity of the boat and rescued as many lives. Examples might be multiplied indefinitely to show how splendidly hundreds of rescuers rose to the occasion. It was all magnificent and soul-stirring.

Aside from the countless acts of individual heroism, the manifold expressions of sympathy and offers of help added to the impressiveness of the spectacle. The officials of New York city responded finely to the emergency. Mayor McClellan's appeal for financial assistance for the survivors was the signal for subscriptions amounting to many thousands of dollars. Undertakers volunteered to bury the dead without charge. The President of France cabled his sympathy. The Catholic Archbishop of New York sent a touching letter of condolence to the afflicted Lutheran pastor. Big-hearted Sir Thomas Lipton wired from London a relief subscription of \$1,000 almost before the General Slocum had ceased to burn. The municipal authorities were embarrassed by offers of aid on all sides. In no community in the world could the manifestation of helpful sympathy have been more practical and genuine. No one can have read of these inspiring incidents of the great calamity, and many others of the same character, without feeling that benevolence and unselfishness atoned, so far as they could, for the human errors and weaknesses that made the calamity possible.

No benzine or water in LAWRENCE paint—ask Smith, North Lansing.

**A Beautiful Book.**

The above caption is what every one is saying about the new publication on the World's Fair issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System. It is without doubt the most artistic and beautifully gotten up publication that has been issued in connection with the World's Fair. On the very handsome cover are illustrations of two beautiful statues displayed at the Fair, emblematic of the Atlantic Ocean and the Pacific Ocean, embossed with steel die in high relief. The book contains 48 pages with descriptive matter of the main features of the Exposition profusely illustrated and embodies the latest and best maps of the city of St. Louis, showing street car lines and many other features, also a map of the World's Fair grounds, and a large map of the Grand Trunk Railway System showing the route to and from the Fair, as well as variable routes and attractive side trips that will appeal to their patrons. A chapter on "How to Reach St. Louis" is given, and all information that prospective visitors to the Fair are looking for. The publication is not only one that will interest everybody who secures a copy, but will be a handy guide to those who take in the Exposition. Copy can be had for four cents in stamps, on application to Robert Bushby, traveling passenger agent, Grand Trunk Ry. System, Cortland, N. Y. The Grand Trunk operates a double service direct to St. Louis from Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, London, etc.

**Excursion to Syracuse on July 4th.**

On Independence Day, the New York Central will sell low rate excursion tickets to Syracuse and return to accommodate the large number of people who wish to attend the mammoth celebration to be held in the Salt City this year. Over 7,000 men, composed of sixty-five organizations and bands, will be in line. This will be the greatest event in the history of Syracuse. Grand fireworks in the evening. Last train leaves Syracuse at 11:35 p. m. See ticket agents for tickets and particulars.

## TALK OF WASHINGTON

TIMELY AND INTERESTING GOSSIP OF THE CAPITOL.

### REMINDERS OF GEN. GRANT

His Former Private Secretary Soon to Be Paymaster-General of the Army—Tyner Was a Member of His Cabinet.

Washington.—Col. C. C. Sniffen, who is in line for the paymaster generalship of the army, after the retirement of the present incumbent, Gen. Dodge, is one of the most interesting figures in the military service of United States.

Sniffen is about 60 years old now, but he has the appearance and vigor of a man of 40, and apparently he is good for 60 years more before he drops off the scene of action. He was private secretary to Gen. Grant when Grant was president of the United States, and there is no other man now living who has more interesting reminiscences of the great soldier.

"Gen. Grant," says Col. Sniffen, "was the greatest man I ever knew. He was simple minded as a child, and as trustful as a child of those whom he regarded as his friends. He confided in them as he would confide in his wife. For one of them to have betrayed his confidence would have been dastardly, and only one of all the men he trusted in public life ever did betray his confidence, so far as I know. I shall never forget the grief of Grant when this betrayal dawned upon him. It was something so entirely foreign to his manner of thought that he was simply dazed and stunned. That was at the time of the whisky ring revelations. With all his capacity for achievement, Grant had no pride of performance. He would adopt suggestions without comment, and if after he had written a message somebody had changed the literary style of it throughout, he would accept the amendments as a matter of course.

"Yet Grant was president every minute of the time. He reached his own conclusions and stuck to them. Whenever a crisis came, it was he, and not the members of his cabinet, who determined the policy of the administration."

**Tyner's Promotion.**

A pathetic reminder of the Grant administration was the trial of James N. Tyner, who was Grant's last postmaster general. With three exceptions, Tyner is the only survivor of those who served in the cabinet during Grant's two administrations.

Of Tyner it is said that no man was more surprised than he when the president called him to the white house to tell him of his promotion to the cabinet.

Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, was postmaster general. He had been flirting with the candidacy of Secretary Bristow, whose aspirations for the presidency were not favored by the administration, and one day about the time of the national convention Grant called Jewell into the cabinet room and asked for his resignation, at the same time requesting him to suggest a successor. Jewell yielded gracefully, and suggested Tyner, who was at that time first assistant postmaster general. Grant sent for Tyner, who promptly came to the white house, for he was not accustomed to being summoned by the president.

"Mr. Tyner," said Grant, looking at him severely, "I have decided to make a change in the office of first assistant postmaster general." Tyner gasped and turned pale. "I should like to have your resignation," continued the president, "as soon as you can give it to me." Tyner bowed submissively. "And, if agreeable to you," continued Grant, "I should like to have you accept the office of postmaster general."

Tyner almost fell to the floor in his astonishment. It had never occurred to him that he would have a place in the cabinet.

**A Monument to Lincoln.**

Now that it is proposed to build in Washington a suitable monument to Abraham Lincoln, it is recalled that nearly 40 years ago a similar movement was authorized by congress, backed by some of the best known men in the United States, that money was raised by popular subscription, the design for a monument approved, a site selected, and captured cannon turned over to the monument association by the war

department, from which were to be cast bronze figures to surmount the granite pedestal. In spite of all this, and in spite of the fact that over \$100,000 was raised, no monument was ever erected, and, what is stranger still, no money was ever returned to the subscribers. Both monument and money have disappeared in tradition, and it is only by chance that it is brought back now to recollection that such an enterprise was ever contemplated.

The National Lincoln Monument association was chartered by congress in 1867, and the list of incorporators included cabinet ministers, senators, representatives and other distinguished citizens.

Of all the incorporators only one is known to survive—Shelby M. Cullom, now United States senator from Illinois, and then a representative in congress. Cullom does not remember anything about the association. When he was reminded of it not long since he said the whole business had entirely slipped his mind. And yet at least \$100,000 must have been contributed for the monument, because the 12 bronze guns were issued by the war department to the association, according to the official records; and under the act of incorporation it was provided that no guns should be issued until the voluntary subscriptions actually in the hands of the treasurer should amount to \$100,000.

There are occasional references to the proposed monument in acts of congress and department records, down as far as 1882, when all allusion ceases and oblivion closes over the enterprise. But \$100,000 seems to have been successfully swallowed up.

**Illinois and the Gavels.**

If it should happen that Representative Hitt should be elected vice president, the curious result would follow that the presiding officers of both houses of congress would come from the same state—Illinois—provided, of course, that a republican house should again make Cannon speaker.

Such a conjunction has never happened before in the history of the government. It came near happening when Reed was speaker and Adlai Stevenson was vice president, for Frye, of Maine, was president pro tem. of the senate then, as now; but there was no time in that period when there was a vacancy in the office of vice president, so as to give Frye the full dignities of the place, so far as the senate was concerned.

Cannon is the first speaker of the house who ever hailed from Illinois, and Illinois has had only one vice president—Stevenson. If Senator Fairbanks were to become vice president, he would be the second from Indiana to hold that office. Schuyler Colfax was the first, and Colfax was also the first Indiana speaker. Michael C. Kerr being the only other.

LOUIS A. COOLIDGE.

**Many Children are Sickly.**

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York. Break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

**Nothing More Dangerous**

Than Cutting Corns. The Foot-Ease Sanitary Corn-Pad cures by Absorption. Something entirely new. The sanitary oils and vapors do the work. Sold by all Druggists 25c, or by mail. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

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

**Veterinary Surgeon,**

**Genoa, N. Y.**

Office at residence (Oadmus house.)

**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 to support thereof to the undersigned, the executor of, &c., 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.

### Quarterly Report

OF THE  
**Citizens Bank of Locke**

N. Y., at the close of business on the 30th day of June, 1904.

**RESOURCES.**

Loans and discounts	\$53,978 23
Overdrafts	564 00
Due from trust companies, banks, bankers and brokers	5,968 00
Due from approved reserves	5,369 00
Mortgages owned	23,100 00
Stocks and bonds	5,260 00
Specie	713 45
U. S. legal tenders and circulating notes of national banks	1,962 00
Furniture and fixtures	1,000 00
	\$97,967 40

**LIABILITIES.**

Capital stock paid in, in cash	\$25,000 00
Surplus fund	3,000 00
Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes	907 40
Due depositors	66,974 00
Due trust companies, banks, bankers, brokers and savings banks	40 00
Unpaid dividends	40 00
	\$97,967 40

STATE OF NEW YORK  
County of Cayuga.

Chas. J. Hewitt, President and A. C. McIntosh, Cashier, of the Citizens Bank of Locke, N. Y., a Bank located and doing business in the village of Locke in said county, being duly sworn, says that the foregoing report, with the schedule accompanying the same, is true and correct in all respects to the best of his knowledge and belief, and further says that the usual business of said bank has been transacted at the location required by the banking law (Chap. 68, Laws of 1893) and not elsewhere; and that the above report is made in compliance with an official notice received from the superintendent of banks, designating the 30th day of June, 1904, as the day on which such report shall be made.

CHAS. J. HEWITT, President.  
A. C. MCINTOSH, Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to by both  
(seal) deponents the 15th day of  
June, 1904, before me.  
JAMES M. STEWART, Notary Public.

## Annual Inventory

—Sale of—

## CARPETS.

Just when fore-sighted people are ready to consider them, we offer our annual inventory clearing of carpets of 1903.

- 1000 yards Body Brussels, 75c
- 1000 yds. Velvets and Axminsters, 50c
- 1000 yds. Tapestry Brussels, 50c
- All Wool Ingrains, 35c

## WALL PAPERS

FOR  
**1904**  
ARE NOW READY.

**G. W. RICHARDSON & SON,**  
91 Years on South St. Triangle,  
AUBURN, N. Y.

I wish to announce to the people of Genoa and vicinity that I have a full line of carriages, harness, stick seats and road wagons, farm wagons and implements.

Motto--Lowest price, good goods  
Give me a call.

**W. P. PARKER,**  
Moravia, N. Y.

## Hay Tedders, FARMERS.

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.

Durham bull for service.  
Good yearling bull for sale.

**Repetitive 11558.**  
The bay stallion bred 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.



Before purchasing a new mower call at my place and see the new

## OSBORNE

built with roller bearings and brass boxes, also full line of Osborne goods always on hand. Oyster shells for poultry. Fertilizer for buckwheat.

**Fay Teeter,**

East Venice, N. Y.