

The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XVII. No. 2.

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 16, 1907.

EMMA A. WALDO.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Five Corners.

Aug. 12—The dread of a hard thunder storm after these very hot days will not be noticed as much as some other things that are more pleasant to think about.

Mrs. Alfred Ranney, son Arthur and daughter Grace of Summerhill visited Mrs. Ranney's sister, Mrs. Frank Corwin, Saturday and Sunday. All spent the day at the lake where Mr. Corwin has a boat. Arthur and Grace returned home Monday morning, and Mrs. Ranney remained for the week.

Mrs. Clarence Hollister was taken suddenly ill last week, but at this writing is improving.

Harry Curtis is spending some time with his uncle, Andrew Brink, at North Lansing.

Mrs. Alida Sweetland of Brooklyn is visiting relatives here for a few days.

Miss Eliza Clark has returned to her home in King Ferry.

The Bower reunion will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Barger next week Wednesday. A very cordial invitation is extended to any and all near or distant relatives to come and participate in the day's pleasure.

Misses Clara Woodruff of Waverly and Ida Higgins of Trumansburg who have been visiting their grandmother, Mrs. Mary Parr, were guests of Dr. and Mrs. A. Rosecrans a few days last week.

Mrs. Mary Small of North Lansing with Mrs. Jacques of Newfield visited Mrs. Charles Barger last Wednesday. Irving Clark and friend, Miss Bertha Gutliph, of Groton City were recent guests at Frank Corwin's.

Oscar Hunt, wife and two sons visited their home at Summerhill recently.

The Ladies' Aid which met at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Eliason last Thursday was very largely attended and a pleasant afternoon was spent. A very sumptuous tea was served, and the treasury of the society was enriched by a nice sum.

Mrs. Frank Young and little son are spending some time with her parents, S. S. Goodyear and wife.

Miss Cora Goodyear spent Friday afternoon at King Ferry, the guest of Mrs. Jay Shaw with other invited friends.

Mrs. E. D. Cheesman, Mrs. Leroy Mann and Mrs. S. S. Goodyear attended the visiting party at the home of Mrs. Jerome Barger recently. A most sumptuous supper was served and all enjoyed a pleasant time.

Orrin Kneeshaw and wife returned to their home in Auburn after spending some time with Jay Smith and wife and other relatives.

Miss Mabel Morey returned to her place of business at Auburn last week.

Oscar Hunt was elected trustee last Tuesday evening. We learn he has secured Miss Leona Southworth of Genoa to teach for the coming year.

Mrs. John Smith of Lansingville visited a few days last week at the home of John Palmer and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. George Morrison with their daughter, Mrs. Ida Smith, and granddaughter, Miss Florence Todd, are visiting Wm. Morrison and wife at Amsterdam this week.

Miss Leona Warren of Genoa is spending some time at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Elmer Close.

Miss Bertha Banfill of Groton was a Sunday guest at Sherman Mead's. She made the trip with Mr. and Mrs. Lamar Cogshall in their auto. They went on to King Ferry.

Miss Lena Corwin returned to Marathon Saturday after visiting at her uncle's and her grandparents'.

A large swarm of bees came to B.

B. Mead's last Sunday and found their way through a small opening in the siding of the house. They are still inside and making themselves quite at home all through the house which makes it very unpleasant for the family.

George Jump is under the care of Dr. Rosecrans.

Miss Alida Barger of Auburn is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Barger.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Atwater entertained company last Wednesday afternoon.

A certain professor of Ithaca and some friends were enjoying an auto trip last week and when near S S Goodyear's the auto gave out and the ladies returned to Ithaca by boat. The gentlemen remained over night at the home of Mr. Goodyear.

Mrs. Harvey Tector is spending a few days at Cortland with her cousin, Miss Mary Williams.

Homer Algard, wife and little daughter Yeda visited at the home of Charles Davis at North Lansing recently.

Mrs. E. B. Stewart drove to Cortland Sunday with Lucius Gillette who has been a guest at John Beardley's for several weeks. She returned Monday evening.

Iva Barger of Ludlowville and her friend, Frieda Sullivan, are spending this week at the home of her grandparents, Charles Barger and wife.

Cortland.

Aug. 12—Picnics and family reunions have been the order of the past week. Business is lively on the trolley road to Little York.

Mr. Arthur Stilson and Rev. John T. Stone who have been "doing" Europe are now on the way home and are due in New York the 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Kinney have been to Weehawken, N. J., to attend the wedding of their niece, Miss Kinney.

Great preparations are being made for the fair. We hope the road will be in a better condition than it is at present. Working for good roads makes very bad ones.

Miss Lucy Math who sings during August in the Presbyterian church is occupying, with her parents, the parsonage of that church, the pastor and family being absent on their vacation.

Rev. H. E. Gurney of the Congregational church and his family are spending two months at the home of William Bell on the back road to Homer.

Dr. Lavina B. Davis of Oneida has opened an office on Main St., in this city.

Rev. George P. Eastman of Orange, N. J., preached Sunday in the Presbyterian church.

The Cortland Opera House is being extensively repaired by its new owners, the Dillon Bros.

Rev. John M. Hinds of Norfolk, Neb., and Miss Mabel B. Hare of Plainfield, N. J., were married at the home of Thomas Hinds, father of the groom, last Wednesday. Among the guests at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Sutton of Cleveland, O., at one time residents of Genoa.

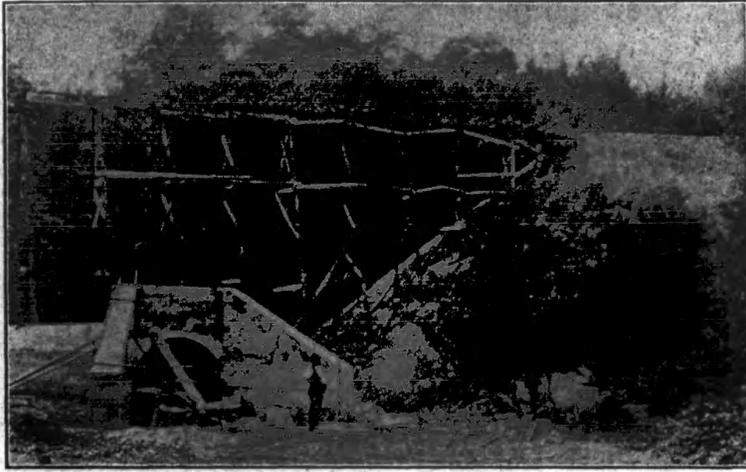
Miss Ruth Carpenter is visiting in Groton.

A whist party will be given at the home of Mrs. N. H. Gillette Wednesday afternoon. Every one attending is expected to give 25 cents or more, the money to go for the furnishing of the new hospital whenever one is built.

Mr. and Mrs. McFall have gone to Thousand Islands for a week.

The City band gave a concert Sunday afternoon at Little York lake.

The "Big Fill" at North Lansing.



The above shows the greater part of the gulf at North Lansing which is being filled by the constructors of the New York, Auburn and Lansing Railroad. The picture from which this cut was made was taken several weeks ago just after the completion of the concrete work. In the days of the old Ithaca, Auburn & Western Railroad, the gulf was spanned by a trestle. Some idea of the vast amount of work that is being done here may be gained from the following figures: The cement archway is 10 feet in height and 150 feet through from end to end. The distance from the bed of the creek to the level of the roadbed is 65 feet and the distance at the top from one side to the other is 500 feet. It will require about 60,000 cubic yards of earth to fill this space to the level of the roadbed. The work is now about half completed. A large number of spectators are present every day to watch the steam shovels, etc., at work.

King Ferry.

Aug. 14—G. S. Aikin and wife are spending the week at Old Forge in the Adirondacks. Mrs. E. S. Eggenden and daughter, Mrs. Calla Avery, Mrs. Fannie Avery and Miss Jennie Avery are also spending some time at the same place.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Wilbur Friday, August 9, a son.

Burr Dickerson and wife of Genoa spent Sunday at Fred Weyant's.

Mrs. J. E. Greenfield is visiting friends in Oswego and Sodas.

Miss Jessie Bradt is visiting friends at Richfield Springs.

Mrs. Susie Moe of Union Springs visited friends here last week.

Miss Clara Lanterman is spending the week at Farley's.

A. B. Smith and wife were in Groton Saturday.

Mrs. C. F. Weyant of Cortland is visiting her son Fred and family.

Floyd King is clerking in Aikin's store.

Miss Maude Cheesman of Auburn is visiting in this place.

Aug. 13—The price of eggs here is 22 cents.

William Smith is again clerking for F. T. Atwater.

William Lyon has been painting the residence of John Shaw.

Jason G. Atwater is now arranging for the building of a large evaporator.

Dwight Atwater is carrying his arm in a sling, the result of an automobile accident.

James Caldwell and family of Newfield are occupying their summer cottage here.

Mrs. Sara Byder is visiting at the home of Leslie Fenner at Lake Ridge.

Cornelius Newman who is suffering from a broken arm as a result of falling from a load of hay, last week, is doing well. Dr. Hatch attended him.

Salmon Creek.

Aug. 13—School meeting was held Tuesday night. Morell Wilson was elected trustee, George Wilson clerk and W. E. Leonard collector. Miss Vernie Harris will teach the school.

Mrs. Wm. Steele and daughter Luella and Mrs. Richard Clark visited friends at Jamesville and Syracuse last week.

Miss Mary Parmley is on the sick list.

Wm. Steele who has been suffering from quinsy is able to be out again.

Mrs. W. E. Leonard is spending a few weeks at Owasco lake.

Mrs. Scott and son of Moravia visited at R. Parmley's over Sunday. Carpenters are busy at work on Bert Coffin's barn.

Mrs. Howard Bush and little daughter of Genoa spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Parmley.

West Venice.

Aug. 13—Rain is badly needed. The hot sun the past few days has dried up the grass and buckwheat very fast.

Frank Blair was called to Owasco last week to see his mother who is critically ill. When coming home he was nearly run over by an automobile, which gave no warning and was running very fast. His horse was frightened and a bad smashup was narrowly averted. The automobile people act as though the earth belonged to them. They must change their way of doing or there will be trouble.

Miss Mattie Cook is visiting friends at Poplar Ridge and Sherwood a few days this week.

Misses Ella and Effie Blair were home from Scipio Sunday.

Mrs. William Powers and children who have been spending some time with her parents returned to her home in Auburn Saturday.

Patrick Cahalan was in Auburn on business Saturday.

The officers for the coming school year in District No. 11 are J. W. Corey, trustee; Ed Doyle, clerk; J. G. Corey, collector. John Cahalan is hired for teacher.

A good deal of complaint has been heard in the west part of town about the condition of the roads, some claiming that the work had all been done at or near Venice Center. This is hardly fair to Commissioner Mosher. If some of the growlers had had to travel the Mills hill road for the past year they would find a great improvement had been made there and a lot of work done. Taking into consideration the amount of bad weather early in the season, the commissioner has probably done as well as any one could and most of the roads are in better shape than usual this summer.

Husted Brill of King Ferry was a guest at Miss Husted's Sunday.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

North Lansing.

Aug. 13—Theodore Moore of Grand Rapids, Mich., visited his cousin, Mrs. Frank Singer, recently.

Mrs. Anna Jacques, mother of Rev. Wm. Jacques, of Newfield is visiting among friends here.

The Ladies' Aid society of Lansingville came to the parsonage last Thursday, and fifty-four ate supper. Mrs. Julia Miller and daughter, Miss Eva, of Ithaca visited last week at Jacob DeCamp's.

Rev. J. C. Long and wife of Victory are the happy parents of a daughter, born August 5. Many congratulations.

Mrs. Caroline Cooper and daughter Edith of Groton have been visiting at Jacob DeCamp's.

One of the men at the "fill" had a fall a few days ago, resulting in a broken ankle and other injuries which will lay him up for a few weeks. He boards at John DeCamp's.

One of the gang of men living in the Morris DeCamp house was taken sick a few days ago and was carried to the home of Fitch Strong at East Genoa for care.

A lawn social will be held at the home of Dana Singer and wife Friday evening of this week.

The usual service at the Baptist church next Sunday at 8 o'clock.

Forks of the Creek.

Aug. 7—George Austin has a very fine colt.

The Misses Carpenter of Auburn are visiting at George Boyer's.

Wm. Sharpsteen and Miss Jane Sharpsteen of Genoa called at Roscoe Baker's Sunday.

Mrs. Ella VanZandt of Michigan is making a ten days' visit with relatives in this place.

Gord Doan and family and Mrs. Mary Bartlett were at Charles Sill's Sunday.

The reunion of the Peck family will be held at the home of Jay Boyer the last Saturday in August.

At the annual school meeting in this place the following officers were elected: Trustee, Jay Boyer; collector, Oliver Sill; clerk, Sidney Reeves.

Aug. 14—S. O. Boyer made a business trip to Seneca Falls Monday.

Our trustee has hired Miss Belle Bothwell of East Genoa as teacher.

Mrs. Emma Merritt of Atwater is visiting friends in this place.

G. L. Bower and wife of Lake Road and George Husted and wife of Ledyard visited at Mrs. L. H. Boyer's Saturday.

Mrs. Ella Van Zandt has returned to her home in Marshall, Mich. Her sister, Mrs. Charles Sill, and daughter Olive accompanied her as far as Auburn.

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

Poplar Ridge.

Aug. 12—Beautiful warm weather which the farmers have appreciated in securing their hay and grain.

Miss Frances Atwater of Clear View was the guest of her cousin, Mary Husted, last week.

Allen Landon and wife spent Sunday last in Moravia with Mrs. Landon's mother who is in poor health.

John Mitchell is confined to the house with sciatic rheumatism.

Mrs. Alfred Ellis of Belmont spent a few days the past week with Mrs. S. A. Haines.

A number of ladies from this vicinity attended the large party given Friday afternoon by Mrs. Jay Shaw at her pleasant home in King Ferry.

Mr. and Mrs. John Britt are rejoicing over a son, born Saturday night.

George Husted and wife spent Saturday with friends at the Forks of the Creek.

Allen Culver spent Sunday last with his wife in Aurora.

At the annual school meeting in District No. 4, Allen Landon was re-elected trustee and he has secured the services of Miss Pearl Mead of Moravia as teacher. Alden Sherman will teach here at the Ridge. Mr. Pyle is trustee.

Mrs. Frank Dixon is critically ill. She will be moved to her sister's, Mrs. Bowen, where an operation will be performed on Wednesday.

Coral Culver and family spent Sunday with Dayton Atwater and family at Clear View.

The annual Sunday school picnic of the Friends church of this place will unite with Ledyard and picnic at Dill's on Cayuga on Thursday of this week.

East Genoa.

Aug. 13—Mrs. Helen Strong is caring for a sick Italian at her home.

Mrs. Tamerson of Auburn is the guest of Mrs. Matthew Armstrong.

Mrs. Frances Bothwell has been spending a few days with Mrs. John Sharpsteen of North Lansing.

Edgar Tift, wife and daughter of Ithaca have returned to their home.

Mrs. Anna Leader of Binghamton has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Fallon.

Fred Bothwell is spending a week camping at Indian Cove, Owasco lake.

Eleanor Sharp of Genoa was the guest of Mildred Tupper last week.

The people of this vicinity find it a pleasant way to spend a day in watching the work at the North Lansing gulf.

James Murphy and wife of Auburn were guests of F. Bothwell Friday.

Miss Belle Bothwell has been engaged to teach the school at the Forks of the Creek the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Atwood and two children of West Virginia are the guests of Calvin Atwood and family.

Ellsworth.

Aug. 13—The house on the farm of S. C. Bradley, occupied by Thomas Conaty, was burned last Thursday. A little furniture was saved, but as the house stood in an isolated spot, back from the road, with no telephone connection, the fire was not discovered by the neighbors until too late to render much assistance. Fortunately the family escaped without injury.

Editor Hoff and wife of Union Springs were over-Sunday guests at Mr. Kind's.

The TRIBUNE job printing is first-class in every respect and prices are reasonable. Send for estimates.

Dr. J. W. Whitbeck,

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Genoa, N. Y.

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Dentistry done in all branches; best of materials used; satisfaction guaranteed.

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Charges reasonable as elsewhere, consistent with good work.

No Extracting of Teeth after dark.

ALL DRUGGISTS SOLE AGENTS
It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system.
Strengthen yourself with SCOTT'S Emulsion.
You catch cold early or become run-down because of the lack of cod liver oil.
The effect of malaria lasts a long time.



The Land of Noises.
 "In China night is as alive as the day and is filled with whoops, noisy conversations, the singsong accompanying work, boisterous repartee and every other unamused sound," says a writer in the Montreal Standard. "In addition, the darkness is one long howl of dogs, cackle of geese, braying of donkeys, croaking of frogs, the squealing of pigs, the drumbeats of the policeman and even, as some one has said, 'the singing of the stars.' Individually the people are full of varieties of unsuppressed violent demonstrativeness, and collectively they are only a terrific tribal turbulence. One most appropriate name for China has never been given it. It has been called the Yellow Kingdom, the Middle Kingdom, the Celestial empire, the Pigtail nation, the Sleepy Giant and others. No one of these is more applicable than the nation of noises. Noise is seemingly the first element of Chinese life and has been cultivated for centuries by Chinese talent and in conception, development and execution presents not only new varieties, but scores of new species."

The Bright Butler.
 A few days ago one of Philadelphia's prominent society women told her butler to tell all visitors that she was not at home. At night, when enumerating the persons who had called during the day, he mentioned the lady's sister, when his mistress exclaimed: "I told you, man, that I was always at home for my sister! You ought to have shown her in."

Next day the lady went out to make a few calls, and during her absence her sister came to the house. "Is your mistress at home?" she asked the butler.

"Yes, madam," was the reply. The lady went upstairs and looked everywhere for her sister. On coming downstairs she said to the butler, "My sister must have gone out, for I cannot find her."

"Yes, madam, she has gone out, but she told me last night that she was always at home to you."—Philadelphia Record.

Her Choice Tea.
 There is a true story told of a wealthy American lady who was in China and one of the court officials, wishing to do her great honor, promised to send her a casket containing some extraordinary tea. In due time an exquisitely packed box arrived containing tea. She made many of her society friends to a series of afternoons, at which this tea was served, its delicious qualities expatiated upon and all seemingly enjoyed the beverage. At the end of the season when the casket was almost empty she found a very small beautifully decorated box, which on opening contained the price-less tea. What she had used was the dried tea leaves that had been used probably time and again by coolies. It seems that rare and costly tea is packed in tea to preserve the aroma and flavor. It was such a rich joke upon herself that the hostess told the story, and the society set had a good laugh.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Literal Mind.
 All orders to native servants in India must be literally given, for in that manner they will be received. A missionary once took a country lad as a servant when going out on a boating journey. As there are no lavatories on board the country boats, one's ablutions have to be performed in a very simple manner, an ordinary bucket serving as a wash bowl. The boy was told to bring some water and in doing so happened to spill a little on the floor. "Why don't you throw it all over me?" asked the missionary jocosely. "Aha," said the lad, and immediately, to his master's astonishment, took up the pail and emptied it over his employer's head.

Free Medical Advice.
 A well known London physician at a dinner party one evening was much worried by one who was seeking gratuitous advice. "Do you know, doctor," said his questioner, "I know a man who suffers so terribly with indigestion that at times he can do nothing but howl with pain. What would you do in that case?"

Flabbergasted Pa.
 "Ah, pater, I am no end glad to be home from college."
 "What's that?"
 "I am jolly well pleased, y'know."
 "Hank, clean out the old stall! There's a new critter on the place."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Thorough Sport.
 The Deacon-Young man, don't you know that there's a rainy day coming? Spendthrift—Mebby there is, but I've got \$5 that says the weather man won't call the turn. Come, now, if you've got any nerve, show your money.

A Good Imitation.
 The other day an amateur artist was producing some rapid sketches to amuse his children. He drew a sketch of a hen so naturally that when it was afterward thrown in the waste paper basket it laid there.

A Little Different.
 "I suppose," she said with fine sarcasm, "you were sitting up with a friend?"
 "No, m'dear," replied he truthfully, "I was settin' 'em up with a friend."—Houston Post.

Hard to Fit.
 She—He has a most extraordinary figure, hasn't he? He—That's so. I believe an umbrella is about the only thing he can buy ready made.—Ally Slapper.

Manners Outside the Navy.
 The ordinary seaman's respect for rank and station when not connected with his beloved vessel is decidedly meager. When the president of the United States visits one of our men-of-war he is received at the gangway by the admiral, commanding officer and all of the officers of the ship, in full uniform, the marine guard drawn up with the band on the quarterdeck, the national flag is displayed at the main, the drummer gives four ruffles, the band plays the national air, and a salute of twenty-one guns is fired. The same ceremony also takes place on his leaving.

On one occasion a president visited one of the ships informally, dispensing with the salute and ceremony, when one of the men rather indignantly asked another who that lubber was on the quarterdeck that didn't "douse his peak" to the commodore.

"Choke your luff, will you?" was the reply. "That's the president of the United States."
 "Well, ain't he got manners enough to salute the quarterdeck, if he is?"
 "Manners! What does he know about manners? I don't suppose he was ever out of sight of land in his life."—"On a Man-of-War."

How to Follow Forest Trails.
 "The trail has a code of signs, as well as a book of laws," says Hamlin Garland in "The Long Trail." A twig designedly broken is like a finger pointing toward a gate. A "blaze" corresponds to the beckoning hand. A new blaze renders an old one of no value. A sapling cut and bent across a path locks it and warningly says, "Go no farther this way." A stick set upright in the mud means "no bottom here."

By use of these and many other records of the same sort, the trailer profits by the experience of those who have gone before him and aids those who are to follow. There is always news on the trail for those who have eyes to perceive it, and it is the duty of him who rides ahead to enlighten those who are to follow. The Klukitak by means of signs almost invisible can cheer, direct and definitely warn his tribesman. These signs on the trail are respected. No one thinks of removing them except for cause.

At the Dentist's.
 "Do you give gas here?" asked a wild looking man who rushed into a dentist's.
 "We do," replied the dentist.
 "Does it put a fellow to sleep?"
 "It does."
 "Sound asleep, so you can't wake him up?"
 "Yes."
 "You could break his jaw or black his eye and he wouldn't feel it?"
 "He would know nothing about it."
 "How long does he sleep?"
 "The physical insensibility produced by inhaling the gas lasts a minute, or probably a little less."
 "I expect that's long enough. Got it all ready for a fellow to take?"
 "Yes. Take a seat in this chair and show me your tooth."
 "Tooth nothing!" said the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his coat and vest. "I want you to pull a porous plaster off my back."

Flowers That Change Color.
 "There are many flowers that change color," said the old gardener. "There is the mutabue phlox, for instance. At sunrise it is blue, and in the afternoon it is pink. Then there is hibiscus—hibiscus mutabilis. It goes through three changes in the day, from white in the morning to rose at noon and to red at sunset. Likewise the lantana. The lantana is yellow one day, orange the next and red the third. Its changes are slow. There are other flowers, too, that change. There's the chleranthus chameleo, that shifts from white to yellow and from yellow to red. There's the gladiolus versicolor, that's brown in the morning and blue in the evening. There's the colea scandens, that moves slowly from greenish white to a deep violet."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Poisoned With Diamonds.
 The jeweler replaced tenderly in its case the unmounted pear shaped diamond. "I could kill you with that," he said. "I could poison you with it. You would die in a few hours." "But diamonds are not poisonous?" "Indeed they are, ground up. There have been a number of suicides by diamond dust among gem cutters. Swallow diamond dust, and death will ensue very quickly. The symptoms will be the same as though strychnine had been taken."

Her View of It.
 "Don't you think," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Miss Witherspoon has a patrician face?" "Oh," replied her hostess, hanging her \$80,000 necklace over the back of a chair, "I don't think she has. She claims, at least, that her folks were all English and that there ain't a drop of Irish blood in her veins."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Difficulties of the Naturalist.
 At one end or the other of every animal lies a danger which makes the closest investigation impossible. To study the mule we must hold him by the head, but to study the bull we must have a tall hold as a vantage point.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

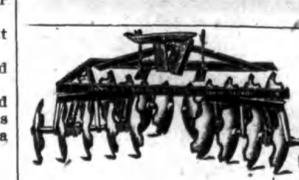


The Road
 to the bank is usually the road to prosperity. Not quite all bank depositors are prosperous, but all prosperous people are bank depositors. Furthermore, no prosperous man allows his note to go to protest or to become past due.

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 Note the following Low Rates to Thousand Island Points:
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 " Charlotte " 4.50
 " Sodus Point " 4.00
 " N. Fair Haven " 3.75
 " Oswego " 3.50
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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
 Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes its growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cleans scalp, cures a bad itching, and \$1.00 in 10c packages.

Barnato Won the Bet.
 There is a legend of an amusing competition in connection with a discussion regarding the financial value of literary genius. Barney Barnato, who was a genius, but not literary, began to chaff some financial journalists. "You bloomin' fellers don't know nothin' about literature. I'll bet myself to write a little piece against any of yer."
 The challenge was laughingly accepted, and a referee appointed. The papers were thrown into a hat, and the referee, after analyzing them, said: "Gentlemen, I am bound to say that the palm must be awarded to Mr. Barnato. His piece is terse, faultless in form, irreproachable in matter. You yourselves shall judge." And he read out the following essay:
 I promise to pay to Mr. X. the sum of £100 for his kindness in acting as referee in this interesting competition.
 B. I. BARNATO.

The award was unanimously confirmed by the competitors, and the check was duly honored.—London Telegraph.
Delicately Put.
 "A footman," said a banker, "called his master up by telephone and said: 'I regret to inform you, sir, that your house is on fire and fast burning down.'
 "Oh," cried the master, "what a terrible misfortune! But my wife—is she safe?"
 "Quite safe, sir. She got out among the first."
 "Are my daughters—are they all right?"
 "All right, sir. They's with their mother."
 "There was a pause. Then:
 "And what about my mother-in-law, James?"
 "That, sir," said the footman suavely, "was what I wished to speak to you about, sir, particularly. Your mother-in-law is lyin' asleep in the third story back, and knowin' your regard for her comfort, sir, I wasn't sure whether I ought to disturb her or not, sir."—Los Angeles Times.

Which is Your Shortest Hour?
 "What is your shortest hour in the day?" asked a business man of an acquaintance. "Don't say you have none. You have, although you may not know it. Everybody has. Of course, reckoned by actual measurement, each hour is composed of sixty minutes, yet notwithstanding that chronological exactness the hours vary in length. My shortest hour is from 2 to 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I find upon inquiry that this is the fleetest period for many people. In my case so swiftly do those sixty minutes hurry by that I try to crowd into them as many of the disagreeable, yet inevitable, things of life as I possibly can. If I have to interview a bore, I see him then; if I have to visit the dentist, I do it then. That hour is bound to slip away quickly, no matter what happens; therefore the agony of disagreeable scenes seems of shorter duration."—New York Sun.

Naked Truth.
 An encounter of wits once took place between the late Eugene Field and a New York woman. It was at dinner, and the woman was in evening dress, which was rather décolleté. After a skirmish between the two relative to the respective merits of a well known author it would seem that Field came off second best.
 "Oh, Mr. Field," exclaimed the woman exultantly, "you must admit that you are fairly beaten at your own game!"
 Field bowed politely and, with a smile, promptly rejoined, "At any rate, Miss Blank, I have one consolation—you can't laugh at me in your sleeve."—Lippincott's.

Legend of the Violet.
 A Latin poem of the sixteenth century has a pretty legend of a violet that, in mythological days, was a maiden called Ianthia, one of Diana's nymphs. She attracted the attention of Apollo, whose admiration she did not return, and, flying from his pursuit, she implored Diana to destroy the beauty which occasioned her so much trouble. Diana granted her request and turned her face to a dull purple. Ianthia, however, soon regretted the loss of her beauty, and was pining away with grief, when the goddess had pity on her and changed her into a flower, which still shrinks from Apollo (the sun) and hides her modest head in the shade.

At Regular Rates.
 Miss Matilda Owens hung on the arm of the editor of the Lanerville Bugle, to whom she had been engaged for three years, and endeavored to turn his gaze toward the sky.
 "Just notice the moon, William!" she said in a melting voice.
 "At the usual rates, Matilda, I shall be happy to do so," he replied.—Youth's Companion.

Too Strenuous.
 "My son tells me you've discharged him," said the office boy's mother, "and I think that's strange. You advertised for a strong boy, and he's certainly—" "He's too strong, madam," interrupted the employer. "In the single day he was here he broke all the rules of this office and some of the furniture."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Endurance.
 Ethel—How long can a human being live without food?
 Jack—I don't know about human beings, but I know poets who have been writing for years.—Judge.

It has become necessary to modify the old saying, "Life is what we make it." Life is what we make it.—Los Angeles Times.

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 Manufacturers, Business Men and others are offered by the Cayuga County National Bank every facility of a modern and splendidly equipped banking institution.
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Advertising. Business notices with headlines placed among regular reading matter. Five cents per line, up to twenty lines, over that four cents. Local readers and special 3 cents per line for each insertion. No charge less than 10 cents. Rates for space advertising are reasonable, and the value of this publication as a medium through which the people of Southern Cayuga and Northern Tompkins may be reached, is unquestioned. Write for space rates.

Notices of entertainments, socials, sales, etc., inserted once free, for more than that a slight charge will be made. Obituaries, five cents per line. Cards of thanks twenty-five cents.

Job Printing. This office is well equipped to do first class printing of every description at moderate prices.

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The Scientific Examination of the eye by artificial light is the latest up-to-date method. If you want perfect fitting glasses consult me about 700 eye-sight.

Broken glasses, all kinds, repaired. Correct Glasses \$1.00 up.

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"Everybody Should Know"

says U. G. Hays, a prominent business man of Blue, Mo., that Bucklen's

Arnica Salve is the quickest and surest healing salve ever applied to a sore, burn or wound, or to a case of piles. I've used it and know what I'm talking about. Guaranteed by J. B. Banker, druggist, Genoa, N. Y., and F. T. Atwater, King Ferry, N. Y. Druggist, 26c.

THE DANGER of BEING A TWIN.

My confession must begin when I was four years old and recovering from swollen glands. As I grew well, my twin brother, Gregoire, who was some minutes younger, was put to bed with the same complaint.

"What a misfortune," exclaimed our mother, "that Silvestre is no sooner convalescent than Gregoire falls ill."

The doctor answered: "It astonishes me that you were not prepared for it, Madame Lapalme—since the children are twins, the thing was to be foreseen; when the elder throws the malady off, the younger naturally contracts it. Among twins it is nearly always so."

And it always proved to be so with Gregoire and me. No sooner did I throw off whooping cough than Gregoire began to whoop, though I was at home in Vernon and he was at Tours.

So far as I had any serious aspirations at all, I aspired to be a painter and, after combating my family's objections, I entered an art school in the Quarter, Paris. Gregoire, on the other hand, inclined strongly to the law. During the next day few years we met infrequently, but that my brother continued to be affected by any unusual conditions of my body and mind I knew by his letters, which seldom failed to contain expostulations and entreaties.

Our mother still lived in Vernon, where she contemplated her favorite son's success with the profoundest pride. Occasionally I spent a few days with her, sometimes more.

One summer when I visited her I met Mademoiselle Leulliet. I know very well that no description of a girl ever painted her to anybody yet. Suffice it that she was beautiful as an angel, that her voice was like the music of the Spheres—more than all, that one felt all the time, "How good she is, how good, how good!"

Never since I was a boy had I stayed in Vernon for so long as now; never had I repented so bitterly as now the error of my ways. I loved, and it seemed to me that my attachment was reciprocated, yet my position forbade me to go to Monsieur Leulliet and ask boldly for his daughter's hand. While I had remained obscure, artists whose talent was no more remarkable than my own, had raised themselves from bohemia into prosperity. I was an idler, a good-for-nothing. And then—well, I owned to Berthe that I loved her! I owned that I loved her—and when I left for Paris we were secretly engaged.

Mon Dieu! Now I worked indeed! To win this girl for my own, to show myself worthy of her innocent faith, supplied me with the most powerful incentive in life. In the Quarter they regarded me first with ridicule, then with wonder, and, finally, with respect. For my enthusiasm did not fade. "He has turned over a new leaf," they said, "he means to be famous!" It was understood. No more excursions for Silvestre, no more junketings and recklessness! I was another man—my ideal of happiness was now a wife and home.

For a year I lived this new life. I progressed. Men—whose approval was a cachet—began to speak of me as one with a future. In the Salon a picture of mine made something of a stir. How I rejoiced, how grateful and sanguine I was!

I said that it was not too soon for me to speak now; I had proved my mettle, and, though I foresaw that her father, would ask more before he gave his consent, I was, at least, justified in avowing myself. I telegraphed to my mother to expect me.

On the way to the station I noticed the window of a florist; I ran in to bear off some lilies for Berthe. The shop was so full of wonderful flowers that, once among them, I found some difficulty in making my choice. Hence, I missed the train; and, rather than walk about until the next, returned to my studio, incensed by the delay.

A letter for me had been just delivered. It told me that on the previous morning Berthe had married my brother.

I could have welcomed a pistol shot—my world rocked. Berthe! lost, false, Gregoire's wife! I reiterated it, I said it over and over. I was stricken by it—and yet, I could not realize that actually it had happened.

Oh, I made certain of it later, believe me—I was no hero of a feuilleton, to accept such intelligence without proof! I assured myself of her perjury, and burnt her love letters one by one; tore her photographs into shreds—strive also to tear her image from my heart.

A year before I should have rushed to the cafes for forgetfulness, but now, as the shock subsided, I turned feverishly to work. For months I persisted, denying myself the smallest respite, clinging to a resolution which proved vainly daily. Were art to be mastered by dogged endeavor, I should have conquered; but alas! though I could compel myself to paint, I could not compel myself to paint well. I had fought temptation for half a year, worked with my teeth clenched, worked against nature, worked while my pulses beat and clamored for the draughts of dissipation which promised a speed-

ler release. I recognized that my work had been wasted, that the struggle had been useless—I broke down.

I need say little of the months that followed—it would be a record of degradations and remorse; alternately, I fell, and was ashamed. I shuddered at the horrors I had committed.

One afternoon when I returned to my rooms, from which I had been absent since the previous day, I heard from the concierge that a visitor awaited me. I climbed the stairs without anticipation. My thoughts were sluggish, my limbs leaden, my eyes heavy and bloodshot. My visitor was Berthe.

I think nearly a minute must have passed while we looked speechlessly in each other's face—her's convulsed by entreaty, mine dark with hate.

"Forgive me," she gasped. "I have come to beseech your forgiveness! Can you not forget the wrong I did you?"

"Do I look as if I had forgotten?" "I was inconstant, cruel, I cannot excuse myself. But, Oh, Silvestre, is the name of the love you once bore me, have pity on us! Reform, abjure your evil courses! Do not I implore you, condemn my husband to this abyss of depravity; do not wreck my married life!"

Now I understood what had procured me the honor of a visit from this woman, and I triumphed devilishly that I was the elder twin.

"Madame," I answered, "I think that I owe you no explanations, but I shall say this: the evil courses that you deplore were adopted, not vindictively, but in the effort to numb the agony that you had made me suffer. You but reap as you have sown."

"Reform!" she sobbed. She sank on her knees before me. "Silvestre, in mercy to us, reform!"

"I shall never reform," I said inflexibly. "I shall grow more abandoned day by day—my past faults shall shine as merits compared with the atrocities that are to come. False girl, monster of selfishness, you are dragging me to the gutter, and your only grief is that he must share my shame! You have made me bad, and you must bear the consequences—you cannot now make me good to save your husband!"

Humbled and despairing, she left me. At this stage I began deliberately to contemplate revenge. But not the one that I had threatened. Oh, no! I bethought myself of a vengeance more complete than that! She should be tortured with the torture that she had dealt to me—I would make him adore another woman with all his heart and brain!

How true it is that only the unforeseen comes to pass! There was a model, one Therese, whose fortune was her back, and who had long bored me by an evident tenderness. One day this Therese, usually so constrained in my presence, appeared in high spirits, and mentioned that she was going to be married.

The change in her demeanor interested me. A little piqued, I invited her to dine with me, but she refused. Before I parted from her I made an appointment for her to sit to me the next morning.

"So you are going to be married, Therese?" I said, as I prepared the palette.

"In truth," she answered, gaily. "No regrets?" I asked.

"What regrets could I have?" she returned. "He is a very pretty boy, and well-to-do, believe me!"

"And I am not a pretty boy, nor well-to-do, hein?"

"Oh," she laughed, "you do not care for me!"

"Is it so?" I said. "What would you say, if I told you that I did care?"

"I should say that you tell me too late, monsieur," she replied, with a shrug. "Are you ready for me to pose?" And this changed woman turned her peerless back on me without a scruple.

Well, as I have said, she was not the kind of woman I had contemplated, but these things arrange themselves—I became seriously enamored of her. And, recognizing that Fate worked with her own instruments, I did not struggle. For months I was at Therese's heels; I was the sport of her whims, and her slights, sometimes even of her insults.

I actually made her an offer of marriage, at which she snapped her white fingers, with a grimace—and the more she flouted me, the more fascinated I grew. In that rapturous hour when her insolent eyes softened to sentiment, when her mocking mouth melted to a kiss, I was in paradise. My ecstasy was so supreme that I forgot to triumph at my approaching vengeance.

So I married Therese, and yesterday was the twentieth anniversary of our wedding. Berthe? To speak the truth, my plot against her was frustrated by an accident. You see, before I could communicate my passion to Gregoire I had to recover from it, and—this insolent Therese—I have not recovered from it yet.

There are days when she turns her remarkable back on me now—generally when I am idle—but, mon Dieu! the moments when she turns her lips are worth working for. Therefore, Berthe has been all the time quite happy with the good Gregoire—and since I possess Therese, upon my word of honor I do not mind!—Leonard Merrick in The By-stander.

Nature of a Bequest.

Homer Case of the town of Lafayette, N. Y., bequeathed the church choir there the sum of \$100 on condition that the choir should sing "America" every Memorial Day.



FOOD VALUE OF GRAPE JUICE.

Claimed Secondary to Milk in Its Nutritive Principles.

It is quite generally claimed that using a reasonably large amount of unfermented grape juice with an otherwise suitable mixed diet is beneficial and that digestion is improved, intestinal fermentation diminished, and that gains in body weight result. It should not be forgotten that the abundant diet and hygienic methods of living practiced at the grape cures play an important part, but even taking all this into account it seems fair to conclude that some of the good results can be directly attributed to the unfermented grape juice.

Grape juice contains the same kinds of nutrients as other foods. The percentage of water is high, and thus it resembles liquid foods more closely than solid foods. It is sometimes compared with milk, the most common liquid food. It contains less water than milk, more carbohydrates, and less protein, fat, and ash.

In the illustration is shown a home made press for preparing unfermented grape juice.

Two upright posts (F) set deep and firmly in the ground side by side, and about 12 inches apart. (It is a good idea to attach some deadwood to them in the ground to prevent them pulling out too easily.) Between these posts the lever (E) is hung by means of a bolt (T), or the lever may be hung to the side of a building, or a hole notched into a tree large enough to admit the end of the lever and a bolt run through that.

At the other end of the lever are two posts, so set that the lever can be raised up between them by means of block and tackle. The press itself consists of two timbers (D), on which the press bottom (B) rests, and on this bottom is the press basket, consisting of the two sides and two ends, and so constructed that it can be easily taken apart and set up again, being held together at the ends by means of rods (L). The sides and ends should be bored full

of small holes from three-eighths to one-half an inch in diameter to allow exit for the juice.

After the press is filled, the top (which is made to fit in the inside of the basket) and cross blocks (I) are put on and the lever is then allowed to press down on it. A press like this has the advantage that it can be filled in the evening and left to press until morning while the farmer sleeps. The precaution, of course, must be taken to set a tub large enough to hold the juice under the press.

Effect of Crossing Apples.

If a very sweet apple is grafted on exceedingly sour stock, the sweetness of the resulting fruit is not reduced. The acidity and other qualities of apples are largely affected by the health of the tree and its location, some varieties varying much more than others. The Northern Spy and Bellflower vary from the best to the most worthless fruit. On one tree apples may be tender, juicy and of pleasant acid flavor while on another they are tough, corky and acid, without any suggestion of sweetness.

Cultivating the Orchard.

There is nothing that adds to the value of a farm like a well cared for apple orchard. Such farms are not in the market. A young, thrifty, orchard, not old enough to bear, adds to the value of the farm twice as much as the orchard cost. You can drive a boy off a farm where there is a good orchard and he will take care of it. The "harrer," the hoe, the hand saw and the jackknife, will give new life to an old, half-starved orchard.—Indiana Farmer.

In Shipping Fruit.

It has been demonstrated that the carrying qualities of deciduous fruits can be wonderfully improved by cooling before loading in the cars and it is claimed that fruit entirely ripe, but not soft, can be delivered in eastern cities in excellent condition if cooled until placed in the car.

Selecting Apple Trees.

Remember this in selecting your trees for the apple orchard: the best fruit sometimes is grown on the crooked trees. Therefore, do not sacrifice quality for appearance.

Improving the Soil.

On heavy clay soil lawns made with white clover which grows readily, improves the soil and prepares it for grasses. An ounce will plant about ten square feet.

THE TATTOOIST'S WORK

How He Cleverly Patches Up The Fading London Beauty.

FOLLOW FASHION'S FAD.

Needle Used to Give Appearance of Rosk Cheeks and Luxurious Eyebrows—Results So Natural Impossible of Detection—Fashion's Fancies.

At first sight this statement appears absurd, unless we intend to judge beauty from the point of view of a Maori chieftain, and it will probably come as somewhat of a shock when I affirm that at the present moment many acknowledged society beauties owe their charms to the art of a skilled tattooist. Such, however, is the case, and there is no longer any need for the jaded society beauty to resort to rouge to hide the havoc a long and gay London season is rendering to her complexion, says a writer in Answers.

Two things are mainly responsible for rendering this result possible—first, the introduction of antiseptics by Lord Lister, the great surgeon; and, secondly, the invention of the electric tattooing apparatus. This latter instrument permits of practically painless tattooing, the operator simply guiding the needle-holder, and the needle being automatically driven into the skin to whatever depth desired, and with enormous rapidity.

In working on a lady's face it can be imagined that the utmost care is taken, and before commencing proceedings all instruments and the operator's hands are rendered aseptic, in the same manner as before surgical operations, as is also, of course, the part to be operated upon.

There is no pain attached to the proceedings, as in the ordinary tattooing as a certain percentage of cocaine is used in the coloring solution, and I feel sure that the knowledge of this fact has largely helped to render the operation feasible, as four sittings of about one hour's duration each have to be submitted to if a perfect result is to be obtained.

Fashion has decreed that luxurious eyebrows are necessary for the proper setting of the eyes we admire, and here once more art steps in to the aid of nature. It does not matter what color the eyebrows are, the skin beneath them can be tattooed so that they appear to be twice as thick as they really are. Do not run away with the idea that this is a simple and straightforward proceeding; is it not, it would be if it did not matter if the real hairs fell out; but this, of course, would be disastrous, and hence the roots of the hair must be most carefully avoided in introducing the tattooing needle, or they would be at once and forever permanently killed. Indeed, so much care is bestowed that powerful glasses are worn, and, as far as possible, the needle is introduced at an equal distance between adjoining hairs.

Why Beer Drinkers Are Fat. "The fat in the beer drinkers is composed of these albuminous residues which, having been alcoholized, resist the action of the various solvents in the system, and therefore, being neither fit for use in the body nor reducible to a form in which they can be excreted, they have to be stored away so as to prevent obstruction to the circulation; hence so long as there is room they are packed away, much of them under the skin, and thus the fat and healthy appearance of the beer drinker! When there is no more room under the skin, the fat has to be deposited in the interior of the body, and hence the common disease of fatty degeneration of the heart, kidneys, etc."—Dr. Gustafson.

Paying the Penalty. A court in Landau, Germany, imposed a penalty of five months in jail on a dealer convicted of selling wine made of grapeskin and sugar. His stock of 20,000 quarts was also confiscated. They evidently do some things better in Germany than in some other places. Here, for instance, the government chemist says broadly that eighty-five per cent. of our whisky is adulterated and lets it go at that. He does not specify what liquor is pure and what harmful and nobody is punished.—New York Telegram.

Solution of the Problem. "The only way to save men from the poisoning of the germ cell, out of which the future generation is to be born, would be, if men were not the simple-minded slaves of habit and prejudice, to do away with alcohol altogether except in the apothecary's shop and for industrial ends. The party of abstinence has undertaken the contest of extermination against the poison. When they succeed a chief root of sexual degeneracy will have disappeared."

Alcohol in the Transvaal. In the Transvaal, the English authorities have made a regulation by which any negro caught with a bottle of liquor in his possession is sent to prison for six months. The same punishment is meted out to the man who sold the liquor. This is one of the tokens that the English colonies in Africa do try to protect the natives against greedy traders, and we hope they follow it up.

In 1903 we consumed 1,605,851,455 gallons of liquor and 108,874,805 pounds of tea.

THE FIGHT AGAINST ALCOHOL

Reports From Reliable Sources Point Out the Danger of Its Use.

We have heard a great deal of talk of late years about there being no drunkards in Germany. This is one of the common pleas of the advocates of the beer saloon and the Sunday beer garden in the United States. We are told that the whole German population drinks and the effects of drunkenness are unknown. Diametrically opposite to this is every item of expert testimony that comes to this country from Germany. The Empire would not need more than one-third its present hospitals were it not for strong drink. Nearly one-half the suicides of Germany are attributable to excess of alcoholic drinks, while the proportion of alcoholic lunatics is astounding. A recent communication to the American Medical Journal says touching these points:

Some striking facts have recently been brought to light in Berlin bearing on the pernicious results of indulgence in alcohol. The medical director of a large workmen's hospital, Dr. Stadelmann, says that nearly 30 per cent. of the unhappy wretches who fill the large wards in his hospital are there because of the misuse of drink, and to those other 10 per cent. may be added for those whose parents have been drinkers.

Were drinking customs abolished not one hospital would be wanted for every three now in use and not one lunatic asylum in ten. With reference to the effect of alcohol on suicides instructive statistics show that of 300 suicides which occurred in one year in Germany in nearly 150 cases the suicide was under the direct influence of drink and seventy-eight when the victims were recovering from the effects of intoxication.—New Voice.

No Place for Drinkers. The man who drinks cannot hold an appointive office under the Governor of Indiana.

He declares that large corporations rule against men who have formed the liquor habit, and that this policy will be adopted in respect to positions within the gift of the executive.

It is not a question of how little or how much a man drinks, but if he drinks at all he cannot receive recognition at the hands of the Governor.

A man called on the Governor recently in the interest of an applicant for an appointive office. He spoke of his friend's work for the party, his liberality in campaigns and his local influence. The Governor heard his visitor through.

"I should like to appoint your friend, and I have no doubt whatever of the merits of his services to the party or his ability to do the work if he did his best," was the reply. "I have noticed that railroads and other large business enterprises of recent years have ruled against men who drink. This is a good policy, I think, and so long as I am Governor of the State the same policy shall be pursued.—Chicago Record-Herald.

HOME COOKING.

Baked Fish. Let the fish remain in cold water slight salted, for an hour before cooking; place in dripping pan with a little hot water, and bake in a hot oven; just before it is done butter it well and let it brown; a small fish will bake in half an hour; it will take longer for a larger one.

Mince Meat. Two cups chopped meat, 2 cups raisins, 2 cups currants, 1/2 pound citron, chopped fine, 2 cups brown sugar, 1/2 cup of molasses, 6 cups chopped apples, 2 cups meat liquor, 2 teaspoonfuls mace, 1 teaspoonful cloves, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 cup boiled cider or vinegar, cook slowly until apples look clear.

Weish Rarebit. Into a pan put 1 teaspoonful butter and 1 pound cheese cut in small pieces; when almost melted add the following ingredients which have previously been mixed in a cup; 1 teaspoonful mustard, 1 teaspoonful tomato catsup, 1 teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 3 drops tobacco sauce and 1/2 cup ale. When perfectly blended serve on buttered toast.

So that delicate perfume hovers around all your clothes a famous perfumer in Paris suggests the following method: Select the perfume which you like best and always intend to use—for there must be an individuality about perfume—saturate tiny pieces of absorbent cotton with it and put these pieces in every wardrobe drawer and every box. Even boxes and hat boxes must receive their cotton balls of perfume if you wish always to have a dainty odor about you and your belongings. These balls must be resaturated about once a month.

Apple Sayings. In the west country, England, there are several sayings which testify to the health-giving properties of the apple. One of them runs thus: "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

Another says: "Apple in the morning, doctor's warning."

The third is still more aggressive: "Roast apple at night, starved the doctor outright."

While the fourth says: "Eat an apple going to bed, Knock the doctor on the head."

THE GENOA TRIBUNE.

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Friday Morning, Aug. 16, 1907

Women's Trades Unions.

A variety of views as to the future of women's trades unions was displayed at the recent conventions of leaguers held in the principal cities. It is self evident that the women cannot as speedily attain success as have the men, because they have not the voting power of the men. Unquestionably the suffrage has helped men to make their case heard. Protestants who may keep their mad up until the next election are not to be waded aside.

Even without the ballot the women are finding that the development of unions is a means of progress. Leagues of unions have become necessary and are a step toward the nationalization of interests and efforts. The organization and management of women's social clubs are object lessons in practical politics for the classes which engage in this work. Workingwomen should not be outdone by women of more leisure and opportunity, for if the ballot is given to the sex it must mean more to the toilers than to those whose interests are mainly social. It is a long way between enthusiasm for a cause in a convention and fidelity to that cause at the polls. This is an important truth for women leaders to learn. They may learn it in local unions and in conventions of federated unions. And, failing to get the ballot, they may also learn in these movements of organization and propaganda how to wield for the general good that political influence they undoubtedly have now among their relatives, friends and associates who are already voters.

Our Backing of Cuba.

It has cost over \$3,000,000 for this country to keep order in Cuba nine months. Of course the money will be refunded out of the Cuban treasury, and instead of our "milking" the hapless island now that she is in a sad plight it is claimed by level headed natives that we are more than paying our own way—that is to say, Cuba can well afford to keep American protection, even though it comes high.

It is Cuban public opinion which holds that the provisional government set up by the United States should last and last indefinitely. The argument by Cuban conservatives is that the moment the Americans withdraw the country will be at the mercy of conflicting cliques and politicians. Annexation is not demanded in this case, for it is held that at a day not hopelessly distant the professional politicians and "revolutionists" of Cuba will die out. American example in all this time will teach the people to work, the security guaranteed by American occupation will convince them that it pays to work, for the sower of the seed and not a gang of loafing bandits will reap the harvest. This view makes Uncle Sam a paid police officer, and unless he shirks the job it is good for ten or a dozen years longer.

It may be that stronger rails are needed than are now in use on the best roads to endure the extra strain put upon them by high speed trains, and railroad men and manufacturers do well to confer on the subject. But the best rail in the world and the best roadbed will not prevent disasters where road employees leave switches open that ought to be closed, stand trains on tracks on which expresses are approaching unwarned and around a curve, rush trains on blocks occupied by others and do other things noted in the frequent accidents of the time.

A French diplomat says that the United States is up against trouble in the Pacific and that it is all owing to the "slowness in digging the Panama canal." Perhaps the French learned the canal trick during their twenty years of failure and would sell us a few pointers.

And now the German wine growers are moving toward government investigation of the wine trade. The Chicago packers can assure them that agitation of this sort cuts down sales, and to sell much is of more consequence than to sell what is good.

The Japanese are entitled to all the instruction they can get from American schools, but the line must be drawn when it comes to educating themselves in our forts and navy yards.

With that \$87,000,000 surplus in the treasury the incoming congress will be kept busy dodging people who have suggestions to offer as to the best way to dispose of it.

If Admiral Evans really believes that Americans do not talk it must be that he has overlooked a few columns of remarks attributed to himself.

Some of the Filipinos think Japan would give them independence. They should talk it over with the Koreans—and think again.

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

"Poor" Ouida.

It is the fashion among people who affect to be practical about everything else to speak of the "poor" author, poet and artist with feelings of contempt, somewhat mingled with pity. Poverty is popularly believed to be the lot of the dreamer of dreams. While now and then one may get riches as well as fame by skill with the pen or the brush, these lucky individuals are counted the exceptions which prove the rule. The popular view is not far out of the way, and yet the real reason of unthrift in artists is often overlooked.

Ouida made money with her pen and yet became poor to the verge of starvation. Had she been less successful as a romancer she might have been practical and thrifty too. But in order to be a romancer and dream dreams which will interest other people the artist must cut loose from the practical. Even one so self centered as Harriet Beecher Stowe might be supposed to have been made the very mistake which brought Ouida to the dregs. When her royalties were big she thought the run would last and launcheoned out in her style of living accordingly. It was then, too, in a period of exuberance that she wrote some of her very best fiction, best from a literary point of criticism. This seems to be contrary to a notion sometimes held that the writer does best when pushed by necessity. But poverty is a stern driver, and the real artistic temperament wants to be fancy free. When Ouida was most imprudent and going the pace toward poverty she was undoubtedly most fascinating to her big audience of readers.

Germany's Good Times Ended.

Recently the Emperor William boasted of his country's prosperity and declared that it was on the increase. Some of the newspapers of the country do not agree with him, one, the Berlin National Zeitung, expressing the contrary opinion in these words: "The period of great prosperity which has lasted for five years comes to a close in 1907." This paper cites in support of its pessimism the fact that a marked decline has come upon the iron and steel industry throughout the empire.

English as well as German papers have recently published statements which tend to contradict the emperor's forecast. Referring to the decline of the German iron and steel trade, the London Standard concludes as follows:

The same unmistakable tendency toward a diminution of prosperity is noticeable in practically all the other German industries, which in the near future will be affected by the same wave of bad fortune. This termination of the unparalleled period of industrial success which Germany has now been enjoying for several years has long since been foreseen on the German bourses, so that capitalists whose money was invested in industrial undertakings have had time to make adequate preparations for the approaching depression.

Money Ahead.

No end of projects will be brought up for the disposal of that \$87,000,000 surplus left in Uncle Sam's treasury at the end of the fiscal year. It isn't much really for an immensely rich and prosperous nation to have on hand. But it looks big as against only \$26,000,000 one year ago and a deficit for each of the two years preceding that.

For one thing, the surplus seems to indicate that the country is not nearing the end of its resources. At the same time it may be well to take caution from certain signs of the times and use our good fortune wisely. If it shall be so invested as to add to the mechanism of trade and industry it must prove a national blessing.

A little care exercised by persons owning dogs regarding diet for the animals and a little consideration for the roaming mongrel are advisable at this time. The average dog is not fierce by nature, nor is he dangerous. Treat him humanely, and the risk of trouble from his presence is reduced to a minimum.

Between the opinion that we will have war with Japan and the opinion that we will not have war with Japan the reading public will soon come to the conclusion that one man's opinion is just as good as another's.

The more the visiting Japanese see of our battleships and the men who are handling them the more convinced they are that there will be no war if Japan knows what is good for herself.

About this time the man who moved out into the suburbs and promised to keep his friends supplied with vegetables is beginning to see the folly of rash promises.

It would perhaps be fortunate if a diplomatic appointment could be recognized as more of a business responsibility and less of a social distinction.

"In this great, whirling, pushing, competing, busy world," says Arthur Brisbane, "there is no substitute for brains." Pity 'tis, 'tis true!

Anyway the war of the Greater New York political bosses might be referred to The Hague tribunal just to see what they would do about it.

Now the joke is on the man who hands out a lemon before asking the price.

Peace as a Fetish.

With all their good intentions professional peace-makers sometimes make matters worse by patching up peace solely for the name of it. Peace hanging solely by a thread is not worth working for. Recently Baroness Von Suttner, the apostle of peace, whose call to the nations to lay down their arms won her the Nobel peace prize, put in a word on the situation between this country and Japan. She advised the Korean delegates to the peace conference at The Hague not to return to the far east by way of America lest their visit here should be as tinder laid on a fire and possibly—possibly—increase the friction. If the Koreans come here we might learn afresh the story of Japan's high handed work in the Korean peninsula, that the shadow of native authority maintained at Seoul by Japan is the veriest absurdity and that while Japan is publicly professing to have no intention of incorporating Korea into the mikado's empire that incorporation is swiftly taking place. This fact is not denied by the peace advocates, but they think it impolitic just now to let the whole truth come out.

If matters were on the mend in Korea it might be politic to hush up the present situation. Perhaps it is wise to do so anyway, but the way the baroness puts it is placing the principle of peace in a false light. Peace founded upon or paying tribute to wrong and rottenness cannot last, and it isn't worth the while of The Hague or anybody else to work for a sham and call it the real thing. If we knew the worst we might justify Japan's treatment of Korea, and again we might not. It is extremely doubtful that we would go to war to free the Korean peninsula from the grip of Japan. But silence, suppression and subterfuge are not weapons that make for lasting peace.

Harriman and the Public.

Harriman seems to have unlearned the lesson which W. H. Vanderbilt taught railroaders—that the public should be treated with profane contempt. Reports of investigations of railroad accidents on his lines are to be made public, and outsiders will be admitted to the sessions of the board making inquiries.

From a business point of view this new departure of Harriman's is wise. Heretofore it has been assumed, without stopping to inquire, that the majority of accidents are due to faulty equipment, for which the railroad management is responsible. Rigid inquiry should disclose the truth, and it has been urged in favor of the plan of publicity that it is certain to transpire that individual carelessness plays an important part in piling up railroad casualties. In possession of the truth, the public will lay the blame where it belongs, whether the culprit be man or master.

German Ambassador Sternburg has returned and disposes of the stories about his poor health and early retirement from office. His health, he says, is good, and retirement is not on the cards. Which is agreeable news. The importance of his mission was never greater than now. America and Germany are on better terms because of the intelligence with which Baron Sternburg has handled his business with the state department. He knows our language and our people and is allied to us by marriage.

Unusual heat is reported in the arctic circle, Lapland having been warmer than London and Iceland several degrees warmer than places on the Irish coast. The arctic region is a very good place for the heat to concentrate, and nobody will find fault with the unusual character of the weather proceedings. Besides, it may melt the icebergs and send them down within available reach.

Having laughed at Mark Twain's white clothes, the English may presently see the ludicrous element in the combination of high hats and bobtail coats which their own costumes so frequently display.

Marc Klaw says the theatrical business in England needs systematizing. Such systematizing as Mr. Klaw represents here will not "go" there. That was proved in the case of the abortive soap trust.

Autoists should remember that "they hang you for an apple up in New Jersey." One of them forgot it and is serving 100 days in the penitentiary just for scorching.

Mr. Rockefeller's daughter has declared that her father "lives in the clouds." Probably he is negotiating for a controlling interest in sky high enterprises.

Recently an Englishman paid \$6,250 for a collic born and bred in Scotland. He could have had an automobile, "hook" and all, made in America for \$6,249.

No nation ever yet came out flat footed and owned up in advance that it wanted war.

This is the time when the arctic explorer really seems to have a sane idea of life.

Naval Accidents.

The casualty list of the navies of the world since the introduction of modern methods is long and appalling. It is natural to conclude that if accidents are not preventable in time of peace the excitement of chase and battle must result in heavy casualties in which the enemy's shots have no part. Gross carelessness and incompetence have been shown by some of the investigations, but the fact that all navies have a record indicates that accidents are inevitable. France and England ought to produce the right stuff to man warships ably, and yet the navies of these ancient maritime powers suffer with those whose big armaments are of more recent origin.

The truth is that the modern war vessel, whether it be submarine, torpedo boat, destroyer, cruiser, or battleship, is a most complicated affair. Experts who design naval machinery and fighting equipment experiment with highly trained crews. Any new idea which works out in the experiment room or on the practice ground is approved and installed, leaving it to the naval authorities to get the men to handle the problem as it may be presented in war. Navies grow beyond the capacity of the service. There are not enough trained seamen and gunners to go around. Every new ship put in commission makes a draft on the corps of trained jackies, and it amounts practically to turning the vessel over for a part of the twenty-four hours of every day to novices, who, whatever their natural fitness and courage, are raw hands. It is said that a flying spark may have dropped into the powder on the Georgia and caused the fearful explosion of July 15. In one of the North Carolina sea fights of 1861 an old sailor saw an open barrel of powder standing exposed to the flames which the enemy's fire had started on shipboard and sat down on it until help came to place it in safety. He was at home on shipboard, knew the right thing to do and had the presence of mind to invent an expedient.

But even presence of mind will not always save off accident in the modern warship. A sailor may know the thing to be done and yet be incompetent to do it. Relatively to the number of chances there are for accident, perhaps the casualties are small. We notice them because weapons maintained for the purpose of hurting other people turn and rend their own. However, there can be no progress without paying the price, no omelet without breaking eggs.

Safeguarding the Pacific.

Whatever shall be the outcome of the much heralded movement of a fleet of battleships from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it has served to call attention to problems on the other side of the world. The world has long been talking of the possibility of the Japanese striking a blow at our Pacific interests which might momentarily prove paralyzing. If the blow is possible for Japan so it might be for another naval power. In 1898 Spain had her fleet at home and in consequence lost her distant possessions.

War comes without warning, and a naval power is always ready to strike at the weak point of her foe. Sometimes the existence of a weak point is a temptation to strike the first blow. Japan was not thought of when our policy for the Pacific coast and the Pacific ocean was laid down. If she now sees fit to object to the normal development of that policy it is well to be prepared to defend our dignity in diplomatic councils and elsewhere.

Marconi declares that, though he is yet experimenting with wireless telegraphy in the hope of establishing transoceanic communication, he does not purpose to begin business until he is sure he can keep it up. This explanation is timely, but it is not convincing as to the main proposition.

From the extravagant manner in which "Fra Eibertus" Hubbard praises his wife it is evident that he doesn't have to get his own breakfast in the morning nor push the lawn mower around in the summer.

Some of the absurd restrictions on the printing on postal cards are to be abolished. This is a step forward. For a quarter of a century the annoyance of citizens hasn't saved the government a cent.

After a boy gets his name and picture in the papers by saving some one from drowning his parents kindly forget that they forbade him to go in swimming.

Ouida's pension for services to literature is \$750 a year, and now Marie Corelli is figuring up the sum her "services" should bring on a square deal.

Enjoyment of a "swollen" fortune is more or less curtailed by the necessity of being constantly in communication with the lawyers.

When you stop to think of it the saving of a waitress' life is of more importance than the killing of a dozen bears.

Compared with a beef trust or a coal trust, a tobacco trust is a minor evil.



\$200 Reward

\$200 reward to any student holding a diploma in bookkeeping and shorthand or telegraphy will be paid if Thorpe's Commercial Schools do not place you in a position.

Thorpe's Schools have placed more students in positions at salaries of over \$50 a month, during the past year than any other business school in this region has in five years and now has written applications for 50 graduates of shorthand and bookkeeping at salaries of over \$50 per month and all the telegraph operators they can turn out.

Decide Now. Start Sept. 3rd, at THORPE'S Commercial School Auburn, N. Y. Corner North and Genesee Sts.

Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Over Post Office,

Summer School in Session.

C. R. Egbert,

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

Extra Good Values.

At present we are not making any pretensions of selling everything below cost, but we are as usual giving the people good straight values at reasonable prices, with some extra good things thrown in, in the shape of a lot of odds and ends of \$12.50 and 15.00 Suits for

\$10.

They are mostly dark mixtures suitable for wear the whole year round, although the lines are broken the sizes are so well assorted you can find your size.

Fruit Jars.

We handle the celebrated SAFETY VALVE jar which is conceded to be the most perfect jar on the market for preserving fruit. Every jar guaranteed to be sound.

We also handle a cheaper jar but the best is always the cheapest.

Our aim is to get the very best article at the least possible price.

G. S. AIKIN,

Both Phones.

KING FERRY, N. Y.

GENOA ROLLER MILLS Genoa, N. Y.

Custom Grinding a Specialty.
All work guaranteed to give satisfaction. A full supply of Flour, Feed, Chicken Supplies on hand. We solicit your patronage.

F. Sullivan, Prop.

MILLER PHONE.

Cayuga County Savings Bank,
ORGANIZED 1885. AUBURN, N. Y.
Interest Paid on Deposits
Loans made on approved mortgages
All Business strictly confidential.

VILLAGE AND VICINITY NEWS.

—Very dusty. A good rain would be appreciated.

—A. L. Loomis made a business trip to Ithaca Saturday.

—Bert O'Hara has been home from Auburn for a few days.

—Mrs. Edgar Tift of Ithaca was a recent guest of Mrs. D. W. Gower.

—Mrs. Cora Campbell of Ludlowville was a guest at Howard Bush's on Monday.

—Nearly 100 deg. in the shade Sunday and Monday. Now we are enjoying the other extreme.

—Mrs. D. W. Smith and Mrs. Chas. K. Gibson have been the guests of friends in Auburn for a day or two.

—Miss Belle Norman of Rochester is enjoying a vacation at her home here. She is a student nurse in Dr. Lee's hospital.

—George P. and Walter Conger of Owego called on Genoa friends Wednesday evening. They are spending two weeks in Groton.

Special prices in Millinery at Mrs. D. E. Singer's.

—Mrs. Frankie Brown arrived in town Tuesday to spend some time. She was accompanied by her cousin, Miss Shotwell, who will also spend several weeks here.

—The date of the "Venice picnic" is Thursday, Aug. 22. Nothing more need be said of this popular gathering which is a red letter day for all Southern Cayuga.

—School begins Monday, Sept. 23, with the same efficient corps of teachers as last year, viz: G. B. Springer, principal; Miss Flora Alling, primary; Miss Marion Ives, intermediate.

—Miss Ada Bower and Ray Bower of Skaneateles were in town to attend the Todd reunion at the home of their parents on Wednesday. Further particulars given next week.

—Time to cut weeds and burdocks. Several vacant lots in this village need the attention of their owners badly. There is no excuse for this neglect on the part of property-owners, and it is a source of great annoyance to those residing on the same streets.

Not only as a matter of health, but as a dollar and cents proposition, use Hygeno Disinfectant. F. T. Atwater, King Ferry, has it.

—"What has become of the old fashioned man who used to smack his fists together and say that he could lick his weight in wildcats?" asks the inquisitive Atchison "Globe." He can be found, as usual, at the corner grocery, discussing ways and means, while his wife is taking in washings to support the family.

—Auburn items: Sheriff Geo. S. Fordyce and Mrs. Fordyce are taking a pleasure trip to the Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec and other Canadian points of interest. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Cossum started recently for the trip of the Great lakes and will visit Duluth, Detroit, Port Huron, Mackinac Island, Sault St. Marie, Marquette and Portage lake. They will be absent several weeks.

—The annual reunion of the Veteran's association of Southern Cayuga will be held at Cascade on Saturday, Aug. 24. Dinner will be served at Cascade House. Good speakers and music may be expected. The matter of a state pension of \$12 per month will be one of the topics for discussion. John A. Thomas of Moravia is president of the association and Capt. M. W. Murdock of Venice Center is the secretary.

DO YOUR EYES

trouble you, if so do not neglect them. Unrelieved eye strain often causes serious trouble. By Our System of examining the eye we can tell you positively whether you need glasses or not, and if you need them we can furnish the proper glasses at reasonable prices. We succeed where others have failed. Don't give up until you have tried us.

E. W. KOSTENBADER,
Graduate Eye Specialist,
GROTON, N. Y.

—The last month of summer is half gone.

—Wm. Oliver and family spent Sunday at their home here.

—Mrs. Fred Conger and daughter are guests this week at D. L. Mead's.

—Messrs. Hillman and Smalley were in town Monday on insurance business.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Loomis of Moravia were calling on friends in town Tuesday.

—Miss Mary Sellen of Genoa has been engaged to teach the school at Scipioville another year.

—Mrs. Catharine Scott of Ludlowville was a guest of her daughter, Mrs. S. S. Smith, on Monday.

—Mrs. Albert Gould of King Ferry has been visiting her son, Frank, at Hotel Goodyear.—Groton Journal.

—Cortland County fair Aug. 27-30, inclusive. A bigger and better fair than ever before given is assured.

—The regatta of the Interlake Yacht Racing Association is being held on Cayuga lake near Kidders, this week and next.

—There will be a social party at the rink, Friday evening, Aug. 30. Roe & Everson's full orchestra will furnish the music.

—Mrs. E. Ives and daughter, Miss Marion, and Master Arthur Ives are visiting Mrs. Bert Conklin and family at Tully.

—New ads from H. Jennings & Co., C. R. Egbert, Thorpe's, New York Central R. R., Genoa Graded School and State Fair.

—One way to show your appreciation of THE TRIBUNE is to get just one neighbor to subscribe for it. Will you do your part?

—The first peaches from the home orchards were brought to town Wednesday. It is reported that there will be a fair-sized crop.

—Better begin to save your money in case you are called upon to contribute toward that twenty-nine million fine.

I will pay the market price for fowls and chickens.

21f WESLEY WILSON, King Ferry.

—Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Cook who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. C. D. Bearsley, are at the Columbian, Thousand Island Park.—Auburn Citizen, Aug. 14.

Ladies' and children's gauze underwear at Mrs. D. E. Singer's.

—The usual services at the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening. The subject of the sermon at the Presbyterian church will be "Lessons from a Miracle." All are welcome.

—The town board of Springport has elected Fred A. Guile to succeed the late Wm. C. Richardson in the board of supervisors.—Mr. Guile is a Democrat and was town clerk until his selection. He is very popular in his home town.

—Of local interest: A. H. Andrews was home from Cortland over Sunday. . . . Miss Mary Driscoll of Genoa is spending the week with Mrs. M. E. Riley. . . . Miss Pearl Anderson of Brooklyn and Mrs. Fred strong of Genoa were guests this week of Edgar Shaffer and family.—Moravia Republican.

—A local newspaper is absolutely necessary to a community. It is the home paper that keeps all in touch with each other by giving them the news of their neighborhood and county. For that alone they are of value and worth far more than the small subscription price. They keep the local pride and progressive spirit aroused and in various ways are worth far more to a community than a community ever spends on them. The daily paper, with its large news service and quicker facilities, may, in some instances overshadow the weekly, but the weekly home paper fills a place in the hearts of the people that a daily can not fill. It comes to your home as an old and tried friend, while the daily enters as a stranger.—Ex.

—Georgia's prohibition law will go into effect on January 1st.

—Miss Leona Southworth will teach the school at Five Corners the coming year.

—Mrs. Matilda Smith, who was injured by a street car in Auburn about two months ago, is still unable to be out, although much improved.

—R. L. Teeter of Moravia has purchased a lot near the Richtmyre cottage on Owasco lake and it is reported that he will build a cottage soon.

—Frank Briggs, wife and daughter of Poplar Ridge, Cayuga county were guests at M. K. Medlock's the fore part of the week.—Interlaken Review.

—Please send us the names of your visitors, or if you are going on a trip just send an item to THE TRIBUNE. Your friends like to know where you are.

—Mrs. Charles Conklin, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at the home of C. J. Hewitt in Locke where she was a guest, is reported to be recovering very nicely.

Go to Mrs. D. E. Singer's and look over her stock of notions and ladies' furnishings.

—A message can now be written on the address side of the ordinary postal card. A line must be drawn one-third of the distance from the left and the message written on the left side of this line, leaving the right for the address. A new series of cards with the line printed is to be issued.

—Mrs. Ford, who is at her daughter's, Mrs. A. Dean, has some beautiful specimens of pillow lace which she makes, and all ladies who are interested in lace-work should see them. It is very interesting to watch the process of making the lace which Mrs. Ford learned to do when a young girl at her home in England.

Dr. J. W. Whitbeck, dentist, Genoa, N. Y., is prepared to do painless extracting of teeth by the use of Sleep Vapor or Somnoform, the latest and safest anaesthetic known, which can be had at his office administered by a physician. He also has for extracting the best preparation for hypodermic; and also a local application for extracting children's teeth, perfectly harmless. In fact, everything in the dental line can be found at his office. Charges as reasonable as in the city or elsewhere, consistent with first-class work.

—The annual reunion of the 111th N. Y. Volunteers will be held at Weedsport on Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1907. A full attendance of the survivors is requested. Headquarters at the Willard House. As the correct address of many of the comrades is unknown to the secretary, will those receiving this notice please extend it to all acquaintances? Notify the secretary, Robert L. Drummond, of Auburn of the death of any comrades since last reunion.

—The Opera house building and blacksmith shop in the basement of the building at Union Springs were destroyed by fire Wednesday morning. The opera house building was owned by Joseph Shalibo and the blacksmith shop was occupied by William Cousins. The fire was discovered about 9 o'clock and is supposed to have started from a forge in the blacksmith shop. An alarm of fire was sounded and the village department assisted by citizens were promptly at work and the fire was under control in about an hour. All of the adjoining buildings caught fire from sparks but prompt work of the firemen prevented any serious damage. The owner of the building places his loss at \$4,000 with no insurance. There was also a lot of furniture and scenery in the building which was entirely consumed by the flames.

Announcement.

Dr. H. E. Anthony left for New York City Friday, Aug. 9, where he will spend from four to six weeks in the Post Graduate Hospital studying diseases of the eye and fitting of glasses. His office will be closed until his return when he will continue his general practice, devoting some time to the eye. 2w4

Try our Job Printing.

Maud Muller Up to Date.

Maud Muller, once, on a summer day, Mounted her horse and rode away.

Down a hill by an old mill stream She heard the whistle and puff of steam, And, looking around, Maud Muller spied The Judge's auto on its gleaming side.

"What ho!" said Maud "What dreadful luck Has caused your auto to run amuck?"

"Alas!" said the Judge, with rueful smile, "I speeded my auto a goodly mile;

For what is the good of an auto grand, Unless one runs it to beat the band?

The road turns short where the trees are thick, But my auto refused to turn so quick;

It sprang in the ditch, as you see it now, Cutting as deep as a one-horse plow!"

Maud laughed, and said, "Well, still there's hope—

I see in your auto you have a rope;

We'll hitch my horse to the thing, somehow, And make him believe it's that one-horse plow."

They tried the trick and the deed was done; The auto was safe and free to run.

Maud mounted her horse, as a girl will do, Though she ought to have tied him and bound him, too,

When autos were close as that auto was, That began to whistle and puff and buzz

As the Judge once more resumed his way, Bidding the girl a fond "Good day!"

The auto was certainly a frightful thing, With its rattlety, clatterty, bangety, bing.

The young horse snorted and shook with fear Then suddenly sprang like a frightened deer;

Over the hills he dashed that day, While helplessly Maud by the roadside lay.

The Judge looked back with an angry frown,

Thinking of women he'd known in town: "The woman who rides as ill as she," He muttered, "is never the wife for me."

While Maud remarked, as she lay flat, "Would ever I marry a man like that!"

Ah me, this world is full of woes— They're worse and worse since the auto goes;

For the saddest words of tongue or pen Are these: "The auto is here again!"

Venice Center.

Aug. 12—Mrs. Frank Mosher is spending the week with her parents at Belltown.

Calvin Fox and wife spent the Sabbath with friends in Auburn.

Mrs. William Donovan and son Cecil of Casenovia have been visiting at the home of Stephen Donovan for a few days recently.

Mrs. Clarence Baker and little son of Rochester are spending a number of weeks at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Andrews.

Rev. and Mrs. H. S. Bacon went to Delphi Falls last week to attend the wedding of a friend.

George B. Crawford went to Auburn Monday where he will work for Henry Fell at the plumbing business.

Mrs. Addie Crawford underwent an operation at the Auburn hospital last week Friday. She is doing nicely.

At the annual school meeting B. J. Coulson was elected trustee, Warren Beardley collector and George Crawford clerk. Miss Elizabeth Bruton has been engaged to teach the school the coming year.

Mrs. George Hoyt of Kelloggsville was a guest at E. E. Greenfield's on Saturday of last week.

The carloads of gravel which are being unloaded here every day for ballasting make it seem very businesslike.

Auction Notice.

Mrs. James Murray will sell at public auction at the residence of William Murray in King Ferry on Saturday, Aug. 17, at 1 o'clock, two horses, upright hay press, lumber wagon, top buggy, harnesses, cutter. L. B. Norman, auctioneer.

GENOA GRADED SCHOOL.

G. B. Springer, Principal.

Why send the boys and girls away from home at a time when they should be under the home influence?

Our school is as well equipped as any Union school in this part of the state. Special attention is given to non-resident pupils.

TUITION.

\$5.00 per term Academic Dept.
4.00 " " Intermediate Dept.
3.00 " " Primary Dept.

It would be well for non-resident pupils to write or consult the principal in regard to their work two weeks before school opens.

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPT. 23, '07

Big Stock Fruit Jars

at Low Prices.

Lightning Cans

in Pints and Quarts.

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MISS CLARA LANTERMAN, KING FERRY, N. Y.

A LESSON IN LOVE TACTICS.

The full realization of her love for Meredith came to Helen as she watched him enter the drawing room with the avowed intention of proposing to her cousin Gweneth.

In her eyes still lingered the incredulous smile with which she had listened to his announcement, but as the door closed behind him came the appalling conviction that he had meant what he said.

Life without Meredith—her Meredith—the husband of Gweneth; such ideas were insupportable. With her hand pressed to her wildly beating heart, she turned and flew upstairs to the workroom.

Her brother was busy there carpentering, and not in the mood for interruption. "Shut the door, please," he cried, without looking up, "the wind blows the shavings about."

Helen complied, then sat down at his side.

"Tom," she said, in a strangled voice, "something dreadful has happened. Meredith has gone to ask Gweneth to marry him—he told me so himself."

This sudden information proved disconcerting to the young man; his hand swerved, and he cut a deep notch in the board he was planing for carving.

"Gammon!" he cried, with two-fold disgust; "what will you tell me next?" Then he looked up and caught sight of his sister's face. His own changed instantly, and he put down his plane.

"The truth is," he said sternly, "you have been playing the fool with Meredith. I gave you credit for more sense. He is not a boy to be attracted by silly caprice. Meredith is a man of the world and my best friend. He has made no secret to me of his fondness for you. It was quite understood between us that the object of his visit this week-end was to elicit matters with you. You cannot say," he concluded, with some reproach, "that I did not give you a hint as to his intentions." Helen flinched. "That's just it," she said miserably. "You see—I knew why he was coming."

"Quite so," her brother replied; "but was that, I ask you, any reason why you should have led him a dog's life ever since he arrived?" "You may condemn me," Helen said, meeting his gaze with some dignity, "but most girls under the circumstances would have done the same."

"Girls!" cried her brother, almost beside himself with chagrin and disappointment; "yes—you are right there; it is not enough for them to have a man's honest love; they must make a fool—a spectacle—of him to their friends. Pshaw!"

"Don't," Helen faltered, in a choked voice. "My heart's broken; is not that enough?" she was silent, then she looked up with tears on her lashes. "Tom, dear," she said, "try to understand me; think—if you were about to propose to a girl—would you like her, by her manner, to any way anticipate your doing so?"

Tom's brown eyes met his sister's comprehensively. "No," he said stoutly, "I don't know that I should."

"Well," Helen faltered, blushing to the tips of her little pink ears, "you see, knowing what I did—whatever he would, I wouldn't."

"Ah!" he brother said, "I suppose that would be the situation. It seems simple, but scarcely promising of result."

"Oh, it would have come right—in time," Helen said, "only—there was always—Gweneth."

"Gweneth! what on earth had she—"

"You see," said Helen, "Gweneth is so obliging. She is always ready to make up for my many delinquencies. When I scratched—metaphorically, of course—she was there to blind you the wound. I confess her conduct exasperated me; I wasn't even as nice as I might have been had she never left Australia. I, at times, regretted that she was our father's third cousin once removed and had no other English relatives to visit this autumn. At last, when—when he did speak—I laughed at him, and suggested Gweneth as a substitute; and—she concluded, with a wretched attempt at bravado, "You see—he has acted on my suggestion."

Tom was mentally denouncing himself as a blundering fool and Gweneth as a meddlesome hypocrite. "Of course," he said, "you are not yet certain she will accept him."

Helen sprang to her feet and stood, an indignant beauty with flashing eyes, before him. "Accept him!" she cried, with scorn; "can there be a shadow of doubt of such a thing?—she will be only too pleased, too proud, as any girl might. Accept him, indeed!—she would never have the impertinence to refuse. He, the cleverest, most brilliant man in the world, the most brilliant K. C. in England. Accept him! Of course she will. Only—only," her voice broke, "she will never love him as I do, I who worshipped the very ground he walked upon." She sat down, her eyes full of despair. "No

one will ever love him as I do," she said.

Tom was feeling ill with sympathy, but his face was still as hard as a flint. "I must say," he said doggedly, "that you had a queer way of showing your affection. I fear now there is nothing to be done."

Helen pushed back the golden hair from her face. "The house suffocates me," she said. "Let us go on to the river. I may feel better there."

Her brother threw on his coat. Downstairs they caught sight of the much-discussed couple standing together on the verandah. Gweneth had for once dropped her knitting, and was holding a flower in her hand, and Meredith was near her talking in a low voice.

Tom felt her fingers tighten on his arm. They hurried down the garden path unseen. Near the bank the boat lay moored, the cushion and oars ready therein. A moment or two more, and the brother and sister were going swiftly down stream, and the house was out of sight.

Helen took advantage of the gloaming, and when her attention was not claimed by steering cried softly unseen. "They will say," she declared presently, "that Gweneth has cut me out."

"I am afraid we must admit the fact," her brother answered mercilessly.

"All the same," Helen declared with spirit, "it is I whom Meredith loves—a woman always knows," she said, triumph creeping into her voice. Then she began to laugh. "I must laugh," she explained, with tears in her eyes. "Think of Gweneth as Meredith's wife; she won't understand him in the least. She will think him cross when he is only enthusiastic, and vulgar when he is witty; she never, you know, saw a joke in her life; and the smell of tobacco is abomination to her." Her voice had trailed into a sob.

Tom's endurance had run out. "There will be rain," Tom said, "and you have no coat. We had better turn—there is barely time to get back for dinner."

The words, simple in themselves, brought fresh agony to Helen. Life was to be lived, dinner to be eaten, though Meredith was lost to her. Despair clutched her heart, death with its oblivion seemed kind; she looked down into the darkening waters.

"Be careful how you steer," cried Tom, as he turned the boat—"the light's queer."

Carefulness and Helen were at that moment antipodal—a watery grave alluring from a world empty of Meredith. Gathering gloom, the narrowness of the stream did the rest—a moment later the boat ran into the opposite bank with an ominous grating sound. Tom swore horribly. Helen put her fingers to her ears. "Save yourself, dear," she cried; "don't mind me—I prefer to die."

"Catch that oar and don't be an idiot!" yelled Tom. Something white glided by swiftly, and was lost in the darkness.

It was useless to go on with one oar and the stream against them. Having exhausted his imprecatory vocabulary, Tom discovered the water to be shallow enough, and in sudden displeasure assisted his sister to the bank above. Further investigation proved that the best plan would be to tow the boat home.

"We shall be horribly late for dinner," Tom grumbled, as they at last got forth.

Helen was feeling disappointed at finding herself still alive. The misadventure had ended tamely in mud and discomfort.

Some one from the landing-stage called them as they approached. It was Meredith, and Helen's heart leaped at the sound.

"Are you all right?" he cried, and there was a queer ring in his voice. "Thank God you are back! I was awfully afraid that something had happened."

"Thank you," Helen said, trying not to appear dignified and not to sneer. "I am quite all right. There is—Gweneth?"

"Your cousin," said Meredith, making no attempt to release the hand that Helen was striving to free from his grasp, "went to her room some time ago."

"But I—thought—" Helen began. Meredith laughed, it must be conceded a little awkwardly. "It didn't do her off," he said. "I gave her a lesson in botany instead."

"Then—" Helen's lips tried to frame the question, but only a little articulate cry broke from her, as in the darkness she felt Meredith lay her close to his heart.

"Dearest," he whispered, "it was wrong of me, but did I quite deserve to be given the worst hour in my life? Is teasing to be your monopoly?"

Then his voice rang out sharply to Tom in the boat. "I say, old chap, have a light? I am afraid Helen has fainted."

But out of the darkness came Helen's voice, feeble, but tinged with bliss: "It's all right, Tom," she said, "he didn't do it—it was just a mistake."

Other sounds of bliss came to Tom as, feeling no little relieved, but distinctly out of it, he strode up the garden between the sunflowers, brushing the cobwebs from his face.

"What a silly business!" he told himself, realizing for the first time that he was desperately hungry and wet to the skin; "and, hang it all! I have quite spoiled that oak panel!"—*Clifford Mills in The Pall Mall Gazette.*

A man who helps another helps himself. This may appear strange—it is a truism nevertheless.

THE BEER DRINKING HABIT.

Increasing With Alarming Rapidity In the United States.

An idea appears to be gaining ground that it is not only nutritious but conducive to health, and, further, that there does not attach to it that danger of creating intemperate habits which attends the use of other drinks. The subject is one of great magnitude, and deserves the attention of medical men as well as that of the moralist, says the Home Life Insurance Company.

"Many years ago, and long before the moral sense of society was awakened to the enormous evils of intemperance, Sir Astley Cooper, an undisputed authority in his day, denounced habitual beer drinking as noxious to health. Referring to his experience in Guy's Hospital, he declared that the beer drinkers from the London breweries, though presenting the appearance of most rugged health, were the most incapable of all classes to resist disease,—that trifling injuries among them were liable to lead to the most serious consequences, and that so prone were they to succumb to disease that they would sometimes die from gangrene in wounds as trifling as the scratch of a pin.

"We apprehend that no great change, either in beer or men, has taken place since the days of the great surgeon.

"Of all intoxicating drinks, it is the most animalizing. It dulls the intellectual and moral, and feeds the sensual and beastly nature. Beyond all other drinks, it qualifies for deliberate and unprovoked crime. In this respect it is much worse than distilled liquors.

"A whiskey drinker will commit murder only under the direct excitement of liquor, a beer drinker is capable of doing it in cold blood. Long observation has assured us that a large proportion of murders deliberately planned and executed without passion or malice, with no other motive than the acquisition of property or money, often of trifling value, are perpetrated by beer drinkers.

"We believe, further, that the hereditary evils of beer drinking exceed those proceeding from ardent spirits. First, because the habit is constant and without proximal interruption, which admit of some recuperation; secondly, because beer drinking is practiced by both sexes more generally than the spirit drinking; and thirdly, because the animalizing tendency of the habit is more uniformly developed; thus authorizing the presumption that the vicious results are more generally transmitted.

"It will be inferred from these remarks that we take no comfort from the substitution of malt drinks for spirituous liquors. On the contrary, it is a cause of apprehension and alarm that, just as public opinion, professional and unprofessional, is uniting all over the world in the condemnation of the common use of ardent spirits, the portals of danger and death are opening wide in another direction."

The Treatment of Inebriety.

"That people actually do inherit an appetite for liquor I am fully convinced. I have seen a child of twelve dead drunk. The child was from inebriate parents, and not only had the taste for liquor, but sought it with all the cunning of the old drinker," says Dr. Charles Mix.

"In cases where inebriety is inherited the first drink is intoxicating, the taste is there and the liquor acts upon the body as though it were habituated to its use.

"The present treatment of inebriety is altogether wrong. If inebriety is a disease, as is granted by the majority of physicians, its treatment by arrest and incarceration in jails and penal institutions is contrary to all medical laws. The reason for drunkenness is to be found, in almost all cases, in ancestry. In the very near ancestry there will be found some nervous weakness, if not actual disease. It is so closely allied with insanity that it is often difficult to separate the two; indeed, I think that inebriety may be called a form of insanity. Vagabondage is known to be a form of insanity and three-fifths, at least, of the alcoholics of this country belong to that class. The tendency toward vagabondage is one of the marked symptoms of inebriety.

The Number Damaged.

"I think it is an underestimate that for one man or woman who goes so far as to become actually insane through alcohol there are a hundred who take lesser, but still serious brain damage, that shows itself in all sorts of vice, laziness, immorality and crime. The brain cannot possibly act as the vehicle of well-ordered mind and conduct if saturated with alcohol.—Dr. T. S. Conston, in *Edinboro Daily News.*

Alcohol Drinking in England.

The bibulous habits of the British people are undergoing a marked change so far as spirits, wine and beer are concerned. Less wine was drunk in the United Kingdom in 1903 than for a decade. British newspapers state that the falling off in the consumption of the drinks is due entirely to the impoverishment produced by the South African war.

If there is any work that the devil is well satisfied with, it must be a drunkard's home.

A moderate drinker is worth more to the devil than a drunkard.

"If one wants to get in a crooked path just follow the direction of a corkscrew."

THE HIGHER LIFE

Selected Gems of Thought from Prose and Poetry of All Secs.

Our Religious Foundation.

God's foundations are firm amid all the mutations which mark the history of the human race; amid all the storms and shocks; amid all the disintegrating agencies; amid the rise and fall of empires; amid the birth, the growth, maturity, the old age and death of nations; amid things present and things to come, life and death, in spite of everything that may oppose, or assail, belief, character, hope, love, incorruptible life all may have perfectly indestructible foundations. What are some of these foundations? Religious experience; that is an experience of God in the soul of man is an indestructible foundation. Such experience is knowledge derived from fact and abiding in spiritual consciousness.—Rev. Frank Case, Unitarian.

The Character of Jesus.

In the character of the Man of Nazareth we have strength of will, purity of heart, honesty in motive and courage in action, all under the dominance of that mighty principle of love. Tender to the poor, the lowly, the sinful and outcast; righteously and justly severe toward the hypocritical, the falsifiers and the selfish; noble to the decent, the pure and the upright; obedient to the will of God. He serves the world as its greatest benefactor.—Rev. William Evans, Methodist.

Working With Christ.

Best of all, any man's business in the world if it is a co-operation with Providence, is for the service of others. If all things work together for good to those that love God, then the man who does God's will is a partner with God in the syndicate of public weal. The day laborer may magnify his calling if he sees that he is but "finishing" God's work and doing his little toward hastening that far off event when the kingdom of the world shall become the kingdom of Christ.—Rev. Frank Case, Unitarian.

Test of Discipleship.

The Lord said a very strong and remarkable saying: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Not by anything else; not by your service, the great churches you build, the organizations you establish, your formulas of creed, but by this and this only shall men know. It is the appeal you can make to the world, "If ye love one another as I have loved you." That will be the supreme test of your discipleship and of your relation to Jesus Christ. Rev. Charles E. Wilson, Methodist Episcopal.

Receiving Christ Our Father.

And if we could be children to Him, and bring Him the joy of a Father in us, we must receive Christ—receive Him by opening our hearts, in humble contrition, in the putting away of sin, in the promise and endeavor of obedience to righteousness, to the indwelling of the free, divine, eternal, almighty redeeming grace declared to us in the Gospel of His dying love. Evermore seeking to bless His children, nothing besides does He so wish them to accept from Him as that. For nothing beside, that it might be theirs to prize.—Rev. Thomas Potterton, Episcopal.

The Work of Christ.

The sublime purpose of Jesus was to bring the family of God on the earth to a consciousness of the Divine and to declare a philosophy—a religion—universal in its scope that should bring humanity into right relations with God and the universe; "to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."—Rev. John E. Potterton, Baptist.

The Meaning of Character.

Personal character, after all, is the supreme factor in the evolution of human history, whether you look at the particular or the general, whether you are thinking of the individual, the community—the nation—or the race. Back of all lies human character, and when we say human character we mean the separate and distinct characters which constitute the moral personality of individual men.—Rev. William Parker, Unitarian.

Influence of the Bible.

Think of the highest minds that have been influenced by the Bible. Jesus was the greatest mind on earth. There has never been a soul like the perfect soul of Jesus in the world; the most beautiful palace of truth that God ever created was the soul of Jesus and only in that palace can you find Christianity in its perfection. And throughout the life of Jesus he quoted the Bible. The apostles who loved him were steeping with the Holy Scriptures.—Rev. Thomas W. Evans, Independent.

Covetousness and Religion.

We are told by an ancient chronicle of a certain cardinal who was covetous, avaricious and malicious, but full of religion. The religious life as we comprehend it admits of no such moral monstrosities. It requires that life weave its many possibilities into the grandeur of a consistent character. Character is the insistence of all our great religious teachers and in keeping with their requirements that man is leading the best religious life who can truthfully claim the best character.—Rev. Thos. Fox, Unitarian.

Saturday Night Talks

By F. E. DAVISON — RUTLAND Vt.

STRANGE OR CONSUMING FIRE.

Aug. 11, '07.—(Lev. 10:1-11.)

Nadab and Abihu were the sons of Aaron, and the nephews of Moses. They had been honored with the priests office, and performed the functions of the priesthood. On one occasion, while engaged in the services of the sanctuary, they failed to obey the proper order. The Scripture says that they "offered strange fire before the Lord." Whatever that may mean, it was so displeasing to the Almighty that, as the Bible puts it, "there came forth fire from before the Lord, and devoured them, and they died before the Lord." Their "strange fire" was instantly neutralized by "consuming fire" and they fell at the altar as though struck by lightning.

We need not fritter away our time trying to find out what the "strange fire" was. A good many people think on account of what follows, it was intoxication on their part which caused them to take the fire for their offering from some unhallowed or common source, rather than from the appointed place, the altar of sacrifice. Whatever it was, it rendered them objects of wrath and the punishment was instantaneously inflicted. It is for us rather to get the modern lesson and the application to the times in which we live.

And the first lesson is this: The Enemies of the Church are Within Rather than Without.

Nadab and Abihu were priests in good and regular standing when they committed this apparently unpardonable sin. The trouble was conceived and born in the very highest rank of ecclesiastical life. The church is in more danger from its internal foes than from the world outside. The days of persecution, of prison and fagot have gone by, and it is no longer true that the church needs to stand upon the defensive against those who would seek her life. She is in greater danger of fatty degeneration of the heart than of being shot to death by guerrillas. The infidels and unbelievers are not outside they are inside. They bear social positions, and carry the vessels of the Lord. Today, as in Christ's time, if he were to utter his message, it would be one of invitation to the outsiders and of fiery rebuke to the insiders.

The world, the flesh, and the devil are all supposed to be prowling around the gates of Zion seeking to affect an entrance within the borders, and while the membership are straining their eyes at every loophole to discern their approach, lo! the enemy is within the fold, masquerading in the livery of heaven and posing behind a mask. Blasphemers are not as deadly as traitors. Those who make long prayers merely for effect are greater enemies than those who curse the sanctuary. Every mean, underhanded, scheming pretender who is actuated by the motive that the end justifies the means, and carries the practices of the spy, and the slanderer, and the garter into the church, is guilty of high treason against the majesty of heaven no matter how necessary may be the object he wishes to obtain. It is Nadab and Abihu over again, desecrating the house of God with strange fire, taken not from the altars of heaven but from the furnaces of hell.

And the next lesson is the tendency to substitute strange fire for holy fire. In the case of Nadab and Abihu there was no excuse. The fire was ready, the ritual was simple. When they substituted their own ideas for God's they were guilty of sacrilege and were as quickly punished as if by accident they had touched a live wire.

When conditions are imposed upon the consciences of men that are contrary to the spirit of the Scriptures it is "strange fire." When men read into the Word of God their own imaginations and unchurch all those who will not utter their shibboleth, it is "strange fire." When men assume prerogatives that belong only to the supernatural, and crowning themselves with a little brief authority, set up for church bosses it is "strange fire." When men change their life-long convictions as one changes a garment, and for the love of money or social position espouse the cause they have always antagonized it is "strange fire." When men bow at the altar of the church and with closed eyes repeating "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors" rise up and go forth to take their debtors by the throat, demanding the uttermost farthing, that is "strange fire." When men consent to wear a muzzle, and chloroform their principles in order to hold their job that is "strange fire." When women turn the sewing circle into school for scandal and roast the absent ones over the slow fires of titillation, that is "strange fire." When the cooking stove apostasy gets full possession of all the faculties of the sisterhood, so that its odors permeate the prayer meeting, and its bewitching and heart burning are constantly flashing out in snapping eyes and sharp rebuffs that is, "strange fire."

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, Notice is hereby given, that all persons having claims against the estate of Charles J. Baker, late of the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of, etc., of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Port Dickinson, County of Broome, on or before the 10th day of November 1907.

Dated May 17th, 1907.
Benjamin C. Mead, Attorney for Administrator,
120 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, Notice is hereby given, that all persons having claims against the estate of Ezra A. Bourne, late of the town of Leyard, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the executor of, etc., of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Leyard, County of Cayuga, on or before the 17th day of November, 1907.

Dated May 17, 1907.
S. C. BRADLEY, Executor.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, Notice is hereby given, that all persons having claims against the estate of David Cornell, late of Venice, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the executor of, etc., of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Venice, County of Cayuga, on or before the 30th day of November, 1907.

Dated May 17, 1907.
Ralph A. Hartner, Attorney for executor,
Moravia, N. Y.

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The Scrap Book

The Ways of Congressmen.

It was at a banquet in Washington given to a large body of congressmen, mostly from the rural districts. The tables were elegant, and it was a scene of fairy splendor, so to speak; but on one table there were no decorations but palm leaves.

"Here," said a congressman to the head waiter, "why don't you put them things on our tables, too?" pointing to the plants.

The head waiter didn't know he was a congressman.

"We can't do it, boss," he whispered confidentially; "they're mostly congressmen at all de tables 'ceptin' dat one, an if we put palms on dere tables dey take um for celery an' eat um all up sho. 'Deed dey would, boss. We knows 'em."

MORTALITY.

Askes to askes, dust to dust!
What of his loving? What of his lust?
What of his passion? What of his pain?
What of his poverty? What of his pride?
Earth, the great mother, has called him again.
Deeply he sleeps, the world's verdict denied.
Shall he be tried again? Shall he go free?
Who shall the court convene? Where shall it be?

No answer on the land, none from the sea!
Only we know that as he died we must—
You with your theory, you with your trust.

Askes to askes, dust unto dust!
—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

College Days.

There was once a Yale sophomore who found himself in financial straits and pawned all his good clothes. A little before Thanksgiving he got a big check from home.

When he got home for the holidays the first thing his mother took out of the trunk was an overcoat, and on it was pinned the pawnbroker's ticket he had forgotten to remove.

Hastily grabbing the ticket, he said: "Hello! They must have forgotten to take this off at the Smith dance when I left it in the cloakroom."

A moment later his mother took out his evening trousers. They also had a ticket on them.

"Why, Reginald," she said, "surely you didn't leave these in the cloakroom, too, did you?"—Lippincott's.

After Many Trials.

He was a sad faced American tourist, and as he seated himself in a London restaurant he was immediately attended by an obsequious waiter.

"I want two eggs," said the American, "one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Ow is that, sir?" asked the astounded waiter.

"Two eggs, one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Very well, sir."

The waiter was gone several minutes, and when he returned his face was a study.

"Would you please repeat your order, sir?"

"I said very distinctly, two eggs, one fried on one side and one on the other."

Oppressive silence, and then a dazed "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone longer, and when he returned he said anxiously:

"Would it be awaking too much, sir, to have you repeat your order, sir? I can't think I've it right, sir, you know."

"Two eggs," said the American sadly and patiently, "one fried on one side and one on the other."

More oppressive silence and another fainter "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone still longer. When he returned his collar was unbuttoned, his hair disheveled and his face scratched and bleeding. Leaning over the waiting patron, he asked beseechingly:

"Would you mind trying boiled eggs, sir? I've had some words with the cook."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Kissing the Girls.

Senator Vance once stumped North Carolina in joint debate with Judge Settle, the Republican candidate for the governorship. All the white Democrats turned out to hear Vance, and the colored Republicans to hear Settle. At the conclusion of the speaking one day, Vance was told that a number of young women had expressed a desire to kiss the Democratic candidate.

He stepped down from the platform and kissed a dozen or so of the pretty young women, when he stopped long enough to turn around to his competitor and shout, "I'm kissing my girls, Settle; now you kiss yours."

"Anno Domini."

When Senator Vest was old and broken in health he once compared his state to that of a very old negro he remembered back in Kentucky.

"See here, Sam," asked the negro's friend, "what's the matter with you?"

"Don't know, boss," said the old darky, "but I think dat I am a-sufferin' in wif samo domine."

The Indispensable Man.

When old Zach Taylor came into the presidency, persons in Washington soon began to tell him there was one public servant the government couldn't do without. They said they had come to express the hope that the old general and rather inexperienced president would permit them to inform him of it. This piece of information and advice was systematically dropped into his ear at frequent intervals. At first he paid little attention to it, but finally took note of the fact that a certain John Hobby, who for twenty odd years had held the important office of assistant postmaster general, was the official the government couldn't get

Kittredge, stated. "I am going to win that case, Kittredge," he said. "What makes you think so?" asked Mr. Kittredge. "Why, I'll tell you in the quiet. Walking with me to the hotel today, the judge complimented me and added that I had left nothing unsaid."

"Oh, is that all?" Mr. Kittredge said. "Don't let him fool you by that kind of talk. We all know him here. I'll tell you a story."

"Once there was a lion tamer whose duty it was to go into the cage and put his head in a big lion's mouth twice a day. One day, after he had got his head in the animal's mouth he asked the keeper in a low voice, 'Is the lion wagging his tail?' 'He is,' replied the keeper. 'Then I'm gone,' said the tamer, and the next moment the lion closed his jaws and killed the tamer."

It was both a story and a prophecy. Mr. Peck lost his case.

The Doctor's Joy.

Doctor Doane was demonstrator at a clinic which had under advisement a patient suffering with a carbuncle of unusual proportions. In a burst of scientific rapture the demonstrator delivered something in the following vein: "Perfect specimen! Perfect specimen! I never saw one superior. A beautiful inflammation. There—Isn't that a gem?" The unhappy victim raised his hands in protest. "Enough!" he gasped. "Hell is full of joy like yours."

He Was Willing to Oblige.

A young North Carolina girl is charming, but, like a great many other charming people, she is poor. She never has more than two evening gowns in a season, and the ruin of one of them is always a serious matter to her. She went to a little dancing party last week and she wore a brand new white frock. During the evening a great big, red faced, perspiring man came up and asked her to dance. He wore no gloves. She looked at his well meaning but moist hands despairingly and thought of the immaculate back of her waist. She hesitated a bit, and then she said with a winning smile:

"Of course I'll dance with you, but, if you don't mind, won't you please use your handkerchief?"

The man looked at her blankly a moment or two. Then a light broke over his face.

"Why, certainly," he said. And he pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Benton and Calhoun.

A short time after Calhoun's death, a friend said to Benton, "I suppose, Colonel, you won't pursue Calhoun beyond the grave?" to which he replied: "No, sir! When God Almighty lays His hand upon a man, sir, I take mine off, sir."

Never Again.

One day a learned judge was listening to a case that had been appealed from one of the lower courts. The young lawyer who appeared for the appellant was long and tedious; he brought in all the elementary textbooks and quoted the fundamental legal propositions.

At length the judge thought it was time to make an effort to close the argument.

"Can we not assume," he said suavely, "that the court itself knows a little about the law?"

"That's the very mistake I made in the other court," answered the lawyer, "and I don't want to let it defeat me twice!"

Jackson and the Mutineers.

While General Jackson was conducting his campaign against the Creeks in Alabama the privations and hardships the raw levies had to endure were too much for a company of Tennesseeans. They mutinied, declared their intention of returning home, and set out, every man with his arms. The general lay on a sick bed in his tent, but hearing of the revolt, sprang up, dressed, ordered his horse, and picking up the first gun in his way, started on a gallop, alone, after the disaffected ones. Overtaking and passing them, he wheeled his horse and presenting his gun as he swept the line with his stern and fiery glance, he shouted: "Back to your duty! I'll blow out the brains of the first man that dares to move a step forward! Wheel, march!" The men covered under his eye, hesitated a moment, then obeyed his order, wheeled and returned to camp, the general following. When they had entered the lines and stood in the presence of the whole force, the general came around in front, alighted, threw his gun on the ground and said, loud enough to be heard by all, "That old gun had no lock in it!"

Joe Jefferson Found Out.

The late Joseph Jefferson once received a cable dispatch from his son Thomas, who was in London, asking his father to remit to him £100.

The father was doubtful, and so he wired back, "What do you want it for?"

Back came the answer, "For Tom."

This so tickled the old man that the money was forthcoming.

The Drummer and the Dukes.

A commercial traveler got into the same railway carriage with the Duke of Northumberland and the Duke of Argyll and conversed with them freely, not knowing who they were. The Duke of Northumberland got out at Alnwick, where a handsome equipage was waiting. The traveler said with surprise, "I'll bet you that's some big nob we've been talking to." "It is the Duke of Northumberland," said Argyll. The traveler stared after the equipage in amazement. "By gams!" he said at last. "Who'd have thought that a duke would have talked to two little snake like us?"

The Limit of Life.

The most eminent medical scientists are unanimous in the conclusion that the generally accepted limitation of human life is many years below the attainment possible with the advanced knowledge of which the race is now possessed. The critical period, that determines its duration, seems to be between 50 and 60; the proper care of the body during this decade cannot be too strongly urged; carelessness then being fatal to longevity. Nature's best helper after 50 is Electric Bitters, the scientific tonic medicine that revitalizes every organ of the body. Guaranteed by J. S. Banker, Genoa, N. Y., and F. T. Atwater, King Ferry, N. Y. 50c.

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THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD.

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The Thrice-a-Week World, coming to you every other day, serves all the purpose of a daily, and is far cheaper.

The news service of this paper is constantly being increased, and it reports fully, accurately and promptly every event of importance anywhere in the world. Moreover, its political news is impartial, giving you facts, not opinions and wishes. It has full markets, splendid cartoons and interesting fiction by standard authors.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and THE GENOA TRUSTEE OFFICE for one year for \$1.35.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.00.



"Pouf!" said Gert de Jaegar contemptuously, "you are only a girl, Jantje, a cry-baby. What can you ever do to help our pa and ma?"—a little Boer boy always talk of his parents as "pa and ma."

Jantje drew herself up, a funny squat little figure in a shapeless blue print frock, and a big black kappe. "I am seven years old; I am not a cry-baby," she replied, tears trembling on her long lashes, and sounding in the quiver of her childish voice.

"Ja," scoffed Gert, whose name is pronounced by no means as it is spelt; any right-minded person seeing Gert would pronounce it so, but in Boer-land they call it Hheerrt. "Ja," said Gert, "a big age, seven years;" and he wagged his head backwards and forwards, while his big black eyes danced and snapped with delight. Jantje pulled herself together with an immense effort, and walked away down the red dusty road towards the little farm which peeped out from the kopjes and mimosa trees.

Gert's and Jantje's father was a poor man, but he owned a few good cows and enough oxen to pull his wagon into the tiny town of Boshof, which lay fifteen miles away, where he sold his mangles or pumpkins, and a little butter if the cows gave enough milk for his wife to make it.

Jantje was the proud possessor of a cow, a beautiful dun-colored, soft-eyed creature.

That night as the children sat down with their parents to their frugal meal of coffee and rusks, a tall man slouched up to the door, and leaning over the lower half of it, which is generally kept shut in Boer houses to keep out snakes, nodded civilly.

"Have you heard?" he said. Instinctively Nicholas de Jaegar and his fat little wife rose from the table, their faces paling underneath the tan.

"Ja," said the man, nodding his head slowly, "the rinderpest has come; old Oom Jacob has six cows very bad, and mine are sickening already."

"The government offer five pounds a head to compensate us, if we have our cattle shot when they first show signs of the sickness," went on the tall man. "Two of mine sickened to-day; they are worth fifteen pounds each—I shall get five if I have them shot."

He drew his big hand across his eyes and went on heavily: "My wife is still very sick, and the baby is young—they gave good milk, those cows."

Nicholas and his wife nodded in silent sympathy.

"Will my Hessian get the rinderpest too, pa?" cried little Jantje.

"Maybe yes, maybe no, my girl, 'tis as the Lord wills," was the answer.

The next day, and for many weeks following, Gert and Jantje went about with sober little faces, and Gert did not once taunt his small sister with being a coward or a cry-baby. Hessian was kept in a shed by herself, but even she at last fell a victim and stood with hanging head and a piteous look of suffering in her liquid eyes.

One very warm day when the mimosa trees were a mass of golden bloom, and the cicadas kept up a shrill incessant piping, Jantje and Gert, sitting listless and quiet on the top of an old kraal wall, saw a policeman ride up to the house. Thankful for any change in the miserable monotony of those sunshiny days, filled with gloom, they half scrambled, half fell off the high wall and fled down to the house. The man merely inquired for their father, and on being told he was down at the kraal with the sick cattle, handed Gert a blue paper. After watching him mount and ride away, the children went miserably into the house, for even to their childish minds the blue paper spoke for itself. Only yesterday they had heard Nicholas and old Oom Jacob speak of it and what its coming meant to them; it was the proclamation announcing that in the event of infected cattle being shot by their owner, he would receive five pounds per head in compensation. Jantje thought of Hessian, and forgetting Gert, sobbed bitterly.

"Och! you can never do anything but cry," he said contemptuously, and walked away. Nicholas shook his head sadly over the blue paper when he came in.

"Sixty cattle sick," he said. "That means three hundred pounds—and they are worth a thousand."

After his dinner he went out to the little stable. Jantje followed him and stood while he saddled his gray mare; he avoided her round childish eyes, and when she questioned him he answered laconically:

"I am going to ride."

"Where to, pa?"

"To Boshof," he said at last.

Jantje's little fingers twisted in and out of one another nervously.

"For what, pa?"

"To tell the man to come over and shoot the sick cattle," he answered grimly, and waited for a burst of sobbing.

The supper that night was eaten in silence, but before he rose to get the heavy Bible out of which he read a chapter every evening, Nicholas said jerkily:

"I have told the man to come to-morrow."

Next morning every one was astray very early, but Jantje earliest of all, long before dawn she crept out of her little parlor bed, and seizing her veldtschoons.

Jantje climbed the wall and fasten-

ing a rope round Hessian's neck led her to the gate. With laborious care she lifted the thick bars (cut from young gum trees) out of the iron rings which held them in position, and so constituted an immensely strong gate. Once outside this and the bars replaced, with many loving words uttered in Dutch, she coaxed the poor weak animal across the silt and up a small kopje behind the house. Almost at the top a new difficulty beset her, for Hessian suddenly stood still. Not all the coaxing words uttered in Jantje's little voice, quivering with anxiety, nor her small loving hands could move the poor thing, and she looked at her little mistress as if to say, "I have done all I could."

"I know," said Jantje, in answer to the speaking eyes. "But you must try, my Hessian—you must."

Alas! Hessian stood with hanging head, Jantje thought very hard for a minute, and then plumped down with her bare fat little legs on the stony path and prayer.

"Please, Lord, make my sick cow come with me, and make her well soon."

At the farm house below some one was stirring—Jantje held her breath, but it was only sleepy Katrina, the Hottentot maid, preparing the early coffee.

Jantje thought of the hot sugary stuff she had every morning with a regretful sigh. The next time she pulled the rope Hessian followed with dragging faltering feet, and so, step by step, she was enticed on till Jantje reached her desired haven. Breathless and exhausted, the little girl flung herself down to rest. About three miles from Nicholas de Jaegar's house stood a large isolated kopje, and half-way up it was an old tumble-down house; it had in its palmy days been a place of call between Kimberley and Boshof, in the words of the country a "half-way-house;" just in front of it three huge skeleton gum trees stood like sentinels.

It had been kept by an Englishman called Trevor and his pretty Dutch wife, and they prospered and grew rich. But one day two farmers calling at the place for a drink came upon the body of pretty cheery Sannie Trevor with a bullet wound in her soft throat, and a few yards off a big farm man lay, shot through the head. Shaking with fear and horror they went into the house to find George Trevor quietly and openly cleaning a pistol.

In silence the two men stood and waited, and Trevor cleaned his weapon. Presently he put it down very carefully, then raising his light eyes he looked at the two men. "Yes?" he said, and gradually his eyelids narrowed until only a savage gleam of pale gray showed between them. Under his steady look their eyes wavered, and they went out, as they had come, in silence.

That night an awful storm broke over the country. In the morning the three tall trees stood blasted and seared, and in the ruined house lay not two, but three corpses, for so did the doom of the third fall, meted out by the Deity who has said: "Vengeance is mine."

In those days many things happened, and those who were wise kept silence, if, by chance, they knew of them. So the house fell into disuse and was said to be "spook-riden."

The trading farmers took to going another way; so that nothing disturbed the peace of the place, but a few great loathsome vultures and the rock-rabbits.

In one of the partially-roofed rooms, Jantje tethered her cow to an old wooden seat. She then proceeded to unearth a bag of forage, and a smaller one of rusks and blitjont, which she had smuggled up the day before.

Towards mid-day the sound of shots on the clear air made her shiver and cry.

As the early dusk fell, and she had for company only poor moaning Hessian and the weird sounds of the veldt, the child's agony of terror was unspeakable.

The third night a strange flutter of huge winds in the room where Hessian was, startled her from a light sleep. Creeping to the doorway she saw in the white moonlight a sight which made her shiver and turn sick with fright; on a worm-eaten beam above sat a huge vulture, its fierce greedy eyes fixed on the poor trembling animal beneath it, while the air seemed filled with a loathly smell.

Almost blind with fear, Jantje seized a stone and flung it with all her childish strength at the bird. Uttering a hoarse croak it rose a few feet, only to settle again on the beam. Jantje threw another stone which struck the bird's wing with a thud; with an angry cry it swooped off the beam, and down as it seemed to the frightened child, right on to her. Screaming wildly and striking the air with both poor little hands, she fell, a small senseless heap on the dusty floor.

When she opened her eyes again the dreadful night had passed and dawn was stretching cool lovely arms over the dreaming veldt. To Jantje's intense joy Hessian ate a little food of her own free will that day and the terrible moaning had ceased. Evening brought all the old terrors, and through the long night the child sat with every sense on the alert to catch the first gleam of fierce yellow eyes, or the flutter of clumsy wings. None came, and at dawn she fell asleep, only to be awakened by Hessian poking her soft nose into her hand.

Meanwhile Nicholas and the neighboring farmers had scoured the surrounding country, and had dragged the three great dams, in search of his little daughter.

Beside this last great trouble the rinderpest seemed of little account. Some one suggested searching at the three gum trees, but little Gert shook

his head: "It is spook-riden, and Jantje is only a girl and afraid," he said. With a nod the superstitious Dutchmen agreed. No grown man would venture to that desolate spot, much less a little child.

The following Sunday dawned like an opal, full of the shimmer of golden sunshine and gleaming silver grass, of blue and rose and amethyst on the shadowy hills. As Nicholas with trembling voice was reading out the Twenty-third Psalm after breakfast, a weak weary little girl, in a dragged print dress, leading a still more weak and weary cow, struggled up to the door and sat down limply on the step.

"Please, pa, the Lord has made my Hessian better, and—oh," cried Jantje, as the smell of hot coffee and bread warm from the oven assailed her famished nostrils, "I am hungry—hungry!"

Because she was so dear to them and they had feared her dead, de Jaegar uttered no word of blame, but took the tired little figure into his great arms, and fed her with loving care, till gradually her little face grew less haggard, and her eyes lost the terrible look of strain and fear.

Gert, after hearing her story, went out and gave Hessian the best food he could find.

Presently a clean Jantje, in her Sunday frock of bright magenta cashmere, her little face shining with soap and happiness, came up to the kraal.

Gert turned his back, and with the toe of his veldtschoon, made a round hole in the sand.

"Gert," said Jantje.

"Yes," answered Gert.

"I am not a baby now?" There was still the old childish quiver in her voice. Gert suddenly tumbled off his high horse of superior sex and courage.

"You are much braver and cleverer than me," he said.

And so Jantje's rule was established.—Pittsburg Leader.

Marriage Trust Magnate.

Judge William Hill, who dispenses justice at Sunnyside when not engaged in pursuing the festive dollar arrayed in the fine raiment or common garb of a dozen other callings, is pretty much the whole thing when it comes to outfitting folks for the married state. A few days ago a love-sick swain called on the judge and solicited his services to unite him in holy bonds, etc.

"By the way, judge," said the young man, "adn't you the proprietor of the dance hall?"

"I am," replied the justice.

"Well, I want it for a dance How about the music?"

"Well, I can supply that," said the judge.

"Then I must give a supper," said the soon-to-be benedict.

"Well, I am a professional cook," replied his Honor, "and can serve you nicely in that line."

"All right," said the young man; "now I must see a photographer and make arrangements for photos of the wedding party."

"Hold on," said the limb of the law, as the fellow was about to slip out of the door. "That is my line, too. Photography is where I shine, and if you don't want to go to Price for the marriage license I can fix that, too."

"Well, I'll be—," gasped the lover, as he planked down a yellow piece of money as part payment for all the proposed services. "Do you also sell cradles and baby carriages?"—Emery County (Utah) Progress.

Thermometer Noses.

Although the process of injecting solid paraffin under the skin was at first hailed with delight by persons desirous of remedying the defective shape of their noses, it has now been found to have its drawbacks, says the Petit Parisien. At the last meeting of the Academy of Medicine M. Legarde drew attention to some of these.

The least pressure, he stated, was fatal to the symmetry of the organs thus beautified. Paraffin is also very sensitive to heat, and a nose admirably modelled by the aid of the new process is as responsible to atmospheric changes as a thermometer.

More serious is the danger of blood-poisoning caused by the absorption of particles of paraffin into the system. Blood-poisoning sometimes ensues, and the results are frequently very grave.

Spider Web Game.

Fasten to the hall chandelier as many lengths of red, yellow, green, blue and white twine as there are boy and girl players.

Tell each child to take a length of twine and follow it through the different rooms until he finds the other end, winding the twine into a ball as he goes.

It will lead him upstairs and down, around table legs, through cracks in doors, in and out through the banisters, and so on.

Does Not Color Hair

Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula, does not stain or color the hair even to the slightest degree. Gray hair, white hair, blonde hair is not made a shade darker. But it certainly does stop falling hair. No question about that.

Does not change the color of the hair.
Formula with each bottle
Ayer's
Show it to your doctor
Ask him about it, then do as he says

Indeed, we believe it will stop every case of falling hair unless there is some very unusual complication, something greatly affecting the general health. Then you should consult your physician. Also ask him about the new Ayer's Hair Vigor.
—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

The Nobler Sacrifice.

What influences does business exert on the inexperienced, expectant girl? They are purely psychological. The question of comparative health and comparative morals in domestic and business life is narrow, as compared with the broader one of psychological conditions.

I believe that there are just as many women who break down under the strain of bearing children and domestic burdens as there are those who have nervous prostration from trying to do a man's work in business and live a woman's life at home.

But there is this difference: The woman who sacrifices herself on the domestic altar may leave behind her a living, breathing memorial in the sons and daughters who revere her memory, and who hand down to posterity the influence of her strong character, an ever-widening circle for good; while the woman who sacrifices herself to business success can leave only a few tangled skeins in office or store for some other woman to straighten out. The woman who is normal and healthy, and performs her work in the normal, common-sense way, will not break down either in the home or in a wage-earning field.

Wage earning women as a class I believe to be even more moral than their sisters who lead the protected life. Contact with the world shows them the wages of sin as well as the wages of work. They are less credulous, less trusting, than the girl who idealizes every man who comes upon her horizon. The girl whose virtue is inherent and strongly entrenched does not yield to the blandishments of the man she meets in business; rather she becomes absolutely impregnable. On the other hand, the girl who is naturally wild and unrestrained does not require the influence of office, store or factory environment to show her the downward way—Anna Steese Richardson in the September Woman's Home Companion.

Sherwood.

Aug. 13—Mrs. J. E. Ward and daughter were guests at Theodore Collins' last week.

Charles Goodman of Genoa returned home today after a week's visit at his sister's, Mrs. Louis Hopkins. William Harmonson and wife of Moravia were Sunday guests at the same place.

Mrs. Hoyt and children of Auburn are guests at Isabel Howland's.

Mrs. Goodman is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Louis Hopkins.

A. J. Masten left last Thursday for South Butler, where she will spend a few weeks with Bert Ward and wife.

Wesley Ward visited friends in Canoga over Sunday and spent Monday in Syracuse.

Blanche Smith spent the greater part of last week in Hector.

Mrs. Harrington, son and daughter of Sterling are guests at Benjamin Brewster's.

Hester Lyon is in Utica for a time.

Abbie Ward spent several days last week with her brother Paul at Ellsworth.

Edward Foster and wife are visiting her old home.

Miss Christina Brehm of Rochester spent the past week at Henry Koon's.

"Regular as the Sun"

is an expression as old as the race. No doubt the rising and setting of the sun is the most regular performance in the universe, unless it is the action of the liver and bowels when regulated with Dr. King's New Life Pills. Guaranteed by J. B. Banker, druggist, Genoa, N. Y., and F. T. Atwater, King Ferry, N. Y.

Venice.

Aug. 13—The annual Baptist Sunday school picnic will be held on the church green next Saturday, Aug. 17.

Miss Marjory Shattuck of Homer is spending some time with J. P. North way and wife.

C. D. Divine, wife and mother, with their guest, Miss Jane Halsey, visited Lansing friends two days last week.

Mrs. Seymour Parks of Auburn spent last week with her mother in this place.

Mrs. Bishop is spending some time with her son, Calvin Bishop, here.

Samuel Fessenden of King Ferry visited at W. P. Purdy's recently.

Mrs. Elias Beach had the misfortune to fall and sprain her wrist recently.

Mrs. William Whitman went to the Auburn hospital, where she expected to undergo an operation, last week.

Norman Arnold was called to Mount Morris by the death of his uncle, Norman Arnold, whose remains were brought to East Venice for burial on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crandall entertained friends from Auburn part of last week.

Jay Parks of Auburn and Frank Baker of Moravia spent Sunday with their grandmother, Mrs. W. Boothe.

Mrs. J. W. York is suffering from a broken wrist and other bruises. Dr. Thomas is the attending physician.

Carrie Misner is spending some time with her grandparents at Ledyard.

The annual school meeting was held last Tuesday evening and the following officers elected: Fred Hicks, trustee; Nelson Stevens, clerk; J. C. Misner, collector.

Will Beebe and son Bert of Union Springs are assisting the former's brother, Eben Beebe, through haying.

East Venice.

Aug. 14—Principal Fred V. Lester of Oyster Bay, L. I., is spending some time with his brother, Louis Lester.

Clayton Green of Buffalo is spending the week with his friend, George Sisson.

Mrs. Edgar Tift of Ithaca has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Young. Misses Lena and Mildred Teeter are at Moravia with their grandparents.

Louis Lester and wife and Gilbert Dean and wife spent Thursday in Cortland.

Mrs. Frank Whitten is the owner of a fine new camera—a Ceroco View.

East Venice creamery will soon be in operation. The separator has arrived, but is not in working order.

Mrs. Fenton Mather and family are entertaining her sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell of Syracuse.

Mrs. Adelbert Young and daughters returned to their home in Cortland Monday afternoon.

East Venice Grange meets Saturday night, the 17th, at the hall.

Mrs. Mary Spafford of Moravia visited her nephew, Casper Nettleton and family, a few days last week.

The Modern Public Library.

"The Modern Public Library" is an article of educational interest in the September number of the New Idea Woman's Magazine. There is probably no other public institution which has undergone a greater awakening within the last twenty-five years, and the writer gives an outline of the principal movements which have taken place for the development of the modern library system. The methods which enable the introduction of the best reading matter into the remotest homes, as well as the many inducements which are made to young and old to become interested in good literature, are told about. The children's story hour and the "gang rooms" for boys may not be found in every locality, but their value as an incentive to reading makes a universal appeal. Every one ought to be interested in this account of one of the greatest influences of our modern times.

A High Grade Commercial School.

The Rochester Business Institute is highly gratified by its large enrollment of students, and still more so by the kind of young people who compose its classes. The managers have assumed that superior advantages and facilities would attract young people of superior attainments and ability. The constant and increasing demand upon the school for graduates to fill positions requiring the highest qualifications would seem to justify the assumption.

If you fail to find your niche all the niches you find.

By the Bars.

(Published by request.)

[The following lines may be read either up or down without altering the sense.]

The stars were all aight.

The moon was overhead;

I named her queen of night

As she my footsteps led.

So wondrous fair was she

I asked her to be mine.

As she glanced up at me

I thrilled with love divine.

Beside the meadow bars,

As we stood lingering there,

Her eyes were like the stars,

In radiance wondrous fair.

"You're all the world to me,"

She murmured, sweet and shy.

A thrill of ecstasy

I felt at her reply.

Love led us all the way

As we turned home again.

Our hearts were light and gay,

The world was blissful, then.

Though shadows crossed the sky,

No gloom our hearts could know.

True bliss is ever night

When hearts are blended so.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR SALE—4 year-old gelding, broke single and double, sound; price \$125. JAY A. HOAGLAND, Locke, R. F. D. 21, 2w4

Some second-hand wagons in first-class shape: Milk wagon; 3-seat canopy top surrey; 1 1/2 axle, 8 in tire lumber wagon; 2 in. axle, 8 inch tire lumber wagon; also some top buggies and road wagons; will sell cheap for cash at Jas K. Bust's Carriage and Harness store, 6 Dill St., Auburn, N. Y.

Bring your old hens, turkeys, ducks and chickens to Carson's Hotel, Genoa, Monday night, Aug. 19, or Tuesday morning, Aug. 20, before 9 o'clock, and receive the highest market price for the same. For prices write or phone. S. C. HOUGHTALING, Throopville, N. Y.

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For the Round Trip from Auburn. Tickets good between Albany and New York on

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Call on New York Central Agents for tickets, Pullman space and full information.

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SYRACUSE SEPTEMBER 9-14

Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition

Grand Circuit Races and Horse Show

Free Special Attractions

SYRACUSE DAY--SEPT. 9

2:15 Trot, \$1,000; 2:11 Pace, \$5,000; 2:20 Trot, \$1,000.

FIREMEN'S DAY--SEPT. 10

2:05 Pace, \$1,000; 2:14 Trot, \$10,000; 2:09 Pace, \$1,000. 2:12 Trot, \$1,200.

GRANGE DAY--SEPT. 11

2:09 Trot, \$3,000; 2:08 Pace, \$1,000; 2:08 Trot, \$1,200; 2:12 Pace, \$1,200.

GOVERNOR, LEGISLATIVE, VETERAN AND MILITARY DAY--SEPT. 12

2:16 Trot, \$1,200; 2:07 Pace, \$2,000; 2:11 Pace, \$1,000; 2:05 Trot, \$1,000.

WOMAN'S DAY--SEPT. 13.

2:14 Trot, \$2,000; 2:18 Pace, \$1,000; 2:15 Pace, \$1,200.

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Stop and consider the standard of our shoes and then read the following prices and if you do not want shoes just tell your friends.

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MEN'S DEP'T.

Men's Patent Colt Oxfords all shapes
Priced at \$4.00 now \$3.17

Men's Gun Metal Calf Oxfords including our special college Oxfords
Priced at 4.00 now 3.17

Men's Patent Colt Oxfords, newest lasts, catchy patterns
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Men's Gun Metal Calf Oxfords; every pair this season's goods
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Men's Gun Metal Calf Oxfords, narrow toes and wide tops
Priced at 3.25 now 2.57

Men's Patent Colt Oxfords, easy comfortable fitters
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Men's Gun Metal Oxfords, plenty of style and long wear
Priced at 2.75 now 2.17

Men's Patent Colt and Gun Metal Oxfords; the kind that gives satisfaction every time
Priced at 2.50 now 1.97

WOMEN'S DEP'T.

Women's Patent Colt Oxfords highest grade of stock
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Women's Gun Metal Oxfords, either kid or calf. They are the swagger style
Priced at 3.00 now 2.37

Women's Tan Calf Oxfords, just in from the factory last month
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Women's Patent Colt Oxfords a nifty shoe for the younger set
Priced at 3.00 now 2.37

Women's Queen Quality Oxfords, all leathers, plenty of style
Priced at 2.50 now 1.97

Women's Fine Kid Oxfords, Ally styles, Bluchers or straight lace
Priced at 2.00 now 1.67

Women's Prince Alberts for the house; the comfort kind
Priced at 1.65 now 1.40

Misses' and Children's Oxfords any style you may select
The 1.25 grades are 97c
The 1.00 " " 77c

The ladies all like White Canvas Oxfords. Here is our proposition on these goods: Any ladies' White Canvas Oxfords in our store at 99c. Were-priced from 1.50 to 2.00.

Remember that these bargains are not odds and ends but right from the cream of our stock. The advantage is yours.

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For Sale at a Bargain.

24 "Style A" Cyphers Standard Outdoor Brooders. Owing to the necessity for more room we have been obliged to make a change in our brooding system for young chicks, and offer the above second-hand brooders, all in good condition, at the very low price of

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New ones cost \$14.00 each. Terms strictly cash.

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AURORA, N. Y.

The Day of the Dime Novel.

Lincoln was a reader of dime novels we are told by a writer in the Atlantic Monthly, who argues that "the taste and tone of the life and the generation which grew up with these tales were improved by them." To say merely that Lincoln read them does not prove much, for he was a persistent reader and a man to appreciate the price. But his college trained secretary of state, Seward, also patronized the famous Beadle series, "the first and best of their order." It was the price which made dime novels popular, but that was not the sole reason of their hold upon readers. Beadle's aim was to revolutionize the price of good literature, but he was forced to compete with a fairly good standard.

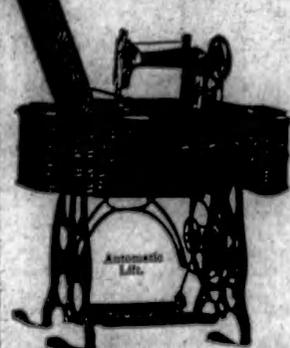
Paper editions of novels by the best American and English writers sold for 50 cents and \$1 when the dime novel came. Cloth editions were \$2 and upward. But the sensational dime novel of today would not have made headway at that time. Young folks who read fiction looked for literary merit and a clean and instructive motive.

They generally found it in Beadle's and were consoled thereby for the scarcity and high cost of Cooper's tales. If there has been degeneracy in the dime novel, as some literary censors claim, it is probably not proof of a lower moral standard among readers. The modern newspaper presents clean and instructive fiction at next to no price at all. This comes before the reading class of every community.

People who seek more excitement from the printed page find their level in the impossible detective and cowboy tales which have succeeded the old order of dime novel in the trade. What is worthy of perpetuating in the Beadle books is now found in the newspaper serial, or it may be in the 1125 bound volume.

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