

Everyday Travels.

The celerity with which some American tourists "do" Europe inspired many an ancient jest, and a new crop flourishes on the foundation of a new fashion adopted since automobiles came in. Now, we are told, the rich American takes his motor-car abroad and whizzes over the continent therein, seeing only the outside of things, but saving a great deal of time. Americans who long to know the old world, and who would almost be willing to wander over it as Bayard Taylor did, afoot, are liable to have harsh thoughts of the foolish people who go so far and gain so little. But before one indulges in violent language it is well to test one's own capacity for profitable sightseeing—to question whether one improves the opportunities that are opened by the little journeys of every day. Between one's home and the shop, office or church nature unrolls an ever-changing panorama. As for the human interest of the scene, there is, as a novelist has said, "a story at every corner." But how many of us see the objects we pass every day? How many could guide a stranger to the finest tree, the most picturesque vista, the one bit of architecture that seems an integral part of the landscape, or the places where business or social life takes odd and noteworthy forms? asks *Youth's Companion*. It is a national failing not confined to rich automobileists, this propensity to "get over the ground." Yet the road is worth a thought, as well as the destination. Wayside sounds and sights will yield both pleasure and instruction when we have opened "the hearing ear and the seeing eye" and trained the mind to comprehend and the heart to sympathize. Nor are we truly qualified to travel until we have gained this equipment and learned the lessons that the home highways have to teach.

The Dressmaker's Slave.

What mockery to prize of the equality of the sexes when one sex possesses the freedom of uniform, and the other is the slave of ever-varying costume, says Winifred Kirkland, in the Atlantic. Think of the great portion of a lifetime we women are condemned to spend merely in keeping our sleeves in style! Talk of our playing with scholarships or politics when we are all our days panting, disheveled after scampering Dame Fashion, who, all our broken-minded lives, is just a little ahead! Yet dress reform is the first article in our creed of antipathies, and I, for one, am last of ladies to declare myself a heretic. I am not ungrateful for the gift of sex and species. Suppose I were a fowl of the air—what condemnation of hidden gray, and soul unexpressed either by vocal throat or personality of plumage! Among things furred or feathered it is the male who dresses and the lady who wears uniform; that it is otherwise with human beings is due, I suppose, to some freakish bit of chivalry on the part of the autocrat Evolution, the ringmaster who puts the entire menagerie through their tricks. No, I would not be a fowl; let me not repine; let me at this business of dressing, pluckily.

"Use rewards sparingly," wrote Edward Eggleston, and his teaching has been put into practice by at least two women who lost their valuables at Coney Island, says the N. Y. World. The account to date stands thus: To one trolley car conductor, for finding \$1,500, a Canadian quarter; to one small boy, for finding emerald and diamond pin, 20 cents. The magnitude of these rewards is likely to cause a boom that will add greatly to the population of Coney Island. "Poor but honest" men, women and children will flock there in eager competition to find the largest sum and receive the smallest reward. It opens a new future for the rejuvenated seaside resort. As Juvenal wrote nearly 2,000 years ago: "Honesty nowadays is commended and starves on universal praise."

Many people who live in town would be immeasurably better off in the country, but they as a rule do not think so. Those who do think so and have a longing for rural life are generally unfitted for a bucolic existence. The advent of the trolley and the telephone has taken away the lonesomeness of country life and made it more endurable for those who are accustomed to lively associations. Yet the country is not the city, and not everyone is built of the right material to tackle farming and make a success of it unless he has a mint of money to spend and wants to make a plaything of it.

Astronomers estimate the distance from the earth to Alpha Centauri, the nearest fixed star, to be about 25 trillions of miles. Rather than have any fuss about it the average mortal will accept the estimate as approximately correct and let it go at that. What signifies a matter of a trillion or two of miles when it comes to fixed stars?

If the Novoe Vremya has the idea that the United States is showing partially to Japan by selling foodstuffs and war material to the Japanese it can convince itself to the contrary by the simple expedient of persuading Russia to send in a few orders.

With the duke of Marlborough as its general, the United States would almost feel like master-in-law to

Money Making.

It is one of the satisfactions of people not rich to be able to say that the money-making faculty is an instinct, which men share with the bee and the pig. But the money-making faculty is not to be lightly regarded by thoughtful men, says the Cincinnati Post. There will always be false teachings on the subject, because so many base men get money by base measures, spend it viciously, exalt it above more precious things, consider it as an end, when it should be only a means to higher ends, become corrupt because of its possession and corrupt others. But the man who makes money honestly, in such a way as to help and not to harm the community, by means of his courage, skill, knowledge, foresight and industry, is, and always will be, one of civilization's strongest stays. Charles Lamb, remarking on the advantages of money, said that riches were good chiefly because they give us the most valuable thing in life, which is "time." To have all one's time to oneself was the condition for which he "rankled at the rich." "Books," he said, "are good, and pictures are good, and money to buy them with is, therefore, good; but to buy time—in other words, life!" Much prejudice is always excited by the man who has succeeded in making money and lavishly, foolishly and almost criminally spends it. But, after all, there is a lot of envy mixed up with the prejudice. We all can sneer at money when it is in the grasp of somebody else, but it does not follow that we would not have it if we could, and, having it, festively make fools of ourselves and excite in turn the sneers of others who haven't it and can't get it. There is nothing more pitiable than poverty in old age. And it is all the more pitiable when opportunities have been thrown away in the prime. There are better things than money-making, but it comes pretty near being the best safeguard against discomfort.

How Long Can It Last?

The world's hope that the war in the far east would be brought to an early end by sheer financial exhaustion is beginning to be dismissed. The borrowing capacity of neither nation has yet been exhausted. Russia is negotiating a new loan. The situation of Frenchmen is such that they can scarcely refuse to advance new sums without imperiling what they have already loaned. And besides, the internal resources of Russia are as yet very great indeed. History teaches that desperation and determination can in some mysterious way be transmuted into gold; in great emergencies nations fight long, says the New York Mail. The confederate states reached a point where they could neither borrow money abroad nor raise it by taxation at home, but they fought on, and yielded at last only when their armies were thoroughly beaten. Somebody will have to be whipped in the far east, and well whipped, before the war comes to an end. The assurance of an early peace, if it exists at all, lies in the conviction that must be beginning to dawn upon Russian military experts that they are not a match for the Japanese organization and would not be if they could put a hundred thousand more men in the field.

The popularity and large sales of graphophones and other talking-machines has led, it is reported, to the establishment in Baltimore of a company which will furnish music by wire, reports *Youth's Companion*. Homes, halls, hotels or any other place may enjoy the musical treat which the company will procure from the best "talent," and distribute daily from central stations. Turning a switch will let loose or shut off the flood—a dream of Edward Bellamy about to be realized. One hopes that the machinery may never get out of order so as to make "Hiawatha," "Home, Sweet Home" and "Dixie" pour out together in an overwhelming and foam-flecked torrent of sound.

The cotton crop of the United States promises to be a big one this year, and it looks now as if prices would be high. The demand is exceptionally good from abroad, for the high price of the staple last spring put many British as well as eastern mills out of business, and of course this crippled the output. On this account the demand will be all the greater this fall, and the man who raised a good crop of cotton is fortunate. Efforts are to be made by Great Britain to encourage cotton raising in Africa more extensively.

A Connecticut man jilted a lady at the altar the other day. She seemed to be much put out, but may comfort herself with the thought that he saved her the trouble and expense of getting a divorce later.

Maybe there is something in this no-hat fad, after all. Hats are still considered indispensable by most persons, but so were nightcaps at one stage in human development.

Another indubitable evidence of the hygienic properties of pure whisky is the discovery that the oldest man in the United States lives in Kentucky.

As autumn approaches Brother Baer will take a keener interest in life from day to day.

Be Willing to Be Nervous.

To argue with nervous anxiety, either in ourselves or in others, is never helpful, says Annie Payson Call, in Leslie's Monthly. Arguing with nervous excitement of any kind is like rubbing a sore. It only irritates it. It does not take long to argue excited or tired nerves into inflammation, but it is a long and difficult process to allay the inflammation. It is a sad fact that many people have been argued into long nervous illnesses by would-be kind friends, whose only intention was to argue them out of illness. Even the kindest and most disinterested friends are apt to lose patience when they argue, and that, to the tired brain which they are trying to relieve, is a greater irritant than they realize. The radical cure for nervous fears is to drop resistance to painful circumstances or conditions. Resistance is unwillingness to endure, and to drop the resistance is to be strongly willing. This vigorous "willingness" is so absolutely certain in its happy effect, and it is so impossible that it should fail, that the resistant impulses seem to oppose themselves to it with extreme violence. It is as if the resistance were conscious ills, and as if their certainty of defeat—in the case of their victim's entire "willingness"—roused them to do their worst, and to hold on to their only possible means of power with all the more determination. But every sharp attack, if met with quiet "willingness," brings a defeat for the assailants, until finally the resistant ills are conquered and disappear.

Health Booklets.

One of the big life insurance companies of New York city has taken to issuing occasional pamphlets on "health booklets" treating briefly but pointedly of the ills of humanity and aiming at the establishment of good sanitary habits. The purpose of the enterprise is obviously selfish, says the Washington Star, to decrease the death rate among the policy holders of this particular institution, but it is none the less commendable or worthy of imitation. Indeed, the life insurance companies ought to form a great factor in the present-day fight for the eradication of preventable disease. There was never a time when the public was so well informed or so willing to be informed as to the nature of illness, its sources and its treatment. The great strides of bacteriology during the past quarter of a century have brought the thinking world into close touch with many phenomena of health and disease which were formerly regarded as unsolvable mysteries.

An expedition under charge of the navy department has been busy all this summer at Kiska Island, one of the most remote of the Aleutians, making the preliminary surveys and other arrangements for the establishment of a naval coaling station at Kiska harbor. This harbor is excellent, and it is said that it can be easily fortified. It is proposed to make it a base for the operations of the Pacific fleet. Kiska, which is in longitude 177 east, is much nearer Japan and Siberia than it is to our mainland south of Alaska. No foreign military officers have been allowed to visit the place, and Americans know little of the detailed plans of the government. The island will contain one of the wireless telegraph stations of the navy department.

About the newest physical trouble is "beer heart," so-called because it is ascribed by most physicians to a copious imbibing of beer. It is not noticeable in observations so far made, as a result of drinking other spirituous liquors. Some autopsies that have been made show an enlarged heart, but no disease to account for it. "The answer probably is," said a doctor who was asked for an explanation, but who had not had any cases under his notice, "that the carbohydrates in the beer are responsible. Of course, the same carbohydrates are to be found in the Irish potato, but very few of us eat more potatoes than the system needs and can assimilate."

Everyone who has stood beside a suburban road at night to signal a trolley car, and has had to run several hundred feet after it while the motorman tried to stop for him, will appreciate a new device which is coming into use on many lines. It consists of a group of lights mounted on a trolley pole, worked by a button within reach of one standing on the ground. Turning on the lights informs the motorman while he is still far off that passengers wish to board the car at the crossing.

The small New Hampshire boy who gave his friend a cent (his own penny) for saving his life is a glittering example for your Uncle Russell. But he'd probably deliver a lecture against thriftlessness on the text.

And now a Brooklyn man rises to remark that he has carried the same pocketknife for 47 years. How irritating such complacent virtue is!

Perhaps it would be kinder for the astrologers not to draw the horoscope of the czar's new baby, considering how likely it is to turn out a horoscope.

Mr. Rockefeller has just bought \$30,000 worth of salt. Who's to be frozen out next?

LITERARY PERSONALS.

Dr. Samuel Smiles, author of "Self Help" and other works, left an estate which has just been valued at \$389,822. Maude Roosevelt, the president's cousin, is contributing much magazine literature this summer, and is about to issue a new novel of New York's hustling life.

Irving Bacheller, the novelist, said in a recent interview that after a man had learned the mere craft of writing the secret of success in letters lay entirely in systematic and hard work.

The Italian novelist Salvatore Farina recently delivered an address before the Society for Psychic Research at Milan, in which he minutely described the case of an author who six years ago completely lost his memory for language and names, while otherwise his mind was more active and wide awake than ever before. At the expiration of that period the memory returned. In concluding his lecture the speaker confessed that he was the author in question.

Gen. Lew Wallace was engaged by a New York paper to go to the seat of war between Turkey and Greece. He was to receive \$50,000 whether the war lasted three months or a year, besides liberal expense allowances. The paper wanted him to start by a certain date, but he could not leave until ten days later. During that interval the Greeks were defeated and the trouble came to an end, the result being that Wallace lost his opportunity, for by the terms of his own contract there was no war to report.

Among the more prominent Indian writers of the Cherokee nation are Dr. Emmitt Starr, who is writing a book, "The Genealogy of the Thirteen Original Cherokee Families;" Mrs. Narcissa Owen, who is collecting the legends of the Indians, and Mrs. Josephine Hall, who is writing "The History of the Cherokee Nation." Adam Lacy is the author of several books upon political subjects and is recognized as an authority among the Indians. So also is Drift Hummingbird, who, as his name indicates, is of a poetic disposition. Wolf Coon is another of the prolific writers. He has written upon a large number of subjects.

NOTES ABOUT ANIMALS.

The honey bee lives almost all over the world where flowers supply the nectar it requires, except in the Amazon basin, in most of which the bee is not found. The bee, therefore, is distributed all over our country, though very sparsely in the dry and unforested regions of the west. It is wholly absent in the cold and most of the desert parts of the world.

The dog is the most widely distributed of the domestic animals. He lives in the lowly hut of the African savage and is the companion of the Greenland Eskimos, the most northern inhabitants of the world. He is, in fact, the inseparable companion of man and is found wherever the human race exists. His habitat is thus extended further north and further south than that of any other domestic animal.

The silk worm girdles the earth between the fiftieth parallel of north latitude and the tropic of Cancer, being found further south only in Siam and Cochinchina. In other words, it lives wherever the mulberry and other trees on which it feeds are found in perfection. It belongs distinctively to the northern hemisphere, but may yet be introduced into parts of the southern hemisphere that are favorable for the mulberry.

The Klondike mosquito is said to be the worst on earth, but here comes a Siberian traveler, Mr. Dobbie, who insists that the venomous mid-Asian variety is hard to beat. Residents along the line of the Siberian road never seem to stray abroad without enveloping their hands and faces in thick green veils. Whenever a mosquito enters a railroad car all the passengers with one accord make for it, and a period of restlessness and unusual activity supervenes until he is dead.

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The man who trusts God is not suspicious of his neighbors.

The man who profits by his own mistakes counts clear gains.

One of a young man's gravest errors is to mistake foolishness for courage.

What's the use of having a million dollars if your stomach won't help you enjoy it?

The man who does not care what people think about him is seldom worth thinking about.

Heaven were reached only by the accomplishment of great things it would be a very lonesome place.

One trouble about moving is that you always find so many things you didn't know you had and do not want.

Ever notice how quickly time flies when you are trying to make up your mind to begin a particularly hard job?

Some men quote the scriptural phrase "Charity begins at home," as an excuse for loving themselves above their fellows.

FROM FOREIGN FIELDS.

The Vienna chief police authorities contemplate introducing the phonograph in recording verbal evidence, instead of having it written down.

Automobile machines for the cultivation of grain and cotton are to be introduced in Egypt on account of the great losses of cattle by the rinderpest.

Vereschagin is to be honored at St. Peters by the erection of a monument to him; its site is to be in front of the Academy of Arts. Some of his friends are also making arrangements for an exposition of his best pictures, which is to be held successively in the leading cities of Europe.

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DREAM WORLD.

The wind is heavy
With dew, and the red
Of the rose is beside me;
And up overhead
The sky is a sapphire,
A deep vault and blue,
With never a sign
Of where stars glimmer through
Wad the night wraps the world; all the
earth and the sea.
And the rose and the sky—it was all made
for me.

And forget-me-nots hide
In the grass 'gainst the breast
Of the earth in my path,
Like the blossoms that rest
On the breast of a maid;
Each wee bloom softly lies
Just as pure and as sweet
As the look in her eyes;
And it's mine, where forget-me-nots nestle
And hide; All the world it is mine; it is mine far and wide!

It is mine where the birds
Of the day shrill their tune;
It is mine where the birds
Of the night softly croon;
And no king on his throne
Such a treasure has had,
As a heart in the breast
Of a king is as glad
As my heart is in me as I walk by the sea.
And breathe the perfume of a world made
for me.

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

The Wallace Mill Affair

BY FRANK H. SWEET

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THE owner has a right to pay whatever wages he may please for his own interests," flashed the girl, her voice clear and strong, and a little indignant. "The property is his and he can do as he likes with it—even to shutting the mill down, if it should seem best. The employees have absolutely nothing to do with the matter. Their option is to leave work if the pay does not suit."

"And I say the employer has no such right," returned the man, steadily. "There should be more than self-interest in his relationship with the workmen. In our own mill here, for instance, fully one-half the employees are from a distance, attracted by the mill's reputation for generous wages. Some are all the way from Ireland, brought here through letters from their friends. It is not right for the owner to cut 20 per cent, as is contemplated, without stronger reason than the mere increase of profit. From my position in the mill I happen to know the firm is making as good profit now as it has for years. What right has it to make this reduction?"

"The right of any business to add to its profits, in a legitimate way," answered the girl, coldly. "Other mills through the country are cutting wages; why should this try to maintain its generous standard to the owner's loss? The new superintendent is a practical man, who is working for the owner's interest."

"If only I could get to that owner," cried the man, impetuously, "so I could lay the case before him. But he acts through his attorneys, and they through the superintendent, and he well, he is a machine without a heart. If—but I beg your pardon, Miss Esten," breaking off suddenly, "I ought not to talk about this matter with you, so long as we disagree. I wish I could make you see it as I do. I—I have been hoping of late—that—"

He hesitated awkwardly and stopped. But the girl was looking at him comprehendingly, a slight change coming to her face.

"I forced the topic, I believe, Mr. Blaisdell," she said, more gently. "It is better for even friends to know each other's views. I wish, however, with a trace of irony in her voice, "that I could make you see this as I do."

The both laughed, but with more constraint than usual. Several mill girls were coming down the canal path, and they walked on to the lower gate and then stood aside to let the girls pass. In another few minutes the bell would ring.

This canal path, with its overhanging elm branches, had become a favorite walk of Miss Esten's, and the young designer had got in the habit of joining her. They had many tastes in common, which they discussed with increasing friendliness, and with something warmer gradually coming into Blaisdell's manner. Miss Esten was different from the other mill girls, was more educated and refined, and sometimes he wondered what traits had reduced her to working for a living; but whatever it was he blessed the cause that had brought her to this mill. Now, as the clanging bell broke the air he looked at her with sudden determination and longing.

"I can't have you go away from me with that look in your eyes, Miss Esten—Louise," he cried, impetuously. "I couldn't bear to know you were thinking ill of me for even an hour. We are too good friends to disagree," sharply. "I mean more than that. We are not just friends. I would do anything in the world for you—every thing, except what I felt was not right. And this proposed strike is right, and the help look for me to lead them. It is not for myself, but for them. Oh, Louise, don't you understand this, and that I love—"

He stopped suddenly, for she had shrank back, her hands clasped protectingly, her face startled.

"Please don't, Mr. Blaisdell," she gasped. "Indeed we would rather not hear. And you must excuse me now. It's time I were in the mill."

He watched her with set face as he hurried away; then he turned and walked toward the office.

The superintendent passed out as he was entering, then turned.

"Oh, I say, Blaisdell," he called, disapprovingly; "I have just received a letter from the mill agents. The reduction will go into effect on the first, just as announced."

"Then the help will leave work of the first, just as they have warned," the designer answered, calmly. "There will scarcely be an exception."

"That's all right," curtly. "We are already advertising for more help at lower wages. I fancy we will be able to bear the strain as well as you."

When the mill shut down that evening it was raining hard. Blaisdell joined the hurrying line that was surging from the mill, bending his head to the storm like the others. At the post office he turned aside, taking a package of letters from the postman which he wished to mail. A young girl near him also turned, drawing some letters from beneath her waterproof. He recognized her as a girl working beside Miss Esten in the weave shop.

"Shall I drop them in for you, Elsie?" he asked.

The girl gave him the letters with a smile and slipped back into the line.

As he dropped them in Blaisdell noticed the address on the upper one. It was in Miss Esten's handwriting, and was to the mill agents. He thrust the other letters in quickly, with his eyes turned away.

What did it mean?

When she had first come among them, so different from the other girls and so eager in her inquiries about the cause of the dissatisfaction among the help, which was even then being felt, there had sprung up a rumor that Miss Esten was an emissary of the agents—a paid spy. But as the help had grown to know her better this suspicion died away. The remembrance of it flashed into Blaisdell's mind, but was instantly scouted away, indignantly. Miss Esten's sympathy was plainly not with the strikers, but she had not come as a paid spy.

The next noon he was out on the canal path as usual, but Miss Esten did not appear. On his way back to the office he stopped at the weave shop, and found that she had taken a train for Elton that morning. Elton was the address of the mill agents.

The last days of the month passed gloomily. The help went about their work mechanically, some dispiritedly.



HE MOVED QUICKLY TO A WINDOW.

The overseers were for the most part cross and exacting. On the last afternoon Blaisdell was in his office arranging the papers with the expectation that his work would soon be finished. Presently he had occasion to go into the main room, and while there the office boy brought in the mail and dumped it upon the table. Blaisdell stepped across and selected his. One letter was in a well-known hand, and he moved quickly to a window and opened it with trembling fingers. It read:

"Dear Mr. Blaisdell:

"I have come round to your point of view—indeed, I believe I had that day when contending my own so strongly. I knew very little about the business, being away at school most of the time during my father's life. When his death summoned me home, the agents explained the situation and I accepted their view. Later I was not quite satisfied and went down to see for myself, hiring out as one of the hands.

"I have ordered that the business go on as formerly, with no reduction of wages. Before long I shall come down and see what else can be done."

"As to the request you did not complete that day on the canal path, suppose you come up and repeat it to me, here. I shall be waiting, and will be glad to listen. Yours,

"Louise Esten Wallace."

A sudden exclamation caused him to look up. The superintendent had opened a letter and was staring at the contents.

"Hello, what does this mean?" Blaisdell heard him mutter, wrathfully. "The mill to go on in the old way, without any reduction. What?" He looked up suddenly and saw Blaisdell regarding him with an odd smile. "Do you know?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Get a letter like mine—from headquarters?"

"Yes, I received a letter from headquarters," answered Blaisdell, still smiling. "It told me everything was to go on the same."

He slipped the letter into his pocket for later readings, and then left the office for a walk up the canal path.

Unconscious.

"Your friend Delver," said the editor, "left some verses with me to-day that were quite amusing."

"Indeed?" exclaimed Reeder. "I didn't think he was a humorous writer."

"Neither does he."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The superintendent passed out as he was entering, then turned.

POETIC THOUGHTS.

Yearning for Youth.
I'd like to have most anything I had when I was a kid.
I'd like to have a smashed toenail just like last I did;
I'd like to have a blistered nose, some freckles an' a bruise,
about a half an inch o' tan that nothing'd make me lose.
I'd like to have my pants all ripped, my straw hat brim tore off,
An' sometimes I jes' set an' bawl I've had whoopin' cough.
I'd dyin' fr' the regular siege o' old-time stomachache!
I'd give a half-dollar fr' th' heartburn that I got.

I'm eatin' cabbage stalks I found in Griffins' o' back lot;
I'd like to have th' measles an' a case o' chickenpox;
I want th' stone-bruise that I got a jumpin' on a box;
I wish somebody'd spank me good an' hard an' make me bawl,
Jes' like m' daddy done th' time I broke
I'd like some sedy biscuits like m' mother ust t' make—
I'm hankerin' an' yearnin' fr' th' ol' time stummick ache!
—Baltimore American.

He Looked to the Light.
He looked to the light forever when the shadow dimmed his eyes;
Singin' ever a song o' sunshine when the rain was in the skies;
In the dreariest dawn o' winter he had ever a dream o' May;
The light is there, in the darkness—O, the light will shine some day!"

What to him were the shadows?—They were ever fast in night!

The world a thought of Heaven in that beautiful dream of light!

And what the dreams that reddened forever along the ways,

When he saw the later roses that come with the brighter days?

O, Light of Love! be with us when we reach the vales that seem to cast a dreary shadow over Life's sweetest dream!

Sing to us of a deathless dawn, O, dear, enduring light!

Where the Stars of Morning sing to God, and there is no more night!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Baby.

Wee tow-headed baby,
Like a butter ball,
Half inclined to laughter,
Half inclined to squall,
Dimples in your elbows,
Dimple in your chin;
Looks like God had made you
To put dimples in!

Looks like God had made you,
Like a poly boy,
With your mouth a-pucker
Eye—dance with joy,
Just to carry dimples,
What—haven't you a pain?
Dear, such twinty faces
Are a sign of rain.

Half-a-laugh, half crying,
Don't know what to do,
Gulping, sobbing, sighing,
Tell you, baby: You
Stick like that to mother
Always when in doubt
All the years of all your life,
And you'll be lost out,

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

This Getting Blue.

This getting blue, I always rue
As business most contemptible;
It's bad for one, thrice bad for two,
In every way lamentable.

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Genoa Tribune.

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 16, 1904.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

For President,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

For Vice-President,
CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.

For Members of Assembly,
JUDSON W. HAPEMAN,
J. GUERNSEY ALLEN.

For Sheriff,
GEORGE S. FORDYCE.

For Special County Judge,
DANFORTH R. LEWIS.

For Special Surrogate,
HENRY F. MILLARD.

The Genoa Fair.

The second Genoa Fair, coming September 20, 21 and 22, gives promise of breaking all records as to the magnitude and variety of exhibits, the value of regular and special premiums, the racing, and the high class special attractions. And Genoa has had some excellent fairs in her day. Among the special attractions are the Orpheus Jubilee Singers, composed of the surviving members of the original famous colored Fiske Jubilee Singers, who have appeared with great success in all parts of the country; how they do sing! They will give concerts each day during the fair, free to all. On the second day Ex-Senator Thurston of Nebraska, a very prominent Republican and a member of President McKinley's Philippine Commission, will speak. On the third day Hon. John S. Crosby of New York, a well known Democrat and a very able speaker, will address the people. The Miller band of Interlaken will enliven the crowd each day with the popular music of the day. A Ferris wheel, merry-go-round and other amusements for old and young.

The racing promises to be fast, as the track is in fine condition, and no less than forty entries are expected. There will also be a handicap bicycle race the first day, entries free to all amateurs. Each evening during the fair there will be social dance at the rink, with good music in attendance. The admission is as follows: Family tickets, at \$1, admit the holder and his family and team during the fair, and entitles the holder to enter articles and stock for premiums, free. A 25c. ticket meets one person once. The people of Auburn, Ithaca and other places who do not desire to drive to Genoa, can travel by rail to Locke, and then by stage. The Society is arranging to have sufficient conveyances meet the trains at Locke to accommodate all who travel that way. Nothing except bad weather can prevent the Genoa Fair being a tremendous success.

Thurston Coming!

Wednesday, September 21, the Hon. John M. Thurston, formerly United States senator from Nebraska, will address the people of Genoa at the fair to be held there.

Mr. Thurston was born at Montpelier, Vt., August 21, 1847, of Puritan ancestry, their advent to this country dating back to 1636 and his forefathers being soldiers in the Revolutionary war. His

parents removed to Wisconsin in 1854, his father died in the service of the Union army in 1863. The senator was educated in the public schools and Wayland university at Beaver Dam, Wis., supporting himself largely by farm work. He was admitted to the bar in May, 1869, and in October of that year he located in Omaha where he has since lived. He was a member of the city council in 1872, city attorney in 1874, member of the state legislature 1875, Republican National convention 1884, temporary chairman Republican National convention 1888, president Republican league United States 1888-'91 and permanent chairman of the Republican National convention in 1890 when McKinley was nominated, making the nominating speech. Mr. Thurston was sent to the United States senate January 1, 1895, from Nebraska and he retired to private life in 1901.

It will be worth while to hear ex-Senator Thurston and it is to be hoped that many from the city can do so.—Auburn Advertiser.

Civilization.

As the sun circuits from east to west, so westward the star of civilization makes its way. Civilization is the acquired attainments which mark the evolution of races from savagery to refinement and equitable government. The east was the birthplace of the elements of modern civilization. Of the nations that have made the greatest advancement in culture and education, the white race takes precedence. The origin of the ethics and the several sciences that have aggrandized the Huns, Goths, Vandals and Saxon nations came from one original source, and the belief, traditions and laws have unified the powers which now dominate and control the destiny of the world. In no country has civilization achieved such triumphs as in the United States. A system of universal education creates responsible and intelligent citizenship. In no other country is there accorded so large a degree of personal freedom or the possibilities of distinguished honors as characterize the administration of the functions of our free government. Knowledge is recognized as power, and government discharges its paternal responsibilities to children by providing universal education, says the Chicago Sun. Not only is the maintenance of schools provided for by special taxes, but laws are on the statute book compelling compulsory education. It were abortive to the genius of civilization that general provisions for education should be provided unless they are made available by the rising generation. The interests of good government and the stability of the nation depend largely on an enlightened and educated citizenship. The government maintains military schools at West Point and Annapolis to train young men in the art of war. It is one of the favorable omens of higher civilization that special studies in agriculture and mechanical arts are to be introduced in the public schools. The responsibility of government will not be fully vindicated until manual training schools have provided courses to qualify students for some honorable calling in life. When graduates of public schools are equipped to fill some skilled position there will be greater contentment and public tranquillity. Great expositions present in a concrete form an epitome of the accumulated knowledge and achievements of the civilized world. The wise man first saw the star in the east whose light has guided the leading nations to the present high standard of civilization.

A Little More Cider."

More cider is produced in the United States in a single year than in all the rest of the world in five years. But although American cider takes everywhere a high rank as a wholesome and pleasant beverage, it is nowhere accepted as a national drink, though in southeastern England and in northwestern France cider is the staple beverage, and has been such for many years. In England last year cider became what is known as the "smart drink," and there arose in consequence some controversy as to the merits of this refreshing and healthy beverage, some persons extolling it in the form of cider cups and others as cider diluted with soda water, but without ice, said to cloak its zest and destroy the "snap" of the apples. A beverage that improves the complexion and brightens the eyes is certain to be a favorite, and cider is said to do both things. It is not fattening and it suits rheumatic persons better than wine, beer or punch.

Has Sold a Pile of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for more than twenty years and it has given entire satisfaction. I have sold a pile of it and can recommend it highly.—JOSEPH McELHINNY, Linton, Ia. You will find this remedy a good friend when troubled with a cold.

My hair was coming out terribly. I was afraid to comb it. But Ayer's Hair Tonic promptly stopped the falling, and also made my hair grow long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears.

—Mrs. E. G. K. WARD, Lansing, N. Y.

for Poor Hair.

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Mrs. Fred Weyant of King Ferry
in a new and useful field of labor.

Mrs. Fred Weyant has accepted the responsible position of local representative of one of the most reliable and valuable industries in this country. In Cayuga and Tompkins counties several years ago a boy was reared and educated in the public schools, and like so many famous Americans, laid the foundation of a world-wide career in "the old red school house." This boy, whose first schooling was in the old eight-square school house in the Lester district in the town of Venice, is now one of the most celebrated physicians in the State, and is known not alone in the United States but in far Japan and Australia, for the eminence of his skill as a physician and surgeon. Wherever the name of Dr. A. E. Magoris is heard there is a feeling of confidence in skill and integrity that is never questioned.

So great became the demand for the special appliances invented by this celebrated physician that it became necessary to build factories to furnish the sufferers with his wonderful devices. Recently a company was incorporated with a capital of a quarter of a million dollars to make and give to the world these wonderful aids to health and strength. This man's genius has produced new and entirely practical articles which are finding their way into every home, and unlike the usual expensive appliances for medical purposes, these are made at a cost to reach the needy and suffering in the humblest cottage as well as the richest palace. Among some of his wonderful inventions are the Cactus Fiber Bath and Flesh Brushes, pronounced by the medical faculty and scientists all over the world as the only appliance fit to use on the human body for cleanliness in bathing, thoroughness in massage and nerve stimulus and with great durability, at a mere nominal price. The wonderful health garments for supporting the body, sustaining and curing ruptures, straightening curvatures of the spine, stooped shoulders, hollow chests, stiff and weak joints, and by the new scientific application of electricity where needed, to remove tumors, regulate circulation of blood, correct inaction of liver, kidneys, spleen, bowels and nerves, preventing or curing paralysis, and doing what till recently was supposed to be impossible but by this skillful scientist shown to be with applied science and skill, an easy victory. Some of the home treatment appliances devised are to cure where the regular physician has not made a study of special organs, as the eyes, the ears, the interior of the nose and throat, and the cavities of the body. This class of sufferers are being sent to specialists, but too often that is beyond the reach of the sufferer, either in time, distance or expense. Thousands of cases are being cured at home with these special appliances, and the physicians realize that this method of treatment is a great help to them in their practice. In Dr. Magoris' large private practice everything is tested and developed until he can say, "It is safe and as sure as it is possible to make a remedy." Then it is given to the sufferer anywhere in the world. Only the poor sufferer can know the blessing of this man's skill to them.

Mrs. Fred Weyant of King Ferry represents the Dr. Magoris Home Treatment Co. in this section and will visit all the villages, and in fact will visit the house of anyone where she can help to relieve with these wonderful inventions. A letter addressed to her will bring her to your home and she will be able to demonstrate to you what skill can do with thousands of suffering human beings and test and cure where all else has failed. We are sure that Mrs. Weyant will meet with a glad welcome where grim disease and suffering has darkened the doorway of our homes.

We might say that many of the most eminent physicians are using these appliances in their practice. We are pleased to make these statements about the good deeds and successful career of a former Cayuga county boy, and we are told that in his home city, Binghamton, no citizen stands higher in the esteem of the people.

Has Sold a Pile of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for more than twenty years and it has given entire satisfaction. I have sold a pile of it and can recommend it highly.—JOSEPH McELHINNY, Linton, Ia. You will find this remedy a good friend when troubled with a cold.

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SMITH'S GENOA STORE

Special Low Prices
ON
Summer Goods, Shirt Waists,
Underwear, Hats and Caps,
Men's and Women's Oxfords.

Smith's Store, Genoa

Attention!

While at the Genoa Fair all who desire to check parcels, wraps, bicycles, etc., will bring them to the REST TENT. All will be welcome there; a cradle for the babies, couch and chairs for the weary, ice water for the thirsty and an abundance of good literature free.

BREAD and BUTTER.



The things which go farthest toward making our daily diet should receive careful attention. After bread comes meat and potatoes, and that is what we are interested in mostly. We aim to carry the finest line of fresh and salt meats, oysters, etc., in season. For something nice call at

Oliver's Market,

Genoa, N. Y.

SOFT CORE

Like the running brook, the red blood that flows through the veins has to come from somewhere.

The springs of red blood are found in the soft core of the bones called the marrow and some say red blood also comes from the spleen. Healthy bone marrow and healthy spleen are full of fat.

Scott's Emulsion makes new blood by feeding the bone marrow and the spleen with the richest of all fats, the pure cod liver oil.

For pale school girls and invalids and for all whose blood is thin and pale, Scott's Emulsion is a pleasant and rich blood food. It not only feeds the blood-making organs but gives them strength to do their proper work.

Send for free sample.

ROBERT & DOWNEY, Chemists,
299-311 Pearl Street, New York.
200c. and 50c. all druggists.

See the new Stoves & Ranges

at our exhibit at the

FAIR

HAGIN'S HARDWARE

GENOA, N. Y.

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

SEPTEMBER

Tuesday 20th Wednesday 21st Thursday 22d.

Larger Premiums
Larger Purse
Faster Racing
More Entries
Send for Premium List.

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

Village and Vicinity

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

—Miss Lena Sullivan is visiting friends at Auburn.

—Mrs. M. Linderman will move to Groton the last week in September.

—School commenced Monday morning with an attendance of nearly 80.

John Riley has been spending a day or two at Cortland and the Dryden fair.

—Mrs. Jennie Singer went to Syracuse Monday and returned Tuesday with new goods.

—Mrs. H. M. Raymond and Mrs. Delos Niles recently spent a day or two with friends at Auburn.

—The merry-go-round is already at the fair ground and will be all ready for business tomorrow.

—C. D. Ballard of Moravia has been assisting the TRIBUNE force in the rush of work two days this week.

—Mrs. J. L. Welty of Auburn and Mrs. B. S. Townsend of Moravia are visiting in town for a few days.

—Mrs. Rebecca Myers returned Tuesday from Ithaca. She entered a bed quilt at the fair and won the first premium.

—Mrs. C. Lester arrived in town from Owego Wednesday, and will spend some time with friends and relatives here.

—Wm. Oliver is repainting the interior of his meat market and hanging new paper, which improves the appearance decidedly.

New Millinery just received at L. M. Goedelle's.

—Thomas Tyrrell, one of our most enterprising and reliable farmers, recently purchased the Tupper farm, 115 acres, west of the village.

Collars, neckties and belts at Mrs. Singer's.

—E. L. Green, manager of the hotel at Cascade, who got into difficulties because of a slot machine which stood in his place of business, was held, on bail, for the next grand jury.

—W. E. Leonard's team became frightened at the cars near the depot yesterday morning and ran down through the village with the milk wagon. They did not run very fast and were easily stopped by W. D. Norman in his doorway.

Nearly all the houses in town will be hotels next week. The crowds must be accommodated in some way. Meals will be served at the dining tent on the fair grounds as well as at both hotels.

The editor of an exchange, we think it was the Broome County Herald, says: "Owing to the very crowded condition of our columns, a number of births and deaths have been postponed until next week."

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Miss Lilian Henry, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. M. G. Henry, and Mr. Frank W. Burnett, at the home of the bride's parents at St. Croix, Nova Scotia, on Thursday, Sept. 1, 1904. Mr. and Mrs. Burnett are at home at Southampton, New York. Rev. Mr. Henry was pastor of the Genoa Presbyterian church about ten years ago.

—Mrs. Frankie Brown and son have gone to Buffalo for a visit.

—Mrs. E. L. Bastedo has received a letter reporting the serious illness of a son at Malcolm, Neb., from typhoid fever.

—Don't fail to hear the colored jubilee singers at the fair next week. That alone is worth the price of admission.

—Quite a number from this section made their annual trip to Dryden this week, and report the fair a great success, as usual.

—"Sometimes," says Uncle Eb, "a man goes aroun' lookin' fo sympathy when he ought ter be 'pologizin' fo not havin' show mo' sense."

Fine Millinery and Notions at Mrs. Singer's.

—Mrs. A. A. Miller and Mrs. Belle Miller were at Groton on business on Monday and Tuesday of this week. The family will move there about October 15th.

—When you come to the fair next week bring along an extra dollar for the TRIBUNE man who will be found at the ticket office at the entrance to the grounds.

—All who have art and domestic work for entry and exhibition at the fair will confer a favor by leaving the same with A. D. Mead not later than next Tuesday morning.

Call in and see the new goods at Mrs. Singer's.

—It is quite evident that those of us who are forced to patronize the Locke stage were dumped from the frying pan into the fire by the change of drivers, so far as personal comfort is concerned.

—Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Florence Loomis to Mr. Neal Comerford, at Cortland, on Thursday, September first. Genoa friends of the bride extend their best wishes for the future happiness of the young people.

—Thomas Connell, a well known citizen of the town residing at Weeks Corners, suffered an untimely death by accident Tuesday afternoon about three o'clock. He was at work for Clarence Lewis, making some repairs to the large barn. They were using a horse and capstan to raise the frame. At the time of the accident Mr. Connell was up on the large beam prying with a crowbar. Mr. Lewis was outside attending to the ropes and Daniel Bacon was leading the horse. They heard the bar fall to the floor and called to Mr. Connell. Receiving no answer they ran into the barn and found him lying on the floor unconscious. Drs. Skinner and Hatch were immediately sent for, and meantime the friends near at hand did what they could, but the poor fellow was past medical and surgical aid, and he died at 2 o'clock Wednesday morning. The funeral will be held at St. Mary's church, King Ferry, at 10 o'clock this morning. The wife and three children are left stricken with this sudden grief, and also two sisters and five brothers. Mr. and Mrs. Connell had been anticipating with much pleasure a trip to California where they were to spend the winter with the daughter who resides there.

—A very pleasant event took place at 66 Hamilton Ave., Auburn, on Wednesday, Sept. 14, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Millicent C. Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Robinson, and Rev. Hubert S. Lyle of Youngstown, N. Y., formerly pastor of the Presbyterian church of Genoa. The ceremony was performed at ten o'clock by Dr. W. H. Hubbard of Auburn in the presence of about forty guests. After congratulations, a very fine luncheon was served, after which the bride and groom left for the train, expecting to arrive at Youngstown that evening. The bride was the recipient of a large number of presents, including silver, linen, china and cut glass. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Purinton and daughter Sara, and Misses Mary and Emma Waldo of Genoa. The many friends of Mr. Lyle in this place extend heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

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Free Admission To The Fair

with every cash purchase to the amount of Four Dollars
in Dry Goods at one time.

H. P. MASTIN,

will give one admission to Genoa Fair. Good any day.

—Mrs. Cordelia Norman has returned from a visit with friends in Auburn.

—Mrs. Nelson Mosher is seriously ill at the home of her son, F. S. Mosher, of Moravia.

—Truman and Harry Eaton visited their grandmother at Sempronius two or three days last week.

—Contributions for the support of the famous Ithaca band were sufficient to insure its being retained at least for three years more. Hooray for Ithaca!

New fall hats at Mrs. Singer's.

—The 24th annual reunion of the old 75th regiment will be held at the Moravia opera house next Monday. The veterans will assemble at ten o'clock, when the program for the day will be announced.

—Many items of local and personal nature escape our notice. We are thankful for items of this kind, and urge our readers to either call and leave them or send a letter or card through the mail, giving name and address of your visitor. News of this nature is of interest to all, and is welcome at all newspaper offices.

—Rev. G. A. Kratzer resumed his duties as pastor of the First Universalist church at Fitchburg, Mass., on Sunday, September 4th, after an absence of thirteen months by reason of sickness. During this time he was on leave of absence from the church and on salary—a remarkable condition of affairs. He attributes his recovery to Christian Science.

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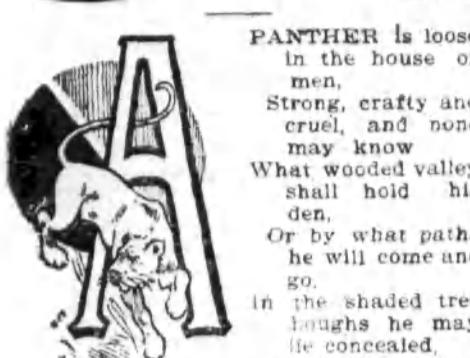
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TEMPERANCE NOTES



PANTHER is loose in the house of men. Strong, crafty and cruel, and none may know where he will hold his den. Or by what paths he will come and go, in the shaded tree boughs he may be concealed. In wayside brambles, in flower beds, The father has taken his gun afied. And the mother watches the children well.

The panther is loose! He has put to flight all rest for pleasure, or gain, or strife. Somebody's child may be killed outright, Some one be mangled or maimed for life. To every man to the rescue springs Armed and vigilant. Heart and brain Spurning the claims of lesser things, Till the hidden menace be caged or slain. But what of the enemy, fiercer far, Who roams at will through the city street, Who lurks where the seekers of pleasure are. Who enters the home with noiseless feet? The husband is shamed by his precious wife. The mother moans o'er her bright boy's fall, And orphans weep, while crime and strife And murder and suicide end it all.

Birth, beauty and talent before him fail; He conquers the mighty again and again! Will you guard by law King Alcohol?

Will you set a price on the souls of men? You would save the child from the panther's jaws,

Will you leave him now to a fate far worse?

In the strength of God for a righteous cause,

Arise and conquer the liquor curse!

-World's Crisis

A JUST LAW.

How the Laws of Illinois Protect the Interests of the Relatives of the Drinker.

Now that attention has been turned in many quarters to the saloon-keeper's liability for injuries to persons to whom the drink has been sold, we give here one section of the law of Illinois on this subject. Section nine of the Illinois dram-shop law, passed July 4, 1874:

"Every husband, wife, child, parent, guardian, employer or other person who shall be injured in person or property or means of support by an intoxicated person, or in consequence of intoxication, habitual or otherwise, of any person, shall have a right of action, severally or jointly, against any person or persons who shall, by selling or giving intoxicating liquors, have caused the intoxication in whole or in part of such person or persons; and any person owning, renting, leasing or permitting the occupation of any building or premises, and having knowledge that intoxicating liquors are sold therein, or who, having leased the same for other purposes, shall knowingly permit therein the sale of any intoxicating liquors that have caused in whole or in part the intoxication of any person, shall be liable, severally or jointly, with the persons aforesaid for all damages sustained, and for exemplary damages."

It will be seen that the statute is very broad in its scope, and leaves no loopholes for clever lawyers. It should be borne in mind also that under the Illinois dram-shop act it is "not necessary to state the kind of liquor sold or to describe the place where it is sold." Neither is it necessary to show that the intoxicated person, whose death or injury has left a wife or children without support, was not a habitual drunkard in order to recover damages from the saloon-keeper who sold the liquor or from the owner of the building in which the liquor was sold.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

Mortality from cancer is very high in beer-drinking districts of Germany, such as Bavaria and Salzburg.

Andrew Carnegie gives a bonus of ten per cent upon their yearly wages to all employees upon the Skibo estates who are total abstainers from intoxicating drink. He believes that such are well worth their bonus, both from an economic and a social point of view.

Dr. Jacques Bertillon, the famous chief of the statistical-bureau of Paris, has written a volume entitled "Alcoholism and the Way to Fight It." Drink, he declares, is likely to prove the ruin of the French race unless something is done to overcome the habit.

The marine insurance companies doing business in New York have started a temperance movement in a novel and practical way. For ships on which no intoxicating liquors are drunk they announce a reduction of five per cent from the regular premium rate—Boston Globe.

If you cannot save the thousands yearly ruined by strong drink, You can reach by friendly warning Some one standing on the brink.

To the safe, abstaining side, Reaching thus from servo temptation Protection for whom Christ died.

BURDETTE ON THE SALOON

The Distinguished Humorist Expresses His Opinion of the Liquor Traffic.

Now what another man says somebody told him he heard I said, I stand ready to dispute on general principles. That isn't evidence in any court in the world. But let me say it myself, and I'll stand by it to the last comma and hyphen. Now hear me say it myself.

About the power of prohibitory laws to prohibit the laws of the state against murder do not entirely prevent murder. But, nevertheless, I am opposed to licensing one murderer to every so many thousand persons, even on petition of a majority of the property owners in the block, that we may have all the murder that is desirable in the community under wise regulations, with a little income for the municipality. I believe in the absolute prohibition of murder.

The laws of the country prohibiting stealing do not entirely prevent stealing. Nevertheless, I am opposed to a high license system of stealing, provided that all theft shall be restricted to certain authorized thieves, who shall steal only between the hours of say six A.M. and 11:30 P.M., except Sunday, when no stealing shall be done except by stealth, entrance to be made in all cases on that day by the back door, and at the thief's risk. I believe in laws that absolutely forbid theft at any hour, on any day of the week.

And, on the same ground, and just as positively, do I believe in the prohibition of the liquor traffic. And I never said that I didn't. And I did say that I did. And I DO.

I do say that the best way to make a man a temperate man is to teach him not to drink. But a saloon is not a kindergarten of sobriety. Your town is under no obligation to any saloon. All that it is, in respectability and permanent prosperity, it has grown to be without the assistance of the liquor traffic. You don't owe a dollar or a merchant or a reseller, you don't owe one item of the attractiveness and popularity of your town to the refining and educating influence of a corner ginmill, with a group of sidewall loafers.

It is deliberately claimed by some people who appear to be sane on other subjects, that to properly instruct a sober people in the ways of sobriety and to teach total abstainers the beauty and virtues of temperance, you must license the selling of liquor in the town. The man who originated that idea ought to have it stuffed and exhibit it at the St. Louis exposition, and he should be leaned up beside it as a part of the exhibit. There was once a man who owned a parrot. It swore like a pirate. A neighbor owned a parrot that would not swear at all but habitually used only the most decorous language. "Let me have your parrot for a month," said the owner of the good bird; "I will keep them in the same room and mine will teach yours not to swear." The birds were caged side by side. And everybody who knows enough to know anything knows which parrot had his vocabulary enriched with new and startling words.

Keep your town clean from this evil. If men will violate the law in order to gratify evil habit and taste, don't try to cure the sin of law-breaking by enacting a law which it would be easy and wicked to obey.

As to prohibition in Pasadena, if any liquor man thinks there is big money and a safe thing in running a "blind pig" in Pasadena, let him come here and try it. If he has any love for his liberty and pocketbook, however, he will do well to consult the fellows who have tried it, if he can find them; we can't. They are in hiding somewhere out in the desert. "Running" a "joint" in Pasadena is like running a powder mill in a smelting furnace. It's mighty exciting while it lasts, but it doesn't last long enough to be profitable.

If the saloon men insist on quoting me on this topic, let them commit this to memory, that they may repeat it as they need it: I do not know one good thing about the saloon. It is an evil thing that has not one redeeming thing in all its history to command it to good men. It breaks the laws of God and man. It desecrates the Sabbath; it profanes the name of religion; it defies public order; it tramples under foot the tenderest feelings of humanity; it is a moral pestilence that blights the very atmosphere of town and country; it is a stain upon honesty; a blur upon purity; a clog upon progress; a check upon the nobler impulses; it is an incentive to falsehood, deceit and crime. From such a hateful fountain head can there flow a clear stream? Can you name one good thing the saloon has ever done for humanity—one good thing—one instance in which it has brought forth fruits unto righteousness—one influence, sweet and healthful, and pure, gracious and beautiful which will linger lovingly in the memory of men, when you have buried the rum power, to make them say, "God bless the saloon for the good it did?" Search through the history of this hateful thing, and read one page over which some mother can bow her grateful head and thank God for all the saloon did for her boy. There is no such record. All its history is written in tears and blood, with smears of shame and stains of crime, and dark blotches of disgrace. Men, are you going to stand for this thing? Are you going to vote for it? Are you going to put into office, in city or county, men who will be the tools of the saloon power? As you love the fair name of your city get together and make your lives and your united strength tell for all that is best and cleanest in good government.

The ravages of drink in Edinburgh have, it appears, reached the worst proportion ever known in the experience of the Edinburgh lunatic asylum.

A Boy's Wild Ride for Life.

With family around expecting him to die, and a son riding for life, 18 miles, to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, W. H. Brown of Leesville, Ind., endured death's agonies from asthma; but this wonderful medicine gave instant relief and soon cured him. He writes: "I now sleep soundly every night." Like marvelous cures of consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds and Grip prove its matchless merit for all Throat and Lung troubles. Guaranteed bottles \$50 and \$100. Trial bottles free at A. E. Clark's, King Ferry, and J. S. Bankers', Genoa.

A Possible Candidate.

Miss Antique—My dear, the alarming spread of microbial diseases has resulted in the starting of an anti-kissing club. Will you permit me to propose you as a member?

Miss Youngthing—Really, I—I have no time for clubs; but perhaps grandma will join.—N. Y. Weekly.

No Judge of Horseflesh.

"Your husband is a good judge of horseflesh," said the proprietor of the French restaurant to the lady who had come in her carriage.

"I can't agree with you," replied the lady; "he called that dish you had yesterday mutton stew."—Yonkers Statesman.

New York Central Reduced Rate Bulletin.

Knight Templar, Niagara Falls: One fare for round trip, minimum \$1.00, good going Oct. 2, 3 and 4, good returning on or before Oct. 8. See New York Central or West Shore ticket agents for particulars. 8t

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

Skeeter Shoot drives away mosquitos. Applied to the ankles, wrists, hands and face will render you immune from these pesky pests. 25c. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

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

Printed Envelopes.

Every farmer and business man should use envelopes with his name printed on the corner. It insures the return of the letter if not delivered.

One hundred fine envelopes printed for 75 cents. Order by mail or call at THE TRIBUNE office.

SAVING TEETH

Is Our Specialty.

Best set of teeth on Rubber Plate \$8.00

Good " 5.00

Partial Sets of Teeth, \$8.00 and up

Painless extraction, 25c

Vitalized Air For Painless Extraction 50c.

Teeth Cleaned, 75c

Teeth Filled with Amalgam, 50c

Gold fillings, \$1.00 and up

Silver fillings, 75c

HARVARD DENTAL PARLORS,

141 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

Over Big Store. All Work Guaranteed.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Hair to its Youthful Gray.

Cure scalp diseases & hair falling. 80c and \$1.00 at Drugists

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. KING'S New Discovery

FOR CONSUMPTION COUGHS and COLDS

Price 50c & \$1.00

Free Trial.

surest and quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

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proportion ever known in the experience of the Edinburgh lunatic asylum.

When in Need of Wall Paper

Call at 18 Clark st., Auburn, N. Y., where we are selling

direct from the factory to the consumer, at from

OLD WORLD ODDITIES.

A ledger kept in the Irish language was produced at the Roscommon Assizes, in Ireland, and the witness had to go on the bench to translate the terms for the judge.

An attempt is being made in Vienna, Austria, to persuade servants to pay 20 cents a month toward an old-age insurance; but after three years of work the sum needed to start the enterprise has not been secured.

In the Rhodesian Government Gazette is published a proclamation prohibiting the practice of sorcery throughout the territory, including the throwing of bones, the use of charms, any manner of conjuration and trial by ordeal.

British army reform proceeds apace. The newest regulations forbid a soldier to wear his cap on the back of his head, even when he is on furlough, to carry cigarettes behind his ears, to put his hands in his pockets or to go without his waist belt.

Two Mohammedan criminals at Olmutz were in consternation the other day on hearing that, like all other prisoners, they would have to shave their mustaches shaved off. They pleaded that that would be an indecent disgrace, and that their wives would leave them. They were finally allowed to keep them.

While S. F. Cody, the inventor of man-lifting kites, was practicing the other day with a flight of kites at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, lightning struck the topmost kite and, passing down the cable, fused it near the ground and released the kites. Fortunately they had no human burden at the time.

War is once more being waged in England on ivy and on elder bushes near cathedrals and other fine buildings. The ivy is accused of being a "destructive boa-constrictor weed," while the elder is condemned because its roots have a naughty habit of forcing themselves into masonry chinks.

PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

Cultivated strawberries have twice as large a percentage of sugar as the wild berries.

The seeds of the Para rubber tree yield an oil which has properties similar to those of linseed oil.

Reptiles seek the light, but independently of heat. In winter they often leave comfortable and warm retreats to seek the sunlight.

In captivity elephants always stand up when they sleep, but when in the jungle, in their own land and home, lie down. The reason given for the difference between the elephant in captivity and in freedom is that the animal never acquires complete confidence in his keepers, and always longs for liberty.

The monkey lives in the forests of nine-tenths of Africa, from the mountains of the Atlas ranges in the north of the Orange river of the south; and is also seen in great numbers and variety throughout India, Bruma and Cochinchina, the islands of the Indian archipelago and parts of southern China and Japan. Strange to say, he draws the line at New Guinea and the neighboring tropical coasts of northern Australia, where he is conspicuous for his absence, though the conditions there seem to be favorable for his prosperity.

Skeeter Shoot drives away mosquitos. Applied to the ankles, wrists, hands and face will render you immune from these pesky pests. 25c. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Our stock of fancy gold fish will arrive the first week in September. Also a complete stock of supplies, etc.

The Floral Store, 34 Genesee-st, Auburn

John A. Kraus,

Proprietor.

When in

Need of

Wall Paper

Call at 18 Clark st., Auburn, N. Y., where we are selling

direct from the factory to the consumer, at from

20 to 80 per cent.

cheaper than all other dealers.

Give us a call, and be convinced.

S. L. DELANO,
AUBURN, - N. Y.

Bring your legal printing to this office; we can save you money on it.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, N. Y., Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Lucia P. Weeks, late of Locke, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present their claims and vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the executors of the said deceased, at his place of residence in the Town of Ledyard (King Ferry) County of Cayuga, on or before the 17th day of March, 1904.

"If You Get It From Us It's Right."

Buttrick & Frawley

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

We have made arrangements with the largest firm in New York City, making a specialty of Black Suits, to take a certain number each week which we will sell at

\$10.00.

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

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

J. G. Atwater & Son,

If you want to make the dollars in an easy sort of way,
And see the profits rolling up each day,
See that "LISTER'S" name is on the fertilizers you buy,
And the results, will make you wonder why
You have not become acquainted with these fertilizers long ago,
For it'll drive away your troubles and increase your
pile of "dough."
We handle nothing but "LISTERS."

KING FERRY STATION.

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A Practical, Progressive, Helpful, Entertaining,

National illustrated agricultural weekly, made to meet the wants of the farmer and every member of his family.

IF YOU SEE IT YOU WILL WANT IT.

Send for free sample copy to NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FARMER, Tribune Building, New York City.

The regular subscription price is \$1.00 per year, but you may secure it at a bargain with your favorite local weekly newspaper, "THE GENOA TRIBUNE, Genoa, N. Y.

Both Papers One Year For \$1.25.

Send your money and order to THE TRIBUNE, Genoa, N. Y.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

A splendid tonic for the hair, makes the hair grow long and heavy. Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color of youth. Stops falling hair, also. Sold for fifty years.

If you cannot supply you, send \$1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Watson, N. H.

There are Many Reasons

Why you should buy your clothing here. In the first place the fit of our garments is better than the average tailor produces. The make and trim is equal to or better than most custom work. Our connection with the largest Gentle Clothing House in America enables us to quote lower prices than any one else, (make and quality considered.). If you find a garment as good as ours the price will be higher. Fall and Winter lines of Men's and Young Men's suits ready. Give us a look and you will appreciate the fact that you should buy clothing of

C. R. Egbert,

The People's Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher,
75 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

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.

WORK OF THE LIFE-SAVERS

Ninety Thousand Lives and \$160,000,000 in Property Saved on Atlantic Coast.

The United States government expends \$2,000,000 a year for the maintenance of its 235 life saving stations, 200 on the shores of the Atlantic coast, 20 on the Pacific, 10 on the Gulf of Mexico, and 5 along the great lakes chain. The work, systematically begun in 1871 in New Jersey, the coast of which, sandy, and with few bays, offers many dangers to the navigators, has been extended so that it now practically covers the chief danger points of the whole coast line of the country, more than 10,000 miles in extent and longer than the coast line of any other country.

Eight hundred persons are employed in the life saving stations. Their work counts most, of course, in winter time, except on the northern lakes, where travel is suspended in winter and the perils of navigation are greatest in the summer.

Since the establishment under government control of the life saving service of the United States the number of wrecks at points within signaling distance of government stations has been 14,000, and the number of persons saved or helped to safety by the life savers has been 90,000. The number of persons lost during the same period on wrecks of which notice to a life saving station could be given has been 1,000.

It is believed that the total property in ships and cargoes saved during this period by the government employees amounted to \$160,000,000. There are about 730 wrecks a year on the coasts of the United States—that is, at the rate of about two a day. By the use of life lines, non-capsizeable boats, ocean rafts and other like appliances, the means of safety to passengers has been largely increased, and it is a rather curious proof of their efficiency that the loss of life on steamboats on interior rivers is more than 20 times greater in a year than from wrecks at sea along the coast line.

GOTHAM FUNERALS LIVELIER

American Girl on Visit Abroad Observes That Parisian Burials Are Very Doleful.

"Give me America every time," exclaimed the girl just home from her first visit abroad, according to the New York Sun. "Talk about Paris! Why, New York is better and nicer and livelier in every way. Even our funerals are more cheerful than those in Paris. If I had to live there—and nothing could make me do so—I would surely never get quarters near a graveyard. Why, they have the most doleful funerals you ever saw.

"In the first place, there are no carriages for the mourners. They have to foot it to the cemetery, even if it is miles away. They do this out of respect for the dead, say they.

"As for flowers? Real flowers one never sees at a Paris funeral, no matter how well to do or how high up in society a deceased person may have been. They use nothing but painted tin evergreens and blossoms. They have the art of making them down fine, but it makes an American shiver to think of having his grave covered with a lot of clanking floral tributes.

"Give me good old New York to live in and die in every time."

UNIQUE VOTIVE OFFERINGS.

Paintings in Churches of Provence and Italy Are Remarkable for Their Frames.

In many churches of Provence and Italy, especially those near the sea, paintings placed on the walls in accordance with vows made by pilgrims in moments of danger are often remarkable for their frames. Among the curiosities may be enumerated laths formed of splinters from ships that have been wrecked, also frames made of pieces of heavy cables, occasionally painted bright hues, but sometimes left in their primitive grey color splashed with tar. Nailed to the laths surrounding a painting representing sailors fighting with fierce savages may be seen African or Polynesian spears and darts or swords made of hard wood, evidently mementos of terrible struggles. Sailors or landsmen who have made vows during times of peril at sea and who have no trophies to display will surround their paintings with broad bands of wood heavily encrusted with shells and seaweed, not infrequently of rare and extremely beautiful kinds.

MECCA OF THE NEWLY WED

Bridal Couples from Everywhere Favor Niagara Falls and Washington.

Faithful in few things, the American public yet remains true to the old honeymoon tradition which assigns those to whom Europe is an impossible expense to Niagara Falls and Washington, the national capital, says a writer in the London Telegraph. In these two centers bridal parties have been since long before the civil war the pride and the prey of hotel men and cabmen. Modern maidens may consider them a little old-fashioned, but when the time comes to choose a wedding tour, the west, the middle west and the rural east of the United States are still true to Niagara Falls and Washington. It is in the spring and summer when, of course, the larger number of marriages take place, that these resorts are so popular. In the winter New York itself is the Mecca of the newly wed.

Big Price for Testament. A copy of Wycliffe's New Testament which is nearly 500 years old was sold recently to London for \$600.

LET IT GO AS A SCHOONER

Greek Instructor at Yale Makes Suggestion to a Student in Difficulties.

The Greek professor at Yale who has the reputation of being the wittiest instructor in college never allows a man to flunk it if can be prevented, says the New York Sun. He insists on taking the most optimistic view of every attempt, and if it can possibly be construed into a successful recitation he gives the student credit.

Recently a student was making a frantic bluff to translate at sight a passage of Greek containing the words "myrtle crowned beaker." The word for beaker bears considerable resemblance to the word skiff, which the author had frequently used. The student, recognizing the resemblance, ventured in a hesitating voice, "Myrtle adorned skiff."

The professor said: "Yes, that's right; just 'right'—go on—only the more common modern word is 'schooner'."

SMUGGLING A FINE ART.

Pseudo Count and Countess in Auto Found to Be Notorious Offenders.

The latest thing in smuggling comes from the Swiss frontier, where the art of bringing in contraband goods by automobiles has been developed into a fine art.

A party of finely dressed tourists, presumably a count and countess with a friend, has been crossing the frontier repeatedly.

The suspicions of the authorities were at last aroused. The automobile was stopped and searched and the pseudo count and countess were found to be notorious smugglers.

Their fine raiment as well as their automobile was simply loaded with all sorts of dutiable stuff.

Investigations hereafter are likely to be more severe than ever.

Giant from Indian Territory.

One of the delegates sent by Indian territory to the democratic national convention was C. A. Skeen, who stands six feet three inches in his stockings and is a big man even for his stature.

Mr. Skeen, a most veracious man, it would appear, said in an interview: "I am sorry that none of the big men of the territory was able to attend this convention. They were all busy and so they said that the little fellows, who are not of so much use at work, must come along. Some of the men in the territory are so big that they are not able to travel. The car seats and the hotel beds are all too small for them. So they stay at home. But that is no hardship for a man who lives in Indian territory."

"Well, she looked to be as though she were a half a mile from the beach now. Has the wreck moved?" asked the visitor.

"No; but the beach has washed away and left the wreck 300 yards from shore. She is still useful, however, as there is first-class fishing for sea bass and black fish around the old Franklin wreck, and it's a landmark for coasters and pilots. It is about midway between Fire island and Shinnecock, and if sighted by veterans along the coast is at once recognized."

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

OLD-TIME MARINE RELIC.

Bones of a Steamship of 1854 That Still Serve as a Long Island Landmark.

"Do you see that iron framework standing in the water?" asked the old salt, the other day, relates the New York Sun, pointing with his finger to an object a half mile westward and dimly visible through the haze and mist. "That is the 'table' which supported the shaft of the side wheel steamship Franklin, of the Southampton and Havre line.

"Fifty years ago there was a spell of just such boggy, muggy weather as this. I was a boy, but I remember well the first night of the Franklin.

"I was in a hayfield and heard the report of a cannon and, looking up, saw the fog bank which was hanging low over the bay.

"Father," I called, "there's a steamship almost ashore."

"One glance from the old surfman, my father, brought the reply: 'She is ashore. You run for Capt. Topping and tell him.'

"Capt. Topping was the wreckmaster, and in the old days the bringer of the first report of a ship ashore received five dollars."

"I didn't get the money, for others had been ahead of me, but I got a trip to the beach, and, like hundreds of others, saw my first steamship. That is just 50 years ago to-day, July 12.

"The beach that day was thronged with visitors as it never has been in any one day before or since, for there were sightseers from the whole country for miles around, who like me had never seen a steamship, except in pictures.

"The Franklin was loaded with a general cargo of French merchandise which was very valuable. The most of it was saved, badly soaked with sea water. She lay on the bar that day, and during the night pounded over and went high up on the beach. For weeks teams were driven beside the ship.

"All efforts to pull her off proved useless, and her bones are still there, and appear to be good for another 50 years.

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

His Share.

Returned Traveler—So old Auguste, the millionaire, died more than a year ago, did he? What did Febmarch, that good for nothing cousin of his, get out of the estate? Anything?

Old Resident—Hadn't you heard? He got the widow.—Chicago Tribune.

Saving the Boy.

Father—I wish you'd cut the woman's page out of the Daily Blaster before giving the paper to our son.

Mother—Goodness me! Why?

Father—I don't want him to become tired and sick of women before he's old enough to marry—N. Y. Weekly.

How It Seemed.

"You say he frequently paints the town red?"

"Yes. Doesn't he look it?"

"Oh, I don't know. His face, and especially his nose, rather gives the impression that he's cut rather low."—Chicago Post.

A Gentle Hint.

"The word 'low' means 'vulgar,' doesn't it?" asked the man.

"Of course, sometimes," replied his wife. "What are you driving at?"

"O! I just noticed that that bathing suit of yours is cut rather low."—Philadelphia Press.

Patience and Perseverance.

"I am afraid that your son lacks patience and determination."

"He does, eh?" said Farmer Cornet.

"Well, you see, he ought to see Josh colorin' a meerschaum pipe."—Washington Star.

The Strange Part of It.

"The doctors didn't know what was the matter with him."

"Well, there's nothing unusual about that."

"But they said they didn't."—Life.

Way of Cigarette Smokers.

"Do you know where little boys that smoke cigarettes go?"

"Yes'm; back behind our stable outhouse is the safest place, but mom's onto it now!"—Columbus Press-Post.

Quite Safe.

Miss Prim—I do believe that couple were kissing. I hope that they are married people.

Lynx—Oh, yes! they're both of them married.—Ally Sloper.

A Pertinent Query.

Mrs. Henpeck—The doctor says you need a rest.

Henpeck—When are you going away to the country, my dear?—N. Y. World.

Literal.

"What's the most recent intelligence?"

"That of Jones; he has just recovered from an attack of insanity."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

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

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

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

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

We also offer \$5,000.0

Society Notes.

Five Corners Grange will hold a phonograph and ice cream social at the hall Friday evening, September 30, 1904, from 7 to 11 p. m. Admission 10 cents, including ice cream and concert. All are cordially invited.

Spend Sunday with Friends in Buffalo or Niagara Falls. Take the Hop Growers' excursion via New York Central Saturday, September 24th. Tickets good returning on Saturday or Sunday. Only \$2.25 from Auburn round trip. Train leaves at 6:57 a. m.

Notice.

I wish to announce that from this date J. F. Demmon & Son of Locke will assist me in my undertaking business which will assure prompt and satisfactory service to all patrons

Mrs. MARY THAYER.

Genoa, July 8, 1904.

The LAWRENCE Paints have a reputation. Why? Well, because they are made by experienced and intelligent labor. Uniform in body and shade. Wear longer and present a better appearance than any other paint. Sold by Smith, North Lansing.

School Books.

New and second hand. Big money saved in buying.

Second Hand Books.

Crayons and school supplies of all kinds.

Special value in large ink and pencil tablets.

At Banker's DRUG AND BOOK STORE GENOA.

W. C. Crosman, OPTICIAN,

Says—"anything the matter with your eyes?" We will tell you what is best to do without charge. If you need glasses, we will tell you just the kind you need.

COME TO US.

92 Genesee St., Auburn.

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, Monday, Sept. 5

11 a. m. to 8 p. m.

at the Kendall House,

King Ferry, Tuesday,

Sept. 6th.

12 m. to 8 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.

A

Wonderful Growth.

During the past few years our business has experienced a healthy growth.

Notwithstanding this favorable condition, we are not disposed to let this growth stop.

We therefore solicit your business.

**CITIZENS
BANK,
LOCKE.**

Genoa Fair, Sept. 20-21-22



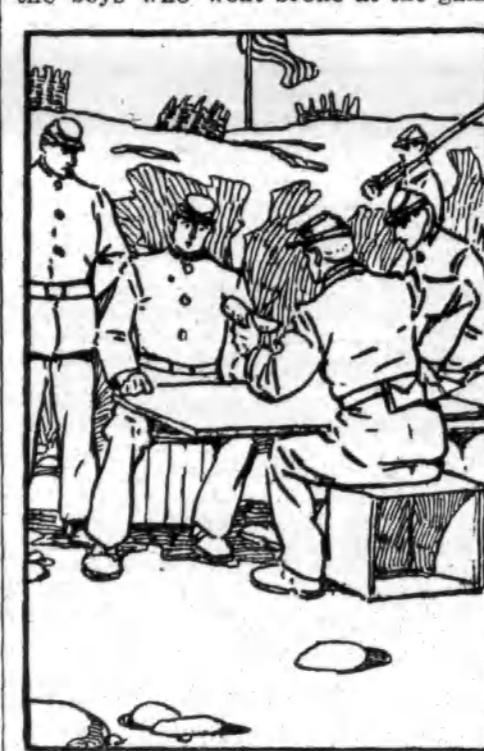
*BIDDY WELCH'S MASCOT.

How an Unfortunate Soldier Raised the Wind After He Had Lost All His Money.

A brother of mine served in the Seventeenth regulars during the siege of Petersburg, and tells the following:

"A large, powerful, good natured comrade by the name of Welch—a brother of Col. Welch, of the Sixteenth Michigan, who was killed at Chapin's farm—was dubbed 'Biddy' Welch. Boys were wont to play a little game of 'draw' at times. When pay day passed in the dim distance and greenbacks were down they played scale of two hardtacks equal to one spoonful of coffee; two spoonfuls of sugar equal one of coffee, etc. Sugar graded at 25 cents; coffee, 50 cents; a square inch of plug tobacco, 25 cents.

"We drew rations every ten days, and the boys who went broke at the game



two days after the drawing, had to 'spike for grub' the eight remaining days, or until another issue.

"One day while playing in the trenches Biddy sat in hard luck—Biddy generally did sit in hard luck, and was short on rations; everything he had was up. Number one raised the blind; number two called. Biddy looked at the pot, and a shade came over his face—his rations were all up; looked again at his hand, and his face lightened; studied a moment, went down into his 'starvebag' and brought to light an enormous cucumber pickle, held it reluctantly out, and queried: 'Boys, what'll ye 'low me on that?' Instantly three pairs of eyes bulged in amazement. Where did he get that? How did he come by it? Instantly three stomachs craved the unaccustomed luxury. An ardent desire to possess the succulent anti-scorbutic arose under every blue blouse. Go on it? Why, that's worth the last chip! Everything was put up, cards drawn, hands showed down, and Biddy raked in the pot, a phenomenon for him to do. Many a comrade in the succeeding nights went feeling for that pickle, but Biddy always took it into the blanket with him. Often was it thereafter produced as the darning resort, and when it decayed and became no longer merchantable, his bank stock was gone. But before the dissolution came many a good hand was laid down by an opponent upon production of that hoary pickle!"—National Tribune.

Missed by Narrow Margin.
"Speaking of good shots," said Sergeant Sam Grinnshaw, "Orderly Sergeant Humphreyville, of Company B, Fifty-second Ohio, missed one in front of Atlanta by a narrow margin. When we first moved into position near the sandtown road, the orderly's place in the line was in a shallow ravine, and almost as soon as we were located he proceeded to build in front of him a shield or protection of stones. It was the rule then for every man to look after his own fortifications, and to stand by them. After Humphreyville had completed his little stone fort, he had a premonition that it wasn't safe, and he changed position to the south, four or five feet. He had scarcely made the change when the stones he had piled up in front of his first position were struck by a solid shot and sent flying in every direction. If he had not moved he would have been killed, and yet his place in line seemed just as safe as any on Company B's front. After that when any one of the boys had a feeling that they ought to move they moved, and the orderly made no remarks."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Why His Nose Was Red.
A man from Mexico, Jacques Forbes by name, at the Galt house last night, claims to have a typical mother-in-law, inflicted with that strange and almost universal womanly failing of asking promiscuous questions.

"It is only a few weeks ago," said Mr. Forbes, "that a dilapidated looking tramp, with a long, strikingly red nose—one of those all ablaze noses—applied at the back door of my mother-in-law's home or food.

"Sure" said my mother-in-law, in response to his request for food, "I'll give you something to eat, but, my good man, won't you please tell me what makes your nose so very red?"

"Not the least objection, madam," replied the tramp. "It's simply blooming with pride that it doesn't stick itself into other people's business. Good day, ma'am!"—Louisville Herald.

For Sale.

One 15-horse Stevens engine, one 24-inch Buhr feed stone, 1 corn sheller and cleaner, shafting and pulleys.
H. C. Gouin, Scipioville, N. Y.

Making Friends Every Day.

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

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

Spices. It's time to begin to think of pickling and preserves. We have been thinking of it and have just put in stock a fresh lot of spices with the full "strength of youth" in them. No old age spices here. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

The paint for your house is just as important as the roof. A good paint will preserve it from the elements and also make it pleasing to the eye. LAWRENCE is the Best Paint. Sold by Smith, North Lansing.

Photo Supplies. You will wish to mount a lot of the pictures you are taking this season. Why not mount them in an album especially for that purpose. All sorts are here, 10c to \$2.50. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Twenty years of paint making is a guarantee that the LAWRENCE Paints have a reputation and that every gallon is carefully prepared. The manufacturers can't afford to do otherwise. Sold by Smith, North Lansing.

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

98c Rugs at Smith's.

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

Sweet pickles at Smith's.

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

King Ferry, Friday, Sept. 2-16th

Stabling for Horses

During the fair. Careful attention.

FRED FULMER, Genoa.

A booklet containing 32 views of the Hudson River will be sent to any address free postpaid on receipt of 5 cents in stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, New York.

FORCE OF THE SUGGESTION

Tramp on Railway Station Aroused from Lethargy, But Dream Soon Vanishes.

He was seated on the edge of a railway station platform, with an absent-minded expression in his whisker-covered face, and was apparently lost in the deep contemplation of nothing, says the New York Herald.

Two young men who came from the telegraph office in the station, where they had stood at a small window looking at the man, quickly approached him. "Your house is on fire and family in danger," said one of them. "Here comes a train that will take you home. Get your ticket and jump aboard as soon as you can."

The man sprang to his feet as a flash came to his face, and the light of excitement lit up his eyes. He ran across the platform, entered the station and hurried to the ticket window, where the ticket agent presented himself.

The man opened his mouth, as though about to speak, then closed it again, and turning from the window, returned slowly to the platform and resumed his seat. He was a homeless, friendless and penniless tramp who had been suddenly aroused from lethargy.

TRUTHS ABOUT ANIMALS.

Actual Facts Cannot Be Obtained from Natural History Romancers or Casual Observers.

The serious student of nature can have no interest in belittling or in exaggerating the intelligence of animals, writes John Burroughs, in "What Do Animals Know?" in the Century. What he wants is the truth about them, and this he will not get from our natural history romancers, nor from the casual, untrained observers who are sure to interpret the lives of the wood folk in terms of their own motives and experiences, nor from Indians, trappers or backwoodsmen, who give such free rein to their fancies and superstitions. Not to Romanes or Jesse or Michelet must we go for the truth about animals, but to the patient, honest Darwin, to such calm, keen and philosophical investigators as Lloyd Morgan, and to the book of such sportsmen as Charles St. John, or to our own candid, intelligent and wide-awake Theodore Roosevelt—men capable of disinterested observation, with no theories about animals to uphold.

On the Installment Plan.

Ethylle—Fitz Sappy was desperately in love with Priscilla. Why, he used to send her the most expensive flowers and presents nearly every day for nearly three years.

Ferdie—Did he finally win her?

Ethylle—No; he earned her.—Tit-Bits.

No definite rules can be laid down to guide the man that would be a successful breeder and feeder.

THE CAUSE OF BALKINESS.

To Avoid Trouble from This Cause
Colts Must Be Trained by a
Sensible Method.

The cause of balkiness is not always the same. It is usually, if not always, due to improper handling in one way or another. It is sometimes due to putting the colt to a heavy load too suddenly, before he has learned to pull, or when he has sore shoulders. To avoid trouble from this source a writer in the Gazette suggests the following plan. The plan that I suggest does much the same for a horse's shoulders as biting does for his mouth. It accustoms the shoulders to pressure, and that in such a gradual way that the colt trains himself and stands properly to his collar from the beginning of his lessons in harness. This method I find specially useful for the over-willing, high-strung horse not bred for draft. Fix a pulley behind the horse's stall or in some other convenient place about as high as the horse's stifles, then run a rope up over another pulley and attach a light weight to it sufficient to keep the rope fully taut. When fastened to the horse's singletree, which is attached to the tugs in the ordinary way, tie the horse as long as you safely can and securely. The weight must be off the ground all the time. The horse may come back to the end of this halter for a time, but he will gradually brace himself to hold up a light weight, as it is more comfortable for him. This may be put on the horse at feeding time if nervous and taken off the first few times before he has done eating. After a while increase the weight, but the more nervous he is the more gradually this should be done. When you are passing by give the rope a pull and put some of your weight on it. He will soon brace against it, and mind he does not catch your fingers in the pulley.

If the horse has been badly balked previously and his shoulders have been hurt he should have a set of springs on his tugs when first hooked to keep him from jerking his shoulders. If you have not these take him out in the yard with a rope on his singletree and pull back on this as much or as little as seems necessary. Then hook him and back him up a little a few times. Study his actions and do not start him up until the right moment. The chances are, however, that he will become so indifferent to the collar and so habituated to standing up to it that he will move quietly off.

I would like to make one suggestion in addition, and that is to fasten a colt back with two side-lines on his halter or a leather nose band, so that when he lunges ahead he will not jerk his mouth. A colt naturally thinks that the driver yanks him, when most of the time he does it himself.

EXCELLENT FEED TROUGH.

Just the Thing for Farms Whose Owners Are Used to Feeding Stock with Roots.

A very handy trough to feed sheep and hogs with grain or roots in the yard is shown in the cut. It is made of two boards nailed together.

a three-cornered piece at each end. The legs are made of 2x4-inch scantling 30 inches long, with a board 1x5x21 inches nailed on each side, through which a wooden pin is put, which holds the trough. A strip 1x3 inches is nailed on each side at the top to keep sheep or hogs out of trough. The trough can be turned on the pins bottom side up and fastened with a pin through the end boards. This will keep out all snow and ice, dirt and hens, and makes it convenient to clean out dirt, which gathers in feeding roots.—Oliver Sires, in Farm and Home.

Market for American Horses.

United States Consul General Worman at Munich believes that now is the golden harvest time for American horse dealers. The Russian edict prohibiting the exportation of horses from the czar's domain has created a horse famine in Germany. Mr. Worman writes the state department that horses that would fetch more than \$350 or \$400 a team in this country will readily sell for from \$1,000 to \$1,500 in Germany. "There is much wealth in southern Germany," Mr. Worman writes, "and those who have brought American horses here have usually realized good profits."

Too Much Salt Kills Hogs.

From time to time we hear about hogs being killed as a result of salt and brine. One man says that in his vicinity the ice cream makers threw out the salt from the freezer and the hogs ate it and died. Other hogs also drank the brine from it and died. There is no necessity of putting the matter to the test. A little salt is a good thing, but there is no doubt that a great deal of salt will kill almost any animal. There would seem to be no mystery connected with the killing of pigs by salt when it is eaten in large quantities.—Farmers' Review.

Sheep Are Always Profitable.

A small flock of sheep can be kept with but small expense, and whether wool is high or low, the check their wool brings in the spring is about clear profit, to say nothing of the feasts of roast lamb and mutton chops the table has held during the year. Then the increase sold, whether as dressed meat on the local market or as live sheep to be shipped, will bring in quite a sum. It is hard for us to conceive of a farm upon which a small flock of sheep will not pay.—Prairie Farmer.

No definite rules can be laid down to guide the man that would be a successful breeder and feeder.

G. W. RICHARDSON & SON,

FURNITURE.

CARPETS.

Great Reduction Sale of Lamps

Now Going On.

Some great bargains in metal bodied lamps as follows:

One in deep red, luster trimmings; was \$6 Sale Price \$3.50

One in dark olive green, soft finish, metal trimmed; was 8, Sale Price 3.75

One in rich hue of red, handsomely decorated, old brass trimmed; was 8, Sale Price 3.75

One of soft shades of brown, brass trimmed; was 6, Sale Price 3.75

One in deep maroon, gun metal trimmed, very handsome; was 8.50, Sale Price 5.00

One beautifully decorated, gold plated Roman finish trim; was 9, Sale Price 5.00

One in famous Rookwood shadings, gold plated lacquer trimmings; was 10.75, Sale Price \$5

Also some wonderful values in china lamps:

One in deep rich red, beautifully decorated in cerasanthemum design, wrought iron trimmings; was 7.50 Sale Price 4.00

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