The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XVII. No. 27. GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 7, 1908. EMMA A. WALDO.

ENGLAND SAYS NO ALUM IN FOOD

and strictly prohibits the sale of alum baking powder—

So does France
So does Germany

The sale of alum foods has been made illegal in Washington and the District of Columbia, and alum baking powders are everywhere recognized as injurious.

To protect yourself against alum, when ordering baking powder,

Say plainly—

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

and be very sure you get Royal.

Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar. It adds to the digestibility and wholesomeness of the food.

CORRESPONDENCE.

North Lansing.

FEB. 3—There will be a donation at Grange hall, on Friday evening, Feb. 7, for Rev. K. F. Richardson. All are invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Bacon attended the State Grange at Hornell this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bower visited two days in Groton last week. They will stay at Glenn Bacon's during their absence this week.

W. E. Richardson of Chicago visited his brother, Rev. K. F. Richardson last week.

John Henry Miller is in very poor health.

Mrs. Andrew Brink is on the sick list.

Jacob DeCamp is improving.

The W. C T. U. met with Mrs. Ella Beardsley on Saturday of last week.

Mrs. Dana Schenck visited her aunt, Mrs Boyles, last week. Mr. and Mrs. Schenck start for Florida on Wednesday, Feb. 5.

Mrs Howard Beardsley and little daughter Camilla, are visiting her sister, Mrs. Kelsey, near Cortland.

Mr. and Mrs. Benton Buck have a fine boy. They call him Willard Eugene.

Mr. Green who lives in the Spangler house and works on the railroad was quite badly hurt a few days ago.

There will be no services in the Baptist church during the winter.

Born.

ELLISON—Jan. 14, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Ellison, of King Ferry, a son—Trafford. Weight 8 lbs.

Colds on the Chest

Ask your doctor the medical name for a cold on the chest. He will say, "Bronchitis." Ask him if it is ever serious. Lastly, ask him if he prescribes Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for this disease. Keep in close touch with your family physician.

Ayer's

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

When you tell your doctor about the bad taste in your mouth, loss of appetite for breakfast, and frequent headaches, and when he sees your coated tongue, he will say, "You are bilious." Ayer's Pills work well in such cases.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

Five Corners.

FEB. 4—No services at the Presbyterian church here last Sunday on account of the big storm.

A good many are ill with the prevailing epidemic, the grip. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Close and S. S. Close and Mrs A. Rosecrans are victims.

The remains of Mrs. Louisa Sickles were brought here from the Masonic Home, Utica, this week Tuesday. She passed away Monday after suffering from cancer. The funeral will be held Wednesday at 2 o'clock from the church here. The remains will be placed in the vaultfor the present.

Miss Florence Todd visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Morrison, Friday and Saturday of last week, while her cousin was a guest there.

Mrs. Ida Smith who has been confined to the bed from over-exhuastion and grip is much improved.

Mr. Caleb Corwin underwent a surgical operation last week Saturday. Dr. Besemer of Ithaca was the operating physician. At this writing he is doing as well as could be expected.

Clinton, the son of Mr. and Mrs George Austin, is seriously ill with typhoid pneumonia. His many friends wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Culver Blue entertained about thirty friends at a very superb dinner last Saturday in honor of their daughter's, Mrs. Jerome Barger, birthday. A number of nice presents were left as mementoes of the occasion. The day was very pleasantly spent and at a late hour the company dispersed to their several homes wishing Mrs. Barger many more happy birthdays, only not quite such stormy ones.

Mr. Lewis Stebbins of Chicago visited at his aunt's, Mrs. George Morrison, last week Thursday and Friday. Mr. Stebbins had not visited here in ten years before. He is a very able lawyer in Chicago.

Mrs. C. G. Barger is suffering from muscular rheumatism.

A Washington social will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Algard Friday evening, Feb. 21. A very cordial invitation is extended. The gentlemen will have charge of the refreshments. Come and see them work.

Mrs Claude Palmer is convalescent.

Miss Mattie DeRemer is again attending to her school. Her health is improved somewhat.

Major Palmer who has been suffering nearly all winter from rheumatism is slowly recovering.

Sherwood.

FEB. 3—At the bride's home Wednesday, Jan. 29, at 2 p. m, by the Rev. Irving W. Ketchum of Weedsport, Mr. Erwin L. White and Miss Abbie A. Ward were united in marriage. Only the nearest relatives of the bride and groom were present. Immediately after dinner the young people left amid showers of rice for an extended wedding trip. After the first of April they will be at home in Scipio to their many friends.

Mr. and Mrs G. A. Ward of South Bulter are guests at his mother's.

Miss Mary Chase is visiting her sister, Mrs Chas. Koon.

Miss Emily Howland returned last Wednesday night from Philadephia.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Shiels of Ithaca, are spending several weeks with Miss Mary Heffernan.

Dr. Dommett, dentist, at Aurora Monday afternoons. Sleep Vapor for the painless extraction of teeth. Crown and bridge work a speciality

East Venice.

FEB. 6—We are having cold winter weather.

Miss Martha Hand has returned home from a week's visit with her cousin, Mrs. Helen Whitten

Little Florence Nettleton recently visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Signor.

Misses Lena and Mildred Teeter and Leola Mather were in Genoa and Moravia Tuesday and Wednesday trying the Regents examniations.

Mrs. Fay Teeter has been on the sick list this week.

Mrs. Wm. Ewell who has been quite sick does not improve very fast.

This community was shocked to hear of the sudden death of Mrs. F. C. Mather early Tuesday morning.

West Venice.

JAN. 29—Fine winter weather. Any kind of traveling you wish—either wheels or runners. There are a good many complaining of colds.

C. W. Bennett is quite sick.

Will Weyant's little boy is reported better.

Mrs. Susie Haines is spending a couple of weeks with friends in Moravia, Groton and Cortland.

Misses Effie and Luella Blair visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blair, Sunday.

James E. Owens has returned from his trip to Auburn and Syracuse.

E. P. Barnes is having pretty good success trapping this winter.

E. R. Sherman is still in Auburn attending court as one of the court constables. This is his fourth week.

S. W. Morgan and Franklin Hoag expect to go to Iowa soon.

J. W. Cook has been quite a sufferer from neuralgia for a week or more.

East Genoa.

There will be a donation at the East Genoa church on Wednesday evening, Feb. 12, for the benefit of the pastor. All are invited.

The Ladies' Aid society of East Genoa met at the home of Mrs. Joel Coon on Wednesday of this week and was well attended in spite of the storm.

Married.

WILLIS—TAYLOR—Jan. 29, 1908, at 35 Franklin St., Auburn, by Rev. W. H Hubbard, Clarence L. Willis and Iva Jane Taylor, both of Fleming, N. Y.

TALBOT—MURDOCK—Jan. 28, 1908, at 98 North St., Auburn, by Rev. Wm. H. Hubbard, D D., John David Talbot of Fleming and Winnifred Louise Murdock of Auburn.

Call and look over my new line of Cultivators, walking and riding.
24tf R. W ARMSTRONG.

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, drug stores.

Venice Center.

FEB. 3—Mrs. Frank Mosher spent a few days last week with her parents, at Belltown.

Mrs. Will Kenyon is visiting friends in Cato and South Bulter for a few days.

Frank Tuttle of Belltown was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mosher recently

Mr Will Hoskins has purchased the Mrs Addie Miller property and is preparing to repair the buildings which are in great need of improvement.

George Crawfoot of Auburn is in town every Wednesday, to collect taxes.

If there is any truth in the old superstition, we shall have six weeks more winter. The old bear would have no difficulty in seeing his shadow many times that day, although it was a very blustering and tedious day.

After having so mild and comfortable a winter so far it seems rather tough to have such extremely cold weather as we have experienced for the past week. It seems to be true that "winter will not rot in the sky."

Simon Arnold, a former resident of this town, who for the past few years has spent most of his time in Wisconsin, is spending the winter with his son, Norman Arnold, on the old homestead farm.

Greatest Lumber Cut.

More lumber was cut in the United States last year than in any other year in its history The enormous amount of 37,550,736 board feet was produced, and the mill value of this was $621,151,388 In addition, there were produced 11,858,260,000 shingles, valued at $24,155,555, and 3,812,807,000 lath, valued at $11,490,570. On the whole, it is safe to say that the present annual lumber cut of the United States approximates 40 billion feet, and that the total mill value of the lumber, lath, and shingles each year produced is not less than $700,000,000. These figures give some idea of how vast is the lumber industry and how great is the demand for its products.

A glance at the kinds of lumber produced shows very clearly the passing of white pine and oak, one the greatest softwood and the other the greatest hardwood which the forest has ever grown. Since 1899 the cut of white pine has fallen off more than 40 per cent, while that of white oak has fallen off more than 36 per cent, To-day yellow pine leads all other woods in amount cut, while Douglas fir—and this will be a surprise to many—comes second. Since 1899 the cut of Douglas fir has increased 186 per cent. Louisiana is the foremost yellow pine State, with Texas, Mississippi, and Arkansas following in order. Washington produces by far the greatest amount of Douglas fir.

A comparison of the lumber producing States shows that since 1899 there have been many changes in their relative rank. Washington, which in 1899 stood sixth, now leads, while Wisconsin, which eight years ago led all others, is now third. In the same period Oregon, Louisiana, Mississippi, Idaho, and California made great strides as lumber-producing States, though, on the other hand, the amount produced in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Indiana, and Ohio fell off anywhere from 29 to 54 per cent.

The highest-priced native woods are walnut, hickory, and ash, and the cheapest are larch and white fir. From the fact, however, that since 1899 the average increase in the price of lumber has been 49 per cent, it will not be long before cheap woods are few and far between.

Figures upon the lumber cut of the United States in 1906 are contained in Circular 122 of the Forest Service, which can be had upon application to the Forester, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Why is it that the I. H. C. Gas Engine is the best in use? Ask your neignbor who is using one. For sale by R. W. ARMSTRONG, Genoa, N. Y.

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

Fire at Ludlowville.

Ludlowville was the scene of what threatened to be a disastrous fire last week Thursday evening. In fact, at one time it looked as though a large part of the village would be destroyed, and a telephone call was sent to Ithaca for help. Before the firemen left the city, however, word was sent that their assistance would not be needed, as the fire had been gotten under control by the efforts of the villagers, and only one building had been burned.

The fire destroyed an old frame house situated in the rear of the brick block owned by Walter Allen The house was owned by Frank Ludlow and was occupied by the families of Frank Bower and Lorenzo Myers. The fire was discovered about 6 o'clock in the part occupied by Bower. Part of the contents was saved.

The Presbyterian and Methodist churches were threatened and the roofs several times caught fire, but by the steady work of the bucket brigades, the fire did not get started. Ford & Dickerson, who occupy the Allen block, carried all of their store stock to a place of safety.

Papers Sent to Albany.

The following Regents examinations papers were sent on to Albany from Genoa school:

Reading—Wm. Roe, Florence Todd.

Writing—Wm. Roe

Spelling—Laura Kratzer, Edith Sill, May Sharpsteen, Leland Singer, Harold Sullivan, Florence Todd, Frances Westmiller.

Geography—Hazel Brogan, Harry Eaton, Fred Mallison, Clyde Mastin, May Sharpsteen, Edith Sill, Leland Singer, Louis Sullivan, Frances Westmiller.

Arithmetic—Laura Kratzer, May Sharpsteen, Edith Sill, Daniel Sullivan, Leland Singer.

Elem. English—Estella Bishop, Lawrence Leonard, Lillian McAllaster, Wm. Roe, May Sharpsteen, Emily Slocum, Mildred Teeter.

History—Edgar O'Hara.

Auction.

Mrs. Ellen A. Lester and Edwin S. Dean will sell at auction on the George Lester farm, east of Genoa village, on Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 12 o'clock sharp, 2 work horses, 2 colts coming 3 and 1, 8 cows, 2 year-old heifer, brood sow, 120 hens, farming implements, wagons, harnesses, cutter, bobs, hay, oats, and 100 shocks of corn. L. B. Norman, auctioneer.

Spencer Addy will sell at auction at the premises ¼ mile south and east of East Genoa on Saturday, Feb. 15, at 12 o'clock, 2 farm horses, 6 good dairy cows, 2 heifers coming 2, yearling bull, 5 shoats, 45 W. L. hens, wagons, heavy bobs, cutter, harness, farm tools, etc. Stephen Myers, auct.

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; be 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.

Fifty Years a Teacher.

Fifty years of continuous service as a teacher in the public schools of Rochester, is the distinction borne by Miss Dora E Clark. Her semi-centennial was fittingly observed Friday evening at Public school 26, where she has now finished her work as teacher. She retires after fifty years and six months in service.

Roses and violets were presented to Miss Clark in profusion at the meeting and she also received a purse of $50 in gold from friends at the school. The presentation speech was made by Colonel S. P. Moulthrop, principal of Public school 26

President George M. Forbes, of the Board of Education, congratulated Miss Clark on the manner in which she had kept pace with the changes in educational methods. Thomas Dransfield, who was principal of Public school 9 while Miss Clark was a teacher there years ago, also spoke.

Miss Clark began teaching in Public school 6 in September, 1857. She went from there to Public school 9, and later to schools 2, 7 and 14. At Public school 16, Miss Clark taught thirteen years. She than went to Public school 18 and from there to Public school 26 She has not missed a day or a part of a day from service in two years.—Post Express.

Law Should be Obeyed.

The ruling, while intended to benefit the postoffice department, will also benefit legitimate newspapers if they accept it in the spirit it is made and give it their hearty support. Unless they do this there will probably be a move to raise the whole newspaper postage rate and to put all printed matter in one class at 4 to 8 cents a pound.

There are a number of points in the new rulings in reference to second class matter which will be annoying to publishers, but as they are along the lines of reform they should be obeyed not only by publishers, but subscribers should back the publishers by paying subscriptions in advance.—Elmer (N. J.) Times.

"Cheer up! There is a silver lining to every cloud."

"Well, what good is that? I haven't got an airship."—Pick-Me-Up.

Don't neglect your cough.

Statistics show that in New York City alone over 200 people die every week from consumption.

And most of these consumptives might be living now if they had not neglected the warning cough.

You know how quickly *Scott's Emulsion* enables you to throw off a cough or cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND $1.00.

The Scrap Book

Not In the Army After All.

A Methodist negro exhorter shouted, "Come up en jine de army ob de Lohd!"

"I's done jined," replied one of the congregation.

"Whar'd yoh jine?" asked the exhorter.

"In de Baptis' chu'ch."

"Why, chile, yoh ain't in the army! Yoh's in de navy."

A BOY TO BE PITIED.

God help the boy who never sees
The butterflies, the birds, the bees,
Nor hears the music of the breeze
When zephyrs soft are blowing;
Who cannot in sweet comfort lie
Where clover blooms are thick and high
And hear the gentle murmur high
Of brooklets softly flowing!

God help the boy who does not know
Where all the woodland berries grow;
Who never sees the forests glow
When leaves are red and yellow;
For such childish feet can never stray!
When for a hapless boy I say—
God help the little fellow!
—Nixon Waterman.

The Sun a Foreigner.

"Sunset" Cox's most successful sally at his opponents in Congress was his resolutions against free sunshine, made when there was a fight on against lowering the duty on coal:

"Resolved, That all windows, skylights, inside and outside shutters, curtains and blinds shall be permanently closed, as also all openings, holes, chinks, clefts and fissures through which the light and heat of the sun have been allowed to enter houses, to the prejudice and injury of meritorious miners and dealers in gas coal, to protect domestic industry."

"For the sun is a foreigner," explained Mr. Cox. "He comes from abroad, and we must shut out the light of the sun in order to gratify these Pennsylvania gentlemen who have a monopoly of this article of coal."

His Secret.

"You ought not to work such long hours. Surely your boss can get along without you part of the time."

"Sure he can, but I don't want him to find it out."

The Pot and the Kettle.

A portly German of obvious Hebraic ancestry boarded a Broadway car. He handed the conductor—a ruddy faced Irishman—a transfer not good on that particular line. The inevitable wrangle followed, in which much vehement language found expression, colored with a strong Hibernian flavor and an unmistakable Teutonic accent.

At length the fat German rose, but before he left the car shook his fist in the conductor's face and exclaimed, with profound contempt: "You! You are no Amer-rican citissen! You have not yet lost your broc-que."—Lippincott's.

All's Fair In Love and War.

A soldier belonging to a brigade in command of a general who believed in a celibate army asked permission to marry, as he had two good conduct badges and money in the savings bank.

"Well, go away," said the general, "and if you come back to me a year from today in the same frame of mind you shall marry. I'll keep the vacancy."

On the anniversary the soldier repeated his request.

"But do you really, after a year, want to marry?" inquired the general in a surprised tone.

"Yes, sir; very much."

"Sergeant major, take his name down. Yes, you may marry. I never believed there was so much constancy in man or woman. Right face; quick march!"

As the man left the room, turning his head, he said, "Thank you, sir; but it isn't the same woman."—Ladies' Home Journal.

What an "Amendment" May Do.

"Such an amendment," said Senator Tillman during a debate, "would destroy the bill's meaning, as the meaning of the epitaph on old John Skinn's tombstone was destroyed. The amendment that was tacked to John's epitaph consisted of one word—'friend.' It was put on in the dead of night. The epitaph before that read: 'He did his best.'"

No Need For Pensions.

A traveler in the orient, who was picking up material for a book, asked a pasha: "Is the civil service like ours? Are there retiring allowances and pensions?"

"My illustrious friend," replied the pasha, "Allah is great, and the public functionary who stands in need of a retiring allowance when his term of office expires is a fool."

Some Words With the Cook.

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

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

"'Ow is that, sir?"

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

"Very well, sir."

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

"Would you please repeat your horder, sir?"

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

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

This time he was gone longer, and when he returned he said anxiously, "Would it be awsking too much, sir, to 'ave you repeat your horder, sir? I cawn't think I 'ave it right, sir, y' know."

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

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

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

"Would you mind tyking boiled heggs, sir? I've had some words with the cook."

Ready For the Next Customer.

"My rubber," said Nat Goodwin, describing a Turkish bath that he once had in Mexico, "was a very strong man. He laid me on a slab and kneaded me and punched me and banged me in a most emphatic way. When it was over and I had got up, he came up behind me before my sheet was adjusted and gave me three resounding slaps on the bare back with the palm of his enormous hand.

"'What in blazes are you doing?' I gasped, staggering.

"'No offense, sir,' said the man. 'It was only to let the office know that I was ready for the next bather. You see, sir, the bell's out of order in this room.'"—Everybody's.

Why He Was Sad.

"Oh, my friends," exclaimed the orator, "It makes me sad when I think of the days that are gone, when I look around and miss the old familiar faces I used to shake hands with!"

Fox Hunting In a Greenhouse.

The only fox hunting I have ever done was on board an impetuous, tough mouthed, fore and aft horse that had emotional insanity. As I was away from home and could not reach my own horse I was obliged to mount a spirited steed with high, intellectual hips, one white eye and a big red nostril that you could set a Shanghai hen in. This horse, as soon as the pack broke into a full cry, climbed over a fence that had wrought iron briers on it, lit in a cornfield, stabbed his hind leg through a sere and yellow pumpkin, which he wore the rest of the day, with seven yards of pumpkin vine streaming out behind, and away we dashed cross country.

I remained mounted because I hated to get off in pieces.

We did not see the fox, but we saw almost everything else. I remember riding through a hothouse, and how I enjoyed it! A morning scamper through a conservatory when the syringas and jonquils and jack roses lie cuddled up together in their little beds is a thing to remember and look back to and pay for. To stand knee deep in glass and gladioli, to smell the mashed and mussed up mignonette and the last fragrant sigh of the scrunched heliotrope beneath the hoof of your horse, while far away the deep mouthed baying of the hoarse hounds, hotly hugging the reeking trail of the aniseed bag, calling on the gorgeously caparisoned hills to give back their merry music, is joy to the huntsman's heart.—Bill Nye.

One on the President.

When President Roosevelt alighted at Red Hill, Va., to see his wife's new cottage he noticed that an elderly woman was about to board the train and rushed forward to assist her. That done, he grasped her hand and gave it an "executive shake."

The woman, snatching her hand away, exclaimed, "Young man, I don't know who you are, and I don't care a cent, but I must say you are the freshest somebody I've ever seen in these parts."

Isaac and the Angel.

Old Isaac was a devout Christian. It was his custom when his work was done to retire to his cabin and devote himself to worship until bedtime. His earnest and frequent announcements that he was always ready to meet his "Lawd" had been so often heard that some boys decided to test Isaac's faith. One night, while he was under full headway: "O Lawd, we know dy long suf'rin' fur dis beni'ted sinner, but we feel, O Lawd, dat in dy love we will be spared dy vangins and raf. We are always reddy, Lawd, at dy biddin' to cum and meet dy angel Gabr'el. Send him, O Lawd, wid his shinin' trumpit, his robes ob glory and his crown ob life, and take dy poh sahvant into dy vineyard"—

"Isaac! Isaac!" came in deep sepulchral tones down the chimney.

"Amen!" softly said Isaac, closing his prayer abruptly and rising, with fear and trembling.

"Isaac! Isaac!" came the still dreadful tones.

"Who-ho-ho's dat?" stammered the awe stricken negro.

"The angel of the Lord has come for Isaac!"

Isaac hesitated, and then, with a show of enforced courage, it came:

"De Lawd bless you, dat old nigger hain't been here for a week!"

The Reporter's Version.

When Helicon hall, Upton Sinclair's Utopian colony, burned down, among those injured was Mrs. Grace MacGowan Cooke, the well known author. A youthful reporter on one of the big New York dailies, eager to get his story in the first edition, wrote hurriedly that "Grace MacGowan, the cook, suffered from serious burns."

Which reminds Lippincott's of a typographical error in one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems. The author had written a sonnet containing this line:

My soul is a lighthouse keeper.

To her amazement the verse read in print:

My soul is a light housekeeper.

THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT.

Great Ceremony Attended Its Capture in Former Times.

The glory of the white elephant has long since departed. Even in Siam, its native country, there are many evidences that it will soon cease to be treated other than the ordinary elephants. The contrast between its former condition and its present forlorn condition is remarkable.

The early historians of the Orient have left accounts of the capture of the white elephant in different parts of Indo-China, all of which lay great stress on the magnificent ceremonies and the great delight of the kings to welcome the beast to their capitals. The fortunate individual who discovered the whereabouts of a white elephant was at once raised to the highest rank of nobility and very likely married to the King's daughter, though this was no great honor, as he probably had many dozens to dispose of. The capture being effected, guards of nobles were mounted over the animal, which was bound with silken ropes and detained in the jungles where it was caught.

A palace was erected for its reception close to that of the King, and roads were made from the place of capture to the principal highway. Installed in its palace loaded with honors, and with the highest sounding titles, surrounded by the golden umbrellas and other insignia of greatness, the white elephant led a life of luxurious ease, lulled to sleep by the choral chants of priests and amused during waking hours by the songs and dances of the royal corps de ballet. It was fed on delicious fruits and vegetables, which were specially selected and prepared, bathed every day by obsequious attendants, thereby increasing the glory of the King and securing the superiority and stability of the fortunate country which possessed it.

Some forty-five years ago the King of Siam possessed a white elephant which was the chief delight and pride of the sovereign in spite of his high education and good intellect. As the greatest compliment he could think of paying to the Queen of England he sent her, by the hands of her envoy, a few hairs pulled expressly for her from the tail of his beloved animal. Later, when the object of his affections died, he sent to his friend, Sir John Bowring, a touching letter in English and a small piece of "its beautiful white skin."

The recent addition of a young specimen to a natural collection gave an opportunity for comparison of existing with past conditions. A small pecuniary recompense was thought a sufficient reward for the man who made the capture. When it was tame enough to be transported it was marched across the country to the nearest railway station, where a specially constructed truck was waiting to receive it. But there were no gilded pillars, no silk and satin hangings, no admiring multitude to do homage to the mascot of their King and country. In Bangkok, however, some preparations were made. A considerable crowd was waiting at the station, and the streets were decorated here and there with bunting. A procession of four white elephants, residents of the capital, escorted the newcomer to its home. The trappings of the white elephants were tawdry, threadbare, red cloth, instead of the jewel studded velvet and silk, and the diamond and ruby no longer ornamented the white tusks. The white elephant's existence is now hardly superior to that of the common black herd.

How Birds Scatter Fish Spawn.

Senator Young asked Dan Travis how it happened that catfish and sunfish could be found in ponds on the prairie or any place else where there was no connection with running water, and received an explanation which is interesting. Every boy knows that he can catch "bull heads" in ponds which have not had running water in them for years, and the boys have had many different ways of explaining it. The favorite explanation of the boy is that it rains fish sometimes.

"The reason of it is this," said Mr. Travis. "The catfish and the sunfish lay their eggs in shallow water. In fact they always get as close to the shore as possible to deposit their eggs. The eggs are a sticky substance and when the birds get into the water to take a bath, they get the eggs on them. Then, they fly away and the eggs at the time they are in the first stage, becomes dry. The bird then goes to the first water it comes to and takes a bath. This releases the eggs and they settle in the pond. They hatch in a short time and that accounts for the bull heads in the ponds.

"There is another way the eggs are scattered. Many of the wading birds get their feet and legs covered with the substance and they transfer the eggs in a like manner. All other fish in this State excepting the catfish and the sunfish lay their eggs in water so deep that the birds cannot disturb them. This is true of the channel catfish and that is the reason the bull head is the only catfish found in the ponds."

Rural English Belief.

Some curious beliefs still linger in rural England. For instance, in Hertfordshire, when ancient houses are destroyed, the chimney stacks are left intact, the popular theory being that the houses are still in existence while these remain standing. This may be a survival of some ancient but now almost forgotten legal right.

Saturday Night Talks

By F. E Davison — Rutland Vt

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

Feb. 9, '07.—(John 4:1-42.)

The social evil cannot be winked out of existence. It is universal in its scope.

It is the deep, broad, turpid, sluggish, powerful, deadly evil of modern times.

And its influence is all the more disastrous because of the disposition of men and women to let it alone. Other evils we fight, bravely, publicly, by speech and example and vote. The pulpit flames against intemperance, but has little to say about a "White life for two." The press agitates concerning the liquor traffic, but does not thunder to any great extent about the "traffic in girls." Men speak of the evil under their breath, and women blush when it is mentioned. The ostrich sticks his head in the sand so as not to look upon danger; he got his theory from observing the actions of men. The social evil will continue to eat like a cancer at the very heart of the nation, until false modesty is kicked into the street by intelligent men and women, and, for the sake of ultimate America, the knife of publicity is applied though it may be necessary to mightily disinfect the premises afterwards.

Ignorance is another cause of this curse. Fathers and mothers who taboo the subject of the intercourse of the sexes and allow their children to get all their information on the street or from vile companions are themselves to blame for the results,—if evil follows. It is not enough to cultivate good morals. When the grass is full of snakes children should be warned against them and told the reason why. Many a pure girl has gone to ruin as thoughtlessly and unintentionally as the fascinated bird.

The hard-heartedness of society is responsible for much of the social evil. Society is obsequious to the moral leper if he belongs to the male species; it slams the door in the face of the female sinner. She may be the victim of a reptile; the reptile is caressed, the victim is damned. Women are notoriously the severest critics and the harshest judges of their sisters. Let a woman go astray and the women of the community—church members and all—will cut her dead. They will elevate their sanctimonious noses at her approach, they will draw aside their garments lest they should touch the outcast and be defiled, they climb the ladder toward heaven and pull the ladder up after them lest the tottering footsteps of the betrayed should by any chance follow them to heaven's gate. Where there is one Mrs. Whittemore, or Mrs. Edholm, or Miss Booth, to put their arms around the fallen one and woo her back to rectitude, there are ten thousand to tread with spiked boots upon her bleeding heart.

It is interesting in this connection to inquire: "How did Jesus Christ treat the social evil?" It is certain he did not dodge it nor hold himself aloof from it. How did he treat the women of Samaria? He treated her like a gentleman and not like a brute. He spoke kindly to her. He was not so afraid of his reputation that he dared not be seen talking with her. Most men would have fled in consternation. He was perhaps the first man who had given her a respectful, a sympathetic, a kind word for years. He inspired her with hope, he filled her soul with desire for purity, he gave her something to live for, and he made her a preacher of such marvellous power that a whole city was converted under her message. There are hundreds and thousands of just such souls down in the mire, that, if you had His disposition, you could rescue, and they are only waiting for some other being to act as Jesus Christ acted. But thousands of them will die of broken hearts because you are so prudish or so much more afraid of what people will say than of what Jesus Christ will think.

What is needed in this country, is not light on this subject; we know enough about it already. It is not statistics we want, we want the spirit of Him who said to the broken-hearted woman, "Go and sin no more." We want more of the fierce indignation that flashed in His eye, who turned on the jeering crowd of male reprobates, clothed in purple and fine linen, who had picked up paving stones to crush out the life of a shrinking, fainting woman, turned upon them as one who could read the very secrets of their past lives, and thundered: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone!" See them slink away, shame-faced and trembling. That is the reason the social evil has such a grip upon society. And that is the way it will be wiped out, if it is ever wiped out. Pity and sympathy and a helping hand to the fallen, contempt and indignation for those who caused others to fall.

1849 -- 1907

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What Margaret Knew.

I never believed in ghosts. I never believed in anything much except Margaret Vane. I didn't even have faith in my own courage. I f I had I might have made a winning fight for her against that wild fellow, Tom Brent, whom she ran away with and married. I was such a man as she should have had for her husband, while he was such a man as no woman should have married. Yet he posssessed that peculiar fascination over good women which seems to be present in every bad man.

Margaret Vane was rich and Tom needed money. So did I, for that matter, and I worked with my pen to get it, while Tom got his by any means which promised profit. I loved Margaret and told her so—many, many times. She loved Tom Brent, and I suppose he told her that he loved her, as I had done, although that was not necessary, for when the woman loves the man he need say little more than what must be said before the minister of the Gospel to establish the woman's claim upon him.

Brent was handsome, unscrupulous and a drunkard, but Margaret overlooked the handicaps to happiness and became his wife. God knows I tried my utmost to dissuade her, but I was neither handsome, unscrupulous or a drunkard, and my prayers availed not.

For a year Margaret was blindly happy, and Tom was unnaturally good. Then, as if fearful that she might not continue her affection for this reformed creature, he swung back into the old paths and began his old course by going on a prolonged spree. Margaret suffered much during this defection, but brightened again when he sobered.

After this he divided his drunks and had them in less pronounced form, but with much greater frequency. He also began to gamble and to spend money in the hundreds of ways open to any one who has it to spend. Margaret, of course, was his chief source of revenue, and she furnished him with what he asked, foolishly hoping that her kindness would win him to her and hold him fast to better things.

For five years this continued, and at last Brent became involved in a disgraceful scandal, in which a man was shot, a family broken up, and several thousands were missing. Brent's connection was not well defined, but it was enough to compel his absence, and he disappeared.

Margaret went down with brain fever, and for weeks her life was despaired of, but she rallied in time, and once more was well. But how changed she was! We had always been good friends, and now she turned to me as the one who was nearest.

She was an orphan, and no other had a better right to her guardianship than I had, now that her husband had proved unworthy of the trust she had reposed in him.

Six months after he went away a report came through the newspapers that he had been lost in a hotel fire in a northern town.

Margaret insisted on my going to investigate. I found that several unrecognizable bodies had been taken from the ruins and buried, and among the luggage saved was a trunk containing effects which conclusively proved that Brent had a room in the hotel on the night of the fire, though he had registered under a different name. I claimed the trunk and took it back to Margaret with my story.

Her mind appeared to be at rest now, and she began to improve in health and spirits. But the cruel blows had been struck and it was not possible that she could be the same again.

As time passed and she began to lean more upon me, I took hope once more and very gently led her back to the paths we had trod in other days. I must be very careful, as I could see, and I was.

Margaret did not seem to realize at first that I was her lover still, but after many days she did, and when I asked her to marry me she consented. Not joyously, as one whose heart knew no other, but as one chastened by sorrow, who felt the need of a comforting presence.

We went abroad on our wedding journey and were gone six months When we came back I went to live in Margaret's handsome home, and there I established a "den" in which I worked often far into the night Just off this den I had my sleeping room, and Margaret had a suite of chambers across the hall. There were many times when she wished to be alone, and I respected her wishes and did not disturb her.

Our lives moved serenely with little joy or sorrow in them, of our own making, and I was content to be near Margaret always, and to be her friend if I could not be quite all she wanted as a lover.

Vane Hall, as the old house was called, had its own ghost story, as nearly all old houses have, but it was so vague as to be scarcely worth considering. It never disturbed me the slightest, and, though I was naturally timid, I never thought of ghosts haunting the place, no matter how late I worked.

One night, however, I was late to think about the stories I had heard. It was very late, and I absorbed in a tale I was writing had heard no sound to disturb but I felt a draught as if the door were opened. My window was down from the top, and I fancied the wind had changed. I closed it and sat down at my desk again.

Presently I heard what seemed to be soft footsteps. They were passing down the hall. I thought of burglars and hesitated about going to see. I turned my light out and sat still. There was a faint light in the hall. All became quiet and I peered out.

There was nothing in sight, and I slipped down to the further end. Nothing there but a door leading to a small balcony overlooking the garden. Nothing had been taken, and there was no sign of midnight marauders. I tried the door and it was locked. I went back to my den, and a few minutes later I retired.

At breakfast I casually spoke to Margaret of ghosts. She laughed nervously and said they had been seen in the house and had been heard, but not for two generations. I asked her if she was afraid. She said she didn't know, but that she might be if the ghosts came to her. Otherswise she was not inclined to give the matter any thought.

For two or three nights after this, Maragret and I were at the theater, and if the ghost roamed then I was not there to hear. But it came again during the following week. This time its soft tread moved up towards Margaret's room. My first thought was of her, and as soon as I could gather my strength, for I confess that I was so frightened that I could not pull myself together at once, I hurried up the hall to her door.

I called to her softly, once or twice, and went in. She was not fully awake, and she asked what was the matter. I told her I had heard the ghost again, and it had come to her door. She laughed then, and became my comforter. Margaret, you know, was always stronger than I, and had really more physical courage than I had.

She sent me back to my room with the promise that she would lock her door and the ghost could not get in. I went away, and as I did so I heard the key turn in the lock. Then I searched the hall and found nothing, as before.

The next morning at breakfast Margaret teased me so about my ghost that I was ashamed of myself and resolved not to speak of it again.

Several weeks passed, and at intervals I would hear the footsteps of the mysterious visitor, but I had become accustomed to his ghostship and gave it no heed.

Now and again, after I had heard the steps moving along the hall towards Margaret's room, I would go there just before I went to bed to see if her door was locked. It was always secure, and I smiled at my fears and went my way.

But as I became careless of the ghost I began to notice that Margaret was becoming nervous and was losing flesh and spirits. I thoughtlessly chaffed her as she had teased me, but she showed by such unmistakable signs that it was no trifling matter, that I resolved to see for myself what this ghost might be. I said nothing to her of my purpose, for I did not think it would improve matters for her to think I was disturbed.

The next night I had attended a dinner at the club and did not get in until after midnight, or perhaps an hour later, as one is apt to do after club dinners. Probably I had taken more wine than usual. At any event I felt brave enough to meet any ghost that walked, and I went to my den to wait for it, if this should be its night to visit the haunts of men. I waited so long that I dozed, and was wakened with a start. I heard the well known footsteps. This time they were going down the hall in the direction I had pursued them the first night I heard them.

Gathering my wits as quickly as I could, I went into the hall, and in a light so dim that only the merest outlines were visible, I saw a tall figure in a misty gray wrap of the olden times. I started after it, but before I had taken half a dozen steps it stopped, turned, and waved me back warningly. As I had said, I am not a brave man, and came no nearer. Slowly the ghost turned again, and in its stately fashion passed on to the end of the hall.

Insead of following it, I hurried into Margaret's room. She was awake and very nervous. I told her I had seen a ghost. She laughed and said I had been having too much wine, and it would be better for me to go to bed and let the ghost pursue the even tenor o its way. But I was brave now, seeing that she was safe and inclined to tease me, and I left her, notwithstanding she pleaded with me not to go, and went back down the hall.

Only a very short time had elapsed since I had seen the ghost, and when I got to the door leading out to the balcony I found it was open. I ran to the front balcony, and in the garden below I saw the figure of a man crouched in the shadow. In the road just beyond were two policemen. I called to them to catch the burglar, and as I dashed back into the hall to go out the back way I met Margaret at the door of the balcony.

"Go back to your room!" I exclaimed. "The ghost is a burglar," and hurried downstairs. As I went I heard several pistol shots. When I reached the road the two officers were standing over a may lying on the ground.

"He's done for," said one, "but he got two shots at us before he went."

"Who is it?" I asked, horrified at the tragedy before me, and turning away so as not to see the dead man.

"Why," replied one of the officers proudly, "it's that Tom Brent that run away. We only heard yesterday that he was in town, and while we were spotting him he slipped in here to rob the house, I suppose. Anyhow, he won't rob any more."

I could scarcely walk, but I managed somehow to get back into the house and to Margaret's room. She was not there and I staggered out to the balcony. I found her lying on the floor unconscious.

The newspapers told only of the burglar caught in the act. They did not know what I knew—what Margaret knew. Very soon afterward we went abroad, and there our paths separated forever. She died a year later, leaving all her property to me as "an atonement," according to the wording of her will.—W. J. L., in Illustrated Bits.

Oddities of English.

"Tariff" has an interesting origin. It is derived from the Arabic ta rifa, meaning an inventory of fees payable on demand, and is said to have become current in the following manner: "A Moorish general, by name Tarifa, seized in the year 710 upon a small seaport some twenty miles from what is now Gibraltar, and the southernmost town in Europe. Here he founded a station for levying toll on all craft trading in the neighborhood and bestowed his name upon the place, after the manner of Constantine, Alexander and others. The word came eventually to signify a schedule of charges and passed into the French, Italian and English.

"For centuries we have tried to get the word that expresses the relation of the man to the maid he intends to marry," says a writer in the London Chronicle. "'Intended' has been tried and found wanting. 'My bloke,' 'my young man,' these combinations are not heard in the best circles. 'My betrothed'—a phrase used in Germany—has not taken root in England. 'My sweetheart' is pretty enough, but it lacks official sound. One might suggest to the blushing girl who has to allude to the man of her acceptance 'my future.' French maidens speak of 'mon futur'—and it sounds comprehensive.

One of the oddities of nomenclature is that the combination of metals known as German silver contains no silver in its composition and is of Chinese and not of German origin. It was introduced into Europe by the Germans and for some time it was not generally known that they had simply borrowed it from the Chinese.

New Scheme of Baggage Thieves.

A man and woman were recently arrested in Chicago for having practiced a clever system of baggage thieving on railways. The method pursued involved the checking of a valueless trunk or grip.

Later they would go to the baggage man and, giving him a nice tip request access to the trunk in order to get out a garment. While one was ostensibly rummaging in the trunk the acomplice would opportunely exchange the checking of the dummy trunk with that of some neighboring trunk which gave promise of valuable contents.

On reaching their destination an immediate presentation of the original check would secure delivery to the thieves of the trunk of value in place of the dummy trunk originally checked.

Why Hair Becomes Gray.

The color of the hair depends on little granules, which can be seen if the hair be examined under a powerful microscope.

Sometimes the hair may become white in a night. Brown-Sequard tells us that when he was 45 years old his beard turned white in two days. This took place when he was perfectly well, and without any special cause. Sometimes, however, sorrow or illness produces the change earlier in life than it would usually take place. As to the cause, some have said that the hair becomes filled with small air particles which make it look gray; others have said that the outer part of the hair becomes altered, so that it is like ground glass and cannot see the color.

But a man by the name of Metchnikoff tells us that the real reason is because small movable bodies in the hair devour the grains of coloring matter and move them to the root of the hair. Sometimes poisons in disease or some results of sorrow brings about an effect upon these small migrating bodies (cells) causing them to become active in the above fashion. That is said to be the reason why the hair grows gray.

Manufacture of Rubies.

Little rubies, the price of which is considerably below that of large ones of the same quality, are finely powdered, and then fused together in the electric furnace. The mass is quickly cooled by some trick that is not made public, resulting in a gem of good size, and retaining the desired luster and tint. Neither the sapphire nor the emerald can be subjected to this treatment.

Widow-Burning in India.

A case of widow-burning is reported from Margpur village, in the Hurnal district, India. A woman who lost her husband two or three years ago recently made a funeral pyre, set fire to it, and perished in the flames in the presence of a large number of persons. All efforts to dissuade her proved unaaviling. The police did not arrive in time to save her life.

A Strange Custom.

The Mohammedans have the custom, when they receive a present, of thanking God first, then the giver If you do them a favor, they will say: "I thank God for your kindness to me." Some may comply rather thoughtlessly with this custom, which they have inherited from their fathers. But many certainly say it with their whole heart.

Neighbors Got Fooled.

"I was literally coughing myself to death, and had become too weak to leave my bed; and neighbors predicted that I would never leave it alive; but they got fooled, for thanks be to God, I was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery. It took just four one dollar bottles to completely cure the cough and restore me to good sound health," writes Mrs. Eva 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.
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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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Read in every English-Speaking Country

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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!"

Try our Job Printing.

THE GREAT ENEMY.

Alcoholism the Special Foe of the Highly Organized.

In an address before the New England Association, Dr. Meyers suggested that alcohol may be nature's way of weeding out the unfit. The idea has obtained vogue among other superficial scientists. It has been utilized in self defense by liquor sellers, whose journals occasionally announce that strong drink only kills off the fools and weaklings of the race, and thus is a benefit in disguise.

Doubtless alcohol has a peculiarly destructive effect upon a certain class. But who are they?—those in whom the nervous organism is most highly developed—the highest specimens of the race. Alcohol is especially deadly to the sons of genius, those of the finest physical texture, the Poes, the Burnses, the Tom Marshalls, the poets, the orators. So far from the coarse-grained ,the undeveloped, or the perverts and degenerates being its special victims, the intoxicating cup selects as its victims predominantly, the physical flowers of humanity.

Intoxicating drinks find their victims among the topmost sections of men, the noblest, the most talented, the naturally lovable and excellent. So far from destroying those most needed to be removed in order to race development, it destroys the flower of the race.

Moderate Drinking.

Dr. Clouston, of Edinburg asylum, Scotland, wrotes: "I am safe in saying that no man indulges for ten years continuously even though he was never drunk in all that time, without being physiologically changed for the worse. And if the habit goes on after forty years, the change is apt to be faster and more decided. We see it in our friends, and we know what the end will be, but we can not lay hold of anything in particular. Their fortunes and works suffer, and yet we dare not say they are are drunkards, for they are not. It all depends on the original inherent strength of the brain and how long the downward course takes. Usually some intercurrent disease or tissue degeneration cuts off the man before he has a chance of getting old. I have seen such a man simply pass into senile dementia, before he was an old man, from mild, respectable, alcoholic excess, without any alcoholism or preliminary outburst at all. And I am sure I have seen strong brains in our profession, at the bar, and in business break down from chronic alcoholic excess, without their owners ever having been once drunk." —Health Monthly.

The Court of Death.

Death (says an old legend) having occasion to choose a Prime Minister, summoned his illustrious courtiers, and allowed them to present their claims to the office. Fever flushed his cheeks; Palsy shook his limbs; Dropsy inflated his carcass; Gout racked his joints; Asthma half strangled himself; Colic pleaded his violence; Plague his sudden destruction, and Consumption his certainty. Then came War, with stern confidence, alluding to his many thousands devoured at a meal. Last came Intemperance, with a face like fire, shouting, "Give way! ye sickly band of pretenders! Am I not your parent? Does not sagacity trace your origin to me? If my operations cease, whence will come your power?" Then the grizly monarch, Death, gave a smile of approval and placed Intemperance at his right hand as his favorite and Prime Minister.

Destroyer of Universal Happiness.

A man is not wise who drinks, because it destroys his happiness. Happiness is the great end in life, for it men strive with unceasing ardor. But happiness can be built only in virtue, and where drunkenness reigns, virtue is a stranger and God is an enemy. A drinking saloon in a community means rags and misery for some of its people, and sixty thousand saloons in the nation means rags and misery multiplied sixty thousand times. Universal happiness and prosperity cannot exist in the same land with the saloon, any more than peace and safety can exist in a sheepfold when the wolf has entered it. A drunkard not only destroys his own happiness, but the happiness of all those around him. Drink destroys homes, makes criminals out of children and destroys a country's happiness.

A Monster of a Man.

Gladstone said: "Intoxicating drinks have produced evils more deadly, because more continuous, than all those caused to mankind by the great historic scourges of war, famine and pestilence combined." "A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the trouble of civility; the spoil of wealth; the destruction of reason. He is the brewer's agent, the tavern and alehouse benefactor, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbor's scoff, his own shame. In short, he is a tub of swill, a spirit of unrest, a thing below a beast, and a monster of a man."

Dash Down the Bowl.

Ha! dash to the earth the poison bowl,
And seek it not again—
It hath a madness for the soul—
A scorching for the brain.
The curses and the plagues of hell
Are flashing on its brim—
Woe to the victim of its spell,
There is no hope for him.

—John G. Whittier.

Prime Minister of Death.

Drink drowns more than the sea, burns up more property than fire, takes more lives than war; it is the prime minister of death.

THE GENOA TRIBUNE.

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

Friday Morning, Feb. 7, 1908

Historic Landmarks.

After many years of effort and all but endless stages of discouragement the historic Fraunces' tavern, in New York city, has been secured to posterity in its original shape. It is now owned by the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, and nothing short of a revolution in American sentiment can ever turn it from its proper destiny—the enlightenment of American citizens on the stirring events of the past. Thoughtlessness and greed would have destroyed this noble relic, the place where Washington took farewell of his officers at the close of the war of independence, but for the vigilance of a small handful of patriotic New Yorkers. Other monuments of the "days that tried men's souls" throughout the country have likewise been preserved. Some few are still in danger of neglect and perhaps lie at the mercy of vandals.

Recently the name of a square in historic north Boston was changed in order to honor a local politician, who was an adopted citizen. The same indifference to sacred associations may, unless checked by the protests of patriots, eventually obliterate other historic names or landmarks in the region of this square. In many of the countries of Europe this matter of preserving memorials is in the hands of national authorities, and historical monuments are considered the property of the people. In England there is a society formed to act as trustees for places of historical interest or natural beauty, holding powers under acts of parliament, and it is proposed to make it illegal for private owners to destroy monuments which by their associations belong to the whole nation. France, Germany and Italy exercise the right of expropriation whenever compulsion is necessary to acquire historic sites or building for preservation as national memorials. We are not behind foreign countries in patriotism, and we should not be less vigilant than they in keeping up incentives to patriotism in coming generations.

The Ocean Mail Project.

It is asserted by the friends of the measure to establish ocean mail lines to Brazil, Argentina and other South American countries as well as to Australasia, Japan, China and the Philippines that the sum of $1,000,000 added to the annual profits to the government from the present system of mail service will cover the cost of subventions to new steamers and vastly improve the service. The industrial benefit to the country of the construction of the new ships will, it is contended, fully justify the assuming of the financial burden by the government. On this point the Iron Trade Review says:

An item which it is believed will appeal to the senators and congressmen from the inland states is that the money which will be expended in the construction of these proposed new steamers will be distributed throughout the entire United States. A conservative estimate is that each ship will cost on an average of $1,000,000. Of this vast sum fully 90 per cent will be expended upon the labor cost involved in the production and manufacture of steel, brass, wood and other construction material, besides the boiler and engine building. The establishment of the proposed seven lines of steamships means the distribution of fully $35,000,000 among the wageworkers of the United States, the employment of thousands of skilled mechanics and unskilled labor now idle.

Stedman the Man.

Upon the death of Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet, the New York Tribune, which gathered many of the richest fruits from his pen, printed this tribute:

What he did in the impersonal labors of a writer he did as a man in private life. He was an old Tribune man, and in these pages any tribute to his character would inevitably possess the note of peculiar understanding and appreciation. But we have reason to know that an extraordinary number of men and women everywhere must share in the gratitude and the grief felt by his intimate comrades. He had a genius for helping others, a genius which persisted even when he was well nigh overborne by his own burdens and sorrows. Admiration for Stedman's brilliant powers and his noble use of them follows him to the grave, and with it the love which is only yielded to a man as rich in qualities of heart as in intellectual force.

The opponents of prohibition are pointing out that Bismarck was a mighty hard drinker up to the day of his death, at the age of eighty-nine. But they carefully forget the thousands of hard drinkers who died at the age of thirty-five.

The young man who thought he would have a proposal or two before the middle of January is now beginning to suspect that there is something wrong with his looks.

In London 200 barbers will have a contest to decide which can shave a man in the shortest time. Incidentally they can also test the courage of 200 London men.

It will be just like some "laggards in love" to say, "This is so sudden," when proposed to by young ladies they have been spooning around for about seven years.

The New Morocco Muddle.

The overthrow of Abdul Aziz, the sultan of record in Morocco, and the proclaiming of his renegade brother, Mulai Hafid, as sultan have placed France in a most embarrassing position. Whatever steps she takes may lead to a blunder that would bring serious consequences upon her, and unless the signatory powers to the Algeciras treaty help her out she must face the dilemma alone. It is a most delicate position, and if French diplomacy can extricate her unscathed the rest of the diplomatic world must take its hat off.

By the terms of the treaty France and Spain are allowed to attend to the policing of Morocco and may use both gunboats and regiments in performing this police duty, but they must be careful—oh, so careful—not to carry their measures too far. Nothing must be done in Morocco which would fire Germany's jealous, watching eye with offense. The kaiser is furious already because of the triumphant flaunting of the fleur-de-lis to the breezes of Tunis and Algiers. He does not mean that France shall have one grain of Morocco's yellow sands unless he can have two for himself. His attitude has so frightened Spain that she fears to give her sister state much military assistance, and France must therefore dare to brave the Prussian eagle's wrath alone.

The menace of conflict between Germany and France is necessarily revived by the complications growing out of Moroccan affairs. There have been signs of late that the French people as a mass have lost the keen edge of their bitterness in the matter of the two provinces wrested from France by Germany. Perhaps this trouble in Morocco will afford an opportunity to test the public sentiment on the subject. That famous visit of the kaiser to Tangier in 1905 may after all work out important results bearing upon the politics of continental Europe.

The Dead Dean.

Called the "dean of American poets" by the voice of the best of his contemporaries, the history of the late Edmund Clarence Stedman reaches back into days when he groveled, it may be said, "through long days of labor" to come to his own. Stedman's was a typical American literary career of the old school. First a war correspondent at the front in the sixties and later a newspaper worker in New York city, he early began to put into verse the sentiments and emotions aroused by his daily associations. He wrote poetry because that was a fitting vehicle for the expression of the thoughts that breathed within him.

In his prime Mr. Stedman was called the "banker-poet." He went into Wall street to make money, but not for money alone nor for the more vulgar things that money will buy. He wanted to emancipate his pen from the fetters of commercialized literature. It is said that Stedman's most important literary work was done after he came in touch with stocks and bonds. His poetic inspirations sprang from knowing men as they are, from seeing the tragedies as well as the flower paths of life. His fame matured late, but while not broad in scope, it is likely to be enduring, and no doubt that posterity will rank him with Lowell, whom he resembled in many respects, and likewise Longfellow.

The death of James Ryder Randall, author of "Maryland, My Maryland," at the comparatively early age, for a famous war figure, of sixty-nine recalls the fact that he was only twenty-two when he literally "dashed off" at midnight his historic verses. Rouget de L'Isle was thirty-two when he composed, also in a single night, the "Marseillaise." Randall's song was destined to immediate fame, for it was sung to an air well adapted to the expression of passionate appeal.

At the very heart of the antisaloon movement the same forces are at work that explain the demand for and the enactment of laws against cocaine. And as a thousand or maybe 10,000 persons suffer from alcohol where one suffers from cocaine the numbers and intensity of the foes of the saloon are easily explained.

Now is the time to size up the naval scroll of fame, whether it be greater to have a place among the fighters on the Bonhomme Richard, Commodore Perry's heroes, those who had "breakfast" with Dewey at Manila Bay or to sail under Bob Evans to the Pacific.

Nearly 20,000 more soldiers are needed in the regular army. Some day Uncle Sam will lose all caution and offer recruits a salary as high as $4.50 a week.

Now that civil pensions are being discussed, how about pensioning ex-vice presidents? Such a course might add to the popularity of that rather neglected office.

These sudden deaths multiply impressively. Poet Stedman died while the ink was yet wet on the page of his manuscript on his desk.

That "holy war" in Morocco will probably be waged in the usual unholy fashion.

Experts In the Courts.

The reappearance of the Thaw case revives interest in the question of proper control over the use of experts as witnesses. Of course an expert called in a murder case knows nothing about the actual killing or about the motive or he would be summoned in the ordinary way. Usually he is called in to throw weight against the existence of a criminal motive. He deals with a side issue, and it would seem that the court, which has complete control of all that pertains to enlightening the jury, should determine when anything foreign should be brought in.

Two propositions are before the country to empower the courts to act. One is that the court shall appoint a definite number of experts, and after the opposing counsel have agreed upon the experts to be appointed no others shall be permitted to testify in that trial. Another view is that the court shall appoint experts, thus giving them an official standing, and the fact that they are court officials will be likely to discount any experts hired by the contestants out of private or special funds. To exclude any expert qualified to testify would seem to be to set up a class and perhaps a monopoly. The view that the court shall appoint according to his own judgment and leave the field open to others if engaged by the defense or even prosecution will doubtless prevail, although the idea that the official staff of experts will gradually drive all others out is equal to saying that the words of lawyers of high standing in argument will be given greater heed than the words of advocates not so well known. If this were so, the jury system is not what it is cracked up to be.

Technical Education For Shop Hands.

Technical education in agriculture seems to be safe. The voices of legislators and of prominent men in all walks of life are heard in its favor. But the battle for widespread technical education for toilers in the mechanical trades is but just begun. Forces either indirectly or directly antagonistic to the spread of technical skill are more or less organized, while effective public opinion on the other side must be created.

In the past it has generally been possible for boys who had to make their way in the world to choose what they would do. But times are rapidly changing. There is fierce competition in the markets for the products of mechanical handicrafts. The machine is depended upon to turn out cheap goods, and the toiler at the machine soon becomes a mere machine himself with little chance for improvement. He has a job, but is not master of a trade. Mr. Carnegie says, "The apprenticeship system is a thing of the past." Then technical schools must supply the needed opportunity for a boy who wants to learn a trade and learn it as well as was possible under the apprenticeship system. The promoters of industrial education in this country are already looking forward to compulsion in the matter of the establishment of technical schools and of attendance. It is a drastic measure, but perhaps in no other way can technical education in schools be made general and also, in a sense, popular. The popularity of the system may be taken for granted after there is a good showing of results.

When the service pension system, under which it was unnecessary to produce evidence of wounds or illness incurred in the war became effective, there was a prevalent belief, which found wide expression, that the privileges it conferred would show the existence of a large "unknown army" of veterans who had not previously applied for pensions, but who would immediately come forward as claimants. The statement is made that the number of new pensioners under the act has so far been only 6,861. The "unknown army" apparently proved to be not much larger than a good sized brigade.

Now that stylish ready made ladies' suits "from New York" are on sale in China as low as $21.99, the native women ought to be reconciled to the abolition of opium and the custom of "pinching back" the feet.

Although it has been asserted that candy is an excellent substitute for liquor, it will be some time before a true Kentucky colonel can be persuaded to carry bonbons in his pocket flask.

A well known scientist says "the time will come when water in this world of ours will be more precious than gold." About that time it may be possible to buy unadulterated milk.

You have doubtless noticed that the man who remains on the fence during a political campaign is careful to select one without any barbed wire on it.

The scientific explanation that grip is nothing but influenza settles nothing except that influenza is much more fiendish than has been supposed.

Thoughtful Cubans regard independence as being, like most other things, very desirable if well managed.

The best law is a failure if badly administered.

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.

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. 27w4

Here is Relief for Women.

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. 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.

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.

VILLAGE AND VICINITY NEWS.

"The man who has a thing to sell
And goes and whispers down a well,
Is not so apt to get the dollars
As he who climbs a tree and hollers."

—Lent commences March 4 and Easter Sunday will be April 19.

—30 deg. below zero is reported from several points in the village Wednesday morning.

—Miss Claire DeWitt of Niles is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. D. L. Mead, for a few days.

—A. L. Loomis has been confined to the bed, suffering from the grip, this week, but is much better.

—Willie McAllaster went to Cortland Wednesday night, and will spend two weeks assisting in the ice harvest at Little York.

Have you seen the big assortment of Valentinee at Smith's? All styles from the post cards to the large fancy ones in boxes.

—Fruit farms which were offered for sale two years ago in Niagara county for $60 and $70 per acre, are now in demand for $200 and even higher.

—Mrs. Mary Wood Allen, a former resident of Ithaca, author, and president of the Purity department of the National W. C. T. U., died recently in Washington, D. C.

—F. H. Hurlbert, formerly agent of the Lehigh Valley railroad at Groton, has been named as agent of the road at Union Springs and has moved to his new place of duty.

—According to the old legend, we will have six weeks more of winter. Although Candlemas day, Feb. 2, was very stormy, the sun shone brightly several times during the middle of the day.

Piano for sale; inquire of
24t4 Mrs. Frank Gillespie, Genoa.

—Don't forget the valentine social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ai Lanterman on Friday evening, Feb. 14. Supper 15 cents, two suppers for 25 cents. A cordial invitation is given to all to attend.

—John B. Wicks, a native of Truxton, died in Elmira Jan. 27, at the age of 79 years. Burial was made at Truxton. He is survived by two brothers, Melville J. Wicks of King Ferry, who is 82 years old, and E. H. Wicks of Truxton.

—New ads this week from Farmers' Supply House, Shapero & Son, L. R. Lewis, Farmers' Mutual Indemnity Association, A. T. Hoyt, F. J. Meyer, People's Agency, Auburn Trust Co., C. R. Egbert, Foster, Ross & Co.

—The switch connecting the New York, Auburn and Lansing with the New York Central railroad in Auburn has been completed, and it is expected that arrangements will soon be made for the transfer of freight from one road to the other.

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.

—Frank Drake, of Ludlowville, had a narrow escape from losing an eye recently. He was splitting wood and a stick flew into his face. His glasses were shattered by the blow and many of the small particles of broken glass entered his eye. Dr. W. G. Fish removed twenty pieces of glass. It is thought that the eyesight is not injured.

—The Locke stage failed to get through yesterday morning. The storm of Wednesday afternoon and night filled the roads badly in places. The railroads were also affected, trains being very late from all directions. A number of letters from correspondents which The Tribune should have received, were doubtless delayed for this reason.

—A company of friends spent a pleasant evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Warren last Thursday evening. Although they went without invitation, all received a warm welcome and were entertained very enjoyably with games and music. Refreshments were served, and it then became evident that the host and hostess were not the only ones who were surprised.

—Good ice weather. The ice houses have about all been filled.

—Mrs. D. W. Smith went to Auburn Monday to spend the week with friends.

—Lewis C. Ford, who has been quite ill during the past week, is much better.

—Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Hewitt of Locke returned from their trip to Florida, Sunday night.

—Cayuga lake is frozen across at the north end and the ice is seven inches thick at Union Springs.

—Mr. Haskell, pastor of the Baptist church at Throopsville, has tendered his resignation on account of serious illness.

—The Presbyterians of Ludlowville will hold a valentine social and sale in the opera house Feb. 14. Supper will be served for 25 cents

—Rev. Hugh Black, M. A., Presbyterian, of Edinburgh, Scotland, will occupy the Sage Chapel pulpit at Ithaca for three successive Sundays, Feb. 2, 9 and 16.

For Sale—$8 leather and corduroy reversible coat, only $6, at Genoa Clothing Store.

—Mrs. Delia Bell was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Peck a few days last week. She is spending the winter at the home of Frank Clark in the town of Venice.

—Supreme Court, after being in session since Jan. 6, was dismissed Monday afternoon, there being no cases ready for trial, and Justice Rich discharged the jurymen from further duty. Juror W. H. Sharpsteen returned home Monday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Mastin will move March 1 to the farm of Mrs. Charles Wilcox near North Lansing. Their son, John B. Mastin, and wife will remain at the Mastin farm. Thomas Breen will live on the George Lester farm the coming year.

—Miss Clarinda Robinson underwent a serious operation this week, the attending physicians being Dr. Sincerbeaux and Dr. Skinner of Genoa. The operation was performed in the home of William Brigden. Late reports are that Miss Robinson is doing nicely.—Locke Courier.

—Petitions for the improvement of the service of the Lehigh Valley continue to be sent in to the Auburn Business Men's Association. The meeting with the representative from the legal department of the Lehigh and the committee from the Business Men's Association will probably be held Saturday morning as it will be impossible for all the parties to get to Auburn on Friday.

—The Ithacan says that Feb. 17 to 22 will be "Farmers' week" at Cornell University. This is the fourth annual meeting of the New York State College of Agriculture. Mr. Dawley, director of the Farmers' Institutes, will have the general charge of this Institute. A number of interesting events have been planned, and the gathering of farmers is expected to be the largest that has ever occurred in the State.

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.

—Mrs. Sarah C. Hurlbutt, aged 92 years, of Little Marsh, Pa., died Jan. 24 at the home of her son. She was the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier, and received a stipend from the Government. Mrs. Hurlbutt was born in Locke, and was the daughter of Elijah Weeks. . . . Mrs. Hannah Conley Mosher died at the home of her daughter, Jan. 28 in Little Marsh, Pa., aged 80 years. She was born in Locke, Jan. 1828, but left this section [illegible]
—Lo[illegible]

Please Be Prompt.

In order to expedite the matter of settling subscription accounts due The Tribune, in accordance with the new ruling of the Post-office Department which makes it impossible for publishers to send through the mail at pound rates weekly papers to subscribers who are more than one year in arrears, The Tribune has this week mailed statements of accounts to all in arrears, desiring to bring all subscriptions up to the present year as quickly as possible.

The courtesy of credit has been extended in many cases for two and three years, and the publisher now expects a return of the courtesy by prompt settlement.

Hereafter no subscriptian can be continued longer than one year after the time paid for without payment.

—Fayette P. Fell of Auburn, well known in this vicinity, was on Monday elected a director of the Engelburg Huller Comyany for which he has traveled for many years, at its annual meeting in Syracuse.

—The death of Clara A. Drake, wife of Fenton C. Mather, occurred at an early hour Tuesday morning of this week at her home near East Venice at the former Abner Stewart farm. Mrs. Mather was taken ill on Saturday with peritonitis, and her death was a shock to the community. She was forty years of age. Besides the husband, she leaves two daughters and one son, who have much sympathy in their sudden bereavement. Funeral services were held at her late home on Thursday at 1 o'clock. Rev. J. B. Rodger of Moravia officiated. The remains were placed in the Indian Mound vault at Moravia.

Will Produce a Play.

The Genoa Agricultural Society is to produce a play in the near future, and have secured the services of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Keefe, who will direct the production. The cast, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Keefe, will be composed of home talent, and the proceeds will be used to bring about the big 1908 fair.

The play is a four-act comedy-drama entitled "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." The scene is laid in Southern Ohio at the time just preceding and during the civil war. While the piece has plenty of good wholesome fun scattered through it, it is full of heart interest and dramatic situations, and is sure to please any audience.

Great care is being taken in selecting the cast of characters, and no trouble or expense, necessary to make the production a notable one, will be spared

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,
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.

Church and Society Notes.

Services in the Presbyterian church at Genoa next Sunday morning and evening. Subject of the morning sermon, "Our Tomorrows;" in the evening, "Opportunities." Sunday school at usual time. All are cordially invited.

Services at Baptist church, Genoa, next Sunday as follows: Morning worship at 11 o'clock; text Matt. 26:73. Bible school 12 m. Evening worship, 7 o'clock; subject, "The Urgency of the Gospel." Wednesday evening, Feb 12, the prayer-meeting will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Oliver.

A valentine social will be held at Mr. and Mrs. Ai Lanterman's on the evening of Feb 14. This is not in any sense a "box" social or anything of that nature. Each young lady may eat supper with her own young man. Married people the same. One supper 15 cts., two for 25 cents. Come and bring your cash.

ANIMALS' CLEANSING HABITS.

Frog's Weekly Wash—How Snakes Keep Clean—Birds' Bath.

The snake casts off his clothing. The form of reptiles is not adapted for allowing them to clean themselves, but they do not allow a trifle like this to trouble them. They simply change their skins as convenient.

Snakes shed their coats several times a year, toads lose only their epidermis, or merely the mucous that covers it, but this suffices to render them clean. Frogs are said to moult every eight days, which amounts to a weekly washing.

The aquatic birds bathe in the open, and while disporting themselves in the water they take some of the liquid in their bill and besprinkle their entire body with it.

The swallows skim the surface of ponds and dip their outspread tails into the water, then afterward turn the tails under the belly by an abrupt motion, in order to sprinkle the body.

After the bath all birds shake themselves vigorously and then proceed to smooth the feathers one by one with the bill. Finally the head is cleaned by rubbing it in all directions upon the breast and the wings.

Birds that live in families or gregariously share with each other these important operations. This fact easily is verified in the domestic geese and ducks of a poultry yard.

Absentminded Professor (in the bathtub)—Well, well, now I have forgotten what I got in here for.—Fliegende Blatter.

Special Notices.

Farm to Let—Wanted, a man to work the old Levi Starner farm on shares. Inquire A. J. Parker,
27w2 Auburn, N. Y.

Wanted—35 cords of wood, half beech and half maple, 18 inches long, to be delivered at the schoolhouse in Genoa village Send in your bids for contract to Herbert Gay,
Trustee District No. 6.

For Sale—A span of young work horses, sound and kind.
24tf R. W. Armstrong.

For Sale—4-year-old gelding—5 years old in spring—kind in any harness, weight 1150
J. Howard Mosher,
Sherwood, 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.

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

Oranges, Lemons, Currants, Raisins, Prunes, Nuts and Candy.

New Orleans Molasses,
Fancy Ponce Molasses,
Corn Cake Syrup,
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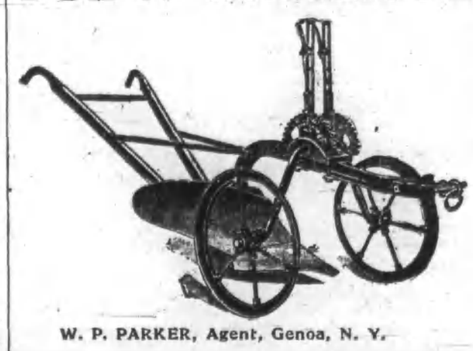
GILLESPIE & HAGIN.

GENOA, -- N. Y.

PLOW THE EASY WAY
USE A WINNER PLOW TRUCK.



W. P. PARKER, Agent, Genoa, N. Y.

Keep away from the handles. Get out of the furrow. Just drive the horses.

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,
Cortland, N. Y.

Big Clean-Up SALE.

Two months more of winter but winter goods must go now while the going is good. Winter never skipped us; there is plenty more of it bottled up somewhere and coming our way. The sharp taste we are having now emphasizes this fact. Trusting to the law of averages there is just as much cold one year as another and if we don't get our share one day look out for the next. Look out today and attend this

Big Clean-Up Sale

on all Clothing in our store. Astonishing reductions on all ***Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats, Raincoats, Extra Trousers, Coats and Vests, Chore Coats, Mackintoshes, Sweaters, Sweater Coats, &c. We hold nothing in reserve.***

Don't fail to attend this sale at your earliest convenience. Sale lasts until Feb. 15th.

Special During This Sale Only.

Men's Goodyear buckle Arctics only ***$2.25***
" " " " ***1.50***

Shoes for all occasions. A large variety to select from. Douglas make only. Special bargains in underwear for ladies, gents and boys.

"GENOA CLOTHING STORE."

Maks G. Shapero & Son,

REMEMBER. We can clothe you from head to foot.

THE LETTER THAT CAME

(Original.)

"Poor little soul," said the surgeon, "she left it too late, you know, and we could not do anything. She'll hardly last through the night. I think. Her face seems very familiar Sister."

"Why, of course, she was our wardmaid before she married two years ago. She used to come and see me very often, and always made him out one of those noble creatures that only want a chance—though, all the time I knew he was just a worthless wretch. He was brought into the accident ward early this morning. Rather a bad smash-up. It seems he broke into one of the city churches by some scaffolding, and when he was making off with the contents of the alms-boxes, fell from a height on to the aisle.

"He came to see his wife about ten days ago, and was stuffing her up with a long story that he was going down into the country to look for work. A fine bit of work he was contemplating!"

"Well, Sister, I must be off. Can't you concoct a letter or something to keep her ignorant? It would be too brutal to let her know about him now."

* * * * *

"What is it, Mary?" she said gently, as a few minutes later she stood by No. 21's bedside and with skillful touches arranged the pillows till a wan smile from the pale face assured her she was comfortable.

"Sister, dear, in case I—shouldn't get better, I'm fretting so about Bill. He hasn't written yet, and he was hoping that if he got work in Ashleigh I would get strong again in the country air. My sister's there, too, and they are such loves of cottages. Perhaps I'll get better after all," with a hopeful glance, "but I wish he would write or Bessie would write for him. I feel I'd sleep easier tonight if I had a letter. Don't let me have the sleeping draught tonight, Sister. There might be a letter by the last post, and nurse wouldn't bring it then for fear of disturbing me."

Sister Evelyn, with a world of sorrowful compassion in her eyes, felt the weak pulse running like a stream that is nearing its end, and wiped the damp forehead where the soft little curls, that had always seemed so incongruous in a working girl, lay matted.

"I'll tell nurse to wait awhile, and if there's a letter, will bring it to you myself. Perhaps he was waiting till he had settled everything comfortably before writing. Men don't understand what they call our 'impatient ways' do they? But now you must try and get a little sleep, else I shan't want to disturb you if the letter comes, and I shall want to know all about it. I'll write to your sister in the morning. Mrs. Orton, the postoffice, you said? Yes, now take your medicine and rest awhile. Nurse, No. 21 need not have the sleeping draught tonight. I'll see her myself about nine o'clock, and if you want me, I'll be in the 'Men's Accident.'"

Sister Ursula reported Mary's husband, though suffering from a broken leg and sundry cuts and bruises, to be quite capable of writing a letter, and had indeed just asked for writing materials.

William Walton, it was evident at the first glance, was of a very superior class to Mary. Good-looking, with an almost scholastic cast of feature, no one would have dubbed him the idle unscrupulous loafer he had proved himself to be. Absorbed in his own "ill luck," as he called it, even the certainty of his poor little wife's end failed to strike an unselfish chord. He began by abusing what he chose to style the hospital's "lack of resource." Surely if he could not get out of bed, the porter could carry him to his wife, etc., etc.

He quite failed to grasp the shock his sudden appearance as the victim of an accident could not fail to have on one in her condition. His idea of a letter seemed to be a detailed account of his own injuries, ending with a sentimental farewell to herself. Sister Evelyn's suggestion that he should write a letter that should give Mary the comfort of supposing he was really in the way of honest work, elicited a virtuous refusal to lend himself to any deceit; but the Sister had a way of getting people to see things in her light, and she did not leave till she went away triumphant with the following epistle:

Ashleigh.

"Dear Mary. You will be thinking I ought to have written before, but I've had so many disappointments that I thought it was no good writing. My luck has turned at last, for I've heard of a place as handy man a few miles out from here. There's a cottage too, none so bad they tell me, and you and I will tidy it up together. It will give me a fresh start, and you the country air you need. So buck up old girl.

"Your loving husband, Bill."

Stealing softly past No. 21's bed Sister Evelyn listened to the shallow breathing with a tender thought of the letter, which, by the by, would bring comfort to the loyal heart, and in her room she found a stamp so as to keep up the "post" fiction. At nine o'clock she went down to the hall, resisting as she passed how the [illegible] gently to see her go. As she neared the glass doors on her return, she took the letter out of her apron pocket that the big blue eyes, straining through their gathering weakness, might see the welcome oblong.

"Sister, is that it? Let me feel it. Thank God!"

The tender-hearted plotter put the letter in the cold feeble hands. "It's so dark in your corner I'll fetch my little lamp and read it to you."

"Will you open it, Sister, my hands are so cold tonight."

"I'll put your shawl over them, and then you can listen comfortably."

Softly she read the letter, and slipping it under the pillow, stole a glance at the radiant happiness that lit up the dying face.

"Thank you, Sister. I felt it would come. My Bill only wanted a chance. Sister, I believe I'll get better after all. It wouldn't do to waste my chance, would it? I think I could sleep a bit now if I tried. The letter will make me dream of my Bill."

Her last words, and her last thoughts; but Sister Evelyn, standing half-an-hour later at the bedside took absolution into her soul from the peace on the face of the dead woman.

The Science of Scarpology.

Call's phrenological system, which had so prodigious a success sixty years ago, is well known. It was based on the hypothesis, not confirmed by experience, that the brain, constituted by parts or organs, each serving a certain affection or instinct or particular faculty, appeared to be in supposed relations with the development of each of the corresponding qualities. What is less known is that M. Garre, of Basle, wished to found, some twenty years ago, a similar science by attempting to prognosticate the mental characteristic by means of footgear. This is scarpology.

According to the Swiss doctor, old shoes are worth more in order to judge of the wearer's character than the facial features, the lines of the hand or the signs of the handwriting. By examining them one can recognize the lack of energy, inconstancy, the tendency of negligence and to elude obligations and attacks of bad humor. If the heel and sole of a shoe worn for two months are worn equally one finds one's self in the presence of an energetic man of business, of a safe employe, a distinguished wife or an excellent mother. If the wearing is more marked in the outer edge the wearer has a fantastical turn for adventure, a daring or a stubborn spirit. If the wearing is greater on the inner edge it indicates irresolution or feebleness in a man and modesty in a woman. And in support of his opinion M. Garre reports that, having some years before seen a stranger enter his house whose shoes were worn on the outer edge with the toes worn down and the remainder in an almost unused condition, he had a very correct sentiment that he had a rascal before him, and, in fact, the next day the man was arrested for theft.

This is what scarpology is capable of. To everybody it is therefore important to wear equally both heel and sole of boots at the risk of seeing one's reputation suffer.

In any case, the example just given proves how phrenology, chiromancy, graphology and scarpology are far from serious, since from a more or less well observed fact one draws deductions the value of which is more than doubtful.—From the European Edition of the Herald.

A Paris for Millionaires.

If certain predictions are to come true and it looks really as if facts prove that they would a time will surely come when none but millionaires will be able to live in Paris. For some years past the prices of so many things have gone up that when compared with what they were formerly, or what one imagines they should be, they have attained fabulous heights. It is well enough for the traveler or occasional visitor to get a sort of chill at times at the sight of his hotel bill, but what about the permanent resident, who has to pay many another bill beside which that of a few days' hotel expenses is a mere trifle. Prophets have arisen on every hand to show that a time will come when the permanent residents will probably have to live on one meal a day and an absinthe. The fact that the price of bread is being raised by one-fourth of its former value has caused people to inquire, and just now it is found that not only bread, but meat, vegetables, milk, butter, coffee, tea, chocolate, and in fact, foodstuffs of every description, have risen considerably within the last year. Comestibles of every kind have increased in price from 20 to 30 per cent., and, as it were, without a note of warning. It was only at the end of the month that a regular increase in the cook's bill was noticed by the despairing housekeeper, and no amount of economy will meet the constant advance in prices. It has been proved that the cost of living increased by 10 per cent. every ten years, but what with the bakers' strikes and others and 1st of May scares it looks as if within the last year the prices had done all the work of ten.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Measuring 10 feet and 6 inches, an octopus, while being killed at Tooradin, Victoria, entwined a tenacle so firmly around the foot of one of its captors that the membrane had to be cut to free the man.

MANUFACTURING WITCH HAZEL

How the Brush is Collected and Distilled in Connecticut.

The witch hazel industry dates back about thirty-five years.

There are many kinds of witch hazel, for this product is rather remarkable in that it has no standard except that given by its manufacturer. It is not subject to a chemical test, and the purchaser must depend for its worth upon the good faith of its distiller. In making alcohol, for instance, a distiller obtains but four gallons of proof spirit from a bushel of corn, though he keeps his still working until the crack of doom.

In the distillation of witch hazel, however, a distiller can take out twenty gallons, forty, or even twenty barrels from a ton of brush at one operation. He can keep on running the extract until he gets tired; it is all witch hazel, but, as a matter of fact, the first gallon is the strongest, the second is a little weaker, and so on until the odor in runnings is but temporary, and there is nothing left.

Others there are who, instead of using the green twigs, distill from the dried bark, because it is so much cheaper and can be made any time in the year. But the product so obtained has not the fine, pungent odor obtained from young twigs. Some also use a larger proportion of water than is called for by the amount of the material, and the resulting product is an aqueous distillation with but slight traces of witch hazel's characteristic odor.

The witch hazel season does not open until after all their crops have been harvested. There is at such a time little for the farmers to do, and if it were not for this industry it might go hard with some of them. They simply hitch their horses to a big team and, armed with small hatchets, drive out into the woods. The witch hazel grows in hilly and rough places and it is usually difficult to get to the spot with a heavy team.

On arriving at a good growth of the bush all hands set to work cutting the brush off near the roots and piling it into the teams. There is no mistaking it, for it has a characteristic look and pungent but pleasant odor. When a load is obtained it is driven to the nearest cutting station, where it is cut, then macerated and put into the still. The price paid for the brush is about $4.50 to $5 a ton.

Fashions on the Upper Nile.

Recently the British public received some fashion hints from the upper Nile, a returned explorer reporting as follows: "The largest tribe in extent of distribution is the Acholi, which covers the greater part of the country between the Latuka mountains and the Victoria Nile. They are a fine, tall, well-built race, and they live in open villages as a rule; their arms are chiefly spears, and they spend a good deal of their time in the pursuit of game; they practically wear no clothes at all, except a small piece of skin as an apron or hung over one shoulder. Married women wear sometimes a small apron made of beads. The men and women also are fond of wearing a crystal or glass spike, about three inches long, in the lower lip. Young men are generally very smartly turned out, wearing brightly polished metal rings on their arms and legs, also a peculiar little conical cap made of felted human hair, ornamented with beads of glass or ivory. They keep their weapons in good order and always keep themselves very clean and well oiled.

"A peculiar custom in their villages is the building of a common nursery, into which all the small children are stuffed at night, the small door being closed with a wisp of hay or piece of basketwork. These nurseries are usually raised above the ground and are reached with a ladder, so as to be beyond the reach hyenas. A similar arrangement on a somewhat larger scale is made for the young unmarried girls. The huts are beehive shaped, generally very neatly and carefully built.

"A wilder and less organized tribe than the Acholi are the Lango. The young warriors wear very handsome headdresses made of cock's feathers, which resemble a guardsman's bearskin at a short distance. Another peculiar habit of the Lango is to pierce the tongue and hang a little piece of brass chain to the tip. This is the highest effort of fashion."

Preserving Tobacco Plants.

Visitors to the tobacco country were often surprised to note in the fields that the long stems of the seed plants—those whose heads had not been lopped off earlier in the season to allow the full strength of the plant to go into the leaves—were covered with caps which on examination proved to be ordinary Manila paper bags tied tightly around the scarlet and white flowers of the plant, says the New York World.

Inquiry disclosed that the practice has grown out of experiments lately conducted in the region by Prof. A. D. Shamel of the Bureau of Plant Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture. The farmer has determined what type of tobacco plant is fittest to survive, and he is helping along the survival. Enclosed in a paper sack each flower is obliged to reproduce itself without interference from outside. The paper bags are used, of course, to secure self-fertilization instead of cross-fertilization.

Time of a Wink.

By pasting a bit of paper upon the eyelid a photographic record has been made of the duration of time required in winking the eye. It has been found that a wink requires one-[illegible] of a second.—Exchange.

MYSTERIES OF THE OCEAN.

Strange Life Encountered in the Depths—Effects of Light.

"The first sensation experienced," said an intrepid diver at an interview with an Italian journalist, "is something like that which is felt on descending into a mine, but you soon get accustomed to it. At a depth of about nine feet medusae began to be found in large quantities. Seen through the water, everything appears magnified, and they are apparently of enormous proportions. All recollection of the protection afforded by the glass front of the helmet is forgotten, and the first impression is that these masses of horrid flaccid and slimy medusae will adhere to your face. Just a little lower down, and a scintillating multitudinous shoal of small fishes is encountered, shimmering like so many strips of shining copper, or other metal, in a state of continuous vibration. At a depth of about 162 feet thick masses of seaweed are traversed; some of these are hair-like vegetable growths, with arms from 20 to 30 yards in length, which, with a kind of horrid vitality, wrap themselves round every part of the body.

"Below 162 feet there are small snakelike fishes of about three feet in length, and also other denizens of the deep resembling dolphins. These latter hurl themselves violently against the diver. If, as already remarked, he is somewhat young at the game, and has forgotten the protection afforded by his helmet, he is still filled with a mortal dread lest they should succeed in smashing the glass front of the helmet despite its four inches of thickness. Of course should that occur, death would be almost instantaneous. Still other and worse monsters are the polypi or devilfish, who wrap their slimy tentacles around the bold explorer; but although repugnant these monsters are cowardly, and immediately renounce their attack on coming in contact with the unfamiliar feel of the metal armor plating of my diving dress. There are also equally horrible, and much more intrepid, giant crabs.

"In the vicinity of Ostend," he relates, "I was requested once to examine the wreck of a vessel which had sunk not long before. This was the occasion upon which I was assailed by a veritable horde of those giant crabs of which I have already spoken. They were at the time busy devouring the corpses of the dead sailors. One of these monsters seized me by the leg, which would have been crushed, as if squeezed by a jaw of steel, had it not been protected by the powerful armoring of my diving dress. I had a kind of sword in my hand, with which I succeeded in killing two of these monsters, the shells of which I still possess.

"All objects at the bottom of the sea are covered with a kind of curious powder, and a terrible gloom and silence prevails. What a scene of melancholy! The floor of the ocean is strewn with bones, not a few of them of human origin. A very singular fact which I have observed is that the sea for a certain period of time keeps bodies in a perfect state of preservation. I once visited the hull of a vessel which had gone down with all hands.

"The crew were mostly asleep at the moment when the disaster occurred, and had thus practically passed instantaneously from sleep to death. So far they had not been bitten or gnawed by any fish, as most of the hatchways were closed. The men still appeared as if asleep. There they lay, wrapped in a calm and mysterious slumber. I approached and climbing down to the hatchways, touched one of the corpses with my hand; the flesh seemed to dissolve and vanish under my hand, leaving nothing but a grinning skeleton!"—Scientific American.

Origin of Gloves and Corsets.

The origin of the corset is essentially unaristocratic, says London Express. A butcher in the thirteenth century had a talkative wife, who was, in addition, something of a virago. To reduce her to silence he imprisoned her body in the first pair of stays. Wives have imitated and improved upon the idea of the thirteenth century butcher, but stays and silence have ceased to be synonyms.

Gloves have also had a checkered history. As lately as two centuries ago they were forbidden in France in churches, at the King's Court when the king was present and in the courts of law. In the first part of the eighteenth century they almost passed out of fashion, but Paris followed London in such matters, as it does to-day, and when in 1839 it was known that the London dandies wore six different kinds of gloves each day the fashion returned to Paris, and has never left it.

But gloves are not worn here as they are worn in London. No Londoner puts on a pair of white or lavender kid gloves to pay a call. In Paris white or lavender kid gloves for men worn with a frock coat are the height of fashion.

In Place of Candles.

A remarkable fish is said to exist in the coast rivers of Alaska. About eight inches long, it is transparent, and the fattest of all the finny tribe. Its flesh has not the oily, rancid taste of other fish, but is like fresh lard. When dried the Indians often use these fish in a novel way. They are burned in place of candles, and give a clear, brilliant light, not liable to be blown out by the wind. [illegible] fish burn [illegible]

CHARMING DINNER GOWN.

Made Out of Silk Gauze That Have Been Fashionable Several Seasons.

Lovely dresses for formal dinner and evening wear are being made for the coming season out of the crisp silk gauzes that have been fashionable for one or two seasons past, and as a relief from the embroidered and figured effects, there will be a number of plain effects, almost Puritanical in their simplicity. Nothing lends itself more agreeably to such arrangements than the one-piece frocks, and the model illustrated is plaited to the figure, then finished at the bottom with several inch-wide tucks and a very deep hem.

Very pale water green gauze is used for the model, mounted over white taffetas and chiffon. The front is daintily, though simply trimmed

with heavy lace which is set into the gauze under a very fine stitching of green silk soutache braid.

The sleeves are of gauze, bordered with lace, with underpuffs of very fine net, gauged into ruffled elbow-bands of their own material. Sleeves for evening dresses this season will almost invariably be made up of two materials, the upper part, reaching to the elbow or hung in very drooping effect, being of the bodice material, and falling over an under-sleeve of net, chiffon, or some of the softer materials that are so much liked.

Little frills of muslin and lace are much in demand as trimmings for under-sleeves, but the outer effects are usually bordered with lace or a band of very light face-cloth which shows in bold contrast to the delicate under-sleeve.

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Citation.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: To Frank E. Young, Jennie Y. Hough, Estella Sharp, Eva Y. Avery, Frances Lester, Emeline Wood, Sarah J. Hull, John H. Murdock and Moravia National Bank.

Whereas, Catherine E. Young has presented to the Surrogate's Court of Cayuga County her petition and account as Executrix of the last will and testament of Jesse B. Young, deceased, praying that said account may be judicially settled and that you be cited to appear herein:

Therefore, you and each of you are hereby cited to appear before our Surrogate 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 11th day of February, 1908, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to attend the judicial settlement of the said account.

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

Witness, Hon. Walter E. Woodin, Surrogate of our said County, at the City of Auburn, on the 24th day of December, 1907. [L. S.]

STUART R. TREAT, Clerk of the Surrogate's Court.

Joel B. Jennings, Attorney for Petitioner, Office and P. O. Address, Moravia, N. Y. 21w7

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. 18, 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.

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WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50c & $1.00 Trial Bottle Free

AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Correct Silverware

Correct in character, design and workmanship—is as necessary as dainty china or fine linen if you would have everything in good taste and harmony.

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

knives, forks, spoons and fancy pieces for table use are "correct" and can be purchased from leading dealers everywhere.

Catalogue "C-4" tells about the genuine. International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

Why is it that the I. H. C. Gas Engine is the best in use? Ask your neighbor who is using one. For sale by H. W. Armstrong, Genoa, N. Y.

The Road

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

Citizens
Bank,
Locke, N. Y.

If Eyesight

Were sold you would not buy the cheapest. Therefore if you require glasses or are in doubt, don't take the chance of buying glasses from incompetent opticians. I have been examining eyes and making glasses for the past 21 years and can guarantee satisfaction.

Fred L. Swart,

The Eye Fitter. Cor. Genesee and Green Sts., next to postoffice.

AUBURN. — N. Y.

J. WILL TREE,
BOOK BINDING
ITHACA.

Orders taken at THE GENOA TRIBUNE office.

Auctioneer!

The auction season for 1908 is in sight. Thanking the public for past favors we are ever ready to attend to any call in the auction business. Years of experience enables us to guarantee satisfaction.

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LUNACY AND DRINK.

Large Part of Lunacy Caused by Over Indulgence.

The report of the Lunacy Commissioners contains appalling and sad news. From it we gather that 32 per cent. of lunacy at the present day is caused by drink.

During the last five years the average admitted each year, the assignable cause being drink, is 3,143, by far the highest of all the physical causes.

Of the total number of registered lunatics, i. e., 113,964, about 36,465 are at the present moment detained as certified lunatics, whose condition has been so brought on by drink.

These facts, says Dr. Winslow, are so alarming that public attention ought to be drawn to it forthwith, with a view of seeing whether something cannot be done to check its sure and steady progress.—Dr. Forbes Winslow in London Daily News.

Strong Words from a Strong Man.

What is our duty asks Rev. Dr. David Gregg, as we grapple with this liquor curse? Simply to temporize with it, to trifle with it, to endure it as best we can? Trifling with the curse is nonsense. We are living in an age when radical methods are appreciated. In treating other evils, we believe in going down to the roots of things. In dealing with diseases we take the most powerful microscope and search for bacteria and when we have found the germs we immediately use the most extreme means for their extermination. Let the same wisdom prevail here in dealing with the Liquor Curse. There is one simple method which, if all follow, will abolish the Saloon and will kill the Liquor traffic; and that is the principle of total abstinence. Nothing could be more simple and nothing more effective.

The Odd Fellows' Mandate.

The grand master of the Order of Odd Fellows of Ohio recently issued a mandate which declares that every saloon keeper, bartender and gambler in the State must either honestly and legitimately renounce their business, or be expelled from the order. The mandate further states that "any noble grand who shirks or refuses to do his duty will be suspended; they must convict and expel from the order all such members." And "any lodge that puts on trial and convicts such a member and fails to suspend him shall have its charter arrested at once."

When one considers how strong a body the Odd Fellows' association is, the importance of this mandate in the interest of temperance will be seen.

Danger in Alcohol.

Prof. Wiley, Chief Chemist to the Agricultural Department says: "There is every reason from a physiological standpoint, in addition to the mere opinion that it is injurious, why we should put aside alcohol in hot weather. Alcohol is converted into heat and energy when taken into the system in moderate quantities, and thus in a time of year when less heat is required, alcohol is not a physiological diet. Again, alcohol, even in moderate quantities, produces a quickening of the circulation and is a strong stimulant. This quickening and the consequent transmission of additional blood to the head should be avoided in the hot months."

Railroads and Total Abstinence.

There is one general rule regarding temperance on all railroads in the Eastern States, which provides that no employe shall take a drink while on duty or come on duty under the effect of liquor.

There is a further rule that men who make a practice of taking intoxicating liquor, even when off duty, shall be subject to dismissal. This applies especially to all men who are engaged in the operation of trains.

Saloons at World's Fair.

It is estimated that there are 300 more saloons in St. Louis this year than there were in 1903. The increase, it is said, is due largely to the World's Fair, during which the saloonkeeper expects to reap a harvest. Estimating the population of St. Louis at 700,000, the city has one saloon to every fifty-four male citizens. The revenue derived during 1904 in license taxes from saloons is $1,430,000. Of this amount $1,300,000 goes to the city and $130,000 to the State.

Whiskey takes away your money, your houses, your friends, your prospects of getting those things.

But it does worse than that. It takes away your manhood and your courage; it takes away your right to look other men in the eye, and your power to use the strength that nature has given to you.

How great a benefit it would be if every young man in this country could have seen years ago, and one week ago, the whiskey victim.

It is hard for us to learn through the experience of others, but no man could fail to be impressed by this example.

The Disadvantages of Drink.

That the drinking man is at a disadvantage in the struggle of life is strikingly shown in the fact that many high class saloons will not employ as a barkeeper any man who drinks.

A Mother's Influence.

No honest man with a drunken wife can bring up his children properly. It is the mother's influence which exerts the greater power over the child, and is responsible for its good or evil training.

CHRISTMAS ISLAND'S RICHES.

Bit of Rock Revealed its Secret and Mines of Phosphate.

Christmas Island is a speck of land, shaped like a dumbbell, rising steeply from the Indian ocean, 190 miles south of Java, says the New York Sun. No one is known ever to have landed on it previous to 1887. It was thought of only as a little rock, without good anchorage, not worth examining while large regions were still white on the maps.

But to-day some fifty men are living on Christmas Island, and now and then we see a paragraph in the trade journals telling of the increasin quantity of phosphate that it is shipping. Last year for example, as we are told by one of these authorities, the island shipped 71,757 tons of phosphate and new methods of loading vessels were introduced, something like those by which iron ore is poured into the holds of Lake Superior steamers. The phosphate is tipped from a high pier into the ship. The last vessel to sail loaded in a day with 1,300 tons.

It was a deep sea research that pointed to Christmas Island as a source of wealth, and the facts in the case have only recently been told.

About 10 years ago a British naval vessel started for the Indian ocean to examine a part of its sea floor. Its main work was a long distance from Christmas Island, but Sir John Murray, the great Scottish oceanographer, in mapping out the project, happened to think of an area around Christmas Island where no investigations had been made. He suggested that the vessel diverge from its course to make soundings and collect samples from the ocean bed in the neighborhood of Christmas Island.

The work was thoroughly done, and in due time a list of soundings and specimens of the mud and bits of rock dredged from the bottom were delivered at St. John's laboratory near Edinburgh. In the collecton was a fragment of rock which he could not identify on casual inspection, and it excited his curiosity. He made an analysis of the fragment and found that it was phosphate.

The results fulfilled the most sanguine expectations of the man of science. There was no longer any doubt of the existence of a thick bed of phosphate on the island. But to ascertain all the conditions and the prospects of mining with profit, Sir John made a journey to it. He found that the mineral offered a promising commercial possibility; that there was a good anchorage on one side of the island, and that by building a wharf with a second story, on which trucks could be run out, vessels might be loaded easily and cheaply.

A company was organized with the necessary capital. Parliament made a concession, giving the company the right to work the phosphate for a series of years, and development was begun. It has been a most profitable venture, and the best of it is that it has placed Sir John Murray, who, like most scientific men, had no superfluity of this world's goods, in very comfortable circumstances for the rest of his life.

What People are Reading.

A member of the editorial staff of Public Opinion visited a number of prominent publishers in New York city and asked them the point-blank question, "What kind of books do people read?" The article in which the answers are recorded is concluded with this summary:

Looking back over these opinions of publishers who represent almost every side of the publishing business and who view the book-purchasing public from almost every possible angle, one is forced to a gratifying and highly optimistic conclusion. Even allowing for the natural and legitimate bias which would lead a man to take a favorable view of his own business, we must conclude that people are reading better books now than ever before. It is not only that each publisher is of the opinion that he is publishing better books than he did five years ago or ten years ago, but that he also believes that other publishers are doing the same thing. Examples of books brought out by other houses were cited to me constantly in proof of this.

Another gratifying tendency upon which practically all agree is in the increased reading of history, and particularly of biography. While the scientific historians may not agree that this is a good thing, yet any careful reader who follows the current books steadily will conclude that even the scientific writers of history must look to their laurels. The writers of popular books are improving steadily in point of accuracy and general literary merit. Another good development is that away from tremendous hundred thousand editions. Such extraordinary sales are usually obtained at the expense of other books almost if not quite as meritorious. The result of the change is that the general average has gone up. Viewing the world of books from the standpoint of all those different publishers, each seeing it from a slightly different angle, one can only conclude again that people are reading more and better books and that in this respect at least the world is growing better.

Sound Sleep.

We sleep the soundest between three and five o'clock in the morning. An hour or two after going to bed you sleep very soundly; then your slumber grows gradually lighter, and it is easy enough to waken you at one or two o'clock. But when four o'clock comes you are in such a state of somnolence that it would take a great deal to waken you.

FIRST MATCH MADE IN 1827.

But Lacked the Construction of the Present Day One.

In the nineteenth century—the century in which so many wonderful things were done—the fourth step in the development of the match was taken. In 1827, John Walker, a druggist in a small English town, tipped a splint with sulphur, chlorate of potash, and sulphide of antimony, and rubbed it on sandpaper, and it burst into flame. The druggist had discovered the first friction-chemical match, the kind we use today. It is called friction-chemical because it is made by mixing certain chemicals together and rubbing them. Although Walker's match did not require the bottle of acid, it nevertheless was not a good one. It could be lighted only by hard rubbing, and it sputtered and threw fire in all directions. In a few years, however, phosphorus was substituted on the tip for antimony, and the change worked wonders. The match could now be lighted with very little rubbing, and it was no longer necessary to have sandpaper upon which to rub it. It would ignite when rubbed on any dry surface, and there was no longer any sputtering. This was the phosphorus match, the match with which we are so familiar.

After the invention of the easily lighted phosphorus match there was no longer use for the dip-splint or the strike-a-light. The old methods of getting a blaze were gradually laid aside and forgotten. The first phosphorus matches were sold at 25 cents a block—a block containing 144 matches—and they were used by but few. Now 100 matches can be bought for a cent. It is said that in the United States we use about 150,000,000,000 matches a year. This, on an average, is about five matches a day for every person.—St. Nicholas.

Burglars With Education.

One can undersand that, here and there, there may exist a burglar who, when he has done his burgling, "loves to lie a-basking in the sun," but it is quite a shock to one's preconceived ideas to hear of burglars who have a passion for music and art, or who beguile their leisure by reading Horace and Xenophon.

Some time ago the tenant of a villa in the outskirts of Hamburg was roused from his slumbers by strains of exquisite music which proceeded from an adjoining sitting room. Going to the door of the room, we learn he saw a ragged, disreputable man seated at the piano and playing Handel's "Messiah" with remarkable skill. Other pieces followed, all played with a mastery and feeling which held the unseen auditor spellbound, until "suddenly the man broke off with a shrill discord, and throwing himself across the piano, burst into bitter tears."

When the owner entered the room the musician started up in alarm and attempted to escape. Finding this impossible, he confessed that he had entered the house with felonious intent, but, seeing the piano, on which he was in happier days a professional performer, he could not resist the temptation of reviving old memories, until his feelings had finally overcome him.

In another case a resident in the Rue Montmartre, Paris, was startled in the early hours of the morning to hear sounds of laughter apparently proceeding from the room beneath him, which was his library. Stealing quietly downstairs, and peeping through the partly open door, he was amazed to see a strange man comfortably seated in an armchair, book in hand, and chuckling audibly as he read.

So absorbed was the reader that, before he had any suspicion that he was being watched, he found himself seized from behind by a pair of strong arms, and finding resistance useless he capitulated. He confessed to his captor that he was an actor who had fallen on evil days, and had entered his house with burglarious intent, when he chanced to see a copy of Moliere's plays on the library table. He had begun to read "Les Fourberies de Scapin," a comedy in which he had once played with considerable success, and had become so completely lost himself until he was rudely awakened by finding that he was a prisoner.

It is not many months since a love of classics proved a check in the career of a burglar in the West End of London. The owner of a flat near Piccadilly, returning home after midnight, was astonished to see a man placidly occupying his favorite seat and reading one of his books. When he was asked what he was doing there, the startled intruder, seeing that he was caught, frankly confessed that he had "come to steal, but had remained to read"; and he handed to his captor the volume—Horace's works — which he had found so seductive.

And, as evidence that a burglar may be a man of charity, we recall how Punch Palmer, one of the most daring and successful of housebeakers, not only founded and maintained a private infirmary in which old and infirm Norfolk villagers were made happy but also gave away several hundreds of pounds a year to his poor neighbors.

Chinese Census Taking.

In China an odd way of taking the census prevails. The cities and towns are arranged in groups of ten houses. The oldest man in each group visits the nine houses, which, with his own, make up the group, counts the memebers of every family, and sends his report to the Imperial Census Bureau.—Exchange.

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In Copenhagen the authorities are offering a bounty for every rat tail brought to them. If their object is to exterminate the rats they should insist that the tails be cut off just behind the ears.

It is charged that Prince Wilhelm of Sweden deserted a swell society dinner to attend a sailors' dance. Evidently his highness has a very healthy idea of what constitutes genuine enjoyment.

"The woman tempted me" is the oldest excuse in the world, and it apparently has a busy career ahead before it goes into the "down and out" class.

The mind is a goodly field, and to sow it with trifles is the worst husbandry in the world.

"Women fret more than men," says a lecturer. For reasons search the men who are next to the fretful women.

As cold weather approaches the average man sees how easily the "fuel" and his money change owners.

If most of the older inhabitants are to be believed, the weather isn't managed nearly as well as it used to be when they were boys.

Some men will find fault with any kind of financial legislation that does not make it unnecessary for them to work for a living.

The judge looked at the prisoner compassionately. The man had been charged with stealing a pie. "No doubt," his honor said, "it was the pinch of poverty that brought you here?" The prisoner shook his head. "No, judge," he replied; "de cop dat pinched me is de richest on de force."

"Do you think a person can be both rich and happy?"

"I don't know, but I'm willing to be used for experimental purposes."

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THE PEOPLE'S AGENCY,
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Carried the News.

The February American Magazine contains the whole story of Lincoln's birth and boyhood as told by Dennis Hanks, Lincoln's cousin and playmate It is an extraordinary contribution. Dennis Hanks is the man who carried the news of Lincoln's death to Sarah Lincoln, the President's step mother. Sarah Lincoln is the woman who brought Lincoln up. Here is what Hanks says of the news of the President's death:

"The next spring after I went to Washington, Abe was shot. I heerd of it in this a way. I was settin' in my shop peggin' away at a shoe when a man come in an' said: 'Dennis, Honest Abe is dead!' 'Dead, dead. Old Abe dead!' I kep' sayin to myself. 'My God, it ain't so!' I went out to see Aunt Sairy, where she lived all alone after Tom died, and said, 'Aunt Sairy, Abe's dead' 'Yes, I know,' sez she. 'I've be'n awaiting fur it. I knowed they'd kill him.' An' she never asked any questions. A body'd 'a' thought the 'arth stopped whirlin' for a few days, the way everybody went on. It was like, even here in Charleston, like a black cloud that kivered the sun.

"You don't remember it?"

"No, I don't remember it?"

"Them that does has got a thing to think of. Why, we stopped in the streets, strong men, an' cried. I don't believe the sun shone ag'in fur weeks after he was laid away at Springfield. Thar wasn't any tradin' done sca'cely. Every house had black on it. It was like the plague that took the first born. To hit, to strike him after the war was over! 'Dennis, Honest Abe's dead.' I've heerd that in the night, and in dreams in the daytime fur twenty four years, and I kain't believe it yit."

The Deadly Cigarette.

The opponent of the cigarette should secure and produce in every way the experience of the recruiting officers on the gunboat Wasp, at Newburg. They have not been able to secure recruits because the young men who applied were not fit to make sailors of. Of the first one hundred applicants, only six were accepted. Of the other ninety-four, almost every one had both a weak heart and flat feet—although if there is any connection between these two disabilities the surgeons have not made it plain. Out of another batch of twenty young men, nineteen were rejected because of weak hearts by cigarette smoking.

There is a lesson for every school principal in this. Nineteen boys out of twenty had weak hearts, and all were cigarette smokers. The fact ought to be driven into the consciousness of school-boys in these callow years when the cigarette seems alluring and "manly." Most Americans have a pretty healthy contempt for the absinthe-drinking Parisians, who unfit themselves for any useful purpose in the world. But unless we can stop our boys from rotting themselves with cigarettes before they have ripened into manhood, we cannot assume any airs for superior virtue over the Parisians. What mature man smokes is his own business. If he has a weak heart and still smokes cigarettes, he is a fool; but when a man insists upon his right to be a fool if he chooses, his neighbor cannot well controvert the position, but when a half grown boy contracts a vice which is almost certain to stunt his physical development and to unfit for hard or useful work, it is a time for elders who maintain any relation to him whatever to try their best to break up the practice—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Misplaced Comma.

"Some lawsuits of the highest importance have hinged upon the right placing of a comma," said Judge F. C. Downing of St Louis.

"When I first started to practice law a Missouri editor came to me in a peck of trouble to defend him against a threatened libel suit growing out of faulty punctuation He had not meant to give some innocent young women the slightest offense when he wrote a story about 'two young men who went with their girls to attend a lecture and after they left, the girls got drunk'. Putting that miserable little comma out of its right place did the work, as it made the girls the ones who became inebriated instead of their escorts. I managed by proper diplomacy and the publication of a neat apology to stave off the damage suits, and afterward my editorial friend became an expert on punctuation."—Baltimore American.

COLD WEATHER! What of it? Don't be afraid to venture to the store this week because we have arranged to serve you a cup of piping hot beef tea made with ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF. Join us. It's free, and will stimulate and invigorate you. We do not sell the extract—your grocer does—but the lady in charge will take pleasure in teaching you how to use this article in a hundred ways that will save time and trouble.

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Muslin gowns with tucked yoke, good quality and well made 50c

Muslin gowns, lace trimmed with tucks and square neck. Also embroidery trimmed with V neck 75c

Cambric gowns, special value, trimmed with lace and embroidery; round, square, V shaped necks, 89c

A grand range of styles at 1.00 including muslin gowns, trimmed embroidery and insertion, high neck and long sleeves

Also cambric gowns, trimmed with lace and beading, round necks

Cambric gowns, square and V shaped necks, trimmed lace and embroidery, long sleeves, 1.25 and 1.50

Nainsook and English long cloth gowns, high and low necks, trimmed lace, beading, embroidery and insertion, 1.75 up to 5.90

Skirts

Muslin and cambric skirts with hemstitch tucks, 1.00, 1.50, 1.75

Muslin and cambric skirts, trimmed lace and insertion, embroidery and tucks, 1.00, 1.50, 1.90

Muslin skirts, trimmed with embroidery and insertion, 1.90, 2.25, 3.25, 5.00

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Drawers

Muslin drawers, trimmed with tucks and lace insertion, 25c

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Muslin and cambric drawers, trimmed embroidery and lace, 50c up to 1.50

20 pieces long cloth, 12 yds. in piece. Special offer 1.50 piece

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Closing price 75c Broken lots in men's white Negligee shirts—about 12 doz. in all—made of imported material and have been selling at 1.00, 1.25, 1.50. Some slightly soiled from showing.

48c 30 doz. men's white muslin night shirts, excellently made, with and without collars. A bargain

Handkerchiefs

3c each 100 dozen women's white lawn handkerchiefs, embroidered corner, 30c doz

25c 25 doz. women's all linen, plain white, hemstitch handkerchiefs, very sheer and dainty, formerly 35c and 50c

11c 30 doz. men's pure linen, all white handkerchiefs. Our usual price 15c

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Beauty glace, value 1.50

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