



CORRESPONDENCE.

King Ferry.

June 19—The Ladies' Aid Society will hold a strawberry and ice cream festival and apron sale at the chapel on Friday evening, June 28.

Five Corners.

June 18—Olyde Mead visited relatives at Aurora from Friday until Monday.

Lanesville.

June 17—The Ladies' Aid society will meet with Mrs. Chas. R. Bower Thursday afternoon, June 27.

Ellsworth.

June 18—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard West, June 6, a son—Paul Morgan West.

Scipioville.

June 18—The Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church of this village will hold a strawberry and ice cream festival in McCormick's hall, Saturday evening, June 29.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

A Pure, Grape Cream Tartar Baking Powder

Royal Baking Powder Improves the flavor and adds to the healthfulness of the food.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that here is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

July New Idea Magazine.

What a few prominent philanthropists and some public institutions and charities in our big cities are doing to lower the rate of infant mortality during our tropical summer is told about in an article on "Saving the Babies from the Cities' Heat" by Elizabeth Howard Westwood in the July number of the New Idea Woman's Magazine.

Hair Builder. The Sagar Quinine Hair Tonic cures dandruff, stops itching of the scalp, tones up the hair and makes it grow, 40 cts the bottle. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Ant Doom. Red or black ants are both destroyed by placing Ant Doom in the places they frequent, 15 cts, the package Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Fine Care Fine Hair

It's fine care that makes fine hair! Use Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, systematically, conscientiously, and you will get results.



Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula, is the latest, most scientific, and in every way the very best hair preparation ever placed upon the market.

Mrs. Jay Shaw and son William are visiting her mother at Sodus and will also spend some time at Pine Lakes.

Miss Anice Drake of Ithaca is visiting friends in town. The congregation of the Presbyterian church here joined with the Ledyard M. E. church in the Children's Day exercises Sunday evening.

Assemblyman F. A. Dudley is home from Albany for a few days. Several from this place were in attendance at the funeral of William Algert at Five Corners Sunday.

Henry C. Chadwick is ill. J. A. Greenfield made a business trip to Elmira this week. Mrs. Sara Byder returned from Tompkins county last week.

L. A. Goodyear left Tuesday for Utica to attend the State Encampment of the G. A. R., Department of New York.

B. Lyon returned from the hospital at Auburn recently. J. A. Greenfield recently sold his road mare to Richard Reynolds.

There was a large attendance at the meeting of the Aid society at the pleasant home of Mrs. Joseph McBride last Thursday. It was a success in every way.

S. S. Goodyear and wife attended the funeral of a relative near Trumansburg last Wednesday.

Miss Iva Barger and little friend, Myrtle Inman, accompanied their teacher, Miss Jennie Spaulding, to her home in Ithaca last Friday, returning home Monday morning.

Chas. G. Barger was in Ithaca on business Saturday. Rev. Howard Chandler of New York is visiting old friends here, and occupied the pulpit Sunday afternoon.

The barn of C. D. and M. A. Palmer was raised last week Tuesday. One old resident made the remark that he had been to a great many barn-raising, and he never had seen so many women at one as were present that day.

Lockwood Palmer of Ithaca was a guest of his parents, M. A. Palmer and wife, Thursday and assisted in the barn-raising.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Todd, Florence Todd, Howell Mosher, Mrs. Sherman Mead, Rev. E. L. Dresser and Howard Chandler attended the Sunday school association at Ledyard Tuesday of this week.

Mrs. George Broed of the Forks of the Creek visited her sisters, Mrs. George Jump and Miss Maria DeRemer, last week.

The W. O. T. U. will hold their parlor meeting and tea at the home of Mrs. Albert Ferris on Thursday, June 27. The county president is expected to be present.

Gard. We desire to thank the many friends and neighbors for their kindness and sympathy during the sickness and death of our husband and brother.

Mrs. W. P. ALBERT, Mrs. L. J. SANFORD. Try our Job Printing.

Mrs. Wilbur of King Ferry has come to spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Lester Boles.

The death of Wm. Algert occurred Friday morning. He had been a great sufferer from rheumatism for a long time. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon at the home. Burial at Five Corners.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knapp of Auburn were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Bower Sunday.

Victor Gough and wife of Corning were guests of A. D. Rose and wife last week while on their wedding trip. She is a niece of Mr. Rose.

A. B. Smith made a trip to Auburn Saturday, returning Monday. Dana Bower and wife of Greenville, Mich., are visiting Mrs. Bower's sister, Mrs. Glenn Smith.

Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Stevens of Willseyville were guests of Wm. Tucker and wife last week, making the trip in their automobile.

Lester Boles and wife visited friends on State Road last week. Children's Day exercises will be held at the church on Sunday evening instead of morning, June 23.

Rev. C. I. Swayze will have charge of the service at the church next Sunday morning.

Poplar Ridge. June 17—The children, parents and friends in Dist. No. 4 enjoyed a picnic and social time in the school yard on Friday afternoon last.

Miss Mary Landon spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Roy Holland of Ledyard. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cornell visited friends across the lake Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. S. A. Haines visited her daughter in Genoa on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Landon of Genoa spent Sunday with his parents.

Will Baker of Rochester is visiting his parents, making the trip in his auto. Miss Lena Van Marter of Auburn and Mrs. Titus Van Marter of Genoa were guests at Mrs. Haines' last week.

Misses Mary Husted and Jennie Connaughty with others are taking regents at Sherwood this week.

Indian Field. Mrs. Scantlebury of Auburn was a guest of George Stevens and family a portion of last week.

Several from this vicinity attended the children's exercises at Ledyard Sunday evening and report them fine. Barney Riley had the misfortune to get kicked by one his horses last Tuesday.

F. O. Furinton made a trip to Aurora Wednesday to buy lumber for his new poultry house. Miss Antoinette Bradley and Miss Alice Stevens attended the Sunday school convention at Ledyard Tuesday afternoon.

Anna Minard of Ledyard was the guest of Gertrude Purinton during regents. W. B. Manchester of Moravia placed the monuments for Joseph E. Potter and George Beebe in Ridgeway cemetery last Wednesday.

Died. SWOON—In Moravia, N. Y., suddenly, Friday, June 14, 1907, Sarah Wilson, wife of J. Oscar Snider, aged 66 years. Funeral services were held at her late home on Congress St. Sunday, June 16th at 2 p. m. Burial at Indian Mount cemetery.

HUSSAR—In the town of Scipio, N. Y., Friday, June 14, 1907, Edward S. Hussey, formerly of Aurora, N. Y., aged 76 years. Funeral services were held at his late home, the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Gail W. Mosher, near No. 1, on Monday afternoon, June 17, at 2 o'clock. Burial at Aurora, N. Y.

Cigars for Vacation Trips. You can save considerably by procuring your cigars here before leaving town. Boxes of 25 and 50 at special prices; let us show you. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion. The effect of malaria lasts a long time. You catch cold easily or become run-down because of the after effects of malaria. Strengthen yourself with Scott's Emulsion. It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system.

Advertisement for Dr. J. W. Whitbeck, DENTIST. Genoa, N. Y. Office and Residence, Corner of Main and Maple Streets. Dentistry done in all branches; best of materials used; satisfaction guaranteed.

Advertisement for Kodaks. The entire line of Kodaks are here: Brownie No. 1 \$1.00, No. 2 \$2.00, 2A \$3.00, 2 folding \$5.00, 3 \$9.00. Pocket Kodaks at \$10, \$12, \$15, \$17.50, \$20 and \$25; any style you may want can be procured here.

Advertisement for Ayer's Hair Vigor. It's fine care that makes fine hair! Use Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, systematically, conscientiously, and you will get results. We know it stops falling hair, cures dandruff, and is a most elegant dressing. Entirely new. New bottle. New contents.

The Atonement

Remington tossed his cigar stub into the grate, and lighted a cigarette.

"I don't know why I am telling you all this," he observed—"I was always one to contend against confidences."

He looked at me in a half-quizzical, half-tentative way, as though unconsciously pleading for encouragement.

I waited a second before I spoke. "And I am at a loss to understand why you haven't told me before, considering what good friends we've always been."

I regarded him almost hopelessly. I had never seen a fellow change so. Up to the time of his marriage, five or six years before, he was the jolliest, most open-hearted, ingenious boy I had ever known. The wedding took place in Ireland, and to an Irish girl. She was reputed to be beautiful, and as good as she was beautiful. They lived together just three months. After the separation Remington was never the same.

No one ever knew the real cause of the rupture. Neither vouchsafed any explanation, and the public was too wise, for once, to invent one.

When he came back home everything he said to me was:

"Don't ask me any questions, Tom, I loved her—and I'm a broken-hearted man."

To-day, for the first time he had given me his confidence.

"She was young—very young. I didn't give her a chance—not even half a chance. I don't believe she was guilty, after all!" he broke out suddenly.

I looked at him closely. The expression on his face showed me that he had suffered, and would continue to suffer as few men do.

"I can almost believe that you are still in love with the woman," I reflected, after a silence.

Remington, too, was silent for a time.

"At least," he remarked finally, "I shall never care for any other."

"Yet you divorced her," I observed, curiously.

"My entire course was marked out by impulse—ferce, passionate. Had I loved her less, things might have been different."

As he spoke, he pulled out his watch, and started with a little gesture of surprise.

"You mustn't think of leaving without seeing my wife," I objected, laying a protesting hand on his arm. "I want you to meet her; I want you to see what admirable taste I have in selecting a companion. We've been married just one year, and I think I can truthfully say that she has proven my ideal of a perfect woman."

Remington smiled and passed a reflective hand across his forehead.

We smoked away in silence for several minutes, and presently the door opened and my wife softly entered the room.

She wore a dinner gown of pretty pale yellow stuff that fell about her in graceful scallops and made a faint musical swish as she moved.

As she came further into the light toward us, Remington stood up and



"I DID NOT GIVE HER A CHANCE" acknowledged my introduction with a low bow. When he lifted his face it was the color of ashes, and the man seemed to have aged ten years, in the ghostly glare of the fire.

My wife had left the room to give some order about the dinner, and Remington turned to me with an abrupt excuse for leaving.

"You will make my apologies to your wife, old man? I'm positively ill—too ill to keep up much longer. Fact is, I've been feeling knocked out all day, and wouldn't give in. When I feel better, I shall be glad to drop in on you both at some future time."

Several months after leaving London, Remington wrote the following letter:

"Dear Old Tom—I do not need to remind you of the conversation we had on that last night at your house. Do you remember all I told you about her? You will recall that I was more than half inclined to condemn my own action all the way through. Well, since then certain facts have come to my knowledge establishing her complete innocence beyond the question of a doubt.

"God! how I've suffered! But it is too late now for me to make any reparation. She is married again—married to one of the finest fellows I know."

"If you should ever chance to run across her, I want you to remember that she is innocent."

"Sincerely yours,"

"Remington."
"And my wife, with her pretty Irish brogue, says she pities my friend, Remington.—N. C. R., in *Illustrated Bits*."

CURIOSITIES IN COMPLIMENTS.

Some Odd Presents That Have Been Given to Rulers.

A very pretty compliment was paid by his fellow townsmen to President Fallieres of France upon the occasion of his recent visit to his birthplace, the little town of Mezin, say Tit Bits. To widen the street the house in which the President was born had been pulled down some years ago. What was to be done? The people of Mezin put their heads together and when their distinguished fellow citizen arrived, imagine his delight at finding an exact reproduction of his old home in paper mache! All was perfect, down to the very furniture, part of which had been collected from the country around and part reproduced in facsimile. The President thanked his friends in a voice broken with emotion, and tears actually streamed down his cheeks as he finished his little speech.

The late French President M. Loubet, was once the recipient of an interesting present. It consisted of an immense album filled with thousands of press cuttings relating to his visits to Italy and to England. The album, which is of enormous size and richly bound, contains not only cuttings, but photographs and illustrations of all kinds. It forms, indeed, a complete chronicle of his life written by many different people, and in more than a dozen different languages.

In India the native rajahs consider it the highest possible compliment to be presented with fine specimens of wild beasts, a consequently both King Edward and the Prince of Wales have been the recipients of many gifts of this description. But when, one fine day, two splendid tigers arrived unexpectedly at Sandringham, King Edward was driven to remonstrate. "I have accommodation," he said, "for horses, dogs, cows, cats, mice, and even rats, but I must draw the line at tigers."

Perhaps the oddest idea of paying a compliment belongs to a tribe of Indians on the Alaskan coast. When a chief wishes to do honor to a distinguished visitor he invites him to a "pollatch," or feast. Then when all have eaten their fill the chief goes to the edge of the cliff and solemnly casts into the sea as many of his possessions as he thinks he can afford. This is held to be the highest form of compliment and much superior to merely giving presents to the guests.

PENALTIES OF GENIUS.

Sometimes the World Loses More by Them Than the Genius Does.

No great genius, certainly no great inventor, ever lived who was not supposed to be a little queer by some of his fellow men.

Three hundred years before Stephenson perfected his locomotive, says the *Rosary Magazine*, a Frenchman, Salomon de Caus, was immersed in the living tomb of the Bicetre for having allowed his mind to outstrip the age in which he lived. Ma-lon de Lorme, in a letter dated Paris, 1641, tells of a visit to this institution.

"We were crossing the court," she writes, "and I, more dead than alive with the fright, kept close to my companion's side, when a frightful face appeared behind some immense bars, and a hoarse voice exclaimed: 'I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery that would enrich the country that adopted it.'"

"What has he discovered?" asked our guide.

"Oh!" answered the keeper, shrugging his shoulders, "something trifling enough; you would never guess it; it is the use of the steam of boiling water."

"I began to laugh."

"This man," continued the keeper, "came from Normandy four years ago to present to the king a statement of the wonderful effects to be produced from his invention. To listen to him you would imagine that with steam you could navigate ships, move carriages; in fact, there is no end to the miracles which he insists upon it, could be performed. The king sent the madman away without listening to him. Finally, finding the poor wretch forever in his path, and annoyed by his folly, the Cardinal had him shut up in the Bicetre."

Catching a Pickpocket.

A Paris woman who was arrested for picking pockets, and who pretended to speak an unknown language, betrayed herself in her sleep. When brought before the magistrate she was interrogated by Turkish, Russian, Polish and Hungarian interpreters, but none could understand her. The magistrate ordered her to be kept under strict surveillance. In her sleep she talked fluent French, with the true Parisian accent.

Origin of "Combine."

"Combine" as it is used now is only about twenty years old, having come into fashion after the trial of a New York alderman for bribery in 1886. It has been protested against from the English bench as an intolerable Americanism.

Cost of a Good Meal.

For thirty cents in the House of Commons restaurant, a member of Parliament gets a chop, potatoes, bread and a bottle of ale, all of the best quality.

Scotch Cakes.

Wash all the salt out of one pound of butter. Work in two pounds of white flour and one-quarter pound of granulated sugar. Boil them and bake in a quick oven.

The Magic No. 3.

Number three is a wonderful mascot for Geo. H. Parris, of Cedar Grove, Me., according to a letter which reads: "After suffering much with liver and kidney trouble, and becoming greatly discouraged by the failure to find relief, I tried Electric Bitters, and as a result I am a well man today. The first bottle relieved and three bottles completed the cure." Guaranteed best remedy for stomach, liver and kidney troubles, by J. S. Banker, druggist, Genoa, N. Y. 50c.

Special Camera Offer. We have a number of second hand dry plate cameras which we have taken in exchange from people who wanted film cameras; we obtained them at very close figures and offer them at the same figures:

Box Camera, 4x4 inch picture \$1.79
" 4x4 inch magazine \$2.50
" 3x4 " " 3.75
" 3x4 " " 1.60

We have just placed in stock the new series of Premo Film Pack Cameras from \$4.50 to \$18 Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

He Fired the Stick.

"I have fired the walking-stick I've carried over 40 years, on account of a sore that resisted every kind of treatment, until I tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve; that has healed the sore and made me a happy man," writes John Garrett, of North Mills, N. C. Guaranteed for Piles, Burns, etc., by J. S. Banker, druggist, Genoa, N. Y. 25c.

Beef, Iron and Wine. Our Beef, Iron and Wine is of great benefit at this time of the year. It stimulates the appetite, makes blood, and supplies nourishment and energy. It is especially good for elderly people. Pints, 50 cts. Quarts, 90 cts. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Cigars by the box. You can save money and get just what you want, with our guarantee if you buy cigars here, and find after smoking three that they do not suit, bring back the balance and get your money.

Black and white. \$1.25 box of 25
Louis K 1.00 " 25
College Days 1.00 " 25
Portoondo 89 " 25
370 1.79 " 25
Portoondo Perfecto 1.79 " 25
Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Shoulder Braces help wonderfully in straightening a person up. Help to throw out the chest and pull the shoulders back. All sizes, 50 cts Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

The Dress Goods Store,

HOLMES & DUNNIGAN

Are going to offer special prices on black dress goods and black silks during the month of June. By buying black silks from us during this sale we can and will save you

20 to 25 per cent

likewise on black dress goods. In this line you have one hundred weaves and styles to select from, gilt edge quality, that are strongly recommended by the manufacturer and by us. Quality is always low price when bought right.

We are also showing strong lines of Ladies' and Children's Jackets, Old Ladies' Capes, Shirt Waists from 50c to \$5.

All colors, all sizes in long gloves. We are showing immense lines of wash goods and white goods. When in Auburn call and see us. No trouble to show goods.

THE DRESS GOODS STORE,
Holmes & Dunnigan,
79 Genesee St., Auburn.

A Beheaded Photo

Lady Elder was giving the finishing touches to her young guest's skirt and telling what a round of pleasure was in store for her during her stay and elaborating on the many qualifications of a certain young man.

"Yes, Edith, you really must meet Mr. Everleigh. My husband says he is staying with the Norths at the Sycamores, and that is only three miles off, so he can easily come to dinner. We will have him on Thursday."

Near Rose Court there was a farmhouse, and an old Miss Milton took it one summer and came accompanied by her nephew, to enjoy the air.

Jack Milton was leaving for coffee plantations in Ceylon soon, but not before he and his pretty neighbor had become very great friends. Edith remembered how one afternoon a traveling photographer had come round and photographed them as they made a group outside Rose Court.

She went to her desk and unlocked it and took out the photograph. The peculiarity of her own figure in the picture was that the head had



"YOU MUST MEET MR. EVERLEIGH," been cut out. There was a little round hole left in the card. Jack had done it before he went away.

He had asked for the picture, and when Edith made excuse by saying she wanted a remembrance of Miss Milton he then begged to be allowed to have part of it, to which request she gave permission.

Where was the head now, she wondered, and where was Jack? He used to send her messages through Miss Milton, and then that old lady died, and the Vernons left Rose Court, so now she did not know where he was.

Nevertheless she was sure she had heard either Jack or his aunt some time or another mention Mr. Everleigh, and, if so, why, there was now a chance of hearing some interesting news.

The next day she proposed to walk to Lanton, three miles off, in the afternoon to do some shopping. It was growing dark when she returned. The butler told her, on her entrance, that tea was in the library and the gentlemen had all returned. She had just reached the door when she saw a tiny speck of white at her feet.

Knowing Lady Elder was scrupulously tidy, she stooped to pick it up—only a piece of white card. She turned it over in her hand—a face, and that face her own at seventeen years old! Her heart almost stopped beating. Then the door opened and Sir John came out.

"Come in, Edith," called Lady Elder from the midst of a group gathered round the fire.

As she entered the young men rose. She knew three of them and only needed Mr. Everleigh and the tutor to be introduced to her.

"Miss Vernon, who is staying with me," said Lady Elder.

The tutor bowed. Mr. Everleigh was putting down his teacup, but turned his head as Lady Elder rang for lights. In the meantime Edith took a seat offered to her by one of her military friends, who was trying to get up a conversation with her.

"Have some muffins, dear?" said Lady Elder as she stopped to get them from before the fire and gave them to Mr. Everleigh to hand to her.

He approached with the dish and stood before her. As he was so standing the lamps were brought in. She raised her eyes and saw a face looking down at her—a face she knew, only older than when they last met. A long gasp and then—

"Why, you're Jack!" she faltered. "And you're Edith!" he said.

"And how are you Mr. Everleigh?" she asked.

He sat down beside her, still holding the muffin dish, looking at her all the while.

"Ah!" and he laughed, "because my godfather, Mr. Everleigh, left me his possessions on condition I should take his name. He was a cousin of my old aunt's, you know, and had no near relatives. But I haven't forgotten you and Rose Court, though it's so long ago."

When Mr. Everleigh next went abroad, the other part of the photograph was in his pocketbook. Edith Vernon had become Edith Everleigh.

Lending a Hand.

Mrs. Muggins—That man who joined the church last Sunday used to be a bunco stealer.

Mrs. Buggins—Isn't it lovely! What a help he will be in getting up church fairs.—Philadelphia Record.

Cayuga County National Bank Founded in 1833.

SOLICITS { Women's Household Personal Business } ACCOUNTS

Small accounts accepted and every courtesy extended. Special consideration given to the accounts of women. The highest rate of interest consistent with safety paid on Certificates of Deposit. High grade investment securities for sale yielding good returns.

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The Rochester Trust and Safe Deposit Co

The Largest Trust Company in the State outside of Greater New York, located in their new building Cor. Main Street West and Exchange Street, offer the best service consistent with good banking and allow interest on deposits at the rate of

FOUR PER CENT

per annum calendar months. We have unexcelled facilities for the transaction of a General Banking Business and respectfully solicit your account.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN

Safes to rent in our Safe Deposit Vaults at \$3.00 per year and upwards. CAPITAL \$300,000.00 SURPLUS (earned) (over) \$1,100,000.00 RESOURCES \$32,500,000.00

JUST RECEIVED

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

JOE MC BRIDE,
Five Corners, N. Y.

PORCH AND STAIR WORK

Cisterns Mouldings
Tanks Doors, Windows

CAPITOL WHITE LEAD

The most durable white paint known, Oils, etc.

VERIBEST RUBBER ROOFING

R. L. TEETER, -- MORAVIA.

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J. G. ATWATER & SON,
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1849 -- 1907

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Auburn Savings Bank,
Corner Genesee and South Sts., AUBURN, N. Y.

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

Millions of Dollars Worth of

FURS

Are destroyed every year by Moths and Inexperience in putting Furs away. Years of experience are necessary to understand the proper care of Furs during the summer months.

We have the experience and the best facilities for looking after your Furs under the personal supervision of I. Kalet. Charges for storage are low. Repairing and remodeling during the summer months at greatly reduced rates. Telephone or send a postal card and representative will call and give estimates. Furs called for and delivered. A fine line of Ladies' Suits, Skirts and Waists at very low prices.

I. KALET, 46 State St., AUBURN, N. Y.
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Subscription. One year \$1.00 Six months .50 Three months .25 Single copies .05

Advertising. Business notices with headlines placed among regular reading matter. Five cents per line, up to twenty lines, over that four cents.

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

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1907

DR. J. W. SKINNER. Homeopathic and Surgeon, Genoa, N. Y. Special attention given to diseases of women and children.

H. E. ANTHONY, M. D. Special attention given to diseases of the nervous system. Office formerly occupied by Dr. W. T. Cox, first house east of Wheat's drug store, Moravia, N. Y.

Dr. L. L. ZIMMER, Veterinarian, AUBURN, N. Y. Office and Hospital 47 State Street, Opposite Avery House. Both Phones

TRADE "GIT" MARK. Is a shot-gun remedy for acute and chronic Rheumatism. The pain just "git." They have to go. Contains No Salicylic Acid or Morphine, so common in Rheumatic Remedies.

FIRE! E. C. HILLMAN, GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE, Levanna, N. Y. I place your risks in none but sound companies, at reasonable rates.

HOMER Steam Marble and Granite Works JOSEPH WATSON & CO., Manufacturers of and Dealers in— MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES and LOT ENCLOSURES

In Foreign and American Granite and Marble. In buying direct from the manufacturers you save the middleman's profit. By giving our work personal attention we guarantee the best of work and material.

JOSEPH WATSON CO. HOMER, N. Y. EYES EXAMINED FREE. The Scientific Examination of the eye by artificial light is the latest up-to-date method.

Clarence Sherwood, THE OPTICIAN, 69 Geneva Street, Opposite South Street, AUBURN, N. Y.

AUCTION & COMMISSION ROOMS, McCormick's Hall, King Ferry, N. Y. Household Goods and Farm Tools a specialty. Terms reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.

The AWAKENING. By T. A. Roberts.

The night Barton discovered his wife singing a small part in a musical comedy at the Alcazar was buried beneath three years of intentional forgetfulness. It was not mentioned in the home and had never been a subject for gossip by outsiders.

Therefore the lately growing restlessness of his wife carried to him no premonition that the discontent was still smoldering, that the sleeping dogs were drowsily half awake instead of wrapped in deepest slumber.

Six years ago, when he had married Grant after a summer vacation's courtship, people who knew them both approved heartily. He was ten years older, serious, ambitious and willing to be a plodder, a slave to the grindstone in the best years of his manhood, to acquire a competence for the luxury of his later life.

Acquaintance she made did not ripen into friendship, because she had nothing in common with her husband's friends. Their wives were too old and their children too young to appeal to her, and her gracious apparent appreciation of hospitality received, and dissembled delight in returning courtesies came from breeding alone, not from sincere pleasure.

Barton was frequently called to remotely distant mining camps to pass judgment on properties for the magnates who employed him, and as no child came to claim her interest and awaken her love, time dragged with the young wife. In a moment of desperate rebellion she sneered at the Shakespeare club and berated Browning and his adorers, thereby putting between her husband's friends and herself a convenient barrier.

At this period of her life musty tomes of philosophy could not fill her need; she cried out for excitement, craved moving, active men and women for companions, and balked at amusements of the purely intellectual.

"I can't stand it! I can't! I can't!" she had almost screamed out to herself. It was her moment of temptation, her mood of abandonment. Anything would have appealed to her then if the tempter had promised as the reward a new diversion for a plaything. Barton realized dimly, but the problem was beyond him. He saw nothing of what lay behind the evident unrest, thought it too much idleness, and in a flattering fancy once believed it was grief at his frequent absences.

careless with the blessed balm of understanding, might have conquered. But Barton didn't understand. He only knew that he had been hurt and that the quivering, sobbing girl before him had in her heart a grievance.

They talked long that night. She told how the singing instructor praised her voice and obtained an engagement for her. She had attended rehearsals afterwards, and providentially for her he had been called away just before the production's first night. She had feared telling him, though fully determined to remain with the theatrical company. He had returned unexpectedly, found her absent from home, and learned the truth from a frightened servant in the confidence of her mistress.

Barton showed diplomacy that night in eliminating any chiding note. He talked tenderly, quietly, pointing out that she was giving up home and husband and friends for a will of the wisp; he urged that real, abiding happiness did not lie in the calumny's glare; then he told calmly and dispassionately of his love for her, and somehow, some way, robbed the girl's spirit of its defiance, substituted therefore what he thought was surrender, and believed he had regained his own. This was three years in the past.

Now the spark had sputtered again, the fire flamed more fiercely than ever. The old routine had been resumed, work claimed his waking hours, and he neglected the warning signs he should have heeded. The night was bitterly cold, the winter was at its worst and it was eminently an evening for married lovers to spend at their own fireside, recalling, perhaps, earlier days of happiness, when the joys realized were in the planning. But Barton's idea of an evening's comfort was perusing a report of a new method of extracting copper ore. Mrs. Barton was apparently reading a novel, but in reality fighting down the rebellion in her soul. Barton's attention was distracted by a sob; he looked up, caught the old wild looks in her eyes, but did not comprehend even when she threw down the book, rose, and cried hysterically.

"It's no use!" "What's no use, dear? Aren't you well?" inquired Barton from the depths of his comfortable chair. "Well? Well, I need no pills, I need no pulse-feeling, tongue-inspecting ancient. I'm soul sick, John; you don't understand. You can't! I'm stifling, I'm choking, for life's out of doors." She went to a window, lifted it to let in blasts of chill air and swirling snow crystals.

"Edith, dear, you'll catch cold. I wouldn't do that," he protested, anxiously. "Cold? What do I care? Somewhere out there are men and women who are laughing and happy. They're playing wild gypsy things, blood is running in their veins—red, red blood—they're dancing to the queer, compelling strains. They're alive! Don't you understand, John? They're alive!"

"Lord, Edith, is it the old fever, the old discontent come back?" he asked. "Come back? It has never been away. Oh, I've fought it, I've deuced it because of what I promised you, but it's there yet. And now I'll deny it no more. I'll surrender to it. Now! To-night!" "You mean—"

"That I'm done with this convent of a house. That I'm going to do what you stopped me from doing three years ago. That I belong to the world, and I'm going into it. Oh, you needn't look so ghastly. I'm not going to the devil. I'll live, but I'll not lie to God. I'll keep clean, your good name will not suffer, your honor will be unstained for aught I do."

"Edith!" Barton was seriously comprehending now. "Edith, I can't tell you the hurt of it. I've lacked understanding up to now. Years were not the only difference in the beginning. I've glimpsed your temperament for the first time to-night, as I should have seen it years ago. But I can't let you go; for your own sake reconsider this mad, wild whim, and—"

"No," and she spoke quietly. "The six years you have had out of my life have been crowded with unhappiness and regret. You've been kind in your way, but, as you said, you didn't understand. You don't know, John, you never will. I'm not ungrateful for the shelter of your name, and I've deserved it in every action. I'm sorry for the hurt you confess, I'm sorry, but what you feel is only a part of what has been my daily portion. To-morrow we'll discuss it all calmly, John, and I'll go out of your existence. What's that?"

It was a sudden peal of the bell. Barton glanced at the clock: it was after 10, and he could conceive of no visitor at this hour but a messenger with a telegram. Well, anything would be a diversion at the moment, to let him think of some way out of this confused situation, to plan something that would prevent the loss that threatened him. They listened to the slithered maid as she went down the hall, heard her quick exclamation of surprise and her hurried call: "Sharp, Missus Barton, and will ye oom here?"

the mother, and it says: "Please, please, care for my baby. You've a good home. Save him from poverty or death, for that is all I can give him." What's it crying for, Mary? Oh, dear, I don't know the first thing about babies. What's the matter? Is it sick?"

"No, mum! It's hungry, the little craythur is, O'm thinkin'," replied the maid, out of the wisdom gained as one of an Irish-American family of ten, "all of them alive and well, thank ye, mum."

Barton watched the ensuing scene curiously. The womenfolk mused and fussed over the child; Mary barely stopped Mrs. Barton from giving the baby ice-cold milk, explaining that it must be warmed; there was a hurried search for adult's clothes that could be adapted to the newcomer's needs. For once the maid was mistress, and the mistress obeyed like a soldier.

The warm milk transformed the howling infant to a gurgling cherub, who kicked and thrashed as far as its swaddling clothes would permit, while the women delightedly murmured the silly nothings babies are supposed to understand.

At midnight the mistress and the maid were still coddling the walf; a temporary cradle place had been fixed in the big Morris chair, but the little rascal had no desire for sleep, and while he was awake his nurses stuck to their posts.

"You go on to bed, John; we've got to wait until the baby goes to sleep," commanded Mrs. Barton, and John went. The atmosphere seemed cleared of antagonism, her voice rang happy and contented in her new-found pleasure. But he felt it was only for the night. As a taxpayer and a member of half a dozen reform organizations he knew the city maintained institutions where foundlings were cared for. He knew it would be his duty to notify the nearest police captain in the morning. The abandonment of the child was a crime against the statutes and called for punishment of the offender.

His duty was obvious, and as soon as this fact was fixed in his mental note of to-morrow's duties he reverted to the unhappy climax which would confront him the next day. He lay awake for hours trying to devise some remedy, but none came. He wondered where Edith was that she did not retire, and when in the gray of early morning he fell asleep it was to slumber on until almost noon, a most unheard-of thing for this man of methods.

"Wake up, John, it's nearly noon. Come and see the baby, and we'll have breakfast after," he heard his wife call, and while the voice was familiar there was a note in it that was absolutely new. The baby was well; it was cooing in its contentment, and Barton had to admit his wife's contention that it was "the dearest baby in the world." His opinion on this subject was not large, so it did not count as that of an expert. He knew more about mines. At the breakfast table he thought of his duty.

"Have the baby wrapped up well, Edith, and I'll take it to the police station." But he got no further. "You'll what?" gasped his wife in evident amazement. "You know it cannot be kept here. There are foundling asylums for the city's waifs, and besides if you leave to-day—" But the thought of it hurt him, and he did not finish.

"If I leave to-day? John Barton, I'm not going to leave to-day, or any other day, and that cute, cunning little baby is not going to the police station. So there."

"You mean, Edith, dear—" and he arose and came to where she sat. Her arms stole around his neck, and the new light which came into her eyes and was reflected in his was pleasant to see. "I mean, John, dear, I mean that I guess I don't care so much what other people are doing. I mean that we are going to be really and truly happy, you and I and the baby. And I mean this house isn't going to be a convent; it's going to be paradise, John, and Love is King."

And in a bewilderment of kisses John Barton excused his lack of fulfillment of the duties of citizenship, and decided that the unhappiness prevented more than justified the crime of omission he intended to commit.

Old Coins to Order. The great productivity of the ruins of Babylon in the way of ancient coins has aroused the suspicions of visitors. An American who was going around with a guide became distrustful of the ease with which these relics could be disinterred. Accordingly he remarked to his guide while they were searching about the tower of Nimrod that he particularly wished to find one coin with a special design. On the one side was a horse's head, with some sticks placed roughly between the ears and on the other side a bull, and a fowl in the act of crowing. The guide requested him to draw on paper a picture of the two sides of the coin, which the traveler did. About a week afterward the very coin came to light. There was no doubt of its genuineness, for on the obverse was a mare's nest and on the reverse a cock and a bull.

NATIONAL DIVORCE LAW.

Whatever one's views may be as to permissible causes for divorce, there can be no question as to the urgent necessity for uniformity in the law. The present muddle of state laws, ranging from no divorce for any cause to one because of incompatibility, is not only demoralizing and immoral, but a direct incentive to moral inconsistency.

Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania states that there are more divorces granted in the United States every year than in any other country except Japan. The recorded divorces during one year (1903) were 70,000, and in 1900 nearly 200,000 divorced persons were living in the United States.

These figures speak for themselves, and when it is remembered that many of the people in question are breaking the law in one state while quite innocent in the next; are illegally married, if they have married again, in one state and entirely within the law, just across an imaginary border line, the absurdity of present conditions is manifest.—Chicago Tribune.

MR. CARNEGIE'S REFORM.

Mr. Carnegie will be entitled to one of his own hero medals if he accomplishes, while he is still living, a real simplification of the spelling of the English language. Accomplishing this wonder, he would also probably realize his favorite wish to die poor, says the New York Mail. He may influence the thought and life of his native and adopted countrymen in the long run as much as Benjamin Franklin influenced Americans. But it is to be doubted if he can ever succeed in making them spell simply, logically, phonetically or historically.

It is not an extreme estimate to say that the greater difficulty of spelling the English language, as compared with German, Italian or Spanish, represents a solid year's work in the case of the average child. A year's work, in the precious formative period of every American and every Briton, simply to maintain a foolish scheme of orthographical complication which has not even a respectable tradition to excuse it! Is there any wonder that Mr. Carnegie, as a practical man and a philanthropist, is afflicted by this prodigious waste of energy, and is willing to put an end to it?

HYGIENE IN THE SCHOOLS.

Attention is being directed more sharply every year to the hygienic condition of our public schools, and much money is liberally expended to insure the very best and most approved sanitary appliances for these establishments, says the Boston Post. Where hundreds of children are daily herded together there must always be difficulty in preventing the spread of ailments or diseases the after effects of which may be exceedingly detrimental, if not fatal. The children of today will be the men and women, the fathers and mothers of the near future, and whether they will be healthy and strong or sickly and puny depends, in a large degree, upon the care exercised by parents in imparting home training, and by the school authorities in establishing and maintaining improved sanitary conditions.

The preservation of the health of children is even more essential than giving them a complete education. The "sound mind in a sound body" is a maxim which never should be overlooked by those who have control of the training of the young.

REVIVAL OF ARCHERY.

An attempt is to be made to revive the good old sport of archery in this country, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Archery is an excellent pastime from many points of view. It is health-promoting without being too strenuous. It teaches steadiness of nerve. It pleasantly diverts the mind, and the element of competition is just sufficient to be exhilarating. It can be played by oneself or with any number of companions. Old Roger Ascham, in the sixteenth century, gave directions to archers which are not out-of-date today. Young archers, he says, often fall into the error of fixing the eye on the end of the arrow, instead of on the mark, so obviate this fault he advises them to shoot in the dark, by night, at lights set up at proper distances. We cannot have too many outdoor sports, especially those in which girls and women may participate. The people are spending more time in the open air each year, which is a sign of great encouragement for the health of this nation.

CROWN PRINCE'S MOUSTACHE.

While the kaiser cultivates a moustache with the well-known upward swirl, his son, the young crown prince, clips his straight across, toothbrush fashion, after the style affected by old soldiers in this country thirty or forty years ago, says the London Tatler. He seems to be developing an individuality of his own in other respects as well, and bids fair to become the antithesis of his father. The Germans, he it said, are proud of the kaiser, but the crown prince is popular in a sense in which his father never was. There are not many things outside a restaurant over which the average German can get up his enthusiasm, but I have seen stolid and spectacled herts become quite enthusiastic over the kronprinz.

One of the familiar and picturesque sights of Paris is the postage stamp market, which meets, both in summer and in winter, under the trees of the Champs Elysees. Here stamp collectors meet, buy and sell and discuss prices.

HARVESTING THE ORANGE

In its Prime a Grove Yields Four to Six Boxes per Acre.

WORK FOR THOUSANDS

Japanese Favored as Pickers Because of Neatness, Faithfulness and Sobriety—Seedlings Planted in Early Sixties Still Flourishing—Process of Sorting.

From early in December when fruit is picked for the Christmas market, until May, is the busiest season for the orange grower, and all through these months one may see among the groves that everywhere crowd up to the highways in the "orange belt," groups of pickers, tawny Mexicans, little brown men from Japan and occasionally a few whites, deftly clipping the fruit from the trees with shears and placing it carefully in canvas bags suspended from their shoulders, says the Chicago News. The navel orange tree, the prevailing type, is of low stature, seldom over 10 or 12 feet in height, so that the greater part of the fruit is easily reached from the ground; for that in the higher branches the stepladder comes into play. From the canvas bags the fruit is transferred into small boxes placed at convenient points to be picked up later by the wagon men and drawn away to the packing house. Each of these small boxes contains an average of about 200 oranges and a skilled picker will fill from 75 to 100 boxes a day, receiving for the each box the sum of 3 cents.

An orange grove in its prime will yield from four to six boxes per acre, and the groves will average about one hundred trees to the acre. A ten-acre orchard will, therefore, yield in a good season about 4,500 boxes. The orange is easily injured and rendered unmarketable by rough handling, and great care must be exercised all through the process of harvesting and packing to avoid loss from this source. Japanese pickers are favored among the orange growers, not only because of the neatness, care and skill which mark their work, but because of their sobriety and faithfulness.

If the oranges need washing when picked, which is not often the case, they are gently dumped into a shallow vat, where they are moved along by a traveling belt between brushes submerged in water and carried thence up to a platform to be dried in the sun. If they have no need of this cleansing process they are dumped into another capacious box or apron to be caught and carried by another slow moving belt up to a platform, where they pass along under the inspection of a group of workers, who pick out the imperfect fruit, and deposit them in canvas shutes for other disposition.

From this point the stream, freed from its imperfections, flows on and down a gentle incline to a lower level after being caught up on the way in a pocket-like contrivance in which the weight of the oranges is taken and registered. On the lower level the oranges, which still, like poor Joe, are "allus a-movin' on," are made to separate themselves into three sizes or principal grades by which they are known to the market—"standard," "choice" and "fancy." This is done by the simple device of a long trough or shallow wooden channel with a slit at the bottom running lengthwise and varying in width, according to the sizing desired. As the little rivulet of oranges flows along this trough the separation is effected by the fruit dropping through this slit according to size, the smallest first and last of all the golden beauties labeled "fancy." As they thus separate themselves the oranges roll down through side chutes into shallow canvas boxes, whence they are picked up by the deft and nimble fingers of other workers, usually young women, wrapped in soft paper and packed in the boxes, not to be seen again until opened for sale in the Eastern markets. Then they are ready for their long journey over mountain and plain to the orange lovers of the Middle West and the Eastern seaboard.

This is the harvesting. There are many other phases of the industry from the getting out of the nursery tree to the marketing of the product equally interesting and worthy of attention. The trees are transferred from the nursery to the orchard when they are about two years old, and are in fairly good bearing when they are five years of age. In a favoring climate and under proper care the tree lives and maintains its productivity with little variation for many years. The once famous Wolf-skill orange orchard, near Los Angeles, the first one planted for profit in California, is now over fifty years old. Many small orchards of seedlings planted in the early sixties are still flourishing. One such in the town of Sonoma has trees three feet in circumference which have borne in recent seasons as high as 25 boxes each. The mother of all the navel orange trees in Southern California, planted by Luther C. Tibbitts at Riverside in 1873, is still flourishing.

London's Bus Law.

Buses and cars cease running in London at 12.30 A. M., and one of the reasons why the labor men in the House of Commons want earlier stoppings is that they have no autos or broughams and cannot afford cabs, so would have to walk home in all weathers if the House sat late.

THE GENOA TRIBUNE.

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SIMPLE WHITE HOUSE FARE.

By publishing an inaccurate report of the White House menus, the Washington Post has been able to get, in the form of a correction from the President himself, a most interesting account of the Roosevelt family's daily meals. It follows, the true account interwoven with the fanciful one:

Instead of a breakfast consisting of oranges, cantaloupes, cereals, eggs, bacon, lamb chops, hot cakes and waffles, President Roosevelt insists that the regular White House breakfast consists of hard-boiled eggs, rolls and coffee.

Instead of a luncheon made of such delicious viands as little neck clams, chicken, fish, olives, celery, consommé of chicken, fish saute, eggs a la turque, spring lamb, new string beans, asparagus, mashed potatoes, lettuce, tomatoes, strawberries and ice cream, President Roosevelt declares that when alone he always contents himself with a bowl of bread and milk.

Families in towns and small cities would do well to cut out some of the items in the heavy midday meals, and imitate White House simplicity, even if the husband should be tempted not to come home at noon for his cold meat, tea and bread.

LANGUAGE IN IRISH SCHOOLS.

The new scheme for promoting the teaching of Irish in Ireland will hardly satisfy those enthusiasts who think to correct the worst evils in that country by gradual elimination of the English tongue. Under the last Government the Treasury, after long consultation with the Irish Board of National Education, decided to withdraw an annual grant of about \$60,000 formerly paid as extra fees to teachers of Irish in the primary schools. It was shown by the National Commissioners that in many districts Irish was an unknown tongue and that no precedent could be found for teaching a second language in elementary schools, a declaration which manifestly enraged the Gaelic League and, according to Dr. Hyde, provoked the enmity and execration of three-fourths of the Irish people. The new scheme provides only about half the sum provided under the old scheme of fees; but, however, it is said to more efficacious and much less wasteful.

THE WEST POINT STUDENT.

It takes a strong man, a man who is a good deal of a man, as well as a soldier, to exercise successful control over the rampant young Americans who are students at the West Point Military Academy, says the New York Sun. The length of General Mills's term as superintendent there bears testimony to the kind of man he is, as well as does the fact that that term has not been marred by evidence of his inability to exercise control over the embryo officers of the army. In the early years of his administration he had trouble enough with the vicious system of hazing which was a matter of immemorial tradition at the Academy, but the fact that the kind of hazing that used to be in vogue has been practically stamped out owes more, perhaps, to General Mills's tactful but firm policies than to the army and Congressional inquiries and their issues in the way of orders and legislation.

BLUE EYES IN TURKESTAN.

Professor Gruenwedel, chief of a Prussian exploring expedition in Chinese Turkestan, has discovered in the Cave of the Temples, at Kumtura, in that far country, evidences that the land was anciently inhabited by a race with red hair and blue eyes, and that the temples themselves, which are prehistoric, were erected by a people of that description. Moreover, there are white "freaks" among every dark-skinned people. There is a tribe of perfectly white Indians on the Upper Amazon, and another in Mexico. There is a tribe of white Filipinos, absolutely savage, living in the interior of Luzon, and even a tribe of negroes in Central Africa who are certainly white in comparison with their neighbors. It may indeed be true that our whole race is but a perpetuated "sport," like wheat and the other grains, which are but cultivated grasses, liable to listen to the call of the wild under wild conditions.

OUR WIDE AWAKE STUDENT.

Of all the students in the world the American shows the greatest energy and enthusiasm. This is due to the fact that American universities have had no courses corresponding to the exhausting Cambridge trips. The American student, therefore, keeps his freshness and enthusiasm while the Englishman is intellectually tired.—Prof. Thomas at Cambridge University.

Is "intellectual tiredness" the cause of what is known as the Oxford manner, the Oxford lisp and the Oxford lack of robustness?

WHAT WIRELESS MAY DO.

After it developed that wireless wire-tapping had added a new terror to the ocean voyages of those who could no longer get a complete rest at sea since the invention of wireless telegraphy, there is all the more reason for wishing that success may crown the efforts of the steamship crews in their efforts to overcome the

FORM AND CIVIL SERVICE.

Miss Dana L. May, who is good looking and comes from Michigan, says that the Federal Civil Service Commissioners disqualified her at a recent examination, though her marks in the ordinary subjects were very high. The candidate was astonished, says the New York Sun. She was still more so when, on asking an explanation she was informed that she was not tall enough for her width to meet the requirements called for by the system of grading or weights employed officially. Hence her complaint that "women were being selected to fill civil service positions in Washington with more reference to their shapeliness than their mental attainments," and that "the female physical contour receives more consideration than mental equipment."

These are the days of physical culture and the doctrine of perfection. But surely it would be only fair to have a ladies' tailor or a commission, or, if not, a painter or a sculptor, to aid the other members in dealing with a very difficult and delicate problem.

USES OF THE SCRAP HEAP.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, the assailant of the breakfast foods, cannot rest on his laurels gained as the antagonist of oatmeal porridge and boiled rice. He has joined forces with Dr. Osler as the scornful of old age, and, evidently in order to attract attention, he gives his remarks about the uselessness of age a new and picturesque turn. He does not suggest retirement at 45, or chloroform at sixty; he merely says (the remarks were made at the American Medical Association's convention at Boston): "After a man has drunk of life to the limit, he should be thrown into the scrap heap." And he goes on to remark that the old man who clings to life is "only occupying the place that should be given over to a younger man."

The scrap heap is by no means made up of all of has-beens. A good many never-could-be repose in various degrees of discomfort and picturesque uselessness upon it. Perhaps some of the never-could-be think that they might be, if there were many ripe old hustlers in way.

NEVER HEARD OF HIM.

Because the Turkish Sultan is morbidly affected by the assassination of a fellow ruler, the report comes from Washington that the news of McKinley's murder has been kept from Abdul Hamid, who believes he is still President, and has addressed Cheikh Bey's credentials as minister to this country to him.

The noteworthy thing in this rumor is not perhaps that the Sultan has not heard of McKinley's death, but that he has contrived to peg along now for several years in blissful unconsciousness of the existence of Theodore Roosevelt.

The Oriental calm of Abdul Hamid, the positively Arcadian ignorance and Asiatic insouciance of the man are commended as an example of the Simple Life at the Golden Horn. "What is knowledge but grieving?" asks the poet.

JUNGLE LIFE IN GOTHAM.

New York is developing a Roman fondness for, and familiarity with, wild and tame animals, says the New York Globe. You notice it in the news columns of the daily papers. A six-toed cat, an intelligent dog that barks when he smells escaping gas, a parrot that cries "fire" at the psychological moment, a race horse that dies in his prime, all are good for a column apiece, while the life story of a mere philanthropist or politician is crowded into a two-stick obituary notice. The bulk of menagerie news printed every week here is imposing, and it is growing. The reporter who can write a local "jungle tale" in the correct vernacular is becoming a positive necessity.

By and by perhaps we may have a daily newspaper devoted to doings in the local jungle land.

THE INTELLIGENT AMERICAN.

Apropos of the "show-your-tickets" rule at railway stations, a correspondent of the Railway Age writes: "I do not recall having seen mentioned in our railroad periodicals the convenient system used at the larger stations in Germany by which tickets of admission (Bahn-stieg-Karte) to the departure platforms are sold by a slot machine at a nominal price."

The Railway Age, in commenting on this practice, takes the ground that it is not in keeping with American spirit, and an attempt to introduce it here would be unpopular. All that is needed is the manifestation of a little common sense and intelligent discrimination by the gatesmen.

HORSE NEURASTHENIA.

Can a horse have nervous prostration? A jury in the City Court thinks so, for it has awarded a member of the Coaching Club damages of \$250 in a case involving the question whether a valuable horse was not permanently affected by that disease by being run into by an automobile.

And why not? Horses certainly have nerves—more nerves, and more sensitive nerves, it would sometimes seem, than a man, or even a woman. And as neurasthenia may be caused by shock in the case of human beings, there is every reason to suppose that the same cause may induce it in horses.

The Euphagists are a sect who refuse to take eating seriously, who eat what they want when they want it. Anybody who eats hard-boiled eggs for breakfast, we presume, is a euphagist ex-officio, and sums up his life in the words:—*Genoa's Gazette.*

SOME CHIMNEY CORNER CURES.

Virtues of Aromatic Fuel for the Relief of Ailments.

The latest panacea is to be found in the chimney corner. Physicians are recommending aromatic woods and fragrant peat, says the London Express, which when thrown on the fire, send up a healing smoke.

Picture postcards of peat can be sent to a friend suffering from asthma. The postcard is read and burnt, and the sufferer draws up his chair beside the grate to inhale the medicinal odor.

Aromatic fire lighters, cut trellis fashion, are steeped in turpentine and their warm glow and balmy fumes relieve a gasping bronchial patient.

Fire revivers are an antiseptic and will keep away influenza. They are in the shape of small bricks and will revive a dying fire and perfume the whole house.

Pine logs send out a tonic vapor, oak and elm are stimulating, sandal wood will relieve a nervous headache.

Tiny blocks of wood, steeped in eucalyptus oil, are recommended for a bad cold. Lavender water pellets or eau de cologne globules, sizzling merrily on the hob, will freshen up the overtired visitor, while a few drops of attar of violets on a hot shovel will cure insomnia and produce refreshing sleep.

A teaspoon of ammonia added to a saucepan of boiling water will relieve a fainting patient. It has even been suggested by a well known specialist that a tablespoonful of tea thrown in the kettle and inhaled, will benefit the weary housewife far more than if she sipped her favorite beverage.

A nerve specialist who was consulted on the new cure said, "There is no doubt that there should be a more intimate knowledge of the need for healthy inhalations. Not only flowers or jars of pot-pourri should be used to scent a room, but scented logs should be thrown on the grate instead of the usual faggots. Perfume in any form, is a stimulant, a narcotic, or a sedative, as the case may be; but no perfume is so healing and subtle in its effect as that which rises warm and balmy from the fire. A little scent, sprinkled on a block of wood will save a woman from many an acute attack of neuralgia or congested headache."

Boar Hunt in France.

Around the old Norman capital there are five great forest tracts. They contain game of various sorts, deer, and sometimes one hears rumors of bears, but whether this be true or not there are certainly some wild boars in the forest of Louviers. A bear hunt is one of the prettiest, most picturesque sights in France, with its quaint dresses, its weird music, its remnants of Old World ceremonial. The cries of "roo-let" and "vlaut," continuously heard during the hunt, are corruptions of "voilà ce l'est," "le voilà lahaut."

The servants are called by different names bearing some reference to the sport and they are all gorgeously dressed, especially the hornblower. The music of the horn plays an important part, for the different strains indicate what the hunted beast is doing. Whether he has taken to the open, whether he has gone to the water, when he is at bay, all is shown by the horns. The "halali tenants" is played when he tosses some of the hounds and runs off again; the second half of the "halali" shows that the boar is slain, and if he is a "solitaire," a huge fellow who lives alone, his death is honored with the "royale fanfare."

Sometimes, when the beast attacks the hounds, the gentlemen dismount and prick him with their spears to create a diversion. Then he will leave the dogs and rush at the hunters and there is a general "sauve qui peut," for it is no joke to be wounded by the tusks of a wild boar.

What Agriculture Offers.

No other occupation offers so rich rewards, all things considered, as agriculture offers to those who are willing to train themselves for it as earnestly and intelligently as they would train themselves for law or medicine. If a boy will put the same amount of time and study into his training for agriculture that he would put into his training for law or medicine, he will in the great majority of cases make more money, enjoy greater freedom, better health, and develop stronger character.

Carrying Out His Belief.

For many years the Earl of Tankerville has preached Christianity, and now he has given practical proof of the sincerity of his convictions. For the purpose of mitigating local distress his lordship has reopened the lead mines on his estate at Salsbach, Shropshire, and has offered the men all the profits, while he contents himself with taking the royalty and a small percentage on the outlay on machinery.

Tug's Work Compared.

One tug on the Mississippi river can take, in six days, from St. Louis to New Orleans, barges carrying 10,000 tons of grain, which would require seventy railway trains of fifteen cars each. Tugs in the Suez canal tow a vessel from sea to sea in forty-four hours.

Profitable Industry.

South Africa has a new and profitable industry—the manufacturing of hemp from olive and banana fibers. It requires from \$100 to \$150

HELLO, BOYS!



BUGGIES.

Have you seen our new this year's styles? It will pay you to call and see our new clean stock of

Buggies, Bike and Road Wagons, Surries and Democrat Wagons.

A choice lot of Single Harness both in Brass, Rubber and Nickel. A fine assortment of Plush Robes, Lap Dusters to match the trimmings of your buggy; in fact everything that goes to make an up-to-date stylish turnout, at my branch store in Genoa, N. Y.



W. P. PARKER, Proprietor,

B. J. BRIGHTMAN, Mgr.

At Home Mondays and Saturdays.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Millions of vegetable and strawberry plants. Send for catalogue. F. M. PATTINGTON, Scipioville, N. Y. 4614

Nice body beech and maple wood for sale. Inquire of B. J. Brightman, Genoa, N. Y. 4611

FOR SALE—Two cows and a yearling heifer. JOE McBRIDE, Atwater. 46w5

Choice seed buckwheat for sale; also quantity elm plank. 46-12 J. D. TODD, Five Corners.

Dressmaking. 46-4 MISS LILLIAN WARREN, Genoa.

Cracked corn and cracked wheat for chicks on hand at Genoa Mill.

I have just received a new stock of bicycle goods and am ready to do repair work for the season. 48w4 G. T. SILL, Genoa.

Armour's fertilizer for sale. 11f W. A. McALLISTER, Genoa.

FOR SALE—Early seed and eating potatoes. B. W. ARMSTRONG, Genoa.

Indian Banner duck eggs for sale; 50c per setting of 10 eggs. W. A. McALLISTER, Genoa.

Hellebore for Currant Worms. New stock of full strength hellebore for destroying currant worms. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

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

We Have 'Em.

Farm Wagons, Top and Open Buggies, Light and Heavy Harness, Manure Spreaders, Hay Loaders, 2-horse Sprayers. In fact, any farm implement you may need. Call and look my stock over when in town. No trouble to show you. R. W. ARMSTRONG, Genoa.

Newspapers for sale at this office. 5 cents buys a large package.

Wanted—Eggs to sell on Binghamton market; also all kinds of produce.

I sell all the products of farm, dairy, garden and orchard.

Write for shipping tags. References, First National Bank, Mercantile Agencies or any merchant in your locality.

F. L. NORTON,
Commission Merchant.

GENOA ROLLER MILLS

Genoa, N. Y.

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

F. Sullivan, Prop.

MILLER 'PHONE.

Edwin R. Fay & Sons,
Bankers.
AUBURN, N. Y.
PAY 2 PER CENT. INTEREST
On ACTIVE CHECKING ACCOUNTS when the average daily balance amounts to or exceeds \$500.
3 PER CENT. INTEREST
On DEMAND CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT if the deposit remains three months or longer.
3 1-2 PER CENT. INTEREST
On TIME CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.
We will welcome your account, large or small
Execute Orders for Purchase and Sale of Investment Securities

Cayuga County Savings Bank,
ORGANIZED 1865. AUBURN, N. Y.
Interest Paid on Deposits
Loans made on approved mortgages
All Business strictly confidential.

VILLAGE AND VICINITY NEWS.

There ain't no use in sighing;
Light up your face with joy.
The world is true, the sky is blue—
Just hear the whistle of that boy!

The birds are singing songs of love,
The world is all in tune;
So lift your eyes to sunny skies
And open your heart to June!

—Commencement at Cornell this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Tift of Moravia were in town Saturday.

—At last we have been favored with some of those "perfect" June days.

—Miss S. J. Glanville is spending a few weeks with Union Springs friends.

—E. B. Beebe and Leila Holden of Union Springs were in town Tuesday.

—Mrs. Sylvia J. Hand is spending a few days with friends at Moravia and Auburn.

—Mrs. Frances Shaw left Tuesday for a visit with relatives at Groton and East Virgil.

—Miss Emma Bush is spending the summer vacation with Wm. Booker and wife, Salmon creek road.

—Anna and Leota Myer are spending some time with relatives in Ovid and Interlaken.

For nobby furnishing goods call at the Genoa Clothing Store.

—P. C. Storm and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Storm of Owosso, Mich., are visiting Genoa relatives.

—Messrs. H. P. and Robert Mastin returned Monday from a few days' fishing trip to Farley's.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Loomis of Moravia attended the opening of R. W. Armstrong's warehouse last Friday.

—Asaph and Henry Mead of Greeley, Colo., are visiting Arthur Mead and family, and other Genoa relatives.

—Fred Fulmer and family left Monday to spend the summer at McKinney's. Mr. Fulmer is employed on the railroad.

—School closes today for the long vacation. A number of pupils from other districts have been taking Regents' this week.

—Mrs. E. L. Bower, in company with her daughter, Miss Ada G. Bower of Skaneateles, attended the State Sunday School convention at Watertown.

Call and inspect the stock of up-to-date hats and trimmings at Mrs. S. Wright's, Genoa.

—Mrs. J. S. Banker and Miss Jennie A. Banker visited Auburn friends from Saturday until Wednesday, when Miss Jennie went to Lima to attend Commencement at the seminary.

—George B. Tupper has been spending a few days with Charles Tupper and family at East Genoa, and greeting old friends in this place. He is attending the New York Medical college and expects to spend the vacation with his mother and sister at Cleveland, O.

—That "Auburnians and Ithacans may run back and forth from one city to another by trolley by October" is the prediction of Engineer Clarke. There is less than eleven miles of track to be laid by that time. Work has been commenced on the big fill just south of North Lansing. This will require 60,000 cubic yards of earth. A gang of forty men are building the concrete bridges between Ithaca and North Lansing.

Straw Hat Bleach. Rexall Hat Cleaner will bleach the last year's hat as white as when first made. Two sizes, 10 cts. and 25 cts. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

—The severe electrical storm of Tuesday evening which passed over the eastern part of this town and northern Tompkins county did considerable damage. A barn on the Timothy Heffron farm near West Groton was struck by lightning and burned. Some tools in the barn were saved, but a quantity of hay and straw was destroyed. A barn on the Green farm, occupied by a man named McKane, south and east of East Genoa, was struck but the damage was slight. Lightning also struck her places in that vic-

—Mrs. E. Alling has been quite ill this week.

—Mrs. Eva Slocum of Syracuse was in town Wednesday.

—Miss Elsie Tilton is visiting relatives at Poplar Ridge.

—E. B. Whitten of Auburn was in town the first of the week.

—Mrs. Lucy Warfield is spending several weeks in Cortland.

—Cornelius Fenner of Kent, Orleans Co., was a guest at Mrs. A. B. Peck's over Sunday.

—An exchange aptly says: "Silence isn't always golden. The talker with something to say is worth a dozen keep-stills."

—A social party will be given at the East Venice hall on Wednesday evening, July 3. The Sherwood orchestra is to furnish the music.

—Mrs. Wm. Eaton and daughter returned Saturday from a few days' visit in Sempronius. Her mother, Mrs. Crandall, came with her to spend a few days.

—Mrs. D. L. Mead spent Saturday and Sunday in Moravia where she was called by the sudden death of her cousin, Mrs. J. O. Snyder. The funeral was held on Sunday.

—Phyllis B. Noerr, of Trumansburg spent Sunday with Mrs. H. W. Covert. Mrs. N. B. Ellison visited in Ithaca several days this week.—Interlaken Review.

—Miss Addie Howell, who resides with her sister, Mrs. J. L. O'Hara, is seriously ill, having been confined to the house for several months and to her bed for the past few weeks.

—J. C. Mastin and wife returned to their home in Auburn Monday. While here they made some repairs on their house, which will soon be occupied by Mrs. Frankie Brown and son, Harry A. Brown.

—Oliver Seamon of Auburn, a brakeman on the N. Y., A. & L., injured his back quite seriously while switching cars at this station on Monday. A special brought Mrs. Seamon that night and they are stopping at Engineer Hart's. Mr. Seamon is improving and will be about again in a week or so.

For an up-to-date suit call at the Genoa Clothing Store.

—The Moravia Republican-Register appeared last week with a decided change in its make-up, the entire front page being devoted to local news. Other improvements are anticipated in the near future by Editor Rathbun, who is to be congratulated upon the spirit of progressiveness manifested by these changes.

—Postmaster Smith is anticipating the coming six months with pleasure. A general order has been issued instructing all postmasters in regard to the special weighing of the mails, beginning July 1 and ending Dec. 31. Separate weighings of all classes of mail will be required and an accurate account of all the mails dispatched from the office must be kept.

—The death of Cora J. Pratt, wife of George W. Davis, occurred at her home in Auburn on Monday, June 17, at the age of 30 years. Funeral services were held at the house, 34 Park Place, Wednesday at 2:30 p. m. Burial was made at Groton Thursday. The deceased was the youngest daughter of Cyrus Pratt of this village.

Ladies' trimmed and ready-to-wear hats at Mrs. S. Wright's, Genoa.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sheip of Philadelphia, Pa., were guests of the latter's brother, E. L. Bower, Wednesday. Mr. Sheip is the proprietor of a large box factory in which 900 men are employed with a weekly payroll of \$8,000. Last year one of the large buildings was destroyed by fire at a loss of \$150,000. A new building has just been completed in its place. The boxes manufactured are all of wood and include fancy boxes of all kinds, cigar boxes, telephone and phonograph boxes. It is interesting to know that all of the Edison phonograph boxes were supplied from this

—Grange excursion to Fair Haven tomorrow.

—Jay Hodge of Syracuse was a caller in town Wednesday.

—A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Mohr of Auburn, on June 17.

—A. D. Mead is painting the residence of Mr. Lowell Mason in the town of Venice.

—Mr. Fred Fulmer of Lisle Center, Broome Co., was a guest of his niece, Mrs. Walter Tilton, on Wednesday.

See the fine display of millinery at Mrs. S. Wright's, Genoa.

—Owing to an oversight a portion of the story, "The Awakening," was omitted last week. The complete story appears this week on page three.

—Ensenore items: Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hoskins of Auburn have taken possession of their lake cottage for the summer. * * * Prof. Geo. Clark and family have arrived from Boonton, N. J.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ford and children of Five Corners spent part of Wednesday with Mr. Ford's sister, Mrs. A. Dean, while on their way home from Cortland where Mr. Ford was injured in a runaway accident nearly two weeks since. He is able to walk a little, and it is thought he will fully recover in a few weeks.

Whatever you buy at the Genoa Clothing Store is the latest of the season.

—The Sunday School convention at Ledyard on Tuesday was not as largely attended as these meetings usually are, due probably to the fact that farmers are very busy just now. The afternoon program was carried out in full, and included among other good things some pointed suggestions for teachers by Rev. H. Bacon of Venice Center, and an excellent paper, "The Sunday School and Worldwide Evangelism," by Mrs. F. L. Ryan of Poplar Ridge. The address of the evening was to have been given by Rev. W. E. Brown of Ithaca, but he failed to connect for some reason. The time was taken up with the discussion of topics of practical value to Sunday school workers, and a praise and consecration service led by Mrs. E. S. Annable of Ledyard. Rev. E. L. Dresser and Miss Emma Waldo of Genoa Presbyterian church were in attendance.

Bed Bug Doom. The promptest destroyer of Bed Bugs and their eggs, we have. One application cleans them all out. Big bottle, 25 cts. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Church and Other Notices.

Rev. E. L. Dresser will preach on Sunday morning next at the Presbyterian church on "The American Sunday." There will be no evening service. Sunday school at 12. The school has recently been presented with 100 library books by the Sunday school of the Auburn Central church, through the instrumentality of Miss Louise Montgomery, who formerly lived in this vicinity.

The Genoa W. O. T. U. will hold a gospel temperance meeting on Sunday evening next, June 28th, in the Baptist church at 7:30 o'clock. The address will be given by Mrs. F. L. Ryan of Poplar Ridge. Mrs. Ryan is the county superintendent of evangelistic work, and is well qualified for this department. She is an able and interesting speaker, and it is hoped that the church will be filled with listeners. Everybody cordially welcome.

Moths. Put away your winter garments with Red Cedar Flakes, which act as a perfect protector. Big package, 10 cts. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Red Cedar Flakes are most reliable and convenient in packing away winter garments. Any box will do when Red Cedar Flakes are spread between the garments. Big boxes, 10 cts. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Dr. J. W. Whitbeck, Dentist.

Genoa, N. Y.

I am prepared to do painless extracting of teeth by the use of Sleep Vapor or Somnoform, the latest and safest anesthetic known, which can be had at my office administered by a physician. I also have for extracting the best preparation for hypodermic and also a local application for extracting children's teeth, perfectly harmless. In fact, everything in the dental line can be found at my office. Charges as reasonable as the city or elsewhere.

The Editor's "Snap."

The DeBayer "Gleaner" recently gave a very glowing account of the country editor's "snap" in the following language: "Every once in a while some cheerful individual remarks to us: 'Well, now the paper is out I suppose you can take it easy for three or four days.' Yes, how delightful it is that a country editor has practically nothing to do between press days. Business runs automatically. When paper bills come due money drops off the trees with which to pay them. Subscribers vie with each other to see who can pay the farthest in advance. And the day the news hunts up the editor is also pleasant to contemplate. There is something really strange about the way news items act. When the paper is out the editor simply goes to his desk and leans back in his easy chair and looks wise and waits for next week's press day. The day before press day the people line up in front of the office door and then they file past his desk and tell him all the news of the week. He writes it up in fifteen or twenty minutes, takes it back and hangs it on the hook. The compositors take the copy, shake it over the type cases, say a few mystic words, the type flies into place and after a few passes by the foreman, the forms are ready for the press again. And the editor goes down and deposits some more money in the bank. It is the greatest snap in the catalogue. Now if the editor could only do away with press day, his joy would be complete."

"A Feminine Orator."

Rev. Anna Shaw has recently been giving lectures in this part of the state, and addressed an Auburn audience last week. One of the Auburn papers in giving an account of the lecture said: "The audience had the pleasure of listening to one of the most fluent feminine orators in the United States and one of the greatest exponents of woman's suffrage in the whole world. Doctor Shaw is a woman of broad education, keen intellect, possessing a remarkably penetrating voice for platform speaking, and above all she is endowed liberally with those qualities that go to make a noble, wholesome woman. Those who went in the expectation of hearing a manish discourse were considerably disappointed; for the speaker, despite the fact that her one object is the espousal of the cause of woman and she thoroughly believes in equal rights for her sex, never for a moment strove to overstep the line that causes the qualities of woman to be lost in her fervent arguments on behalf of woman."

Miss Shaw also spoke in Moravia on Saturday evening, June 8.

Want an Engine?

Call at the printing office and see the 2-horse gasoline at work. The simplest gas engine on the market.

John W. Rice Co.

103 Genesee St., Auburn.

We make a specialty of ready made suits, separate skirts, long and short jackets and automobile coats that are well made and the best-fitting garments that can be found; also the best styles in shirt waists and muslin underwear. In linens we keep in stock, "Browns" table cloths and napkins and linens by the yard. A good all linen towel for 25 cents, bureau covers and lunch cloths, linen and cotton sheets and pillow cases, as well as silks, dress goods, wash fabrics, "Black Cat" hosiery and all sorts and lengths in kid and fabric gloves.

THE New York World

THIRICE-A-WEEK WORLD.

The Thrice-a-Week World expects to be a better paper in 1907 than ever before. In the course of the year the issues for the next great Presidential campaign will be foreshadowed, and everybody will wish to keep informed. The Thrice-a-Week World, coming to you every other day, serves all the purpose of a daily, and is far cheaper. The news service of this paper is constantly being increased, and it reports fully, accurately and promptly every event of importance anywhere in the world. Moreover, its political news is impartial, giving you facts, not opinions and wishes. It has full markets, splendid cartoons and interesting fiction by standard authors.

THE THIRICE-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 is \$2.00.

Car Load of

Salt for Smith

First car over N. Y., A. & L. R. R. to Genoa.

Barrel Salt 280 lbs.	\$1.20
Half bbl. Bags 140 lbs.	.60
56 lb. Bags Butter Salt	.40
28 " " "	.25
56 " " "	.35

Smith's Store,

GENOA — N. Y.

Our Motto Has Always Been

To give the very best goods for the least possible price.

Following are a few of our many bargains:

4 cans good corn for 25c	Try some of that rich flavored Anchor Brand coffee 25c
1 lb. blue ribbon raisins 12c	Royal Luncheon coffee 25c lb
Aikin's best b'k'g powder 15c	Kellams Climax coffee 16c lb
6 cakes Big Master Soap 25c	Aikin's best baking soda 6c
6 " Fells Naptha Soap 25c	Arm & Hammer soda 6 lbs 25c
7 " Star Soap 25c	Nibs tea, a good one 30c lb
7 " Lenox Soap 25c	

G. S. AIKIN,

Both 'Phones. KING FERRY, N. Y.

Now is the time, Subscribe for The Tribune

Summer Opening

Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits Special Display

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 24-25-26

Miss Clara Lanterman,

King Ferry, N. Y.

JUST RECEIVED.

The balance of our spring and summer clothing having arrived, our stock is now complete. Large assortment to choose from, every garment of the latest style, nobby patterns, swell style for young men, F. fitting form. We can fit you just as good as you can have a suit made to measure, and think how much you can save, at least

From \$5 to \$8 on a Suit

Raincoats from \$10 to \$18, top coats, etc. Big stock of gents' furnishings, hats, caps and straw hats. All we ask is to call at your home clothing store, where you will surely get your full value for your purchase and satisfaction guaranteed. My honorable dealings for the past 25 years in this locality is my reference to the public.

The Genoa Clothing Store

M. G. SHAPERO & SON,

Outfitters for Man and Boy.

The Letter and the Lie.

As he hurried from his brougham through the somber hall to his study, leaving his secretary far in the rear, he had already composed the first sentence of his address to the united Chambers of Commerce of the Five Towns; his mind was full of it; he sat down at once to his vast desk, impatient to begin dictating. Then it was that he perceived the letter, lodged prominently against the gold and onyx inkstand given to him on his marriage by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The envelope was imperfectly fastened, or not fastened at all, and the flap came apart as he fingered it nervously.

"Dear Cloud—This is to say good-by, finally—"

He stopped. Fear took him at the heart, as though he had been suddenly told by a physician that he must submit to an operation endangering his life. And he skipped feverishly over the four pages to the signature, "Yours sincerely, Gertrude."

The secretary entered. "I must write one or two private letters first," he said to the secretary. "Leave me. I'll ring."

"Yes, sir. Shall I take your overcoat?"

"No, no."

A discreet closing of the door— "Anally. I can't stand it any longer. Cloud, I'm gone to Italy. I shall use the villa at Florence, and trust you to leave me alone. You must tell our friends. You can start with the Bargraves to-night. I'm sure they'll agree with me it's for the best—"

It seemed to him that this letter was very like the sort of letter that gets read in the divorce court, and printed in the papers afterward; and he felt sick.

"— for the best. Everybody will know in a day or two, and then in another day or two the affair will be forgotten. It's difficult to write naturally under the circumstances, so all I'll say is that we aren't suited to each other, Cloud. Ten years of marriage has amply proved that, though I knew it six or seven years ago. You haven't guessed that you've been killing me all these years; but it is so—"

"Killing her! He flushed with anger, with indignation, with innocence, with guilt—with heaven knew what!

"It is so. You've been living your life. But what about me? In five more years I shall be old, and I haven't begun to live. I can't stand it any longer. I can't stand this awful Five Towns district—"

Had he not urged her many a time to run to South Audley street for a change, and leave him to continue his work? Nobody wanted her to be always in Staffordshire!

"And I can't stand you. That's the brutal truth. You've got on my nerves, my poor boy, with your hurry, and your philanthropy, and your commerce, and your seriousness. My poor nerves! And you've been too busy to notice it. You fancied I should be content if you made love to me absent-mindedly, en passant, between a political dinner and a bishop's breakfast."

He flinched. She had stung him. "I sting you—"

No! And he straightened himself biting his lips!

"I sting you! I'm rude! I'm inexcusable! People don't say these things, not even hysterical wives to impeccable husbands, eh? I admit it. But I was bound to tell you. You're a serious person, Cloud, and I'm not. Still, we were both born as we are, and I've just as much right to be unserious as you have to be serious. That's what you've never realized. You aren't better than me, you're only different from me. It is unfortunate that there are some aspects of the truth that you are incapable of grasping. However, after this morning's scene—"

Scene? What scene? He remembered no scene, except that he had asked her not to interrupt him while he was reading his letters, had asked her quite politely, and she had left the breakfast table. He thought she had left because she had finished. He hadn't a notion— What nonsense!

"— this morning's scene, I decided not to interrupt you any more—"

Yes. There was the word he had used—how childish she was!

"— any more in the contemplation of those aspects of the truth which you are capable of grasping. Good-by! You're an honest man, and a straight man, and very conscientious, and very clever, and I expect you're doing a lot of good in the world. But your responsibilities are too much for you. I relieve you of one, quite a minor one—your wife. You don't want a wife. What you want is a doll you can wind up once a fortnight to say, 'Good morning, dear,' and 'Good night, dear.' I think I can manage without a husband for a very long time. I'm not so bitter as you might guess from this letter, Cloud. But I want you thoroughly to comprehend that it's finished between us. You can do what you like. People can say what they like. I've had enough. I'll pay any price for freedom. Good luck. Best wishes. I would write this letter afresh if I thought I could do a better one.—Yours sincerely, Gertrude."

He dropped the letter, picked it up, and read it again, and then folded it in his accustomed tidy manner and replaced it in the envelope. He looked at the clock and dropped the letter

against the inkstand and stared at the address in her careless hand: "The Right Honorable Sir Cloud Malpas, Baronet." She had written the address in full like that as a last stroke of sarcasm. And she had not even put "Private."

He was dizzy, nearly stunned; his head rang.

Then he rose and went to the window. The high hill on which stood Malpas Manor—the famous Rat Edge—fell away gradually to the south, and in the distance below him, miles off, the black smoke of the Five Towns loomed above the yellow fires of blast-furnaces. He was the demigod of the district, a greater landowner than even the Earl of Chell, a model landlord, a model employer of four thousand men, a model proprietor of seven pits, and two iron foundries, a philanthropist, a religionist, the ornamental mayor of Knype, chairman of a Board of Guardians, governor of hospitals, president of a Football Association—in short, Sir Cloud son of Sir Cloud and grandson of Sir Cloud.

He stared dreamily at his dominion. Scandal, then, was to touch him with her smirching finger, him the spotless! Gertrude had fled. He had ruined Gertrude's life! Had he? With his heavy and severe conscientiousness he asked himself whether he was to blame in her regard. Yes, he thought he was to blame. It stood to reason that he was to blame. Women, especially such as Gertrude, proud, passionate, reserved, don't do these things for nothing.

With a sigh he passed into his dressing room, and dropped on to a sofa.

She would be inflexible—he knew her. His mind dwelt on the beautiful first days of their marriage, the tenderness and the dream! And now—! He heard footsteps in the study; the door was open! It was Gertrude! He could see her in the dusk. She had returned! Why? She tripped to the desk, leaned forward, and snatched at the letter. Evidently she did not know that he was in the house and had read it.

The tension was too painful. A sigh broke from him, as it were of physical torture.

"Who's there?" she cried, in a startled voice. "Is that you, Cloud?"

"Yes," he breathed.

"But you're home very early!" Her voice shook.

"I'm not well, Gertrude," he replied. "I'm tired. I came in here to lie down. Can't you do something for my head? I must have a holiday."

He heard her crunch up the letter, and then she hastened to him in the dressing room.

"My poor Cloud!" she said, bending over him in the mature elegance of her thirty years. He noticed her travelling costume. "Some eau de Cologne?"

He nodded weakly. "We'll go away for a holiday," he said, later, as she bathed his forehead. The touch of her hands on his temples reminded him of forgotten caresses. And he did really feel as though within a quarter of an hour he had been through a long and dreadful illness and was now convalescent.

"Then you think that after starting she thought better of it?" said Lord Bargrave, after dinner that night. "And came back?"

Lord Bargrave was Gertrude's cousin, and he and his wife sometimes came over from Shropshire for a week-end. He sat with Sir Cloud in the smoking room; a man with graying hair, and a youngish, equable face.

"Yes, Harry, that was it. You see, I'd just happened to put the letter exactly where I found it. She's no notion that I've seen it."

"She's a thundering good actress!" observed Lord Bargrave sipping some whisky. "I knew something was up at dinner, but I didn't know it from her; I knew it from you."

Sir Cloud smiled sadly.

"Well, you see, I'm supposed to be ill—at least to be not well."

"You'd best take her away at once," said Lord Bargrave. "And don't do it clumsily. Say you'll go away for a few days, and then gradually lengthen it out. She mentioned Italy, you say. Well, let it be Italy."

"But my work here?"

"D—n your work here!" said Lord Bargrave. "Do you suppose you're indispensable here? Do you suppose the Five Towns can't manage without you? Our caste is decayed, my boy, and silly fools like you try to lengthen out the miserable last days of its importance by giving yourself airs in industrial districts! Your conscience tells you that what the demagogues say is true—we are rotters on the face of the earth, we are medieval, and you try to drown your conscience in the noise of philanthropic speeches. There isn't a sensible working in the Five Towns who doesn't at the bottom of his heart assess you at your true value—as nothing but a man with a hobby, and plenty of time and money to ride it."

"I do not agree with you," Sir Cloud said stiffly.

"Yes, you do," said Lord Bargrave. "At the same time I admire you, Cloud. I'm not built the same way myself, but I admire you—except in the matter of Gertrude. There you've been wrong—of course, from the highest motives; which makes it all the worse. A man oughtn't to put hobbies above the wife of his bosom. And, besides, she's one of us. Go take her away and stay away and make love to her."

"Suppose I do! Suppose I try! I acted a lie to her this afternoon. I can't let that lie stand between us."

It would not be right." Lord Bargrave sprang up.

"Cloud," he cried. "For heaven's sake, don't be an infernal ass. Here you've escaped a domestic catastrophe of the first magnitude by a miracle. You've made a sort of peace with Gertrude. She's come to her senses. And now you want to mess up the whole show by the act of an idiot! What if you did act a lie to her this afternoon? A very good thing! The most sensible thing you've done for years! Let the lie stand between you. Look at it carefully every morning when you wake. It will help to avoid repeating in the future the high-minded errors of the past. See?"

III

And in Lady Bargrave's dressing room that night Gertrude was confiding in Lady Bargrave. "Yes," she said, "Cloud must have come in within five minutes of my leaving, two hours earlier than he was expected. Fortunately, he went straight to his dressing room. Or was it unfortunately? I was half-way to the station when it occurred to me that I hadn't fastened the envelope! You see I was naturally in an awfully nervous state, Minnie. So I told Collins to turn back. Fugs, our new butler, is of an extremely curious disposition, and I couldn't bear the idea of him prying about, and perhaps reading that letter before Cloud got it. And just as I was picking up the letter to fasten it I heard Cloud in the next room. Oh! I never felt so queer in all my life! The poor boy was quite unwell. I screwed up the letter and went to him. What else could I do? And really he was so tired and white—well, it moved me! It moved me. And when he spoke about going away, I suddenly thought: 'Why not try to make a new start with him?' After all . . ."

There was a pause.

"What did you say in the letter?" Lady Bargrave demanded. "How did you put it?"

"I'll read it to you," said Gertrude, and she took the letter from her corsage and began to read it. She got as far as, "I can't stand this awful Five Towns district," and then she stopped.

"Well, go on," Lady Bargrave encouraged her.

"No," said Gertrude, and she put the letter in the fire. "The fact is," she said, going to Lady Bargrave's chair, "it was too cruel. I hadn't realized. . . . I must have been very worked up. One does work one's self up. Things seem a little different now." She glanced at her companion.

"Why, Gertrude, you're crying, dearest!"

"What a chance it was!" murmured Gertrude, in her tears. "What a chance! Because, you know, if he had once read it I would never have gone back on it. I'm that sort of a woman. But as it is, there's a sort of a hope of a sort of happiness, isn't there?"

"Gertrude!" It was Sir Cloud's voice, gentle and tender, outside the door.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Lady Bargrave. "It's half-past one. Bargrave will have been asleep long since."

Gertrude kissed her in silence, opened the door, and left her.—Eystander.

Present Day Lunch Boxes.

Children's luncheon boxes have become so transformed that it would require a mind reader to know the real object for which they are made. For, somehow, there has grown up a feeling among children that there is something disgraceful about carrying a paper parcel or an ordinary lunch. This has even extended to the grown-ups, and stenographers typewriters and clerks who are seen carrying small grips are not all going off on a journey. They are only bringing their luncheon to business with them. One of the most popular of lunch receptacles for boys is a box resembling a camera, while for girls it is the music roll. Others are in the shape of books, shawls strapped parcels and small dictionaries. Even the old-fashioned tin dinner pail of the day laborer has disappeared, and instead the goodwife stows the lunch away in a paper parcel to be stuffed into a coat pocket away from sight.

Arizona's Ribbon of Silver.

To people who pass through Arizona on the train it seems all sand and cactus. But if they would follow its rivers they would know of the great ribbons of silver and green which redeem it from the name of desert. Phoenix and Tempe are garden spots of verdure, and for miles in every direction broad fields of alfalfa and shady rows of cottonwood show what irrigation can bring forth. The Salt River Valley is the richest in Arizona; but it is the ribbon of silver—Salt River—which wrought the miracle. Forty years ago the river was allowed to follow its own course, but now it is dammed and diverted and led away, spread out over its thirsty land, pumped up from its underflow and spread again. And when the people of Phoenix and Tempe have finished with it, the farmers down the river at Buckeye seize upon the underflow and use it again.—Sunset Magazine.

The German Canary.

The canaries of Germany excel all other canaries as singers. One has been recorded to continue a single trill for one and a quarter minutes, with twenty changes of note.

More than five billion gallons of petroleum are produced annually.

About 50,000 automobiles were in use in the United States in 1907.

Don't Try Uncertain Recipes

It is entirely unnecessary to experiment with this, and the other recipe. Get from your grocer, for to cents, a pack of "OUR-PIE." Preparation—Lemon, Chocolate or Custard—for making pies that are sure to be good.

Lemon, Chocolate and Custard Pies

It does not require an experienced cook to make good pies from "OUR-PIE." Just the proper proportions of all ingredients are in the package ready for immediate use. At grocers, 10 cents per package. Order a few packages today.

Photographic Materials—Developing powders, developing outfits, developing machines, tank developers, tripods 75 cts and more, trimming boards 40 cts, and more, trays, candle lamps 25 cts, ruby lamps 50 cts to \$1, measuring glasses 10 cts and more, printing-frames 20c, mounts, mounting paste. Everything is here for the amateur or professional photographer. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Newspapers for sale at this office, 5 cents buys a large package.

Drop in and let me show you my Standard 2-horse pivot axle Cultivator. All goods sold on their merits. After one day's use in the field if not satisfactory, return same to me.

R. W. ARMSTRONG, Genoa.

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.

There is Nothing

in which delay is so dangerous as eye trouble; when you consider that you can get along fairly well with out any sense except sight, you will understand how important it is to take no chances with it. Our business is to tell you when you need glasses. I have the proper means of finding out.

Fred L. Swart,

The Eye Fitter. Remember to cor Genesee and Green Sts., next to post-office.

AUBURN, N. Y.

The "Redgeton"

SEWING MACHINE. ROLLER BEARING. HIGH GRADE.

Save Money

by buying this reliable, honest, high grade sewing machine.

STRONGEST GUARANTEE.

National Sewing Machine Co. BELVIDERE, ILLINOIS.

A Fortunate Texan.

Mr. E. W. Goodloe, of 107 St. Louis St., Dallas, Tex., says: "In the past year I have become acquainted with Dr. King's New Life Pills, and no laxative I ever before tried so effectively disposed of my constipation and biliousness. They don't irritate the bowels."

Now that this country has a new board of naturalization, why not naturalize the American millionaires who insist on spending every summer abroad instead of "seeing America first"—Denver Republic.

Denaturalized.

The black diamond is so hard that it can cut any other material.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

A Statesman Who is a Study in Contradictions.

There is probably no statesman in our history who has played so important a part as Mr. Chamberlain and at the same time has changed his opinions so often and so widely without being exposed to the charge of mere vulgar self-seeking. Mr. Chamberlain, it is true, began his political life as the "rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories," and concluded it is the most honored mouthpiece of democracy. But his development was much lower than Mr. Chamberlain's and coincided with a parallel development in the conditions of political warfare. It would be difficult to find an analogy to that diametrical change in political outlook, illustrated by the appendix of quotations which Mr. Chamberlain calls "A Study in Contradictions," without speaking among that lower order of politicians of whom a great cynic observed that their only firm political principal was to draw £5,000 a year. But this is probably the only charge which has never been seriously brought against Mr. Chamberlain. When the kaleidoscope changes in his views have been ascribed to egotism, it is on a higher plane that the accusation is brought. Mr. Chamberlain puts it in the form of a very happy quotation from Matthew Arnold:

O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine! Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs And share the battle's common chance with us Who love thee, but must press forever first,

In single fight incurring single risk? Others might find the explanation in the fact that Mr. Chamberlain possesses one of those strenuous and urgent souls whose motto is always Hoc age, and who concentrate all their energy on the task in hand at the moment. They "needs must love the highest when they see it," but they are constitutionally governed by such an optical law that they can see nothing higher than the thing on which their eyes are fixed for the time being.—London Spectator.

Every day you find at the capitol the steady and ceaseless throng of visitors leaning upon the rails on the stairway, looking upon the paintings which so vividly portray stirring scenes of national history, says the National Magazine. Now the space in the Brumidi frieze in the capitol, which has remained incomplete on account of the death of the artist, is to be filled. The unfinished work was always the text for a long paragraph in the lecture of the capitol guide. The frieze is seventy-five feet from the floor and runs about the base of the dome. The completed part depicts historic scenes of the new world from the time of Columbus to the Civil War.

With upward craned necks visitors never fail to discover the missing part of the decoration, entirely encircling the dome with the exception of fifty feet, left incomplete by Brumidi, who fell from the scaffold in 1889 and hung in a perilous position above the marble floor until rescued. The strain and shock resulted in his death shortly after the accident.

Filippo Costagana continued the work until 1899, when vigorous opposition arose against having scenes of the Civil War depicted in this frieze. This was the chief reason for its being left unfinished. Now it is suggested that scenes shall be taken from the Spanish-American war, with a suggestion of the Philippines, Porto Rico and the Panama Canal, leaving the fratricidal war to be chronicled, only on the yellow pages of history, with all bitter memories eliminated from the hearts of the people—a completed arc symbolic of the unity of the nation.

They Mean Business.

The visit of King Sissowath and the Cambodian royal consorts to Paris has led to interesting researches in the court matrimonial usages of Cambodia. It appears from these that the life of a king of these countries, like that of a western policeman, is "not a happy one." Whether he likes it or not, he is bound to be a very much married man. To begin with, he must marry three princesses of the highest royal rank, who have the status of queens; then he must ally himself with 100 more young ladies of blood, more or less royal, who enjoy connubiality in the second degree, and are named "tepis." After these come a score or two of "piyos," or daughters of ministers, a similar number of "meyous," or daughters of councillors of state, and in wifehood of the fifth degree, a few score of "trikous," who are the daughters of the people. It is understood that the ladies of these different categories do not perform in the royal ballet. They are supervised by three widows of noble family, approved age and asperity.—London Globe.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Charles J. Baker, late of the town of Genoa, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same, with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrator of, etc., of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Port Dickinson, County of Broome, on or before the 17th day of November, 1907.

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

Notice to Creditors.

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

Dated May 17, 1907.
H. ARTHUR STANTON, Executor,
Ralph A. Hart, Attorney for executor,
Moravia, N. Y.

Notice to Creditors.

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Ralph A. Hart, Attorney for executor,
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BRING YOUR LEGAL PRINTING TO THIS OFFICE—WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY ON IT.

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4% Paid on Deposits OF ANY AMOUNT TO \$10,000

THERE is a satisfaction in the feeling that YOUR bank is giving personal attention to YOUR business.

SYSTEM, modern equipment and organization mean the intelligent handling of YOUR business—and where it is a matter of daily routine it becomes the usual, not the unusual thing.

THAT sort of business relation is worth seeking, especially with your banker.

IT is not a matter of geographical location. When you are dealing with the right sort of men, BANKING BY MAIL is remarkably simple and satisfactory.

OUR personal attention is at your command.

WRITE TODAY

Security Trust Co.

103 MAIN STREET EAST ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Deposits, \$10,000,000
Capital and Surplus \$619,000

Venice Town Insurance Co.

\$900,000 in Farm Risks.
Office, Genoa, N. Y.

Average assessment for ten years \$1.08 per \$1,000.00. Where can you do better?

Wm. H. Sharpsteen, Secy.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

At Banker's

Book and Drug Store, GENOA, N. Y.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR CONSUMPTION, COUGHS and CROUPS

Price 50c & \$1.00 Free Trial.

Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS

Scientific American.

MIUNN & Co. 311 Broadway, New York

Scientific American.

MADAME LOSES HER BET.

By H. Twitchell.

The doors of the gaming room of the Casino at Monte Carlo swung open, and a throng of visitors at once rushed in. Among them were old ladies with halting steps, young women with eager, feverish eyes, and handsome men, showily dressed, wearing too many diamonds. All passed hastily through the spacious corridors, and were soon lost to sight.

And what splendor and sumptuousness were displayed on every side! M. and Mme. Bonnet, ribbon merchants, from Paris, on their first tour after fifteen years of marriage, were quite overwhelmed by it all. It seemed to them that the floors were inlaid with gold and precious stones. They stepped carefully as if afraid of damaging them.

The red-coated ushers on the thresholds were most imposing in their eyes, and they were overawed by the majesty of the person presiding in state over the long balise-covered table, in the center of which a roulette wheel was buzzing. How severely he eyed each newcomer! M. Bonnet was about to introduce himself as a merchant of some importance, member of the board of trade, and so on. Before he had time to do this, however, the majestic glance fell elsewhere.

Mme. Bonnet sat down at the table, staked a louis, and won. This was a good beginning. Somewhat reassured, monsieur walked away to look on at another table. After a time he began to wonder how Victorine was getting along. She was always so lucky that she ought to be winning. He finally succeeded in



I lost my money.

reaching her side, which was no easy matter as the spectators were four rank deep.

"Is it all right, Victorine?" he asked, in an undertone.

"Yes, it's all right. Go away; you'll bring me bad luck; but give me 300 francs first; I'd rather see more money in front of me."

"Here it is, dear, but be prudent. If you lose, I shan't have much left."

"Go away, please, and don't worry me."

M. Bonnet obeyed. He went outside, for the room was stifling. He sat down on a terrace in the garden which sloped gently down to the sea. At his feet was a beautiful bed of scarlet geraniums. It seemed to him that those on his own veranda were not half so red, and he was certain that the sky of Paris was not so profoundly, spotlessly blue.

It was growing late, and the mountains had taken on violet hues. M. Bonnet, who was decidedly hungry, went back to remind his wife that the dinner hour had passed by. He found her so excited and absorbed that he stood meekly contemplating her, afraid to speak.

"She looks discouraged," he thought. "I wonder if she can be losing."

At this thought he boldly approached her.

"Well, my dear," he ventured, discreetly.

"Oh, I'm losing," she replied, curtly. "My luck will come back, though, for I've discovered a trick. I'm going to stake on certain numbers—the days of the month, the age of the Prince of Monaco, and so on. I'll be sure to win."

M. Bonnet waited. Why should he not be confident, since his wife was so certain? And yet—in his anxiety he leaned over her until he touched her shoulder.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "You've brought me bad bad luck. There are five louis gone. Give me all the money you have."

"But, Victorine, I have only two hundred francs."

"Well, that's enough to help me win back all I have lost and more, too. I'm going to stake on two numbers a cheval, then I'll get seventeen times my stake if I win. See; I'm putting five louis on the age of you and your brother Jules—thirty-four and thirty-five."

The wheel turned and the croupier called out, "No, 3 wins!"

"Hum," said M. Bonnet. "You'd better stop now, dear. Remember if I lose all the money I shall have to telegraph to my banker for more, and that will look bad for our business."

"No, stop still! You don't know how I'm going to stake."

"There are more aqua birds than there are last birds."

on my age this time; turn your head and don't look, else you'll bring me bad luck."

M. Bonnet meekly did as he was bidden, but he was dreadfully anxious. If thirty-three should win—that was Victorine's age—she would have seven thousand francs. That would be a pretty sum; enough to buy the little villa he so coveted.

"Thirty-three wins," cried the croupier.

"Great heavens! She has won!" and the worthy man was so violently shaken that he had to press his hand over his heart to still its wild beating.

He turned around, expecting to find Victorine radiant. But, no; she was fairly crimson with rage. She rose from her chair, without gathering up any money, he noticed, and started toward the door. As she passed a corpulent gentleman she shook her hand at him fiercely, hissing between her set teeth; "You wretch! It was you that made me lose!"

"It?" exclaimed the astonished man.

"Yes, you! You stared like an idiot when I said I was going to stake my money on my age. Is my age any affair of yours, I'd like to know? Is it any of his affairs, Victor?"

"Certainly not," replied Victor, meekly. "What makes you ask?"

"Well, when I saw him looking to see where I placed my stake," explained Mme. Bonnet, sobbing now, "when I saw that he wanted to see how old I was, instead of staking on thirty-three, staked on twenty-nine and lost!" With a dejected air Mme. Bonnet got into a carriage to be whisked away from the scene of her bitter disappointment.

"Paid to Wear Diamonds.

There are many men in Chicago who are paid to wear diamonds, says the Chicago Tribune. The men that are paid to wear diamonds are paid in the hope their example will be followed by others and that in the spread of the diamond carrying habit the original payer will get his return.

The business of selling diamonds outside of stores is a large one, and one of the means that the sellers use to attract the buyers is the display of diamonds upon the hands of their agents. They equip with a diamond ring a man whom they know has a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Sometimes they make him a present of the ring. More often—for it is not their policy to give much away—they sell the wearer the ring at a greatly reduced price. He in return is expected to interest his friends in the stone.

Often the agent is given a stone to wear and he is instructed to tell his friends that the diamonds belongs to him but that he is willing to sell it.

The unsuspecting acquaintance, thinking that he will get a better bargain than he could secure at a shop, buys the diamond. The agent usually has to get his commission out of the sale price. One man of whom several of the local diamond brokers have knowledge has sold diamonds to twenty-seven of his friends.

Many men who do not give all their time to the diamond business deal in diamonds as a side line. There are a few real estate offices in Chicago in which diamonds are sold and many travelling men carry one or more diamonds as a sort of speculative side line.

How Mice Are Trained.

"The secret of training mice to run up sticks and perform in various ways is very simple," said a showman. "Worry 'em."

"Suppose you want a mouse to climb a stick; pick up a little flag that you have put there and bring it down. You take the mouse when he's hungry, to begin with; you tie a grain or two of oats to the flag, and you put the mouse at the foot of the stick. He won't go up, of course."

"Well, when he turns around to run away you set him back again, with his nose to the stick. If he runs away fifty times set him back fifty-one times. That worries him. Hold him up a little; give him a start."

"He soon sees what you want, and up he goes. When he finds the oats he is satisfied and comes down to eat them. Next time he will do it with half the trouble, and after a while he will run up and get the flag whenever you put him at the foot of the stick."

"In a short time he will take up anything you wish whether it is a flag or a little toy pail—anything he can lift."

Rewards of Literature.

A very talented and well-known writer—successful, too, in the popular estimation—tells me: "I know a man who spent fifteen years' leisure in getting the material for his best book and writing it over three times; then offered it to almost every publisher in America, meeting with refusal by all, and finally sold it to a London publisher for \$50; had it republished in America some years afterward; got a few dollars before the publishers failed, and as his last royalty received just two cents, which was exactly 10 per cent. of the last sum due him. I am the man, but I don't publish the fact nor feel inclined to brag about it; nor to complain, for that would be useless and would only cheapen my wares in the literary market. The book paid me by accurate calculation 33 1/3 cents a week for my fifteen years' work."

Corus is taking more to bear drinking than other Japan or China.

There are more aqua birds than there are last birds.

Remarkable Rescue

That truth is stranger than fiction, has once more been demonstrated in the little town of Feders, Tenn., the residence of G. V. Pepper. He writes:

"I was in bed, entirely disabled with hemorrhages of the lungs and throat. Doctors failed to help me, and all hope had fled when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. Then instant relief came. The coughing soon ceased; the bleeding diminished rapidly, and in three weeks I was able to go to work." Guaranteed for coughs and colds 50c and \$1.00, at J. S. Banker's drug store, Genoa, N. Y. Trial bottle free.

Call at the printing office and see the 2 horse gasoline at work. The simplest gas engine on the market.

We Have 'Em.

Farm Wagons, Top and Open Buggies, Light and Heavy Harness, Manure Spreaders, Hay Loaders, 2-horse Sprayers. In fact, any farm implement you may need. Call and look my stock over when in town. No trouble to show you.

H. W. ARMSTRONG, Genoa.

What "To Don-Deigo" Means.

"To Don Deigo" was at one time a way of saying to cheat. Steele speaks of a man as looking as if he had been "Don Deigo'd to the tune of a thousand pounds;" and in 1607 Webster wrote that "a Dondego is a kind of Spanish stockfish, or poor John." It was really a general term for a Spaniard, Diego being St. James, the national saint of Spain. But exactly how the expression got its peculiar uncomplimentary sense does not appear. In modern times, of course, a "Dago," in the mouths of sailors and others, means anybody from a Mediterranean country.

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Mrs. Henry Ward got for "Helbeck of Bahnsdale"—the name's enough—\$75,000. Barrie got for "The Little Minister," book and play, \$250,000. Hall Caine got for the book and play of "The Christian," \$150,000. Mrs. Grant was paid for her husband's autobiography \$350,000. Nansen got \$50,000 for his "Farthest North." Sir Walter Scott got \$90,000 for his "Life of Napoleon." Ruskin, for "Modern Painters," got \$50,000.

Mexican War Veteran.

Nathan Hawk, a veteran of the Mexican War and the man who in 1848, first brought East news of the California gold discoveries, is a hale and hearty citizen of Folsom, Cal. Mr. Hawk, who is eighty-two years old, left his Iowa home for California in 1847. He lives a few miles from the spot where James Marshall dug up the first gold found in the State.

Among Britain's Resources.

The island of Zanzibar has been under British protection since November 4, 1890. It is the first storehouse and distributing center for trade of the whole East African coast, although with the development of the resources of the mainland and increased shipping facilities of the several mainland ports its relative commercial importance is not so great as in former years.

Healing by Proxy.

When Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia is ill his indisposition deprives his people of their great physician. For certain forms of illness they go to him personally if possible, or send a proxy. He "touches" them for their ailments and straightway they recover, it is said. At any rate, having thought themselves ill, they now believe themselves cured.

Reward of Service.

On the occasion of the last birthday anniversary of the King of Italy a letter carrier was remembered with an increase of pay. The man, whose name is Domenico Sicilia, has been in the service at Rogliano for the last sixty years, is eighty years old, blind, and still attends to his duties, with the assistance of a grandchild.

Expressing His Thanks.

A Korean who was appointed tax collector by the late Minister Yi Kuentak has determined out of gratitude for this great favor to repair the minister's summer house at considerable expense.

A Change of Names.

Columbia University was chartered as King's College in 1754. The name was changed to Columbia College in 1784 and Columbia University in 1896.

Aromatic Oil from Celery.

A strong aromatic oil, used for flavoring purposes, is being distilled from the green leaves of the celery plant. One pound of oil is produced from 100 pounds of leaves.

Strength of Eyes.

Light-colored eyes will stand the greatest strain on the sight. Light blue eyes are generally most powerful, and next to those are gray.

HABITS OF A SINGING WEL.

Texas Hole in the Ground a Musical Instrument.

Near Welderman's, Texas, is an abandoned well, about sixty feet deep, and overgrown with vegetation, which, states an official of the Government, is noted in the neighborhood for its musical powers.

In fine weather, particularly with a western wind, it gives forth a sound like that of an Aeolian harp, swelling and dying away by turns. When there is a heavy northerly wind blowing, the water rises within a few feet of the top, and strange noises, which some persons think resemble moans, issue from the old well.

An attempt to fill up the well a few years ago failed, apparently because of the existence of a subterranean cavity which swallowed up the dirt as fast as it was dumped in.

Distance of the Dog Star.

An eminent astronomer at Washington, whose measures of the parallaxes of the stars, by means of which their distances can be calculated, are among the most accurate known, has recently deduced anew the results of his observations of Sirius, the dog-star, which is the brightest in the heavens. This scientist thinks we may now regard its parallax as satisfactorily determined at 0.37 of a second of an arc. This makes the distance of Sirius in miles 51,000,000,000,000. In other words, the dog-star is nearly five hundred and fifty thousand times farther from the earth than the sun is.

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Aromatic Oil from Celery.

A strong aromatic oil, used for flavoring purposes, is being distilled from the green leaves of the celery plant. One pound of oil is produced from 100 pounds of leaves.

Strength of Eyes.

Light-colored eyes will stand the greatest strain on the sight. Light blue eyes are generally most powerful, and next to those are gray.

Teach

"If you wish to teach you chess," said Bobbin, "get the men and board. I think I can teach you, though it really is a man's game and requires brains—and silence."

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Bobbin meekly.

"But I don't mind teaching you, for I have no doubt you'll prove a bright pupil."

Here Mrs. Bobbin was so delighted that she dropped the chessmen and kissed Bobbin on the nose.

"Now, that's just like a woman—" "But I meant to kiss you—"

"I meant to say it was like a woman to upset the men. Now, if you are ready I'll show you how to set them up—only please don't jiggle the board. Really, my dear, you can't play chess with the board at an angle of 45 degrees."

"Degrees of what?" "Fahrenheit," said Bobbin, with sarcasm. "Now, if you will get a higher chair and put your mind on the game—"

"I like this rocker. I'll put a book on my knees."

"It's against all rules of chess to play in a rocker—"

"I've been studying the rules, but I didn't see that."

Here the book slid to the floor. Bobbin seized the board and saved the men from another downfall and said cynically, "I am afraid my legs are not constructed with special regard to balancing chessboards."

Mrs. Bobbin snickered and nearly let it down again.

"If you think this is a 'shoot the chutes' you are mistaken," said Bobbin severely.

"Now, the men," began Bobbin. "Oh, I know how. I got it out of the book. Why can't I play with the



I had you beaten just the same. white men? I've been practicing with them."

"What has color got to do with game? Now, I will move—"

There was silence for a few moments.

"It's your move, dear," said Mrs. Bobbin.

"Certainly. A man stops to think—he doesn't play helter-skelter. This is not 'give-away.'"

"Then why do you put your bishop where I can take it so easily?" as she removed the man.

"Because, Mrs. Bobbin, I was trying to show you the game, and I have to talk so much—"

"I thought you said it required silence."

"It does—unless you are playing with a woman," he retorted, as he started to take her knight with his queen.

"Oh, wait—I haven't taken my fingers off yet, and I don't think I'll move it there. No, I'll move there—it checks your king."

"Very nice, my dear, only you can't jump across the board that way. Now, I check with my queen."

"Too bad. I shall have to take your queen—unless you want to take back that move."

"I do not play the 'baby act.' Of course, I should not have moved there if I had not been showing you."

"Oh, very well," answered Mrs. Bobbin, as she swept his queen from the board and left two of his men in jeopardy.

"Ahem! I was watching your side—"

"Why don't you watch your own? I do. It's not your move."

"Yes, it is."

"No, you moved, and I took your man."

"Well, don't get excited. Keep your temper—if you can. You make more fuss than if you saw a mouse," snarled Bobbin.

"I think I am playing well enough to beat you, just the same."

"Certainly—when I have all the work to do and even have to tell you when to move. You may be able to beat a—donkey—"

"Yes, that's what I said," grinned Mrs. Bobbin, twisting herself "Oh!" she shrieked, plunging an unguarded space, "I can take your king."

"Put that man down," yelled her husband. "Don't you know a king can't be taken? Don't you understand the first rudiments of this game—after all my teaching?"

"But he can't move—"

"It would be a checkmate—only I can move here."

"No, you can't. My knight guards that."

"Well, if you can't play a simple game of chess without yelling like a Comanche," raved Bobbin, as he let the board slide between them, "I shall not show you again."

"But I had you beaten just the same," snarled Mrs. Bobbin as she walked away looking back at her husband in a most provoking manner.

FORETOLD KING'S MISFORTUNES.

Strange Meeting of Francis Joseph and a Seer in Tyrol Mountains.

The condition of affairs in Austria Hungary invests with great significance a very remarkable incident in the life of Emperor Francis Joseph, which occurred shortly before his marriage in 1854, the details of which have never been made public.

The young emperor, who was an intrepid mountaineer, had been spending a few days in the Tyrol with his brother, the Archduke Maximilian, afterward emperor of Mexico, in pursuit of their favorite sport of chamoloh hunting. Returning late one evening, after an unsuccessful day's shooting, they were proceeding along a dangerous path on the face of a precipice when they were startled by the sudden apparition of a wild and haggard looking man, who sprang forward to meet them and raising his hand called upon them in the name of heaven to stop—as he had a message which they alone might hear.

The narrow path would hardly permit two persons to pass, and the man who resolutely barred the way had all the appearance of being an escaped lunatic. Deeming it prudent to humor him the emperor stopped and told him to deliver his message. To his amazement the seemingly ignorant peasant proved in a few hurried words that he was a man of education and fully aware of certain state secrets which the emperor supposed were known to him and his ministers alone. Passing rapidly from the present to the future, the seer in hurried words foretold a long series of tragic disasters which would befall the young sovereign and then pushing past him, rushed swiftly down the steep path and disappeared.

Anxious to learn by what means the man had discovered the cabinet secrets, of which he evidently had full knowledge, the emperor immediately retraced his steps in order to meet some members of the hunting party who were following him. On reaching them he learned that no one had even seen the mysterious stranger. As the path was overhung by an insurmountable wall of rock on one side, it was naturally supposed that the unfortunate man had fallen into the abyss which bounded it upon the other, but a most rigorous search failed to discover the least trace of his remains. The mystery remained unsolved, and the Emperor, who was deeply impressed by the incident, refused for years to inform any one of the nature of the revelations made to him.

Soon after the tragic death of the empress, however, he alluded to the incident of half a century before in the course of conversation with a member of his family, who related the dramatic episode to the writer. With deep emotion he affirmed that now all but one of the disasters foretold by that mysterious seer had actually happened—the murder of his consort, the tragic deaths of his only son and of his brother, the Emperor of Mexico, and the long series of political misfortunes that had befallen his country. The only prediction that remained unfulfilled as yet was that he was destined to be the last emperor or Austria.

Along the Rails.

Scotland's fastest railway point-to-point runs from Forfar to Perth, where the thirty-two and a half miles are traversed twice daily in thirty-two minutes, which means a mean speed of 60.94 miles an hour.

The longest railway run in Scotland without a stop is that between Carlisle and Perth, a distance of 150 1/2 miles, which is done in three hours, or at an average speed of 50.25 miles per hour.

Men employed in the workshops of the two principal Scotch railways who acquire special proficiency in ambulance work are rewarded by an annual free family pass for any part of the system.

The most powerful locomotive in Britain has just been built at St. Rollox workshops of the Caledonian railway. It weighs 130 tons, and will run the London expresses between Glasgow and Carlisle.

The North British railway locomotive that went down with the ill-fated Tay bridge in 1879, and remained three months embedded in the channel of the river, still runs important goods trains. Its number is 224.

It is only eight years since a deputation from the Belgian State railways visited Britain in search of the best type of locomotive for working their fast international expresses, and already throughout Belgium there are at work several hundreds of engines that could scarcely be detected from those of the Caledonian railway. They were designed by Mr. McIntosh, the mechanical engineer of the latter company at the request of the Belgian government.

No Pun Intended.

Beveridge says he has always been a strict teetotaler. The senator could not take any chances with anything that might even temporarily impair his power of speech.—Washington Post.

It must make a boy parrot feel awfully mad to be called Polly.



HEADQUARTERS FOR

Clark's Cutaway Tools.

Call and see the best Harrow yet produced. The double action Cutaway leaves the ground smooth. Superior to all others. It will put stubble ground in fine condition without plowing.

Osborne Tools, 20th Century Manure Spreaders, Dutton Plows and extras, Iron Hog Troughs, Iron Stoneboat Fronts, etc.

E. D. Cheesman, Agt. Atwater, N. Y.

Agent for Rush Acetylene generator.

J. WILL TREE, BOOK BINDING 'ITHACA.

Orders taken at THE GENOA TRIBUNE office.

THE New York World THIRICE-A-WEEK WORLD.

The Thrice-a-Week World expects to be a better paper in 1907 than ever before. In the course of the year the issues for the next great Presidential campaign will be foreshadowed, and everybody will wish to keep informed. The Thrice-a-Week World, coming to you every other day, serves all the purpose of a daily, and is far cheaper.

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

THE THIRICE-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.

INSTRUCTIVE INTERESTING. "Correct English—How to use it."

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the use of English.

JOSEPHINE TURCK BAKER,

SOME FAMOUS SIEGES

Gibraltar Held the Longest of Any.

ALEXANDRIA TEN HOURS.

Deluge of Projectiles Caused the City to Yield Quickly—Sebastopol Withstood Attacks of Combined English and French Armies Nearly a Year.

In shortness and deviousness it will be difficult to beat the record of Alexandria, every gun of which was effectively silenced within ten hours by a fleet under Admiral Seymour. But these few hours witnessed such a destructive deluge of shot and shell as might well have laid a big city in ruins. No fewer than ten thousand projectiles were hurled against the forts of Alexandria, many of them monsters of seventeen hundred pounds weight fired from eighty-one ton guns. Singularly enough, this murderous hail of iron did little damage to the fortifications, the majority of the shells burying themselves harmlessly in the parapets of sand which had been raised to protect the batteries.

But so terrible was the havoc and slaughter wrought among the adherents of Arabi Pasha by the flying fragments of the shells which exploded that the forts were quickly evacuated; while some of the shells started a fire which destroyed almost the whole of the town.

Sebastopol, with its grim, massive forts of limestone, faced with granite, and defended by seven hundred guns, many of them heavy calibre, held out against the combined armies of France and England for three hundred and twenty-seven days. When, however, the place was evacuated it was found that the town was in ruins; and to complete the work of destruction such docks and forts as still remained standing were blown up by the engineers of the allied forces.

It took one hundred and thirty-two days for the Germans to bring Paris to her knees a generation ago. During January, 1871, no fewer than ten thousand shells were rained on to the doomed town every day, and of these five hundred fell into the city proper. During a single day, January 3d, the Prussians hurled twenty-five thousand projectiles at Paris at a cost of sixty thousand pounds. The havoc they wrought was fearful, and the resultant fires threatened to destroy whole districts. During the siege no fewer than forty thousand of the inhabitants succumbed to disease and hunger.

For ninety-four days Plevna defied the pick of the Russian army, although its defenders were hopelessly outnumbered, and on December 10, 1877, after the last grain of rye had been eaten, the indomitable Turks sallied forth and tried to hew their way through the Russian legions. Osman Pasha commanded his gallant remnant in person; three lines of trenches were pierced, but the odds against them were too great. Surrounded by almost countless hordes of the enemy, his men mown down by sweeping torrents of bullets and shells, the brave leader at last yielded to Fate and allowed the white flag to flutter out from the roof of the hut near which he was lying mutilated and in agony.

Gibraltar, as all the world knows, stood impregnable against all the assaults of Spain and France for eight hundred and seventy-four days, although week after week six thousand shells were hurled at it every day, and in spite of the combined attack of forty-six sail of the line, a countless fleet of gun and mortar-boats, and floating batteries, which had cost five hundred thousand pounds to construct.

Richmond, Virginia, was defended by General Lee through a year of terrible fighting, until the seizure of his lines of supply compelled him to evacuate it on April 2, 1865; Lucknow held out for eighty-six days, when General Havelock came to its relief; and Strasburg, with all its strength, defended by a garrison of seventeen thousand men had to surrender to the Germans after a siege of forty-eight days. Among other notable sieges Mafeking survived seven months, Kimberley, one hundred and twenty-three days, Ladysmith one hundred and eighteen, Potchefstroom seventy-seven, and Chitral Fort forty-six days.

A much closer parallel to the siege of Port Arthur can be found in the bombardment of Santiago during the recent war between America and Spain. The United States warships Texas, Indiana and Brooklyn opened fire on the town at a range of six miles, and for three hours poured shells into it with such deadly effect that the although the gunners could not even see their target, fifty-seven buildings were wrecked, and set on fire, and it was said that a few hours more firing would have laid the whole place in ruins. Even more effective was the demoralization caused by the bombardment, which directly led to the surrender of the town.

Korea has a population of about 5,000,000, Seoul, the capital, has 22,000, and is constantly increasing. Already 10,700 Japanese live in the kingdom. No less than \$5,000,000 has been spent on railways. The foreign trade was worth \$26,815,487 last year.

Queen Louise of Denmark is said to be the richest Princess in Europe. She is believed to have inherited \$15,000,000 from her mother's father, who was Prince Frederick of the Netherlands. She received another fortune from her father, King Charles of Sweden.

THE SECRET OF THE DESK

By ETHEL JAMIESON McCALLUM

The story ended, Mrs. Cameron laid aside her book and assumed a position of careless repose. A smile played about the corners of her mouth, and the whole expression of her face showed that she was a truly happy and contented wife. The merry crackle of the logs in the fireplace was a fitting accompaniment to her day-dreams. This harmony, however, was soon interrupted by a prolonged sound, as of loosening boards. Quickly turning on the light, and following with her eye the direction of the noise, she discovered that her husband's writing desk, which stood close to the fireplace, was becoming disjointed. Fully understanding in this incident the philosophy of heat, she was not frightened or surprised, when a moment later, the side of the desk nearest the fire fell to the floor.

One article only dropped from the desk—a photograph. Picking it up, much to her surprise she recognized the features of her old school chum, Nellie Vincent, an orphan, residing with her aunt in a distant State.

"How came Nellie's photograph in my husband's possession?" she thought. "Can there be a secret attachment between them?"

Just then well-known steps were heard in the hall, and the troubled woman had only time to put the photograph back into the desk and smooth her ruffled hair when her husband entered the room.

"I have an appointment down town this evening," he presently said. "I am very sorry, dear, but we shall have to-morrow evening together."

"Very well, Richard. I will tell Jennie to prepare supper immediately," said Mrs. Cameron as she left the room.

Mr. Cameron in the library, soon discovered his broken desk, and at once set about repairing the damage. His movements caused the photograph to drop from its insecure position, and, glancing at it, his face flushed with annoyance.

"Nellie's picture! What if Isabel has seen it?"

Just then his wife's footsteps were heard and he hastily slipped the photograph into his pocket.

A month later she had decided upon her course of action, and at the table, one evening, she disclosed her plans to her husband.

"You see, Richard, I have not seen my sister Kate since just before we were married. That was two years now, and I should like very much to visit her. Do you think I might go—well, say by the first of next week?"

"Certainly; go by all means, dear. It will do both you and Kate a world of good to see each other again."

"Now, Isabel dear, of course I shall be a little lonely at first, but I shall soon become reconciled to my bachelor life; so make a long visit. Enjoy yourself to the fullest extent, and get a little color into that pale face of yours."

One day, after she had been away about five weeks, her husband's usual letter came. She eagerly read it, and finished with a sigh.

"Well, Isabel," said her sister, entering the room and noticing the open letter, "Richard hasn't collapsed under the maid's culinary efforts, I hope?"

"No—but, Kate dear, I must go home. Some of our well meaning but rather hasty club friends have planned for a celebration of our marriage anniversary one week from to-day, so of course I must return home not later than the day after to-morrow. That is quite a long time."

One evening a week later, the pretty parlor of the Camerons was thronged with guests. Among them moved the hostess, cordial, animated, beautiful, with a smile not less enchanting than that which had lighted her lovely face as a happy bride just two short years before. How could any one guess of the aching heart beneath the mask?

On a table in a corner of the library were arrayed a host of gifts of which Mrs. Cameron had seemed oblivious.

Her eye caught sight of a framed picture, which she curiously lifted to the light. She uttered a low exclamation, for again she was looking into the eyes of the girl who had ruined her home.

"Don't you like the crayon, Isabel? I thought it was a very good copy of Nellie's photograph taken for you especially. She will be disappointed if it falls to please you, for she sent it to me with the express wish that none but the best artist in the city should copy it."

The guests, the presents, even Nellie Vincent's picture, were forgotten for the moment. Two great tears shone in Isabel's eyes, and throwing her arms about her husband's neck she kissed him impulsively, much to his surprise and rather to his confusion, for his proud wife was not apt to be demonstrative before the public.

Asked and Answered.

The Maid—What is love?

The Bachelor—Love is the prelude to matrimony.

The Maid—And what is matrimony?

The Bachelor—The prelude to matrimony.

METHODS OF COME CUTTING.

Ornaments From Shells—Settings of Twisted Gold Framework.

Few articles of jewelry ever went so completely out of fashion as the cameo, and no woman, whatever her eccentricity in matters of personal jewelry, would have been sufficiently bold a few years ago to have risked her reputation for artistic taste by exploiting a cameo brooch, bracelet or hair ornament. But nowadays we are nothing if not retrospective, says the London Standard, and these old-fashioned heirlooms are more prized today than they ever were by their original owners.

Our ancestresses would hardly have laid claim to discovering the old methods of cameo cutting, but they at least revived the love for an art which has prospered and languished in regular cycles since the beginning of history. Egyptian designs were much to the fore in the days of hoops and farthingales, but classic designs had a still greater vogue, and the semblance of "mortals and immortals" derived from mythological sources made a picturesque subject for many an ornament treasured by the beauties of three generations ago.

Most of the cameos which have descended to modern times were carried in sardonyx or agate-onyx, although in museums and many private collections beryls and amethysts as well as many of the other more valuable gems are to be seen.

Cameos which date from the First Empire were often carved out of shells, the great demand for precious stones necessitating the discovery of some cheaper substitute, and although more brittle and consequently much less lasting, than the real gems, shell cameos were made with such skill as almost to deceive the eye of an expert. Layers of the shell were placed one on the other until the required thickness was obtained, and not only Dianas and Cupids but beauties or favorites of the day, from the famous ladies of the French courts to Napoleon or MacMahon, were popular subject models.

As regards settings, no one but a vandal in artistic taste would tamper with the old twisted gold framework or beading which enriched an antique cameo brooch or the heavy links which bound a row of carved sardonyx medallions around the wrist. In the '40s and '50s, however, artistic taste was not invariably to be trusted, and there is no disguising the fact that some of the gems of those times cannot be countenanced nowadays in their heavy and barbarous looking settings, and many women are in consequence having the old heirlooms reset according to beautiful old Greek or Italian designs. Girdles formed of rows of cameos interlinked with fine gold openwork promise to have a great vogue this winter on the single cameo in the form of a locket, suspended by a gold chain around the neck, and marquise rings are already being adopted with enthusiasm, while in addition Empire combs and other personal trinkets, toilet boxes and ornaments inset with cameos are carrying all before them at present in the French capital.

Poorly Paid Preachers.

It is a startling commentary on the tendencies of the time, says the Indianapolis Morning Star, that salaries of Congregationalist ministers have declined 10 per cent within the last ten years.

From a report on conditions at the outset of 1906 it appears that the Congregationalists then had nearly six thousand church establishments in the country, and that only about thirty of their ministers received \$3,000 or more a year.

The highest salary paid was \$10,000, and there were only two or three pastors who drew that amount. There were two at \$8,000, there was one at \$7,000, there were four at \$6,000, and most of the others in the class mentioned drew \$5,000.

After those exceptional cases there was a long drop, and no doubt hundreds of the pastors have incomes that would be considered wretchedly inadequate in other professions or in business.

Farm Lands Going Up.

Farm lands in the United States have risen in value more than 38 per cent since 1900. This is the average rise for the whole country.

In the South Central States the increase has been 40 per cent, in the Western States 46 per cent, in the South Atlantic States, 36 per cent, and in the North Atlantic States 13 per cent.

Cotton land showed the greatest increase, amounting to 48 per cent. Hay and grain land advanced 25 per cent and stock farms 43 per cent.

The Department of Agriculture gives the following reasons for the increase:

Rural free delivery, electric railways and good roads.

The movement of townpeople to the country.

The pressure of population and the scarcity of free land.

Better and cheaper transportation and market facilities.

Better cultural methods, resulting in improvement of the soil itself, by draining, fencing, better fertilization, etc.

Whale Oil Soap for destroying on Boats, 15 cts. the pair. Drug Store, Auburn.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The announcement that was made in this space last week has been forestalled because the Ladies' Aid of King Ferry Presbyterian church have chosen that date, June 28, as the time for a strawberry festival, therefore the men gladly give way and postpone the Men's Entertainment for a near future date. Watch the date.

C. R. Egbert,

The People's Clothier, Hatter & Furnisher

75 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.

Going to the Circus?

Don't miss it for it is undoubtedly the best; neither miss seeing the brightest, cleanest and best show of men's and boys' clothing ever made in Auburn, provided of course you need anything in this line.

Everything on exhibition here is new and strictly up-to-date, the prices so reasonable that by making your purchases here, enough can be saved to pay your expenses to the big show and back again. Come in and we will prove it to you. Everything marked in plain figures and the same price to everyone.

MEN'S SUITS FROM \$10 TO \$28
BOYS' " " \$2.50 TO \$7.50

REMEMBER THE

Boston Old Home Week

JULY 28 TO AUGUST 3, 1907

Excursion Fare via

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

"America's Greatest Railway System"

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Deposits received subject to check at sight; interest allowed on all accounts.

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

WANTED

A Man in every community to sell the new standard policies of the

Oldest, Largest and Best

Life Insurance company in America.

Liberal Commissions to the right men. If you mean business and want to make money, write or call upon

H. J. EMERSON, Manager
Mutual Life Ins. Co. of New York
310-320 Grand Central Building
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Citation.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: To Lee R. Parker, Millard F. Parker and Nelson C. Parker.

Send Greeting: Whereas, W. Pitt Parker of Moravia, N. Y., has lately applied to our Surrogate's Court of the County of Cayuga for the proof and probate of a certain instrument in writing, dated the 8th day of December, 1905, purporting to be the Last Will and Testament of Lucinda A. Parker late of the town of Venes, in said county, deceased, which relates to both real and personal estate. Therefore, you and each of you are cited to appear in our said Surrogate's Court, before the Surrogate of the County of Cayuga, at his office in the Court House, in the City of Auburn, on the 3d day of August, 1907, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and attend the probate of said Last Will and Testament.

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 13th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and seven.

WALTER E. WOODIN,
Surrogate.

S. EDWIN DAY, Attorney for Petitioner,
Office and P. O. address Moravia, N. Y., 46 w7.

Whale Oil Soap for destroying on Boats, 15 cts. the pair. Drug Store, Auburn.

Water Street, AUBURN, N. Y.

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Water Street, AUBURN, N. Y.

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STAR-COLE LINE STEAMER "ARUNDELL"

Leave Oloott Beach, N. Y., Sunday 1 p. m. Tuesdays and Thursdays 11 a. m.
Leave Charlotte, N. Y. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays 8:30 a. m. Boat Point N. Y. 11:50 a. m. North Fair Haven, N. Y. 1:15 p. m. Oswego, N. Y. 3:30 p. m. landing at all the principal Thousand Island Resorts, returning alternate days.

Note the following Low Rates to Thousand Island Points:
From Oloott Beach round trip \$2.00
" Charlotte " 4.00
" Boat Point " 4.00
" N. Fair Haven " 2.50
" Oswego " 2.50

For Special Excursion Rates, Hotel and Boarding House Lists and all information write

ROBERT MAXWELL, Traffic Manager,
CHARTERED N. Y. N. & H. CO.,
In effect from Charlotte June 15th
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