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Tribune.

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Yes sir, we can do it.  
That's one thing we are here for.  
PRICES O. K.

Published Weekly and Circulated Throughout the Towns of Genoa, Venetia, Ledyard, Scipio and Lansing, and Devoted to the Best Interests of the People of These Vicinities.

VOL. XVI. No. 32.

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 28, 1906.

C. A. AMES.

## From Nearby Towns.

Interesting Items Gathered Among the Neighboring Villages.

### Five Corners.

Dec. 25—A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the Editor and family, and to all readers of the TRIBUNE.

The Christmas exercises at the Belltown church Monday evening were largely attended and the children all rendered their parts well. The singing by the four daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Atwater and also by the three King brothers was highly enjoyed. When the Christmas tree was unloaded its presents the little ones were all made happy and some of the older ones, too. The last number on the program was a goodnight song by the whole Sunday school.

Mr. and Mrs. Stoughton have returned from their wedding trip, having been away four weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Corwin entertained about thirty friends at an evening party last Wednesday. A very pleasant evening was spent with games and music by Mrs. Corwin at the organ and Mr. Corwin with violin. Elaborate refreshments were served, and at a late hour the company dispersed, having had a delightful time.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood Palmer of Ithaca spent Christmas with his parents, M. A. Palmer and wife, and brothers, J. W. and C. D. Palmer.

Mrs. Mary Huson of Ithaca is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Stephenson.

Mrs. Elmer Close and Miss Lena Corwin spent a few days last week with relatives in Auburn.

A Christmas dinner is to be served at Corwin's hall on Wednesday for the Sunday school children.

Miss Iva G. Barger of Ludlowville will spend a part of her vacation with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Barger.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Stewart and children are at Trumansburg with his parents for the Holiday vacation.

Miss Pearl Close of Auburn is spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Close.

The Ladies' Aid Society held a bazaar at Corwin's hall last Friday evening. It was largely attended and the supper was very nice and worth more than ten cents. Robert Ferris was the auctioneer and everything was sold to the highest bidder. The society realized \$37 from the sale. The ladies have worked hard and fast to have the bazaar before Christmas and they did exceedingly well.

Miss Bertha Ferris of Cortland school is spending the Holiday vacation with her parents, Albert Ferris and wife.

### Notice.

All persons indebted to the Genoa Milling Co. are respectfully requested to make immediate settlement at the office of the company at Genoa, N. Y. Dated Dec. 11, 1906.  
GENOA MILLING CO.

### Poplar Ridge.

Dec. 24—A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to the Editor and readers of The TRIBUNE.

School closed in Dist. No. 4 on Friday for a two weeks' vacation. In the evening the children gave an entertainment, and had a Christmas tree for the school. Miss Mary Landon assisted with the music. Much credit is due Miss Hoffmann for her patience and trouble in drilling the scholars, as they all did finely. The schoolhouse was well filled with parents and friends.

Mrs. Arthur Landon of Genoa is spending a few days at A. Landon's.

The remains of John Fell of Auburn, a former resident of this town, were brought here Monday for interment in Edgeway cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Conklin are entertaining their daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Purinton, of Ithaca, and also two cousins.

The Christmas entertainment and tree at the Friends church on Monday night was well attended and as usual consisted of a surprise, this time in the form of a castle. The exercises and music were fine; the solo by Mrs. Wm. Pyle deserves especial mention. The tree was well loaded with gifts for all.

Mrs. Coral Beardsley of Auburn is spending the Holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alissa Cook.

Mr. and Mrs. David Nolan will spend Christmas in Moravia with his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. John Grenell attend a dinner and Christmas tree at Willard Aikin's on Monday.

The Culver gathering is at Dayton Atwater's at Clear View this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Landon entertained their children and grandchildren Christmas day at dinner and also had a tree.

### West Venetia.

Dec. 25—Wishing the TRIBUNE force and the readers a Happy New Year, and hoping that no one has not spent a Merry Christmas, we will simply note that this is a cold and blustery day.

E. R. Sherman will entertain quite a company today.

Miss Kate Owens was in Auburn Saturday.

The Tait corner school has a two-weeks' vacation day, and very disagreeable for those who go to dine with friends.

Miss Clara Cook of the Moravia training class is spending the Holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cook.

Misses Lida Nolan, Gussie Cornell and Anna Lisk of Moravia High school are spending the Holidays with their parents.

David Nolan lost a team of horses recently, each one dropping dead on the road and only about a week apart.

Fine assortment of Gold Fish at Hagin & Peck's

### Lansingville.

Dec. 24—The annual installation of officers of the Lansingville Grange will occur on Saturday evening, Jan. 5. The ladies are requested to furnish refreshments for the supper.

Mrs. Daniel Sullivan, who has been ill for a long time, is reported as not as well.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Smith are visiting Mr. and Mrs. P. Minturn Locke. Marion and Harold Minturn of Auburn are spending the Holiday vacation with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Smith.

Harold Thompson of Ithaca is visiting his sister, Mrs. Orrin Drake.

Mrs. D. L. Reynolds spent several days with friends in Ithaca last week.

Miss Mary Dates, who has been visiting friends in Sayre the past week, has returned home.

Mrs. T. Kelley spent several days last week in Auburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Labarr are guests of Elias Wager and wife.

Mrs. A. Holden of Genoa has returned to her home after spending several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Caroline Dates.

Mrs. Elvira Hamilton visited her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Minturn, at Ithaca last week.

The Lansingville and German district schools are closed for vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Drake visited Mrs. Drake's parents at Ithaca last week.

Clayton Bower has a new phonograph.

Mrs. O. E. Townsend entertained a number of friends Friday evening.

Leslie Townsend has been spending a few days at his uncle's, C. Bower.

### Sherwood.

Dec. 24—Ideal weather and roads for Christmas, although we would not complain of being over-heated if the temperature was a few degrees higher.

The operetta given here Friday evening was more than good—it was splendid.

The hall was filled to the doors Saturday evening for the Christmas entertainment. A very excellent program was furnished by the district schools of Bolt Corners and this place. A great many presents were distributed.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Wilson left last Wednesday for a visit with friends in Syracuse. He has finished the advertising certain so will not return.

A. J. Maetin is visiting her grandson, Paul Ward, at Pumpkin Hill.

Clarence Smith is working for Chas. Cook.

Wesley Ward returned tonight from Cohoes, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Brewster and son of Geneva are at his parents' for Christmas. Ernest Brewster and family of Auburn and Chas. Baldwin and family of Scipio will also be guests at the same place tomorrow.

Miss Blanche Allen is home from Rochester for a two-weeks' vacation.

Chester Allen took a sleighload to attend the Christmas entertainment at Poplar Ridge. Another load went to Scipioville.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to the Editor and readers of the TRIBUNE.

### Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas, Death has entered our midst and taken from us our much loved and respected brother, Charles Conklin, and

Whereas, He was faithful to all the duties that came to him, and we shall miss his assistance and presence in our meetings and elsewhere, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the subordinate Grange of Locke, of which he was a member, his friends and relatives, and especially his widow, Sister May Conklin, our sincere sympathy in their deep affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this meeting, and sent to the local press for publication, and a copy be presented to the bereaved widow.

CHARLES FITZ,  
FRANCIS E. TAYLOR,  
ARTHUR J. WYANT.

To Break in New Shoes  
Always use Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It prevents Tightness and Blisters, cures Swollen, Sweating, Aching feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c.

### Ensenore Heights.

Dec. 24—Ethel Powers of Kingston, Pa., Alpha Clark of Cortland, Neva Eggleston and Nettie Chapman of Auburn are at their respective homes for Christmas.

Miss Katherine Burtless is visiting in Auburn.

Ray Bishop and Benjamin Marquis who went to California a fortnight ago have both secured employment in Sacramento.

Mrs. Wm. Eggleston visited her daughter, Mrs. Edward Coleman, of Auburn on Thursday.

Mrs. C. H. Wyant was the guest of Miss Kathryn Orchard of Auburn for two days last week.

O. A. Pickens is on the sick list, suffering from a severe cold.

Miss May Weeks and Mr. H. Cole of Auburn took dinner at Evergreen Stock Farm Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Van Duyn spent a part of last week with friends and relatives in Auburn.

Floyd Loveland of Merrifield has gone to New York City to spend the Holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Loveland of that city.

George Clark and family of New Jersey are guests of his mother at the Ensenore Glen House.

### King Ferry.

Dec. 26—Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Bradley returned from their wedding trip to New York last week.

Miss Leah King of Binghamton is spending the week with her parents.

B. S. Weyant of Dryden visited his brother, Fred Weyant and family last week.

Frank Holland and family spent Christmas with friends in Scipio.

Mrs. Goldring of Sodus is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jay E. Shaw.

Mrs. Ada Wheeler of Geneva spent Sunday with friends in this place.

Mrs. Thirza Clark expects to leave soon for Wisconsin where she will reside. She has sold her village property to E. F. Weyant.

Mrs. James Golden recently sold her place in the west end of the town to John Emery.

The following are in town to spend the Holidays: Miss Mary Shaw of Ithaca, Miss Celia Grinnell of Monticello, Miss R. A. Grinnell of Ithaca, Miss Emily Atwater of Cortland, Earl Goodyear of Binghamton, Fred Bradley of Lima, O., Lyle G. Chase of Cornell.

James Calahan was quite severely injured recently by falling in his barn.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. E. Landhouse have come from Newfield to King Ferry to reside.

### Auction Sale.

George B. Miller will sell at public auction at his residence on the John Van Marter farm, 2 miles north of Genoa village on Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 1 o'clock sharp, property as follows: Nine head of cattle, wagons, bobs, harness, farming tools, etc. L. B. Notman, auctioneer.

### \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### Remember

You do not have to go away from Genoa to get the top prices for your Horse and Beef hides, and Furs of all kinds. Why? Because, I do business at a much less expense. I will pay 94c and 10c for Beef hides, 83 00 for Horse hides; \$1.40 for No. 1 skunk, 90c for No. 2, 40c for No. 3, 20c for No. 4; mink \$2 to \$5; fox \$2 to \$3.50; rats No. 1, 15c; No. 2, 10c; delivered at my residence.  
291st R. W. ARMSTRONG, Genoa, N. Y.

## AUBURN.

AUBURN, Dec. 26—Curry Turpin, assistant engineer of the General Electric company's plant in Philadelphia is to succeed John S. Wise, jr., as superintendent of the Auburn Light, Heat and Power company. Mr. Turpin will take charge of the Auburn plant about the first of the year. The new superintendent is thirty years of age, unmarried, and is a graduate in electrical engineering, with a year's experience with the General Electric company at the Schenectady shops and with five or six years' experience in engineering and construction work. He is a grandson of the late Dr. L. M. Curry, a former minister to Spain, and is a close personal friend of Mr. Wise. The latter has been retained as consulting engineer of the company and will devote as much time as his new duties at Hazleton, Pa., will allow him to do to the Auburn plant.

Byron W. Mabey, a well-known resident of the town of Fleming, dropped dead Saturday afternoon while walking across the sitting room floor. Coroner O'Neil decided that death was due to heart disease, from which Mr. Mabey had been a sufferer for about ten years.

Dr. M. B. Van Buskirk of Aurora is to be named as a member of the pension board in place of Dr. Frank B. Ryan of Moravia, whose death occurred at his home last week. Dr. Van Buskirk's

## HOLMES & DUNNIGAN,

the Dress Goods store of Auburn, the store that carries more Dress Goods to show you than any house in the trade. We not only show the largest line but we back up that with sterling qualities bought from reliable makers, in the old world and the new, and at prices that will suit the most careful buyer. Below note a few of the weaves we carry:

Franelles black and colored at \$1, 1.25 and 1.50

Melrose black and colored at 75c, \$1.00, 1.25

Rhodeshia, black and colored at 75c, 1.00, 1.25

Broad Cloths, black and colored at \$1, 1.25; 1.50, 2.00 and 2.50

Batistae, black and colored at 50c, 75c, \$1.00, 1.25

Panamas, black and colored at 50c, 75c, \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50

Cecilian, black and colored at 50c, 75c, \$1, 1.25

Serges, black and colored at 50c, 75c, \$1, 1.25

Silk Mohairs, black and colored at \$1.00, 1.25

Rain Cloths, black and colored at \$1.00, 1.25 and 1.50

Chiffon Panamas, black and colored at \$1.25, 1.50

Acollene, black and colored at 11.25

Silk Warp Mon Revea, black and colored at \$1.25

Hundreds of pretty mixt goods, plaid effects from 50c to \$1.00

Very pretty lines of plain silks.

Our new Cloaks are now on sale in ladies' and children's.

## HOLMES & DUNNIGAN

79 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

Avoid alum and alum phosphate baking powders. The label law requires that all the ingredients be named on the labels. Look out for the alum compounds.

NOTE—Safety lies in buying only Royal Baking Powder, which is a pure, cream of tartar baking powder, and the best that can be made.

name has been recommended for appointment by Congressman Payne, and the announcement of the appointment is to be made in a few days.

Josiah P. Mills of Throopville dropped dead Saturday night while walking to his two sisters in the sitting room. He had risen from a chair to let in a cat and as he reached the center of the floor he staggered and fell in a heap. Coroner O'Neil decided that heart disease was the cause of death.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Ray Hunt and daughter, Mary Frances, left Friday for Colorado Springs, Col., to spend the winter.

Mrs. D. L. Hurlbut is spending the Holidays with Mrs. E. P. Reed of Rochester.

Leroy W. Stevens of Niagara Falls, Canada, was home for Christmas.

Prof. John E. Myer of Grover street was found dead in the toilet room at the Board of Education rooms in the Columbus Block Tuesday evening by Superintendent of Schools Thompson about 8:30 o'clock. He noticed that Prof. Myer's coat was lying on a chair, and his suspicions being aroused, he notified the police.

Roundsman Parker and Prof. Thompson forced open the door of the toilet room and found the body of Prof. Myer sitting in an upright position, the head tilted backward. Coroner O'Neil was notified and the body was taken to Prof. Myer's home in Grover street by Undertaker Tallman. The Coroner decided that heart disease was the cause of death. Prof. Myer left home Tuesday afternoon, apparently in good health, and went directly to the Board of Education rooms. Dr. Parker and Coroner O'Neil think that he must have died about 4 o'clock. The deceased is survived by his widow and one daughter, Miss Agnes Myer. He was a graduate of Williams College, and for many years was the principal of Auburn High School. He was superintendent of the Central Presbyterian Church Sunday School for a number of years, a member of the Cayuga County Historical Society, and was serving his third term as a member of the Board of Education. His age was about 63 years.

Mrs. Wm. Jennings has returned to her home in Venice after spending a few days with her cousin, Mrs. Springstead, of Nelson St.

E. S. Akin has returned from a two months' trip to North Carolina. Miss Elizabeth Cook Burgess, who about 18 months ago was successful in a contest for the property of the late Albert G. Burtis, is to be married in Philadelphia on New Year's Eve, to James Hogg, a well-to-do and prosperous business man of that city. The ceremony will be performed at the home of the bride's brother, Rev. Herbert Ray Burgess, who will be the officiating clergyman. The couple will live in Philadelphia after a wedding trip to Europe.

Grippe or Influenza, whichever you like to call it, is one of the most weakening diseases known.

Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in easily digested form, is the greatest strength-builder known to medical science.

It is so easily digested that it sinks into the system, making new blood and new fat, and strengthening nerves and muscles.

Use Scott's Emulsion after Influenza.

Invaluable for Coughs and Colds.

ALL DRUGGISTS! 50c. AND \$1.00.



A SIGNAL OF PEACE.

Story of the Last Message of the Civil War.

It was the 13th of April, 1865, precisely four years to an hour from the capitulation of Fort Sumter. I had been a soldier of the union for four years, lacking seven days. At that moment I found myself riding with a small signal detachment in advance of the armies, which had swept from the valley of the Mississippi to the sea and were then turning from the sea toward the mountains. On the afternoon of that day, after a march of 21 miles, we entered Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, says Lieut. George C. Round, in the Chicago Inter Ocean. We found that Kilpatrick's cavalry had been there before us and had passed through the city.

Near the center of the city was a square occupied by the two buildings of the Raleigh academy, now the location of the governor's mansion. I saw an old gentleman on the grounds, who proved to be Prof. Lovejoy, the principal. He told me he was a native of Vermont, had come to North Carolina as a teacher, and was concerned for the safety of his family.

I had pitched quite a cozy encampment under the trees of the academy, and had sent, with my compliments, a small package of "genuine coffee" to Mrs. Lovejoy, and that estimable lady had just reciprocated with a few early vegetables for a supper then impending, when I received an order from the headquarters of Gen. Schofield, then commander of the Army of the Ohio, to establish a signal station at once on the dome of the capitol, about two squares distant.



I Grasped the Lightning Rod.

It stood at the junction of the four main avenues of the city, was built of a light colored stone in the massive style usual for good public buildings, well proportioned, and surmounted by a beautiful dome. Its shape was that of a Greek cross, and in the center, from the ground floor to the dome, was the rotunda. The dome rose from the roof first in heavy stone abutments or steps, and from the upper tier of these, in a graceful curve, to a small circular stonework on top, above and around which ran a light iron railing.

Lieut. Rounds then goes on to tell how, after a thrilling escape from death by being dashed through the glass skylight of the dome, the station was established on the top of the dome, which was reached by means of a lightning rod.

On the thirteenth night after we had entered Raleigh I sat at my station till a late hour. The myriad bands had played with unwonted sweetness, closing, as if by common consent, with "Home, Sweet Home." The "tattoo" had rolled around the circle of my vision, and 100,000 men had answered to evening roll call. "Taps" had sounded, the campfires burned low, and the lights in the homes of Raleigh had gone out. Still, though then with no apparent necessity, I watched over the silent hosts committed to my charge. My post had a charm for me, and I had become attached to the citizens, who seemed in some vague manner to be my special care. As if lifted up from earth, in very presence of mysterious constellations, I mused over life and its problems, the unrolling present and the oncoming future. I was gazing westward. I knew that at some point toward where the sun had set five hours before the two great chieftains were in consultation under a flag of truce. I felt at that silent hour ascending to heaven the prayers of estranged millions that bloodshed might cease.

Suddenly, far out to the front, I heard the sharp click of a horse's hoof. "Some drunken cavalryman out of camp," I thought. Clearer and nearer it came. I became impressed with the idea that it was no ordinary messenger, and sent word to the provost to look out for the intruder. Straight on toward us it came, nor did it stop until reined up at the capitol, and when the lookout returned he shouted as he flew up the lightning rod: "Hurrah! The War is Over!" I wrote at once to Capt. Russell, my

chief signal officer, and in a few minutes had received permission to expend one-half my stock of signal rockets. They were of beautiful colors, some of them changing many times as they floated in midheaven. I arranged them in such order as to announce the glad tidings which would be "of great joy to all people." The watchman would bring the rocket and stand it in position on the edge of the platform, while I, standing on the dome, outside the circle of safety, and holding on with my right hand, would reach through the railing and touch off the rocket with my left. I would then walk backward along the railing, beyond the reach of danger. After sputtering awhile the rocket, throwing downward a tremendous shower of sparks and smoke, would with a mighty rush speed away for the stars.

We had spelled out the word "P-E-A-C-E," when one of the most serious events of my life occurred. It seemed as if some demon of war had determined to stop the proceedings and some kind angel was at hand for my deliverance. The next rocket was a "pause" signal, to denote the end of a word. It sputtered and went out—or so appeared. After some waiting I struck another match, walked carefully around the dome, and was putting my left hand through the railing, when, with no premonition whatever, it exploded with terrific force, casting its hellish blast of hot cinders and flame full into my upturned face.

For the instant I forgot everything. I only knew that the hot simoon was sweeping around me. Instinctively I loosened my hold and sprang back into space. The next instant I felt myself reeling and falling, as it seemed to me then, half way down the dome. In that terrible moment I fully realized my situation. I thought of the great stones below me and how I would bound lifeless from them to the ground below.

I had fortunately sprang back in the same line that I approached the point of danger. My course was tangent to the circular stonework, and directly in my line of retreat stood my old friend the lightning rod, which by the light of the ascending meteor I saw and grasped. It was all the work of an instant. The watchman caught me and helped me over the railing, and I threw myself breathless on the platform.

After this second escape with the dome I again took account of stock. My eyes were all right, but I was minus two eyebrows, two sets of eyelashes, a portion of my hair, and the down I then called whiskers. I was plus a face that more nearly resembled a boiled lobster than a human countenance. Worse than all, for a boy like me, I was not presentable to the fair daughters of Raleigh for several days.

When I climbed back to the platform I had no more idea of continuing the celebration than I had of flying to the moon. When I saw, after about three minutes, that my injuries were all on the surface, I determined to have it out, and so it happened that after a pause not provided for in the manual of signals, I renewed my rocket message extraordinary to the armies of the west and the good people of the old north state.

Everything now worked smoothly. Rocket after rocket sped away to the zenith. In the silence that intervened I could hear the opening of windows below me, and gentle household voices seemed to say: "Watchman, what of the night?" and I knew that for them my answer meant "The morning cometh." I thought I heard the distant murmur of the camps, as though the army was awakening from its slumber, and each soldier was with whispings of joy pointing his comrade to the angel of peace hovering over them; and I know that one outpost of the Army of the Tennessee caught the full spirit of the vision, for, throwing the fear of army regulations to the winds, they sent up over field and forest a shout such as the shepherds might have uttered when over the palms of Bethlehem they saw the angel convoy of the Prince of Peace; while those skilled in the "cipher code" of freedom thrilled as they read in the "very heavens":

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

AFTER FORTY-TWO YEARS.

Veterans Resume Checker Contest Started in '64.

One of the Washington veterans of the civil war who attended the recent national encampment of the G. A. R. at Minneapolis relates an interesting incident of the reunion of the old boys in blue. He said two comrades who began a game of checkers 42 years ago at Atlanta, Ga., finished the game at Minneapolis several days ago. During the civil war they were playing on a homemade board with black and white trousers buttons for checkers when suddenly orders were received from Gen. Sherman to get in readiness for his famous march to the sea. As the buglers were sounding "boots and saddles" and all was confusion, the game came to a sudden ending. The players became separated on the march and the game was not concluded until their recent meeting at Minneapolis.

The comrades were both members of Company A, Thirty-first Wisconsin volunteer infantry. The loser of the game that was begun in 1864 treated the winner to a first-class dinner, and on the following day the winner "set up" a fine supper for his "bunkie" who became lost from him while "marching through Georgia."—Galveston News.

Teach Lace-Making by Hand. In many girls' public and normal schools in France lace-making by hand is now taught by government instructors, which attempt to revive the industry is proving successful.

A Matter of Standard.

BY JESSE STRONG.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) Bill Mapes did not belong to the "uplift." Far from it. Indeed Mapes was one of the citizens of the semi-world against whom the very strongest anathema of the better classes were directed.

Nor was Mapes on cordial terms with the police. In fact he would go to some considerable pains to avoid social intercourse with the guardians of the law. And by the same token the blue-coats would move rather faster than usual to enjoy the pleasure of Mapes' society. But then Bill had an innate prejudice against blue-coats and brass-buttons and stars and clubs and all that sort of thing. Perhaps he was not wholly responsible because the prejudice may have been inherited.

It is to be recalled that his father "Plug" Mapes was constitutionally opposed to the police before his unhappy taking-off at the end of a rope in a quiet jail-yard on one memorable day after the society of the blue-coats had been thrust upon him in a most shameless manner.

It is also a matter of history that the gentlemanly wearers of the blue gave a great sigh of relief upon this occasion and congratulated themselves openly and often until some months later when it was borne to their intelligence that young Bill Mapes had succeeded to his respected sire's estate and was following, in no unworthy manner, in the paternal footsteps.

From all of which it may be deduced that Bill Mapes lived and breathed and had his being without the law of the land and that he would not have been a welcome visitor at your home at the witching hour of midnight.

Yes, gentle reader, you have guessed right; Bill Mapes was a burglar, a thief, a crook and earned his bread by appropriating the product of the sweat of the other fellow's brow.

And yet Mapes was not a bad sight to look upon. He was a well-built, sturdy, young fellow handling his splendid strength with marked grace of action. His features were rather well-formed and his eyes clear and blue and laughing. He was not a fearful object to look upon—excepting when desperate or angry, and then he was a thunderbolt of action and of passion.

It was inevitable, of course, that Mapes should occasionally be the guest of the police, but despite all their most energetic invitations he had successfully maintained his modesty and evaded any considerable strain upon their hospitality.

Upon his every appearance in the police court, however, there had appeared also a most charming feminine vision—a delicate, modest, brown-eyed girl whose beauty won all hearts and whose tears moved the sternest police justice to sympathy. She was a mystery to the police court and inspired more interest than the prisoner in whom she seemed to have such deep interest, so to concern. After full and free discussion it was duly decided that she was a settlement worker or something or other of that sort who was grieved over Bill Mapes' soul and was trying to save him.

And while they berated him as a dog they all bowed before the dainty brown-eyed divinity.

Now it must be evident to the reader at this point that Bill Mapes was not an idealist, nor a leading citizen, nor a pillar of society, nor anything of that sort, but this simple tale is written to show that every fellow has his own standards and his own ideals.

One soft summer evening Mapes appeared at "Brown's Triangle," a rather bad place in a very bad neighborhood—a spot which policemen avoided when on a lonesome beat and a section most prodigiously berated by the Anti-Crime society. He did not enter the flat-iron shaped saloon but going into one of the darkened streets, emitted a shrill whistle. Presently a curtain upstairs was cautiously pulled and a face peered forth. Upon a further signal the curtain dropped and a moment later a street-door opened and Bill faced his brown-eyed divinity of the police court. Lo and behold, far from being a settlement-worker she was only the daughter of Ike Brown, the keeper of the notorious "Brown's Triangle" where, according to the police, more robberies had been planned than in any other spot in the city.

"Howdy, Nan," said Mapes in a voice somewhat strained with embarrassment and taking the girl's extended hands awkwardly. "Nice evenin'."

"I didn't expect you," exclaimed the girl beaming upon him with the glorious love-light, which, after all, is all there is in life.

"Naw, but I'm here," he responded, comfortably.

There were some moments of silence during which Bill's reaching paw accumulated the slender hand of the girl. A busy policeman wandered by and Bill was scarcely quicker than the girl to shrink into the shadows.

"D—him, I'll get his job," grumbled Mapes.

"If you don't, dad will," replied the girl. "I got his number—4714. I know him."

"Say, Nan, what de y' say to get married, buyin' a house and settlin' down?"

This very bravely said but in a voice betraying love, mystery and surrender.

Nan looked him over most shrewdly. "What d'ye mean, Bill?" she asked, good-naturedly.

"Nan," he said, leaning toward her

Advertisement for G.W. Richardson & Son, established in 1812, oldest furniture house in the United States. Text: WE have placed on sale for a few days only, or while they last. All wool Art Squares, 9x12, \$6.50. All wool Smyrna Rugs, 36 in. x 72 in., \$1.85. Axminster Rugs, 36 in. x 72 in., \$3. The above are all desirable goods in fine designs, and offer unusual opportunities to careful buyers. Furniture, Carpets, Draperies, Wall Paper.

and placing his arms, half way around her "I've got the game beat. Come on and let's live like nine-time sports."

"How'd ye do it, Bill?" she asked, quietly.

"Look here, gal," he replied, soberly but passionately, "I've been tryin' to get things right for you and me—but it's been hard. Now last night I happened onto a most exclusive party of gents—the real kind. I wasn't exactly invited, you know—but just happened in through the window. Gee, but de sparklers der was in the cuffs on de tables and de shirts in de closet."

"Did ye get 'em?" asked the girl leaning forward eagerly.

"Naw," replied Mapes leaning back comfortably. "I heerd somethin' dat's wurr' more'n all the sparklers I ever seen."

"Yes," encouraged the girl.

Mapes settled himself comfortably in the doorway. "Well," he said with provoking deliberation, "there was a couple of swells talkin' right in front of me before I broke past de curtains."

"Well?" encouraged the girl with shining eyes.

"Well," responded Mapes, "I had to quit and I had to listen. Gee, but it was fine listenin'."

"Well?" interjected the girl.

"Well," responded Mapes, "It was old Strausling, de president of the Cincinnati Avenue bank and Knute Augessen, de swell young teller—an' dey was talkin' brass tacks fer sure."

"Well?" was all the girl said.

"Well," responded the man with a show of irritability, "It's just dis way. These wise guys are goin' to bust de bank day after to-morrow an' get away with \$200,000 or \$300,000. I hearn all about it."

"What did you do?" asked the girl.

"What did I do?" he replied, scornfully. "I sneaked away. There's a bigger game in this dan to pinch a few hundreds, I guess," and Mapes laughed scornfully. "If I don't get our house and lot and all de trimmings and a few thousand in de bank on de side, on dis deal—well, I ain't Bill Mapes—dat's all."

There was a long silence.

"Bill," the girl said, presently in a most gentle voice, "ain't that the bank that all the people on the avenue have their savings?"

"Of course," replied Bill.

"And they are all going to lose their savings," pursued the girl.

Bill scratched his head savagely.

"I suppose so," he said.

"There's old Slupski," said the girl, reminiscently. "He's saved pennies for 40 years for Polly—and she's goin' to lose it?"

"Yes," replied Bill, sententiously.

"And all these poor people and all these struggling business men are going to lose?" she asked.

"What de hotel bill do you and I care?" snarled Bill. "We will git ours and not take a chance on the pen."

"Bill," said the girl, taking both his hands in hers. "Can you let this happen to all our people on the avenue? Can you, Bill; can you?"

"Why, Nan," he stammered, "I thought you said you wouldn't marry me until I had a home paid for and a bank account."

"Yes, Bill," she replied. "But not with the blood money of our own people."

The man put his head in his hands for long minutes. Finally he said: "Nan, you are de real ting. I am goin' to cough up what I know to de states attorney. Dat will save our people. But," and his voice grew hopeless, "I don't know how I'm goin' to make good fer you."

The girl flung her arms around his neck.

"Bill, Bill," she cried, "I will marry you to-night. I will go with you anywhere and help you all I can—because you are on the square—and because I love you."

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**TEMPERANCE TOPICS.**

**Food Value of Alcohol.**

A food is a substance which can enter the structure of the body. It is a substance which can be digested, absorbed, and assimilated into the body. The food is reduced to a liquid in the digestive process, and in that state it is carried off by the blood, and becomes a part of the medium with which the cell is surrounded. The cell selects from this medium materials which it needs. These materials form part of supply of lymph, being used by the sponginess of the cell, and utilized; but it must first be reduced to liquid form, and it must enter into the very structure of the cell before it can be utilized and assimilated. In the process of tissue activity, we have first a building up of tissues, and then a tearing down of the tissues—anaabolism and katabolism. Anaabolism is building up. It is like building a tower out of stones. Katabolism is taking down. Here is a cell which has been built up. Energy is stored there. Energy cannot be obtained except by the liberation of the energy which has been utilized in the building up of the cell. Here is a tower built of stones; by and by the tower falls. The energy which is put into those stones in building up the tower is released and expended in its fall. Now suppose there are some stones lying around on the ground which are not built into the tower; is there any energy manifested by them in the falling down of the tower? No. Just so, in order to be a source of energy to the body, alcohol must enter into the very structure of the body.

"Upon the view that food serves to heat material for the bodily processes, and upon the foundation principle of the transformation of energy, the purely theoretical deduction was made some time ago by R. Mayer that alcohol must serve the function of a food since it burns in animal or human bodies. This deduction stands or falls with the assumption that food materials simply burn in the body, proof of which has never been advanced.

"The experiments with alcohol prove that katabolic change of matter does not take place. That alcohol is a narcotic poison and can destroy all living protoplasm is an acknowledged fact. In the view that has been accepted, purely dogmatically, that alcohol, which is a poison, is at the same time a nutritive substance, a tonic, we see a paradox, which no one would think of making about any other poison. On the other hand, no substance which is truly nutritive destroys protoplasm. Experiment can decide the question. Chauveau had a dog work upon a specified diet; the animal accomplished every day a certain amount of work, and in so doing gained in weight. The dog's food was then altered so that, while all else remained the same, a certain amount of carbohydrate was replaced by a quantity of alcohol, which, upon the assumption of the katabolic change of matter, was equal to the carbohydrate omitted.

"If, then, the alcohol acted as food, there would have been no difference noted. However, the animal experimented upon not only did less work every day, which is to be set to the account of the narcotic effect of the alcohol, but it grew thin, while with less work accomplished and the same food, still greater addition of body weight must have taken place. The experiment, therefore, proves that alcohol as poison cannot act as food, but only injure protoplasm. Alcohol is in every way a deceiver. It fulfills some of its promises. It relieves hunger because it destroys the appetite, and the power to digest food; but it does not nourish the body. It destroys pain by paralyzing the nerves, but it does not remove the cause of the pain. It makes the poor man feel for a brief time that he is boundless wealthy; but it leaves him poorer than before. If a man is cold, it gives him a sensation of warmth; but he is actually colder than before. The man who is weak imagines he is strong, while he is actually weaker than before. Assuredly alcohol is not a food.

**Drink Sends Them to the Madhouse.**  
In his annual report, Superintendent Dr. Eymann, of the Ohio Insane Hospital at Massillon, says: "Insanity follows inebriety. Each added year tends to confirm us in our frequently expressed opinion that inebriety is surely the forerunner of insanity. As alcohol is the product of dissolution, the wreck, the disorganization of human food, so its effect upon man is mental dissolution, wreck, disorganization and decay. Heredity and drink are two overwhelming factors in the production of insanity, and frequently hereditary insanity is traceable directly to dissipation in the ancestor."

**About Enough Said.**  
Dr. Torrey, the evangelist, was speaking one day in London, when a bibulous fellow arose and announced, waveringly, that he did not believe everything in the Bible. "I don't see how anybody can walk on water," he declared; "can you do it, Dr. Torrey?" The preacher looked sternly at the man for a moment and then answered: "Well, I can walk on water better than I can on rum."

**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS**

**Molly's Strategy.**

By Ruth Merwyn.

"Now, children," said Molly Judson gayly, as she looked at the doleful faces of her younger brother and her little sister, "we are going to have a lot of fun to-day, and before you know it it will be time for father and mother to come back. First, I must give you another dose of medicine, Wesley, for mother said you must take it regularly all day to break up your ague."



course there was no danger, she thought, but then one did feel so much safer when one's mother was at home.

The Judsons lived a mile and a half from the nearest village. In the opposite direction was a great swamp beyond which a small band of Indians had a settlement. The Indians often passed the Judson house, but rarely did one stop there, for they all stood in awe of Molly's father, whom they called the "Big Chief."

Molly carefully measured out the white powder, dissolved it in a tablespoon of water and brought it to her brother. Wesley swallowed the dose heroically though he made a very wry face.

"Now I'll read you a story from Pilgrim's Progress, if you want me to," said Molly.

"All right," Wesley leaned back contentedly in his chair. "Just read about the fights Pilgrim had, and skip the other parts, please."

Faith brought her little rocking chair up close to Molly, who began to read the wonderful story.

"Wasn't Pilgrim great!" Wesley exclaimed as Molly finished. "When I get big I'm going to do as he did. Of course there aren't any giants like Apollyon around here, so I'm going to fight drunken Indians. Father says a drunken Indian is the worst creature on earth. Aren't you sorry you are a girl, Molly?"

"Why?" asked Molly. "Because you can't ever fight. Girls can't ever conquer their enemies; they haven't got strength enough."

"Let's play Indian," continued Wesley. "I'll be Scar Face and Faith will be my squaw. Molly, you be a white lady and we'll come to see you and scare you most out of your wits."

"All right," agreed Molly. The children left the room to prepare for the game. When they came back a marvelous change had taken place. Wesley wrapped in a gorgeous blanket, his head encircled by a waving band of feathers, one cheek flaming with a fiery red scar of chalk, presented a frightful appearance. Faith, with a brilliant shawl drawn over her head, followed meekly in his rear.

The fun began in good earnest. Wesley acted his part with great spirit, while Molly played the role of the frightened white lady to perfection.

Presently Wesley stepped to the window to adjust his head-gear, which was slipping down over his face.

"Oh, Molly," he gasped suddenly turning around with a terrified look. "There's a real Indian coming here."

Molly gave one glance toward the window and her face went white. "Wesley," she said quietly, "you and Faith go into the bedroom and shut the door tight. Don't make any noise, and stay there until I call you out."

A loud knock thundered through the room. Molly, outwardly calm, though her heart was beating as if it would burst, opened the door.

There stood Scar Face, as the settlers called him. Molly knew him from the great scar across his cheek. She had often heard this Indian spoken of as the wickedest man of the tribe.

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**Lehigh Valley Train Service**  
A new time table went into effect on the Auburn division of the Lehigh Valley Railroad on Sunday, July 1. The new schedule is as follows for trains passing Locke station, as corrected to Sept. 12:  
Daily except Sunday.  
North. South.  
281-9:42 a.m. 282-8:44 a.m.  
285-5:55 p.m. 286-10:29 a.m.  
288-6:22 p.m. 284-5:28 p.m.  
Sundays.  
291-7:05 p.m. 290-10:29 a.m.  
On the Auburn and Ithaca branch trains pass King Ferry Station going north at 8:27 a.m. and 7:06 p.m.; going south at 12:27 and 7:06 p.m. No Sunday service on this branch.

A man with a sprained ankle will use a crutch, rest the ankle and let it get well. A man or woman with an overworked stomach can't use a crutch, but the stomach must have rest just the same. It can be rested 400 without starvation. Kodol will do it. Kodol performs the digestive work of the tired stomach and corrects the digestive apparatus. Kodol fully conforms to the provisions of the National Pure Food and Drug Laws. Recommended and sold by J. S. Banker, Genoa, N. Y.

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Asparagus Roots, 50c per 100, \$3.00 per 1000  
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### What Becomes of the Dimes?

In some parts of the country trouble is reported on account of the scarcity of dimes. What becomes of the dimes? An official in Washington suggests that because the country is prosperous people keep dimes in their pockets to hear them jingle. This position is not tenable, because any other coin would jingle just as well, and if people are so prosperous as to find pleasure in jingling coins in their pockets they would be likely to use larger ones for the purpose. The penny-in-the-slot machines are held responsible for a scarcity of pennies. Street car lines and automatic telephones accumulate nickel five-cent pieces, but there is no particular use for dimes that would cause them to be concentrated in the hands of a few corporations. It is not likely that they are hoarded in children's savings banks to the extent that pennies and nickels are, because it does not take many dimes to make a dollar, and dollars are deposited in banks where they draw interest and then the coins are released to go back into circulation. Estimating the coinage of dimes since the publication of the last report of the director of the mint as averaging the same as in the last few years reported, there have been coined from 1792 to the present day, says the Chicago Tribune, about 520,000,000 dimes. More than half of these, however, have been coined in the last 20 years, and the older ones have largely disappeared from circulation. In the year 1903 the different mints of the United States received nearly 8,000,000 dimes which were retired as uncurrent, a number almost exactly equal to one-third the coinage for the year. It is probable that there are not in circulation more than three dimes for each inhabitant of the United States. The slight relation which the total coinage, or even the amount outstanding, bears to the amount in circulation is shown by the fact that there are still outstanding about 800,000 half cents, 28,000,000 two-cent pieces, and 20,000,000 nickel three-cent pieces which no one ever sees, and which may have been lost or melted long ago, but are still on the treasury books as outstanding. In view of the statistics the scarcity of dimes need not be wondered at. The only extraordinary thing is that anyone should complain. There is nothing a dime will buy that cannot be paid for in other coins with almost equal convenience. Any kind of money is good if there is plenty altogether.

### A Queen's Wit.

As an evidence of the wit and lively sense of humor of Queen Maud of Norway, it is related that "on one occasion she was with her sisters at a public gathering in London, and noticed a curious reporter gazing at their every movement. Accordingly, she wrote something on a piece of paper, and, making a pretence of handing it to one of her sisters, dropped it. The reporter, of course, in great glee picked it up, expecting to get a scoop for his paper. Imagine his chagrin when he found written on it the commonplace remark: 'My new boots pinch me terribly.' That nothing came of this incident simply proves the denseness of the timidity of the London reporter. Had an American knight of the pencil been thus favored, says the Boston Herald, his paper the next morning would have had the note reproduced in facsimile, with a drawing of the boot of the princess, speculation as to the location of the offending corn or bunion, and a dissertation on the folly of wearing tight boots. Rising to the occasion and jumping to meet an opportunity are essential in up-to-date reporting.

J. Pierpont Morgan's intimate friends declare that he does not look a day older than he did ten years ago. He believes that the annual trips he takes have a wonderfully rejuvenating effect on his physical and mental being. "I find," he said, recently, "that I can do a year's work in nine months, but that I can't do 12 months' work in a year."

Raymond L. Angelino, of Chicago, announces that he has constructed an airship propelled by currents obtained from machinery on the earth by the use of Bell's aeroplane and Herber's mechanism. The factors of carrying capacity and engines will be thus eliminated, if the inventor can "make wood."

The normal weight of an elephant, when full grown, is 7,000 pounds. The smallest seen in modern times was "Lili," a Sumatran elephant, which was only a yard high, and weighed 172 pounds.

A verdict of "found drowned" was returned in London by a coroner's jury at Lambeth on Thomas Willett, 33 years old, who was found dead with his head in a horse's watering trough.

Sir Thomas was treated so nicely in this country that he promises to come back with a yacht to make us another present of the cup.

The proper penalty for peekaboo waits in the water time is a doctor's bill.

### Still a Socialist.

M. Viviani, the new French minister of labor, appointed by M. Clemenceau, has declared in a newspaper interview that in accepting office he repudiated nothing of his political past. "I am a socialist," he said, "and I mean to remain faithful to my ideas and to my socialist friends. Like Millerand in the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry, and like Briand in the Sarrien cabinet, I preserve my freedom of action and of propaganda. As minister of labor I shall endeavor to secure reforms which I defended as deputy at the tribune of the chamber. I want to make the ministry of labor a workingman's ministry." M. Viviani then proceeded to speak of the nature of the work immediately cut out for the new minister. He hopes, he said, with the aid of the minister of finance, to create an organization for the settlement of the long-standing question of old-age pensions "that can immediately set to work." Another matter which will claim his immediate attention is arbitration in labor disputes, as well as the liberty of trade unions. He is said not to be blind to the fact that his task will be a difficult one, and that, in view of the influences now at work in the French democracy and parliament, his ministry will not be the least important of the Clemenceau cabinet. It is to be established in the premises just vacated by the department of public worship, a highly significant arrangement.

### Two Fisheries Questions.

Two important fisheries questions affecting America are under consideration. One is the problem of stopping pelagic sealing, that is, the shooting of the migrating seals at sea, and the indiscriminate destruction of females. If the Canadians agree to stop the practice, it is probable that Japan will come into the agreement, says the Youth's Companion. The other problem concerns the use of purse seines by Americans on the Newfoundland herring-grounds, and is being discussed by representatives of the British, American and Newfoundland governments. Great Britain admits the justice of the colonial position that the use of purse seines threatens destruction of the fisheries, but may under pressure of the American interests conclude an agreement over the heads of the colonial commissioners.

### Caterpillar Fever.

"Caterpillar fever is contracted by many in rural districts," says the Medical Times, quoting the London Mail. "There is often an epidemic of 'caterpillar rash,' characterized by intense itching of the palms and sometimes of the face, with vesicles which, when they occur about the eyes, obstruct vision. Prophylaxis requires that the caterpillars be left severely alone. The 'palmar worm,' for instance, the hairy caterpillar of the gold-tail moth, one of the commonest and most beautiful objects in the country at midsummer, passes from hand to hand. It leaves a few of its loosely attached hairs upon the palm; and an urticaria results. In the opinion of English rural physicians."

The thieves who looted the Hartje house in Pittsburg when it was closed while the divorce suit was on trial must be very much disgusted with themselves when they discovered how much they might have obtained for their loot. A Stradivarius violin that cost Hartje \$700 was sold to a man on the street for \$1.50. A statuette of Romeo and Juliet valued at \$5,000 was sold for \$8. A \$2,000 oil painting was sold for \$2 because the frame was somewhat damaged. Rugs worth \$1,000 each sold at from \$5 to \$8. But burglars are seldom art connoisseurs, and often, not knowing the true value of their booty, sell it for a mere fraction of its value. That is the rift in the loot.

When it is considered that scientists who study the hair have discovered five or six different causes for its falling out, with subsequent baldness, it doesn't seem worth while trying to keep it on the skull. Any one of these "six causes" is quite sufficient to reduce an affluent topknot to a billiard ball surface; therefore a real benefaction for mankind would be the enforcement of a mighty fashion rendering its loss the most admirable thing in life. No genius has ever thought of this alternative, and it is suspected our ultra-civilized notions would revolt at first, but by degrees the world would adopt the idea and finally end-by cultivating it con amore.

Chinese pirates have looted a British ship, but times have changed in the far east, and Great Britain will not demand a whole province by way of compensation.

A Delaware actress has swallowed a diamond pin. Probably she could not induce anybody to steal it.

Judging from his silence, Walter Wallman has no comment to make on the Peary arctic expedition.

There are not so blind as will not be able to comb the latest projected magazine.

### What Americans Like to Read.

Notwithstanding that the realistic novel finds warm defenders like Mr. Mangasarian, Americans as a rule do not find pleasure in it. During the past 20 years many such novels have been published here, but who can remember one that has achieved great popular success, enduring and growing into permanent demand? "The Jungle" attracted a great deal of attention for a brief period, but to-day, only a few months after its appearance, it is dead and buried. Zola's novels, perhaps the strongest of that school, have never had much vogue in this country. George Moore is almost unheard of on this side of the Atlantic. Frank Norris' books had a brief season of notice, but it is safe to say that nobody ever read any of them a second time. The novels that have the largest sale, in this country, like those which have the most faithful clientele, are romances of adventure, says the Chicago Journal. Even such stories as those of George Barr McCutcheon find readers in plenty, ignoring their lack of literary form for the sake of the incident. It is perhaps not altogether true that this state of affairs is a good one, or that American literary taste is sound. But the fact remains that the people at large have no use for realism, in the sense that it is a faithful report of the sadness of life or its horrors. Americans prefer to have their leisure time filled with tales of romance and adventure, stirring their blood to quicker flowing and exciting their fancy to broader range. That is a good sign, so far as their moral health is concerned. When the realistic novel becomes popular we may expect to find that a great change has taken place in the people, a change that makes them pessimistic and disheartened. But who could be pessimistic or disheartened with the country more prosperous than any other land has ever been since the dawn of history?

### Daring of the Past.

The criminal industry of holding up and robbing railroad trains has languished of late, but an instance is reported from Gallup, N. M., where the robbers secured several hundred dollars from passengers. This is small business compared with the daring deeds of the past, when the brigands have often made off with the contents of an express car, sometimes running up into the thousands of dollars. But train-robbing has become perilous since the companies have taken vigorous steps to prevent. On some lines there is a well-organized staff, every person being a dead shot and a skilled rough rider, kept ready to start in instant pursuit of a band of robbers, and generally the miscreants are caught. The practical certainty of adequate punishment robs the business of its old-time charm and romance.

### New Dictator of China.

The most powerful individual in China to-day is Yuan Shi Kai, the viceroy of Tientsin. He is virtually the dictator of the empire, having as his ally the old empress dowager. No decree is issued from Peking without his approval. He is credited with having caused the Chinese government to issue the recent anti-opium decree. Yuan is a man of great force of character and a believer in progress. He has taken many steps to modernize his country. Numerous attempts have been made to assassinate him. It is hoped that through his efforts China will be transformed into a progressive land.

Somehow, said a woman cashier at the late bankers' convention, when the Lord made woman he gave her a peculiar insight that always enables her to discern whether a man or a proposition is good or bad. This was her point in maintaining the proposition that her sex is better equipped by nature for the responsible duties that bankers are called upon to perform than the masculine. And yet how often we hear and read about her being taken in and done for by gay deceivers!

Oren Root, a nephew of the secretary of state, while scarcely over 30 years of age, was recently appointed vice president of the Metropolitan street Railway company of New York. Root started at the bottom of the ladder. He began with a construction gang as a laborer, and later, before going into the offices of the company, he acted as a motorman, and for several months rang up fares.

They've indicted a concern in Vermont for rendering lard from tainted meat. Alas, even the New England fried cake proves to be a white sepulcher.

The Pullman porter does not get all of it. The company has just decided to divide \$25,000,000 surplus among the stockholders.

The heart that sees goes always before the hand that obtains.

Too many think of religion as sailing wind and reaping wings.

Our borrowed virtues account for half

### An Interesting Task.

Capt. Tilho, of the French colonial infantry, who is at the head of the French mission for the delimitation of the French Sudan from British Nigeria, has been giving some interesting particulars of the task entrusted to him. He is to work in concert with Maj. O'Shea of the British mission, to give practical effect to the Anglo-French treaty of May 29, 1906. That treaty establishes in theory the frontier between the French and English possessions from the Niger to Lake Chad. The two missions will now define those boundaries. Capt. Tilho considers that about 18 months will be necessary for the completion of this work. His personal relations with the chief of the British mission are exceedingly friendly, and nearly all his officers speak English. Capt. Tilho and his party were to reach Daker on November 4, and will proceed thence to Ilo, the first British port on the Niger, where they will meet the British mission. From Ilo the two missions will start on their work of delimitation, which will extend over 1,500 miles. The British mission is to reach Ilo on December 10. It is expected that the work will have been completed up to Lake Chad by December, 1907, and that both missions will be able to return to Europe in the spring of 1908.

### Wild Beasts of India.

A statistical paper on India, lately published in London, makes the statement that in 1904 the total number of persons killed by wild beasts in India was 24,034, of whom nearly 22,000 fell victims to snakes. Tigers killed nearly 800, and leopards nearly 400. On the other side of the account are 65,000 snakes killed, and 16,000 other wild animals.

To many persons it may seem strange that a country so old as India should still harbor so many wild beasts, and that they should be permitted to commit such depredations, says the Youth's Companion. It must be remembered that the country is of vast extent, much of it still covered with dense jungle; and that religious scruples prevent many of the inhabitants from taking the life of any animal, hence general measures of extermination receive little native support.

Certain young New York matrons have hit upon a delightful method of spending a day, a method which combines many of the luxuries and conveniences of an expensive trip, without, however, the expenditure of a cent. A certain manufacturer of a food in New Jersey is so proud of the immaculate condition of his factory that whenever 14 or more women get together and signify their desire to inspect the factory the manufacturer sends an upholstered private trolley car to any desired place; the party is conducted to the factory, wined and dined, and then sent home rejoicing. The trip is getting to be very popular up town.

Even eggs are beginning to exhibit freakish propensities, due to the all-prevailing craze of the times. In Sussex, England, a few days ago a poor woman had some new laid eggs sent her by a kindly neighbor. In breaking one for the purpose of making a custard she saw something strange in the yolk, and on examining further found it to be a half sovereign. How the coin got into the egg is a mystery, but evidently the hen, if she could explain, would say it was some money lost in chicken farming.

Hetty Green's son, who owns a farm in Dallas, is interested in Texas railroads, and when boll weevil affected the cotton crop he saw that he was directly interested in what happened. Hearing that the government was about to make experiments, he offered the use of his farm to the secretary of the interior, who asked him if he owned any greenhouses. Mr. Green replied that he did not, but that he would build as many as the government cared to occupy. He was asked to build two, and did so.

There is a vast difference between the economy which administers wisely and that niggardly economy which saves for the sake of saving and spends a dime's worth of time to save a penny. I have never known a man who overestimated the importance of saving pennies, to do things which belong to large minds.—Success Magazine.

The American people are very prone to boast about the amount of money they spend on education. Nothing could make a poorer boast. The amount looks big in the aggregate but it is really trifling when analyzed. And the fact is that we pay our teachers a wage too small to be spoken of without a blush.

Portland, Ore., is said to be the largest lumber port in the world. At one time recently vessels for foreign ports were loading there, or under charter, to an aggregate capacity of 20,000,000 feet, and for home ports others having 5,000,000 feet more.

Remember that an easy chair is an essential part of the atmosphere.

## BLANKETS

Square and Stable  
Hand Sleds, Skates.

## Lisk's Roasters,

Food Choppers, Bread Mixers.

## Cutlery

Carving Sets, Butcher Knives,  
Pocket Knives, Shears and Scissors,  
Razors, &c.

STERLING RANGES AND HEATERS.

## HAGIN & PECK,

THE RELIABLE HARDWARE, GENOA, N. Y.

MILLER 'PHONE.

## Always ready for Custom Grinding.

Bring on your grists—no delays.

## The Genoa Milling Co.

The Famous Silver Spray Flour...Ground Feed  
Corn...Corn Meal...Wheat...Chicken Supplies

Large Stock Always on Hand.

MILLER 'PHONE.

## The John W. Rice Company, Auburn, N. Y.

This is the season to buy Cloaks, Furs, Woolen Blankets, Comfortables, and other goods to help keep warm during our long and changeable winter weather. Every style in Cloaks [from \$5.00 up, new shapes in Furs from \$5.00 with Muffs to match. "Priestley" Black Dress Goods, Fancy Goods, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, and Leather Bags for Holiday trade.

103 Genesee Street.

## BEFORE YOU BUY YOUR HOLIDAY GOODS

Call in and inspect my stock of presents for old and young. Toys, Games, Books, Jewelry, Gloves, Mittens, Skirts, Dolies, Shirt Waist Patterns, Knit Shawls, Fascinators, &c. Millinery at your own price to finish the season at

Mrs. D. E. SINGER'S, Genoa, N. Y.

## Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes.

## G. S. AIKIN,

Hazard 'Phone.

KING FERRY, N. Y.

## The Village News

Weekly Compendium of Local Happenings—  
Various Items of Interest to Genoa People.

Poetry, they say,  
Expresses the soul;  
But, hang it, you can't  
Barter verses for coal!

—Arthur B. Peck has been quite sick for several days.

—Irwin and Mary Oliver are visiting relatives in Auburn.

—J. H. Streeter of Venice was in town on business Saturday.

—Mrs. Jane Loomis has been quite seriously sick the past week.

—Miss Elizabeth Leonard is home from Cornell for the Holiday vacation.

—Our subscription list is corrected up to date. Does the date after your name read right?

—Miss Mabel Cannon, of Brooklyn, arrived home Saturday morning for a ten-days' vacation.

—Misses Dora Miller and Florence Norman are spending their vacation with friends in Syracuse.

—A hen at Cornell University has laid 225 eggs in ten months. This shows the value of a college education.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Rogers and daughter of Rochester are spending a week with F. C. Hagin and family.

—Many new names have been added the past month to THE TRIBUNE subscription list, and still there's room for more.

—Mrs. J. S. Banker and daughter Jennie went to Meridian Tuesday to visit B. D. Banker and wife. Mrs. Banker will return tomorrow and Miss Jennie remains for a time.

—All the stockholders and officers of the Genoa Agricultural Society who are interested in our 1907 fair remember that they will meet at the office of Wm. Sharpsteen on Saturday evening, Dec. 29, at 7:30 o'clock to elect officers for the coming year. Let's have a good attendance.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Myers celebrated the 53rd anniversary of their marriage at their home north of the village on Monday, Dec. 24. Members of the family of four generations were present, including some from Ithaca and Auburn. Dinner was served and a very enjoyable day was spent by all.

—A "quick lunch" social will be held at the Presbyterian church in this village on Wednesday evening, Jan. 2, under the auspices of the Workers' society of the church. A part of the Christmas program will be repeated and it is expected that the Italians will sing some of the songs of their country. Every one is cordially invited to come and bring a friend to "lunch" with you.

—A special Poultry Institute, in connection with the meeting of the American Poultry Association, will be held in Auburn on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 8 and 9. The program will be participated in by prominent speakers from different parts of the United States, and the Institute is free for all. The sessions begin at 10 a. m., 2 p. m., and 7:30 p. m. The sixth annual exhibition of poultry and pet stock by the Auburn Fanciers' Association will also be held Jan. 7 to 12.

—Miss Edith Hunter is home from Moravia this week.

—Charles Veley of Ledyard was a business caller in town Friday.

—Rev. E. L. Dresser is spending the week with his family in Ithaca.

—Miss June Skinner arrived from Syracuse Saturday to spend a few days with her father.

—Chas. Foster, R. W. Armstrong and Titus VanMarter were in Auburn on business Saturday.

—Fred H. Rundell of Andover, Allegany Co., spent Christmas with his aunt, Mrs. Ellen M. Rundell.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Cannon and daughter of Rochester are spending a few days at A Cannon's and Mrs. E. Shaw's.

—Yes, there will be a select dancing party at McCormick's Hall, King Ferry, this evening. Smith Bros.' full orchestra will furnish the music.

—Principal Gordon B. Springer was very pleasantly remembered on Christmas by the pupils of his room who presented him with a very nice chair, with the season's greetings.

—Mrs. S. Wright and Mrs. D. W. Smith were called to Auburn this week by the illness of their mother, Mrs. John Hutchison, who is spending some time with Mrs. J. L. Welty. She is reported as some better.

—The Genoa Brick and Tile Company has purchased of David Kinney another acre of land joining their plant on the west. They have done an extensive business the past year and are planning on enlarging the plant and putting in steam power the coming year. The company is thoroughly equipped and can handle all orders with promptness, and is something of which Genoa should feel proud.

—Regents' examinations will be held in Genoa school on Jan. 21, 22 and 23. The following is the list of subjects: Monday, Jan. 21, 9:15 a. m., geography; 1:15 p. m., spelling. Tuesday, Jan. 22, 9:15 a. m., arithmetic; 1:15 p. m., elementary English. Wednesday, Jan. 23, 1:15 p. m., elementary U. S. history and civics, 1905 syllabus. It will be necessary for teachers in other districts, having pupils who wish to take the examinations, to send the names of such pupils to Principal Springer two weeks before the examinations are held.

Wishing you the joys of the  
Holiday Season and Good Health  
and a lively appetite for 1907.

Yours,

PIONEER COUGH DROPS.

—Frank Dixon of Aurora was calling on friends in town Saturday.

—Wm. Holden has been quite seriously sick the past week with pneumonia.

—Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs of Endicott are visiting at Nelson Upson's a few days this week.

—Our correspondents are up-to-date and write very interesting letters nearly every week.

—Mrs. Lucy Warfield has been confined to the house for a few days with an attack of the grip.

—A turkey shoot, chicken shoot and fox chase will be pulled off at Poplar Ridge New Year's day.

W. C. Crossman, the Jeweler, of Auburn, wishes you a Happy New Year and extends an invitation to you to select from his large stock all gifts in Silverware or Jewelry for the coming year.

—Genoa W. C. T. U. will hold their next regular meeting on Friday, Jan. 4, at the home of Miss Emma Waldo, at 2:30 p. m.

—Thayer & Younglove pressed 11,787 pounds of timothy hay for C. N. Tupper at East Genoa. This hay was grown on two acres of land by measure.

—D. N. Raynor and Wm. Sharpsteen were at Auburn and Port Byron Saturday. The latter has received the appointment for Notary Public in place of C. A. Ames.

—Will the secretary of each society please give the TRIBUNE their list of officers elected for 1907, as soon as possible after election? We like to have them while they are new.

—Friends of the family in Genoa will be sorry to learn that Mrs. Amasa Tift suffered a severe paralytic shock about two weeks since at her home in Ithaca and is said to be gradually failing.

—John E. Fell died at his home in Auburn on Saturday, Dec. 22, 1906, aged 79 years. Funeral services were held at the family residence, 107 Franklin St., Auburn, on Monday at 10 o'clock, and burial was made at Poplar Ridge. Mr. Fell was a well known resident of the town of Venice for many years, removing to Auburn a few years ago. He is survived by a wife and three sons, who have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in this vicinity.

—One evening recently a man residing about three miles from the village walked to town to secure some necessary goods. Here is a list of goods which he actually carried the entire distance: 50 lb. sack of flour, 18 lbs. beef, an axe, saw handle, one doz. small window lights, 1/2 doz. packages of tobacco, 1 doz. lead pencils, sack of peanuts, package of candy, reading book and writing tablet. This is no "fish" story, but an actual fact. If you don't believe it, ask Fred Kratzer about it.

—The Christmas exercises at the Presbyterian church Monday evening were excellent and were listened to by a large and appreciative audience. The children's motion song was much enjoyed as was also the lullaby by little Virgie Bush and the closing piece by Eleanor Sharp and "Santa Claus." The choir rendered several Christmas selections and the young ladies sang an appropriate selection which was highly complimented. Rev. E. L. Dresser made some interesting remarks and the tree was then relieved of its load of presents. A good magazine for 35 cents a year. Read about it on another page.

### Public Notice.

The Genoa Milling Co has rented to Florence Sullivan the property for a term of 3 years from Jan. 1st, 1907. This action became necessary because of Mr. Reas' failing health, for which reason he will not remain in the mill. Mr. Sullivan is one of the stockholders of the company and has had the practical management of the business for the past two years; he is well equipped to conduct the business in the future and were it not for this announcement the public probably would never notice the change. The Genoa Milling Co. takes this occasion to thank its old-time customers and friends for their generous patronage in the past and we bespeak its continuance under the new management in the future.

THE GENOA MILLING CO.

### Notice.

Having purchased the meat market of Wm. Oliver, I am prepared to handle choice meats of all kinds at reasonable prices. Fish and oysters in season. Cash paid for hides. Wishing to receive a share of your trade, I am,  
Yours Truly,  
HENRY DEFOREST,  
Central Market, Genoa, N. Y.  
Miller phone. 30tf

### Hear This All Ye People.

Make your homes look more comfortable by getting that old furniture upholstered and those old chairs recaned. It will be just as good as new at less than half the cost. A new line of samples just received 31tf  
FRED F. WETANT, King Ferry.

### Dressmaking.

I am prepared to do first-class dressmaking at reasonable prices, and respectfully solicit your patronage.  
CARRIE SNYDER,  
27w8 King Ferry.

It is a mistake to use a violent cathartic to open the bowels. A gentle movement will accomplish the same results without causing distress or serious consequences later. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are recommended. Sold by J. S. Banker, Genoa, N. Y.

Dr. J. W. Whitbeck, Dentist,  
Genoa, N. Y.

I am 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 my office administered by a physician. I also have 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 my office. Charges as reasonable as in the city or elsewhere, consistent with first-class work.

### THE "GIT" MARK

is a shot-gun remedy for acute and chronic rheumatism. The pains just "git." They have to go. Contains No Salicylic Acid or Morphine, so common in rheumatic remedies. Tablets put up in glass, formula on label. By mail \$1.00 for \$5. Don't suffer. Order today.  
Co-operative Chemical and Drug Co.,  
150 Bank St. (inc.) NEWARK, N. J.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

FARM FOR SALE—Or to let; 90 acres in town of Venice. Call on or address  
MRS. CHARLOTTE A. GREEN,  
32 4t Bell 'phone, Moravia, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Cheap or to rent, the blacksmith shop at Venice Center.  
31w2 JOHN OWENS

I expect to have coal at the Leonard siding north of this village soon. Orders left at my residence will be attended to.  
R. W. ARMSTRONG,  
Genoa, N. Y.

A good bricklayer and plasterer who desires to spend the winter in the South can learn of a good job by writing to  
G. G. McMINN,  
Pinebluff, N. C.

WANTED—A good man to work a farm. JOHN J. ELLIS, King Ferry,  
29-w4 R F D 27

TO LET—A farm one mile west of Ledyard. A. ELLIS, Aurora, R F D 28

I will pay 10 cents for cow and steer hides, 9 cents for bull hides and \$3 for good horse hides.

W. S. LARON, Genoa  
Chester White boar for service  
28tf J H COOK

FOR SALE—House and large lot with barn in the village of Genoa. For particulars address  
JOHN C. MARTIN,  
28tf 44 State St., Auburn, N. Y.

Bring your furs to S. Weaver for the highest market price. 25tf

Blacksmith shop to rent, also store. Inquire of Mrs. T. SILL, Genoa 21tf

FOR SALE—a registered Southdown buck.  
CHAS. H. COOK,  
Poplar Ridge.

Michigan and Irish Cobbler seed potatoes, cabbage, onions, etc., 150,000 strawberry plants, Imported Danish cabbage seed. Agent for a full line of nursery stock. I will grow on contract cabbage, celery and other plants. Write me.  
F. M. PATTINOTON,  
On Ridge road at Scipioville, N. Y.  
Ind. telephone. 32tf

Bring your old hens, chickens, turkeys and ducks to Hotel DeWitt on Monday night, Jan. 7, or Tuesday morning, Jan. 8, before 9 o'clock. For prices write or telephone to S. O. Hunt, Atalung, Throopsville.

## Happy New Year.

## SMITH'S STORE, Genoa.

### CLOSING-OUT SALE.

I will close out my entire stock of store goods at COST and many things below cost, also many things in the house, such as stoves, tables, stands, &c. I have two full blood Jersey Red sows for sale at \$10 each.

E. SHANGLE,

Atwater, N. Y.

## C. R. Egbert,

The People's Clothier, Hatter & Furnisher.

75 Genesee St.,

AUBURN, N. Y.

### Ending the Old Starting the New.

1906 will soon be a matter of history and in looking back we see much to be thankful for; it has been the most successful in the history of this store, the remarkable increase in trade being due in a great measure to the loyalty of our out-of-town friends.

In order to merit their continued patronage for the coming year it will be our constant aim to furnish them with the same GOOD VALUES they have had in the past at the usual LOW PRICES that always prevail here.

To all a happy and prosperous New Year.

### How's your stock of printed stationery?

## NOTICE!

We will extend our 10% discount sale until  
January 1, 1907.

Don't fail to call at our store and share some of the big bargains which we are offering in

Suits, Overcoats, Rain Coats,  
Extra Trousers, Etc.

We have purchased a large stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods which will make useful Holiday gifts. Call and look them over before purchasing elsewhere. Will be glad to show you our goods whether you buy or not. All wise people will buy useful gifts for their friends and you will surely find many useful gifts at the

Genoa Clothing Store.

M. G. Shapero & Son,

Outfitters for man and boy.



**CLOCKS**

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

A. T. HOYT'S, Leading Jeweler,  
Opp. Moravia House, Moravia, N. Y.

**Dr. J. W. Whitbeck,**  
DENTIST  
Genoa, N. Y.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,  
Corner of Main and Maple Streets.

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

Teeth Extracted Without Pain  
Specialties—Filling and preserving the natural teeth; making of artificial sets of teeth.

Charges reasonable as elsewhere, consistent with good work.

No Extracting of Teeth after dark.





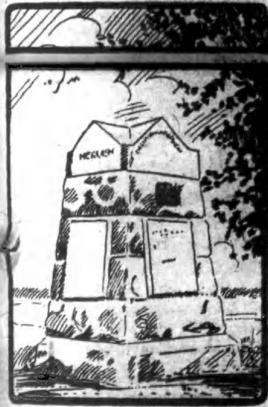


### FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

Reunion of Blue and Gray on Bloody Ground Where They Fought.

The white-winged dove of peace has perched on the upraised rifle of the statue at Bloody Angle, on the field of Gettysburg, this year, and witnessed the unusual spectacle of veterans of the war from both north and south shaking hands across the famous stone wall over which Pickett's men made their glorious but useless charge. The many distinguished survivors of the war who were present saw one of the best preserved of all the historic spots on this continent. Gradually the government is acquiring all the property over which the great three days' struggle was fought, and in time the ground will be entirely the nation's own, to be preserved forever intact as it was when Lee reached the limit of his northern march.

Monument after monument has been erected on the field, until the entire ground is dotted with mementos of the stirring incidents of the great battle. Among the most interesting is the monument of Gen. Warren, on Little Round Top. It shows Gen. Warren looking toward the spot where he noticed the flash of bayonets on the second day of the battle, and rightly guessed that the enemy were advancing through the woods back of the Devil's Den with the object of seizing Little Round Top. Warren hustled around and gathered together sufficient troops in the vicinity to save this key to the position. The statue of the famous general was placed on the very boulder on which he stood when the fortunate discovery of the confederate attempt on Little Round Top was made. He is made to look toward the exact



Monument at Bloody Angle—the Fastest Point of Pickett's Charge.

spot where the glint of bayonets caught his sharp eye, and started him on a run for riflemen and guns. No one could have stood where the Warren statue stands now and have lived a second during the progress of the battle, for in the attack on Little Roundtop Confederate sharpshooters were thickly sprinkled in the Devil's Den, a pass of rocks in the valley below, and these marksmen, retiring into the cave beneath a big bowlder to load, would fire and retire again, so that a constant rain of bullets was kept on the defenders of the hill. The guns that poured shot and shell down on these sharpshooters and rained death valley in the immediate vicinity, are still on Little Round Top. Death Valley, so called because no one could cross it on account of the sharpshooters on both sides, was one of the places visited by the blue and gray at the reunion.

Every stone of the famous wall, says the New York Tribune, is preserved just as when Pickett made his charge, and the veterans of the fight shook hands across the battle line. The wall is partly hidden by bushes in places, but its twists and turns can be plainly followed from the road along Bloody Angle. The trees behind which the confederates formed for this desperate charge are to be seen plainly from the angle. So also can the gap through which Pickett's men advanced after the terrible artillery duel of the third day of the battle. Fifteen thousand strong, Pickett's men moved across the open ground between the lines, and, though swayed by cannon shot and rifle fire, kept doggedly on until the stone wall was reached. As the ladies say: "They were the bravest men in the world, but men just as brave were there to meet them, and the charge meant itself to pieces against the insuperable barrier of the federal line, comparatively few of the flower of the southern army reaching the shelter of the woods again."

A little further on is the monument erected to the memory of the brave handful of Minnesotans who charged the thousands of advancing confederates when it was found that there was a gap in the line and there was a danger of the federal army being broken. They were asked to make the charge in order to allow time for the bringing up of reinforcements to stop the gap, and they did so, knowing that they were going to certain death. Such deeds are so common-ly recorded on the monuments on this battlefield that it would be necessary

only to copy the inscriptions to obtain a string of stirring incidents in which brave men who counted life as nothing compared with the winning of the day figured as the principals.

### A BRAVE ACT.

How Philip A. Hawk Spiked a Brass Cannon at Chickamauga.

Early on the morning of the 20th of September, 1863, Gen. John Beatty's brigade, to which the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois was attached, was sent from our position on the right near the Widow Glenn's house to the extreme left of our line near Kelley's house and across the Lafayette road, writes Philip A. Hawk, in the National Tribune. We reached the position assigned, and, moving out, skirmishing soon began. The confederate lines kept advancing, and engaging our one main and only line of Beatty's brigade, soon drove it back. Bridges' battery was engaged, but was short of men, and Capt. Bridges asked Gen. Beatty for a detail of men from the infantry to help work the guns. At Beatty's order Col. Hapeman of the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, called for volunteers, and myself and others at once responded. We reported to the battery and was assigned to the different guns. I went to one of the brass 12-pounder guns and carried ammunition to the gun. The confederates continued to advance, and we kept on firing, seven shots being given after my arrival, but when the last two were fired only the sergeant of the gun and myself remained at the gun, and these last times we loaded her to within one foot of the muzzle and let go. One man at our gun had been killed, two badly wounded, the other men were gone. Of the six horses five were down killed or disabled. We could not remove the gun and the confederates were advancing obliquely across the open field in our front, their left nearer our gun than their right, and covered by a woods. The sergeant then said he could cut the one unhurt horse loose and get out and I had better, also. But I did not, and hearing the men at another gun on my left calling for canister I filled my arms full and ran to that gun, which was perhaps 300 feet distant. This was a steel gun. The sergeant, however, cursed me and told me to take the ammunition back. I said that no one was now at the gun. He then told me to go to the rear; he did not need me. But I did not feel like going and started back to the brass gun. It flashed into my mind to spike the gun. On the way I picked up a stone as big as my two fists, perhaps, and running to the limber chest, grabbed up a file that I had before seen there, and just as I reached the gun to spike it a confederate soldier stepped out of the woods or brush, not more than 20 feet away raised his musket and fired. The thought came to me, I can spike it as quick as you can fire. I gave the file one blow, and it was done. That instant the confederate ball hit me over the left eye and I instinctively turned to the rear, or found myself so faced. I was blinded or dazed, and blood flowed, but I then ran. I heard the confederate say: "Oh, you ———" I did not stop, but had attracted notice, and very soon after was hit again by a bullet in the left leg above the knee, a flesh wound, which lamed me. Almost immediately after I was hit by a piece of shell in the right leg below the knee. These various wounds did not cause me to stop, though very lame. Meantime the confederates had been so well met on the left that they soon halted or sought shelter in the woods. The wounds received there, or two of them, still disable me in my eye or head and in my leg. At last I reached the log hospital on the hill, but it was soon shelled by a confederate battery, and those who could get out on order of the surgeon. I then got into a little valley near by, and found there the Second Ohio. The colonel called me up, washed my face from his canteen, and tied his handkerchief about my head, and told me to wait for an ambulance. I did so for awhile; then occurred a great stampede of non-combatants, and to avoid being killed, I got behind a tree. The Second Ohio moved out to battle. The stampede soon passed, and no one pausing to take me up, I started for Rossville. Meantime my regiment had been ordered away, and, as I found, had gone to Rossville by Negley's order. With extreme effort I reached Rossville that night, and Chattanooga the next day in an ambulance from Rossville. I was next ordered across the river and to go to Stevenson, but not liking this, I got over the Tennessee, reported to Capt. Bridges, and in two days more, being found unfit for duty, was sent back to the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois by Capt. Bridges. I then remained in camp for four weeks, when I was again put on duty.

Princess Has Few Fads. The princess of Wales has never cared for any form of athletics, never gone in to any extent for riding, entirely disapproves of bicycling and is indifferent to the fascinations of bridge. She keeps up her music, but is more genuinely interested in art (visiting picture galleries is really one of her hobbies) and she sews during every spare moment she can snatch from other duties.

Many Visit Museum. The British museum in London has as many as 954,551 visitors in one year.

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With each pound of best 35 cent coffee or 50 cent tea.

- Lantern, best make, 48c
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- Flower pots from 1c to \$1.25
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- 25c round wire coal sieves, 20c
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- All kinds of enameled tin, copper, agate, steel, glass and crockery.
- Old olive vinegar, gal. 18c
- Lamps, burners, wicks, chimneys and globes.
- 10 cakes Master or Lenox soap, 8c cake.

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The clubbing rates quoted on another page are for your benefit.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

### The Life of a President.

On a cold November day in the year 1831, near the village of Orange, Ohio, there came into the world a bit of a baby boy whom his parents called by name James Abraham Garfield.

The home which sheltered the little newborn was a cabin built of un-hewn logs, 20 by 30 feet in size, and holding at either end a wide fireplace for the furnishing of heat and the cooking of food.

Three other children were in that cabin home in the forest when the little James came there to begin his life—one boy and two girls—sisters



James A. Garfield cutting wood for 25 cents a cord.

and brother—who gave a loving welcome to the new baby brother.

The Garfield family was a happy one till a day, when the little James was but 18 months' old, there fell a heavy blow which left a dark shadow hanging over the log cabin in the woods. A fire had broken out in the forest and threatened to destroy the house and outbuildings, which contained all the worldly goods of the Garfields. For hours Abraham Garfield—husband and father—bravely fought the flames, succeeding in laying the fire, but thereby bringing death to himself, for he caught a heavy cold, which caused congestion, from which he suddenly died. Knowing that his illness was a fatal one, the good, true husband called his weeping wife to his side and said: "I have planted four little saplings in these woods, wife; I must now leave them to your care."

And then he closed his eyes forever on this world.

After the burial of Abraham Garfield the neighbors and relatives advised the poor widow to give away and "bind out" her children, thus relieving herself of so heavy a burden as "four little saplings." But with mother-love the noble woman said: "No!" and held her little ones the closer to her breast. They were hers—and for them she would work! With the assistance of her eldest boy, Thomas—nine years old at his father's death—the young widow Garfield split rails and built a fence round the wheatfield. She carded wool, wove cloth, spun flax and kept her children comfortably clothed.

In all the world there has been no nobler, grander, braver type of womanhood than we study in the mother of James A. Garfield.

When little James was only three years old he attended school with his brother and two sisters, sitting quietly throughout the long hours on the hard split log bench in the little log schoolhouse, which was erected on one corner of his mother's farm. As an inducement to the neighboring families to build a schoolhouse Widow Garfield had generously donated the site, for she was determined to give her children the advantage of a common school education if nothing better.

And so the years wore on, and the little James grew to the verge of his teens in a poor but most wholesome home atmosphere. Then he decided that it was high time he should earn some money to help his mother improve the place. As big brother Thomas could now take full charge of the small farm James looked about him for "outside" employment. He obtained his first work away from home with a farmer who manufactured "black salts." For his services he received \$9 a month and his board. It is safe to say that the several months' earnings of James proved quite a fortune to his family to whom he so unselfishly carried it.

Later James took up the work of cutting wood for his uncle, who paid him 25 cents a cord for firewood. Then followed several months of mule-driving on the canal, filling the role of "towpath boy." But from this service the boy James returned home sick with ague, which kept him on his back for some months.

On his recovery, and at the earnest solicitation of his good mother, he went to Chester to attend the Genesee seminary, "working his way" through the school and living in a small room where he "boarded himself."

Then followed several seasons of district school teaching, "boarding round" among the pupils.

Thus did James A. Garfield dig out by his own hands the path along a rugged mountainside which led him always upward and onward to higher things.

## IN THE YEAR TWO THOUSAND.

### Man is in His Proper Sphere of Usefulness.

"Er—Mildred," he said, a trifle nervously, as his better half laid down the morning's paper and, lighting a cigarette, prepared for her departure to the City: "Mildred, dear, do you think you could spare me a little to-day?"

His wife glanced at him impatiently. "What, again, George?" she said; "why, I only gave you your housekeeping allowance on—let me see—Thursday, wasn't it? Really, some of you men seem to think we women are made of money."

"You forget, my dear," he remarked, "there are the girl's wages and the water rate, and children both want new boots."

"Didn't I give you the money for that?" she asked.

"No, dear; that was for the flannel for little Milly's petticoats I'm making. Besides, dear, I—don't be angry, will you?—I saw such a cheap pair of trousers at the winter clearance sale yesterday that I couldn't resist buying them, and you know I've hardly a rag to my back."

"Always your cry, George," she said angrily; "really, your extravagance in dress is something sinful; it is a pity you haven't got to go and earn the money; you'd know its value then. Here, take this, and for goodness' sake do try and pay some of your household bills with it, and not frivolous the money away on a lot of trash."

"There's a dear, good, darling wife," he cried, joyfully; "let me help my Mildred on with her coat," he added, following her into the hall. "What time will you be home?" "Can't say, I'm sure," she answered. "I've got my woman coming to wash to-day, and the girls and I are going to put up clean curtains and things. Give me a kiss, dearest! There's your air-balloon going now!"

And as the bread winner dashed out and mounted the air-car George blew a parting kiss and went up stairs to bathe the children.

### A Grocer Thrown Down.



"Don't you believe that these eggs are fresh?" "I wouldn't believe it on the affidavit of the hen that laid them."

Another Kind of Trap. "This is glorious," said the Hon. Algernon de Verjuice to the ladies who accompanied him in his motor.

"Splendid," chorused all the ladies. Suddenly a youth, loomed up the horizon, frantically waving his arms.

"Perlice-trap!" yelled the youth, when the car came up to him.

"Where?" asked the Hon. Algernon, stopping the car.

"Between 'ere an' the second cottage yer come to, sir."

"Here's sixpence for you, my boy." And the Hon. Algernon again started the car at a discreet pace. When they had covered a few hundred yards, and the young informant had got well out of reach, he again shouted to the motorists:—

"The trap is in the first cottage you come to. The policeman lives there and he set it this morning to catch mice."

### Why He Was Put Out.

In the course of a cricket match rather amusing incident was witnessed. One of the batsmen skied a ball between the wickets. Two of the fielders ran in to take the catch, when the batsman lost his head. Leaving his crease, he ran forward, swung his bat, and, at the risk of cracking a couple of heads, made a furious slash at the descending ball.

"How's that, umpire?" was the confident appeal of the fielding side.

"Out!" was the reply.

"What am I out for?" demanded the batsman.

"Well," responded the umpire, gravely, "ye're out, firstly, for obstructing the field; secondly, for hitting the ball twice; and, thirdly, for making a conspicuous bass o' yerself. Ye can have it which way ye like in the score book."

### Just a Hint.

"Yes," the Rev. Dr. Gassaway was saying, "in all my pulpit utterances I endeavor to choose the very plainest subjects. There are sermons in stones, you know, and—"

"That's so," interrupted the long-suffering parishioner, "but it's also worthy of note that the most precious stones are small, and they have to be cut before their beauty is apparent."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

### She Was Up-to-Date.

Modern Mother—Why, child, alive, what are you taking off that doll's clothes for?

Modern Child—I'm going to 'zamine her to see if she's been vaccinated. I can't have 'er spreading 'tagion among my other dollies.—Palm-timore American.



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### The New Idea Woman's Magazine

### and The Tribune

These two together For Only \$1.35

The New Idea Woman's Magazine contains over 100 pages each month of fashions, guidance for making clothes and household helps. Each number is divided somewhat as follows:

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10 Pages.

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12 Pages.

## ACT RIGHT NOW

Send along the Money and Secure this Bargain in a Year's Reading.

## The Tribune

Genoa, N. Y.

### Outwits the Surgeon.

A complication of female troubles, with catarrh of the stomach and bowels, had reduced Mrs. Thos. S. Austin, of Leavenworth, Ind., to such a deplorable condition, that her doctor advised an operation; but her husband, fearing fatal results, postponed this to try Electric Bitters; and to the amazement of all who knew her, this medicine completely cured her. Guaranteed cure for torpid liver, kidney disease, biliousness, jaundice, chills and fever, general debility, nervousness and blood-poisoning. Best tonic made. Price 50c at J. S. Banker's drug store, Genoa. Try it.

For chapped and cracked hands nothing is quite as good as an application of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Put it on before going to bed, use an old pair of gloves, and see what a difference the morning will bring. Sold by J. S. Banker, Genoa, N. Y.

# An Umbrella Would Please Him

We have selected a special stock of Umbrellas for Holiday gifts, which represent the newest and most unique designed handles, with the best covers and frames obtainable. Prices to fit all purses.

\$1.00 to 7.00

Mosher, Griswold & Co.  
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Hard on Him



Mr. Nokker—A thing you don't have to work hard to get isn't worth having.  
Mrs. Nokker—I guess that's right. I remember what a cinch it was to land you.—Cleveland Leader.

Given Away.

Mrs. Thomas Johnson Smith was being married for the fourth time in the little country church in which she had been raised. The ceremony was proceeding with all solemnity until the minister reached the point "Who gives this woman to this man to be his wife," and a voice away back in the congregation replied, "I generally do."

Mixed Up the Order.

She—I married my first husband for money; my second for position; my third for love.  
He—Were you happy?  
She—No, none of us were, for my first husband married me for love; my second for money, and my third for money and position. Affection never met!—London Truth.

The Ruling Passion.

Dan Cupid cries:  
"Oh, maids, behold!  
I offer here  
Some hearts of gold!"  
The maids scan  
With critic frown  
His stock, and ask  
Are they marked down?  
—Baltimore American.

He Didn't Need Any.

"Jane," said the fair hostess when the salad had been brought on, "won't you please pass the oil to Uncle Reuben?"  
"Never mind," replied Uncle Reuben. "I guess I don't need none. I greased my boots just before starting from home."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Proportions.

"Sir!" cried the grocer, indignantly, "do you mean to accuse me of putting chicory into my coffee?"  
"Not at all," replied the customer, coolly. "I always give you credit for putting some coffee into the chicory."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The First Requisite.

"It strikes me Mrs. Bragley would make a fine mother-in-law."  
"Mother-in-law! Why?"  
"She's got such a charming daughter."—Boston Transcript.

Photographic Information.

This being the season most appropriate for having your photograph made, you should improve the opportunity and be able to present your friends with one as a Christmas gift. There is nothing that is more pleasing or more acceptable than a good photograph, and we are prepared to serve you at DeWitt's studio in quality and price that will please you. We have made some improvements in our studio and have some of the most competent assistants that the profession claims and our lenses and instruments are of the highest quality, all of which make it possible for us to furnish the finest class of work.  
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For Children, successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. They never fail. At all druggists, 35c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

## The Girl in Red.

BY H. M. GARDNER.

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
"Well—if you don't mind, I'm going to—lodge, to-night."

The words were out at last. Not daring to look at her, I gulped the steaming coffee and covertly over the edge of the cup, gave her a quick glance. Instead of tears, greatly to my surprise, a pleased expression illumined her face. Arising, she swept over to me and threw her arms lovingly about my shoulders.

"Do go, Jack; it will do you good. I'll not be at all afraid to remain here."

"Honest, Nell?" I queried, drawing her on my lap and gazing at her questionally. "Really won't you feel badly, if I go?"

"Not the least little bit. I want you to go."  
She was very insistent on my going and later as I walked to the club, I could not help thinking of her eagerness to get me off. We had been married but a few months and this was the first night that I had left her alone. Nell is one of those lovable, clinging sort of women, and I had expected a burst of tears and plaint that I no longer loved her. Her manner to say the least was surprisingly different. It puzzled me.

But Nell's actions, however, were soon forgotten. At the club, I was hailed as one back from the dead. The boys crowded about me, chaffed good-naturedly about giving the "old lady" the slip and welcomed me into their midst, with open arms. There were initiations—and never were candidates put through more ridiculous stunts. I entered into the sport with the abandon of youth. It seemed good to be free—to get out with the boys again. Once more I was the reckless, fun-loving, devil-may-care fellow that my friends had known.

The speeches and toasts were unusually witty; glasses clinked merrily and the glitter, the laughter, the song, I guess went to my head. A sort of resentment against Nell for having kept me tied so closely to her apron string, crept into my breast.

The banquet broke up, but I did not go home. The night air was glorious. Never had I known night to possess such alluring charm. A party of six kindred spirits, set out to "do the town." The full moon riding high in the heavens, smilingly beamed its approval. A policeman sulking in the shadow of an electric light pole, watched us suspiciously. Music attracted us. A masque ball was being held in a nearby hall and we broke in upon the dance, as the music crashed and the dancers swept out upon the polished floor.

A dainty little creature robed in quaint Japanese costume, coyly approached on tip toes and chucking me under the chin, flitted gayly away. I tried to pursue but Mephisto in flaming red, with a demure little black-draped nun in his arms, laughingly bumped me back into the crowd. There was an agonizing shriek of pain and then a green hued umbrella was brought forcibly down on my head and shoulders. I had stepped on someone's pet corn.

Escaping, I turned to follow the coquetting little Jap, but she had become lost in the whirling vortex of dancers. I stood fascinated. All about me was life—life that I had once known. Grotesque and fanciful attired maskers, waltzed and paraded before me. The hall was brilliant with electric bulbs; the orchestra crashed inspiring music from behind the palms; the scene was ever changing and the merry laughter and buzz of the gay throng was contagious. It sent the dormant blood raging through my veins.

In the arms of a pillow-stuffed nigger wench, a moment later, I was jamming through the crowd. I lost my silk hat in the shuffle and stooped to regain it.

Bang! I was struck amidstships and was sent sprawling on all fours. A fat woman sat gracefully down on the small of my back. With every effort to arise, she plumped down harder, threatening to flatten me like a pancake. My grunts brought my friends to my assistance and she was raised. Grasping my battered hat, I fled.

But zip! The treacherous slippery floor slid out from under me and sent my feet prionetting into the air and my head downward. I landed on the back of my neck and then rather dazedly sat up. Surrounding me on every side was a laughing, jeering crowd. Knight errants, clowns, monks, colonial dames and sportive misses whose abbreviated skirts allowed a display of daintily turned ankles, were hilarious over my discomfiture.

I tried to join in their march—but a dull sickening feeling overcame me. I suddenly awakened to my true self and my thoughts returned to Nell—dear trusting girl, awaiting alone at home for my return. With conscience severely pricking, I staggered to my feet. Disgusted and mentally berating myself for being an ass, I turned to leave the hall.

A girl attired in red; red dress, red slippers, red gloves, red hat and red mask, flitted past me. I stopped abruptly. The figure was strangely familiar. I stood, bewildered, puzzled—and then, as my gaze followed the red masked figure whirling about the ball-room, my breath came quick and short. The nails of my clinched hands dug deeply into the flesh.

"Ah! I saw it all, now. I saw why she was so anxious I should go to lodge. Never could I have dreamed of such a thing—such treachery, such wanton deceit. But here—"

The music ceased playing and the dancers were leaving the floor. Lean-

ing on the arm of a cavalier, she entered the palm room.

"Would I follow?" My hesitation was only momentary. My wrath and indignation increased with each passing moment and the thoughts crowding through my brain, made me frantic. I walked quickly across the floor and savagely brushed aside the curtains.

I staggered back, clutching the draperies for support. My head seemed to swing and a mist gathered before my eyes.

The fellow had deliberately kissed her.

There they sat, her head resting contentedly on his shoulder and he holding her in tight embrace.

And I, fool that I was, thought her home, fretful and anxious for my return. The sight maddened me to desperation.

A few swift strides and I stood before them. The man angry at my intrusion, attempted to arise, but before he could do so, I seized him by the shoulders and with almost superhuman strength, hurled him from me, sprawling to the floor. Turning I gazed at his companion, who cowered trembling in the seat.

"So this was why you were so eager, that I should go to lodge? Wanted to meet this chivalrous lover of yours, eh?"

Contemptuously I gazed down on her. Every muscle and fiber in me longed to send her to the floor, following her cringing paramour. Savagely my hands clinched and unclenched.

"This gay Lothario; who is he?" I demanded.

Fearfully her hand sought the mask as if to remove it, but after a moment's pause, fell mechanically back into her lap. The engagement diamond sparkled on her gloved finger. Its dazzling brilliancy mocked me and I wanted to tear it from her hand.

"Damn it, can't you speak; can't you talk?" I cried. "Let's see your face—let's see if it has any shame in it?"

She attempted to arise. Reaching forward with a savage jerk, I tore away the mask.

The revelation staggered me. I beheld—not my wife—but the cook.

She had appropriated jewelry and wardrobe from the mistress.

NOT SO VERY STRANGE.

Many People Can Make Animals Understand Language.

Truly, Africa is the land of romance. Nothing comes out of its mysterious interior but is tinged with the glamor of the remote; not even the most ordinary facts. Let but a traveler return thence with tales of natives who communicate with their neighbors, the monkeys, and our ingenuous daily press bursts forth into headlines of amazement, as it recently has done over a distinguished American surgeon's observation regarding the "brick colored pygmies." An announcement of food by the pigmy, says this explorer, will bring the monkeys hastening to the spot with watering mouths. Other investigators have patiently endeavored to learn the simian language. For the enterprising gentleman who sits in a forest cage exchanging the small talk of the day with a company of intelligent and refined gorillas outside, we cherish only profound respect. But we wish to enter a claim to the credit for parallel achievement on the part of certain quondam acquaintances of our own, who also communicate with the brethren of feather and fur in words well comprehended of the elect.

In our happy childhood days we remembered a woman in Scipio Center, N. Y., whose mastery of the garrulous tongue was such that she could rouse suspicion in the mind of any hen that there was a square meal coming by the shrill utterance of a formula beginning, "Hee-ere Chick!" It is within the range of our experience that the cry, "Co-hoss!" is readily understood by the cattle of Lincoln, Ill., as indicating milking time, and in Cotuit, Mass., if the local tradition be true, there lives the intellectual master of a still more intellectual porker, who, by the swift repetition of the monosyllable, "Peeg, peeg, peeg!" can arouse in his pet unmistakable symptoms of gaseous expectancy.—Collier's Weekly.

Generous New York Firemen.

Firemen of New York city, from Commissioner O'Brien down, have subscribed \$2,200 for Mrs. Annie Sullivan, widow of "Dan" Sullivan, a fireman who died a few weeks ago. The commissioner headed the list with \$10. This money is to replace ten \$100 bills lost by Mrs. Sullivan or stolen from her as she was leaving fire headquarters with her husband's share of the department's insurance fund. It was all the money she had in the world and as soon as her loss was made known the firemen asked to be allowed to make it good. Permission was promptly granted by Commissioner O'Brien.

New Plan to Stop Swearing.

In Glassport, Pa., the authorities have begun a campaign against those who use profane language on the streets or in public places—and a novel plan has been adopted. The officers have been furnished with tablets and pencils to keep tab on all the swear words and profanity they hear, and a fixed list of fines has been so arranged as to "make the punishment fit the crime." For mild brands a fine of 40 cents has been fixed, and for stronger brands the users will have to pay 67 cents each. Whether the scheme will have the desired effect remains to be proved.

## Have You a Friend?

Then tell him about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Tell him how it cured your hard cough. Tell him why you always keep it in the house. Tell him to ask his doctor about it. Doctors use a great deal of it for throat and lung troubles.

"I had a terrible cold and cough and was threatened with pneumonia. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it gave me quick and perfect relief. It is certainly a most wonderful cough medicine."—REV. A. E. WHITMAN, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Also manufacturers of  
**Ayer's**  
SARSAPARILLA,  
PILLS,  
HAIR VIGOR.

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

Venice Center.

Dec. 24—A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to THE TRIBUNE and all its readers.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mosher on Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 12 o'clock, occurred the marriage of their oldest daughter, Florence May, to David A. Beebe, both of this place. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. K. Zerbe, a former pastor, in the presence of a number of relatives and friends. A sumptuous dinner was served after which the happy couple departed amid a shower of rice for Rochester for a short visit with friends. They were accompanied to Auburn by Arthur Wood and Miss Lena Mosher, a sister of the bride, and the horses and carriage which conveyed the bridal party thither were made very attractive by their white trimmings. They were saluted during the ceremony by a prolonged whistle from engine No. 1 of the N. Y. A & L. R. R. Mr. and Mrs. Beebe returned on Saturday from their trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cully of Homer are visiting her parents, Chas. Clark and wife, and other relatives for a few days.

Rev. Mr. Bacon and wife expect to eat Christmas dinner with his parents in Victory and will remain for a few days' visit.  
Rev. F. K. Zerbe of Syracuse University assisted in the services at the church on Sunday last and will remain with friends until after Christmas.  
Mr. and Mrs. Will Kenyon spent Sunday with S. Stewart and wife in Fleming.

The funeral of John Fell, a former resident of this town, was held from his late home in Auburn on Monday of this week. Burial at Wheeler's Corners.

The Jamestown Exposition. The Jamestown Exposition grounds contain 400 acres of land and has more than two miles of water front.

The grand piers, being built by the United States government, will enclose a water basin, containing forty acres of Hampton Roads.

\$500,000,000 will be represented by cavies of the world that are to participate in the naval pageantry.

20,000,000 people live within a radius of 12 hours' ride from the grounds of the Jamestown Exposition. 350,000 square feet of exhibit space in each of the palaces that are to house the industrial display.

Twenty five of the states of the Union will be represented by individual buildings, and most of the others will have exhibits in the States Exhibit palace.

360 square miles of sheltered anchorage in the waters of Hampton Roads.

Open the bowels and get the cold out of your system. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup opens the bowels and at the same time always the inflammation of the mucous membranes. Contains honey and tar. Drives out the cold and stops the cough. Absolutely free from any opiates. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Pleasant to take. Sold by J. S. Banker, Genoa, N. Y.

New Cure for Epilepsy. J. B. Waterman of Watertown, O., R. F. D., writes: "My daughter, afflicted for years with epilepsy, was cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills. She has not had an attack for over two years." Best body cleansers and life-giving tonic pills on earth. 35c at J. S. Banker's drug store, Genoa.

It is noticeable a cold seldom comes on when the bowels are freely open. Neither can it stay if they are open. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup tastes as pleasant as maple sugar. Free from all opiates. Contains honey and tar. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Sold by J. S. Banker, Genoa, N. Y.

Edwin R. Fay & Sons, Bankers. AUBURN, N. Y. PAY 2 PER CENT. INTEREST

On ACTIVE CHECKING ACCOUNTS when the average daily balance amounts to or exceeds \$500. 3 PER CENT. INTEREST

On DEMAND CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT if the deposit remains three months or longer. 3 1-2 PER CENT. INTEREST

On TIME CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT. We will welcome your account, large or small. Execute Orders for Purchase and Sale of Investment Securities

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Established Fifty-Seven Years

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3 1-2 Per Cent. Paid on Deposits Compounded Every Six Months. Deposits \$5,142,455. Surplus \$333,548.

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A new Auburn institution that divides its profits with its depositors—an institution that pays 3 1-2 per cent. on all balances. Any monies deposited by Jan. 4th will receive interest for the full month.

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There are telephones and writing facilities for their special use. These conveniences are for the use of ladies of Auburn and from the surrounding towns, whether the Bank is favored with their account or not.

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TRY MEKEEL'S APPLE JELLY AND SORGHUM

The mill is located one mile South of Poplar Ridge and one mile West of Wheelers Corners.

HERBERT H. LYON, Aurora, N. Y.