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# Genoa



# Tribune.

JOB PRINTING  
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, Venice, Ledyard, Scipio and Lansing, and Devoted to the Best Interests of the People of These Vicinities.

VOL. XVI. No. 37.

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1907.

W. R. MOSHER

## AUBURN.

**Five Corners.**  
JAN. 29—Fine sleighing and the people are enjoying it, and especially the young people.  
Miss Mary Banney of Summerhill visited her aunt, Mrs. Frank Corwin, a few days last week. Miss Cora Bingham of the same place was a guest of her sister, Effie Bingham, at John Palmer's last week.  
Mr and Mrs. John Beardsley and Mrs. E. B. Stewart attended the funeral of Dana Beardsley at Genoa last Sunday.  
About 45 ladies and gentlemen attended the Ladies' Aid society last Friday at the home of C. G. Barger and wife. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. O'Hara of Genoa were among the company. All enjoyed the day and especially the chicken pie dinner.  
George Foster of Lodi is the guest of his cousin, E. L. Close.  
A dime social under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid at Belltown will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Counsell at Goodyear's this week Friday evening.  
Mrs. Walter Hunt returned home last Friday after assisting in the care of her mother, Mrs. Kate Smith, near Ludlowville.  
Herman Ferris is working at the salt plant and drives there and back every day, which makes him an early riser these cold mornings.  
A large company attended the social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Palmer Friday evening. The time was pleasantly spent with music and games and the affair was a success in every way.  
C. G. Barger and wife were last Sunday guests of their son Henry and family near Ludlowville.  
Miss Lizzie Wager, who has been ill for a number of weeks, does not improve very fast.  
Claude Palmer and Lee Swartwood took some stock to Omer Johnson, near Auburn, last week Wednesday and on returning home stopped at Venice Center and brought home 2,600 lbs. of very fine coal.

**How's This?**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.  
WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally; acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.  
**Hunting For Trouble.**  
"I've lived in California 30 years, and am still hunting for trouble in the way of burns, sores, wounds, boils, cuts, sprains, or a case of piles that Bucklen's Arnica Salve won't quickly cure," writes Charles Walters, of Alleghany, Sierra Co. No use hunting, Mr. Walters; it cures every case. Guaranteed at J. S. Banker's drug store, Genoa, N. Y. 25c.

**FOR RENT.**  
Farm known as the Conklin farm situated in the town of Venice, 1/2 mile from Myers station. Terms reasonable. For further particulars call on J. L. O'HARA, Genoa.

**THE TRIBUNE** job printing is first-class in every respect and prices are reasonable. Send for estimates.  
Is this your neighbor's TRIBUNE?

Most people know that if they have been sick they need *Scott's Emulsion* to bring back health and strength.

But the strongest point about *Scott's Emulsion* is that you don't have to be sick to get results from it.

It keeps up the athlete's strength, puts fat on thin people, makes a fretful baby happy, brings color to a pale girl's cheeks, and prevents coughs, colds and consumption.

Food in concentrated form for sick and well, young and old, rich and poor.

And it contains no drugs and no alcohol.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

Read the clubbing rates, and tell your neighbor, especially the one who is always after your TRIBUNE.

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

## From Nearby Towns.

Interesting Items Gathered Among the Neighboring Villages.

### Ensenore Heights.

JAN. 28—Loren Grover has purchased Chas. Simons' place near Ensenore.

Thos. Sharp of Glenwood was the guest of C. H. Wyant Sunday.

There were about 85 present at the social at Harold Woodward's and about 75 at the banquet given the "Blues" by the "Pinks" in Association hall last Friday evening.

There will be a chicken pie supper in the Baptist church Friday evening, Feb. 8.

A reunion and "jubilee" in which twenty-one children participated was held at the home of Mrs. Alberta Allen Saturday, Jan. 26. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Will Van Liew and family, Mr. and Mrs. Nat Story and family, Mrs. Esther Van Liew, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler Peterson and family and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lawson and family. An elaborate dinner was served at noon. The children indulged in all kinds of sports while the "grownups" enjoyed a pedro party and a fine time was had by all.

The newly installed officers of Tent No. 224, K. O. T. M., are as follows: Commander—Frank Kenyon. Lieut. Com.—Charles Baldwin. Past Com.—Wm. Silkworth. Record Keeper—Thos. Coulson. Finance Keeper—Joseph Wyant. Chaplain—John Misner. Master at Arms—Wm. Eggleston. Sergeant—Will Van Liew. 1st Master of Guards—Chas. Wood. 2d Master of Guards—Arthur King. Sentinel—George Van Liew. Picket—Ray Parker. The officers of Eureka Grange, Scipio, were installed Jan. 21 as follows:

Master—Purdy Weeks. Overseer—J. L. Mack. Lecturer—Mrs. L. G. Kenyon. Chaplain—L. A. Coulson. Sec.—Mrs. M. L. Weeks. Treas.—F. Kenyon. Steward—John Cooley. Asst. Steward—Harry Hamm. Lady Asst. Steward—Mae Wheat. Gate Keeper—John McCormick. Ceres—Margaret McCormick. Pomona—Minette Conklin. Flora—Mrs. Morse.

**Lansingville.**  
JAN. 29—Mrs. L. J. Sanford of Ithaca is caring for her mother who is failing very fast.  
Mrs. Chas. R. Bower is quite ill.  
Thad Brown lost a valuable horse last week.  
Miss Lela Weeks of East Lansing has been the recent guest of Mrs. Floyd Davis.  
Mrs. Nelson Allick fell down stairs recently and sustained severe injuries.  
Mrs. Willis Fenner visited her brother at Spring Valley last week.  
Mrs. H. B. Dean entertained a number of friends at her home last Friday evening.  
Quite a number from this place attended the Smith-Mintura wedding at King Ferry last Wednesday.  
The Ladies' Aid society will be entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Lobdell on Thursday, Feb. 7. Dinner will be served.

**Rising From the Grave.**  
A prominent manufacturer, Wm. A. Fertwell, of Lucoma, N. C., relates a most remarkable experience. He says: "After taking less than three bottles of Electric Bitters, I feel like one rising from the grave. My trouble is Bright's disease, in the Diabetes stage. I fully believe Electric Bitters will cure me permanently, for it has already stopped the liver and bladder complications which have troubled me for years." Guaranteed at J. S. Banker's, drug store, Genoa. Price only 50c.

**Ellsworth.**  
JAN. 25—Miss Eliza Corey has resigned her position as teacher in Dakota and returned to her home to care for her mother, who is in very poor health.  
Mrs. O'Connell made a trip to Rochester the past week.  
Miss Florence Wilbur has returned from an extended visiting trip to Ithaca and Elmira and is again at her desk in Dist. No. 12.  
Miss Kennedy of Ithaca returned to her duties as teacher in the Pumpkin Hill district last week.  
John Callahan of Auburn was a recent caller in town.  
Mrs. Elwood Smith and son Dallas returned last week from Owasco where Mrs. Smith has been caring for her aunt who is ill.  
Maurice O'Connell returned to his duties in Auburn last week where he is conductor on a street car, after spending a few days with his parents.  
Mrs. Rose entertained her mother, Mrs. Bamber of Ensenore one day the past week.  
P. Lebar has removed his family from the Bradley house to a place where they will work for Harry DeShong.  
Misses Margarita Kind, Margaret O'Connell and Lena Brennan are spending the week in Union Springs and trying regents' examinations.  
Mrs. Judge and daughter, Miss Harriet, and Mrs. Kind spent a day in Auburn last week.  
Joseph Knight of Ithaca made his periodical visit among the farmers in quest of lambs the past week.  
Thomas Rose will move to the Maurice farm west of Sherwood in April. Mr. Rose has lived on Pumpkin Hill for several years and regrets leaving there.  
Miss Susie Pine is spending some time with Miss Halleck in Poplar Ridge.

**King Ferry.**  
JAN. 30—Benjamin A. Nichols, impersonator, will give an entertainment in McCormick hall, King Ferry, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 6. Mr. Nichols comes very highly recommended and this is a fine opportunity to hear a first class entertainment.  
The W. C. T. U. will hold a special meeting in the Presbyterian church on Sunday evening, Feb. 10. Special music consisting of anthems, solos, and exercises by the children.  
Mr. and Mrs. Husted Brill were called to Auburn last week to attend the funeral of her aunt, Mrs. John Fell.  
Miss Emily Atwater is home from Cortland for a few days.  
Miss Rosa M. Pidcock was in Ithaca on Saturday last.  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brill were in Moravia on Monday of this week.  
Miss R. A. Grennell was home from Ithaca over Sunday.  
Mrs. G. W. Shaw is very sick.

**East Genoa.**  
JAN. 29—Miss Ida Haskell spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Auburn.  
Mr. and Mrs. Joel Coon are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Mary Jones of Moravia.  
Miss Sarah Nettleton of Locke spent Saturday and Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Bert Smith.  
The social at Charles Upson's was well attended. Receipts, over \$10.  
About thirty from this vicinity attended the social at Dana Singer's Friday night.  
Spencer Addy and family will live on the John Mead farm the coming year.  
Ed Lyon and family will move on the Walter Young farm formerly the Wm. Bridgen place.  
Fred Bothwell pressed 92 tons of hay for Dan Fallon in three and one-half days, which sold for \$14 a ton.  
The Ladies' Aid will meet at the home of Chas. Upson on Feb. 6. Dinner will be served. The ladies are busy making quilts which they will sell reasonably.

**Poplar Ridge.**  
JAN. 28—The coldest wave of the winter has just passed, thermometers registering as low as 25 deg. below zero on Thursday.  
Mr. and Mrs. Allen Landon were in Auburn on Saturday, the 19th. Mr. Landon made another business trip on Friday, the 25th.  
W. J. Haines and wife spent a couple of days last week at his mother's, Mrs. S. Haines.  
A great many are suffering with severe colds and grip.  
The remains of Mrs. Sarah Fell of Auburn were brought to Bidgeway cemetery for burial on Saturday, only five weeks after her husband.  
Mrs. Wilson Mosher and son Howard are spending a few days in Syracuse.  
Glenn Ferris made a business trip to Auburn Monday.

**North Lansing.**  
JAN. 29—There will be an oyster supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Bacon on Friday evening, Feb. 8, for the benefit of the Lansing Monument fund. This association was organized a few years ago and some money raised toward a Soldiers' monument. Interest has again revived and it is proposed to push the work now to a finish. There ought to be a soldiers' monument and there are people enough interested to bring it to pass. A general rally is desired. The house is abundantly large to accommodate a crowd and there are also good accommodations for horses. Come and bring your friends.  
Mrs. Ephraim LaBar died quite suddenly on Saturday night at the home of Frank Tichenor. Funeral services were held at the house on Monday afternoon. Burial at North Lansing.  
The remains of Dana Beardsley of Genoa were placed in our rural cemetery on Sunday afternoon.  
Alvin Teeter's family are having the grip. Mrs. Teeter called a doctor on Saturday and two of the girls and the grandmother are sick also, but not confined to the bed.  
Fred Edsall met with a very serious accident on Thursday evening. In going out of the kitchen door he fell. Though not conscious of being dizzy or of falling, when he came to consciousness he found himself with his feet on the steps, his head and shoulders on the stone walk. He was bleeding profusely, there was a deep gash in his neck, one shoulder was dislocated and both jaws broken. A doctor was immediately secured and he was placed in as comfortable a position as possible, but at the best it is painful and uncomfortable. He is not able to lie down but a small part of the time and it will be several weeks before he will be well.  
Sidney Ketchum has sold a horse to Fred Coon, and bought another in its place. He now has a team, lumber wagon and several other articles which look like farming.  
The social at Dana Singer's was a great success both in numbers and money. The house was filled and all seemed to have a good time. The proceeds were \$12.

**Belltown.**  
JAN. 28—Mrs. N. E. Sollen has returned to her home in Genoa after spending several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Mann.  
About forty friends of Miss Anna White gave her a pleasant surprise on Thursday evening.  
The ladies of the Belltown church will hold a social at Warren Counsell's Friday evening, Feb. 1.  
Rufus White is visiting in Cortland.  
Arthur Counsell is in Ithaca on business today.  
Dexter Wheeler of Poplar Ridge was at the skimming station on Monday to do some necessary repairing to the separator.  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mosher of Venice Center visited at O. H. Tuttle's over Sunday.  
M. H. Swartwood drives a new team which he purchased in Moravia recently.

**Bellevue.**  
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Mrs. Chas. R. Bower is quite ill.  
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**Read the clubbing rates, and tell your neighbor, especially the one who is always after your TRIBUNE.**

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## For Lung Troubles

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. And it certainly strengthens weak throats and weak lungs. There can be no mistake about this. You know it is true. And your own doctor will say so.



Keep the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills and thus hasten recovery.

**Notice.**  
To the Electors of the Town of Genoa: Please take notice that the following questions will be submitted at the biennial town meeting, town of Genoa, to be held the 19th day of February, 1907:

**HIGHWAY.**  
Shall the system of taxation for working the highway in said town be changed from the Money System to the Labor System of taxation pursuant to Sections 50, 51, 52, 53 of the Highway Law?

**LOCAL OPTION.**  
Question 1. Selling liquor to be drunk on the premises where sold—Shall any corporation, association, copartnership or person be authorized to traffic in liquors under the provisions of subdivision one of section eleven of the liquor tax law, namely, by selling 1 quor to be drunk on the premises where sold, in the town of Genoa?

Question 2. Selling liquor not to be drunk on the premises where sold—Shall any corporation, association, copartnership or person be authorized to traffic in liquors under the provisions of subdivision two of section eleven of the liquor tax law, namely, by selling liquor not to be drunk on the premises where sold, in the town of Genoa?

Question 3. Selling liquor as a pharmacist on a physician's prescription—Shall any corporation, association, copartnership or person be authorized to traffic in liquors under the provisions of subdivision three of section eleven of the liquor tax law, namely, by selling liquor as a pharmacist on a physician's prescription, in the town of Genoa?

Question 4. Selling liquor by hotel keepers only—Shall any corporation, association, copartnership or person be authorized to traffic in liquors under subdivision one of section eleven of the liquor tax law, but only in connection with the business of keeping a hotel, in the town of Genoa, if the majority of the votes cast on the first question submitted are in the negative?

**Neighbors Got Fooled.**  
"I was literally coughing myself to death, and had become too weak to leave my bed; and neighbors predicted that I would never leave it alive; but they got fooled, for thanks be to God, I was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery. It took just four one dollar bottles to completely cure the cough and restore me to good sound health," writes Mrs. Eva Unepner, of Grovertown, Stark Co., Ind. This King of cough and cold cures, and healer of throat and lungs, is guaranteed by J. S. Banker's drug store, Genoa, N. Y. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Nothing will relieve indigestion that is not a thorough digestant. Kodol digests what you eat and allows the stomach to rest—recreate—grow strong again. KODOL is a solution of digestive acids and as nearly as possible approximates the digestive juices that are found in the stomach. KODOL takes the work of digestion off the digestive organs, and while performing this work itself does greatly assist the stomach to a thorough rest. In addition the ingredients of KODOL are such as to make it a corrective of the highest efficiency and by its action the stomach is restored to its normal activity and power. KODOL is manufactured in strict conformity with the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Sold by J. S. Banker's drug store, Genoa.

**Hear This All Ye People.**  
Make your homes look more comfortable by getting that old furniture upholstered and those old chairs re-caned. It will be just as good as new, at less than half the cost. A new line of samples just received. \$114. FRED F. WYANT, King Ferry.

**SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS.**

BY F. E. DAVISON. RUTLAND VT.

A GREAT MORAL WASH DAY.

Feb. 3, '07—(Con. 8:1-16.)

The question has often been debated why the wicked are allowed to live. Wouldn't it be a good thing for the world if all the evil people in it could suddenly be got rid of. Suppose we could get together all the drunkards, thieves, liars, libertines, blasphemers, murderers, and big and little rascals of every description, in and out of prison, and could take them out in a leaky boat onto the Pacific Ocean where the water is five miles deep, and sink them to the bottom of the sea, should we not at once have a regenerated earth, and a world equal to paradise?

But we forget that that sort of a scheme has been tried once, and it didn't work. There was a great wash was scrubbed, and soaked and disinfected, to get rid of evil, and the ed, to get rid of evil, and the ground had not become thoroughly dry before sin broke out again in a most unexpected quarter. The fact is there is so much depravity in the best of us that not a human being would be left if sin was to be eliminated by drowning those who practice it.

The tree of humanity has been cut down to the root, but when it sprouted again, it bore the same fruit. It has been settled that water cannot drown iniquity. Fire cannot burn it out. Hoofs cannot trample it out. Hammers cannot pound it out. Prisons cannot punish it out. Education cannot grow it out. The millennium never will be introduced by these methods. Still, if the experiment of the flood had not been tried, there are a lot of little reformers who would have taken credit for the idea, and would have been prolific of argument to show the feasibility of it.

And there a good many people now who don't believe such a thing ever happened. And they ask speculative questions about the size of the Ark, and the extent of the flood, and the cargo, and the supplies, and who the ship carpenters were, and how Noah came to be acquainted with marine architecture, and how he embarked all his miscellaneous cargo, and where they landed, and why no portions of that Great Eastern of antediluvian days has never been found, and a thousand and one queries that may or may not have any bearing on the case. And weak-kneed disciples get frightened because they cannot answer these fool questions, and begin to talk about a flood of limited area, and limited depth, and end by admitting that the whole thing may have been an allegory. Nonsense!

Noah faced these same questions in his day. He was the butt of ridicule for a century. He lived in a hornet's nest of abuse and derision. But he never spent any time advising the critics as to how he was going to do it. His only answer to their fibes and jeers was the resolute whack of his hammer against the cyprus sides of his ship, growing by inches before their eyes. There were people up to the day the flood started, who expressed the opinion that "it wasn't going to be much of a shower." But they changed their tune soon afterward.

This is not the main question. The main question is: How is this old world to be made a decent place to live in? That was the question then; that is the question now. There are some people who look upon sin as a wart on the head that may be eaten off with a sharp knife. They say it is only a knot in life's string that a child may untie. They regard it as a little grit on the smooth wheel, which tissue paper will remove. On the contrary it is a gangrene, and the limb must be amputated to save the body from complete destruction. In Noah's day it was a choice between leaving the world to be destroyed by a flood of lust and brutality that was rolling on fathoms deep to extermination, or cleansing and purifying it by water. It was God's flood against man's flood.

Still it is a comforting thing to know that it will never happen again. Mere destruction has been proved a failure. Destruction may be necessary, but it is never an instrument of regeneration. Many a man has been punished, only to come out of prison a hardened criminal. Scores of men are in prison for doing the very things they saw other men punished for. When judgment overlook that forger, the bank cashier who knew him said, "What an awful thing this is!" And then they deliberately went to their desks and did the same thing. Men go with wide open eyes into the path of old iniquities and into the pit of old punishments. Within the very shadow of the gallows men hatch the most detestable and alarming crimes.

Noah and his sons looking out of the window of the ark saw glorious abutments of a heavenly bridge forming in the sky. As they looked the mystic fingers of light swung it across the heavens, the seven prismatic colors, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. And under that magnificent arch of the rainbow they floated up to the beach of a new world. No more flood. Peaceful thought. We have something to look at to steady our faith. It is beyond our touch. We cannot spot it with our finger prints. It follows the storm and is a sign of peace.



**The Road**

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

**Citizens Bank, Locke, N. Y.,**

**You Will Be Pleased**

not only with the correct fit, comfortable adjustment of the spectacles and eye glasses I make but also with the price. I have the only exclusive optical parlors in Auburn, and devote all my time to examining eyes and glasses and guarantee you satisfaction.

**Fred L. Svart, Under the City Clock, AUBURN, N. Y.**

**AUCTION & COMMISSION ROOMS,**

**McCormick's Hall, King Ferry, N. Y.**

Household Goods and Farm Tools a specialty. Terms reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

**T. C. McCormick, J. A. Greenfield, 34 m2 Hazard 'Phone.**



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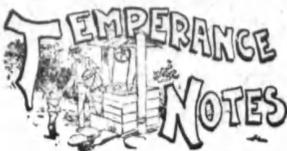
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**TEMPERANCE NOTES**

**DON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME, DARLING.**

I. Don't be angry with me, darling. For you're not yourself to-day; You'll be sorry when you're sober; And regret these words you say; For you know how well I love you— How I've lived my life for you; Tried so hard to make you happy— Then why treat me as you do?

II. I'm the one true friend you have, dear. Others care not for your soul; Drinking friends will prove false, dear, And as swift the short years roll, In your face there'll come deep wrinkles; These black curls will turn to gray; Then should God have called your loved ones Who will cheer your lonely way?

III. Who will be at home to welcome And to greet you with a kiss? Who will soothe your pain in sickness— Seek to help you in distress? Who'll befriend the poor lone drunkard Staggering homeless through the street— Clasp his hand in love and pity— Words of hope and comfort speak?

Ah! then, darling, quit the drinking! Be my own true boy once more; Heart to heart we'll cling together Till our earthly lives be o'er; Then when care and pain have vanished And we've reached our Home above, Oh, how sweet will be the reaping, In that harvest time of love. —Florence Fish Smith, in National Advocate.

**RUM TRAGEDY IN AFRICA.**

**How Natives are Doped and Cheated By the Whites.**

Rev. W. P. Dodson, South Africa, writes:

"I witnessed in the town of Donod, Angola, at the head of navigation of the Quanza river, the process by which trade with the native is made a farce, and his life forfeited as well as his produce. It was an unusually fine season for the rubber trade, and large baskets were brought down from the interior by thousands of natives arriving in large companies, entering the town in single file, singing as they came. The first act of the trader was to get as many of these as he could into his large yard and give them rum and a present of some sort. Drinking was followed by drunkenness and drunkenness by frenzy, and in this state the poor wretches were allowed to march in companies, dressed in flashing colors, carrying guns and brandishing knives along the street in wild mock fights. Then came the weighing of their valuable rubber with a falsified balance, their payment partly in rum, and their dismissal—each stage lubricated with rum. I went back to the interior from that town, and having shortly to return to the coast I saw the narrow trail lined on either side with many shallow graves covered over with brush and marked by a stick from which floated a rag from the clothes of the poor wretch who laid his drunken and exhausted body down to rise no more. And this was the return for that rich product which might have furnished means for developing many a happy, sober, native Christian village, a consummation made impossible by rum."

**SPOIL FOOTBALL PLAYERS.**

**Cigarettes the Worst Enemy of the Athlete.**

Prof. W. L. Bodine, one of the Chicago school superintendents, says: "Last year the medical inspectors of schools, over whom I have jurisdiction, were assigned to make physical examinations of the young men who were members of the baseball and football teams in the various high schools; we also examined the young women of the basketball teams. All of the young women passed a successful examination, but many of the young men athletes were rejected because it was found they had valvular heart trouble. Each of the young men so rejected (with but one exception) was addicted to cigarette smoking."

One coach says: "No boy can be a fine athlete, football, baseball, or basketball player, a runner, a jumper, or gymnast who weakens his heart by cigarette smoking."

**The Bootlegger or the Saloonkeeper.** Some men think that if the saloons were closed that more liquor would be sold on the sly by bootleggers than is sold now in the open saloons. If that were true with reference to the liquor traffic, would it not be true with reference to any other business. Does anybody think that there would be just as many groceries sold if the grocer had to close his large store on a prominent corner and skulk around in back alleys with a can of coffee down one bootleg, a pound of cheese in the other and a ham down the back of his neck?

**Pathetic Story with Moral.**

"If I am ever arrested again for drunkenness, I will kill myself." Such was the statement made a short time ago by Dr. Henry Wilmot Johnson to Mrs. Anna Fortune and her sister, Mrs. A. M. Wenzel, Chinese missionaries, at whose home at 91 Appleton street, this city, Dr. Johnson has been stopping since last October. Dr. Johnson kept his word to the letter. He was arrested last evening, and hanged himself in his cell at the Lagrange street station about six o'clock this morning. Moral: Remove the temptation.—Boston Herald.

**U. S. RIVALS SANTA CLAUS**

**Reindeer Herd in Alaska Increasing Rapidly**

**A PAYING INVESTMENT**

**Foundation of Herd Brought from Siberia and the Number Now Exceeds 13,000—Solution of Government Problem of How to Relieve Starving Natives.**

Attention was directed to the fact that Uncle Sam was an active rival of Santa Claus in reindeer farming, by the open charge that Rev. Dr. Sheldon S. Jackson, head of the Alaskan educational system, gave away or sold thousands of the animals that the Government had imported from Siberia at great cost.

Dr. Jackson promptly entered a vigorous denial, and explained that shrinkage in the size of the herd was the natural outcome of giving away the animals to those whom Uncle Sam intended they should go.

The whole experiment was started with an idea of saving the inhabitants of Alaska from starvation. Before the coming of Russians, Americans, Germans and English the native Alaskan never found any difficulty in getting sustenance. The walrus, whale and seal afforded an endless supply of clothing, food and fuel.

But the rapid hunting of the white man gradually decimated these sources of supply, and Uncle Sam, as new custodian of the lives and happiness of his Alaskan charges, had to decide between making papers of them, as with the Indian, by confining them to a reservation, and there supplying food, or to provide a means by which the natives could work out their own salvation—and three meals a day.

The agent of the United States Bureau of Education, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, arose with the plan that has proved the key to the situation. He proposed that the United States import domestic reindeer from Siberia, and then by teaching the young Eskimo how to use them, to put in the hands of the natives a medium of transportation, food and clothing.

Uncle Sam was a little slow to get into action, so Dr. Jackson, having the enthusiasm of his plan, appealed to the generous minded, and raised \$2,200 from private sources.

With this money in 1892 he made a trip over the wastes of Siberia, picked out 172 reindeer, and brought them to Alaska on a revenue cutter, landing at Port Clarence.

In 1904 Congress was stirred to the point of supplying \$6,000, and from that time in various amounts the total sum invested in reindeer has been advanced to \$25,000.

The Government had early recognized that it did not personally have agents enough in Alaska to see that the right kind of young men were picked out to guard the herds, so the co-operation was solicited of all missionaries working in Alaska.

Reindeer breeding was thus conducted as the industrial part of the day schools, with which the United States Government is striving to raise the intelligence of the northern country.

Competent Laplanders, who had been in charge of herds in Norway, were taken to Alaska to give the benefit of their knowledge to promising young Alaska natives.

The gradual appropriations brought from Siberia to Alaska a constantly increasing number of reindeer, until eventually 1,280 had been imported.

Under careful handling, the newcomer proved himself entirely at home in the Alaska climate, and in the twelve years, between 1892 and 1905, there had been born some 13,000 fawns.

The question of distribution was another difficult problem. How was the Government to get the reindeer to all parts of the vast territory, to put them in the hands of the right kind of men, who would care for them properly, and look to the future interest of the whole community?

It was decided to give each mission station 100 reindeer, the same to be held in trust, remaining the property of the Government, but being used for the best interest of all the natives in the vicinity of the station.

The mission bore all the expenses, and took the responsibility of picking out proper apprentices to care for the animals. The only reward an apprentice received was at the end of each year of faithful service—two reindeer for his personal property. This was intended to stimulate him to an effort to start a herd of his own.

At the end of each five years the mission station was to return to the Government the original 100 reindeer, or in case some of these had died, enough out of the newly born to bring the total up to the original investment. After this the mission was allowed to keep the rest of the natural increase.

This rosy result would have led the Government to continue along the present line indefinitely, in fact to greatly extend the venture, had not the unfortunate charges of irregularity forced an investigation.

The British Government gets an income of \$25,000,000 from the railways, river boats and forests of India.

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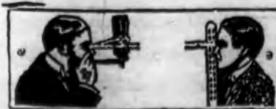
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Every farmer and business man should use envelopes with his name printed on the corner. It insures the return of the letter if not delivered. One hundred fine envelopes printed for 75 cents. Order by mail or call at The Tribune office.

## WITHOUT MERCY.

By Lucy Cope.

Way up on the Jungfrau, pearly in an early morning mist, they two were climbing, well ahead of the rest of the party. He had studied her face in the rosy light of the dawn; he looked deep into her eyes through the wondrous twilight of the Alps; had laughed with her when a sudden shower sent the big drops rolling down her cheeks and converted her flying hair into moist curls; and always the face, the eyes, were beautiful to him beyond expression.

"They had reached a platform of ice on which they could stand securely and gaze down on the frozen grandeur beneath. He said suddenly: "Eleanor, I wonder—if you will let me tell you what has been in my heart for so long—that I love you, dear—if you knew how much!—and want you to be my wife."

With a long gaze he enveloped her form as she turned her head from him. There was a pause. He moved until he could see her, could see the fixed, thoughtful look in her eyes and determined line of her mouth.

"Tell me, Eleanor, if you love me."

"No," she said at last, "I fear I do not. Shall we go on?" She walked resolutely ahead while he followed, keeping carefully in the rear to hide from her his stricken face.

Perhaps she was careless, still too thoughtful to note the path; and he in the first pain of the hurt she had given him fell in the constant watchfulness he had exercised over her during all their mountain climbing. For suddenly she slipped over a ledge, clutching as she went at a sharply cleft rock. What she held to heavens knows, but her fall was stayed, momentarily.

Seeing her hang thus, with face pitifully upturned to his, the man's heart gave a sudden leap and he knelt at the edge of the cliff.

"Keep a firm grip, dear," he said, with great quietness. "I can save you." As he spoke he was unknitting the rope from his waist. "See, I will tie it around this rock of ice," chipping a cleft in the rock as he had seen the guide do. Then as the rope dangled beside her:

"Now, can you grab it?"

"Geoffrey, Geoffrey," she cried, with drawn lips, "I do love you—I do—oh, save me."

With illumined face he leaned still further over.

"If you are afraid to trust it I will weigh it with my own body."

It was the work of a moment to fasten the loose end about his waist and to let himself over the edge, smiling encouragement into her eyes as he hung beside her in the void.

"Rest one hand on my shoulder—now, your foot here—now pull hard on the rope—careful, darling. Thank God, you are safe!"

"Just hand me my stock and I shall soon—"

But as she realized her deliverance, with a gasp of relief ending in a shriek she turned and sped away.

"Eleanor," he called faintly, as the last echo of her slipping flight reached his ear. He looked grimly at the rope by which he hung. How long would they hold, the knots he had tied so hurriedly with her imploring, agonized face to urge him on. He felt them slipping and closed his eyes with a shudder.

Two weeks later, Eleanor, whose nerves had regained their tone, received from her mother a letter on which the various postmarks showed how it had followed her from place to place.

"The young Earl of Hercomb, newly succeeded to the title, is travelling in Switzerland. He is your fate! Play your cards well, dear—he is worth the effort. His estates are vast and adjoin the Duke of Somerset's. I have given him a letter of introduction to your aunt, which he will probably present at Cannes some time around the 26th. And, my dear, he wants to meet you—I have stimulated his interest. Good-by, my little countess."

At Cannes, in the ballroom of the hotel, the girl's heart beat high when she saw her aunt approaching on the arm of a tall young Englishman. His head was spirited, his eyes blue and keen. She welcomed her fate.

Her brilliant beauty was well set off by art and perfect taste. Sure conquest sparkled in her eyes.

"At last," he said.

And even then she became aware of another commanding form which towered above the earl by an inch or two. They stood shoulder to shoulder, and at the words of introduction on the girl's lips, "My brother," the other bowed low, regaining his full height to look her squarely in the eyes.

It was Geoffrey, who, as she last saw him, had hung doomed over the measureless abyss, of whose mangled, frozen corpse she had more than once had horrid vision.

Into Eleanor's face came an old, old look, the look of Becky Sharp, when in her mad successful career the moment arrived which forced from her lips the surrender—"I'm done for."

Alpine Statistics.

The Swiss-Alpine Club has just issued statistics of accidents which took place in the Alps last year. One hundred and seventy-two climbers perished, but considering that the tourists numbered 150,000 the death rate is regarded as low.

## THE BETRAYER

By NELLIE CRAVEY GILMORE.

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

When a man deliberately, nay designedly entices his friends to excessive drink, has them carried to his room—in a burst of good fellowship—care for them, furnishes them up to meet their lady friends, and incidentally relieves them of a ten—twenty—fifty, as the case may warrant, you would call that man a thief, would you not? And with all good reason.

So then, Bettison was a thief. But wait; a thief from necessity, not preference. Certainly not the pinching necessity that makes men beg bread, shovel snow or work in mines, but a sort of refined want—the lack of those little dainties of life without which some people find it next to impossible to exist. The paltry two thousand a year, Bettison argued, would be scarcely sufficient to keep him in trousers, to say nothing of enabling him to wed the fair lady of his heart, she who claimed all that was good and best in him.

A thief from choice is essentially mean, scheming, without honor. A thief from necessity may be none of these things—or at least not all of them—only weak, pitifully weak, and with a conscience.

Still we shall have to admit that Bettison was a thief, a common thief, notwithstanding this nice distinction.

On this particular morning the gentleman in question reclined before an open window, reading and rereading a curious letter that the morning's post had brought him. It was the third of a series. The first had caused him some uneasiness—mostly amusement—the second looked serious, and now this other forced a sense of distinct alarm upon him. The following is what he read:

"I have appealed to your honor, your conscience, your pride—all to no avail. I am now going to try your common sense. Stop this miserable practice at once. At present it is known certainly only to myself, who am your best friend. I don't wish to disclose my identity, so take this, the one way to help you. Common sense will show you that, although over an anonymous signature, there is only truth in what I say. The time will come when exposure will be inevitable. Take my advice. The world provides labor for every honest hand, and you yourself have a keen distaste for this business. A FRIEND."

Bettison crumpled the sheet of paper viciously and tossed it in the fireplace. "D—n such a letter!" he fumed. "If the fellow's really my friend, as he says, why in thunder doesn't he come to me in a decent way and talk it over?" He snapped his finger with a little gesture of annoyance and took one or two excited turns up and down the room. Then he paused in front of the grate and fished out the crumpled letter from the charred ashes and studied it narrowly. It is a fact that our attention to trivialities is very marked at a time of great seriousness or importance, and it is no less true that our faculties are extremely dull in the direct face of overwhelming evidence also, at such a time.

Bettison studied the paper carefully for traces of familiarity in the handwriting to that of his friends—those he numbered as such, rather. There was something subtly familiar about the shape of the p's and h's, but a close comparison failed to disclose any even distant likeness to the writing contained in letters he had received from time to time from his friends and acquaintances.

No one—not one of them, his victims, could have been the author. He felt almost sure of that much. In the first place, they had really never suspected—indeed, what should a man suspect upon recovering from a spell of alcoholism, except that he had played the fool, spent or gambled away his money, and been charitably spirited off by a thoroughly good fellow who was bent only on protecting his reputation, as any gentleman would? Furthermore, even supposing they could talk, would they? Hardly.

In all probability some one was playing a practical joke on him—or maybe one of the men did vaguely, just vaguely, suspect him and was stretching this neat little trap to catch him. That settled one aspect of the case. Under no circumstances must he cease suddenly to practice these somewhat ferocious little courtesies. Such had been his intention a while back, but the letters put all thought of that out of the question for the present. His marriage must be postponed—anything but that he should fall into the trap, if trap it really was. He could not be too cautious.

So the days came and went, with every now and then a renewed appeal from the unknown "friend." The letters finally grew ominous, almost threatening, and Bettison grew nervous, pale and restless. Where was his alternative? If he kept the thing up he would be caught beyond a doubt; if he stopped it, he would be caught just the same. Then he bethought himself of one possible way out of the difficulty—rather slim it was to be sure, but nevertheless worth a trial. He would give a dinner to his friends, his victims—all of them. At that dinner he would bring up the subject of the letters—it should all be a great joke, a joke on himself. He would watch them, every one, watch them like a hawk, singly and collectively. They should know!

Bettison lay face downward on a lounge in his room. The dinner had been a great success—socially. So had the joke. The joke had been huge. The host had been toasted and toasted again. It was a very merry crowd, indeed, and it had taken quite reluctant leave.

Bettison was baffled. His artifice had succeeded well—and ill. It had assured him in one respect and left him floundering more hopelessly than ever before in another. He laughed. Some malicious person, an unsuspected small enemy, perhaps, was trying to work him harm, trying to rob his peace of mind. It was a startling coincidence. Again he shivered. There was something strangely impressive and confident about the letters—or rather the writer of them—that sent a chill to his marrow. So he dreamed and argued and solved and unsolved and wondered and almost went mad at times.

Presently a shrill whistle aroused him and he started up swiftly as the postman repeated his whistle. He seized the letter with trembling fingers and broke the seal. It ran:

"This will inform you that the police are already on your track. I did my best to head you off, but it was futile. I was forced to do this thing in the name of justice. I warned you that I should notify the authorities if you continued. It will be useless for you to attempt to leave the house, as it is even now under surveillance."

Bettison ran his cold fingers through his hair and read and reread the words with hunted eyes. He passed the next hour in a trance. Finally, worn out in body and mind, he sank into a stupid sleep.

Crash!

The door was pushed violently open and two armed policemen entered the room.

Bettison started up wildly, glaring about him as the meaning of it all rushed to his muddled brain. His hands dropped limply. As they fell a pen-staff clattered to the floor and rolled under the table. One of the men stooped and picked it up. The point was wet with ink. Bettison glanced at the table in quick horror. A sheet of paper with a few written words on it stared up into his eyes. And this is what it contained:

"Fool that you are, why did you not take my advice and save yourself? Now it is too late, too late. Justice is bound to claim its own in the end. Hope—"

It broke off abruptly and a great ink spot smeared the page.

Bettison recalled with a sinking heart that he had been more or less addicted to somnambulism all his life, especially when ill or worried. Fear had egged him on and he had written all those letters himself! Conscience had made him his own betrayer.

What he had lived in constant terror of some one else doing he had done himself.

## SCORED ONE ON COUNSEL.

Lawyer Proved Himself Weak on Forming Impressions.

A veteran member of the Baltimore bar tells of an amusing cross examination in a court of that city. The witness had seemed disposed to dodge the question of counsel for the defense.

"Sir," admonished the counsel sternly, "you need not state your impressions. We want facts. We are quite competent to form our own impressions. Now, sir, answer me categorically."

From that time on he could get little more than "yes" and "no" from the witness. Presently counsel asked:

"You say that you live next door to the defendant?"

"Yes."

"To the north of him?"

"No."

"To the south?"

"No."

"Well, to the east, then?"

"No."

"Ah!" exclaimed the lawyer sarcastically, "we are likely at last to get down to the one real fact. You live to the west of him, do you not?"

"No."

"How is that, sir?" the astonished attorney asked. "You say you live next door to him, yet he lives neither to the north, south, east, or west of you. What do you mean by that, sir?"

Whereupon the witness "came back."

"I thought perhaps you were competent to form the impression that we live in a flat," said the witness calmly, "but I see I must inform you that he lives the next door above me."

## Walking Fish.

Visitors to the zoo have now the opportunity of observing the curious habits of that strange animal, the walking fish (Periophthalmus Koelreuteri). By a modification in structure the pectoral fins are converted into perfect organs for walking. And in its native haunts the walking fish may be seen hunting insects on the mud flats of tropical coasts. It is enabled to remain out of the water by reason of the air bladder, which acts as a lung. And certain experiments which have been tried by Day seem to show that the walking fish would drown if kept in deep water. At the zoo they may be seen actively scrambling up out of the water on to the refuges provided for them. Here they assume their characteristic attitudes, as that of a man resting his elbows on a table. They then raise their heads and take a deliberate view of their surroundings. Their quaint appearance is emphasized by the large, rounded, and prominent eyes placed on the upper edge of the head. These eyes can be raised or depressed at the will of the animal.—London



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## WHISKY AND HUMAN ECONOMY.

Sir Frederick Treves Points Out Its Injurious Effects.

The point with regard to alcohol is simple enough. It is, of course, distinctly a poison, and it is a poison which like other poisons, has certain uses; but the limitations of the use of alcohol should be as strict as the limitations of the use of any other kind of poison.

There is no disguising the fact that alcohol is year by year less used by the medical profession. It is said that it has a certain position as a medicine, and no none will dispute that; but looking back over hospital drugs for the past twenty-five years, there is no question that the use of alcohol is emphatically diminishing.

Let us take two or three points—and remember that I am only speaking of the very moderate use of alcohol. In the first place, some people say, "It is a most excellent appetizer. There can be no possible harm in just a little before a meal. It is, as the French say, an aperitif appetisseur, and helps digestion." What are the facts? First of all, no appetite needs to be artificially stimulated. If the appetite wants food, it clamors for it; if there is no appetite, there is no need of food. Therefore, there is no need, supposing the belief be true. So on that ground I do not think there is much to be made out for its use.

Then it is said that it is strengthening, and that it gives great working power. We hear a great deal of this in the advocacy of British beef and beer. That sounds very well, but let us view the facts. Alcohol, curiously enough, modifies certain constituents of the blood in the nourishment of the body. The process that underlies the building up of the human frame is very much modified. The output of carbonic acid is very much lessened, with the result that the drinker at once becomes ill-nourished—obviously so. No man dreams of going into training and taking alcohol. He must reach the acme of physical perfection, and that must be without alcohol.

It has a somewhat stimulating effect, and that is the unfortunate part of it. The effect, however, lasts only for a moment, and after it has passed away the capacity for work falls enormously. It does this: It brings up the reserve forces of the body and throws them into action, with the result that when these are used up there is nothing to fall back upon. Its effect is precisely like a general throwing the bulk of his army into the fray and then bringing up, as fast as he can, all his reserves and throwing them in also. The immediate effect may be impressive, but the inevitable result is obvious.

As a work producer it is exceedingly extravagant, and like all other extravagant measures, leads to a physical bankruptcy. It is also curious that troops cannot work or march on alcohol. I was, as you know, with the relief column that moved on to Ladysmith, and, of course, it was an extremely trying time by reason of the hot weather. In that enormous column of 30,000, the first who dropped out were not the tall men, or the short men, or the big men, or the little men—they were the drinkers, and they dropped out as clearly as if they had been labeled with a big letter on their backs.

With regard to the circulation. Of course it produces an increased heartbeat, a fuller pulse, and redder skin; but the moment the effect has passed off, the action of the heart is absolutely and emphatically weakened. Consequently, the temporary effect is produced at an enormous cost. Then there is its action on the central nervous system. Here its action is that of a poison. It first stimulates the nervous system and then depresses it, and, as with other poisons which act upon this part of the body, the higher centers go first. They become a little dull—a little less quick and acute. It is very trifling, but there it is; so that the man who does his work on alcohol—even a very moderate amount—is not at his best.

Alcohol is certainly inconsistent with what might be called fine work. It is absolutely inconsistent with a surgeon's work, and with anything that requires a quick, acute, and alert judgment. I am very much struck with the fact that very many professional men who work hard all day have discontinued the use of stimulants in the middle of the day. Why? For no other reason, probably in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, than that they find they cannot work after it. That fact speaks more for this broad point than any amount of abstract arguments.

That alcohol is of value is, therefore, an absolute fallacy, and can be proved to the satisfaction of anyone in a moment.

### The Secret of Intelligence.

Christian sobriety, not alcohol, is the secret of intelligence. The intellect grows upon what it feeds upon. Feed it on the gossip of the wineshop and the saloon-bar, and it will be trivial and shallow. Feed it upon great truths, and it becomes great. No one ever sent beer to a pagan land and turned the crooked stick into a steel plow, or the cannibal's kettle into a bakery; but Christianity has done that over and over again. It touches a heathen land with its temperance teachings, and houses with glass windows take the place of mud huts. School spring up where ghost-dances and snake-dances were wont to be.

# The Genoa Tribune

Entered at the postoffice at Genoa, N. Y., as second class matter.

Friday Morning, February 1, 1907.

## SOCIALISM IN GERMANY.

What is to be done with the growing power of socialism all over the world? asks the New York Mail.

That is perhaps the greatest problem that confronts the statesmen of today. It is particularly urgent in Germany, where socialism has made great strides in the imperial Parliament. Prince Bismarck believed in annexing socialism to the monarchical state. He was overruled, and socialism in all Germany, although many measures have been conceded to it, has grown into a great army whose soldiers are mainly inveterate enemies of conservative society and the monarchy.

Chancellor Von Buelow has distinctly declared himself in the Prussian House of Lords as in favor of a "sharp application of all existing laws against the common enemy," meaning socialism. This presages an intensification in Germany of a struggle which, by the Liberal and Labor victory in Britain, is in the latter country brought nearer than ever to a compromise.

## A SCHOOL LOCK-STEP.

The grading system in the New York public schools, by which an attempt is to be made to average the pupils, is condemned severely by D. W. J. Sheerer, superintendent of schools of Elizabeth, N. J., in a paper issued on the subject. Visits to the schools there, he says, prove that 500,000 pupils are bound in chain gangs of from thirty-five to forty and forced to move in intellectual lock-step, not only month after month, but year after year, for their whole school lives.

## A HAPPY KING.

Most of the photographs of the King of Spain show him wearing as broad a grin as the Cheshire cat in "Alice." We do not remember ever to have seen the portrait of any other Spanish sovereign in which the sinner was represented as venturing on a smile. A gloomy lot of personages these. But then, perhaps, the reason why Alfonso is so cheerful is because he kicks the stuffing out of his family tradition and made a real love match.

## THE AGE OF BETTING.

Betting is as old as human nature and probably as durable. Since Eve made her venture in apples with the Garden of Eden at stake her sons and daughters have been risking their hopes of happiness on everything from the comparative celerity of quadrupeds to a matrimonial engagement.

## NO SUCH WOMAN.

One of the Chicago newspapers is charged with having gravely propounded the query, "What shall a woman do after she is forty?" The charge is not to be believed. It carries its falsity on its face. There are no such women.—Chicago Chronicle.

Now we are to have our milk delivered in the form of powder. That's nothing new. Only we used to call it chalk before the milkman mixed it.

More pennies are to be coined. It's a scheme to boom penny-ante! —Los Angeles Express.

## A Five-County Conference.

A conference of the prohibitionists of the counties of Onondaga, Jefferson, Cayuga, Oswego and Madison will be held in Syracuse on Thursday, Feb. 7. The Temple Lecture Course is to be held in the Central Baptist church, Montgomery street, opposite the City Library, during the first week in February.

In order that as many as possible may share in the advantages of at least a part of this course, this conference has been called to meet in the above mentioned church on Feb. 7. There will be addresses by J. H. Durkee of Rochester and Hon. E. W. Chaffin of Illinois. Good music. The conference closes promptly at 4 p. m.

All headaches go  
When you grow wiser  
And learn to use  
An "Early Riser."

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, safe, sure pills.

Piles of people have Piles. Why suffer from piles when you can use DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve and get relief. Nothing else so good. Beware of imitations. See that the name is stamped on each box. Sold by J. S. Banker, Genoa, N. Y.

Use a little KODOL after your meals and it will be found to afford a prompt and efficient relief. KODOL nearly approximates the digestive juices. It digests what you eat. It is sold on a guaranteed relief plan. Sold here by J. S. Banker, druggist.

## FARM FOR SALE

On Indian Field road, town of Venice, containing 115 acres, under good state of cultivation with good buildings, near railroad and creamery, excellent soil. Terms reasonable. For further particulars write P. C. Storm, Owego, Mich.

The clipping rates quoted on the page are for your benefit.

## LAKE SHORE RAILROAD.

### Will Not Allow Its Employees to Cash Checks in Saloons.

The Lake Shore Railroad is very pronounced in its attitude against the use of strong drink among its employees. It forbids the use of intoxicants by its employees while on duty. It does all it can, still further, to discourage their drinking while off duty, arguing that if workmen drink at any time, their ability becomes impaired.

A recent further step in the discouragement of liquor drinking is an order issued that employees shall no longer be allowed to cash their checks in saloons or other places where liquors are sold. Many of the men have been in the habit of taking their monthly wages to the saloon the first thing after the departure of the pay-car. All employees are now to be paid by check, and those checks cannot be cashed in a drinking place. Men are thus relieved from the temptation of repaying favor to saloon keepers by a round of drinks. Storekeepers patronized by the employees are asked not to demand discounts for cashing checks. These measures are taken by the road in the interest of temperance.

### THE REWARD OF SOBRIETY.

#### The Lesson of the Eastern Military Operations.

The immense value of sobriety in military and naval operations is probably the most striking lesson learned from the Russian-Japan war. Russia has labored under many disadvantages. "But it is doubtful whether there was any greater handicap to her than the drunkenness of her soldiers, of her sailors and more particularly of her officers." Every foreign newspaper correspondent on the Russian side, even one whose sympathies are wholly Muscovite—Colonel Von Goedke—a foremost military writer of to-day, has drawn well-nigh incredible pictures of the prevalence of this particular vice among the foes of Japan.

The English Secretary of State for War, declared that the victories of Japan were largely due to sobriety.

#### Drunkenness as a Defense.

Drunkenness as a defense for murder can be reduced to the plain statement that a drunken man bent on commission of crime is as dangerous to the individual against whom his efforts are directed as is the man who is sober, says the New York Mail.

The argument that murder or any other breach of the law should be condoned because the accused admits he had been drinking to excess for a considerable time before the crime was committed may appear reasonable, but is it? Manifestly the man was in possession of his faculties before he began drinking, and if he continued the debauch until such time as he believed he had some right to take the life of another there can be little excuse for his act.

But it is not so much in the decision of one case that the danger lies. If the courts are to take as argument for acquittal the word of a man charged with felony that he is irresponsible because it was committed while he was drunk the possibilities are dangerous. What is to prevent every deliberate murderer from hiding behind this defense, as so many of them have hidden behind the ruling of a court that there is emotional insanity? Is it not possible, if one man is acquitted of crime, or his sentence is made nothing more than a few years' confinement, because the crime was an act done while he was under the influence of liquor, that it will serve to increase the number of felonies of that character?

#### Remarkable Unselfishness.

Those who believe that the Chinese are savages pure and simple, should note the action taken by the Chinese merchants and the Chinese Reform Association in Australia in regard to opium. The Chinese merchants who are the chief distributors of the drug, are displaying the greatest earnestness in endeavoring to secure legislation in the Federal Parliament to prevent its introduction for smoking. They have not hesitated to ask and to secure the aid of the Labor party, though that party is zealous to exclude them from Australia. They have obtained help from the Protestant churches, and also from Cardinal Moran, the head of the Roman Catholic Church in Australia. Not only are they willing to forego the profit they have been making by the sale of opium, but also to bear the expense of medical treatment for the victims of the opium habit. When will Christian churches see a deputation from brewers and distillers begging them to prevent the consumption of alcohol, solely on the ground of its injury to the best interests of the community.

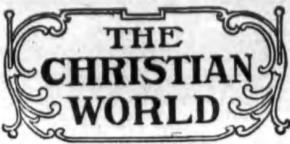
#### Physiology and Temperance.

New Zealand has a law providing for the compulsory teaching of hygiene and physiology in the public schools, with special reference to the effect of alcohol and narcotics on the human system.

#### The Temperance Cause.

Temperance has nothing to fear from free discussion, from experimental study of its results, whether physical or financial, moral or mercantile, ethical or aesthetic.—Frances E. Willard.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; of adversity, fortitude. —Francis Bacon.



### A FLOATING CHURCH.

How the English "Fen" Country is Given Religious Privileges.

The scattered parishes of the English "Fen" country have been spiritually neglected for many years. The "Fens" are vast tracts of low-lying, marshy land, crossed in every direction by dykes, sluggish rivers and inlets of the sea.

A typical Fen village is the parish of Holme, not far from the ancient cathedral city of Peterborough. This is a true bit of primeval fen-land, extending over 600 acres of sedge, heather and bog-myrtle. Scattered over this wide area live some 650 fenlanders, who have for generations found the problems of church and chapel, day school, and Sunday school, almost insurmountable, says Christian Herald. During the winter months, however, the widow of the late territorial landlord sent a covered wagon six miles round the Fen to bring the children into school each day, taking them home again in the afternoon.

Owing to the peculiar features of the country and the scattered population it was found impossible to secure any suitable central point for chapel or mission room, and a building on wheels was discussed. At last the Rev. George Broke, vicar of the parish, decided upon a floating chapel, which should navigate the intricate winding water-ways. Accordingly, on an ordinary flat-bottomed fen-lighter some 50 feet long and 12 feet wide, a spacious mission room or chapel was constructed, 35 feet long, 9 feet wide and over 7 feet high. Every inch of space was utilized. At the far end of the big room are two low platforms, each three feet wide, and on the upper one of these stands the altar. On the right is a small stone baptismal font, and on the lower platform an oak prayer desk and a small American organ. There is a tiny pulpit, and in the body of the room are two low benches for the choir children, for the congregation about 40 beechwood chairs are provided. There is no church bell, it has been found better to use a flag-staff with special flags. A tiny tug, whose engine is fed with peat, hauls the church along the sluggish streams; and every Sunday there are regular services, besides Sunday school, children's service, mothers' meetings, and the like. The vicar's wife acts as organist, and there is a choir of six specially-trained girls.

The effect of true consecration always is to cut cleaner the lines of square dealing.

### GOOD NEWS FROM AFRICA.

Letter from Missionary Tells of Power of Gospel to Attract the Negro.

A letter from Rev. W. C. Johnston of the American Presbyterian Mission in Efulen, West Africa, shows how the gospel attracts the negro:

There were 580 people at Sabbath school yesterday and over 600 at the preaching service. There were 99 in my class of men, and we have a young men's class besides. Yesterday a week ago was our communion service, and we had an average attendance of 220 at each of the three days' preparatory services, and on the Sabbath there were about 650 people present. Eight persons were received on profession. There are 72 on the Efulen church roll now, 33 men and 39 women.

There are 242 in the two inquiry classes and the work is rather encouraging, but I have not been able to spend the time in the villages that I need to spend there. There are more than 50 inquirers from villages ten miles and more from Efulen, and we have during this year received into the church six persons living more than ten miles from Efulen.

A man's holiness is to be measured by the happiness he creates.

#### Torrey Meetings.

Rev. Dr. Reuben A. Torrey, the famous evangelist, closed a three weeks' revival in Nashville, Tenn., on November 8, and on November 18 he opened a mission in Omaha, Neb. The reports are that Dr. Torrey's work in Nashville is resulting in great good. Much regret is being expressed all over the country that Charles M. Alexander, who sings with Dr. Torrey, will not be in this country this winter. Owing to Mrs. Alexander's illness last summer Mr. Alexander has had to cancel all evangelistic engagements to accompany his wife on a long sea voyage.

#### New Seminary Building.

A new building for the German Theological seminary at Bloomfield, N. J., is about to be erected in memory of the late Rev. Dr. Charles E. Knox, for many years president of the seminary, and the pastor of the First Presbyterian church of that town. It will cost \$50,000. There is only one other Presbyterian school for training ministers of foreign birth in the country.

#### Many Converts Confirmed.

Bishop Cassels writes from Paoing, West China, that in his recent visits to the Church Missionary society stations, covering over 1,300 miles, he confirmed nearly 300 converts, dedicated several churches, and admitted catechists and lay ministers. The outlook everywhere was encouraging.

## 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.

## GENOA

## ROLLER MILLS

Genoa, N. Y.

Custom Grinding a Specialty.

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

## F. Sullivan, Prop.

MILLER PHONE.

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\* Edwin R. Fay & Sons, \*  
\* Bankers. \*  
\* AUBURN, N. Y. \*  
\* PAY 2 PER CENT. INTEREST \*  
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\* 3 PER CENT. INTEREST \*  
\* On DEMAND CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT if the deposit re- \*  
\* mains 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 \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

## Subscribe For the Tribune

### Pre-Inventory Sale in Millinery

lasting until Jan. 26, 1907. Shapes from 25c up, trimmed Hats from 75c up, velvet Hats 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

Velvets, Ostrich Feathers and all winter goods at cost at

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

Edison Phonographs and records always in stock.

## Cayuga Co. National Bank

43 Genesee Street, Founded in 1833.  
AUBURN, N. Y.

### WHERE DO YOU KEEP YOUR MONEY?

When selecting a bank in which to deposit your money three important things should be considered:

#### Experience, Protection, Interest.

The Cayuga County National Bank has had the experience of three quarters of a century. The Cayuga County National Bank has unsurpassed PROTECTION for its depositors in its magnificent vaults. The Cayuga County National Bank in its SPECIAL INTEREST DEPARTMENT offers the highest rate of interest on long time deposits. The Cayuga County National Bank solicits your patronage.

## The Village News

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

—S. P. Minturn of Locke was in town Tuesday on business.

—Jay Hodge of Syracuse was in town a short time Thursday.

—It is reported that Locke will have a newspaper about March 1.

—Miss Elizabeth Leonard is home from Cornell for a short vacation.

—E. B. Whitten of Auburn made a business trip to town yesterday.

—Mrs. John Hutchison remains very ill, without much change from day to day.

—Miss Lena Goodelle was in Moravia yesterday to attend the funeral of a relative.

—E. C. Bennett and family of Venice were guests at D. W. Smith's on Sunday.

—Mrs. O. Williamson and children of Syracuse returned home Saturday after a visit with relatives here.

—There are two legal holidays in this month—Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 12, and Washington's birthday, Feb. 22.

—Jay Beardsley of Cortland and Mrs. Chas. Bush of Groton were called here by the death of their father, Dana Beardsley, last week.

—"Aunt Hannah's Quilting Party" at Academy hall tonight. The hall was well filled last night and the entertainment was pronounced first class.

—At the annual meeting of the Genoa Brick and Tile Co., on Jan. 22, the following officers were elected: Pres., F. Starner; Vice Pres., Chas. Lester; Sec. and Treas., Robert Mastin.

—Among those on the sick list the past week are A. Cannon and wife, D. L. Mead, Mrs. W. E. Emmons and Mrs. W. R. Mosher. Robert Mastin is able to be out again after an attack of the grip.

—Mrs. Abbie Rogers of Moravia is spending the week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Smith. \*\* Mr and Mrs. Titus Van Marter of Genoa spent Sunday with relatives in the city.—Cortland Standard

—The Genoa Social club announce a dancing party for Friday evening, Feb. 8, at the rink. Smith Bros.' full orchestra of five pieces has been engaged and in addition to the regular number, Mr. Edward Steele of Auburn will play the trombone.

—What might have been quite a serious fire started at the home of Layton Mosher, two and a half miles east of the village, on Wednesday night, Jan. 23. As Mr. and Mrs. Mosher were about to retire, they smelled smoke and upon investigating, they discovered that the ceiling near the chimney in the sitting room was on fire. It required considerable lively work to extinguish the blaze, and a large beam was burned nearly in two before it was accomplished.

—Republican and Democratic caucuses tomorrow afternoon.

—Attention is called to the adv. of Rothschild Bros., Ithaca, on page 8.

—R. W. Armstrong sold to C. J. Wheeler Thursday a six horse power gasoline engine.

—A Syracuse Baptist minister, Rev. H. Reid Miller, performed the marriage ceremony for 355 couples last year.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Greenfield of King Ferry were in town Tuesday calling on old friends who were glad to see them.

—There will be a social dance at the East Venice hall, Friday evening, Feb. 22. All are invited to attend and enjoy the occasion.

All accounts of the Genoa Brick & Tile Co. should be settled with the treasurer, Mr. Robert Mastin.

—President Roosevelt is going to visit the Philippines next, after which we shall know more about our oriental possessions.

—The week beginning Sept. 9 has been decided upon by the State Fair Commission as the time for holding the fair at Syracuse.

—The State Department of Health has ruled that hereafter physicians must be more explicit in stating the cause of death upon burial permits.

—It is claimed that hot pineapple juice will relieve diphtheria in three hours and effect a cure. Take a pint or more, says an exchange.

—Claude Sellen of Moravia, who has been in a critical condition for a week, is thought to be gaining a little and his physician is hopeful of his recovery.

—We want all the legitimate local news, and to learn all the good that can be said of your neighbor, but if you want to give him a "rub," please attach your name to the communication and we'll hand it to him.—Ex.

All accounts of Wm. Huson are payable to his wife, Anna Huson. Please call and settle at once.

—Abram Myers died at his home in this village Monday afternoon. He had been in poor health for a long time, but was able to be about part of the time. Apoplexy was said to be the cause of his death, which occurred quite suddenly. His age was 69 years. Funeral services were held at his late home on Wednesday at 2 p. m., Rev. Mr. Crosby of North Lansing officiating. Mr. Myers was a veteran of the civil war, and the members of G. & C. Robinson Post, G. A. R., attended the funeral. Burial was made at Ithaca on Thursday. He is survived by a son, Hugh Myers, and a daughter, Mrs. Jesse Jacobs.

WANTED—Middle aged woman, German preferred, for general housework on my poultry farm, 1 1/2 miles from city limits on South St road. No farm work. No objections if party has child over 10 years of age. Address, W. M. BRINKHOFF, 149 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

A good magazine for 35 cents a year. Read about it on another page

Some folks can't mind their business; The reason is, you'll find, They either have no business Or else they have no mind

—C. S. Gale of Aurora was in town Tuesday.

—Mortimer Palmer of Merrifield was a guest at Wm. Sharpsteen's Tuesday.

—E. C. Hillman of Levanna was in town Wednesday looking up the insurance business.

—THE TRIBUNE is a few hours late this week owing to a rush of work in the job department.

—Members of Genoa W. C. T. U. will please notice that a meeting will be held on Friday, Feb. 8, at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Miss Emma Waldo. A good attendance is desired.

—The courts have decided that the shade trees surrounding a man's premises are individual property, even though they stand on public ground. The case in which the decision was rendered was one in which a property owner sued a telephone company for cutting off the limbs of some of his shade trees. Under this decision, telephone companies, who so often cut off great branches, are liable for damages unless the consent of the property owner is secured.—Ex.

### Van Marter--Haines.

One of the auspicious events of the new year occurred at the residence of Mrs. Susie A. Haines, near Poplar Ridge, on Thursday, Jan. 24, when at noon her daughter, Helen Blanche, became the wife of A. Titus Van Marter of Genoa.

Mendelssohn's Wedding March, as interpreted by Mr. and Mrs. Roy S. Holland, signalled the appearance of the bridal party, preceded by Master Leland Landon and Miss Mary Husted who unloosed the white ribbons interlaced before the arch. Miss Frances Atwater carried the golden seal, followed by the bride and groom who paused beneath a large white bell while being impressively united by Rev. E. S. Annable of Ledyard. They at once led the way to the dining room, where an elaborate menu awaited the sixty guests. Here as elsewhere the decorations of green and white were most effective. Forward the close of the dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Van Marter personally served the bride's cake which was ornamented with flowers and smilax. The bride was very becomingly attired in a gown of white Persian lawn with Valenciennes trimmings. Mary Husted and Frances Atwater also wore white costumes.

Congratulations over, the bride donned a chic grey suit. The usual merriment accompanied the departure of the young couple who left for a brief visit among relatives before locating in Genoa, their future home. The beautiful bridal bouquet of roses, lilies of the valley and asparagus plumosus fell to Miss Sarah Nettleton. The bride's favors to those assisting her will ever remain cherished mementoes of the happy occasion.

Among the handsome souvenirs, silver, linen and currency predominated. With these attestations of worth from friends near and far, we feel assured of their cordial welcome among future acquaintances.

Poplar Ridge, N. Y., Jan 25, 1907

### 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.

### DOYLE FARM FOR SALE.

72 Acres.  
Buildings in good repair. Situated about one and one-half miles north east of King Ferry. There is no better place to live than New York State and no better farm land on the foot stool than in the vicinity of King Ferry. The scarcity and high price of farm labor makes the owner and manager of a small farm a winner by a large majority for the money invested. If purchaser desires will sell for reasonable amount of cash down and balance on easy terms and low rate of interest.

Henry A. Jewett,

Real Estate, &c.  
33 1/2 Moravia, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

### Regents' Examinations.

Result of Regents' examinations held at Genoa Graded school Jan. 21-23. When the residence is not given it signifies that the pupil is an attendant at Genoa school.

Spelling—Vera C. Eaton, Venice; Leala Mather, Venice; Lawrence Leonard, Lillian McAllaster, Blanche Norman.

Elem. English—Estelle M. Bishop, Venice; Truman Eaton, Irene Holden, Ruth B. Holden, Banche Norman, George T. Sill, Leona Warren, Mabel Westmiller, East Genoa.

Arithmetic—Estelle M. Bishop, Venice; Hugh F. Riley, King Ferry; Emily Slocum, King Ferry; Mabel Westmiller, East Genoa; Ruth B. Holden, Ruth A. Roe, Frances M. Tyrrell.

Geography—Vera C. Eaton, Venice; Anna Minard, Ledyard; Emily Slocum, King Ferry; Truman Eaton, Ruth Holden, Lawrence Leonard, Lillian McAllaster, William T. McAllaster, Theodora Miller, Kath Roe, William N. Roe, Louis F. Sullivan, Frances M. Tyrrell, Leona Warren.

U. S. History and Civics—Clarence W. Minard, Ledyard; Irene Holden, Ruth Holden, Margaret Ives, Theodora Miller, Leona Warren.

### FARM FOR SALE.

The farm known as the Ferris homestead; about 95 acres, no waste land, good buildings, living water, fine young orchard, wood lot with fine pines, basswood, beech and maple. For further particulars address 37tf P. O. Box 155, Locke, N. Y.

### Republican Caucus.

Notice is hereby given that the Republican caucus for the town of Genoa will be held at Academy hall in the village of Genoa Saturday, Feb. 2, 1907, at 2 p. m. for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates to be voted upon at the coming election, and to transact such other business as may come before the meeting.

ALFRED AVERY, Town Committee  
J. H. REASE,  
HERBERT GAY  
Genoa, Cayuga Co., N. Y.  
Jan. 22, 1907. 36w2

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

House to rent. Inquire of 2t W. P. ALBERT, Ludlowville, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Scotch Collie pups and single comb White Leghorn cockerel. GEORGE FERRIS, Atwater.

LOST—On the road between North Lansing and Genoa, a 5-A horse blanket. Finder please leave the same at this office. WM. PATTERSON.

FOR SALE—New milch Jersey cow with calf by side. J. H. CRUTHERS, 37w2 Genoa, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Three good horses A. M. BENNETT, King Ferry, 37w4 R. F. D.

FARM FOR SALE—1/2 mile west of Genoa village, 53 acres of choice land. Address SARAH R. POTTER, 36tf 5 Park Ave., Auburn, N. Y.

WANTED—Basswood and elm logs and stave bolts at the mill of John Rafferty, two miles northwest of King Ferry 36w8

TO LET—Farm of 50 acres to work on shares, 1/2 mile from East Venice, 1/2 mile south of eight-square school house. Telephone (Bell) or address AMOS J. HURLBUTT, 36w4 Moravia, N. Y., R. F. D.

Your portrait or view of home on photo postals, 75 cents per dozen. Any good picture copied or original made. F. E. CORWIN, 35w4 Five Corners.

Buy my dyes to dye your rugs, To make your basket work rugs, I'll weave your rugs and carpets, too, I think I'll make them do 35-3 J. A. LOUW, Genoa, N. Y.

SALESMAN WANTED—To look after interest in Cayuga and adjacent counties Salary or Commission. Address, The Victor Oil Company, Cleveland, O. 37w2

FOR SALE—The valuable farm known as the Benjamin Gould farm, consisting of 156 acres located at Scipioville Inquire EMANUEL BRONNER, 99 Genesee St., 35tf Auburn, N. Y.

FOR SALE—A good work horse cheap MORGAN MYERS, 34tf King Ferry, N. Y.

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

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. SELL, Genoa. 21tf

FOR SALE—7 thoroughbred large English Berkshire sows. Millions of strawberry and vegetable plants, contracts, Michigan and Cobler seed potatoes, vegetables, imported Danish cabbage seed Agent full line of nursery stock.

F. M. PATTERSON, N. Y.

THE NEW WAY

THE OLD WAY



## All Sizes Meat Jars

Rock Salt  
and Salt Petre at

SMITH'S STORE, GENOA, N. Y.

Try some of our new Mackerel.

Don't fail to attend the big

## Pre-Inventory

and Jan. Sacrifice Sale at the Genoa Clothing Store

now going on. Big reductions in everything in Man or Boy's Wearing Apparel.

M. G. Shapero & Son,

Outfitters for Man and Boy.

## CENTRAL MARKET.

WE CARRY A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE OF FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FRANKFORTS, BOLOGNA, OYSTERS, FISH, &C., IN SEASON. GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER AND BE CONVINCED.

H. DE FOREST,

Miller Phone. GENOA, N. Y.

## JUST RECEIVED

a new lot of Phonographs, Horns and Records. These goods all bear the genuine Edison trade mark. You can make no mistake in buying them. They are all for sale. Come and hear the latest Records. A good assortment always on hand. Phonographs sold on installment plan.

JOE MC BRIDE,

Five Corners, N. Y.

Why not open an account with the

## AUBURN TRUST COMPANY

CAPITAL \$150,000.00.

SURPLUS \$150,000.00

And receive 3 1-2% on your idle money before April 1st disbursements.

Remember that you do not have to leave a deposit here for a full quarter without gain to yourself, one month is enough.

If you have your money in by the 4th day of February, you can get the benefit of two months interest.

We at this time desire to call your attention to our safety deposit boxes and that you can bank by mail with us at our expense.

Certificates of deposit are issued on most favorable terms.

John M. Brainard, Pres. Ralph R. Keeler, Treas.

## A Mere Spectacle Vender Is Not an Optician.

He is a particularly dangerous quack; he should be even more shunned than the empiric in medicine. There is many a quack who may ease your rheumatism. But there is not one chance in a hundred that the spectacles bought from a peddler will help your eyesight; the e are a hundred chances that they will hurt your eyes, hurt them seriously, too. It is very important that your glasses should be exactly correct.

If you are in doubt regarding your glasses, consult A. T. Hoyt; he will examine your eyes free of charge and advise you honestly.

A. T. HOYT, Grad. Optician  
Oppo. Moravia House,  
MORAVIA, N. Y.

### DON'T THINK

you've eaten Navel Oranges 'rill you've eaten a "Signal" b and Navel They are the very best brand out of Redlands, California and Redlands is the very best Orange district in the whole State for oranges, account of the red soil from which it takes its name. Ask your grocer.

### FRED L. NORTON,

Exclusive distributor for the Southern Tier



# MAN'S DAYS OF DECLINE

Science Says from 55 to 62 He Loses Courage

## INSTANCES NUMEROUS

Buller, Methuen, Tyron, Napoleon and Rojestvensky Are Examples—After 62 Man Is Trustworthy Again—English Generals Were Blundered in Boer War.

Is there a brief period in every man's life, who has passed the age of fifty-five, and not reached sixty-two, when the heart and brain refuse to respond to crises, and fatal errors, impossible at any other period, are committed?

A foremost English doctor says so, and he fortifies his argument with impressive instances.

When this condition affects them, business men show irresolution and suspicion without reason, statesmen make inexcusable blunders of policy, soldiers commit the most glaring mistakes which cost battles, and sailors lose battleships, while trusty railroad engineers run past signals and cause disastrous wrecks.

After the danger mark is passed, the solidity and conservatism of old age come to the rescue, and the result is seen in men of extraordinary preservation, like Gladstone, Ibsen, Senator Hoar, Verdi or General Roberts.

It is a fact, however, that many instances seem to bear out the idea of the English doctor.

In 1893 occurred one of the famous naval disasters of history. It did not happen in time of warfare, and yet it resulted in the wanton waste of almost 500 lives.

This was the collision between the warships Camperdown and the Victoria, during manoeuvres of the English navy.

Admiral Tryon, an honored veteran, was in command of the fleet, and stood on the bridge of his flagship, the Victoria.

The Camperdown, a ship with a ram, came around with a sweep, describing a curve that would have left plenty of room had the Victoria turned in right direction. But incomprehensibly Admiral Tryon gave an order which sent his ship in exactly the opposite way. Camperdown and Victoria came together, and the ram of the former sent the Victoria to the bottom.

Admiral Tryon stood like a statue on the bridge, and made no effort to escape. It was the virtual suicide of a brave man, who at the end comprehended the lives his blunder had cost, and dared not live to face the reproaches that must be his.

The surprise of the British nation equalled its grief and horror.

"Why did he make such a mistake? He, an experienced officer, who had spent his life giving orders, and had never blundered before?"

No one could answer, but the new theory explains, Tryon was 59.

The antics of Rojestvensky during the Russo-Japanese war would have been ludicrous but for their serious result. He blundered seriously in the battle of the Straits of Korea, which resulted in his capture and overwhelming defeat at the hands of Admiral Togo. But this was less mysterious than his unprecedented action, which has never been explained clearly, of firing into a fleet of harmless British fishing smacks, an action which narrowly missed embroiling Russia in a war with England.

Nobody denied Rojestvensky's bravery, his judgment was the offender. Perhaps an excuse may be found for him in the fact that he was more than fifty-five, but had not reached sixty.

When Weyler was in Cuba his offenses, his brutality and his curious utter inability to judge a situation made him the most hated and scorned man of the decade. But now in Spain he has grown till his services to Alfonso are genuine and patriotic. Can it be that passing beyond sixty-two has wrought the development?

Before he reached the age of fifty-five Napoleon III, ranked as a gallant soldier who had done valiant services in the Crimean War. While considered selfish and vain he had should distinct powers of diplomacy and was regarded as a strong man.

But in the seven years between the age of fifty-five and sixty-two he committed a series of unparalleled follies finally culminating in his suicidal forcing of a war with Germany, an act which threw his family from the throne, ended monarchy in France and sent him to England to die in exile.

The English generals who committed the blunders in the Boer-English war were men between the ages of fifty-five and sixty-two, the Bullers and the Methuens.

Those who went to the rescue were curiously either above or below the fatal age. Thus Lord Kitchener was at that time less than fifty years old and Lord Roberts, the much-loved "Bobs," was getting close to seventy. It was this pair who ended a most humiliating condition of affairs for England and stopped the Boer successes.

Dovey, past the danger mark, beat Montijo, in the fatal zone, at the battle of Manila, and so similar instances are not infrequently met.

### WITH THE SAGES.

Every noble activity makes room for itself.—Emerson.

What we are stretches past what we do beyond what we possess.—Drummond.

To be a great man it is necessary to turn to account all opportunities.—Rochefoucauld.

Decision of character will often give to an unfair mind command over a superior.—W. Wirt.

Think that day lost whose slow descending sun views from thy hand no noble action done.—J. Bobart.

There is nothing that stands still in time, so that no duty at all admits of delay; each is strictly the duty of the moment.—Martineau.

A kind thought toward a fellow mortal has but little virtue in it if it be not transmuted into a generous deed.—Rev. J. L. Spalding.

Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be; custom will soon render it easy and agreeable.—Pythagoras.

Write it in your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.—Emerson.

Guard within yourself that treasure, kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness.—George Sand.

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.—Quarles.

### THIS LANGUAGE OF OURS.

Baby powder—Powder to put on babies after bathing them.

Insect powder—Not a parallel case.

Fish food—Food for fishes to eat.

Seafood—Different.

Horse shoes—Shoes for horses to wear.

Kid gloves—Rule doesn't hold.

Baby buggy—Buggy for baby to ride in.

Top buggy—Not a buggy for a top to ride in.

Boot tree—A tree to shape boots on.

Apple tree—Not a tree to shape apples on.

Milk cart—A cart to haul milk in.

Push cart—Not a cart to haul the push in.

Kitten—A small cat.

Mitten—Not a small mat.

### WISDOM'S WHISPERS.

It is a mistake to pin faith on speculation or roscate promises.

Idleness is more pleasant in contemplation than in fact.

Complete ownership does not at all times bring complete satisfaction.

A desire for gaudy attire often is seen in seemingly modest persons.

Believing a thing does not mean that you regard it as a positive truth.

Imaginary importance has the merit of producing something like satisfaction.

There is a way of telling a story which gives it the semblance of credibility.

The emotions can be so worked on as to turn hopelessness into rosy anticipation.

Happiness is an abstract proposition that is applicable to almost any case it may be applied.

The disposition toward quarrelsomeness possessed by every one can be overcome with a little struggle.

### IT IS SAID:

Roumania is the most illiterate country.

A goose will sometimes lay for 25 or 30 years.

Since the abolition of the slate, the sight of school children has improved.

Two mahogany logs, for veneering purposes, were recently sold in New York for \$3,750 apiece.

The New Zealand government is compelled to supply work at two dollars a day to all who apply.

Though saccharine, a product of coal tar, is 220 times sweeter than sugar, there is practically no nourishment in it.

The lion is left-handed. So is the parrot. Livingstone claimed that left-handedness was common to all animals.

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All kinds of enameled tin, copper, agate, steel, glass and crockery.

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early.

## THE EXECUTIONER

By EDGAR W. HIE

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When Jerry Thorton, big, bearded and stalwart, arrived from the isthmus everybody in Saverton knew of the tragedy that was coming.

Who had told the man of the tropics about the incident at the old homestead was a mystery. Certainly the sunny-haired girl who suffered did not, nor did the widowed mother. But the big brother had the news as true as his own terrible purpose, and he had come on the wings of the wind. Old friends had met him at the depot and shook hands as men do when there's been a bereavement in the family. The old mother and the sweet-faced daughter were surprised to see him.

Richard Sothern, manager of the Great Northern collieries at Saverton, had doubled the capacity of the three large plants that had been under his control the past five years. He had by his energy and fine executive ability practically become the bone and sinew of the place. No man stood higher for business integrity and correct conduct until—

The scoffer says there's one temptation no living man can stand, and that it is not money. Sothern, handsome, masterful, in the prime of life, had an easy conquest when he laid siege to pretty Katie Thorton, the exile's sister. He had met her at a social gathering and was keenly aware when the blue eyes shot timid glances in his direction. Totally unskilled in the great enigma of passion, she gave all with the magnificent generosity of a trusting heart and then fell from heaven to earth like a wounded bird, kissing the hand that struck her down.

Three unprofitable days followed Thorton's arrival. Having come from a land fantastic it was quite natural that he should finally decide that the condemned was hiding out in one of his own mines. The superintendent assured him that Sothern had gone on a brief trip to Chicago, but it was proper he should try to save his superior. Thorton insisted on going down and a roadman was furnished him to explore the world below the sunlight.

In Nos. 8 and 10 he had only a long, tiresome walk, with bent head, for his reward. No. 13 was the final colliery to be examined. In this there were a number of abandoned entries far to the southward. Most of the props had been removed and great masses of the roof had fallen in. The air was deadly. Nothing could dissuade the determined executioner from making the journey.

The roadman stood at the entrance of the black tunnel, while Thorton, with revolver in one hand and dimly burning pit lamp in the other, staggered through the gloom. Finally the light went out and the roadman saw the resolute searcher trying to relight it with a match. He succeeded and pressed on.

There was a sound of crashing stone far down the entry and the tiny blaze went out forever. The roadman called loudly and then started down toward the fall. He soon became aware that he was travelling ankle deep in water. The fall of rock had uncovered a subterranean lake. He retraced his steps rapidly to the "bottom," where he signalled the engineer and was soon on top.

A rescuing party was quickly organized and began tearing away the rock that formed one side of Thorton's tomb. The air was bad and work slow, as the water was steadily rising. By noon hardly any progress had been made and the men came out concluding Thorton was dead.

Sothern arrived on an afternoon train and was briefly informed of the situation. He immediately gave orders to connect all the pumps and put them to work. Then he put on a pit suit and took a supply of matches and oil. The superintendent offered to accompany him, and several expert miners went along as reserves.

As they were being lowered an enormous cloud of smoke towered over the engine room, showing the pumps were heroically doing their part in the work of rescue. A surgeon had been summoned to await developments. Sothern and the superintendent worked alternately with their picks against the mass of rock. The air courages had been switched so as to improve the supply, but as there was no through passage the current was sluggish. Again and again the lights would go out and golden time was lost. Inch by inch the water crept up to the breast of the men, galling for another's life. The superintendent finally succumbed and dropped his pick. Sothern heard the groan as his light went out and carried him back to the mouth of the entry. The men there put him on a coal car and wheeled him to the "cage."

Another man would have relieved Sothern, but he refused the offer. There had to be sound bodies to complete the work after he had made his way through the barricade. Standing waist deep in the black water he worked with two hands on the pick, slowly enlarging the aperture. One of the men came up and held a light while he crawled through.

He stumbled over boulders and then fell on the man for whom he was searching. Bending his ear to Thorton's heart he detected a faint throb of life. The water had not reached to the

and if there was to be any escape it would have to be at the imminent risk of drowning. The unconscious man could not guard his mouth, so Sothern tied his handkerchief around it. Then he painfully dragged the great form to the hole in the rock debris and called to the men on the other side, who, with closed mouths, struggled through the water to receive the burden.

Slowly and with exceeding difficulty they fought their murky way through the water-logged passage to the mouth of the entry. As they laid Thorton down in a dry place he moved slightly and showed other signs of returning consciousness.

The miners then turned and started back to assist Sothern out. They had not gone far when they were blocked by the water which had risen to the roof over the depressed roadway. No pick could shatter that wall; no man could find his way through that dreadful barrier and live. They shouted and the metallic echo of their own voices mocked them. They hunted up long poles, pushed them in and found nothing. With the soft movement of the vampire the black damp settled over them and all the lights went out. This warning could not be disregarded and the men hurried back with the one who had been recalled to life.

On top the stars were casting a soft glow over the valley as the cage arrived with its load. The pumps worked steadily, driven hard by great billers carrying a tremendous steam pressure. The black smoke rolled grandly from the tall stack and was lost in the haze of the night. From the cottonwood forest came the weird calls of the screech owl and the whippoor-will.

In the little church amid the miners' cabins a priest stood before tall, lighted candles and conducted a mass for the dead. A girl with wavy, sunlit hair, clad in a garb of deepest mourning knelt in a far corner alone.

"Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned; forgive and ye shall be forgiven."

The slight form of the kneeling girl trembled; her face was buried in her arms, which were thrown across the back of the pew ahead.

"Oh! Father! Forgive! Forgive!" she sobbed. "Forgive him as freely as I do."

### IN A BROOKLYN MORASS.

A Tale of the Dangers to Horse and Wagon in Bay Ridge Streets.

Through the late fall and early winter the residents of Fifty-seventh street between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, Brooklyn, have watched the gradually increasing size of a mud-hole in the center of the street, says the New York Times. Recently its diameter has approached 30 feet.

Yesterday afternoon Hans Schmidt was driving pensively through the street making his afternoon deliveries from his grocery wagon. Through the center of the puddle he drove. He stopped. Looking up he found that the horse and wagon were gradually sinking.

"Was ist los? Was ist los?" he shouted to the horse.

But the intelligent animal continued to sink deeper and deeper into the mire. Soon his legs had vanished and the wagon's wheels were buried beyond the hubs.

"Es ist an earthquake, yes," sighed Hans.

The head and back of the horse were soon the only parts of the animal visible, the wagon kept pace with the horse's depression. Hans got out of the wagon and stood disconsolately on an island of horseback.

"Marooned you are, that's certain," cried a voice from across the street, and John MacDonald, a resident of the neighborhood, stepped cautiously toward the sink hole's edge. Hans gave a look about.

"I can't swim a stroke," he told the other.

"It's easy," said MacDonald; "it's all a question of specific gravity. A Dutchman is denser than a Scotchman, who sinks the faster. That's metaphysics. So don't you try to swim. Now, I won't sink."

MacDonald started into the hole with a rush. To his dismay he began to sink at once rapidly. Hans danced about the horse's back.

"Was ist dot specific graveness?" he roared.

"You'd be out of sight by this time," returned MacDonald, "half way to China."

He made a gesture toward China and sank to his waist.

But in the end he succeeded in clinging to the horse's back. Then the marooned men got word to a hook and ladder truck around the corner. They were taken off their island via the firemen's ladders, and after three hours' work the company pried out horse and wagon.

Later in the afternoon they were called to rescue another grocer. At dark they were working by lantern on a third cart and horse.

### Rubbing It In.

Mrs. Closefast—It's too bad that I, like most women, have no head for figures.

Closefast—Well, suppose you had? Mrs. Closefast—Oh, then I might be able to tell you what I did with that dollar you gave me three weeks ago.—Chicago Daily News.

### Nothing to Fear.

Lady—Little boy, isn't that your mother calling you?

Little Boy—Yes'm.

Why don't you answer her?

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## MAKE BELIEVE PEOPLE

By RANVILLE OSBORNE

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### TACKLING THE TRAMP PROBLEM.

John Burns, the well known labor member of the cabinet, on investigating this question recently was surprised to find a large proportion of professional tramps among the unemployed—men who had not worked even when employment was abundant. Leaving to others the relief of the deserving sufferers, he has turned his attention vigorously to considering what shall be done with the chronic and voluntarily idle. Adopting the best points of the system in vogue in Denmark and Germany, labor colonies will be established throughout England where the tramp will be taught to work for his daily bread. For this purpose tramps will be considered as belonging to one of three classes: The willfully idle, the casual vagrants and the genuine workers. The first will be compelled to work for from six months to three years, until the habit of industry is thoroughly implanted. The casual itinerants will be detained but two days at the labor colony, where they will have an opportunity to observe the treatment accorded the chronic idlers. The genuine worker will be lodged and fed in exchange for labor and given a certificate admitting him to the next place of detention along the road where he can repeat the program for a period not to exceed two days.

### GETTING OVER BEING FUNNY.

Not long ago, on an occasion where several very distinguished gentlemen from the North were making addresses to a great black audience in the South, a popular New York clergyman arose and began to "get down" to his audience, says the New York Times. In the main his address consisted of a number of farcical stories, each one of which he endeavored to use as the point of some moral. The colored people listened with gravity to these attempts at comedy; and a white watcher among them heard one of them say to another: "What for he talk that way? Does he think we's infants?"

With its new effort to take charge of its own destiny, the race has become serious. Sometimes it looks as if it were becoming too serious. But there can be no question that it has cause to put aside habitual frivolity. It will have to be heroic if it conquers the future. It must make more rapid progress than the white race ever dreamed of making. It must traverse centuries of development in decades, or years. The time is gone when it can laugh, and sing, and play the idler and leave its destinies to another race.

### PRESIDENT ELIOT ON RICHES.

Since the Civil War a new kind of rich man has come into existence in the United States. He is very much richer than anybody ever was before, and his riches are, in the main, of a new kind, says World's Work. They are not great areas of land, or numerous palaces, or flocks and herds, or thousands of slaves, or masses of chattels. They are in part city rents, but chiefly stocks and bonds of corporations, and bonds of States, counties, cities and towns. These riches carry with them of necessity no visible or tangible responsibility, and bring upon their possessor no public or semi-public functions.

It is quite unnecessary in this country to feel alarm about the rise of a permanent class of very rich people. To transmit great estates is hard. They get divided or dispersed. The heirs are often unable to keep their inherited treasures, or if, by the help of lawyers and other hired agents, they manage to keep them, they cease to accumulate and only spend. This is one of the natural effects on his children of the very rich man's mode of life. With rarest exceptions the very rich men of today are not the sons of the very rich men of thirty years ago, but are new men.

### RISE OF THE COUNTRY LAWYER.

Mr. Cleveland has paid, in an article in the Youth's Companion, a tribute that was long due, from some distinguished and capable hand, to the American country lawyer. He shows that eighteen of our twenty-five Presidents have been country lawyers. In the Senate of the Fifty-eighth Congress there were thirty-seven country lawyers and sixteen city lawyers out of a total membership of ninety, and in the House of Representatives 190 country lawyers and sixty-two city lawyers out of 386 members.

The country lawyer is usually one eminently fit to lead. He is the best that there is to his town. He is not stamped with the mold of the commonplace. He is individual, often eccentric and generally a thinker on his own account. He travels about the State, even if he seldom gets out of it. He is the window by which the light of the outside world beats into his community. Even the country editor must respect and consult him. When he expands and becomes a national figure, as so many village lawyers have done, nobody at home is surprised. It is the natural thing.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure  
Digests what you eat.

marked a turning point in his life. Lindsay was an actor—a good one, famous for his sympathetic acting of character parts. Carter sat at his feet and listened—and talked, at first shyly, and then in a flood of excited words.

"There ought to be good stuff in that old town of yours," he said, easily, one day to Carter, "for a first-rate play—a kind of 'Down East'—'Old Home'—and thing, you know. Why don't you write it, Carter? You've nothing else to do, and you really know a lot about stage affairs," laughing carelessly.

Carter caught his breath suddenly. "Oh, I don't know. Maybe I will some day. Would you play it?"

He thought his voice was quite indifferent in tone. "Might—if it proved to be what I wanted, and had a good part for me in it. Go ahead," Lindsay added, kindly.

All through the summer Carter's mother had seen him go nightly to Lindsay's. Her thin lips tightened, as on the day she crushed the "Make-Believe People," her eyes grew stern and unyielding.

The next spring Carter went to New York with a roll of manuscript in his bag. In a week's time he was back, his thin face a little keener, and lines of disappointment about his eyes. In the autumn he went away again.

At home his mother waited and prayed, and occasionally wept. "He's got it in him," she sighed, fearfully.

One night Carter came back. His mother read his face and braced herself for the blow. At the tea-table he looked up appealingly and said:

"Mother, I have been writing a play, and Lindsay has bought it. He's going to put it on this next season."

His mother pulled her shawl about her shoulders and shivered slightly. Her voice was even and colorless when she answered:

"I guessed that this was going on. So you have chosen your life? It is in you—the player's blood. My sister, whom I loved deeply, went on the stage—and her soul was lost—she died—somewhere—miserably; we never knew. Your father had it—and his life was a failure. Perhaps it will be better for you to go away. It will only hurt me and hurt you—your staying now. No, don't answer me yet."

She rose and left him alone.

Carter went away. Lindsay put his play on, and made a big hit with it. The papers were kind to it. The public accepted it, and laughed, and cried, and applauded over its homely pathos and humor. It ran all that winter in New York.

Carter's mother missed him sorely. At first she did not admit it, even to herself; later the conviction was forced upon her. The fiber of her disappointment and shame over her only son released gradually; she never knew how it came about, but one day, quite by accident, she read in a paper a flattering account of James Carter's play. His mother frowned and laid the paper hastily aside. In the evening she cut out the notice and put it between the leaves of the "Life of Bishop Simpson." She cut out another that same week.

The inconsistency of her position at first troubled her ceaselessly. At last she made a deep and stern decision; it came after a night of prayer and struggle. That afternoon she took the train for New York.

Carter chanced to be in the theater that evening in Lindsay's dressing-room.

"I say, Carter, there's a little bit of a thin woman down near the front that's worth watching. I've been playing to her all the evening. She's laughing and crying all at once, like a little girl. By Jove! she's really refreshing."

"Show her to me—can't I see her from the wings?" Carter said, when the last act was called.

"It's the little old lady in the second row left—see her?"

Carter started. "Why—why—" he began, boyishly, but he broke off into a laugh that was near something deeper.

"I know her," he said softly. "Lindsay, this is the biggest night of my life—that's my mother!"

"Jimmie," said his mother after the play was over, "why didn't you let that nice girl with the yellow hair marry the dark man?"

### Judgment Day Settlement.

An old negro in a small Georgia town had helped himself to some of a white neighbor's chickens. The owner traced the theft to him, however, and brought him to task.

"Look here, Uncle Mose," he said; "I don't mind the chickens so much—I would have given you one if you asked for it—but I don't like to see an old man commit a sin like that. What are you going to do at the judgment day, when we appear before the Lord, and those chickens are brought up as evidence against you?"

"Yo' low dem chickens gwine be dar, Marse Will?" the old man asked.

"They certainly will," was the answer, given with great impressiveness.

"Den," Uncle Mose said, "ah gwine say, 'Is dese yah yo' chickens, Marse Will?' an' yo'll say, 'Yes, an' ah'll say, 'All right, sah, yo' take 'em!'"—Harper's Weekly.

### Too Hard Work.

Doctor—Take a stated amount of exertion daily.

Patient—Will it be enough if I walk twice round my wife's theater hat every day?

Doctor—You'd better not risk over-exerting yourself at first. Begin with once, and increase the exercise as you feel able.—Royal Magazine.

### CLEMENCEAU'S CAREER.

French Premier Practiced Medicine in New York.

Probably few Americans who have read of the rise of the French Premier are acquainted with the fact that he is almost half an American citizen, and that had the Franco-Prussian war never occurred or been postponed for a year or two he might now be a prominent American legislator, or, at least, a thriving American physician.

Fr. Clemenceau, who is in his sixty-sixth year, comes from an old Huguenot family of the Vendee. Like Voltaire, another Vendean, M. Clemenceau writes direct eighteenth century French with aggressive brilliancy and originality and with a perspicacity which is the delight of critics. Like Voltaire, he was brought up on the Greek and Latin classics, and at an early age turned his attention to science. He studied medicine with distinction at the Nantes and Paris hospitals, and was interne at



M. Clemenceau.

each. At the age of twentytwo he wrote a still valuable work on "Anatomic Conceptions and General Physiology," and translated John Stuart Mill's "Auguste Comte and Positivism." In the later sixties he was one of the most formidable opponents to the empire among the "intellectuals" of the Paris Quartier. This antagonism was attended with a penalty. He was invited to leave the country.

In 1868 or 1869 he reached New York, his sole possession being a very fine collection of surgical instruments. At one time he decided to enter the career of a practicing physician in New York, and, as it was, there then being no regent's examination to pass, he actually laid the foundations of a substantial practice in the French colony south of Washington square. He also registered his intention to become an American citizen.

The Franco-Prussian war and, in its midst, the fall of the empire, caused him to return to rearrange his plans. Lacking the money to return to France, says the New York Times, he would have borrowed some on his surgical instruments from a New York friend, himself an eminent physician, had that friend not freely offered the money without security.

Dr. Clemenceau made his debut in the Chambers in 1876, where his lucidness of speech and coherence of theme, his closeness of argument, and his fine irony, at once won him distinction. The papers of that day, even those antagonistic to him, described him as a relief to the Ciceronian copiousness and elocutionary periods indulged in by his colleagues—even Gambetta. Coming from a Royalist Catholic province, Dr. Clemenceau was enabled to meet both clerical and royalists upon their own ground. No man in France has upset so many Ministries as he; no man in France has had such a power in forecasting and formulating international as well as national policy; yet no man has ever been so ill requited by those who formed Ministries made possible by the ruins he had created.

For thirty-six years he has been groping in the wilderness, so to speak. Neither Grevy nor Carnot, who practically owed their offices to him, rewarded him with the Premiership. His reputation as a disorganizer of Cabinet tranquility clung to him. His well-known independence and radicalism made him unsafe.

Dr. Clemenceau has two moving passions—his antipathy for Russia and his love for England. Each once cost him, at an unfortunate moment, his seat in the Chamber. In the interval between law-making and Cabinet-breaking he has written much—short stories, sketches of travel, essays, novels. Among the last may be mentioned "Les Plus Forts," a study of present day manners, aims and conditions of life which only a man with the most varied culture and with a broad knowledge of and a sympathy for the world could have written.

### Celebrating Oyster Season.

Colchester derives so much pecuniary benefit and celebrity through its oyster fishery that its Mayor and corporation have been appointed guardians of the industry. Once a year, at the opening of the oyster season, the city fathers sail to the fishing ground, and the Mayor formally assists in raising the first dredge of bivalves. Afterward, in fulfillment of an ancient custom, there is a luncheon, at which the distinctive luxury is gingerbread, washed down with raw gin, a combination which, it is reasonable to assume, will fix the event in the memory for several days.

Don't make many acquaintances if you want to be rich; you may find it necessary to spend money now and then to keep their good will.

If you don't make many acquaintances you will eventually find yourself very lonely, and the selfishness in you may make you an outcast even with wealth.

Action is the thing the body uses to express itself and if it could put its expressions into words it would probably seem as foolish as many of our minds.

When you are poor you must practise abstinence and exercise your body to exist; when you're rich you must practise them both to enjoy the things you may have.

**BADGER PHILOSOPHY.**

The only successful failures are the prearranged ones.

Many people cover up their errors by howling about those of their neighbors.

A man can become reconciled to the fact that he is homely. A woman never.

Every time a woman washes her hair she always apologizes for its condition afterward.

Lots of people feel that they are never making headway unless they get more than they earn.

After a man has been dubbed a good fellow it's an awful comedown for him in the eyes of his friends to learn he has joined a church.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**WISE SAYINGS.**

It is best not to be rash.—Sir Walter Scott.

Short reckonings make long friends.—French.

Reason lies between the bride and the spur.—Italian.

He who is not ready to-day will be less so to-morrow.—Cvid.

Some refuse roast meat and afterward long for the smoke of it.—Italian.

**Many Children are Sickly.**  
Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Break up Colds in 24 Hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

**A Certain Cure for Chills.**  
Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Chills, Frost-bites, Damp, Sweating, Swollen feet. At all druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

**Send Your Cattle and Horse Hides** to the CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., and have them converted into coats, robes, rugs, gloves and mittens; better and cheaper goods than you can buy. Never mind the distance. "Crosby pays the freight." See our new illustrated catalog page 18. If interested send for it. 35W4

Willie wailed and Winnie wheezed, while wintry winds whined weirdly. Willie wriggled while Winnie wheezed wretchedly. Wisdom whispers, winter winds work wheezes. Wherefore we write, "Use Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup." Nothing else so good. Sold by J. S. Banker, Genoa, N. Y.

A liquid cold relief with a laxative principle which drives out the cold through a copious action of the bowels, and a healing principle which lingers in the throat and stops the cough—that is Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. Safe and sure in its action; pleasant to take; and conforms to National Pure Food and Drug Law. Contains no opiates. Sold by J. S. Banker's drug store, Genoa, N. Y.

**A Valuable Lesson.**  
"Six years ago I learned a valuable lesson," writes John Pleasant, of Magnolia, Ind. "I then began taking Dr. King's New Life Pills; and the longer I take them the better I find them." They please everybody. Guaranteed at J. S. Banker's drug store, Genoa, N. Y. 25c.

**VENICE TOWN INSURANCE Co.**

**\$900,000 in Farm Risks.**  
OFFICE, GENOA, N. Y.

Average assessment for ten years 1.04¢ per \$1,000.00. Where can you do better?

Wm. Sharpsteen, Secy., GENOA, 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.



**A KEG OR A CAR, WHICH**

"It makes me laugh," said Dave Sinclair, "To hear the fellows shout That liquor sales will be increased When license is knocked out."

"They say they'll introduce 'blind pigs,' And sell it on the sly, And any one can get the stuff That has the cash to buy."

"I used to run a railroad train In prohibition days; We'd sometimes haul a keg or two, Which 'niggers' sneaked away."

"But when the license introduced The self-respecting bar, Instead of hauling by the keg, We hauled it by the car." The above witty poem, by Brother Lyman, is based upon actual fact. Mr. Sinclair was a conductor upon the Milwaukee line, and his testimony furnished the basis for this little poem. The occasion for it is the oft-repeated, though foolish, declaration that more liquor is sold without saloons than with.—Rev. E. Penn Lyman, in South Dakota Anti-Saloon Issue.

**A TEMPERANCE WAVE.**

Reform Movement Ncted in England, Germany and America.

The comforting belief that the world is growing better, or at least more temperate, has much to sustain it. For one thing, there comes from England, which has been immemorably a beer-drinking country, the report that the people of King Edward's realm are drinking proportionately less alcoholic liquor than formerly. Statistics are dry, even when applied to such a subject as the irrigating habits of a nation; yet they have their uses, and in this connection they may be cited to prove the British growth in temperance. The figures show that during the last six years, while the population of the United Kingdom increased 2,000,000, the annual consumption of beer fell off about 2,500,000 gallons. That is remarkable in view of the part beer drinking has played in English life for generations.

It is almost impossible for the reader of English literature to conceive of the average Briton as other than an imbiber of alcoholic liquors in some form. The stories of Dickens, pre-eminently the portrayal of English life in all its phases, present the brandy bottle, the wine glass and the beer mug at every turn, and no other writer has so glorified convivial habits. The liquor issue has often figured in politics, and there is at least a tradition that one of the Gladstone cabinets was thrown out of power because it increased the tax on "the poor man's beer." It looks as though a great change has come. The falling off in the consumption of beer is no less remarkable than the decline in the use of spirits, the sale of which in England is said to have decreased about 18 per cent within the six years under consideration.

But Great Britain is not the only country where temperance in drinking is making headway, says the Troy Times. Germany, commonly regarded as a land where Gambrius has especially free sway, reports a diminution in wine and beer drinking, and not long since a statement was made showing a surprisingly large number of total abstainers, including all classes of society, and especially notable because of the high standing of many including in the record. And while France, where wine "flows like water," has not yet sworn off, an official statement shows that beer and other lighter beverages are being substituted in a remarkable degree for the more heady alcoholic drinks. The "water wagon" is getting recruits in every direction.

**FATAL TO LONG LIFE.**

Alcoholic Drinks Cut Years Off a Man's Life.

In the Klinischen Jahrbuch, an official Prussian publication, Prof. Guttstadt, of Berlin, publishes investigations regarding the mortality of men engaged in drink trades, and compares these deaths with the mortality statistics of men engaged in legitimate occupations, and insured in the Gotha Life Insurance company. According to these statistics a bartender has six times the chance of dying before 40 that a clergyman has. Then as to diseases. The deaths of 1,000 men over 25 years are taken as a standard. In Prussia, of every 1,000 deaths 161 are from tuberculosis. But of every 1,000 deaths among bartenders, 556 are from tuberculosis; among brewery employees, 345; school teachers, 143; physicians, 113; and clergy 76. In the statistics of accidents among the 134,753 miners in Ober-Schlesien, the sum total was 12,145, or 90 accidents to the thousand. Among the 100,904 brewers and maltsters of Germany there were 11,968 accidents, or 18.6 per thousand. This is a higher average than in any other trade, even the most perilous, and gives point, as Prof. Guttstadt remarks, to the grim jest which ascribes to these men the name of "bier leiche" (beer corpses). It is accounted for by the fact that six to eight litres of free beer daily are allowed all the hands.

Charged to Whisky. Gen. Grant says that 90 per cent. of the troubles in the army are due to whisky. Human nature seems to be the same in the army as elsewhere.

**50th Time 50th Time**

9 cent Lunch.

For your convenience we will furnish daily during this sale a good wholesome lunch from 11 a. m. to 2 p. m. You will therefore not be obliged to leave the store or go through the ordeal of restaurant seeking.



Free! Free!

We pay your care fare within a radius of 30 miles. We pack and ship your goods to your home, station. We stable your team on purchases of \$10.00 or over.

**Ten Days' Clearing Sale**  
Commences Monday, Feb. 4, 1907

**CONTINUING FOR 10 DAYS.**

This Sale is The Genuine, The Biggest, The Honest, The Beneficial, The Greatest.

- DRY GOODS LIST.**  
Prints 2, 3 and 4c per yard  
Apron gingham 3 1/2 and 5c " "  
Dress " 4, 6, 8 & 12 1/2c " "  
Printed lawns 3, 5, 7 and 9c " "  
Outing flannels 4, 6 and 8c " "  
Bleached muslin 4, 5, 6 & 7c " "  
Unbleached muslin 4, 5, 6 & 7c " "  
Shirtings 6, 7, 9 and 11c " "  
Domest flannel 3 1/2, 5, 7 & 9c " "  
Percale 5, 7 and 9c " "  
Cheese cloth 3 and 5c " "  
Dress satins 5, 7, 9 and 12 1/2c " "  
Wool flannel 15, 18, 23 & 39c " "  
Wool waisting 17, 19, 21 & 29c " "  
Pillow cases 7, 9, and 12 1/2c each  
Sheets, ready-made, 33, 39, 44, 49 & 58c  
Blankets, 44, 69, 87, 98c \$1.49 to \$10  
Comfortables 49, 58, 68, 79, 98c \$1.19 up  
500 10 yd dress patterns 47c  
Turkey red cloth 12 1/2, 15, 17, 21, 24, 29, 39c up  
Napkins per doz 39, 48, 59, 68, 79, 88, 98c \$1.48 up to \$5.00  
Doilies, each 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 12 1/2c  
Table cloths 79, 98c \$1.19, 1.69, 1.98  
Towels 3, 4, 5, 7, 12 1/2, 15c and up  
Turkish towels 5, 7, 9, 12 1/2, 15c and up  
Counterpanes 49, 58, 68, 79, 98c to \$10  
India Linens 5, 7, 9, 12 1/2, 17, 23c, per yd  
Fancy checks 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 1/2, 15c  
White stripes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 1/2c  
Merc'd white goods 12 1/2, 15, 17 & 21c  
Towel'ng 3, 5, 9, 12 1/2 and 17c
- SILK DRESS GOODS AND LININGS.**  
Foulard silks 19, 34, 49, 58c  
Taffeta silks, col'd, 25, 39, 48, 58c  
China silk white 25, 34, 47, 59c  
Changeable taffeta 33, 48, 69 and 98c  
Crepe de Chine colors and black 49, 58 and 69c  
Fancy checks and stripes, silk, 39, 58c  
Fancy plaids 49, 58, 69 and 87c  
Novelty silks 39, 48, 59, 64, 78, 98c  
Bagdad all colors 49c
- BLACK SILKS.**  
Taffetas 25, 39, 48, 57, 69, 87c and up  
Liberty satins 58, 79 and 87c yd  
Satin duchesse 58, 69 and 87c yd  
Silk grenadines 49, 58, 79 and 87c  
Peau de Cygne 49, 78c
- DRESS GOODS.**  
Fancy plaids 5, 9, 12 1/2, 19, 38c  
Cashmere colors 19, 28, 39 and 58c  
Henriettes colors 48, 59, 68, 78 & 98c  
Mohair fancies 29, 38, 47, 58 & 69c  
Broadcloths 79, 98c, \$1.47, 1.87 yd  
Voiles and Panamas 47, 59, 68, 83, 98c
- BLACK DRESS GOODS**  
In endless variety 19c up to \$3.00 yd
- LININGS.**  
Lining cambrics 3c per yd  
Percalines 7, 9, 12 1/2 and 17c per yd  
Fancy percalines 12 1/2, 15 and 19c yd  
Merc'ized satines black and colors 19, 28 and 39c per yd  
Crimolines 7, 9 and 12 1/2c per yd
- COATS, SUITS, FURS, WAISTS, ETC.**  
Misses' coats 98c, \$1.98, 2.98, 6.88, 9.98, 12.50 and up  
Fur scarfs 69, 98c, \$1.49, 1.98, 2.98, 3.98, 5.00 and up  
Fur coats \$10, 15, 20, 25, 35 and up  
Misses' and children's furs 49, 69, 98c, \$1.98, 3.79 and up  
Ladies' suits \$5.98, 8.98, 11.98 and up  
Ladies' and Misses' skirts in wool 98c, \$1.98, 2.99, 3.49, 4.98 and up  
Ladies' Silk waists \$1.98, 2.49, 3.98, 4.98, 6.98 and up  
Cotton waists 39, 49, 98c and \$1.49  
House wrappers 49, 68, 79, 98c  
Dressing gowns 19, 39, 48, 79, 98c up  
Children's dresses 19, 39, 48, 79, 98c up  
Children's coats, 98, \$1.49, 1.98, 2.98, 3.98, 4.69 and up  
Petticoats and underskirts 49, 67, 87, 98c, \$1.29 and 1.87
- SILK PETTICOATS \$3.49, 4.29, 4.98 and up**
- LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES.**  
Women's shoes 98c, \$1.39, 1.87, 2.49, 2.98  
Misses' shoes, 69, 89, 98c, \$1.08 to 1.78  
Boys' and girls' shoes 69, 79, 88, 98c, \$1.19  
Infants' shoes 19, 39, 68c  
Ladies' and Misses' rubbers 29, 38, 43, 58, 69c
- SUIT CASES.**  
79c, \$1.15, 1.59, 2.25, 3.98  
Traveling bags 79, 98c, \$1.19, 1.39
- UMBRELLAS.**  
33, 79, 98c, \$1.39, 1.68, 1.98 and up
- GLOVES.**  
Ladies' Kid gloves 39, 58, 69, 98c up  
Woolen gloves 19, 33, 39, 58, 69c pair  
Men's gloves 3, 18, 21, 33, 57c pair
- LADIES' AND MISSES' HATS.**  
Untrimmed 5, 10, 19, 39, 49c  
Trimmed 69, 98c \$1.98 and \$2.49  
Feathers 29, 37 and 47c
- UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, ETC.**  
Corset covers 19, 39, 48, 69c  
Night gowns 39, 59, 69, 89 and 98c  
Chemises 19, 39, 58, 69 and 98c  
Drawers 19, 39, 58, 69, 98c  
Corsets 19, 39, 48, 69, 78 and 98c  
Aprons 8, 12 1/2, 19, 39 and 58c  
Handkerchiefs 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 13 1/2, 15, 19c  
Men's handkerchiefs 4, 7, 9, 12 1/2, 15, 19c  
Ribbons 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12 1/2c per yd  
Laces 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12 1/2c per yard  
Hamburgs, edgings 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 1/2c  
Fancy neckwear 9, 12 1/2, 15, 17, 23, 29, 39 and 47c  
Outing gowns 37, 48, 69, 98c  
Men's night shirts 33, 49, 69 and 87c  
Men's Neck wear 9, 17, 21, 37c  
Men's suspenders 9, 15, 17 and 21c  
Men's working shirts 33 and 42c  
Men's underwear 19, 39, 47, 59, 88c  
Men's Negligee shirts 33, 47, 59, 88c  
Men's hosiery 2, 4, 7, 9, 10, 12 1/2c  
Ladies' hosiery 5, 9, 12, 16, 19 and 21c  
Ladies' underwear 17, 21, 27 and 38c  
Children's hose 5, 7, 9, 12 1/2, 15c  
Combination suits 33, 58, 67 and 88c  
Ladies' combination suits 33, 58, 69, 87c  
Toilet soaps 2, 4, 7, 9 and 17c  
Ladies' belts 9, 17, 21, 33 and 37c
- CURTAINS, CARPETS, RUGS, ETC.**  
Lace curtains 39, 59, 63, 79, 98c, \$1.49, 1.98 and 2.50 and up  
Muslin curtains 19, 29, 43, 58, 79, 98c, \$1.49, 1.98  
Tapestry curtains 98c, \$1.49, 1.98, 2.49, 3.68, 4.98, 5.98 and up  
Rope draperies 79c, \$1.25, 1.98, 2.98 and 3.98  
Silkolines 7 1/2c and 8 1/2c  
Muslin curtain materials 3, 5, 7, 9, 12 1/2c and up  
Tapestry curtain materials 33, 39, 48, 68, 98c  
Tickings and denims 15, 19 and 29c  
Stand and table spreads 19, 38, 49, 69, 95c, \$1.39  
Curtain poles 7, 12 1/2, 15, 19 and 25c  
Sofa pillow tops 17, 28, 39, 69c each  
Ingrain carpets 19, 21, 27, 33, 39, 53c  
Tapestry Brussels 45, 68, 79 and 88c  
Body Brussels 98c, \$1.15, 1.25  
Velvet Brussels 79, 87 and 98c  
Axminster 78, 98c, \$1.15  
Saxony Rugs 33, 48, 98c, \$1.39  
Japanese Rugs 33, 48, 98c, \$1.39  
Axminster Rugs 69, 98c, \$1.69, 2.98  
Wilton Rugs 98c, \$1.49, 1.98, 2.98 and up  
Art Squares, special prices, according to size  
Large size room Rugs \$5, \$10, all red'd  
Floor oil cloth 17, 31 and 29c per yd  
Linoleum 39, 48, 58c per yd  
Table oil cloths 12 1/2c

Don't confound this sale with others. There is none like it. There is none which approaches it. There is none as beneficial. It is our own idea and improved yearly for 25 years. Out-of-town people can do their trading any day they may choose to come. With our enlarged rooms and extra facilities we can serve you best this time.

Our Daily Extras.

Every day we will place extra special bargains in a separate place not advertised in this space.



Make your appointments to meet your friends here during some of the sale days. They will surely be here and we want you.

**Rothschild Bros.**

**Farmers, Attention!**

Feed **Buckwheat Middlings** and you will **Make money** your **Cows** will begin to **Give** more **Milk** at once.

If you are buying high priced feed it's like (compared to Buckwheat Middlings) buying carloads of five cent pieces at about eight cents each. Give our feed a trial and be convinced. It's dry, sound and wholesome, and only **\$20.00** per ton in bulk.

**J. G. ATWATER & SON,**  
King Ferry Station, N. Y.

**Wall Paper**  
Don't Put Off Your Papering

until spring. Do it now when paper hangers are not rushed with work and when you can have the choicest line of paper to select from. Our 1907 lines of paperings are most all in and comprise some of the prettiest, daintiest and latest patterns of wall paperdom. Come and look them over anyway, whether you want to buy or not.

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Opp Tompkins Co. Bank, Ithaca, N. Y.