The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XVII. No. 28. GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 14, 1908. EMMA A. WALDO.

Confidence

when eating, that your food is of highest wholesomeness—that it has nothing in it that can injure or distress you—makes the repast doubly comfortable and satisfactory.

This supreme confidence you have when the food is raised with

ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

The only baking powder made with Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

There can be no comforting confidence when eating alum baking powder food. Chemists say that more or less of the alum powder in unchanged alum or alum salts remains in the food.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Ensenore Heights.

FEB. 10—Mrs. Cora M. Morgan recently spent several days in Syracuse as the guest of her niece, Miss Ruth Cuykendall.

Miss Florence VanDuyne of Auburn was a Sunday guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William VanDuyne.

LeRoy VanDuyne and Fred Eggleston who have been practicing telegraphy in Auburn this winter, have received appointments as night operators—Mr. VanDuyne at Lake Ridge and Mr. Eggleston at Cayuga Junction.

In spite of the raging blizzard of the last week and more, Bert Stevens, mail carrier, has made his trip every day from his home south of Venice through Scipio and Merrifield to Auburn and return, a distance of thirty-five miles, when the R. D. carriers from Ensenore did not make their trips, and some days no trains got through on the new Auburn and Lansing R. R. Last Thursday two young men from Merrifield attempted to follow him to Auburn, but only went a few miles, and gave up and returned home. Friday night the roads south of Scipio were so badly drifted that he left his horse at Scipio, carried the mail on foot to Venice, walked back to Scipio Saturday morning and drove to Auburn as usual. He certainly deserves great praise.

Sadness was cast over this whole community to learn of the critical condition of Rev Hugh Rafferty, at Akin, N. C., where he went some time ago on account of ill health. It was hoped that change of climate might benefit him but he has been gradually growing worse.

Coughs of Children

Especially night coughs. Nature needs a little help to quiet the irritation, control the inflammation, check the progress of the disease. Our advice is—give the children Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your doctor if this is his advice also. He knows best. Do as he says.

Ayer's

We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

If you think constipation is of trifling consequence, just ask your doctor. He will tell you of that notion is short order. "Correct it, at once!" he will say. Then ask him about Ayer's Pills. A mild laxative pill, all vegetable.

Lansingville.

FEB. 10—Orlando White is visiting his sister, Mrs. Jane Harris, in New York city.

George Wilbur and daughter of Wisconsin, were recent guests of his sister, Mrs Lester Boles.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bower attended a dinner, Thursday, at the home of Mrs. John Palmer at Five Corners, who entertained a number of her former school friends.

Mrs. George Inman and Wesley DeCamp are both on the sick list.

Theodore Smith and Dwight Castelin visited friends in Auburn last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Burr Knox were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tucker on Saturday of last week.

Miss Susie Bower has been visiting Mrs. James Stearns at Ludlowville.

There has been no church services the past two Sundays, on account of the severe storm.

Miss Nellie Hamilton spend a few days in Ithaca recently.

Miss Lila Bunnell visited friends in Groton last week.

Venice.

FEB 8—Stella Bishop has been spending the past week with Genoa relatives, also taking Regents examinations.

Chas. Putnam left last week for Virginia where he expects to make his future home. Elmer Delap and family also expect to leave for Virginia in a few weeks.

C. D. Divine and wife visited at L. B. Parker's Wednesday.

Mrs. Henry Purdy is under the doctor's care.

Mrs. Wm. Jennings who has been sick for the past two weeks is improving.

Simon Arnold visited North Lansing friends last week.

Word has been received from Despatch, that Frank Hoagland, who recently underwent an operation at Dr. Lee's hospital was worse. His father, Mansfield Hoagland, left last night for Despatch.

O. H. Misner is quite poorly.

Millwood Fitch, our mail carrier, has been unable to make any trips since Wednesday, on account of the severe snow storm and blocked roads. He gets as far as Cascade, but cannot get up the hill. Chas. Bardeen came from Cascade yesterday and brought the mail for all in this vicinity.

Chapped Cracked Hands. Violet Marshmallow cream keeps the hands free from chapping, heals them quickly if already chapped. It makes the skin soft and comfortable. It is delightfully perfumed and is pleasant to use. 25 cts. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Scipioville.

FEB 3—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. DeShong are at her father's, Wm. McCormick, after an absence of three months in Washington, D. C. Rumor says they are to work Mr. McCormick's farm this year.

Mr. Ben. Cain of Seneca Falls recently spent a few days in town calling on old friends.

Mrs. Ed Whitten and daughter who have been spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Gaylord Anthony, have returned to their home in Rochester.

The hay pressers held a dance in McCormick's hall Jan. 31, and had a large crowd. Music by McDermott's orchestra. On account of the blizzard some were unable to get away until afternoon.

The Christian Endeavor society will hold a valentine social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Austin Thursday evening, Feb. 13. All are cordially invited.

Mrs. Geo. Cooper of Auburn who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. Wilshere, has returned to her home.

Miss Anice Drake of Ithaca is spending some time with Mrs. Lewis Atwater.

Ledyard.

FEB. 10—Ledyard has been in the grip of the blizzard for the past week, but we only failed to get our mail one day. The stage started Friday and was obliged to come back on account of the drifts. Saturday the round trip was made from King Ferry, starting after noon and returning about 9 o'clock. Who can beat that record with the roads drifted full?

Mrs. Kirkland who has been ill for the past three weeks is slowly recovering.

Abbie Main has been confined to the house the past week with tonsilitis.

Mrs. Timothy Sullivan is under the doctor's care.

Mrs. Fanny Avery has returned from a four weeks' stay at Geneva.

Mr. and Mrs. G N. Coon entertained their neighbors with a phonograph concert recently.

Mr. George Coon is in feeble health

Mr. Fred Avery treated the school to a sleigh ride on Friday. They visited the King Ferry school.

Forks of the creek.

FEB. 5—The bear saw his shadow Feb 2, so we may look for six weeks more of winter

Several from this school attended Regents examinations at Genoa last week

Clinton Austin who has been very sick is some better.

Geo. Ellison who has been very sick is able to be out again.

Sarah Sill and S C. Boyer found a goose missing from each of their flocks Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Louisa Sickles, formerly of this place, died at the Masonic Home, at Utica, Feb. 3. Funeral was held at Five Corners church, Wednesday, at 2 o'clock.

North Lansing.

FEB. 11—The donation for last Friday evening at the hall, was put over until Tuesday evening, because of the severe storm.

Undertaker Baldwin of Ithaca, started on Saturday, with the body of Mrs. Lafayette Jacobs, which had been brought here from the West for burial, but was obliged because of the condition of the roads to return to Ithaca. The body was brought through on Tuesday.

Mrs. Howard Beardsley and little daughter are visiting in Virgil.

Denton Lobdell is very sick. Mrs. May Conley Morgan is helping to care for him. Mrs. Ruth Morton of Auburn came on Tuesday, called by the illness of her father.

For about three days the people here were almost entirely shut in, the roads in many places being filled with snow, but on Monday they were opened and the fine sleighing is being improved.

Atomizers. For the nose and throat. We are showing a well assorted line of atomizers ranging in prices from 50 cts. to $1.50. Let us show you. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

King Ferry.

FEB. 11—Floyd Abby is attending the Colby Telegraph school at Auburn.

Mr. Slarrow of Auburn has purchased the barber shop and pool rooms of James Detrick.

Fred Hulbert of Auburn is Station agent at King Ferry.

Miss Anna Lyon has accepted a position as teacher at Cayuga.

Mrs. Alfred Avery has returned from Old Forge, Pa., where she has been visiting some time.

A Lanterman has retired from his duties as deputy postmaster.

E. S. Bradley made a business trip to Newark, N. J., recently.

After an eight day blizzard we are doing business again.

Mrs. James Riley is very ill, and is under the care of Dr. Hatch.

Ed Murray is to work the Doyle farm, Wm. Murray the Jump farm and Harvey Smith the B. Lyon farm.

Farmers are paying for month hands from $25 to $30 per month.

Mrs Jennie Smith, Mrs. Helen Bradley and Mrs. Sara Giltner have been visiting friends in New York.

Miss Edna Aikin is attending school at Union Springs.

J. A. Greenfield made a business trip to the county seat on Wednesday.

FEB 12—Fred Weyant was in Lud-Ludlowville on Monday of this week

Miss Adena Goodyear is visiting her uncle, Jay Bunnell, in Lansing.

Monroe Shultz of Baldwinsville who has been visiting his uncle, Charles Counsell, returned home the first of the week.

Miss Elizabeth Stephenson of Ithaca is the guest of her sister, Mrs G. W. Shaw.

Chas. Cornell is moving from this place, east of Wheeler's Corners.

Arthur Counsell is spending some time with his brother at Sage.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Buchanan of Moravia were the guests of her brother, T. C. McCormick and family on Tuesday.

Mrs. Fred Weyant returned from Homer last week, where she was called by the sickness and death of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Thorp.

The King Ferry Gun Club will hold a chicken and turkey trap shoot at King Ferry on Saturday, Feb. 22, also a fox chase.

Miss Rena Murray is the new clerk in the store of Aikin & King

Ellsworth.

FEB 11—Carter Husted is suffering from a kick of a horse which he received on the limb above the knee. No bones were fractured.

Walter Bartlett of Aurora is making business calls in town this week.

Miss Luella Judge of Venice has been spending a few days at the home of her brother.

Miss Mary Callahan, whose foot was amputated, is able to be about on crutches. She is at present with relatives in Auburn.

John Rafferty has been called to North Carolina where his brother, Father Rafferty, is very ill.

The family of P. Lebar left Friday last for their future home at Lansingville.

Mrs. Winn, who has been quite ill for some time, is improving. Mrs. Giltner of King Ferry has been spending a few days with her.

The next Reading circle will meet at the home of Mrs. William Morgan Feb. 19.

Mrs. Jackson has so far recovered from her illness as to be able to spend a few days with her sister at Five Corners.

Miss Lena Brennan has entered the high school at Union Springs.

Bed Pans. All the styles. Porcelain, graniteware or rubber, any style you wish is here. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Hunting for Trouble.

"I've lived in California for 20 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 or money refunded at J. S. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's, King Ferry, druggists.

Five Corners.

FEB 11—It seems good to see the sun again after such a blizzard as we had all last week. Surely the old bear came out and saw his shadow and then went back quick.

The social which is to be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Algard next week Friday evening, Feb. 21, under the auspices of the Five Corners Ladies' Aid Society, has been changed from a leap year social to a Washington social, so the men will not officiate at this one, but at a leap year social later on. A cordial invitation is extended

Harry Curtis spent a few days recently at Groton with his sister, Mrs. Carl Clark, and brother James.

C G. Barger made a business trip o Ithaca yesterday.

Mrs. E B. Stewart has the prevailing distemper—grip. Dr. Hatch of King Ferry is attending her.

Andrew Brink of North Lansing attended the funeral of Mrs. Louisa Sickles which was held here last week Wednesday.

Clinton Austin, who has been seriously ill of typhoid pneumonia, is slowly recovering

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Swartwood is under the care of Dr. A. Rosecrans.

Mrs. James McCarthy is slowly recovering from her severe illness.

Mr and Mrs. John Palmer entertained a few of their friends at a dinner last week Thursday.

S. S Close has nearly recovered from his severe illness of last week.

Mrs. Walter Hunt is under the care of Dr. Rosecrans.

Mrs. George Morrison was taken worse last Saturday night but is a little better at this writing.

Master Carl Goodyear was pleasantly surprised this week Tuesday by his father purchasing him a phonograph which he had wished for a long time. It is a dandy one, no mistake.

The social which was to be held at E. D. Cheesman's last week Friday was postponed until this week Wednesday evening on account of the big storm of last week.

Miss Lizzie Wager is the attending nurse at Caleb Corwin's who is doing as well as could be expected after such a severe operation.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our thanks to the friends and neighbors who assisted us during our recent bereavement and to those who furnished flowers.

MRS ELLEN A. LESTER,
MR. and MRS EDWIN DEAN.

Hot Water Bottles. The Aurora, a cloth lined bag, more soft and pliable than most bags and still of such a quality that they will outwear several of the ordinary bags, 2 qt. size, red rubber. $1.25. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

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, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's, King Ferry, druggists. 25c.

Try our Job Printing.

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

H. E. ANTHONY, M. D.
MORAVIA, N. Y.

Office hours 7 to 8:30 a. m., 1 to 2 p. m. 7 to 9 p. m.

Miller 'Phone. Bell 'Phone.

Special attention given to Diseases of the Eye and FITTING OF GLASSES.

Lake Ridge and Vicinity.

FEB. 12—Mrs. Harriet Fenner is entertaining her aunt, Miss Biggs, of Troy.

A donation for Rev. Mr. Richardson was held at the home of Mr. Albert Bissell Thursday evening, Feb. 13.

The Lake Ridge W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Mary Dates, and sewed for the family of Mr. Frank Bower who were recently burned out in Ludlowville.

In the face of the blizzard on Friday, Mr. Luther Greenfield of Pennsylvania and later of Ithaca and Richford made a business trip through Lake Ridge. He was enroute to Auburn.

Rev. Mr. Whitcomb spent a part of last week in Ithaca.

For two Sabbaths past there have been no services held in the M. E. church at Belltown.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Wager were in Ithaca on Monday.

Ernest Buchanan, mail carrier on Route No. 9, made his regular daily trips all through the storm of last week.

Mrs. Cora Davis spent two days in Ithaca last week.

Mrs. Cuatt is visiting her daughter, Mrs Asa Bailey.

Mr and Mrs R. M. Hilliard are visiting in Alpine.

Seymour King is taking private dancing lessons in Ithaca. When he becomes proficient, he expects to make the teaching of dancing his life work.

Mrs. Marcia Lester of Oswego is the guest of Mrs. Albert Bissell.

Bert Mosely takes much pride in his flock of Buff- Orpington fowls, which is said to be the finest in this part of the state.

John Dates waited patiently all last week for the clouds to roll by so that he might be able to start for Groton, with two laods of goods which he had loaded.

Miss Lila Bunnell is ill with measles at the home of her cousin, Mrs. Ward White.

The girls from the Lake Ridge school who took Regents at Union Springs all passed, thereby reflecting much credit on their teacher, Miss Keegan.

Is your baby thin, weak, fretful?

Make him a *Scott's Emulsion* baby.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites prepared so that it is easily digested by little folks.

Consequently the baby that is fed on *Scott's Emulsion* is a sturdy, rosy-cheeked little fellow full of health and vigor.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00.

THE AUTOMOBILE AND GOOD ROADS.

Eloquent and Instructive Address Upon the Growth and Influence of the Automobile Industry by Senator Chauncey M. Depew at the Annual Dinner of the Automobile Club in New York on January 25, 1908.

Gentlemen: This club with its appointments, its membership and its garage is evidence of the remarkable progress of a new industry. The presence of the very accomplished, able and distinguished Ambassador of France who has come from Washington for the sole purpose of attending this meeting shows the international interest in the automobile industry. In fact the automobile, for whose completion and perfection French genius has done so much, has brought France and the United States closer together than anything which has occurred since Lafayette joined the American army under General Washington.

There is hardly any subject which does not have some bearing upon the views of the fathers of the republic. The constitution which they framed remains as it came from the hands of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson and Adams. It so completely embodies the essentials of representative government that it was sufficient for the three millions of people with the wilderness behind them of their time, as it is for the ninety millions in the forty-six states of today. If they could revisit the scenes of their activities they would feel at home and happy on the political side, but a few days' experience of modern life would drive them back to their celestial abode. We cannot imagine the feelings of General Washington while going from New York to Washington in five hours when in his time it took that number of days, or of riding in a trolley car through the streets of the Capital which he was at so much pains to lay out, or of talking a thousand miles through the telephone, or of sending a wireless message to London and receiving an answer within an hour when communication between these points in his time took one hundred and twenty days. Speed is the factor of the world's progress. Time is and always has been everything. Speed and time measure the capacity of the human intellect and the profitableness or failure of the farm, the mine, the factory and the store. They enable ten times as many people to live on this earth as could have existed one hundred years ago. They have made the luxuries of a century ago the common place comforts of today. Those of us who have passed the three-score-and-ten period have witnessed most of these marvels. We have seen the clipper ship hailed as a wonder of the world because it reduced the crossing of the Atlantic from sixty to thirty days, and we have seen the Mauretania do the same in four days and a few hours. We have seen the sloop almost driven from the Hudson River by the steamboat, and the steamboat reduced to limited usefulness by the railroad. We have seen the waterways on which our internal commerce wholly depended subordinated to the railroads because of the influence of speed upon economy in time. The horse was developed with the greatest care to accomplish the same results. A second a mile to a trotter was of national importance. But now we have the horseless carriage for the roadway and tremendous progress is being made on the airship.

There is a tradition that some old fellow perfected a three-wheeled steam roadwagon eighty years ago. His invention lay dormant for sixty years and was of little account until seventy had passed. The automobile industry as an industrial and financial success and a commercial and pleasure necessity is not over ten years old.

Eleven years ago I was one of the committee with General Miles, Colonel Astor and Frank Thomson, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, for a racing contest gotten up by John Brisben Walker for his Cosmopolitan magazine. All the best machines in the country, both foreign and domestic, were invited to compete. The course was along that excellent old highway, Broadway, from New York to Ardsley, a distance of twenty-two miles. About twenty entered the race. They all broke down but three who covered the distance to Ardsley and back to the starting place in seven hours. On the Ormond Beach in Florida the automobile of today runs from seventy to eighty miles an hour, and in the famous Vanderbilt contest on Long Island they did equally well, while at the Weybridge Motordrome in England the machines average sixty-six miles an hour with a continuous run of twenty-four hours.

Statistics are dry, as a rule, but are at times most eloquent. In 1900 there were only three thousand seven hundred cars in use in the United States, both imported and of American make. In 1907 there were one hundred and fifty thousand, valued at two hundred and seventy millions of dollars. It has been estimated that the cash worth of these machines was more than the assessed valuation of all the land in the states of Florida, Nevada and Oregon, with the territories of New Mexico and Arizona added. This industry, which had scarcely any recognition ten years ago, has progressed so rapidly last year forty thousand automo- ere built, which were valued at illions of dollars. The in- this manufacture in the employment of both capital and labor has been almost wholly overlooked. There were six million one hundred and eighty thousand dollars paid last year in wages in the automobile factories of the United States and employment given directly or indirectly to over three millions of mechanics. For the first few years of the ten which we are considering we were dependent almost entirely upon foreign built machines. Their popularity and use grew so rapidly that it has been estimated that the customs receipts from this absolutely new article in our revenue schedule for ten years exceeds the total cost of our diplomatic and consular service. It is a source of pride in which we take supreme satisfaction that we have made so much improvement upon machinery in different industries which was invented in older countries that we are enabled to compete with them in all the markets of the world. Our locomotives are on the rails in Europe, Asia and Africa. Our electrical trolley systems are in the cities of all these continents and in Australia. Our agricultural implements are plowing the fields which were trodden by Roman soldiers and the Goths, the Huns and Vandals. In the hot competition to meet the constantly increasing demand, our manufacturers of automobiles have so perfected their carriages that last year we invaded with over three thousand machines every country in Europe, including France, the home of the automobile, and our greatest exportation was for Great Britain.

It is difficult to estimate the value of the automobile wagon for delivering goods in great cities and their suburbs. Storekeepers have felt it in the enlargement of their business and the reduction of cost. Working men and women have felt it in increase of employment, and the consumer in cheaper goods and quicker delivery. The rural delivery carrier extends his area and more outlying homes are brought within reach of this beneficent adjunct to the post office. The motor cab enables the woman shopper and the man of business to cover just about three times the amount of territory in comfort that was formerly accomplished with effort and fatigue.

On the health side I know from experience that the ozone which is driven into the lungs by riding in an open car at a fair speed is a specific cure for insomnia and nervous troubles. Sanity and levelheadedness, together with healthy living, have come to those who have found it possible to live in the country and motor to their business places in the city and return to their homes.

To the American tourist on the continent and in the British Isles the automobile has given an intimate knowledge of the civilization, habits and condition of the people, of the art treasures in wayside village churches, of history and scenery never possible before, except to the foot traveler to whom time was no object and who would acquire in six months of tramping only a portion of the pleasure and information which is now secured in six weeks by the automobilist. Conversation, which largely depends upon narrative—and narrative is barren without imagination—was becoming a lost art. It was being driven out by the absorption and cares of business and the preoccupation of bridge whist. But the automobile tourists have an inexhaustible fund of recreation and education in the interchange of their experiences. It has brought to the front and given both a platform and audience to the genius who used to add so much to the gayety of nations and is known as the cheerful liar.

With the same thought with which I began—speed and transportation—there is no subject more important to the farms and markets of the United States than good roads. Nothing has done so much to stimulate inquiry and activity in legislatures and local communities on this subject as the automobile. We have two million one hundred thousand miles of roads in this country, and of these only one hundred thousand are in any way improved. The rest are practically impassable several months in the year, and during the other months reduce the tonnage and increase the cost of carriage to a point which is destructive to agricultural values and prosperity, except along the lines of railroads and navigable rivers. It costs many dollars a ton a mile on a poor road and on a good one only twenty-five cents a ton, or thereabouts, to move farm products to market. Our trouble comes mainly from the fact that there is no concentration of authority in the building and the maintenance of highways. It would be difficult for the work to be done by the general government and it is neglected sadly in the states. Massachusetts has made notable progress and we in New York have done admirably by our fifty million bond appropriation, but the system in our State of town highway commissioners, with the small area of our towns, is fatal to the maintenance of good roads. The automobilist, traveling through France is filled with admiration at the excellence and the admirable condition of their highways. There are twenty-three thousand miles of road in that country built and maintained by the government. There is an inspector for every mile whose duty it is to go over his section every day and repair any damage which has occurred. Every few miles constitute a district and over that district is an engineer who frequently investigates the work of the inspectors. He in turn reports to an engineer of a larger area until finally the condition of all the roads and their administration come at frequent intervals into the department of the Minister of Public Works. There is under this system efficiency and economy unknown to our haphazard, wasteful and extravagant ways. We spend upon the seventy-four thousand miles of roads in the State of New York two million eight hundred thousand dollars a year to keep them in order, or forty-four dollars a mile. This vast sum is laid out without any local or general inspection or supervision and most of it wasted. The same is true of the eighty millions of dollars a year which are spent upon the two million miles of highways in the United States. With roads which are in good order and kept so the year around there is ten dollars an acre added to the value of the farms, which would increase the farm wealth of our own State of New York nearly two hundred and eighty-eight millions of dollars. There are one hundred and fifty thousand auto owners in our country and everyone of them is an active agitator for the improvement of the highways. He is more than this, he is a teacher for improved systems in the government and management of country roads.

This vast industry is restined to grow in the future almost as rapidly as it has advanced in the last decade. New uses will be found for it because of the constant necessity in our highly organized civilization for economy of time and economy in speed. Its enemies are the reckless chauffeurs, incompetent drivers and scorchers. They are the cause of hostile legislation; they make the village authorities vindictive, and are responsible for frequent arrests for violation of impossible regulations to limit speed. The automobilists themselves must formulate and present to the legislatures wise provisions of law. Licenses should be given only upon rigid examinations and withdrawn as a penalty for violation of the statutes.

Speedways will become as frequent as race tracks are for horses. There the racers will not risk the lives of others or injure the machines of those who have them only for ordinary use or pleasure. There the sports can tempt providence and defy the laws of safety. Even these races have their uses. They test not only the power and speed but the safety and endurance of machines of different make. They furnish suggestions for improvements which are of value to the trade. Endurance contests also have their uses. The race from Pekin to Paris was universally laughed at when first suggested. It was, however, successfully accomplished and won by Prince Borghese with his Italian car. Its historian has left a fascinating narrative of the journey. One of its results was to demonstrate that the caravan route over which the vast trade in tea and the return in manufactured products between China and Russia is transported, which now requires by camels about twenty days, can be reduced by the automobile to four. Here again speed revolutionizes with its economies one of the famous century-old transportation routes of the world. The other scheme now under preparation and soon to be launched is the race from New York to Paris across the Behring Strait, which will undoubtedly have a wonderful economic value in demonstrating the possibilities of the motor through our own Alaska and the Canadian wilds.

The last to take up the automobile have been railroad men. They are accustomed to expect roadbed, ties, rails, wheels and the machinery of the locomotive to be perfect for twenty miles an hour and upward. The automobilist does his forty or fifty upon an ordinary highway with only a rubber tire and a pneumatic tube between him and eternity. If he picks up a nail or his steering gear gives out the morning paper tells the rest, and mourning friends lament his indiscretions.

Stevenson, the great English engineer, was asked what the difference was in danger between fifty and a hundred miles an hour with the locomotive. He said, "None, because if you leave the track you will go to Hell with either." The condition with Stevenson was that you must go off the track, but with the automobilist there are numberless conditions beside the track and therefore constant inspection of the machine; vigilance in its operation and proved intelligence in the driver are absolutely essential.

Going over an Austrian road last summer I found the farmers exceedingly hostile, and saw many wrecks of country wagons by the roadside. On making inquiry as to why there should be this hostility where before there had been nothing but courtesy I found that two American parties had pushed through with their machines at over fifty miles an hour. They had left in their wake frightened horses, upset family vehicles, runaway teams and a holocaust of geese and chickens. But they had left more—an intense and increasing local hostility to all auto tourists.

The auto has destroyed some old-fashioned romances. Three fourths of the families and happy homes in the villages and countryside are due to the side bar buggy. The old family horse takes in the situation. One hand alone holds the reins and when in absolute trustfulness the reins are dropped upon the dashboard and both arms are free the bans are published the next Sunday and the romance happily ends in matrimony. But in these days when the girl is often the chauffeur and intent upon the wheel while her beau is watching the speedometer and filled with selfish fears for himself the romance of the road is impossible. I think it is one of the causes which leads to the complaint of the sociologist of the increase of bachelors and spinsters.

Often arrests have their humorous side. One evening my chauffeur was taking our family to the theater. It seemed to us that he was going at an ordinary rate, but at the theater the bicycle policeman arrested him. I had to abandon the family and the play and go with him to the police station. The police captain was very courteous but he had to obey the law and took bail for appearance of the chauffeur at the police court in the morning. I went early with the chauffeur to the police court. The victims inside the iron fence were the unfortunates who had been picked up on the street at night mainly from too great conviviality. As I stood opposite the chauffeur awaiting his turn to be called one drunkard who had seen better days wandered sympathetically over to me and said in a whisper, "Senator, I am sorry to see you in here." He thought his experience had been duplicated by me.

In Bohemia a team a hundred yards distant from us while we were going slowly down a hill turned around, broke the pole of the wagon which was loaded with stone, and trotted off. We took on the driver and carried him to where his horses were grazing along side the road. Next day a local lawyer wrote a letter to me saying that unless I paid thirty dollars for damages done his client, a dollar and seventy-five cents for his fee and two cents for the postage stamp he would attach the machine. I sent my guide to interview him, telling him to say to the man of the law that his fee was all right anyhow, and he settled for twenty dollars. I have been for over forty years on the railroad side of the negligence bar of the United States and never met with a case of such modesty. With the American lawyer frequently the damaged cow is an Alderney, the horse a blue-blooded Morgan, the wagon made by Brewster and the lawyer has a contract with his client for half of what he recovers.

Gentlemen, you have done wisely in organizing this club. It should have other purposes than a garage for automobiles and rooms for club life. It should be active in investigating and promoting the best interests of the industry, in looking for fields for its extension and in suggesting wise legislation, general and local, for the safety and comfort of both the public and the automobilist.

How to Clean Oil Paintings.

One would hardly suppose that the universal potato had the added merit of being the very best cleanser in the world for valuable oil paintings, but such is the case, says a correspondent of the St. Paul Pioneer Press. An artist taught me this when it came to the question of bringing the portrait of a lovely woman out of the dust and dirt of long neglect.

"First," said he, "go over the picture with a very soft silk cloth—an old handkerchief, if possible, clean, of course; then cut a big potato in two and with the flat side go over the surface carefully with a light circular movement, not pressing the canvas too heavily. The potato will soon loosen the dirt and the colors underneath begin to show brighter. Do this again until every bit of dust and dirt is off, then use a big soft sponge and tepid water very lightly."

If the canvas is much cracked, use as little water as possible. Otherwise it will get underneath and do more damage than the dust. Varnish is good, but it gives the picture such a garish appearance that it should not be used unless absolutely necessary.

Dashes.

The lady president of the New York Browning society on a recent occasion when the club met to discuss "A Forgiveness" was reported by a truthful James as saying: "I wonder how many of you counted the dashes in this poem. There are 108 of them, and wherever Browning puts a dash he means you to use your brains."

This is much better than the hypocritical practice of putting down a dash for a swear word. The dash is, in fact, one of the most useful forms of punctuation, a delicate indication of the proper pause in reading, but it should be employed discreetly. A dash of dashes rather flavors a poem; 108 of them borders on excess. And, oh, yes, will the president of the New York Browning society, who has made a study of these things, tell us what the dashes mean in a woman's letter? We do so awfully want to know.—Life.

How Enola Got Its Name.

Enola, the famous Pennsylvania railroad yard on the west branch of the Susquehanna, got its name in a strange way. A telegraph operator who spent the lonely hours in the little watch box, with no more than half a dozen trains a day to disturb him or break the monotony, before the big yard was built, called up the Baltimore office and asked to be relieved from such a lonesome place. In sending the message he signed "Operator in charge of the tower all alone." There was some trouble on the wire, and the last word could not be understood. He was asked to repeat and then to spell it backward. This he did, first "alone," then "Enola." In this way the town, which was built to order in a little more than two years, got its name.—Philadelphia Record.

Perils of Shaving.

A gentleman called at the Pasteur Institute recently, says the Matin, to ask for advice as to the treatment of an ugly sore on his cheek. He remarked to the doctor that he must have been cut by a barber's razor which was not clean. "Not at all," replied the doctor after examining him. "Some one kissed you directly after you had shaved." The doctor went on to explain that shaving removes the outer "layer" of the skin, which prevents the intrusion of germs through the pores. If microbes were placed on the shaven skin of a rabbit, the animal would receive the microbes into its system through the pores. "In fact," the doctor said, "a newly shaved skin is a door open to the germs of every infectious disease."—London Mail.

1849 -- 1907

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ESTABLISHED 1890.

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Four car loads just arrived. Top Cutters, Open Cutters, Spring Cutters, Pleasure Bobs, Democrat Bobs, Light Bobs, Heavy Bobs. All prices. Come while they last.

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Bertha and the River Fairy.

By Maud Walker.

Bertha Lewis was the child of very poor parents. Her home was in the country, about a mile from a large and prosperous town. During the summer months Bertha's father earned a livelihood by selling fish in the town—fish caught from a beautiful river, on whose banks his small farm extended. And Bertha's mother made a garden in the spring, and during the summer she and Bertha peddled fresh vegetables about the village, thus adding a trifle to the small income of the husband and father. But when the winter set in the Lewis family of three, found themselves in dire need of the necessities of life. Mr. Lewis cut wood from the timber on his land and sold it to the dealers of fuel in the towns, but the proceeds from this source were very meager, and sometimes the cupboard was empty at meal-time and Bertha went to bed crying for food.

The beautiful river near to which sat the cot of the Lewises, was the scene of many a gay festivity during the winter time, for crowds of young people from town came there anxious to skate on its smooth frozen surface. Sometimes these skating parties would have a night carnival, and then the river would present a gorgeous sight with its hundreds of Chinese lanterns festooned and hung from the bare branches of the trees bordering the banks. And all along the line of skating would gleam merry bonfires, built for the purpose of warming the participants in the carnival.

From the window of their cot Bertha Lewis could see the merry-makers on the river and for hours at a time she would sit there shivering, watching the happy throngs that made the cold air ring with their laughter and song. And often tears of disappointment were in Bertha's eyes, invited by some of the merry-makers to join them in their sport. And at times a longing would come over her to change places with one of the many girls who were luckier than herself in the matter of pleasures.

Bertha was only twelve years old, but she had known all the hardships attending poverty, all the heartaches that accompany unsatisfied longing, all the miseries of the poor. Her mother was kind and loving, and her father gave to her the very best he could manage to possess; but poverty seemed to be the poor man's lot, and he could not rise above it. Often in his despair he would cry out: "Oh, if I could but give comforts to my dear wife and innocent child!" And at such times Bertha's little heart would respond with deepest sympathy, and, putting her arms about her father's neck, she would whisper gently, encouragingly: "Maybe the good fairies will come some day and bring to us wealth. Then we'll have everything we need."

One evening there was a great skating carnival on the river. A gay throng of boys and girls filled it from bank to bank. Their skates gleamed like silver in the light from the lanterns and bonfires. Their faces were radiant with health and happiness. Their voices rang out like music, and their warm attire was most beautiful and elegant to behold. There was one little girl—about Bertha's own size—who caught and held Bertha's attention. She was a dainty miss with brown curls blowing from beneath her pretty toboggan cap, which was worn well over her pink ears to keep Jack Frost from nipping them. Her little jacket and skirt were of soft red velvet, trimmed about with bands of brown fur. She wore soft, warm, well-fitting leggings of brown broadcloth, which matched in tint the fur on her garments and the leather of her shoes. Her hands were slipped into a cosy muff of brown fur. She skated easily, laughing and chatting with her comrades. Bertha singled her out, watching her with glowing eyes and whispering to herself: "Ah, if only I could be like her! What beautiful clothes! How red her cheeks are; and she is so happy that I'm quite sure she never suffers from hunger and cold."

Bertha's mother and father had gone to visit a sick neighbor that evening, telling Bertha to go to bed when she felt sleepy and not to wait up for them, as they might be called upon to sit till midnight with the sick woman. So Bertha sat as long as she wished by the window, watching the gay carnival crowd at their sport. But when the clock struck eight she rose and put on her cloak—a threadbare garment that could barely hang together—and, wrapping her head in an old shoulder shawl, passed out into the night. She wanted to get closer to the gay children on the river, but fearing that she might be seen by them should she go directly down the bank in front of the house (at that spot a big bonfire burned, throwing out light, she crept off through the darkness to a point below a bend in the river, where, unobserved, she might look around the point of bank and watch and listen to her heart's content.

She found a sheltered spot behind a clump of evergreen bushes. And there, right on the river a few feet from where she sat, yawned a great hole in the ice, one of those spots which in some rivers never seem to freeze.

From where she crouched she could see the merry skaters and hear their gay voices much better than from the window of her home on the bank. Here she almost felt a party of the happy throng. She even smiled as she heard the laughter floating to her on the icy wind. Being used to the cold, she did not mind the snow about her feet nor the cutting wind which went right through her cloak as though it was mere paper. Her eyes were feasting on youthful happiness—happiness that she might not have a share in other than watching it from a distance.

Suddenly from the crowd of skaters there dashed a little figure, a figure gay in red velvet and brown fur. Straight toward the bend in the river, toward the very place where Bertha crouched in hiding—it came. And Bertha's heart stopped beating, for she saw it was the little girl whom she had so much admired that evening. She drew herself deeper into the shadow, not wishing to be seen. It was evident that the little girl meant to come around the curve, leaving the bonfires of the skating ground behind her. No one had ever thought of coming down to that point in the river, for the ice there was never smooth, the water flowing so swiftly around the curve that in freezing it became rough.

But the little miss in velvet and fur was wholly ignorant of the condition of the river below the curve, and as none of the merry-makers had noticed her withdrawal from their midst she was coming on unaccompanied and unwarned And she was coming at good speed, too, her curls flying behind her and her eyes dancing with pleasure.

For only a moment did Bertha remain hidden behind the evergreen bushes. Then, her eyes resting on the great yawning hole, she sprang to her feet, her heart throbbing violently. "She'll go right into that hole unless—" and Bertha forgot her own ugly old garments, forgot that she was there, crouching like a thief, stealing what pleasure she could by watching the party to which she had not been invited. Right out upon the ice she ran, almost slipping down in her haste. And she was not a moment too soon. Like a bird on the wing the little girl in velvet came around the curve, headed straight for the hole that looked black and awful in the moonlight. When she was almost on it she saw her peril and her eyes became filled with terror. She opened her lips to cry out but made no sound. She tried to reduce her speed but she was going so swiftly that to do so at once was impossible. She clutched at her head, closing her eyes, for she felt that within another second she would be inside that hole that yawned to swallow her.

Then there was a sudden stop and two little girls lay rolling on the ice not five feet from the very verge of the hole. Bertha had leaped forward and caught the little girl as she was flying to her death. The suddenness of the contact brought both of them to the ground, and the severity of the fall stunned them for several seconds. As soon, however, as they regained their sense and got on their feet, Bertha told how she came to be there and how she had run out on the ice to save the little girl in peril. And in vain did the little girl beg of her to go to the place of merry-making, where she should be crowned a heroine. Bertha excused herself on the plea of her ragged garments and the fact that she was a stranger.

"Then I shall bring my parents and come to see you to-morrow," declared the little girl, for Bertha had, in answer to her inquiry, told her where she lived.

The next morning, bright and early, a fine sleigh drew up in front of the home of Bertha Lewis, and a little girl in red velvet and brown fur sprang to the ground. She was accompanied by a lady and gentleman, who proved to be her parents. They were amitted to the house by Bertha's mother. They stayed a long time; in fact, the clock was striking 12 when at last they took their departure. And they left behind them three happy people, Bertha, her mother and father. During their visit to thank Bertha for her heroic act of the previous night—when she had saved the life of their little daughter—the lady and gentleman had learned of the poverty of the Lewises, and had arranged to succor them. The gentleman had a position in his great warehouse in town that he offered to Mr. Lewis. Mrs. Lewis was engaged by the lady to act as a housekeeper in her elegant home. And Bertha was to be sent to a fine school—the very school where their own little daughter went.

"And just think, mamma," said Bertha that day as she and her mother were packing up their things to move to town (where they would be so happy in their new employment), "I was just wishing that a fairy would come and change things for us, when round the curve came the beautiful little girl. She proved to be a real river fairy, didn't she?"

"Yes, my dear child," answered Bertha's mother. "But you were better than a river fairy, for you saved a human life."

In Memory of Dr. de la Loza.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. L. D. de la Loza, an eminent physician and chemist in Mexico during the last century, was celebrated by official decree with due honors to his memory.

LINCOLN VS. LICENSE.

Called Liquor Traffic Tragedy of Civilization.

If Abraham Lincoln had lived his natural life it is safe to assume that he would have been arrayed against the liquor traffic irrespective of his party affiliations. In a speech not long before the war he said:

"This legalized liquor traffic, as carried on in the saloons and grog shops, is the tragedy of civilization. Good citizenship demands and requires that what is right should not only be made known, but be made prevalent; that what is evil should not only be detected and defeated, but destroyed. The saloon has proved itself to be the greatest foe, the most blighting curse of our modern civilization, and this is the reason why I am a practical Prohibitionist.

"We must not be satisfied until the public sentiment and the individual conscience shall be instructed to look upon the saloon keeper and the liquor seller, with all the license earth can give him, as simply and only a privileged malefactor—a criminal."

And yet, in the fact of his strong sentiment against the drink habit and liquor traffic, the saloon men and brewers are to-day maligning his name and memory by calling him a "bar tender" and a friend to the grog shop. But we should hardly expect truth to emanate from a brewer's convention or liquor league.—The New Lever.

Because Intoxicants May Intoxicate.

It is an error to suppose a man is not drunk until he is "dead drunk," or nearly so. A man begins to be drunk when he begins to be affected by the drink. Every man who uses intoxicants certainly runs the risk of being more than a little affected by them some day. When he becomes uncontrollably drunk, he injures others as well as himself. The papers printed recently in great headlines, "Raving maniac roaming at large." Because one maniac had escaped from the asylum, a whole city was alarmed. But the child who defined a drunkard as a man who was "crazy on purpose," reminds us every drunken man is a maniac at large, liable to kill friend or foe, liable in any case to "make a fool of himself."—Christian Herald.

Great National Sin.

"In the old sense, the national sin of this country is not idoltry—while some of our people worship their dollars, their automobiles, their political parties and themselves, wooden images do not attract them. Nevertheless we have our great national evil, more utterly demoralizing than heathen commissioners appointed by both India and Japan have been utterly astounded that the Christian civilization which they are asked to adopt, should tolerate the worse than heathen saloon.—New Voice.

Drink and Crime.

Rev. George Warren, chaplain of the Missouri penitentiary, says that out of 2,279 convicts in the prison at the time he made an investigation, 85 per cent. of the entire number came there directly through the influence of liquor, and that 5 per cent. of the remainder came there indirectly from the same cause. That is, 2,000 of the convicts in the Missouri penitentiary is the result of the licensed liquor traffic in that state.—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Ostracization Then and Now.

Only a few generations back a man might swear before gentlewomen without reproof, and the same man might be carried to bed drunk from the dinner table every night and still hold his place among gentlemen. To-day the drunkard and the foul-mouthed vulgarian are shunned in the smoking room and ostracized from the drawing room.

Liquor in the Nation.

Nobody knows the cost to the United States of the liquor consumed by its inhabitants. It has been variously estimated from over three-quarters of a billion to more than two billions of dollars, or from about one-twentieth to about one-seventh of the annual gross income of the whole country.—New Voice.

Mind and Body.

Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that for a time can make flesh and nerve impregnable, string the sinews like steel, so that the weak become so mighty.—Mrs. Stowe.

In civil life, the greater a man's ability, if it is not combined with the moral sense, the more dangerous that man as a citizen, the worse he is as a citizen.—American Issue.

I want it distinctly understood that no man can drink intoxicating liquors in public and remain a member of my staff.—Governor Loundsbury of Connecticut.—Am. Issue.

For every dollar we pay school teachers in the United States, we pay our saloons eighty dollars.—Am. Issue.

The devil of drink is having a hard time sitting up nights to think out new names and fetching advertisements for his goods.—Ram's Horn.

The rum shop comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves.

Every man knows the right; but many a man lacks sense and grit to do it.

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 and 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 Uncapher, of Grovertown, Stark Co., Ind. This King of cough and cold cures, and healer of throat and lungs, is guaranteed by J. S. Banker, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater, King Ferry, Druggists. 50c. and $1 00. Trial bottles free.

Farm for Sale.

To close the estate, the farm of the late Samuel G. Cook, ½ mile east of Poplar Ridge, is offered for sale. It consists of 52½ acres of tillable land with a ten room house in good repair, a 30x40 feet barn on basement, with horse barn and carriage house attached, corn house, bearing orchard and other good fruit. Near creamery, postoffice, stores and church. For particultrs inquire of

ELISHA COOK, Poplar Ridge, N. Y.
23tf

Rising From the Grave.

A prominent manufacturer, Wm A. Fertwell, of Lucama, 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, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's, King Ferry, druggists, Price only 50c.

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For the year 1908. I am prepared to furnish the farmers with Farm Implements, Wagons, Harnesses, Gas Engines, Manure Spreaders — four styles to select from—Cream Separators. In fact, everything the farmer may need. Thanking the public for past favors, I am truly yours,

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The Thrice-A-Week World

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More Alert, More Thorough and More Fearless Than ever.

Read in every English-Speaking Country

A President of the United States will be elected this year. Who is he and who is the man whom he will beat? Nobody yet knows, but the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World will tell you every step and every detail of what promises to be a campaign of the most absorbing interest. It may not tell you what you hope, but it will tell you what is. The Thrice-a-Week World long ago established a character for impartiality and fearlessness in the publication of news, and this it will maintain. If you want the news as it really is subscribe to the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World, which comes to you every other day except Sunday, and is thus practically a daily at the price of a weekly.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is only $1 00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and THE GENOA TRIBUNE together for one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2 00.

"Hope you weren't rolled because I told that capital story of yours, were you, old fellow?" inquired a "funny" society man. "It went down immensely, didn't it? You don't mind?"

"Certainly not," replied the owner of the joke. "I told it myself just before you came in!"

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

DAIRY AND CREAMERY

SELECTING A DAIRY COW.

The Milk Producing Type is Angular, Thin and Loose-jointed.

While there may be no infallible rule by which a man can be governed in selecting a high class dairy cow, there are many points that will assist, and if carefully considered, will prevent disappointment as a rule. Remember that a cow is a machine and is intended to change the different products on which she is fed into something of more value. There are two distinct types of these machines. One manufactures or converts feed into beef; the other into milk. There is a very decided and pronounced difference in the type of the animal that makes beef, and the one which manufactures milk. In the dairy type we have an animal that is angular, thin, somewhat loose-jointed and with prominent bones. She is wedge-shape from the front and with a lean head, moderately long face, slightly dished and a general contented expression of the features. The muzzle is large, mouth large, nostrils wide and open, a clear, full bright eye, a broad, full and high forehead, ears medium size, fine texture, covered with fine hair and orange-yellow inside. The neck is thin, moderately long with little or no dewlap and the throat is clean. Wide space between the jaws, the withers lean and sharp, the shoulders lean and oblique and the chest deep and wide which indicates vigor and constitution.—Field and Farm.

White Scours Among Calves.

This dread disease needs lots of study. All sorts of theories are propounded as to its cause, says Hoard's Dairyman. It is generally thought to be due to external infection taken through the naval cord. But no matter what the theory be or what is done to prevent its deadly effect it still does its work.

Where cows give very rich milk the first milking is at times so heavy in butterfat as to cause very serious disturbance in the bowels of the calf. Added to this, this milk some times contains a ptomaine poison.

Milk fever is now shown to be due to ptomaine poisoning and is cured by pumping air (oxygen) into the udder. Possibly many cases of so-called white scours are caused by the same toxic conditions of the first milk. It would be interesting to know whether calves from cows that have not been dried off ever die of white scours.

When Butter Will Not Gather.

When butter will not gather the difficulty can be traced usually to advanced lactation or too low a temperature of cream. The milk from one cow long in lactation is sufficient to spoil a whole churning. The viscosity of such milk renders separation of butter fat slow and imperfect. It often happens during the winter months that butter, or cream rather, will break or separate into small particles which often refuse to adhere or gather in spite of all coaxing. The only remedy is to raise the temperature of the whole mass up to the proper degree. In this work the dairy thermometer is almost indispensable, as it will save much time and worry. If the churn is a revolving one and the cream just breaks into minute particles, refusing to gather, then add warm water to that used in rinsing the butter until it reaches about 64 degrees. The butter particles will generally adhere after a few revolutions of the churn. Trouble of this kind can be avoided. Before attempting to churn the cream should be tested until 64 degrees is reached in winter and should be smooth and velvety and have the required degree of acidity. If this degree of warmth is not imparted to cream by the temperature of the room in which it is kept then it can be raised to the right degree by setting the cream jar or can in a larger one containing warm water.

Winter Dairying.

We admit that it costs a little more to keep cows during winter than summer, but results of hundreds of dairymen show that when cows come fresh early in the fall or toward the latter part of the summer, if they are properly cared for they produce more milk or butter for the year than if they freshen in the spring about the time grass begins to start. This together with the better price obtained for the products in winter renders profits from winter dairying much larger. Furthermore, winter dairying is more pleasant than summer dairying.

Profitable Dairy Farming.

What is successful dairy farming? asks a writer on dairy topics. It is not just squeezing through year after year, with nothing to show for one's work. There must be a fair margin of profit after all expenses are paid.

THE GENOA TRIBUNE.

Published every Friday, and entered at the postoffice at Genoa, N. Y., as second-class mail matter.

Friday Morning, Feb. 14, 1908

Racing as a Game.

While agitation against evils that tempt the young and the weak members of society is at its height, the great racing associations of the country will be blind to their interests if they fail to wipe out some of the ugly practices brought about by the system of putting horses on the course merely to win. Winning and perhaps losing by trickery simply to shift the purses of a crowd of enthusiasts is not calculated to make racing a matter of tests which first and last shall have educational value and develop a love of fine horseflesh.

Even when decent men are disposed to back up their opinion of a certain horse whose history interests them they are often disgusted with the way this must be done as things go around the average track in racing centers The field should not be left to mercenaries, who may be able to combine and force a race to suit themselves, sometimes taking a rakeoff of 20, 30 and even 40 per cent on all the money put up. Everything is done to stimulate gambling in small sums. Some of the track owners raised the price of admission under the pretense of wishing to keep out the small fry, who could ill afford to lose. But with all the noise about "favorites," the princely stakes raced for and the eclat of betting on the so called gentlemanly plane, the increased cost of admittance only serves to sharpen the craze among young clerks with their hands in their employers' till and young boys. Admission comes high, but they must see the race and have money on it. So they stint themselves to indulge in track gambling, as poker fiends do for cards. Honest racing might prove to be less sensational and all that, but it would be wholesome sport for everybody interested and not a vulgar commercialization of what has been and can be made to be again—a noble diversion.

Water Worse Than Wasted.

Government experts estimate the value of the water which annually runs away in time of floods in this country as worth $500,000,000. While on its rampant course this water actually destroys values to the extent of $100,000,000. If the water could be made to fulfill its proper function it would prove an incalculable blessing, but let loose without guidance it is a curse to all communities visited by its devastating force.

The ideal remedy for floods is the retention of the water in the soil, where clouds deposit it until it can be drained off by the natural course of things. Vegetation will help hold it in storage, and where forest shelters have been destroyed the reforestation of vast tracts is necessary to counteract the annual floods. This is an old story and cannot be repeated too often. In France, where the science of forestry has been at work for hundreds of years, a new and extensive system of reform has recently been planned looking to the future for results. Every land holder in this country can help some toward preserving the forests for posterity. But if this primary remedy is neglected then there remains the tedious and expensive construction of reservoirs on headwater streams to catch and hold the overflow. This is said to be more desirable than to attempt to hold the water between high and expensive levees after it reaches the lower levels. Water retained in reservoirs may be gradually let loose when the streams are low, but the best regulator of the water supply is porous soil, kept so by a perpetual shade of foliage.

It is to be regretted that the stay of the Pacific fleet at Rio Janeiro should have been marred by conflicts between the sailors and the roughs on shore, but the strong waters of Brazil are quite as effective as those of other lands, and Admiral Evans is not the superintendent of a Sunday school.

The Count Boni de Castellane is habitually identified as the "divorced husband of Mme. Anna Gould." This seems hard on the titled husbands of American millions who fondly imagine they were giving prestige in return for those same millions.

"Japan may strike us at any moment," says Inventor Maxim. Well, if she does, at every second time ticks off we'll strike back until there ceases to be a Japan able to do the striking turn.

The Roumanian baroness who committed suicide because at fifty she was beginning to look old should have come over and taken counsel from some of our most eminent stage beauties.

If the women of England keep up the fight they will get the franchise, and the men of England will get at least a part of what has been coming to them for some time.

Placing Ex-Presidents.

Grover Cleveland's suggestion that something in the nature of a pension settlement should be provided for our ex-presidents is considered by some people as nothing more than throwing them on the shelf with a bone to gnaw. Mr. Cleveland says that the people not only place upon a survivor of the White House the obligation of living up to a high standard of dignity, but also to continue an active interest in the affairs of the country—for instance, to deliver addresses "on topics and for purposes that are bewildering and at times and places that are impossible." In other words, the voice of the ex-president must not be silent.

In order to provide an income for the support of dignity and also an opportunity for the voice of the retired executive to be heard by the whole country it has been proposed that ex-presidents have a seat for life in the house of representatives. With the seat would go the pay and allowances of an elected representative, together with the privilege of debating, but no vote. Commenting upon this method of treating a problem which is generally recognized to be real, the Washington Post says:

> Under such a provision ex-presidents would truly go into the house as friends of the people and not as parts of any political machine. The country would get the benefit of their wisdom and experience. The house would feel the weight of their influence. It would be dignified by their presence, and they would be earning their emoluments by a full measure of service. Only their ripened views and not their votes could influence legislation. As men who had stood in a position of responsibility toward the whole people they would have a wider vision than men who chiefly represented the wishes of their limited constituents, and the legislation influenced by former executives would undoubtedly be for the benefit of the whole country rather than for the aid of a few at the expense of many.

Having for a constituency the whole body of voters, ex-presidents would be likely to avoid close party affiliations.

The Short Land Haul to the Pacific.

The short land haul between Atlantic and Pacific ports made possible by the Tehuantepec railway, which has been opened only a year, is said to be the chief cause for the trebling of traffic between eastern and western coast centers of the United States. Over $40,000,000 worth of merchandise originating in the United States territory crossed from ocean to ocean via the Tehuantepec and the Panama transisthmian railroads in 1907, more than three times as much as that of any earlier year. Of this traffic the Mexican line carried between $25,000,000 and $30,000,000. This road connects the waters by a land haul of 190 miles.

In 1907 the Panama rail route materially increased its business over that of the preceding year despite the fact that large demands were made upon it in the transportation of material for use in the construction of the canal. The value of merchandise originating in United States ports and shipped over that line to other parts of the United States and to foreign countries amounted during the year to between $12,000,000 and $15,000,000.

All merchandise originating in or leaving any port of the United States and crossing Mexico by the Tehuantepec line is sent across the isthmus in sealed cars and is readmitted free of duty on reaching any other port of the United States. The time occupied in the transfer of merchandise from the hold of one ship to that of the other is less than forty-eight hours. Hawaiian sugar shippers to the Atlantic ports of this country have adopted the Tehuantepec route and abandoned the all water route around the Horn.

Word comes from Guatemala that the railroad enterprises in that part of Central America are well advanced and that it will soon be possible to make the journey from St. Louis to Guatemala City in six days. The projected Pan-American line, of which the Central American system will be a vital link, ought to be and will be completed by men of the present generation.

It will be interesting to see how much gratitude of a practical and enduring nature the remission of the Boxer indemnity by the United States will awaken in the minds of the foreign hating Chinese.

While he is getting 30 cents a word for his work, and the dictionary is full of words, Mark Twain need not worry very much over the trifling loss of a few thousands of the long green.

It is stated that there are 160,000 unemployed in New York, but the figures probably include a good many who wouldn't work if they had the chance.

Mr. Stedman's reputation as the banker-poet will last all the longer because so few poets are known to have anything to do with banks.

The extent to which a prohibition law is being enforced can always be judged by the falling off in the demand for cloves.

This winter the weather bureau keeps on the safe side by making its predictions read "rain or snow."

Sometimes a little thing like an automobile catalogue will make a man discontented with his lot in life.

Those Roving Japs.

In spite of the protestations in Tokyo that Japan is peacefully disposed toward all the world at present, the year opened with many signs that complications over the Japanese immigration problem may at no distant day involve both England and the United States. Our own position as a people and a nation is well known. With 80,000,000 souls here, we can well afford to put the bars up against undesirables of any color and can assimilate a few thousands, more or less, of any strange race open to assimilation on the American plan.

With the Japs on the Pacific shores of Canada the case seems to be different, both for the Dominion and the mother country. It is said that the "yellow peril" there is not due to numbers or the prospect of numbers, but to the fierce clannishness, the barbaric aloofness of the few thousands in the Japanese settlements. They stand in a perpetual state of war against their white neighbors. A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Vancouver, says that at the time of the trouble last year the whites of Vancouver were astounded and alarmed at the efficiency shown by the Japanese. The Japanese quarter was seen to be an armed camp, and an hour after the riot started the yellow men were so well organized and equipped for actual battle that they could have defended themselves against an army. Here were the subjects of an Asiatic power on foreign soil prepared to fight to the death, and that not for individual rights, but for the glory and honor of the mikado's realm. Indignity toward the meanest Jap in the bunch is resented by the totality as an insult to the fatherland.

The Times man says that on the scene the matter has been treated by Canadian officials merely as a local political question. He lays it all to labor unions' influence and suggests that this should not affect the statesmen of Ottawa in their dealing with the question. But there are British statesmen in London nearer the throne than those in Ottawa, men who will be influenced perhaps by considerations broader and greater than those which center in Ottawa.

Trade Prospects For 1908.

A sign of the healthy conditions of trade in this country is found in the increase of values in the exportations of manufactures last year. An increase of approximately $50,000,000 in this class of exports is reported. The increase was felt in nearly all of the important items of this commerce notably cars and carriages, agricultural implements, copper, structural iron and steel, locomotives, pipes and fittings, boots and shoes and lumber.

Trade conditions of the world do not threaten a decline of the demand for any of these articles. We may not export the same values this year, but a considerable decline might take place and yet not seriously affect our industries. A real stagnation of industry and commerce is generally a matter of slow growth. When a market is vastly overstocked a slump may be expected, but the articles enumerated in the list of exportations in 1907 which show an increase are, with few exceptions, of the kind which would not be shipped on speculation. The only material decline in the exports of manufactures was in cotton cloths, and this falling off was due to unusually heavy exportations to China in 1905.

A Frenchman claims to have invented an ideal ice making machine. This contrivance has a sealed cylinder of chemicals which will last as long as the machine itself, and the whole arrangement is very simple, the smaller models being operated by hand power. If the inventor makes good his claims the new machine will be a boon to the general public.

Rexall Cherry Juice for Colds. Cherry Juice Cough Syrup cures over night 25 cts. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Farmers' Supply House,

GENOA, N. Y.

-NOTICE-

To make room for spring stock we will offer our entire stock of winter goods such as

Cutters, Light and Heavy Bobs, Fur Coats, Gallaway and Montana Robes, Blankets, &c., at cost until closed out.

☞Call and see for yourself. No trouble to show goods.

W. P. Parker, Prop.
B. J. Brightman, Mgr.

FARM FOR SALE!

The estate of the late Roswell Beardsley offers for sale a farm of about 51 acres, known as the "Frank H. Thayer farm" located at **EAST GENOA,** on main road from Ithaca through North Lansing to Auburn and within about one mile of the **AUBURN AND LANSING ELECTRIC RAILROAD.** A new modern house, suitable barn and wagon house. Thrifty bearing orchard and land under good cultivation. Terms reasonable. Address the executors,

William P. Beardsley,
Auburn, N. Y., or
Fox Holden,
North Lansing, N. Y.

To Break In New Shoes Always Use

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It prevents Tightness and Blistering, cures Swollen, Sweating, Aching feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The old standby—Perry Harrow—we have them. R. W. Armstrong.

If You Are

Thinking of buying a Range or Heater, or in fact anything in the Hardware line call and let us show you our goods.

Peck Hardware Co., Genoa

MILLER 'PHONE.

Mr. Farmer

Are you in need of a Binder, Mower, Reaper, Hay Loader, Hay Tedder, Rake Manure Spreader, Farm Wagon, Buggy, Grain Drill, Land Roller, 2 Horse Cultivator, Gasoline Engine, Cream Separator, Light or Heavy Harness, Lever, Peg tooth or Floating Harrow? Call and let me give you prices.

The Drill That Makes Competitors Tremble.

We ask you to take a look at the Superior. This drill is sold on its merits. After using same one day and you do not find it the most accurate, most simple of any drill you ever used return same to me. No questions will be asked. 73 sold at the State fair last year. Compare this drill with other makes. No exceptions. Sold by

R. W. Armstrong,

Genoa, N. Y.

AGENT FOR SWIFT'S HIGH GRADE ANIMAL FERTILIZERS.

Holidays

Are Over

and now is the time to settle down to business for a new year. We have some great bargains to offer in several lines which we wish to close out to make room for spring goods as they come in.

Don't forget that we have a few horse blankets left which must go very cheap.

AIKIN & KING,
Both 'Phones. KING FERRY, N. Y.

VILLAGE AND VICINITY NEWS.

—St. Valentine's day.

—Social tonight at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ai Lanterman.

—Thomas McDermott was in Auburn a few days last week.

—Mrs. W. E. Leonard was a guest of Auburn friends last week.

—Very pleasant, mild weather this week. Quite a contrast to last week.

—Feb. 12, 1908, was the 99th anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birthday.

—Mrs. Lafayette Allen, who has been very ill with the grip, is improving.

—New ads from M. G. Shapero & Son, Gillespie & Hagin and C. R. Egbert.

—J. J. Shapero of Genoa Clothing store left for Syracuse today to purchase spring stock.

—"It is no disgrace to be poor." "I can remember a time when it was no disgrace to be rich."—Washington Herald.

—Mrs. D. W. Smith went from Auburn to Freeville last Saturday and spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gibson, returning home Monday.

—Efforts are being made to have Nordica give a concert in Auburn some time in April, and it is thought quite probable that the attraction will be secured.

Shampooing, manicuring, facial massage, scalp treatment by the Minnie M. Mills system. A line of the Mills toilet goods on hand. Will also do plain sewing.
15 ELLA M. FORD, Genoa, N. Y.

—The fourth annual dance of Owasco Valley Chapter, O. E. S., of Moravia will be held on Friday evening, Feb. 21. Stevens orchestra of Auburn has been engaged to furnish the music.

—Genoa relatives have received announcements of the marriage of Mr. Henry Mead to Miss Grace Amelia Bates at Denver, Colo., on Feb. 2, 1908. Mr. and Mrs. Mead will be at home after March 2, at Ault, Colo.

—The Auburn Morning Musical club recently gave a Grieg program, and the piano number on the program—"Sonata: E minor, first movement"—was rendered by Miss Alice Crawfoot, formerly of Venice Center, and well known in this vicinity.

Scouring Sapolio. Special this week 4 cakes for 25 cts. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Landon were surprised Tuesday evening by a visit from a big sleighload of Genoese, who made merry until a late hour. Piano and vocal solos were enjoyed, games were played and all had a jolly good time. Very nice refreshments were served.

—Mrs. Sarah Potter has exchanged, with John Sheils of Auburn, her farm in the town of Venice for a block of flats in Auburn. We understand that Mr. Sheils will soon take possession of the farm. Mrs. Potter arrived from Auburn yesterday to pack her goods.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Miller and family, including Mrs. Belle Miller and Mrs. M. Linderman, left Groton on Monday for their new home in Kingston, Tenn., where Mr. Miller will have charge of the Begent Lumber Co.'s interests. The best wishes of many Genoa friends go with them.

—The new post-office ruling in regard to credit subscriptions and sample copies, if enforced, will rid the country of much trashy literature and should prove very beneficial to the country publishers. It will enable them to place their business on a cash basis, and while the circulation of their publications may be smaller, their cash returns will be larger. There will be no more free circulation, and the people will be compelled to pay for what they read. If they want trash they can buy it, but we believe that when it comes to a matter of investing money in papers and magazines the majority will choose clean, wholesome periodicals.—Farm Stock Journal.

—Louise M. Raymond returned from Auburn Tuesday night.

—Miss Claire DeWitt returned to her home in Niles on Wednesday.

—Cards are out for a party at East Venice hall on Friday evening, Feb. 21.

—Miss Leah Foster has finished her work at E. C. Eaton's and returned home.

—Mrs. Anna Mead, mother of Arthur Mead, who has been quite ill, is much better.

—M. G. Shapero returned Monday from Syracuse where he served as a supreme court juryman.

We have our spring stock of hand made, heavy work harnesses on hand. Call and look them over before buying elsewhere. No trouble to show goods B. J. BRIGHTMAN, Mgr., Genoa.

—Mrs. Jerry Cady of Moravia is spending some time at Fred Fulmer's and is being treated by Dr. Skinner.

—Dr. A. C. Knapp, who several years ago resided in Locke and went from there to Dryden, has moved to Cortland.

—Lewis C. Ford returned to Auburn Monday afternoon after spending the past two weeks with his mother.

Corns. Hutchins Corn Remedy removes the corn in three days without any discomfort. 15 cts. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

—Mrs. George Hall returned Monday from Groton where she was called last week by the illness of her mother, Mrs. Wm. Cheesman, who has been seriously ill.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Keefe of Genoa and Mrs. E. S. Keefe of Cortland were the recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Keefe in East Bayard St.-Seneca Falls item, Feb. 6.

—Mrs. Helen Close and daughter of Iowa City, Ia., are spending some time with the former's mother, Mrs. A. W. Stevens, in Auburn. All have many acquaintances in this vicinity.

—At the annual village election at Moravia last week the following officers were chosen: President, Joel B. Jennings; trustees, E. S. Manchester, C. Brandow; clerk, G. T. Hilliard; treasurer, D. C. Brown.

—The interest of the late M. S. Cuykendall in the paper business of Cossum, Cuykendall & Co. in Auburn has been purchased by the surviving partners, Frederick Cossum and Fred S. Johnston. The name of the firm is now Cossum & Johnston.

Grippe Tablets. The Rexall Grippe Tablets are very satisfactory. Prompt in curing. 25 cts. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

—A series of group meetings of charges included in the Cazenovia district of the Central New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church is being held this month. One of the meetings will be held at Locke on Tuesday, Feb. 18. An interesting session is promised.

—Dr. W. D. Cuddeback of Aurora has been appointed health officer of the town of Ledyard to serve during the absence of Dr. M. B. Van Buskirk, the regular health officer. The appointment had to be made on account of there being one case of scarlet fever in the town.

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

—An enjoyable euchre party was held at the home of Mrs. Albert Alling, 19 Cady Ave., Thursday evening for the benefit of the ladies of the G. A. R. A bountiful luncheon was served. All present had a very enjoyable time. The first prizes were won by Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury while the consolation prizes were taken by Mrs. Lillian Olmsted and Frank Ennis. —Auburn Citizen, Feb. 8.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Labar, Wednesday, Feb. 12, a daughter. Weight 10 pounds.

—The ideal life—the life of full completion—haunts us all. We feel the thing we ought to be betting beneath the thing we are.—Phillips Brooks.

You can save a lot of money now buying blankets, robes, cutters and bobs at the Farmers' Supply House. B. J. BRIGHTMAN, Mgr., Genoa.

—The John Silcox property, south and west of Locke, was sold last week to Foster Bingham of Auburn, who, it is said, will rebuild the mill destroyed by fire.

—Artist Eugene Powers of Cortland has recently completed a very fine portrait of VanBuren Coggshall, late president of the Citizens Bank of Locke, which has been presented to that institution.

—John Bruton, formerly of this town, is again the proprietor of the Avery House, Auburn, having purchased the interests of H. D. Peck who has left with his family for his former home at Sandy Hill, N. Y.

—The thimble club met with Mrs. E. B. Beebee Wednesday afternoon. . . . George S. Fordyce has purchased the Morse coal and lumber yard adjoining his own at the foot of Basin St., and which he has rented for several years past. —Union Springs Advertiser.

—Denton Loodell, a well known resident of North Lansing, died at his home there on Wednesday, aged 69 years. Funeral services, under the direction of the Masonic fraternity, will be held today at 1 o'clock at the house with concluding services at the M. E. church.

—On occount of the blizzard, this village received no mail last Saturday, the stage being unable to make the trips to Locke One trip was made on Friday. Monday noon we were once more put in communication with the outside world, and Postmaster Smith was busy for a few minutes, sorting eight bags of mail.

—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Weeks of Delta, Colo., on Jan. 17, 1908. Mrs. Weeks was formerly Miss Florence Young of Locke. Her mother, Mrs. W. J. Young, who has been spending several weeks in Colorado, expects to leave for home Feb. 17. She will be accompanied by Miss Leila Weeks who has been in the West for some time.

Church and Society Notes.

Services at Baptist church next Sunday as follows: Morning worship at 11 o'clock, subject, "Christian Love." Bible school at 12 m. Evening worship, 7 o'clock, subject, "Be Ready." Prayer meeting on the evening of Feb. 19 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lanterman. All are welcome at each service.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co, Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Ax, Axed, Axiom.

Ax anybody who has tried Pioneer Koff Drops and they will tell you that they are the BEST thing for Koffs and Kolds.

This is an axiom. Everywhere 5c

There isn't anything better and there isn't going to be.

Fred L. Norton,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Read! Ponder! Read!

The aim of the optician is to understand accommodation of the eye. The eye is in direct communication with the brain. It has been proved that the errors of refraction are the cause of nervous reflex conditions and a drain on the nerve supply.

It does not matter where you purchased your glasses I can duplicate the most complicated lens or any part of the frame on short notice.

It is well for the public to know I have the ability and experience to fit and adjust glasses to their eyes

I am prepared with all the newest, most accurate instruments for eye testing and mistakes are impossible.

A. T. HOYT.
Graduate Optician,
Opp. Moravia House,
Moravia, N. Y.

Farmers' Mutual INDEMNITY ASSOCIATION

$3,2640,00 at risk

Office, MORAVIA, N. Y.

Average assessment since organization .89 per $1,000 For other information call on or write J. L. O'Hara, director, Genoa, N. Y., or

Alton E. Banks, Sec.
Moravia, N. Y.

—A daughter, Charlotte M., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Dana Brong of Moravia on Feb. 3, 1908.

—Anybody who thinks this weather is really cold should read up on the winter of 1823, when people did not leave off wearing wristlets and earlaps until the first of June.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, Feb. 7.

—The postmaster at Newark, N. J, has a letter for Miss Elizabeth Garthwaite. It was mailed at New Orleans, La., Dec. 30, 1854, and it did not reach Newark until last week. The envelope is timestained and frayed at the edges.

—A farm of 104 acres in the town of Ledyard, which was owned by A. J. Loomis of Syracuse, was sold last week by Hicks Anthony and S. J. Westfall, as loan commissioners, under mortgage foreclosure proceedings. The farm was bid in by Mr. Anthony for the state for $600.

—Rev. H. S. Haskell, who has been pastor of the Baptist church at Throopsville for a year and whose resignation was accepted recently on account of illness, has removed to the home of his son, Herbert Haskell in Syracuse. He is suffering with an incurable disease of the stomach. He is a veteran of the Civil war, having been chaplain in the 75th regiment. He is about 70 years of age.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR SALE—Durham cow, 7 years old, been fresh about 2 weeks.
28tf B. J. BRIGHTMAN, Genoa.

SALESMAN WANTED to look after our interest in Cayuga and adjacent counties. Salary or commission. Address the VICTOR OIL COMPANY,
28w2 Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Bay mare, 13 years old, weight 960, kind and true in all harness, good woman's horse. Address F. C. GIFFORD, Scipioville, N. Y
28w2

WANTED by March 1, 1,000 cow hides, bull hides, horse hides and deacon skins. Highest cash price paid. J. J. SHAPERO,
F. P. MARBLE.

FOR SALE—30 Plymouth Rock pullets laying now. B. J. BRIGHTMAN,
28tf Genoa, N. Y.

FARM TO LET—Wanted, a man to work the old Levi Starner farm on shares. Inquire A. J. PARKER,
27w2 Auburn, N. Y.

C. J. Wheeler will furnish you with good coal, well screened, from Atwater & Son's elevator. Give him a call.

FOR SALE—House and barn on Maple St., known as the Orlin Andrews place. Inquire of
18tf A. D. MEAD, Genoa

FARM FOR SALE—Located 1½ miles from N. Y., A. & L. R. R., 3 miles from Genoa village, 2 miles from North Lansing, near the proposed state road; 57 acres choice land, good buildings. Inquire for particulars of MRS. J. G. WHITTEN, Genoa, N. Y.
24tf

Young pigs and veal calves wanted. S. C. HOUGHTALING, Throopsville.

FOR SERVICE—Thoroughbred Berkshire boar. For Sale, full blood Holstein-Fresian bull one year old, eligible for registry.
MORRISON AND PALMER,
19m2 Five Corners, N. Y.

The More Goods We Sell The Cheaper we sell them.

As our business increases our customers get the benefit of lower prices and then, too, we have been very fortunate in picking up some very good bargains which you will get the benefit of.

We can FIT THE FEET.

The largest stock of Shoes. Felt and Rubber Goods in this part of the country, and we don't except some of the larger towns.

SMITH'S BIG STORE,

GENOA, N. Y.

THE GENOA TRIBUNE and N. Y. World, $1.65

Some of the Good Things at the New Grocery.

Corn Beef Hash
Sardines in Oil and Mustard
Canned Salmon
Dried Beef
Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce
Canned Beets—Best Yet
Spinach
Tomatoes
Corn
Peas
Succotash
Yours for "Eats"

GILLESPIE & HAGIN

GENOA, N. Y.

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A BOY OR GIRL CAN PLOW the stoniest ground with this truck. Finest thing for purpose ever invented. Fits and holds any plow. Flat land or side-hill. Carries plow anywhere. No use for wagon or stoneboat. Saves plow points. Our Trial Offer and Guaranty means perfect satisfaction or no pay. Write to-day for particulars.

GOOD LIVE AGENTS WANTED.
M'f'd by L. R. LEWIS,
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Overcoat Sale.

1-4 off

on all Overcoats for Men and Boys. All goods marked in plain figures. We must have the room for our spring stock which we expect soon. Don't miss this money saving opportunity.

Big reductions on all Men's and Boys' Suits, Raincoats, Trousers, etc., Hats and Caps, Sweater Coats, Gents' Furnishing Goods and Everyday Clothing.

Douglas Shoes in all shapes and leathers. All sizes from the smallest to the largest.

Goodyear 4 buckle Arctics now only ***$2.25***
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Big values in underwear for Ladies, Gents and Boys.

"GENOA CLOTHING STORE."

Maks G. Shapero & Son,

REMEMBER. We can clothe you from head to foot.

The Scrap Book

Stockton's Chickens.

When Frank Stockton started out with his Rudder Grange experiences he undertook to keep chickens. One old motherly Plymouth Rock brought out a brood late in the fall, and Stockton gave her a good deal of attention. He named each of the chicks after some literary friend, among the rest Mary Mapes Dodge. Mrs. Dodge was visiting the farm some time later, and, happening to think of her namesake, she said, "By the way, Frank, how does little Mary Mapes Dodge get along?"

"The funny thing about little Mary Mapes Dodge," said he, "is she turns out to be Thomas Bailey Aldrich."

THOUGH ALL WERE FABLES.

Though all great deeds were proved but fables fine;
Though earth's old story could be told anew;
Though the sweet fashions loved of them that sue
Were empty as the ruined Delphian shrine;
Though God did never man in words benign
With sense of his great fatherhood endue;
Though life immortal were a dream untrue,
And he that promised it were not divine;
Though soul, though spirit, were not and all hope
Reaching beyond the bourn melted away;
Though virtue had no goal and good no scope,
But both were doomed to end with this our clay;
Though all these were not, to the ungraced heir
Would this remain—to live as though they were.

—Jean Ingelow.

An Honest Opinion.

Mrs. Ruggles of South Pittsburg visited the Carnegie institute and had been much interested in the statuary on exhibition there.

On giving an account of the trip to a neighbor she said, "I have seen that fellow what they call Adonis, and I've seen Ruggles, and of the two give me Ruggles."—Lippincott's.

Natural Enough.

A stuttering man was once arraigned before a magistrate.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

"S-s-s-s-sis-s-s-s," began the prisoner.

"What's that?"

"S-s-s-s-sis-s-s-s," hissed the stutterer.

"His name's Sisson," interrupted the policeman who had made the arrest. "He stutters."

"So it seems. What's he charged with?"

"I don't know, your honor," said the policeman. "It seems to be soda water."

Simple and Logical.

A teacher observed what he thought a lack of patriotic enthusiasm in one of the boys under his instruction.

"Now, Tommy," said he, "tell us what you would think if you saw the stars and stripes waving over the field of battle."

"I should think that the wind was blowing."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Her Redeeming Feature.

An only son had just told the family that he was engaged and to whom.

Ma—What, that girl? Why, she squints.

Sister—She has absolutely no style.

Auntie—Red headed, isn't she?

Grandma—I'm afraid she's fidgety.

Uncle—She hasn't any money.

First Cousin—She doesn't look strong.

Second Cousin—She's stuck up.

Third Cousin—She's an extravagant thing.

The Son (thoughtfully)—Well, she's got one redeeming feature, anyhow.

Chorus—What's that?

The Son—She hasn't a relative on earth.

Pa—Grab her, my boy; grab her!

About Eleven Head.

An evangelist journeying through darkest South Carolina stopped at a cabin swarming with children and asked of the young negress who responded to his knock how many children she had.

"Well, I've buried some, of co'se, but livin' I reckon I got 'bout 'leven head."

Any Other Name Would Do as Well.

A dignified gentleman was trying to read in a crowded railroad train. Among the passengers was a lady with a sprightly little blue eyed girl with golden hair and an inquisitive tongue. She asked the dignified gentleman numerous questions, played with his watch chain and endeavored to determine by means of the buttons on his waistcoat whether he was rich man, poor man, beggar man or thief.

The mother fairly beamed upon him. He was becoming nervous and, turning to the lady, said:

"Madam, what do you call this sweet little child?"

"Ethel," replied the mother, with a smile.

"Please call her, then."—Everybody's.

You Can't Paint the Lily.

A girl was asked to explain why men never kiss each other, while women do. She replied, "Men have something better to kiss; women haven't."

The Good Ones Were Gone.

In 1863, after the fall of Vicksburg, a man came to Lincoln seeking an office. He had known Lincoln very well in the early fifties, but had drifted south. He wanted an office and a good one, and he was very importunate.

At last Mr. Lincoln said to him: "John, when I was a young man about the time I first went to Springfield to live, I was invited to a dance, and I was very proud of the invitation. I remember that I bought a new hat and a very good one, for it cost me more than any other hat I had ever bought, and I was very proud to wear it to the dance. Well, I enjoyed myself so much at this hop that I stayed very late, about the last one to leave, as I remember, and as I was ready to go I said to the colored man who had charge of the coats and hats, 'Now, John, I wish you would bring me my hat.' He brought me a hat that had been worn for a long time and was very rusty and shabby, and I said to him: 'This isn't my hat. I wore a good one.' And then he replied, 'Mr. Lincoln the good ones were all gone two hours ago.' So, John, the good offices are all gone."

Slightly Mixed.

Two correspondents wrote to a country editor to know respectively the best way of assisting twins through the teething period and how to rid an orchard of grasshoppers. The editor answered both questions faithfully but unfortunately got the initials mixed, so that the fond father of the teething twins was thunderstruck by the following advice:

"If you are unfortunate enough to be plagued by these unwelcome little pests, the quickest means of settling them is to cover them with straw and set the straw on fire."

The man who was bothered with grasshoppers was equally amazed to read:

"The best treatment is to give them each a warm bath twice a day and rub their gums with boneset."

The Bishop's Job.

A bishop was staying with a friend in a country house. On Sunday morning as he passed through the library he found a small boy curled up in a big chair deeply interested in a book.

"Are you going to church, Tom?" he asked.

"No, sir," he replied.

"Why, I am."

"You've got to go. It's your job."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Neck and Neck.

The lawyer for the plaintiff had finished his argument, and counsel for the defense stepped forward to speak when the new judge interrupted him. His eyes were filled with wonder and admiration for the plea of the plaintiff.

"Defendant need not speak," he said "Plaintiff wins."

"But, your honor," said the attorney, "at least let me present my case."

"Well, go on, then."

The lawyer went ahead. When he had finished the judge gaped in even greater astonishment.

"Don't it beat all!" he exclaimed. "Now defendant wins."

No Common Nigger.

As a well known evangelist was paying pastoral visits some years ago in the state of Tennessee a lady said to him:

"I'm very glad you've come. I was reading in the Bible the other day about Moses marrying a nigger, and I wish you would explain the matter."

"It doesn't read that way in my Bible," he replied. "It reads that Moses married an Ethiopian woman."

"Well, doesn't that mean a nigger?"

"I will tell you how it was. There was a terrible war waged by the Ethiopians against the Egyptians, and two great armies sent from Egypt against them had been destroyed. The Ethiopians were governed by a magnificent queen, something like Semiramis, who led out her own armies and knew how to gain a victory. But when Moses was sent with a third Egyptian army against her he asked help of God and managed so wisely that the queen agreed to surrender all her forces to him and become tributary to Egypt provided he would marry her."

"Well," said the old lady, "I'm glad to hear it wasn't any common nigger."

New Testament Wisdom.

Little Mabel's grandfather had been reading the New Testament to her, and the parables seemed to arrest her attention. Her mother, going into the kitchen about dinner time, overheard Mabel talking in a peremptory manner to the servants. When asked what she had been saying, she replied:

"Oh, nothing. I was only telling those wicked and slothful servants to hurry up dinner."—Lippincott's.

Longworth and Longfellow.

Shortly before his marriage to Alice Roosevelt Congressman Longworth was presented at a large reception to Samuel Longfellow, a brother of the poet. Longworth was just then in a somewhat rattled condition because of the notoriety showered upon him by a gratuitous press.

He did not know what to say, and so he said only:

"Our names are almost similar, aren't they?"

Mr. Longfellow smiled kindly.

"Yes," he quickly quoted; "'worth makes the man and the lack of it the fellow.'"

Gallantry in Church.

One Sunday during high mass at 12 in the chapel of the little village of Glengariff three ladies of the Protestant faith were obliged to take shelter from one of those heavy summer showers which so frequently occur in the south of Ireland. The officiating priest, knowing who they were and wishing to appear respectful to them, stooped down to his attendant or clerk, who was on his knees, and whispered to him, "Three chairs for the Protestant ladies." The clerk mistook the words, stood up and shouted out to the congregation, "Three cheers for the Protestant ladies!" which the congregation immediately took up and gave three hearty cheers, while the clergyman stood dumfounded.

EFFECT OF SOCIAL GLASS.

The Moderate Drinking Habit His Ruin.

The New York World thus tells the story of the downfall of a well-known New York bank clerk:

Garvin R. Dick, former clerk of the check department of the Chase National Bank, sat on a bench in the room for visitors at the Work House on Blackwell's Island. He wore prison trousers, prison shoes and a prison hat.

"Tippling brought me here," he said, "just a drink or two a day with a friend. That's what downed me. Moderate drinking is the most insidious form of indulgence.

"It was moderate drinking also brought my wife here. She had her circle of friends, and they had their social glass. She will agree with me that the hard drinker has not as much to fear as those who take a social glass regularly."

The Way of the Drunkard.

We allow distillers to make whiskey, tax it, sell it to the saloonkeeper and tax it again. By the time the 15-cent drink is gulped by the drunkard or novice, probably one-third of that sum has gone to enrich the coffers of the state and pay the expense of political machinery in license fees.

Now follow the drunkard. He takes a few more drinks and is arrested on any one of the innumerable charges in the category of crime—murder, assault or plain intoxication, not to say anything about his pitiable condition when he finds himself in a cell, his family suffering, perhaps, for food and clothing. The prisoner later either pays a money tribute or is sent to work out his fine as a public charge. What a penalty to pay—and by a sick man!

For have we not heard that drunkenness is a "disease?" Our erudite doctors tell us so. Then why should the government punish a man for contracting an ailment bred and fostered by the laws of the state?

A Higher, More Creative Thing to Do.

To do what we ought is an altogether higher, diviner, more potent, more creative thing than to write the grandest poem, paint the most beautiful picture, carve the mightiest statue or dream out the most enchanting commotion of melody and harmony. If you have ever seen the Lord, if only from afar; if you have any vaguest suspicion that Jesus was a better man than other men, one of your first duties must be to open your ears to His words and see whether they command themselves to you as true; then, if they do, to obey them with your whole strength and might.—George MacDonald.

A Frightful Indictment.

A report came from Honolulu the other day to the effect that a lieutenant in the United States army had committed suicide there. This was the pathetic note he left: "It's no use; I cannot stop drinking.

Cold-hearted moralists will say that the poor drunken lieutenant was a fool, that he ought to have had self-control enough to prevent such a distressing termination of his career. But the tragedy of the drink-cursed lieutenant is a frightful indictment of the liquor traffic, as well as of conditions prevalent in both arms of our united national service.—Epworth Herald.

Some Thoughts and Findings on Alcohol.

Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, the eminent English physician and surgeon, has left this testimony on record. He says: "I am recording a matter of personal history when I say that I, for one, had once no thought of alcohol except as a food. I thought it gave additional strength. I thought it enabled us to endure mental and bodily fatigue. I thought it cheered the heart, and lifted up the mind into greater activity. I learned, step by step, that the true action of alcohol is to create paralysis of nervous power."

Evolution of a Drunkard.

The boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow. The moderate drinker of to-morrow is the drunkard of the day after to-morrow. Then most certainly he is not responsible to himself for his own conduct. He has become irresponsible. This fact is easily proved by the thousands of drunkards who are continually taking some cure or other and by the tens of thousands who would do so if they had the money. We have all known of drunkards who have taken some cure several times and were not then cured.

Influence of a Holy Life.

There is an eloquence in living goodness which will often prove persuasive. For it is an inoffensive, unpretending, unobtrusive eloquence; it is the eloquence of the soft sunshine when it expands the close-shut leaves and blossoms—a rude hand would but tear and crush them; it is the eloquence of the summer heat when it basks upon the thick-ribbed ice—blows would but break it, but beneath that softest, gentlest, yet most potent influence, the hard, impenetrable masses melt away.—John Caird.

Further Opposition.

Liquor dealers must, in future, not confine their hostility to the church. There is a movement begun to exclude them from the Masonic fraternity. The Iowa Grand Lodge of Masons at its recent meeting in Sioux City, declared that no liquor dealer, except a druggist, can hereafter become a member of the Order in that State.—Christian Herald.

Billy Brown and Lincoln.

REMINISCENCES OF A TOWNSMAN OF THE PRESIDENT.

Lincoln's Departure for Washington Described in Billy Brown's Own Words—How He Called on the President—Miss Tarbell's Latest Discovery Described.

Billy Brown is Miss Ida Tarbell's latest discovery. Billy Brown was a friend of Abraham Lincoln.

Miss Tarbell lets him tell it in his own words. As, for instance, in this picture of the parting between Lincoln and his fellow townsmen when the President came to Washington to take up his duties:

"Of course he seemed pretty cheerful always," says Billy Brown. "He wa'n't no man to show out all he felt. Lots of them little stuck up chaps that came out here to talk to him said, solemnly as owls: 'He don't realize the gravity of the situation.'

"I can see him now just how he looked, standin' there on the end of his car. He'd been shakin' hands with the crowd in the depot, laughin' and talkin', just like himself, but when he got onto that car he seemed suddint to be all changed. You never seen a face so sad in all the world.

"It was rainin' hard, but when we saw him standin' there in bare head, his great big eyes lookin, at us so lovin' and mournful, every man of us took off his hat, just as if he'd been in church.

"You never heard him make a speech, of course? You missed a lot. Curious voice. You could hear it away off—kind of shrill, but went right to your heart—and that night it sounded sadder than anything I ever heard.

"You know I always hear it to this day, nights when the wind howls around the house. Ma says it makes her nervous to hear me talk about him such nights, but I can't help it; just have to let out.

"He stood a minute looking at us and then he began to talk. There ain't a man in this town that heard him that ever forgot what he said, but I don't believe there's a man that ever said it over out loud—he couldn't without cryin'. He just talked to us that time out of his heart.

"Somehow we felt all of a sudd'nt how we loved him and how he lo'ed us. We hadn't taken any stock in all that talk about his bein' killed, but when he said he was goin' away not knowin' where or whether ever he would return I just got cold all over.

"I began to see that minute, and everybody did. The women all fell to sobbin' and a kind of groan went up, and when he asked us to pray for him I don't believe there wa a man in that crowd, whether he ever went to church in his life, that didn't want to drop right down on his marrow bones and ask the Lord to take care of Abraham Lincoln and bring him back to us, where he belonged.

"'Ever see him again?' Yes, once down in Washington, summer of '64. I had a brother in Washington, clerk in a department—awful set up 'cause he had an office—and when I got down there I told him I'd come to visit Mr. Lincoln.

"He says; 'William, be you a fool? Folks don't visit the President of the United States without an invitation, and he's too busy to see anybody but the very biggest people in this Administration. Why, he don't even see me,' he says. Well, it made me huffy to hear him talk.

"'Issac,' I says, 'I don't wonder Mr. Lincoln don't see you. But it's different with me. Him and me is friends.'

"'Well,' he says, 'you've got to have cards anyway.'

"'Cards,' I says, 'what for? What kind?'

"'Why,' he says, 'visitin' cards—with your name on.'

"'Well,' I says, 'it's come to a pretty pass if an old friend like me can't see Mr. Lincoln without sendin' him a piece of pasteboard. I'd be ashamed to do such a thing, Issac Brown. Do you suppose he's forgotten me? Needs to see my name printed out to know who I am? You can't make me believe any such thing,' and I walked right out of the room, and that night I footed it up to the Soldiers' Home, where Mr. Lincoln was livin' then, right among the sick soldiers in their tents.

"There was lots of people settin' around in a little room, waitin' fer him, but there wasn't anybody there I knowed, and I was feelin' a little funny when a door opened and out came little John Nicolay. He came from down this way, so I just went up and says:

"How'd you do, John; where's Mr. Lincoln?' Well, John didn't seem over glad to see me.

"'Have you an appointment with Mr. Lincoln?' he says.

"'No, sir,' I says; 'I ain't, and it ain't necessary. Mebbe it's all right and fittin' for them as wants post offices to have app'intments, but I reckon Mr. Lincoln's old friends don't need 'em, so you just trot along Johnnie, and tell him Billy Brown's here and see what he says.'

"Well, he kind o'flushed up and set his lips together, but he knowed me, and so he went off. In about two minutes the door opened and out came Mr. Lincoln, his face all lit up. He saw me first thing, and he laid holt of me and just shook my hands fit to kill.

"'Billy,' he says, 'now I am glad to see you. Come right in. You're goin' to stay to supper with Mary and me.'

"Didn't I know it? Think bein, president would change him?—not a mite.

"Well, we had supper and then talked some more, and about 10 o'clock I started down town. Wanted me to stay all night, but I says to myself, 'Billy, don't you overdo it. You've cheered him up, and you better light out and let him remember it when he's tired.' So I said:

"'Nope, Mr. Lincoln, can't. Goin' back to Springfield to-morrow. Ma don't like to have me away and my boy ain't no great shakes keepin' store.'

"'Billy,' he says, 'what did you come down here for?'

"'I come to see you, Mr. Loncoln.'

"'But you ain't asked me for anything, Billy. What is it? Out with it Want a post office?' he said, giglin', for he knowed I didn't.

"'No, Mr. Lincoln, jest wanted to see you—felt kinder lonesome—been so long since I'd seen you, and I was afraid I'd forgit som of them yarns if I didn't unload soon.'

"Well, sir, you ought to seen his face as he looked at me.

"'Billy Brown,' he says, slow like, 'do you mean to tell me you came all the way from Springfield, Ill., just to have a visit with me, that you don't want an office for anybody, nor a pardon for anybody, that you ain't got no complaint in your pockets, or any advice up your sleeve?'

"'Yes, sir,' I says, 'that's about it, and I'll be durned if I wouldn't go to Europe to see you, if I couldn't do it no other way, Mr. Lincoln.'

"Well, sir, I never was so astonished in my life. He just grabbed my hand and shook it nearly off, and the tears just poured down his face."

—American Magazine.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—By Himself.

[This brief autobiography was written in December, 1859, at the request of Jesse W. Fell.]

I was born Feb. 12, 1809, in Hardin county, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my 10th year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, some others in Macon counties, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham county, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks county, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the some name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecal, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but 6 years of age and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer county, Indiana, in my 8th year. We reached our new home about the time the state came into the union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "readin', writin' and cipherin'" to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow I could read, write and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have on this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was 22. At 21 I came to Illinois and passed the first year in Macon county. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard county, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk war and I was elected a captain of volunteers—a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went the campaign, was elected, ran for the legislature the same year (1832) and was beaten—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower house of congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a whig in politics and generally on the whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, in may be said I am in height six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average 180 pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected. Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

BRING YOUR LEGAL PRINTING TO THIS OFFICE--WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY ON IT.

Citation.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: To Edward McKeon and Bridget McKeon his wife, Elizabeth Devine, Katharine McKeon, John McKeon, Charles McKeon and Clara McKeon his wife, Louis McKeon, George F. Hennessey, Fred J. Manro, John J. Hugg, Gibson P. Mack, Margaret Donovan, Thomas H. Dunnigan, heirs-at-law, next-of-kin and creditors of Mary McKeon, late of the city of Auburn, in the county of Cayuga, New York, deceased, and to all other creditors and persons in any way interested in the estate of said Mary McKeon, decedent.

Whereas, Mollie A. Bell, administratrix of the estate of said Mary McKeon, deceased, has applied to our Surrogate's Court of the County of Cayuga, New York, for the disposition of moneys arising from sale of the real property of said decedent, for the payment of the debts and funeral expenses of said decedent; now therefore, you and each of you are cited to appear before the Surrogate of the County of Cayuga, New York, at a Surrogate's Court, to be held in and for the County of Cayuga, at the Court House, in the City of Auburn, in said County, on the 6th day of March, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why such moneys should not be distributed for the payment of the debts and funeral expenses of said decedent, and why an order and decree should not be made, authorizing and directing the payment of the debts and funeral expenses of said decedent, and the distribution of the balance among those entitled thereto; and if any of the aforesaid persons, so interested in the estate of said decedent, and hereby cited, are infants under the age of twenty-one years, they will please take notice that they are required to appear by their general guardian if they have one, or if they have none, that they appear and apply for the appointment of a special guardian, or in the event of their neglect or failure to do so, a special guardian will be appointed by the Surrogate to represent and act for them in the proceeding.

In Testimony Whereof, We have caused the seal of our said Surrogate's Court to be hereunto affixed.

Witness, Hon. Walter E. Woodin, Surrogate of the County of Cayuga, at the Surrogate's Office in the City of Auburn, this 1st day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and eight.

[L. S.]

WALTER E. WOODIN, Surrogate.

Frederick A. Mohr, Attorney for Petitioner, Office and P. O. address, 141 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y. 22w4

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, N. Y., Notice is hereby given, that all persons having claims against the estate of Thomas Tyrrell, late of the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same, with vouchers in support thereof, to the undersigned, the administratrix of, etc., of said deceased, at her place of residence in the town of Genoa, County of Cayuga, N. Y., on or before the 25th day of July, 1908.

MARGARET M. TYRRELL, Administratrix.

Dated January 22, 1908.
F. E. Hughitt, Attorney for Administratrix.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Michael Cannon, late of the town of Venice, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the executor of, &c., of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Venice, County of Cayuga, N. Y., on or before the 10th day of July, 1908.

Dated Jan. 1, 1908.

JOSEPH CANNON, Executor.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an Order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Sara A. Dixon, late of the town of Ledyard, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the Administrator of, etc., of said deceased at his place of residence in the Town of Venice, County of Cayuga, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of May, 1908.

Dated Nov. 13, 1907.

DEXTER WHEELER, Administrator.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Frank H. Thayer, late of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrators of, etc., of said deceased, at their place of residence in the town of Genoa, County of Cayuga, on or before the 15th day of April, 1908.

H. LEONA THAYER,
CARL J. THAYER, Administrators.

Dated Oct. 7, 1907.
S. Edwin Day, Attorney for Administrators, Moravia, N. Y. 10m6

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, Notice is hereby given, that all persons having claims against the estate of James Murray, late of the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof at the office of Alfred Lanterman, King Ferry, N. Y., on or before the 1st day of July, 1908.

MARY MURRAY,
THOMAS DONAHUE, Administrators.

Dated Jan 1st, 1908.
F. M. Leary, Attorney for Administrators, Auburn, N. Y.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH Dr. King's New Discovery
FOR COUGHS COLDS
PRICE 50c & $1.00. Trial Bottle Free
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.
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If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's Australian-Leaf. It is a safe and never-failing regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

The old standby—Perry Harrow—we have them.

The Road

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When Lincoln Courted

A Duel Helped to Bring the Two Lovers Together After an Enstrangement.

Miss Todd soon singled out, and held the admiration of such of the Springfield beaux as pleased her somewhat willful fancy, and Lincoln, being much at the Edwards house, found himself, almost before he knew it, entangled in a new love affair, says Helen Nicolay in St. Nicholas. In the course of a twelvemonth he was engaged to marry her, but something, nobody knows what or how, happened to break the engagement, and to plunge him again in a very sea of wretchedness. Nor is it necessary that we should know about it further than that a great trouble came upon him, which he bore nobly, after his kind. Few men have had his stern sense of duty, his tenderness of heart, his conscience, so easy toward others, so merciless toward himself. The trouble preyed upon his mind until he could think of nothing else. He became unable to attend to business, or to take any part in the life around him. Fearing for his reason as well as for his health if this continued, his good friend Joshua F. Speed carried him off, whether he wished or not, for a visit to his own home in Kentucky. Here they stayed for some time, and Lincoln grew much better, returning to Springfield about midsummer, almost his old self, though far from happy.

An affair that helped to bring the lovers together again is so out of keeping with the rest of his life that it would deserve mention for that reason, if for no other. This is nothing less than Lincoln's first and only duel. It happened that James Shields, afterward a general in two wars and a Senator from two states was at that time auditor of the state of Illinois, with his office at Springfield. He was a Democrat, and an Irishman by birth, with an Irishman's quick temper and readiness to take offense. He had given orders about collecting certain taxes which displeased the Whigs, and shortly after Lincoln came back from Kentucky a series of humorous letters ridiculing the auditor and his order appeared in the Springfield paper, to the great amusement of the townspeople and the fury of Shields. These letters were dated from the "Lost Townships," and were supposed to be written by a farmer's widow signing herself "Aunt Rebecca." The real writers were Miss Todd and a clever friend, who undertook them more for the purpose of poking fun at Shields than for party effect. In framing the political part of their attack, they had found it necessary to consult Lincoln, and he obligingly set them a pattern by writing the first letter himself.

Shields sent to the editor of the paper to find out the name of the real "Rebecca." The editor, as in duty bound, consulted Lincoln, and was told to give Lincoln's name, but not to mention the ladies. Shields then sent Lincoln an angry challenge; and Lincoln, who considered the whole affair ridiculous, and would willingly have explained his part in it if Shields had made a gentlemanly inquiry, chose as weapons "broadswords of the largest size," and named as conditions of the duel that a plank 10 feet long be firmly fixed on edge in the ground, as a line over which neither combatant was to pass his foot upon forfeit of his life. Next, lines were to be drawn upon the ground on each side of the plan, parallel with it, at the distance of the whole length of the sword and three feet additional. The passing of his own line by either man was to be deemed a surrender of the fight.

It is easy to see from these conditions that Lincoln refused to consider the matter seriously, and determined to treat it as absurdly as it deserved. He and Shields, and their respective seconds, with the broadswords, hurried away to an island in the Mississippi river, opposite Alton; but long before the plank was set up, or swords were drawn, mutual friends took the matter out of the hands of the seconds, and declared a settlement of the difficulty.

The affair created much talk and merriment in Springfield, but Lincoln found it more than comedy. By means of it he and Miss Todd were again brought together in friendly interviews, and on November 4, 1842 they were married at the house of Mr. Edwards. Four children were born of this marriage: Robert Todd Lincoln, August 1, 1843; Edward Baker Lincoln, March 10, 1846; William Wallace Lincoln, December 21, 1850, and Thomas Lincoln, April 4, 1853. Edward died while a baby; William, in the White House, February 20, 1862; Thomas, in Chicago, July 15, 1871, and the mother, 1882. Robert Lincoln was graduated from Harvard during the Civil War, serving afterward on the staff of Gen. Grant. He has since been Secretary of War and minister to England, has held many other positions of trust.

LINCOLN.

With sweet humility his mighty mind
Gave Freedom's mandate to mankind;
Subdued the storm of hate and strife,
And saved unharmed the nation's life.
He thought alone of liberty,
And gave his life to make men free;
While tyrants knew his magic word,
And cowering trembled as they heard

Saturday Night Talks

BY F. E. DAVISON — RUTLAND VT.

A LOST CREDENTIAL.

Feb. 16, '07.—(John 4:43-54.)

One of the things which made Jesus Christ popular was his ability to heal all manner of sickness.

Not only so. He gave the same sympathetic heart and healing power to his apostles. It was one of the credentials by which they were to be identified as His followers—this power over all manner of sickness. Whenever the conditions were complied with the church for hundreds of years was able to prove its divine origin in this way.

Why then do not "these signs follow those that believe" in these days? In a word it is because the church has lost a very vital part of its credentials. There is not a shadow of evidence that this power was expected to expire with the apostles. The credential once bestowed was never recalled. It was a part of the great commission, and had the same extent as the command to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. If one part has run out it has all run out. The command to heal is coextensive with the command to preach. The reason why there are so many semi-religious, scientific, philosophic, fake practitioners to-day, fattening on the credulity and faith of the suffering, is because the church has not only lost its divine credential, but has offered excuses and palliations for it.

We have come to the time when the church is actually not ashamed of its loss. The great suffering world lies at the gate of the temple, but the church can no longer say, "Silver and gold have I none." Neither can it any longer say, "Such as I have, I give unto thee, rise up, and walk."

We have all sorts of alleviations for the sick, the scientists have discovered numberless ingredients for the subjugation of pain, and the lifting of dull care from the heart of the invalid. So that pain and suffering, sickness and death is not what it once was. Yet in spite of all discoveries and inventions the chronic invalid groans and the cry of suffering everywhere rends the heavens. Quacks take advantage of that universal desire for health and rob the suffering of their money, adding poverty to disease without compunction. Enough drugs are poured down the throats of the sick in this country every year to kill all the fish in the sea.

Suppose the church should restore this lost credential? Suppose instead of talking about mysterious providences, we should point the sick to the physician of all men? Suppose instead of counselling patience we should urge recovery? Suppose we should expect those who are ill to recover, what effect would it have on the world? What if we should stop this nonsense of preaching that the Almighty source of life and health, the Creator and Restorer of all things, actually sends sickness upon little children, causing them to writhe in anguish, that their parents may be reformed and made to behave themselves. Yet we have heard that doctrine preached by those who profess to be the followers of Him "who took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.

The fact is, sickness is an anomoly as much as sin. God intended that His creatures should not only be perfect in morals, but perfect in body. There is no connection between liver complaint and sanctification. Any man can be a better Christian if his digestion is right, than he can if it is out of order. Some saints have been great dyspeptics, but their piety was not founded on their stomachs. The imperfections of temper characteristic of otherwise holy men are to be attributed, not to their lack of piety, but to their possession of rheumatism. When a pious person flares up it is often because ill-health triumphs over grace. And then the poor soul, conscious-smitten, prays for forgiveness instead of praying as he should for healing. Wipe out disease and you wipe out an infinite amount of bad temper and snappish behaviour. A man does not necessarily fall from grace, because he ejaculates instinctively when suddenly stabbed with pleurisy. "He knoweth our frame. He remembereth that we are dust."

What this world is waiting for is the coming of an all round church, interested in everything that concerns mankind, the mental, moral, social, physical well-being of man. Such was the divine intention in the organization of the church on earth. It was founded for the purpose of meeting all the necessities of man. It was to be a kingdom complete in every part with nothing lacking and no necessity of looking beyond and outside of it for anything.

Its great originator was equal to the occasion in every particular. And it was His intention that His representatives should carry on His work to the end of time. The signs multiply that the lost credential of healing is being restored.

LINCOLN AS AN ABSTAINER

Evidence Points to the Fact That He Never Tasted Liquor.

Abraham Lincoln, throughout his life, boy and man, always stood for temperance. For back in his Indiana boyhood, the first essay he ever wrote was on the subject of temperance. A local Baptist preacher was so struck with its merit that he secured it from the boy, and sent it to Ohio, where it is said to have appeared in a newspaper.

Soon after coming to Springfield to practice law, he joined the Sons of Temperance, and frequently made temperance speeches of very effective character.

Leonard Swett tells us that Lincoln told him not more than a year before he was elected president, that he had never tasted liquor in his life. "What!" said Swett, "do you mean to say that you never tasted it?" "Yes," replied Lincoln, "I never tasted it." When we taken into consideration the habits of the time, this is a most remarkable testimony to Lincoln's temperance principles, the stability of his character, and the iron quality of his will-power.

The Hon. John Hay, present secretary of state, and one of Lincoln's secretaries and biographers, has declared that Lincoln was a man of extremely temperate habits, and that he made no use of either whisky or tobacco during all the years of his association with him.

Mr. John G. Nicoly, his private secretary and a joint biographer with Secretary Hay, says: "During all the five years of my service as his private secretary, I never saw him drink a glass of whisky, and I never knew or heard of his taking one."

From all this it will be seen, says the Christian Herald, that Abraham Lincoln, in his heroic struggle against poverty and hard conditions, in his victory over the vicious habits and customs of the day in which he lived, in the fidelity to principle, and in the cleanliness and purity of his personal habits of life, stands out before us as an ideal leader of the new army of total abstainers to which his name has been given.

Verdict of Scholars Upon Alcohol.

M. Berthelot, member of the Academies of Science and Medicine: "Alcohol is not a food, even though it may be fuel. Atwater himself did not conclude from his experiments that alcohol is a true food, that is, that it is capable of assimilation by the human organism."

Dr. Charles Richet, of the Academy of Medicine: "If alcoholic drinks could be entirely abolished, possibly a small portion of nourishment would be lost, but one would have rendered an immense service to humanity."

M. Metchnikoff, Chief Attendant at the Pasteur Institute: "As for myself, I am convinced that alcohol is a poison."

Dr. Lancereaux, of the Academy of Medicine: "Alcohol is dangerous, not only on account of the symptoms it induces in the nervous system, but especially on account of the mal-nutrition which it induces in the organism of one who indulges in excess."

Dr. Herricourt, Director of the Scientific Review: "Alcohol, even in the dose which some wish to class as healthful, can surely be the cause of death, by diminishing the resistance of the organism to infectious diseases."

The effort to reinstate alcohol, which has recently been attempted, rested only upon the laboratory experiments of the American Atwater. Yet Atwater says: "The moderate use of alcohol is filled with danger. Alcohol would not be called a food in the proper sense of the word. The net result of its use is an injury and not a benefit.—Temperance Record, Nov. 22, 1900. Professor Atwater's conclusions."

M. Roux of the Academy of Medicine, Assistant Director of the Pasteur Institute: "The struggle against alcoholism must be continued."

Dr. Magnan, of the Academy of Medicine, Chief Physician of St. Anne Insane Asylum: "In my opinion, alcohol would not be, in any case a food to be recommended. It pushes into our asylums of the Seine, almost one-half of the nmates."

Dr. Weiss, Government Civil Engineer of Bridges and Roads, Fellow of the Faculty of Medicine: "The truth is this—There is not a well proved fact to show that it would be useful to include alcohol in the diet; many people, often without suspecting it, suffer for having used it; I do not know one who has regretted being deprived of it."

Dr. Legrain, chief physician of the Asylums of Ville-Evrard: "It is scientific to proclaim it a perpetual danger, that alcohol—although a chemical food—is perfectly useless, and that it is wise to let it alone."

Dr. Garnier, chief physician of the special almshouse infirmary: "The food, alcohol, feeds crime and madness; the former is indebted to this substance for about 70 per cent of its victims; the latter for 23 per cent. Alcohol food! Granting that this term might be chemically correct, it will never be socially true. The individual who drinks passes to the toxic dose in an insidious manner, especially if he is deluded by the mirage that alcohol is a food."—Extracts from the Review and other publications.

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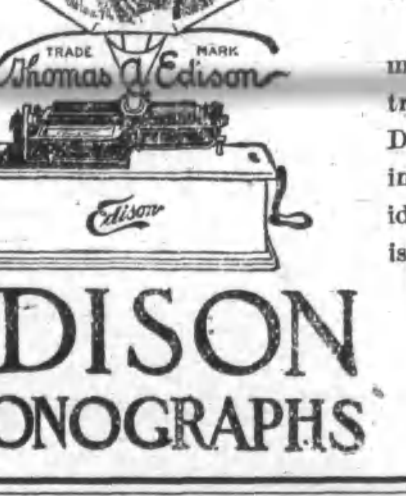

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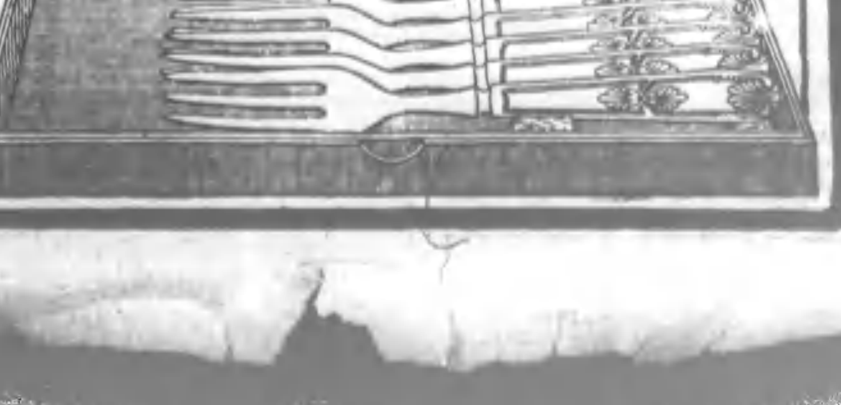

The - Belated - Valentine

By Rose Raymond.

Two little girls sat by the dining room fire. Each had four valentines.

"I shall send one to Mamma," said Helen, importantly, "and to cousin Jennie, and to my chum, and—I think—to Fred Nelson. Don't you think it is fun to send them to boys?"

"Yes," assented Sylvia, happily. "And I'll send one to Papa, so he won't feel bad, and I guess to little Jimmy Hubbell, 'cause he's lame, and to my chum, and to Aunt Sylvia."

"Aunt Sylvia!" cried Helen. "Why, she's an old maid. They don't get valentines!"

"She wouldn't have been an old maid if she had married any one, and she would have if she hadn't quarreled with Johnny Halsted. I heard Mamma say so."

"What else did Mamma say," asked Helen.

"It was ages and ages ago, most five years, Mamma said," continued Sylvia. "I didn't understand it very well, only they both used to sing in the choir, and they always came home together, even the night before. And the next day was Sunday and St. Valentine's Day, and Aunt Sylvia came home with somebody else, 'cause she was mad with Johnny Halsted for something. He was mad at her, too, and the next week he went to New York and never came back. I asked Aunt Sylvia one night what they quarreled about, and she said it was a great secret, but that it was because he didn't send her any valentine after he told her he was going to."

"Oh!" said Helen. "He was mean, wasn't he? But after all, she didn't marry him ,and she is an old maid, so I don't see why you should wa. te a valentine on her."

"Maybe she won't be always," protested Sylvie.

"Huh!" said Helen. "Why, she's as old as Mamma, all but two years, and Mamma's twenty-seven."

The day before St. Valentine's Day Sylvia had a bad cold, so she did not go to school, but was bundled up and left in the warm sitting room to play by herself. Helen promised to post her valentines for her, so she was quite contented.

After awhile she was tired of playing house and tea party with the dolls

"I'll sing hymns to them," she decided. She went to the big bookcase and pulled down a long book there. It was a hymnal, with a great deal of music, and words in large type.

"Oh, goody!" she cried, "this is just like the one Aunt Sylvia used to use in the choir."

She sat down before the dollies and opened the old book, which was the very one Johnny Halsted had carried home for Aunt Sylvia so many times.

She crooned away happily to the row of staring dolls for several minutes. When she tried to turn the second page it stuck, and she put her little finger between them, pulling them apart.

"Why, there's something here," she cried. "It's a letter! What a pretty one!"

It was a pink envelope, very thin and unsealed. Inside were three or four violets, which had made the pages stick and a sheet of pink paper with lace all around the edge and writing on it.

"To Sylvia," read Sylvia, slowly. "Why that's me. How nice!"

It was such fine writing that Sylvia could not read it all. At the bottom of the page was a white dove with a letter in its mouth. Sylvia put her little finger on lines near the end:

"So, Sylvia, take my heart and hand
If you will say you'll be my bride,
You'll let me take you home tomorrow.
And walk forever by your side."

"That's lovely," cried Sylvia. "And it might do for Aunt Sylvia. I know! Helen won't let me give her one of my valentines! I'll give her this one!"

On St. Valentine's Day morning she slipped downstairs before the rest, placed her father's valentine under his plate, and the faded pink one under Aunt Sylvia's.

When Papa found his and was wonderfully excited about it, all the rest jokingly picked up their plates to see if they might find some. And then Aunt Sylvia found hers.

She picked it up, turned scarlet, read a few lines, and then, with the wondering eyes of her little nieces on her ran out of the room upstairs to her own, clasping the precious valentine, which had been delayed for five years—just because she had never used her old hymnal after the last night she and Johnny Halsted walked home together.

"He must have put it into the book before he handed it to her at the gate," said Mamma, after Sylvia had told her all about it.

A week later Helen and Sylvia, hand in hand, came to their mother, with widely opened eyes.

"Mamma," said Helen, excitedly, "there's a man in our parlor, and we saw him—kiss—Aunt—Sylvia!"

"Yes," answered Mamma, not at all disturbed. "That's quite right. It is Mr. Halsted, and he is going to marry Aunt Sylvia next month. You are both to be her flower girls, in pink and white dresses."

"Then she won't be an old maid any more?" asked Helen.

"She never was one, silly child," said Mamma.

"Oh, I told you so! I told you so!" cried Sylvia, standing on one foot in delight.

The Valentines.

With his greyhound at his feet,
And the tapers flaring tall,
And the flames upon the hearth
Painting pictures on the wall,
While the panes were thick with frost,
And the world was white with snow,
Lo! he wrote a valentine
Twice a hundred years ago.

Every line was traced with care,
Every word was from his heart,
Though his pen was all unused
To the rhymer's subtle art.
Fast away the little page
Sped across the frozen snow,
With the missive to her door,
Twice a hundred years ago.

She, with powder on her hair,
And a smile upon her lips,
And a strip of 'broidery
In her rosy finger tips,
Read the ardent message through
With her velvet cheek aglow,
Happy youth and happy maid
Twice a hundred years ago!

Now I buy a valentine,
Tender verses all aflame,
Twined with roses pink and white
In a lace and satin frame,
You receive it in the mail,
But, my darling girl, you know
Hearts are just the same as then,
Twice a hundred years ago.

Minna Irving.

Why?

Were I to buy a valentine
For you, my dear,
Two loving hearts should close entwine—
Of course they'd be your own and mine.
With Cupid near,

Then in the first fond, loving heart
There'd be a dart,
Fresh shot from Cupid's daring bow
It's been there many moons, I trow—
But why that start?

You thought it was your heart I meant—
With arrow spent!
It was my own; but, dearest, hark!
If your own heart too has been a mark,
Why, spend a cent!

Laura W. Sheldon.

A Mistaken Intention.

He sent his photo to the maid—
It was a joke divine.
But that is why she threw him o'er—
She thought that he had meant it for
A comic valentine.

A Valentine Party.

By Edith Davis.

If several girls that move in the same social set desire to give a St. Valentine's party at a small outlay to each, it is a good plan to join their forces and funds together and give the entertainment at the home of one of the girls.

In the drawing-room where the party is to be given the floor should be canvased as for dancing. Cover the lamp or glass globes with shades made from comic valentines. Comic masks hung about the walls and Chinese lanterns from the ceiling add to the uniqueness of the pretty decoration.

When the guests enter the parlor the girls may be presented with small ribbon-adorned gilt bows and the boys with the arrows to match. Each arrow pierces a small card which bears the name of the girl who is to be the boy's partner for the evening. This manner of paring off the couples affords much amusement and surprise, all accepting their "fate" gracefully.

In one corner of the room a postoffice has been arranged by means of a tall three-panel screen, a window having been made in the center of the screen through which to pass valentines to the guests.

DESIGN FOR PAPER HEART.

The outer band should be painted bright yellow, the second one green and the third bright blue. The center is left white.

After the couples have joined and placed themselves in line (being instructed to do so by one of the hostesses), a hidden bell rings in a corner, the postoffice window springs open and old St. Valentine is seen doing duty as postmaster. He hands out dainty envelopes to the couples as they pass, large ones for the boys and small ones to the girls. When all have been given their mail the postoffice window closes and the jolly old saint comes forth to join in the frolic of the evening. He proves to be one of the guests whose identity is hidden by the appropriate costume of St. Valentine.

Then comes the fun of opening the envelopes. In those drawn by the girls the most dainty little hand-painted valentines are inclosed, and in those drawn by the boys are found the most comical and absurd valentines, bearing humorous verses and meaningless prophecies. These little souvenirs are to be kept by the recipients as mementoes of the gay evening they have spent with old St. Valentine.

Now follows the program of the evening, which may consist of games before supper and dancing afterward. In the rear of the parlor is placed a huge paper heart, which is painted in bright circles. (An illustration accompanies). This heart serves as a target for the gay archers, who may test their skill with the bows and arrows with which they are supplied. The colored bands about the heart are green, blue and yellow, the center being left white. A small "heart card," bearing verses which give the significance of these colors, hangs at the side of the heart, but none are permitted to read these till after the shooting contest is over. During the sport one of the young hostesses keeps a tally card which shows the marksman's shots. This, with the prophetic "heart card," is read after the shooting is over and affords much laughter, for nearly all will have tried to hit the white center of the heart—the "bullseye"—as it were. The verses on the "heart card" are:

"Love and riches wait I ween,
Him or her who shoots the green."
"Arrow hits the yellow high,
You'll be married ere you die."
"Should your arrow pierce the blue,
To your love you'll e'er be true."
"But do you pass the colors by,
"Love will bring you many a sigh."

In the dining-room the decorations should correspond with those in the parlor and hall. Over the banquet board hangs a large heart made of red roses. (The roses may be of paper, inexpensive, but very artistic) Directly beneath this rose heart the great white cake also in the form of a heart and pierced with a gilt arrow, should hold the place of honor. The cutting of this cake is awaited with great anticipation, for each guest in turn must cut for himself or herself a slice, and each will do so with the hope of securing one of the two hidden treasures that are concealed within it. These treasures are a small gold ring, emblem of true love and happy marriage, and a silver dime, emblem of great riches. So good luck to the two guests who so cut the cake as to secure these much-coveted articles.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

—Mrs. Fred Leader died at the family home in Poplar Ridge Thursday afternoon Feb. 6, at 4:30 o'clock at the age of 78 years. A husband, three daughters and two sons survive The funeral was held Monday afternoon, services at the house at 1 o'clock and at the Friends' church at Poplar Ridge at 2 o'clock.

Crutches We have all the lengths of straight grain maple crutches, light and strong. $1.00 the pair. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

—A mechanic's lien against the New York, Auburn & Lansing railroad and the Auburn Construction Company has been filed in the county clerk's office by the firm of Driscoll Brothers & Co. of Ithaca. The amount of the lien is $801.30, of which $215 25 is for lumber and timber, and $586 05 for labor, services, etc., rendered in the construction of tracks and trestles along the New York, Auburn & Lansing railroad.

Fountain Syringes. The Aurora, red rubber with extra large tubing allowing a rapid flow. No weak or unsatisfactory parts, but all parts, bagr, tubing connections and tips of the best quality obtainable. 2 qt. size, $1.50. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Auctions.

Chas D. Strong will sell at auction at his residence in Genoa village, on Thursday, Feb 20, at 1 o'clock sharp, the following property: 2 stoves, 4 bedroom suits, bedding, commodes and dressers, carpets, chairs, couches, tables, stands, cooking utensils, dishes, quantity of canned fruit, washing machine, parlor organ, White sewing machine, etc. L. B. Norman, auctioneer.

F. S. Young will sell at auction at his farm, 3½ miles west of Moravia, and 2 miles north and east of East Venice, on Thursday, Feb. 20, at 9 o'clock, 3 horses, 9 choice cows, 25 ewes, brood sow, 7 shoats, 75 Brown Leghorn hens, farming implements, 100 bu. Golden Tankard cattle beets, 100 bu. oats and peas mixed, 40 bu. barley, quantity of household goods, etc., etc. Lunch at noon. Stephen Myers, auctioneer.

Fred E. Seaman, Chas. T. Chittenden, mortgagee, will sell at auction at his residence 1 and ½ mile north of Genoa village and ½ mile west of Myers Station on Friday, Feb. 21, at 1 o'clock, 2 horses, 1 Jersey cow, large quantity farm tools, etc. L. B. Norman, Auct.

Photography. Lanterns for the dark room, 25, 50 cts, and $1.00. Sepia Prints. Try the redevoping way. Very simple and easy. Chemicals sufficient for 150 4x5 prints, 30 cts. Save 45 cts. A $2. Brownie Camera with developing box, printing frames, developing powders, films, mounts, etc. to the amount of $4.45. All complete in box for $4 00. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Tucked Princesse Gown With Flounce.

The princesse gown will make a pronounced favorite of the coming season and is always graceful and attractive when worn by the woman to whom it is becoming. This one includes all the essential features

while some of the severity is dispensed with and an Empire effect is gained by means of the drapery arranged over the waist. In this instance the material is peach colored crepe messaline, while the drapery is of chiffon velvet and the trimming of lace. All the pretty soft silks, crepes and chiffon are, however, appropriate and even simpler materials can be used when the dress is made high with long sleeves and designed for afternoon wear, such things as chiffon veiling and the like being exceedingly fashionable.

WE HAVE ON HAND

a full stock of yellow corn, yellow corn meal, hominy, bran, wheat mids, buckwheat mids, etc.

CUSTOM GRINDING A SPECIALTY.

GENOA FULL ROLLER MILLS,
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Takes pleasure in announcing that she will hold a

THIRTY DAYS' MID-WINTER SALE

and will offer for cash her entire stock of new and attractive merchandise at

25 per cent. discount.

The sale will commence MONDAY, FEB. 3, and will continue until March 3. Kindly consider this a personal invitation for you to come and investigate, even if you do not purchase.

Clara Lanterman,
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It yields better; it brings more.
I have a limited amount which I am offering for seed at $1.50 per bushel. Order it now.
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