

The Genoa Tribune.

VOL. XVII. No. 14.

GENOA, N. Y., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 8, 1907.

EMMA A. WALDO.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Scipioville.

Nov. 4—A very pretty wedding took place on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 2, when Miss Jessie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCormick, of this village, was united in marriage to Mr. William J. Deehong of Washington, D. C., formerly of Union Springs. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the bride's immediate family by the Rev. W. B. Jorris. A bountiful dinner was then served, after which the newly wedded pair left for their home in Washington, D. C. The good wishes of a host of friends go with them to their new home.

Charles Wilshere has closed his house here and gone to Auburn to reside for the winter. His son Harry will spend the winter with Benjamin Watkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Watkins, Mrs. Wm. Aldrich and Miss Elizabeth Aldrich attended the wedding of Harry Watkins at Grand Rapids, Mich., last week.

Mrs. Daniel Dean has gone to reside with her son Jay in Cortland for the winter.

Two good women can find work by the day at general housework in this village.

Mrs. Wm. Batten of Cortland is a guest at James Hitchcock's.

Mrs. C. Joyce of Skaneateles who has been spending some time with her sister, Mrs. James Hitchcock, has returned home.

Mrs. Mary Winter of Canada has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Emily Cooper.

A. Q. Watkins is confined to the house with lumbago and acute rheumatism.

Mrs. Lewis Atwater and Mrs. Wallace Bowen attended the C. E. convention in Cortland.

Ernest Borapugh, wife and son of Baltimore, Md., Arthur Borapugh of Batavia and Mrs. Rosecrans of Union Springs called on friends in town last week.

The grip seems to be quite prevalent at present.

Ledyard.

Nov. 2—Mrs. Thomas met with a very painful accident on Monday last when she fell and broke several ribs. She is in a precarious condition, owing to her advanced age.

Frank Riggs from Wayne county was called here by the illness of his grandmother.

A. J. Hodge spent a couple of days last week with old friends and neighbors at East Venice.

Anna Lisk was home from Ithaca over Sunday.

Fanny Kirkland was home from Asara a few days the last of the week.

Anna and Clarence Minard were home from Oakwood over Sunday.

Lillian Tandy and friend of Syracuse University were guests at her home here recently.

Saled Oil. Pure olive oil is always sold here when saped oil is called for. Never have we sold an adulterated olive oil, pints, 50c, quarts, 90c, Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Subscribe for THE TRIBUNE.

Five Corners.

Nov. 5—The farmers are improving every pleasant day. S. B. Mead and family are settled in their new home.

Erwin Snushall and family are occupying the house vacated by Mr. Mead's family.

Mrs. J. D. Todd and son Howell visited relatives in Venice from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. George Ferris invited several lady friends to a dinner Tuesday of this week in honor of her cousin, Mrs. Helen Heath, from Ohio. A very elaborate dinner was served and all enjoyed the day as one of pleasures.

Mrs. Helen Heath of Ohio spent last Friday with Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Ellison.

Mrs. Joseph McBride recently spent a week in Ithaca as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Perry.

Mrs. Charles Stevenson who has been suffering from a severe illness is very much improved.

Mrs. H. B. Hunt spent a few days last week with relatives in Auburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Brink of North Lansing visited her sister, Mrs. C. G. Barger, last Wednesday.

The young men of this place had a fine time Hallowe'en. They did some hard work, however, with all their fun.

The social which was held at Jump's hall last Friday evening was largely attended and every one enjoyed the evening.

Miss Edna Pearl Close, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer L. Close of this place, and George A. Swan, Jr., of Auburn were united in marriage at the home of the bride last Wednesday, Rev. Elliott Lawrence Dresser officiating. Miss Lena Corwin of Marathon was maid of honor and Miss Edith Lakey acted as bridesmaid.

The groom was attended by William Duncan. The bride received some very nice presents. The young couple have the best wishes of a large circle of friends. They returned to Auburn Saturday evening.

Forks of the Creek.

Nov. 7—Miss Edith Sill and Miss Laura Kratzer attended the reception at East Genoa last Thursday evening.

Harry Powers and wife and son Willard spent Sunday with A. S. Reeves and wife.

Charles Sill has purchased a new carriage.

Jay Boyer is pressing hay.

Mrs. Wm. Starner called at D. G. Ellison's at Five Corners Friday.

Alphabetical.

The kindergarten children are struggling with the alphabet.

"Who can tell what comes after G?" asks the teacher. Silence reigns.

Again she questions, "Doesn't any one know what comes after G?"

Then Carleton raises his hand. "I do," he says. "Whiz. Gee whiz."

—Woman's Home Companion for November.

Call at M. H. Swartwood's, Belltown, for your winter's supply of honey.

East Venice.

Nov. 4—L. A. Taylor was in Buffalo a few days last week on business.

Casper Nettleton and family spent Sunday at Simeon Signor's.

F. E. Young and wife visited at Amorella Strong's at East Genoa on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Connell spent Sunday with Hiram Wallace and wife at Venice Center.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Whitten spent Sunday with her parents, Wm. Sill and wife.

Louis Lester was in Scranton, Pa., last week.

Misses Lena and Mildred Teeter visited their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Teeter, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Ann Lester returned Sunday from an extended visit with Mrs. Ohas. Tupper of East Genoa.

Frank Young was in Auburn on business Monday.

Mrs. L. Young is seriously ill. Mrs. S. A. Whitten has been at Austin Taber's helping care for Mrs. Young.

B. T. Doty and wife have recently visited their son Willard in Rochester.

Miss Mattie Whitney spent Sunday at Austin Taber's.

Mrs. Edgar Tift was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Young, Sunday night, returning home Monday.

Gilbert Dean and wife called at Louis Lester's Sunday.

Miss Jane Donald is working at R. T. Doty's for a short time.

F. C. Mather and family spent Sunday with his parents at Cascade.

Fay Teeter was in Auburn Tuesday and Wednesday.

North Lansing.

Nov. 5—The ladies will give a reception for the pastor, Rev. K. F. Richardson and family, in the church Tuesday evening, Nov. 19. All are invited.

Thomas Small preached at Locke while the pastor, Rev. E. M. Cullinan, was in New York.

Arthur Lobdell is not as well for the week past. Mrs. Morgan of Asbury is helping to care for him.

Mrs. Sarah French has received news of the death of her sister, Mrs. Margaret Ingersoll, of Iowa.

George Forbes and wife expect to move in with their mother, Mrs. Margaret Boyles, before cold weather comes. Lottie Boyles will go to live with a sister in Ithaca.

The Ladies' Aid meets with Mrs. Alice Singer on Friday of this week.

Mrs. Ruth Norton and son of Auburn are at her father's called here by the sickness of her brother, Arthur Lobdell.

Mrs. Alice Singer gave a hallowe'en party for her Sunday school class on Friday evening of last week.

Venice.

Nov. 5—Will Whitman is suffering with typhoid fever and his son Howard has spinal meningitis.

Mrs. Robert Armstrong was in Moravia on Friday last.

Eban Beebe visited relatives in Union Springs a part of last week.

Charles Stevens made a business trip to Pennsylvania last week.

F. P. Cogswell of Auburn was a recent guest of friends in town.

Mrs. Gillette and son Nelson Gillette and wife of Michigan are visiting the former's brother, C. H. Misner.

Mrs. Franc Myers of Genoa spent a few days last week with her mother, Mrs. Boothe.

Mrs. J. P. Northway is under the doctor's care.

Mrs. Josiah Streeter had the misfortune to fall and sprain her knee quite badly.

Mrs. Charles Coffin spent a few days last week with her son Bert near Genoa.

Cigars by the box:
370's \$1.75 the box
Don Bravo 1.50 "
Brown Trip 1.85 "
Cuba Roma 2.50 "

Smoke three cigars of any of the above boxes and if they do not suit your taste, bring back the balance and receive the full amount paid for the box, Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

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

King Ferry.

Nov. 4—The Atwater evaporator gives work to quite a number of people.

A new pipe organ and carpet will soon be added to the Presbyterian church.

The Seybolt and Moe entertainments at McCormick's hall were first class.

Mr. and Mrs. George McLaughlin of Buffalo were in town on Saturday.

Mrs. Harrison Smith of Goodyear is at the Lee hospital in Rochester.

Mrs. Fayette Shaw and Miss Mary Stewart visited her recently.

Eugene Bradley returned from Newark, N. J., on Thursday.

Mrs. Charles Avery of Ledyard will spend the winter at the home of her father, George Mitchell.

Mr. and Mrs. Mort King of Cleveland are guests at the home of his father, G. W. King.

Dr. Dommett, dentist, will be at King Ferry Friday afternoon, Nov. 15.

Nov. 6—The entertainment given by L. H. Moe and W. H. Seybolt in McCormick's hall was very pleasing in every way. All who attended felt well paid.

Mrs. John Bruton of Auburn visited her mother last week.

Mrs. L. M. Day of Sidney was the guest of friends in this place last week.

Robert Bradley and Ward Atwater are attending business college in Auburn.

J. B. Dickinson and wife are visiting their son in Philadelphia, Pa.

L. Holt and wife of Union Springs visited friends here last week.

Mrs. Hatch and Miss Lizzie visited friends in Auburn last week.

Mrs. Sarah Ryder has returned from Genoa.

Thomas Turney has moved to Little Hollow.

Mrs. Carpenter of Ithaca is the guest of her brother, James Turney and family.

Uri Spafford is moving from Moravia to this place in part of Henry Chadwick's house.

Services will be held in the Episcopal church Sunday, Nov. 10, at 3:30 p. m. The Rev. F. Wetman, rector.

Lake Ridge and Vicinity.

Nov. 5—Mrs. Antoinette Daves and Mrs. Helen Heath of Ashland, Ohio, visited Mrs. Ellen Young in Weedsport, last week.

Ellwood Stoughton and Whitney Wager have started a hay pressing outfit.

Oliver Snyder is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

Mrs. Carrie Crouch, who has been ill for some time, is in a critical condition and slight hopes are entertained of her recovery.

P. P. King is working for C. H. Blue.

Rufus White is spending a month with Burt Swartwood at North Lansing.

Mrs. Abby Davis has returned from a month's visit in Minnesota and Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Fenner, who have been poorly, are improving.

Floyd Young and Miss Anna White spent Monday in Ithaca.

George Bower and wife have returned from a visit in Michigan.

Eugene Buck and wife have returned from a week's visit with Rev. and Mrs. George Loughton in Medina.

Llewellyn Davis made a business trip to Ithaca Monday.

Louise Fenner celebrated her fourth birthday Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. Whitcomb visited Mrs. McMaster in Summerhill last week. Mrs. Whitcomb remained to care for her sister who is seriously ill.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fenner is spending the week with her son, L. A. Fenner.

Mrs. Ernest Swartwood of Interlaken and Mrs. Merritt Winn of Ellsworth were guests of Mrs. Abby Davis last Wednesday.

Ellsworth.

Nov. 4—John Callahan of Auburn has been spending a part of the week with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. John White of Locke were callers in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierce of Falton were in town canvassing this week.

Howard Streeter and Mrs. Fish of Venice were callers in town this week.

Maurice O'Connell of Auburn has been spending the week at the home of his parents.

Mrs. Swartwood and son of Interlaken spent a part of the week at Merritt Winn's.

Miss Maggie Sullivan of Venice called on friends in town Thursday.

The many friends of Mrs. Hattie Husted Wixom will be interested to know that she has another little son.

Miss Edith Pine of Scipioville spent Sunday at the home of her mother.

Mrs. Jay Mack, who has been spending the past two weeks with her mother, returned to Union Springs Friday evening.

Mr. Gross of Auburn Theological Seminary conducted services in the chapel at Chapel Corners Sunday and will again next Sunday, Nov. 10.

Mrs. Merritt Winn made a trip to Genoa today.

Evans Morgan has accepted a position in Mosher Bros. store at Poplar Ridge.

West Venice.

Nov. 4—It looks as though winter is not far away. So much rain is making very muddy roads and keeping back the threshing of buckwheat.

Mosher & Nolan's machine broke down Friday, which will delay them several days; they have a great deal of threshing to do yet.

Mrs. Hattie Howell of Rochester visited her friend, Clara Cook, during the past week.

Patrick Cahalan and wife visited their daughter and family in Auburn one day last week.

Robert Cahalan has gone to the city to work in a shop this winter.

S. G. Cook of Poplar Ridge is in quite poor health. As he is almost 89 years old, his recovery is doubtful.

Mrs. Kitty Cahalan who has been quite sick for several days is reported some better.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Otis are rejoicing over the arrival of a little daughter at their home Oct. 30.

Mrs. Clarence O'Hara visited at J. W. Cook's Friday afternoon.

George Cahalan, who has been under the doctor's care for two or three weeks, is much improved.

Wilson Mosher has had a telephone (Southern Cayuga) put in his residence.

Ella and Effie Blair were over Sunday visitors at their home.

Helping the Blind to See.

A writer in the New Idea Woman's Magazine for November gives an account of the great progress which has been made recently in the work which is being done for the blind.

In the past the blind have been considered merely the objects of pity. Now this attitude has changed. More and more every year the blind are becoming self-supporting.

Educators have proved that they may read and write and enjoy all the intellectual pursuits that are thereby opened up, and still more recently have the economic pursuits, one after another, opened their doors to the blind.

Sewing, typewriting, massaging and piano-tuning are among the occupations in which the sightless may excel, and every opportunity for their pleasure and development is now given them.

The photographs which accompany the article are unusually interesting, showing as they do, the blind children and grown people at work and at play.

Readers of this Paper.

You should not forget that you can get The Syracuse Daily Post Standard for 25 cents. This will give you the best possible chance to see exactly what the paper is and it will be stopped at the end of that time without any further trouble to you.

Send this advertisement and 25 cents to The Post-Standard Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Appendicitis

Is due in a large measure to abuse of the bowels, by employing drastic purgatives. To avoid all danger, use only Dr. King's New Life Pills, the safe gentle cleansers and invigorators.

Guaranteed for headache, biliousness, constipation and jaundice, at J. E. Banker's, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater's, King Ferry, drug stores, 25c.

Dr. J. W. Whitbeck,

DENTIST



Genoa, N. Y.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
Corner of Main and Maple Streets.

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

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

Charges reasonable as elsewhere, consistent with good work.

No Extracting of Teeth after dark

East Genoa.

Mrs. Edgar Tift of Ithaca is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Smith.

Fred Bothwell has purchased a big gray seam of Mr. Jones.

The reception at the church Thursday evening passed off very pleasantly, quite a number being present.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Austin of Venice Center spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Armstrong.

Thomas Armstrong has rented his farm for the coming year to Mr. Eugene of Locke.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Smith, Mrs. Edgar Tift, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lobdell and Mrs. Lobdell were guests of Mrs. Amorella Strong Sunday.

Miss Mabel Westmiller spent Sunday with Belle Bothwell.

F. Champlin and B. Buck have been helping Wm. Shaffer gather his apples the past week.

Thanksgiving—Then and Now

Of all the monthly talks that Dr. Edward Everett Hale has given the readers of Woman's Home Companion, none have been more delightful than that in the November issue on "Thanksgiving—Then and Now."

With his wonderful power of reminiscencing, Dr. Hale talks, rather than writes, to his readers on the earliest New England Thanksgivings in their Puritanic setting, and then of our latter-day celebrations, still strong of the old-time flavor, yet pregnant with possibilities in which twentieth-century steam cars and motors play a large part. No one could have written so delightful a Thanksgiving homily but Dr. Hale.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment.

Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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THE AMERICAN NAVY.

Speech of Hon. Chauncey M. Depew at the Dinner Given by the Lotus Club to Admiral Robley D. Evans on Saturday, Nov. 2, 1907.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: It is a rare pleasure to escape even for an evening from the troubled waters of finance to the safe and peaceful waves upon which our navy gloriously floats; and, speaking of trouble, it is the profession and distinction of the Admiral that he has never avoided it anywhere and has always beaten it.

There is a story current in Washington which probably is not true but so characteristic as to be generally believed. The officers of the navy are always religious Sunday morning. Wherever they may be on shore or afloat they go to church. It is reported that Admiral Evans, being in New York, entered the church nearest his hotel and somehow escaped the watchful sexton and seated himself comfortably in the corner of one of the best pews. The owner and his wife coming in discussed with each other in great indignation this intrusion of a stranger upon their sacred preserves. The pew holder finally wrote on his card, handed it to his wife, who nodded her approval, and passed it on to the Admiral. It read, "Do you know, sir, that I pay one thousand dollars a year for this pew?" The Admiral promptly wrote underneath and passed it back, "You pay a damned sight too much. Robley D. Evans, Rear-Admiral, U. S. N." I am sure when the recording angel grasped the situation that in his laughter at the discomfort of the Pharisee his tears blotted out the expletive.

We have Pharisees in the Church, in the professions, in business, in public life, and sometimes even in journalism, but I never have known a distinguished officer of brilliant record, either in the army or the navy, who claimed that he was better, or braver, or greater than his associates and who did not most generously accord to each his full meed of merit. "I am holier than thou" is happily not one of the characteristics of those honorable professions the Navy and the Army.

On the worst day of the panic when money was impossible for the million-aire or the working man to get I walked into a book store. Books are luxuries and not salable in panics. I was the only prospective customer. The salesman finally forced upon me a series of volumes I did not want nor would any one else, when I heard a fellow salesman whisper to him, "I think the proper thing for you to offer the Senator would be the works of Charles Lamb." In no stress of weather during his long life has our open-minded, open-hearted and red-blooded guest ever been a lamb or fooled by a lemon.

The point of our compliment tonight is to the men who do things. We have passed many an evening in this club honoring gentlemen who speak or write things. In the last analysis it is those whose business it is to act who save the day. It was the speeches of Adams, Otis and Patrick Henry which brought on the Revolutionary War, but it was Washington and his Continental army who won the day. It was Wendell Phillips, Garrison and Wade preaching anti-slavery in the North and Jefferson Davis, Toombs and Benjamin advocating secession in the South which brought on the Civil War, but it was Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and the Grand Army on land and Farragut and Porter and the Navy on the seas, which saved the republic.

We have just passed through a crisis surpassing in peril to business that of '57, of '61, of '73, of '84 and of '93, all of which I witnessed. The internal interchange in production and manufactures in the United States surpasses that of all the world. Less than five percent of it is done with money and more than ninety-five percent with credit. In this fabric of national credit is every bank, every railroad, every manufactory and every department of labor, wages and employment in the country. For two days it seemed as if it might tumble about our ears and the consequence be more disastrous than any ever before known upon this continent, but the day was saved by the pluck, courage and genius for affairs of the men who do things.

The late William C. Whitney, when Secretary of the Navy, happily and farsightedly inaugurated the beginning of the building of a fleet which should be commensurate with our position and power among nations. This has progressed under the influence of Roosevelt until now we are nearly, if not quite, second among naval powers. A navy is to protect the coasts of its country and its commerce. Our coast on the mainland is practically impregnable, our distant colonial possessions are dependent upon our navy, but we are alone among the great industrial peoples in having no mercantile marine and no foreign commerce under the American flag. The merchant ships of Great Britain and Germany which are sailing upon every sea would in case of war be convoyed by battle ships, cruisers, torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers. From the mercantile marine of these countries would be drafted into their navies as auxiliaries a vast fleet of merchant vessels equipped with every modern appliance, and especially constructed for naval purposes. We would have practically none. I remember when a youth the pride which every American boy had in the clipper ships, which surpassed in speed all others and gave to us a position equal if not superior to any upon the ocean. I remember when

Iron succeeded wood how the Collins line of American Steamers, still in the front as to speed and efficiency, maintained the pride and power of the American flag upon the seas. But when the policy of the United States was changed and our mercantile marine was dropped by our government, while that of European countries was sustained, our flag disappeared in foreign commerce. It was once our proud boast that there was no port in the world where we were not honorably represented, and now the American traveler can belt the globe, and go in and out of its oceans and its seas, and in and out of the ports of Asia, Africa and Europe without once seeing from the masthead of the crowded shipping the emblem of his country. The supremacy of the seas went to England in the Lucania, to Germany in the Deutschland and to France in the Savoie.

The traditions and glories of the sea have come down through countless generations. Nothing so much interests peoples of every country as achievement upon the waters. A hundred thousand Englishmen cheered the Lusitania when she started upon her trial trip and thousands of Americans applauded her when she had won the trophy and docked in New York. But she was a British vessel built with the assistance of money contributed from the treasury of the British Government. The Mauretania, still larger and still faster, was cheered last week upon her trial trip by hundreds of thousands of English and of Irish, and she too when arriving in New York and winning the trophy for speed and superiority will be hailed by thousands of Americans. The Germans are building still larger and still faster vessels and the competition if successful will receive the applause of the Germans and the cheers of the Americans. But, where are we? Even Norway and Belgium are our superiors. We are a protectionist country protecting every article in which is invested capital or labor, but we are free traders on the ocean. England is a free trade country, but recognizing that commerce is her life blood she is protected to the backbone upon the seas. Foreign nations can construct and run their ships at nearly one-half less than we can because of our higher wages, and they have subsidies besides. Money to the amount of less than the cost of a single battleship annually contributed to our mercantile marine would make us equal in cost of building and operating with other countries, and American energy, enterprise and genius could be relied upon to do the rest.

Our post office advertises that letters for South America will be mailed by the steamers leaving on certain dates for English ports, there to be transferred to English vessels for South America.

Secretary Root made a most brilliant and successful expedition among the southern republics and did more for our diplomacy with them than any statesman in our history, and yet except for better and more permanent political relations it will be barren of results, because trade follows the flag and our flag does not go between North and South America except upon a few ships to a few ports.

We glory in our navy but some of us at least cannot help mourning that one of its most useful purposes, the promotion, extension and protection of our commerce, can have no possible place in its operations. Oh! for the return of the day when Americans can be proud and happy because the position of its clipper ships has been regained by its steamships.

This dinner is a hall and farewell to the gallant Admiral upon his voyage to the Pacific Ocean. The commotion which this expedition has created, and the discussion it has aroused all over the world is one of the eccentricities of the times. We have three thousand miles of coast on the Atlantic, and its harbors are familiar with our feet. We have an equivalent number of miles on the Pacific and most of its harbors have never seen an American battleship, or known the inspiration and education of an American man-of-war at their docks. Midway in the Pacific are our Hawaiian Islands and nearest to the Orient the Philippines. China, the great market of the future for industrial countries producing a surplus from their workshops, feels more friendly to us than to all others because in the matter of the indemnity which was exacted for the losses in the Boxer War the United States alone kept only what was due and honorably returned the balance. The Chinaman, as all know, as a merchant is the most honorable trader in the east. His word is as good as his bond, and nothing reaches or impresses him so much as commercial honesty in other nations and peoples. And yet the harbors on the Pacific coast whose boys and girls might be inspired with patriotism by the presence of an American fleet must not see the flag. Honolulu and the Philippines which can only be protected and maintained in case of trouble by an American fleet must not know by observation that we have one. But the Orient, which believes only what it sees, must be reminded of the fact that the United States is second among the naval powers of the world. Why? Why! can our fleet sail only on the Atlantic, and must not sail on the Pacific ocean? The answer is because it would offend the susceptibilities of the new power in the east—Japan. In the first place I believe that the Japanese statesmen are too sensible and too well informed to have any such feeling, or to desire trouble with the United States. In the next place, where any fleet of any friendly nation goes ours can go if it likes and it is no one's business but our own. Curiously enough there is precedent in our history for warning us off different seas. We were told during the Revolutionary

War that if we attempted to have a navy our ships would be treated as pirates and their officers hung. And yet that was defeated successfully and triumphantly by the father of the American navy, Commodore Paul Jones.

Just before and after the beginning of the nineteenth century, or say a little over a hundred years ago, the moors of Morocco, Algiers and Tripoli warned us that they would be deeply offended if our navy entered the Mediterranean. They then insisted that our merchant ships should pay tribute for navigating that sea. As a result we paid eighty thousand dollars to Morocco for this permit and forty thousand to Algiers for the release of American seamen who had been captured and held as slaves, and an annual tribute of twenty-five thousand dollars besides, and then we presented to the Dey of Algiers a ship of war which cost us a hundred thousand dollars. When the subsidy for 1800 was sent in the frigate George Washington commanded by Captain Bainbridge the Dey ordered his own tribute to the Sultan of Turkey consisting of slaves mainly, to be taken on board and carried to Constantinople, and that the American flag should be hoisted in its place. The American Consul made Bainbridge agree to this, and that splendid naval officer swore that if he ever again was asked to undertake such a mission he would deliver it at the mouth of his guns. The American spirit was at last aroused and our navy let loose. It was not long before Bainbridge, Decatur, Hull and Rogers forever settled the question of the right of the American navy to sail over the Mediterranean the same as the ships of war of any other nation.

In 1812 Great Britain disputed the equal privileges of the United States upon the Atlantic Ocean. Commodore Perry on Lake Erie and Decatur, and Hull, and Bainbridge again on the Atlantic established forever the unquestioned right of the American flag on its ships of war, and on its merchantmen to be unmolested on the Atlantic. And now in this year of Grace one thousand nine hundred and seven after a century of preparation, of production, of progress and of power it is proposed to close the Pacific, in which we have great interests as in any other nation. Gentlemen, there will be no war. After this expedition the American navy will be able to sail where it is ordered and when the United States Government thinks it expedient without any question being raised on any pretext of sensitiveness or hostility.

The President of the United States sends to the Senate for confirmation his appointments of judges of our courts, ambassadors, ministers and consuls. He sends also for confirmation his appointments and promotions of officers of our Army and Navy. The wisdom of these appointments is often questioned in the Senate. But there was an announcement in the paper this week which pleased every member of that body without regard to party. It was that the office of Vice-Admiral would be created and the President would send in to fill that supreme commission the name of our guest of tonight, Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans.

A Trying Time. Miss Bagley had been accustomed to regard every minute as gold, too precious to be wasted. The life led by the visitors at the hotel to which she went one summer with a delicate cousin seemed to her almost wicked, it was so empty of work.

One day Miss Bagley wandered off by herself for a walk in the woods, and when, after some hours, she failed to return her cousin began to feel anxious. At last, toward night, a search party started out. It was dark before they heard Miss Bagley's voice answer their calls and came upon her seated on a fallen tree trunk.

"It's a shame you had such a fright, Miss Bagley," said a kind hearted young man. "I suppose you thought you might have to stay here till morning."

"I wasn't bothering about that!" returned Miss Bagley scornfully. "I guess I could go to sleep in the woods without being eat up, but I was mad clear through to think I was lost without a sign of knitting work or so much as a table napkin to hem in my pocket."

"I kept looking at my watch and saying, 'Another half hour gone and I might have done most a whole shell on my quilt!' You don't catch me this way again, I can tell you!"—Youth's Companion.

Getting Mamma Out of the Way. In an Australian country town lived a widow named Sawyer and her pretty daughter Mary. As often happens, the daughter was in love with a young man against whom the widow entertained a most unmerited prejudice.

One morning Mary was missing, and her mother, divining the cause, rushed hatless and with a huge white apron enveloping her substantial figure down to the place where a coach left daily for the city, sixty miles distant.

The coach was upon the point of leaving, and, although Mary was not there, her luggage was. The irate parent took her seat, expecting that the girl would join the coach en route. As a matter of fact, this had been the original plan, and Mary had gone to a relative's house at the opposite end of the town to wait for the coach. Her brother, however, who was in league with her, gave the driver the hint, saw his mother fairly started on her wild goose chase and then rejoined the happy pair, who were married by a clergyman some two hours later.

Imagine the poor widow's feelings to find on arriving at her destination a telegram awaiting her announcing that the wedding had taken place.—Pearson's Weekly.

Saturday Night Talks

By F. E. DAVISON — RUTLAND Vt.

STONES CRYING OUT.

Nov. 10, '07—(Josh. 24:14-28).

The world is full of trysting places, altars of promise, mountains of aspiration, sanctuaries of vow and oath, monumental pillars commemorative, instructive and inspiring. Such a memorial of great historical significance will be the monument now being erected at Provincetown, Mass., the corner stone of which was laid by the President of the United States last August, the granite pile marking the spot where the Pilgrims first set foot upon New England's "stern and rockbound coast."

Such a pillar was that which Joshua erected under an oak at Shechem, in the presence of a great assembly of the people just before he died. The warrior who had driven out the Canaanites and carried on a successful campaign lasting 40 years, had seen all his military operations triumphantly completed and the people peacefully settled in the Promised Land. At the age of 110 he felt the premonitions of being mustered out and gathering a great assembly of the people he dedicated a monument that should stand as a constant reminder of their obligations and vows. The people made a new confession of faith, and a monument was reared like that at Bunker Hill and Waterloo and Marathon to keep green in their memories the transactions of that day, throbbing with history and pulsating with devotion and prophetic service.

So the earth is full of stones that cry out. Every individual, every family, every nation has memorial places, marking turning points in history, places of great deliverance, spots which cannot be passed without great memories leaping up from them, causing us to live our years over again in sudden agony, of pain or of rapture. It may be a child's grave. It may be a marriage altar. It may be a tree, a shady nook, a brookside, a country farm house, a city flat, a shimmering star, a fragrant flower, a toy or a keepsake. Whatever or wherever it may be, whenever we look upon it, it whispers words that cannot be forgotten or thunders its reverberations in the soul.

Palestine is today a heap of stones every one of which has a voice trumpet-toned concerning a nation that sold its birthright. It is a land of monuments but they all speak of departed greatness. They are tombstones over the graves of national suicide.

Joshua erected that witnessing stone so that it should not be possible for the Israelites to forget or to rescind the action of that day. And just like that it is impossible to wipe out of our memories the places at which certain vows were spoken, or memorable prayers were poured out of the heart. And these considerations hold many a man faithful to his vows who would otherwise break them. If he could somehow wipe out of existence the commemorative pillar he once erected so cheerfully, he could rush-down that path without a pang. But as it is he cannot get past it in a retrograde course. He is kept up to his best, because of what the past has been. He cannot get away from his vows.

The path of decline is not an easy path. Those who have reached a high level do not slip into the valley without a struggle. They are obliged to stifle conscience, and crucify memory, and grapple with judgment, and wrestle down pride, and obliterate the former footprints, and trample on holy places, and pluck up plants that love has watered, and close their eyes to hallowed scenes, and stop their ears to tender entreaties, and harden their hearts to every good impulse. The way of the transgressor is hard, but it is like the burning marl of perdition to the transgressor who has first tollsomenly climbed to the heights of respectability.

Let it not be supposed that defaulters and forgers who have succeeded in their schemes to get money, and who have fled to the uttermost parts of the earth with their booty find life a bed of roses. They are in hell now.

Memorial pillars are likewise of value to others. The stranger as well as the native is impressed with the commemorative stones of the land. He reads the lesson therein contained, and expects to see conduct appropriate to it. The American strives to live up to Bunker Hill, the foreigner within the gates would be filled with contempt for American loyalty if he discovered a disposition on our part to discount the meaning of that monumental shaft. Forever it stands speaking one message, casting its shadow over the whole land, from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate, and rendering it absolutely impossible for the nation that erected it, to repudiate the Revolution. So with the individual. The more definitely, decisively, publicly and permanently great decisions can be made, the less liability there is that in after years we shall repudiate what we did in a time of great inspiration. If we should do so, the very stones would cry out against us.

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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 free. 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.

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Designed and equipped for the convenience of handling their accounts.
RESOURCES: \$28,000,000.00

The GENOA TRIBUNE
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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.

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

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

Notices of engagements, socials, sales, etc., inserted once free; more than that a slight charge will be made.

Obituaries, five cents per line. Cards of thanks twenty-five cents.

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

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 8, 1907

DR. J. W. SKINNER, Homoeopathist and Surgeon, Genoa, N. Y.

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TRADE "GIT" MARK is a shot-gun remedy for acute and chronic rheumatism.

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THE OLD BOOKSELLER

By S. Rhett Roman.

Being fond of old books and rare volumes I often went down to look around Pere Gilbert's second-hand bookstore to delve and rummage about among the piled-up, dusty volumes in its dark recesses, always being rewarded for my search by the discovery of some treasure.

Claire always helped me in my explorations, dashing to attend to any occasional buyer who might drop in. But as I chose the late afternoon hours for my visits, we were rarely disturbed.

"Why did you name her Claire?" I asked Pere Gilbert one evening when we both sat watching her while she watered her flowers and the pretty vine which grew purple bells high up against the enclosing walls.

"Because I asked her her name the winter night when I found her wandering on the river bank, chill and terrified, and she said something that sounded like Claire. It was the indistinct prattle of a sobbing infant."

"Yours was a most Christian deed," I said, watching the happy look of the young girl and her singular beauty.

"No! no!" disclaimed the old disbeliever in creeds. "Who would not bring from the streets and shelter a stray bird or a wandering dog? Who that had ever known the pangs of hunger and the awful cruelties of the world would refuse to care for and shield a poor little atom of humanity left by accident and a cruel fate homeless and defenceless?"

"By Jove! that is a handsome woman," Dave Cummings whispered to me one afternoon when he sauntered in to look me up as I was getting some notes in Pere Gilbert's bookstore—data on early ecclesiastical history.

It was again early spring. One evening Claire sent for me hurriedly, for I had taken up my quarters not far away.

"Stay with me! My heart is breaking," she whispered. I held her little hands long and fast.

Yes, the Great Reaper was knocking for admittance, and her loving old protector was fast approaching the hour of separation so much dreaded.

ed it the part of a true affection to ward off dangerous eventualities by urging the child to accept the haven offered her, where neither care nor anxiety could enter.

How much did Claire care for him? A young girl's heart is an inscrutable mystery. But still—I thought I knew.

Of course, my own unpretentious home would open wide its doors to receive Claire and my heart would give her a glowing and exultant welcome, for she had crept in and now reigned supreme to the exclusion of aught else.

But why should I interfere to prevent? Dave's infatuation had deepened into those swift flowing channels.



DID CLAIRE CARE FOR ME?

which cut their way through a man's life, leaving landmarks which are never obliterated.

And although serene and gentle Claire always gave him a greeting with a brighter look, which drove away temporarily the pain now always in the depths of her great brown eyes.

It was again early spring. One evening Claire sent for me hurriedly, for I had taken up my quarters not far away.

"Stay with me! My heart is breaking," she whispered. I held her little hands long and fast.

Yes, the Great Reaper was knocking for admittance, and her loving old protector was fast approaching the hour of separation so much dreaded.

Use of Cement. It is quite the thing, now, wherever cement or concrete blocks are used for building purposes to have them water proofed by an application of a prepared mixture.

ALLIGATOR CLAW FAD.

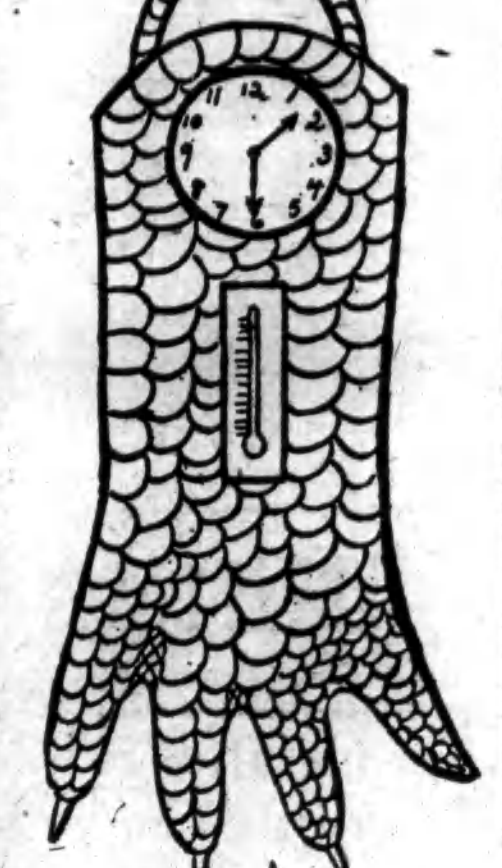
Quaint and Useful Articles Liked Especially by Men.

Within the last five years there has been a fad for utilizing the claws



of alligators in little articles made from their hides.

One clever scheme is to build match safes from one of Bre'r 'Gat-



or's extremities. There's sandpaper on the bottom.

The clock and thermometer combination is another bit of attractive usefulness.

HOME COOKING.

Plain Fruit Punch. One pint of lemon juice, 1 pint of orange juice, 1 1/2 gallons of water; sugar to taste.

Strawberry Salsd. Choose the heart leaves of head lettuce, heap a few strawberries in each and dust them lightly with powdered sugar; lay a teaspoon of mayonnaise on each portion and serve cut lemons with them.

Waldorf Salad. One cup of sour apples, 1 cup celery, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1/2 cup walnut meats broken in pieces; cut apples in thin slices, cut celery in small pieces, dust with salt and pepper, mix with mayonnaise or boiled dressing.

Delicious Cake. One and one-half cups of white sugar, 1 small cup of butter, 1 cup of milk, 3 eggs, 1/2 teaspoon of soda, 1 teaspoon of cream of tartar, 3 cups of flour.

Canned Cherries. Pick over the cherries carefully to make sure there are no wormy ones. Allow 1 cup of sugar to each jar of fruit.

The Courteous Woman. She is not the woman who has one tone of voice for her friends and associates and quite another for her servants and the tired people behind counters who wait upon her.

Care of the Hair. There are three great secrets of success in keeping the hair beautiful.

Use of Cement. It is quite the thing, now, wherever cement or concrete blocks are used for building purposes to have them water proofed by an application of a prepared mixture.

Attractive Prices Paid for Lumber of All Kinds. Write for Quotations. Herbert H. Lyon, Aurora, N. Y.

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We handle real estate in all branches and make a specialty of farms. We want to list every available farm. There is an increasing demand for farm property.

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Planing,

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Potato Crates, Honey Crates and Bee Hives made to order.

Cider made every day. Pure Cider Vinegar always on hand at 15 cents per gallon.

W. W. Hopkins, 12m03 North Lansing, N. Y.

Bird Foods and Seeds. A special feature with us. We have found that there are as many quantities of bird seeds as of potatoes and wheat, and we have stocked the best grades, clean, plump seeds.

Table listing bird seeds and prices: Rape Seed packages 10 cts, Canary Seed 10, Hemp Seed 10, Sunflower Seed 10, Maw Seed 25, Millet Seed 25, Unhulled Rice 25, Gravel 5 cts and 10 cts, the pkg, Cattlebond 3 cts. to 10 cts. each, Bird Manna 15 cts, Bird Bitters 25, Nestling Food 25, Mocking Bird Food 25, Prrot Food 15.

We also have a number of other remedies and foods for birds, and books telling about birds. Ask for one, they are free. Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

A Hard Debt to Pay.

"I owe a debt of gratitude that can never be paid off," writes G. S. Clark of Westfield, Iowa, "for my rescue from death, by Dr. King's New Discovery. Both lungs were so seriously affected that death seemed imminent, when I commenced taking New Discovery. The ominous dry, hacking cough quit before the first bottle was used, and two more bottles made a complete cure."

"I am so happy!" she said. "Ever since my engagement to Charlie the whole world seems different. I do not seem to be in dull, prosaic England, but in—"

"Lapland," suggested her little brother, who was doing his geography lesson.—Illustrated Bits.

Chocolate Pie.

The more you eat the more you want if they are made from "Our Pie" Preparation. Try it and tell your friends how easy it is to make delicious chocolate pies.

A Significant Prayer.

"May the Lord help you make Bucklen's Arnica Salve known to all," writes J. G. Jenkins of Chapel Hill, N. C. It quickly took the pain out of a felon for me and cured it in a wonderfully short time.

Help Wanted.

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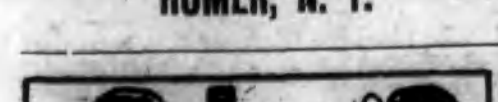
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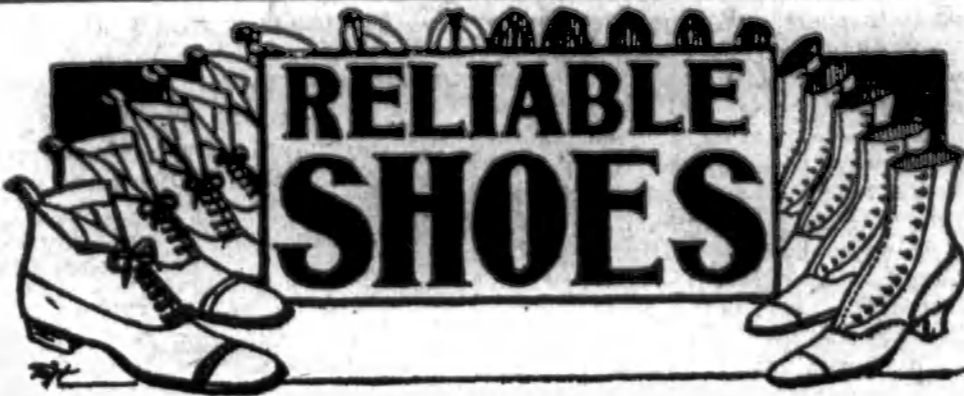
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You will find everything in
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In Cotton, Wool and Fleeced. Out-
ings, Blankets, Comforts, etc.

Granulated Sugar 5 1-2c lb.
11 Pounds Sweet Potatoes 25c
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2 Packages Force 25c
Yeast Foam 3c
10 Cakes Acorn Soap 25c

Wanted-Beans, honey & dried apples

Visit Our Furniture Department

New Goods arriving almost
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**Rockers, Chairs,
Tables, Sideboards,
Bedroom Suits, Iron
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Smith's Big Busy Store,

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We try to give you a little more for your money than other stores, so that you will become a regular customer of ours.

THE GENOA TRIBUNE.

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

Friday Morning, Nov. 8, 1907

The Greek Ideal.

"The rising generation must be trained to think and not merely to perceive and read," declared President Jacob Gould Schurman of Cornell university in a recent address to a gathering of educators. And he contended that the Greek ideal is that which Americans should seek to attain. As a people we are apt to think that we are so far ahead of all others and know so much more than any peoples of the past that there is little use in our going to them for example or inspiration. Perhaps it is wise to ask the question now and then whether after all we may not be too well satisfied with our achievements and the character of our civilization. The American spirit is usually described as commercial and utilitarian, but there are not wanting evidences that as a nation we are passing out of the era in which everything had to be gauged by the commercial standard. The question arises, Will we, having won our great triumphs in industry and trade and invention and in material progress generally, go forward to the attainment of a national culture which shall be even a greater achievement than any we have yet scored? President Schurman thinks that we will and that Americans have the capacity not merely to equal but to surpass the Greeks in the fields in which the latter have always been accorded the pre-eminence heretofore.

Looking back and reviewing the progress and development of the nation during the past century or more, it is hard to see that the present era is one of transition as to standards of living and ideals of conduct. The commercial ideal had away for a long time and perhaps is more prevalent than any other even yet. But it has been worked to the limit. The conquests of energy and enterprise under the impulse of the commercial motive have been great, and there is no occasion to minimize their importance. At the same time, having gained such great results along the lines of commerce and trade, the nation is now emphasizing more the value of effort in other fields. We no longer worship our captains of industry, condone everything they do on account of their typically American "genius for organization" and hold them up for emulation because they are such great

money makers. Instead we are calling them up with a short turn. The idea of service to the community is that which is coming to the front as the one which should be put before the youth who wishes success in life that is worth while rather than that which is so often labeled success, the attainment of wealth, no matter how. There is noticeable a reaction from the materialistic idea of progress and a reversion to a simpler but really larger life, including more all around development and ampler culture.

As to the Greeks, President Schurman reminds us that "the taste and intelligence of the Athenian populace far surpassed those of any other community that ever existed. It was not the few, it was the many who demanded and relished the friezes of Phidias, the dramas of Sophocles, the orations of Pericles. Even in the abstract discussions preserved in the dialogues of Plato, shopkeepers and tradesmen mingled as speakers with statesmen and philosophers. What we see is the spectacle of an entire community appreciating and enjoying the noblest culture."

However, even among the Athenians there was a slave class which did not share in the culture the freemen enjoyed, and for this reason Dr. Schurman admits that "since in America today all are free men there is a sense even now in which man for man our culture may be said to surpass that of the Greeks." The problem for America, thinks President Schurman, is to do "more than she has yet done for the development of a refined culture and a rational intelligence such as ancient Athens made the possession of all her citizens."

"How can Italy keep her people?" asks the Brooklyn Eagle. Without prejudice to hardworking Italians, who are valuable additions to the ranks of American toilers, it may be said that the United States would be very glad to have Italy keep some of the people who are coming to this country from the shores of the peninsula.

Mr. Choute is optimistic concerning the results of The Hague conference. Well, he has a right to be. Among the few excuses for optimism his work and that of his colleague, General Horace Porter, at the conference loom up conspicuously.

He—I could kiss the dust you walk on. She—What's the matter with the dust that does the walking?—London Mail.

Co-operation in England.

Co-operative production on a large scale has made comparatively little progress in the United States. The most ambitious attempts of the kind were made by the Patrons of Husbandry and the Sovereigns of Industry, but little is heard of the co-operative movement in this country at present. The very large attendance at the co-operative exhibition recently held in London indicated great public interest in the movement in England, and the published data concerning co-operative enterprises in that country show that the business transacted by them has become an important factor in the general commercial activity.

In 1862 the sales of the British co-operative stores amounted to about \$11,000,000, while in 1901, the fortieth year of the movement, the sales reached \$429,363,000. In 1904, the latest year for which statistics are available, the members conducting or participating in the profits of co-operative industrial establishments numbered 2,320,116. The sales amounted to \$483,316,640, with a net profit of \$48,958,730. "No small sum," said a commentator on the exhibit, "to be divided among the workers in twelve months." The present co-operative store movement comprises 1,500 societies. The employees number 75,000 and receive \$15,000,000 yearly in wages.

It is said that nearly a sixth of the population of the United Kingdom make their purchases, wholly or partly, at the co-operative stores. An economic writer notes that the guilds of the middle ages were managed by associations of workmen, each furnishing a share of the capital required, but their conservative methods led to their displacement by "capitalistic industry." The writer says that experience seems to show that when articles are produced to order and not for the general market co-operative production may succeed, "but that these enterprises fall when they are confronted with the difficulty of adjusting the supply to the variations of the market demands." The English co-operative movement appears to have considerable financial strength. For some reason the English workers have met with far greater success than the American in eliminating the middle-man in trade.

School Secret Societies.

Public school authorities of the country are confronted with a serious condition growing out of the activities of the secret societies in high schools. Parents are beginning to feel that the

fraternity idea has been overdeveloped and that the social aspect of school life has assumed altogether too large a proportion in the eyes of the children.

High school pupils may not be likened in this respect to college students, who in the great majority of cases are sent away from home to complete their education. The high school pupil is still under the parental control, and the parent is directly responsible. There should be no secrets on the part of a boy or a girl that cannot be shared with the father or mother. The fraternity in such circumstances tends to breed an unwholesome independence, which may lead far beyond the petty, trifling affairs of the fraternity, the secrets of the meeting room, the symbolism of the ritual into grave affairs of life.

T. V. Powderly of the bureau of immigration has discovered another resemblance between the Black Hand and the once powerful Molly Maguires besides the crimes of violence committed by both orders. He has learned in Italy that the Black Hand was organized there for the protection of women and young girls, and that only in this country has it been turned into an instrument of blackmail, terrorism and robbery. Similarly the Molly Maguires in Ireland was an honest and patriotic society, but the men who brought it here turned it into an instrument of terror and made it once respectable name a byword.

It is said that for the first time in the history of ocean travel the police of New York city and the transatlantic steamship companies have united in a war on gamblers who ply their trade on ocean liners. The wonder, of course, is that such a campaign of suppression has not been undertaken long ago.

By referring to his scrapbook Wu Ting Fang will realize that it is possible for a man to get a great deal of humorous notoriety in this country without being universally popular.

China gets its constitution by imperial proclamation, and it is a safe bet that it will have a workable system of representative government before Russia has.

No doubt the Louisiana bears are also in favor of a third term if it will keep the president too busy to do much hunting.

M. H. Swartwood, Belltown, has all kinds of comb honey.

WE HAVE ON HAND

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

**CUSTOM GRINDING
A SPECIALTY.**

**GENOA FULL ROLLER MILLS,
F. SULLIVAN, Prop.**

**We are Ready to Print
Your Auction Posters.**

**The
Auburn Trust Company,
63 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.,**

Capital and Surplus, \$300,000.00.

Interest allowed on monthly balances.
Household, Ladies' and Business accounts are solicited.
Letters of credit issued.
Safe deposit boxes for rent.

**Jahn M. Brainard, Pres.
Ralph R. Keeler, Treas.**

VILLAGE AND VICINITY NEWS.

—Mr. O. King has been ill for a week or more with gastric trouble.

—The typhoid fever epidemic in Moravia and vicinity is said to be abating.

—East Venice Grange will meet with Mr. and Mrs. T. Kimbark on Saturday evening.

—D. W. Smith has been suffering this week from a very painful carbuncle on his right hand.

—Mr. Morenus of Locke is in charge of Genoa creamery and will soon move here. He will occupy part of Mrs. A. A. Holden's house.

—Wm. Oliver and family have returned to their home here from South Lansing where Mr. Oliver has been at work on the railroad.

Wool and fleeced underwear for Ladies, Children and Infants at Miss Clara Lanterman's King Ferry, N. Y.

—Mr. Squire Howe was elected justice of the peace in the town of Ellicott, Chautauqua Co., by 651 votes, no votes in opposition being cast.

—Miss Lena Gilkey arrived home from Rochester last Friday for an indefinite stay, being obliged to take a rest from her work in Dr. Lee's hospital.

—The meeting of the National Grange will be held in Hartford, Conn., beginning Wednesday, Nov. 13. Special rates have been procured on the railroads, making tickets good for returning up to Nov. 28.

—Mary A. Doty, widow of William H. Doty, died at her home at Fleming Hill on Monday evening, aged 72 years. The funeral services were held at the home on Thursday at 2 p. m. Burial at Sand Beach cemetery.

Call and look over the new creations in millinery.

—The reception at the Baptist church last Friday evening was largely attended and was a pleasant occasion for all present. Very nice refreshments were served, the choir sang several selections and Rev. F. L. Allen made a few remarks.

—Leddra Holt and family are occupying the Korapough house on Park street for the winter.

—Charles Hacker of Los Angeles, Cal., is visiting W. H. Thomas and family. — Union Springs Advertiser.

—Genoa friends of Dr. Frank C. Hoskins of Cleveland, Ohio, have received the announcement of his marriage to Miss Jean Barnes on Oct. 30, 1907. Genoa was the boyhood home of Dr. Hoskins, and he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hoskins who formerly lived on the place where Thomas Tyrrell now resides.

Call at M. H. Swartwood's, Belltown, for your winter's supply of honey.

—Consent to the sale of a house and lot of 2 1/2 acres in the town of Genoa is given in an order that Judge Greenfield has granted upon the application of Daniel W. Rowley, as one of the trustees of the First Universalist church of McLean. The church in its petition says that the house has been vacant for two years and that there has been no success in securing a tenant. This has meant a loss as the church is called on to pay the taxes and other debts and for this reason the trustees deemed it advisable to sell the property for \$630. The house in question is located in this village and is known as the Dodd house. It is not known here who the buyer is.

Beauty Bath Soap, 9 cts. for a large cake. A pleasing and effective cleanser, Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

Worth Ten Times Their Cost
is what our patients often say about the glasses we have made for them. **THE REASON IS** that our glasses always give comfort to the wearer. They always fit perfectly. No guess work about it. Save your eyesight by having us fit your glasses.

E. W. KOSTENBADER, Graduate Eye Specialist, OROTON, N. Y.

—Dance at Armstrong's hall tonight. Everson & Roe furnish the music.

—Mrs. Grace Hetherington of Cortland was a guest at E. Dolton's on the Indian Field road last week.

—Horse cars have been abandoned in Utica and eventually they will be abandoned in New York city, says the Post-Standard.

—Asa L. Bailey of Lake Ridge and Miss Myrtle S. Cuatt of King Ferry were married Tuesday evening at Aurora by Rev. G. P. Sewall.

A large stock of House Dresses and Flannelette goods at Miss Clara Lanterman's, King Ferry, N. Y. 14w3

—Some of the old bridges and crude stair cases at Watkins Glen are being replaced by concrete and iron by the state commissioners in charge.

—The household goods of Mrs. Mattie Wattles were moved back to Scipio this week. Mrs. Wattles will remain in Genoa to care for her aunt, Mrs. B. A. Arnold, who is seriously ill.

—A Virginia rural newspaper closes an account of a wedding with the words, "The Times wishes them nothing but flowers and sunshine." If they can go through this era of high prices on that simple diet, they should be very happy.—Utica Press.

—Herman Bartels, Sr., the former Syracuse brewer, who was convicted of the crime of attempted arson in the third degree and fled to Canada before sentence could be pronounced in April, 1906, was brought back from Welland, Ontario, Canada, Saturday evening by Under Sheriff Thomas M. Walker and Deputy Sheriff Gilbert Johnston, and will probably remain in the county jail until the January term of Supreme court convenes when he will be tried on an indictment charging the crime of perjury.

Flower Bulbs for Winter Blooming
Chinese Lillies 10c each, 3 for 25c,
Paper White Lillies 3c each, 9 for 23 cents.
Golden Sacred Lillies 3c each, 9 for 23 cents.
Double Sacred Lillies 3c each, 4 for 10 cents Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

—The annual convention of the Cayuga County Sunday School association was held in Moravia on Tuesday. A special train from Auburn carried a large delegation. The president, Rev. A. W. Bourne, of Auburn presided, and the singing was in charge of Rev. A. A. McKay assisted by a chorus of Moravia young people. The ladies of the Moravia Sunday schools served dinner and supper. Rev. Arthur A. McKay of Auburn was elected president. A profitable day was spent with addresses from State Superintendent Alfred Day and Miss Minnie Dougherty, State Superintendent of Primary Work.

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

—The Republicans elected their county ticket on Tuesday by majorities estimated at from 1,400 to 2,000. The vote in the country districts was very light. The county officials elected are: County judge, Hull Greenfield; sheriff, Jessie Ferris; member of assembly, Dr. F. A. Dudley; surrogate, Walter E. Wooden; special surrogate, H. F. Millard; special county judge, Danforth R. Lewis. In Auburn, the Democratic nominee, C. A. Koenig, who is a brewer, was elected mayor after a bitter fight in which he was opposed by the Republicans and the temperance forces of the city. But two Republican city officials were elected.—Frederic Cossutt for president of the Common Council, and Charles Wills for assessor. The Democrats elected seven out of ten aldermen, and five of the ten supervisors.

—The annual show of the Auburn Poultry Fanciers' association will be held during the last week of January, 1908, in the Maccabee Temple in Water street. Many of the most prominent breeders of high class poultry in the state as well as other states have signified their intention of shipping entries to Auburn show.

Fine line new fall millinery. Mrs. S. WRIGHT, Genoa.

—Postoffice officials are convinced that the picture postal card now is the greatest single corrupter of public morals. They declare the custom of sending these souvenirs has developed into a mania, the extent of which it is hard to estimate. More than a million a day are mailed at various postoffices of the country, and daily from 40,000 to 60,000 are buried in the Dead Letter Office because of their objectionable nature.

—Edgar Boyer, a former resident of this town, was found dead in bed in his room at the Empire House, Auburn, Wednesday morning. Coroner O'Neill, who was called, said that death was caused by strangulated hernia. The deceased was 33 years old and is survived by his mother, a sister and a brother. The funeral will be held at the residence of his brother, George Boyer, two miles south of this village, today (Friday) at 1:30 o'clock. Burial at North Lansing.

—The view of some people who never attempted to run a country newspaper is that it should ape the great dailies and reek with sensation and scandal. It, no doubt, would please a class of people who seldom subscribe, but are full of knowledge as to how to run one, even though those who are its supporters would cease to be so. There are many people who want us to attack the other fellow, provided our authority for the statement is not revealed, and we take up the fight alone.—Ex.

M. H. Swartwood, Belltown, has all kinds of comb honey. 13w3

—A stock broker who has been nagged to death the last few days by a nervous friend who owns about four shares of stock, got even, says a New York paper, when he was called to the 'phone by the fretful one. "What's the news?" asked the excited man. "Brooklyn Bridge suspended," shouted the broker. "Heavens, what else?" "The Subway is in a hole." "I've got twenty shares of Inter-Mets!" yelled the nervous man. "What else?" "The Singer Building has gone up." "Good God!"—Ex.

Church and Society Notes.
A meeting of Genoa W. O. T. U. will be held on Friday afternoon, Nov. 8, at 2:30 p. m., at the home of Mrs. D. N. Rayner. All are cordially invited to attend.

The Ladies' Aid society of East Genoa will meet at the home of John Smith on Wednesday, Nov. 13, for dinner. Come prepared to work. All are invited. By OGDON PARR.

A New England supper will be given at the home of Mr. John Buckley at North Lansing on Friday evening, Nov. 15, for the benefit of the cannon fund. The cannon is now in the cemetery, nicely mounted and painted and when the work is completed no one will have cause to be ashamed of it. The committee wish to have it clear of all expense before it is formally dedicated, and all are requested to assist by being present next Friday evening.

Try our Job Printing.

Wanted--
All products of the Farm, Orchard and Dairy, to sell on Binghamton, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg or Buffalo markets.
Fred L. Norton,
Commission Merchant,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Found Dead in Wagon.
Patrick Donovan, who works the Mitchell farm near Poplar Ridge, was startled Monday morning when he went to his barn to find a horse and buggy edged in between two fences on his property. Inside the rig was a young man dead, and another, who was in a dazed condition, said that he was the dead man's cousin.

Coroner Louis F. O'Neill of Auburn was notified and went at once to the Mitchell place. After an investigation, he gave the cause of death as exposure and alcoholism.

The two young men had been out driving Sunday and in some manner procured a lot of intoxicants and both became very drunk. They drove aimlessly about the country and late at night stopped at the home of Samuel Cooke where they got some oil for their lantern. Mr. Cooke said that they were scarcely able to take care of themselves.

The dead man was Amasa Carter and he was in his 28th year. He was accompanied by his cousin, Ralph Carter, who could not explain how the young man came by his death. He admitted that both were drunk and had lost themselves during the night.

The deceased resided on the farm known as the Tupper place about a mile from Genoa village. He is survived by his wife and one child, his mother, three sisters, two brothers, all residing in the town of Genoa.

Funeral services were held at his late home on Thursday at 1 o'clock, Rev. E. L. Dresser officiating.

How a Dog Keeps Cool.
Professor E. L. Tronessart of the Paris Museum of Natural History, in a lecture on animal heat, remarked that the dog, whose respirations in repose number only twenty-five or thirty per minute, may in running acquire a rate of respiration as high as 350 per minute. The effect of this acceleration favors the dissipation of animal heat by evaporation from the pulmonary vesicles. The dog perspires very little or not at all by the skin, pulmonary taking the place of cutaneous transpiration. It is this fact which enables the dog to pursue its game so long and persistently. Animals of the cat family, on the other hand, do not possess this peculiarity, and for that reason tigers, panthers and lions lie in wait for their prey, but do not pursue it over long distances. The bird possesses pulmonary transpiration in a very high degree.

A Jubilee.
Some years ago, before Queen Victoria's death and about the time that the queen's jubilee was to be celebrated, the following conversation between two old Scotchwomen was overheard on a street corner in London:
"Can ye tell me, wumman, what is it they call a jubilee?"
"Well, it's this," said her neighbor: "When folk has been married twenty-five years, that's a silver wuddin', and when they have been married fifty years that's a golden wuddin', but if the mon's dead, then it's a jubilee."—London Mail.

Choice of Martyrdom.
Six-year-old Dick was preparing, much against his own sweet will, to go calling with his mother. It was the first time that Dick had been allowed to get himself ready alone, and he felt the importance of the situation. After having put on his hat and coat he suddenly remembered something and called downstairs, "Mother, shall I wash my hands or wear gloves?"—Harper's Monthly.

The Tramp's One Request.
The irate housewife found the tramp stretched out in her new hammock. "You miserable hobo," she snapped, reaching for the sprinkling can, "you just wait until my husband comes. He will bring you to your senses."
The tramp blew a puff of smoke at a butterfly.
"Madam," he yawned, "will you do me one favor?"
"What?"
"Yes, a favor. Instead of bringing me to my senses, kindly request him to bring my senses to me. I feel so tired."—Chicago News.

John W. Rice Co.,
Auburn, N. Y.

Our fall and winter stock is now complete and ready for inspection. Everything in black and colored dress goods and silks, and a full line of dress trimmings. Ladies', misses and children's coats and jackets. All styles, shapes and qualities of furs in sets and separate scarfs, ties and muffs at prices to fit any purse. Table linens by the yard and in sets with napkins to match. Wool and cotton blankets and comfortables, a good blanket for \$1.00. The reliable brand of "Black Cat" hosiery from 12 to 35c. No advance on these goods.
John W. Rice Co.

Big Bargains, Best Values

To close out the stock of H. P. Mastin, 25 per cent. less than cost at my home, Consisting of the following goods:

Men's and Boys' Felt Socks and Rubbers, Ladies' Shoes, Dress Goods of all kinds, Braids and Trimmings to match, Silks, Outings, Flannelettes, Cloakings, Tickings, Denims, Calicoes, Gingham, Covert Cloth, Table Linens red and white, all wool Flannel, Cretonnes, Silkolines, Laces, Corsets, Furs, Caps, Clocks, Watches, etc.

Yours for business,
Robert Mastin, Genoa.

Stop, Listen!

We have a good story to tell you about Horse Blankets. Our stock is new and up-to-date and the prices were never lower than now. Be sure and see our line before you buy. Remember the place.
AIKIN & KING,
Both 'Phones. KING FERRY, N. Y.

CLOTHING!

GENOA CLOTHING STORE.
Our Fall and Winter stock is now complete consisting of the latest creations in Men's, Youth's and Children's Suits, Overcoats, Rain Coats, Top Coats, Fur Coats, Chore Coats, Heavy Frocks, sheep pelt lined Coats, Mackintoshes, Pea Jackets, extra odd Coats, Vests, Trousers, Knee Pants, ladies' tailor made Coats, Rain Coats, Furs, separate Skirts, Petticoats and Hosiery.

Underwear
Unexcelled values in Underwear for ladies', gents' and children in rib goods, fleece lined and woolsens in all colors. Prices 25c to \$1.75 per garment. Union Suits \$1.00 to \$5.00.

Sweaters
A beautiful line of Sweaters in all styles, grades, colors and prices with the collars, in sweater coats and sweater vests, 1.00 to 5.00

Hats and Caps
Our line of Hats and Caps cannot be equalled as to quality, style, assortment and low prices. Beautiful line of Derbies and soft Hats in all shapes.

Everyday Clothing
It will pay you to call and look over our stock of everyday Clothing. We carry everything in the line of men's and boys' wear. Although goods have advanced our prices are as low as in previous seasons as we purchased in large quantities. Call and be convinced. We are always at your service to show our stock whether you wish to buy or not. All we ask is a fair trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

SPECIAL
We have just received 2 large cases of Underwear. They are double breasted, double in neck, lined with a heavy fine soft fleece. By buyin them in case lots we can sell them for 50 cents, equal to the regular 75c garments. Big values in ribbed underwear at 50c a garment. Come in and look them over.
GENOA CLOTHING STORE.
M. G. SHAPERO & SON.

The Scrap Book

Not in Her Class.

After preaching a sermon on the fate of the wicked an English clergyman met an old woman well known for her gossiping propensities, and he said to her: "My good dame, I hope my sermon has borne fruit. You heard what I said about the place where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth?"

"Yes," she replied, "but as to that, if I 'as anything to say it be this, let 'em gnash their teeth as has 'em—I ain't."

SCORN.

Who are the men that good men most despise?
Not they who, ill begot and spawned in shame,
Riot and rob and rot before men's eyes,
Who basely live and die, leaving no name.
These are the piteous refuse of mankind,
Fatal the ascendant star when they were born,
Distort in body, starved in soul and mind,
Ah, not for them the good man's bitter scorn!
He only is the despicable one
Who lightly sells his honor as a shield
For fawning knaves to hide them from the sun,
Too nice for crime; yet, coward, he doth yield
For crime a shelter, Swift to paradise
The contrite thief, not Judas with his price!

—Richard Watson Gilder.

From Vegetable to Animal Kingdom.

The handwriting of Dr. Buckley, the eminent Methodist divine, is almost illegible. On one occasion when he was to deliver a sermon on "Oats and Wild Oats" he sent an announcement thereof to one of the religious weeklies. Imagine his mingled chagrin and amusement when it appeared in print that he would preach on "Cats and Wild Cats."—Lippincott's.

Found a Better Place.

Once when I was going out to visit some friends I told George, my negro servant, to lock the house and put the key under a certain stone near the steps. He agreed to do so. It was late at night when I returned. I went to the stone under which the key was supposed to have been hidden. It was gone. I hunted around for about fifteen minutes, but still no key. Finally I went to George's house—he roomed outside—and rapped vigorously upon the door. A black head which I had no difficulty in recognizing as George's popped out of an upstairs window.

"Where did you put that key, you black rascal?" I roared.

"Oh, massa," answered George, "I found a better place for it!"—Mark Twain.

He Wanted the Secret.

A very aggressive crusade in favor of temperance was going on in a Scottish city, and a young philanthropist who had given large sums of money to help the cause, meeting a convert one afternoon, inquired how he was getting along.

"Ah, Robert," said the gentleman sadly, "I'm afraid you've been drinking again. I can smell it in your breath. Why not give it up altogether? You never smell the odor of liquor in my breath."

"No, sir; I never did. What d'ye dae for it?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Not Dangerous.

"An' how's yer wife, Pat?"

"Sure, she do be awful sick."

"Is ut dangerous she is?"

"No; she's too weak t' be dangerous anny more."

A Hitch in the Programme.

Senator Knox tells this story:

A delegation from Kansas visited President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. The president met them with coat and collar off, mopping his brow.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said, "dee-lighted to see you—dee-lighted! But I'm very busy putting in my hay just now. Come down to the barn with me, and we'll talk things over while I work."

Down to the barn hustled president and delegation.

Mr. Roosevelt seized a pitchfork and—but where was the hay?

"John!" shouted the president. "John! Where's all the hay?"

"Sorry, sir," came John's voice from the loft, "but I ain't had time to throw it back since you threw it up for yesterday's delegation."—Everybody's.

Provincialism Illustrated.

"You people out in Missouri," said a New York man to Congressman Champ Clark, "are all right, but you are too provincial."

"Provincial?" snorted Clark. "Provincial? Why, let me tell you, sir, the shoe is on the other foot. Nobody in New York knows anything about Missouri, but everybody in Missouri knows all about New York."

Lincoln and the Orange.

"I was eight years old when my father took me with him to Washington," says a man now prominent in national life. "It was during the darkest hours of the rebellion. We were walking on the street when a tall, thin man with very long legs and loose clothes and a frowning, wrinkled face came striding toward us. His eyes were fixed on the pavement. His lips were moving, and I remember thinking how cross he looked. But I was more interested in watching a ragged little urchin between us standing barefooted on the curb, his dirty hands clutched behind him, his lips twisting and his big eyes fixed on a pile of oranges in a vendor's cart. The vendor's back was turned while he made change for a customer. The tall man passed the boy at the same time we did. He stop-

ped suddenly, plunged a hand into his pocket, bought a big orange, gave it to the boy and went on.

"The boy was grinning and had already set his teeth in the orange, much to my envy, when my father asked him if he knew who gave it to him. He shook his head.

"That was President Lincoln, lad," my father said. "Hurry and thank him."

"The boy ran, caught the flopping coat, and as the stern face turned sharply he called, 'Thank you, Mr. President Lincoln!'

"Suddenly the face was transformed as I have never seen a face since then. A beautiful smile covered it. A voice which thrilled me yet said:

"You're welcome, boy. You wanted to steal it while the fellow wasn't looking, didn't you? But you wouldn't because it wasn't honest. That's the right way. I wish some men I know were like you."

Encouragement.

De Laye—I'm a mum-mum-man who nun-nun-never says dud-dud-die, dud-dud-don't you know?

Mrs. Goodie—Well, never mind. You certainly try hard enough to do so.—Life.

Inside Information.

A woman who is trying to "climb" into Washington society attended a recent reception at the house of Mrs. Taft. The crowd was so great that guests were hurried along the line of the receiving party, with merely a handshake with the wife of the secretary of war. The "climber," with determination written on her face, finally pushed her way up to her hostess and paused long enough to say, "How do you do, Mrs. Taft?" adding, with a very impressive manner, "I've heard of your husband."—Lippincott's.

A Palpable Hit.

"Daudet," said the late Richard Mansfield, "in his charming book called 'Artists' Lives,' shows us how the actor, the painter and the poet are tormented by their better halves. But has it never occurred to you that there is another side to the question? Don't the actor, the painter and the poet sometimes do a deal of tormenting themselves?"

"I have a friend, a playwright. His wife is good and beautiful. Last New Year's eve he said to her at dinner:

"Darling, I cannot begin the new year better than by confessing my turpitude to you. Know, then, that ours was a bigamous and illegal marriage. My real wife, with her three children, is living in Denver."

"The lady ran distractedly from the room."

"Calm yourself," the playwright shouted as he put down his knife and fork and hurried after her. "That isn't really true. It is only a speech that the villain makes to the heroine in my new play, and I wanted to get some idea as to how the heroine would take it."

Everything Belonged to the Boss.

An old bachelor who lives in the suburbs of a southern city hires a colored man to clean up his room, fill the lamp and perform like services.

"Boss, our blackin' am done out," said the darky to his employer one day.

"What do you mean by saying 'our blackin'?' Everything belongs to me. I want you to understand that nothing belongs to you."

On the following Sunday the bachelor met the colored menial, accompanied by a chocolate colored female pushing a baby carriage.

"Was that your baby in that carriage?" he asked next day.

"No, boss; dat's not our chile. Dat's your chile. I's nebbber gwine to say nuffin belongs to me no moah."—Ladies' Home Journal.

An Ethical Distinction.

Representative Robinson of Indiana was declaiming on the beauties of nature. "I love to see the early morning sunshine kiss the dome of the capitol, paint it golden and make it look glad."

"I'll bet you \$10 you never saw it," said Representative Ruppert of New York.

"My son," replied Robinson, "this is a poetical, not a bookmaking, proposition."

Hard to Be Just to a Rival.

John B. McDonald, builder of New York's subway, was seeking to escape a direct opinion about another contractor.

"It is rather too much to ask of human nature to be just to a rival," he said. "I once had in my employ a laborer, and a good worker he was, whose activities were cut short by a premature blast. I overheard two of his friends discussing the victim."

"It's an awful thing, Paddy, the way poor Dinny was tuk," observed Casey.

"It is, it is," replied Paddy feelingly. "A fine mon was Dinny."

"He was thot."

"And a fine shoveler."

"He was a good shoveler," admitted Paddy.

"As good a shoveler as youse find in a year's lookin'!"

"He was a good shoveler—a good shoveler, he was, but he was not what you would call a fancy shoveler."

An Evasive Answer.

A lady, sending a green servant to answer the doorbell, said, "If anybody asks if I am in, give an evasive answer."

"Who was it?" asked the mistress when the servant returned.

"A gentleman who wanted to see you, ma'am, and I gave him an evasive answer."

"What did you say?"

"I asked him if his grandmother was a monkey."

THE TRICK ...OF... LAMFADA.

By Countess Cromartie.

The camp fires showed red against the evening sky and lighted up a shelter built of pine boughs and wattles where sat Cormac, High King of Erin, with his kinsfolk. For weeks they had besieged the dun of Forgall of the North, and failed to oust him or his warriors. The young king frowned as he thought of the taunts Forgall's envoy had thrown at them that very day—taunts that would mean a life-long feud with Forgall's clan as they ate and drank they cursed Forgall while they despised him for keeping to his stronghold like a trapped wolf. Silence fell as the harper chanted a song of the days when the gods walked the earth among men, and told how Lu Lamfada won the love of the prisoner daughter of Balor of the Evil Eye by entering her prison in the guise of a fair woman so that the prophecy might be fulfilled that foretold that Balor would die by the hand of his own grandson. And the song told how the girl's captivity had been in vain against the word of the gods.

While the harper sang Cormac was still thinking how they might enter Forgall's fort, but Conan, the youngest there, seeing the king's wine-horn empty, rose, lifted the great bronze wine jar, and filled it. Conan was only fifteen years of age, but he had already won a name for swordsmanship. Tall and slim he was, with laughing eyes and copper-red hair that fell to the silver-bered belt he wore. As the wine gurgled out of the jar in a yellow stream the king's angry eyes wandered among his ten cousins, all as young as, or younger than, himself. Among them were Etercel of the Charlots; Cashel the Bard, who made songs even when he was in the middle of a fight; Fergus of the Long Spear, whose comeliness was hardly spoiled by an old sword-gash that marked him from temple to chin; and Conan, the boy, who had put down the wine-jar and stood with his elbow on the back of Cormac's seat. Besides these named there were six more, as good fighters and as young and handsome as Cormac himself. All but the ten had risen, bowed to the king, and gone out.

Suddenly Cormac's anger seemed to vanish. He leaned across the board, put a hand on Cashel the Bard's shoulder, and whispered in his ear, and Cashel threw back his head and laughed loud and long.

"By Lamfada himself, a cunning scheme!" he said, when he could speak.

"We will not tell the others," said Cormac. "We will do it."

"How about Fergus, O King?" laughed young Conan. "He will never be able to play Lu's game."

Fergus shrugged his shoulders. "I will say my man did it in a drunken rage," he said.

"I go to hunt for women tall enough to suit us," said Cashel the Bard, and he took his horse and rode away into the night. * * * It was the next night; the besieged Forgall and his warriors were at their evening meal in the hall of the dun—Forgall, as was his custom, was slightly drunk—when an excited sentinel rushed in and informed him that seven fair women craved his protection and the shelter of his noble house.

"They say they have escaped from Cormac's camp," added the man. "Well, well," growled Forgall, "let the wenches in; they may have information." So the wenches in question were ushered into Forgall's presence. They were eleven in number; the one who looked the eldest among them was very tall and dark, and she stood in front of the others, facing Forgall. She carried her head high, and her eyes did not waver under Forgall's drunken stare. Had the company been less intoxicated they would have noticed that her hand had a trick of going to her hip as if she carried a sword there. But before that took root in Forgall's muddled brain the youngest of the party, a wondrous fair woman with red hair coiled round her head, had clutched her companion's arm and leaned upon it, as if overcome with weariness.

Forgall spoke then. "Sit down and eat, all of you; thou, my black beauty, sit here." He pointed to the seat nearest him, and the tall woman sank into it.

"So—you are from Cormac's camp; I wonder he let you go; but it shows your good taste to come here," chuckled Forgall. The dark woman shuddered. "Cormac is a man of much evil," she said in a low, deep voice. "I came away for the sake of my little sister yonder." She nodded toward the red-haired damsel who sat near.

The "little sister" was moved to tears, for she covered her face and rocked to and fro, sobbing chokingly. The elder one lifted the wine-cup near her and drank deep.

"Thou art not a bad hand at a wine horn," said Forgall. "High gods! what an arm!" The dark woman flushed angrily, and shook off Forgall's grasp. Her ten companions glanced at each other apprehensively, before she leaned back and spoke calmly and lazily.

"Thou dost do me much honor—Lord. In my youth I have drawn a sword, which perhaps makes me less feeble—say than that red-haired wench, my sister."

The sister at that moment was freely answering the jests of an intoxicated warrior, and hearing her elder's voice, was seized with an ungovernable fit of coughing. At that moment Forgall rose unsteadily. "Follow me to the women's apartments," he said with drunken ceremony. All enemies of Cormac are my friends," he ended with a burst of affection, clinging to the dark woman's arm, which he seemed unwilling to relinquish. The dark woman smiled, and the ten followed the unsteady steps of the chieftain.

And in Cormac's camp men searched wildly for their king and his ten cousins.

"This is going to be sport, but how are we to fight eleven to a hundred?" said one of Forgall's guests who carried a sword cut across her cheek. "Where does he keep his women?" said the red-haired damsel, yawning. Upon which one of her companions boxed her ears soundly.

The ten were sitting in a large chamber high up in one of the towers of the dun.

"We have got in, anyway," said the dark woman. "So the game is half ours. Hiss! what is that?"

The door swung open slowly, and a girl's face appeared—a young face, but pinched and white with much work and little food but for all that fair to see. She carried a bronze tray, and on it were eleven wine cups. She came in silently and went round to the eleven women. Some sat on the skins upon the floor, others lounged on the couches covered with wolf and deer hides that were ranged round the walls of the great guest chamber. They all took the wine cups and drank, from the tall dark beauty who watched the girl through half-closed eyes to the red-haired damsel who smiled at her frankly. Suddenly the dark woman lifted herself on her elbow and caught the girl by the arm as she passed, noticing even as she did so that the girl shrank back and put up her arm, like one used to many blows.

"Child, whose slave art thou?" said the dark woman gently.

"The slave of Forgall's wife, lady." The girl glanced over her shoulder as she spoke.

"Ah! not Forgall's?" said her questioner with a low laugh.

"No, lady," faltered the child—she was little more.

The dark woman's eyes wandered over the tense, strained weariness in the girl's face, the hunted half anger, half terror of the wild blue eyes, then she spoke again slowly. "It seems thou hast little pleasure in Forgall's household. Of what province art thou?"

"I am of Alba, lady. Forgall's wife bought me a year ago."

"And beats and starves thee, it seems." The dark woman's voice was very gentle.

The girl faced her for an instant, then spoke, still with that scared glance over her shoulder, though her voice hissed through her teeth with the piteous, blind fury of a trapped thing.

"Lady, I pray the gods that Cormac the King may conquer Forgall and leave naught of this dun but the empty walls. I pray—" her voice choked, and she burst into a fit of sobbing. "Tell them not what I said," she gasped then; "she would kill me."

"No, no," said the dark woman, softly. "But listen here, child; you can get your revenge if you like." She drew the girl closer and whispered in her ear, putting a hand over her mouth and stifling her cry of amazement.

As she had spoken one of the women had arisen and put her back against the door.

"Hush!" said the dark woman, letting the slave girl go. "One word; wilt thou do it or wilt thou not? 'Tis not a long way to the camp. Ah! thou wilt do it," she added, with a low laugh, as Malv the slave, dropped to her knees and pressed a corner of the cloak the other still wore to her lips. The dark woman drew off a ring she wore and pressed it into the girl's hand. "Show that and they will come," she said.

And the girl rose and went without a word. When she was gone one of the ten gave a great sigh. "I would never have thought of it," she said.

"Trust a slave who is fair and badly treated by an enemy to serve us well," yawned the dark woman. "Wake me at midnight; they will be here by then, and we must secure Forgall."

"How?" said the last speaker.

"That is my business," said the dark woman, and fell asleep.

entered his hall that night. He could not move, though he heard the crash of the great door that was burst open from below.

So the warriors of Cormac the King stormed in and took the fort. "I drank thy wine and made a fool of thee, so I give thee pardon, Forgall," said the young King.

And Forgall had no choice but to be Cormac's man, since Cormac had beaten him. So he got off with his life, but he lost much cattle and other goods, and his wife lost her best handmaid, Malv.

When they had returned to their camp that day the ten held a feast in their King's honor, and Conan did cup-bearer as before.

"The little sister did not do badly," said Cormac.

"O, King, may I never have to wear such a garb again, and may I never have to pretend to weep when I am choking with laughter," said the boy.

"Where is the girl who helped us?" said Cormac then and they sent for Malv, the slave. "Well, wilt have thy freedom and go home to Alba?" said the King kindly.

The hunted blue eyes found his face timidly, "No, lord," the girl's voice came hardly above a whisper. "What wilt thou have, then?" he asked.

"Naught. I—I would sooner stay in the land of the King." The girl was trembling as she spoke and she leaned heavily against the board where the ten sat.

"Very good, thou shalt stay," said Cormac, and then the feast went on. And they laughed at the trick they had played upon Forgall, and pledged the harper with a shout as he entered, for he had put the thought into Cormac's heart with his song about Lu Lamfada and the winning of Balor's daughter Ethnea.

Leo XIII's Handkerchiefs.

Many people have read of the beautiful layette presented by Pope Pius X. to his godson, the Prince of the Austrias, but the historical interest attaching to part of it is not generally known. When giving the order for the layette it occurred to his Holiness that something might be done in connection with it with some exquisitely fine new cambie pocket handkerchiefs that had belonged to the late Pope Leo XIII, and which had in the course of events come into the possession of his successor. Accordingly, after consultation in the proper quarters, these handkerchiefs were fashioned into some of the dainty little garments that help to swell the little one's wardrobe, and so during the next few months the heir to the Spanish throne will be at least partly clothed in what had once been the property of the great and good Pope who twenty-one years ago assumed the duties of godfather to the royal infant's own father, Don Alfonso XIII.

A Chinese Dinner.

"E. T. Snuggs of Shiu Hing, missionary of Southern convention, and I dined with P. P. Wong, a wealthy business man of Shanghai," said the Rev. Dr. N. R. Pittman, one of the two Missouri representatives to the great missionary conference in China and the only representative from Kansas City.

"He invited to dine with us four Chinese gentlemen of learning and wealth. They spoke English with accuracy. The dinner was a feast. The course consumed two hours. When we had been dining almost an hour, I asked Sinsing Wong how many more courses. He said 'Sixteen.' Every 15 minutes a servant brought to each one of us a hot cloth with which he wiped our hands and faces. We surely had a hundred different dishes. We had birds' nest soup. We had things from air and earth and sea, and brook. That dinner must have cost Sinsing Wong \$100 in gold."

President Harrison's Secretary.

Few of the younger generation who read lately that Major E. W. Halford a paymaster in the army, was to be retired from the service shortly realized that the officer is "Lige" Halford, who was secretary to President Harrison—"private" secretary he was called then. The old timers among the newspaper men add others whose business took them to the White House in Harrison's Administration recall Halford as one of the best fellows who ever occupied the trying position held by William Loeb. He and Dan Lamont share honors in this respect. It was not always easy to see General Harrison, but Halford was always accessible, always affable, and usually an excellent source of news. His army commission was signed by President Harrison only a few weeks before the latter's Administration closed.

Holland Sea Signals.

Holland seems to be pioneering a new development of sea signals which may render coast lightships of double utility to vessels in times of fog. At a point of the North Sea northeast of Texel Island is moored the Dutch lightship Haaka, which has been equipped with a novel system of submarine signals by means of sunken bells. In fog, snow or hail or whenever from any cause the weather is judged "thick" enough, these bells can be sounded once every three seconds. The system has been installed as a practical working test and if the results are deemed to be good enough it will be adopted generally on all Dutch lightships—perhaps also on those of Belgium.

Notice to Creditors.

By virtue of an order granted by the Surrogate of Cayuga County, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of Frank H. Thayer, late of Genesee County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the administrators, at or before the 31st day of April, 1907.

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

Dated Oct. 7, 1907.
8 Edwin Day,
Attorney for Administrators,
Moravia, 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 Charles J. Baker, late of the town of Genesee, 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 Post Dickinson, County of Broome, County of Cayuga, on or before the 31st day of April, 1907.

RUFUS S. RAYBURN,
Administrator.

Dated May 17th, 1907.
Benjamin C. Mead, Attorney for Administrator,
125 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 Sara A. Bourne, late of the town of Ledyard, Cayuga County, N. Y., deceased, are required to present the same with vouchers in support thereof to the undersigned, the executor of, etc., of said deceased, at his place of residence in the town of Ledyard, County of Cayuga, on or before the 17th day of November, 1907.

C. BRADLEY, Executor.

Dated May 17, 1907.

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 David Cornell, late of Venes, 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 Venes, County of Cayuga, on or before the 31st day of November, 1907.

H. ARTHUR STANTON, Executor.

Dated May 17, 1907.
Ralph A. Hartley, Attorney for executor,
Moravia, N. Y.

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Dated May 17, 1907.

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TEMPERANCE TOPICS.

Moderate Drinking.
Men who believe that an alcoholic stimulant taken in moderation is practically harmless and that it is a necessity due to the rapid pace of modern life, especially in great cities, will get little comfort from what Dr. Edward C. Spitzka, a recognized authority on nervous diseases, says.

In fact, he adds his testimony to that of other physicians, who agree that the man who occasionally indulges himself in drinking to excess is far less liable to the injurious effects of alcohol than the habitual steady drinker.

"No drop of alcohol ever did any real good," he says, "except in cases of emergency and disease, and then only temporarily. The statements to the contrary are absurd and misleading and are responsible, I believe, for much of the drinking that is being done. A man is absolutely deluding himself who believes that he needs a stimulant of this nature and that the craving for it is a call of nature and consequently that, nature being infallible, his system must need the stimulant."

The reverse is true. The fact is that steady drinking is much more injurious to the brain worker than to the man who depends upon his muscles for his living. The brain worker's nerves have already been poisoned by the poison of weariness, and the alcoholic stimulant then has a more injurious effect than in the case of a man who is merely physically tired.

"It is the result of my experience that steady drinking, too, is far more injurious to most constitutions than occasional excessive drinking separated by periods of abstinence or moderation. Another sure thing is that the steady drinker who opens his day with a cocktail, who drinks on an empty stomach, is at a great disadvantage in the race of life with the man of reasonable habits. The changes in the liver and kidneys, so often fatal, and of brain membranes are rather found in the cases of steady drinkers than among those who occasionally indulge in excesses."

"One of the particularly disastrous features of steady drinking is that the man addicted to it becomes in time unable to take the same amount of alcohol into his system without suffering disproportionately therefor. This is the kind of patient who may appear to be suffering from delirium after having taken only a few drinks, but the delirium is not really due to the amount of liquor he has taken, but, in fact, because of the brain changes which have already occurred in consequence of his previous drinking."

"From the time that the brain becomes thus affected the consequences of even moderate drinking are comparable to an avalanche which gains in its power for harm as it rushes onward."

Pulque Drinking in Mexico.
It is obvious, says a writer in the American Issue, that the City of Mexico has a very serious liquor problem, whether it is conscious of the fact or not. Pulque, the national drink, is consumed there in enormous quantities, and the effect on the inhabitants is deplorable. The writer calls this liquor the curse of the country. The working people, he says, spend the larger part of their incomes on it and are debased by it body and soul.

Americans who have tasted the stuff will agree with him that it is disgusting, but the taste for most liquors is an acquired one, and pulque has its defenders who boast of its medicinal properties. Probably as much can be said for it as for most alcoholic stimulants, and we may consider it as the local agency for a general curse. The Mexicans merely get their dose from the maguery plant instead of from grains, fruits and sugar. They are ingenious enough also to get two kinds, the pulque, which corresponds with beer, and the mescal, which is a very fiery liquor that saves the drunkard time by paralyzing him in short order.

As most of the people are either Indians of the full blood or have some trace of the Indian in them, we may infer from our own experience with the native American tribes that they are very easy victims of strong waters. Furthermore, it is a fact that they have little power of resistance. The writer does not exaggerate when he calls the national drink a national curse, for it is absolutely ruinous, and excessive drinking is such a common vice that it is generally treated as a frightful evil by observers of the country and the people.

It is evident, therefore, in spite of all the wonder stories that have been told of the varied uses of the maguery plant, that its misuse is of far greater importance.

It is too late to break yourself of a bad habit after the habit has broken you.

It is well enough for young fellows to remember that dead fish never go upstream.

If you swallow strong drink down, the devil will swallow you down.—Adam Clark, D.D.

There are a good many people who would sell their experience for less than it cost them.

MARRIAGES MADE ON EARTH.

By Olive Malvery.

At lovers' perjuries. They say Jove laughs.

—Romeo and Juliet.

A girl stood on the quay straining her tear-misted eyes to catch a last glimpse of the ship that was bearing her lover away.

So lately she had felt his loving arms about her, and his fluttering breath had raised the soft hair from her temples as he stooped to kiss her. Now he was out on the sea, and with the sound of the waves there mingled his last yearning words.

"Be true to me, Nellie love. I shall soon come to claim you. Then we shall go out to that golden country together."

But her courage had broken in that hour and she sobbed on his heart:

"Oh, Jack, if I could but go with you now! I shall miss you so!"

"Cheer up, darling. India is a rich land; I shall make a fortune and come for you soon. Only be true to me!"

Thus they had spoken a short hour



NELLIE GREW SICK AT HEART.

ago. Now Jack was beyond sound of voice or touch or hand.

"How long will the cruel sea divide us?" whispered Nellie as she turned homeward.

Jack West and Nellie Ford had been engaged for two years. He was a teacher in a preparatory school for boys, on a salary of \$60 a year, and she was the daughter of a London solicitor, whose work was greater than his income.

But the lovers were young and hope beat high. They told each other every day that "something would turn up" to enable them to marry. And when the offer of a good appointment in an Indian college was made to Jack they felt as if Providence had befriended them, and almost believed that they heard their own wedding bells in the still evening air. The thought of the inevitable parting was put away till Jack was actually ready to sail. Then the bitterness of it smote the two hearts like a sudden dreadful storm. For the girl a long and lonely waiting seemed to loom ahead. The man at least was going to a new life full of novelty and hope.

The same ship that bore Jack West away from the girl who was his promised wife also carried a party of gay tourists. Among the company was a young and bright-eyed girl, a Maud Somers, who was returning to her Indian home after being educated in England. This late-ly emancipated school-girl was the life of the company and soon established herself as first favorite on board.

After the usual spell of mal de mer Jack appeared on deck and gradually he and Maud Somers drifted into a warm friendship. They had a community of tastes and the girl's knowledge of the land to which he was going a stranger made Jack anxious for her opinion and advice on many matters connected with his new duties. Strange how much the two found they had in common and when the girl discovered that Jack West was going out to take a tutorship at Lal Bagh College she clapped her hands in glee.

"Why," she said, "my father is principal of Lal Bagh. What a stroke of luck!"

Jack was pleased, too. He had found a pleasant and useful friend. The two chatted by the hour. Life on board ship lends itself to quick intimacies, but somehow Jack never found an opportunity of telling his pleasant companion of his engagement to Nellie Ford. He thought of doing so several times, but put the subject off to a more convenient season and so the new friendship flowed on till Maud Somers came to regard the handsome young tutor as her special property.

India, it must be confessed, is a delightful land during the winter

months. The stations in the plains are full of visitors, tourists and folk returned from their sojourn in the "hills." Jack West arrived at his destination in November, when the roses were blowing in the gardens and the air full of a cool and pleasant sweetness. He found the life of an "exile," as he had styled himself when leaving England, in no way unpleasant. He was invited to tennis parties to afternoon teas, to charity bazaars and was always a welcome guest in that most hospitable of lands.

The principal, Dr. Somers and his good wife treated him like a son and he enjoyed full freedom in their beautiful house, standing in the fine grounds of Lal Bagh College. The gayety and glamor of the new life fascinated Jack and with Maud constantly at his side his mind lost the fresh image of Nellie's pale, sweet face. He suffered some hurt from his conscience, but he stilled this accusing witness with clever sophistry.

"This sort of life would never suit Nellie," he mused; "she is such a shy, home-loving girl. This strange new world would never satisfy her. The poor girl would be utterly miserable away from her people and I shall not be able to afford her trips 'home' every few years. The summer in a country like this would kill a delicate girl like Nellie."

So Jack, for the best and most unselfish of reasons, married Maud Somers, who brought him an income of three hundred pounds a year.

Nellie spoke no word when this news came. She made no cry. But she drooped like a stricken flower.

Mrs. Ford's wrath was great, and it was to escape her mother's constant abuse of Jack and the neighbors' pitying glances that Nellie consented to marry Colonel Hall, a retired officer, who had long loved her.

It is true the Colonel was old enough to be her father, and Nellie had only a young girl's respect and liking for him. But the old officer was comparatively rich; Nellie's marriage with him would give her opportunities for helping her family.

Sometimes before the wedding Nellie grew sick at heart, picturing her young life linked with that of the old Colonel, who loved her for her fair, sweet face and childlike innocence. But like in the crowded suburban villa was not altogether happy, and Nellie acceded to her parents' desire and married Colonel Hall.

The bridegroom was not pleased with the faded little bride Mr. Ford handed over to him. He wondered if all brides looked so white and dead, and spoke his fears to Mrs. Ford. She laughed.

"You men are all unreasonable," she said. "Nellie is all right, only tired after all the wedding preparations. You must be patient."

And he was patient. His wife was such a frail flower that all his chivalry was awakened and he desired to shield her from every rough wind and wrap her about with pleasure.

Years after, when Nellie remembered her false lover only to rejoice that his disloyalty had given her such a brave and good husband, she told her story to the Colonel.

They were voyaging away from the same harbor that had seen Jack's going forth. The same ship was bearing these two to the land of coral and spice. But they were happy and gay and were going with wonderful show of imperial splendor—the Dem Durbar.

In the old Mogul capital Nellie Hall met Jack West again. They were at a splendid ball given in the marble halls of the old palace. Nellie had grown radiant and young with the joy of health and contentment. But on Jack's once handsome face a restless disappointment sat. He had suffered in health and heart. His marriage had brought him no joy. Under the golden lights, with the sound of that sweet familiar voice in his ears, old memories woke. He cursed his disloyal folly and longed hopelessly for his early love. But she was altogether happy.

Driving back to their hotel, with the white Indian moon shining upon them silencing her husband's hair and softening the lines of his fine face, Nellie laid her head against his shoulder.

"Where do you think our marriage was made, Hugh?" she asked.

"I shall not flatter you by saying where," laughed her husband. "But I know this my sweet, you have made a good man of me, and heaven is not so chimerical as it once seemed." Then bending his head till his lips rested on her soft hair, he asked: "Do you regret not marrying Jack West?"

"I would not change my heaven-blessed marriage for Jack West's earth-made contract for all the wealth of the Indies," she answered hotly. And her husband was more than satisfied.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Valuable Animal Collection.

The Sultan of Turkey has a wonderful collection of animals, which he keeps on an island at Yildiz. They include stags, roe deer, gazelles, rargoes and sheep and birds of every kind. A special kiosk is given up to dogs, and there is also a special cat house.

Where Dogs Are Well Treated.

In Paris dogs are treated as well as human beings are. They wear automobile togs when they go motoring, they have a hospital and they even have a good-sized cemetery with monuments and headstones and inscriptions and mortuary wreaths.



The Andes Heaters

ARE HANDSOME
being well designed and neatly ornamented, giving a genuine attractiveness to the stove in any room.

ARE DURABLE
The parts are extra heavy and never warp. The joints are perfectly cemented with asbestos, while the dampers are ground in emery, making it practically air-tight.

ARE POWERFUL
The return flues are scientifically constructed. They throw all heat into the room—not up the chimney. No other stove of its size will heat so large a room.

ARE CONTROLLABLE
The flue and damper system is the genius of it. You can easily control the fire and have as little as you like when the weather moderates.

ARE ECONOMICAL
The question is not how much heat you can get in the stove, but how much you can get out of it into the room. The Andes gives more heat in the room with less coal than any other. On sale at

Charles Pyle,
POPLAR RIDGE, N. Y.

Some of the Few Attractive Prices of Merchandise That

Holmes & Dunnigan

Are Offering at Very Low Prices

We carry only first quality Dry Goods and sell them at very close margins.

Complete lines of Plaid Silks at 75c yard.

Complete lines of Black Taffeta Silks at 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.25 and 1.59 per yard.

Complete lines of yard-wide Satin Linings, guaranteed for two seasons, at 1.00 yard.

Complete lines of Broadcloth, 50 inches, all colors and black, at 1.00 yard.

Complete lines of Italian Satin Linings, all colors and black, 59c yard.

Complete lines of Costume Velvets, 24 inches, all colors and black, at 85c yard.

Complete lines of Black Astrachan, 50 inches, from 5.00 to 12.00 per yard.

Complete lines of Black Dress Goods, both foreign and domestic, from 50c to 2.00 per yard.

Complete lines of Furs, Muffs, Boas, Scarfs, etc., all the latest shapes, from 1.00 to 40.00. We will guarantee to save you 10 per cent. on your Fur purchases.

Complete lines of ladies' and children's Cloaks, which we are offering at very moderate profits.

Respectfully,

The Dress Goods Store

HOLMES & DUNNIGAN,
AUBURN, N. Y.

Medical Atomizers. A large assortment of Atomizers for nose or throat spraying for water or daily liquids; Sagar Drug Store, Auburn.

LIVE STOCK

WHAT HORSES HAVE SURVIVED.

His Doom Has Been Predicted Several Times But He Is Still Here.

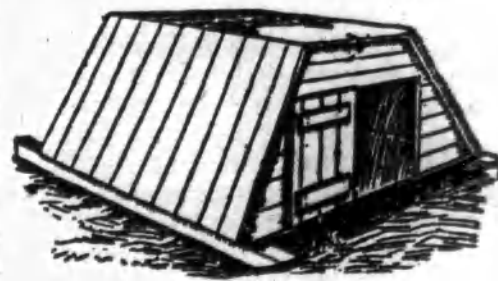
Since the days when steam power was utilized for locomotion, the doom of the horse has been predicted says a writer in The Horseshoers' Journal. With each subsequent invention of appliances for the help of locomotion this same talk has been heard. When the first passenger train ran on rails stage drivers sighed for the fate which seemed in store for the horse. The opposite proved true and the demand for the services of the horse was increased instead of diminished. The bicycle was going to do away with the horse, and now comes the automobile, and again it his fate sealed. The motor comes in closer competition with the horse than did the locomotive, but still the horse will stay. It is not unlikely that naphtha, gasoline, or electricity will relieve the horse of some of his heavier burdens, but the horse reared for man's pleasure will remain. Certainty of his faithful services in tight places on the other hand have endeared the horse to man with a bond of sympathy too strong for any whiz-wagon to sever. As long as there is pleasure in the exercise of some intelligence over another, so long as beauty, strength, and animation challenge admiration, so long will the horse remain in the place which he is destined to fill, and will remain as the companion of man.

There is something irresistible about the companionship of a horse. He never gives advice unasked, nor does he "bellow forth his soft complaints" when the road happens to be a little rough; he simply remains with you, faithful, silent, uncomplaining, ready to ride at your bidding, even to death if need be.

Individual Hog House.

We have tried the individual hog houses which are shaped like a right-angled triangle, but last spring we built a few something like that shown in the accompanying sketch, and like them much better.

The ground surface is 6x6 feet and the side planks are cut 4 feet boards 2 1/2 feet long. About one-third or one-half of the top is hinged so it can be lifted up to admit



NEW IDEA FOR A HOG HOUSE.

sunlight or for feeding and caring for the sow. If No. 1 6-inch flooring is used for the sides and the top but very little water will ever enter.

A house of this size can be made out of a fraction over 100 feet of lumber and is firm, convenient and light.—Prairie Farmer.

New Law on Trading Hogs.

The Indiana legislature passed a law on horse trading which contains the following feature:

"Whoever shall sell or offer to sell or exchange any horse or mule, knowing the same to be afflicted with 'glanders' or any infectious or contagious disease, or knowing it to be afflicted with the 'heaves' or to be 'broken winded' or a 'cribber' and shall conceal the existence of such disease from the person to whom he is offering the animal, shall be fined not more than \$500, to which may be added imprisonment in the jail or workhouse not longer than six months."

Treating the Lousy Hog.

There is no excuse for lousy hogs, for they may be gotten rid of easily by spraying or dipping. Most any of the stock dips will do the work effectually, and a cheap spray pump and a gallon of dip is all you usually need. If the pests are persistent, get a tank and dip the hogs that settles the lice.

Necessity of Roots for Hogs.

The stock feeder or dairyman who fails to grow roots for his stock is missing a good thing. Roots are succulent, palatable, and have a good effect upon the system. They are valuable during the months when stock is on dry feed.

Working the Draft Horse.

The heavy draft horse which is at home on a hilly plow, or any other of the heavy work about the farm, should not be driven as a roadster. Whenever these big horses have to be taken on the road, give them a good load, but let them walk.

The Farm That Pays.

A small farm well cared for and properly tilled is far more profitable than a farm too large to allow of the best cultivation. Intensive and not extensive farming is surely gaining in favor.

Frederick J. Meyer,
 Dealer in
PIANOS and ORGANS,
 Warerooms, 12 John Street,
AUBURN, N. Y.

Coal at Scipio Mills.

Having received a good supply of hard and soft coal of all kinds I am ready to supply all demands of which I solicit your patronage.
 Respectfully yours,
Frank H. Wood.

DANGER IN ORIENTAL RUGS

Antiques and Near Antiques May Both Be the Vehicle for Germs.

Dr. Remlinger, head of the Pasteur Institute in Constantinople, has been making an investigation of Oriental rugs and carpets and has published a summary of his results in the German Journal of General and Applied Hygiene. He finds that the carpets of the better class, the highly prized antiques or near antiques, constitute a serious menace to health unless they are put through a radical cleansing and disinfecting process.

The real antiques which have been in use in Oriental houses or bazaars for years or generations have been exposed to the contagion of countless disease germs. Their texture fits them in a peculiar way to gather and retain these indefinitely.

These genuine antiques are far less objectionable than the counterfeit antiques which have been artificially mellowed. One of the least objectionable methods used to soften the colors in the degree that the European and American market calls for is to bury the carpets in trenches with quantities of stable refuse. When taken up they are little likely to receive a thorough cleansing.

Sometimes the carpets are laid down in frequented places to be walked on, thus accumulating the bacteria laden dust of the Eastern city streets. Or a rug may be lent to a beggar or street vender, who sits on it and sleeps in it until it acquires the semblance of age.

Dr. Remlinger points out that tuberculosis, throat diseases and catarrh are prevalent in the rug and carpet trade. He is of opinion that they are contracted from handling the fabrics and breathing the air in which they are opened and agitated as they are shown to customers. The doctor also expresses the opinion that some otherwise unaccountable outbreaks of tropical enteric disorders that have taken place in Paris were due to infection from Oriental rugs.

The most thorough and efficient process of cleansing would be disinfection by steam. This could do no harm to the rugs, and it is an absolutely certain method of killing bacteria. He thinks that it should be generally adopted as a preliminary to the importation of Eastern fabrics into any Occidental country.

Child's Stylish Out

French Venetian cloth marked with a tiny black hairline is used in the development of the coat sketched here. It is seamless, but the oddly shaped sleeves have an armhole effect outlined with bias folds of the material and are trimmed with large silk buttons arranged down the centre.

The neck is cut in V shape and outlined with narrow stitchings of



silk soutache and buttons. A suggestion of an Empire vest is shown in the way the coat fastens above the sailor tie of soft spotted silk. For wee small girls coats are to be very short, with their fullness supplied by a circular flare. The knee length will obtain and nothing is really prettier for little girls.

The hat finishing this little outfit is of soft white ermine trimmed with soft folds of silk veiled with

Was Lincoln Homely?

In the November American Magazine Ida M. Tarbell tells the story of the Lincoln-Douglas debates as it was told to her by Billy Brown, who knew Lincoln. It is the second of a series of "He Knew Lincoln" stories which Miss Tarbell is writing for the American Magazine. On the subject of Lincoln's looks Billy Brown said to Miss Tarbell:

"As I was sayin', I was up to Bloomington that night. Nobody that didn't hear that speech ever knows what Abraham Lincoln could do. Lots of 'em will tell you he was homely. Seems to me sometimes that's about all some folks around here has to tell about Abraham Lincoln. 'Yes, I knowed him,' they say. 'He was the homeliest man in Sangamon County.' Well, now, don't you make no mistake. The folks that don't tell you nuthin' but that never knowed Mr. Lincoln. Mebbe they'd seen him, but they never knowed him. He wa'n't homely. There's no denyin' he was long and lean, and he didn't always stand straight and he wasn't pertikeler about his clothes, but that night up to Bloomington in ten minutes after he struck that platform, I tell you he was the handsomest man I ever see."

Over 770 per cent of the natives of India till the land; hence the population is scattered, and the power of co-operation is greatly lessened.

Unconscious Labor.

"Did you ever notice people who work their faces every sort of way when they are cutting a piece of meat?" he asked. "Now, just look at the man at that table there."

"Yes," said she as she looked across, "but they are not a patching to the old women who open and shut their mouths as they laboriously cut out something or other with their long scissors."—New York Press.

He Fought at Gettysburg.

David Parker of Fayette, N. Y., who lost a foot at Gettysburg, writes:

"Electric Bitters have done me more good than any medicine I ever took. For several years I had stomach trouble, and paid out much money for medicine to little purpose, until I began taking Electric Bitters. I would not take \$500 for what they have done for me." Grand tonic for the aged and for female weaknesses. Great alterative and body builder; best of all for lame back and weak kidneys. Guaranteed by J. S. Banker, Genoa, and F. T. Atwater, King Ferry, druggists. 50c.

There are many difficulties in these days for parents and children, owing to the increased restlessness of American life, the tendency to provide amusements and other advantages outside of the home. There are false standards which make extravagance, display, competition, love of ease seem desirable instead of demoralizing. Very sound moral judgment is needed by a mother. She has much responsibility, but she has power, which she should not underestimate. A reasonable, rightminded, hopeful woman never lacks power. A mother should try to influence a girl not to live on excitement, not to be always seeking pleasure, not to fritter away energy or time, not to feel that it is dull to be alone. If she is encouraged to have her own quiet resources she will be a happier woman all of her life than one who depends on outside interests or amusements. "The Girl and Her Mother," in The Ladies' World for November.

Persons bitten by the tiger snake of Australia die almost instantly, there being no known antidote for the bite of this reptile.

RAINCOATS

Not the waterproofing, only, makes a good raincoat. There must be the fabric quality that makes it wear well and the cut that makes it hang well. We have just received a big consignment of guaranteed raincoats from two of the greatest ready-to-wear clothing houses in the United States. In blacks, greys, olives and striped worsted and twills.

For Men \$13.50 to 27.50
 For Youths 12.00
 For Boys 6.00 to 7.50
 Ask to be shown our dollar Neckwear.
MOSHER, GRISWOLD & CO
 87-89 Genesee Street, Auburn.

STYLISH TOP GARMENTS.

Models of the Loose Sleeve Variety With Silk Braid and Collar.

Among the first advance models of the season are coats. An excellent idea of what is going to be the style in top garments may be gained from these models. The first is contrived of satin finished cloth trimmed with silk braid and appliques of the same trimming. The wide, loose sleeves of the cloth are outlined about the armholes with silk braid and the collar is cut away only to be filled in again with embroidered medallions.

Although the coat is very full and graceful, it is made almost semi-fitting about the shoulders where the fullness is laid in side plaits back and front, hung from an Empire yoke simply stitched.



The second model is charming in striped serge trimmed with big buttons of plain silk. It is distinguished by a seamless shoulder yoke, which is cut in one with the three-quarter sleeve. The collar is quite high and close-fitting, being finished with stitchings of serge and a large button.

The pockets are also self-trimmed, supplemented by buttons. It would seem that pockets are to be important features. General outlines will be loose and flowing, and although decorations are in most instances simple, they will be applied with an artistic chic that will make the garments they decorate expensive.

GUIDES TO HEALTH.

The skin, especially that of the face, should be treated as the finest china, tenderly and delicately.

Shoes that are too large sometimes slip and cause the heel to blister. To prevent this fit the heel of the shoe with a piece of velvet.

After the use of a nutmard poultice on any part of the body rub that part with camphorated oil to avoid the possibility of taking cold.

You can make your eyebrows thicker by applying a grower made by combining two ounces of red wax, one-eighth ounce of the tincture of the oil of rosemary and fifteen drops of the oil of lavender.

Laneline should never be used alone on the face. When combined with white wax and spermaceti it is a most excellent tissue builder and eradicator of wrinkles. It will not, when so combined, cause a growth of hair on the face.

The frequency of shampooing must be regulated to a certain extent by the character of the hair and the sort of atmosphere to which it is exposed. Very oily hair should be washed every fortnight. The same thing may be said of hair that is filled with dandruff. In some cases a weekly cleaning is necessary. When eggs are used there is no possible chance of any harm being done. Eggs themselves are a tonic to the growth.

Beauty in Japan.

Beauty from a Japanese standpoint, consists of a long oval face, regular features, almond-shaped eyes sloping slightly upward, a high, narrow forehead, and abundance of smooth black hair.

The movements of Japanese women are graceful, although the style of their dress prevents them from walking with ease; their feet and hands are delicately formed, and their manners unquestionably charming.

They take little or no exercise, and one wonders sometimes how there seems so little to be done in a Japanese house. To begin with, there are no regular meals. The shops near at hand supply daily numberless dishes, which seem to be eaten at all hours of the day and night—a few bites at a time—with these impossible little chopsticks. Very little is kept in the larder, except some slices of daikon, fermented turnip, some rice and sweet biscuits. Eggs are cheap and plentiful; bread is never used, so there is no necessity for an oven. The great standby is tea.

A Japanese lady is seldom seen in her home without the quaint little tea tray by her side, and the inevitable pipe, containing one whiff of tobacco, which is in constant requisition.

Blankets, Comfortables, Flannels, Underwear, Hosiery, Furs, Gloves in Abundance.

Foster, Ross & Company
 THE BIG STORE

In the Always Busy Cloak Room.

One of the most prominent features of our cloak department is the very large and varied line of **Ladies', Misses' and Children's "Wooltex" Garments.**

All women know that "WOOLTEX" means everything for coat satisfaction. Take these new Marchioness Models as illustrated—their long loose fitting lines are so modified to suit every type of figure that they cannot fail to please the most critical.

Then you must be sure of quality and again all women know that a "Wooltex" means the best there is, tested to insure its being all wool, built into a garment to stay there. It's not necessary to take our simple "say so" for this however as every garment having the "Wooltex" label is guaranteed for two seasons satisfactory wear. Yet although these garments are well nigh perfect, Prices will be found most reasonable. Starting at 18.50 you can procure all the features of merit that any "Wooltex" garment contains.

Among the finest materials and best trimmings our range of a dozen or more distinct styles at \$25 have been the best garments of many a season. You'll understand why we say this the minute you see them

And Ours Is the Only Store in Auburn Handling "Wooltex" Garments.

We control their exclusive sale and are proud to offer you coats of such merit.

Foster, Ross & Co.
 Come Shop With Us. The Big Store

C. R. Egbert,
 The People's Clothier, Hatter & Furnisher
 75 Genesee St., Auburn, N. Y.
Heavy Lined Working Coats.

If you are going to need a warm, comfortable, working Coat this winter, we would like to remind you of the fact that the biggest assortment and most moderately priced Coats in this city are to be found here.

- Sheep skin lined Coats, \$4.00 to 8.50
- Corduroy and leather reversible coats, \$6.00
- Two other reversible coats, \$5.00
- Heavy lined duck coats, \$2 to 5.00.

Try Mekeel's Apple Jelly and Sorghum
 Manufactured by
HERBERT H. LYON,
 Aurora, N. Y.